



Gyroscope Review

Fine poetry to turn your world around

Issue 20-3
Summer 2020

Copyright © 2020 *Gyroscope Review*
Constance Brewer

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Submissions: *Gyroscope Review* accepts previously unpublished contemporary poetry submissions through our online submissions system, gyroscopereview.submittable.com/submit.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

Editor:

Constance Brewer

Assistant Editors:

Elya Braden

Hanna Pachman

Logo design, interior design, layout, copyediting:

Constance Brewer

Social Media:

Constance Brewer

Cover art:

Protest 2020

© 2020 Constance Brewer

Color Woodcut

FROM THE EDITOR

How the world has changed since the last issue! When the Spring Issue released on April 1, it was just the start of stay at home orders and a small number of deaths due to coronavirus. Now things have spiraled out of control. Attention was on the pandemic and its various effects on the country, mask/no mask confrontations, opening a business, not opening a business. The ever-climbing numbers of people dead from Covid 19. We watched in fascination as cities and states locked down, streets emptied, people tried to find a new normal in working from home. The lack of leadership in those trying times weighted on us.

Then came an incident that left the country reeling. A police officer murdered a black man, George Floyd, in a horrific way while being videoed by bystanders, and acted as if it was nothing out of the ordinary. The country exploded in outrage. The conditions people of color have to live under, the brutality of the police toward them, the casual disregard of fellow human beings struck a nerve with just about everyone. Protest marches erupted and became a daily occurrence. The people spoke, loudly and in great numbers.

Poets remained steadfast through it all and plied their unique talents to try to make sense of what's happening in the world—sometimes that's how we come to understand what other people go through to exist. That's what poets do best, interpret, and distill the essence to present it to people searching for meaning. This is a good thing. People crave interpretations. Many poets in this issue addressed the events of the world in their own unique ways. We look forward to continuing the conversation in upcoming issues. Thank you, poets, for all you do to foster understanding. Stay safe out there.

Constance Brewer, Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Section 1	7
Three Korean Sijo Poems (in English)	9
by David Jibson	
Asleep at Sea	10
by Clare Belber Bercot Zwerling	
Acoloro	11
by Jeffrey Hantover	
Bone Orchard	12
by Bruce McRae	
Ars Poetica	13
by Rosemary Royston	
Speak to Me	14
by Abasiama Udom	
My Friend Says	15
by Stephanie Yue Duhem	
Glut	17
by Malisa Garlieb	
A Kiss Named “Yes, I Really Was That Old”	18
by Megan McDermott	
Aging Gym Rats	19
by Sarah Ferris	
a message in a bottle	20
by Elaine Wilburt	
Conception	21
by Trisha Gauthier	
Gone	22
by George Ryan	
Limitations	23
by Carol Hamilton	
I Saw Kendrah	24
by Ron Riecki	

Wide-eyed	25
by Elaine Wilburt	
<i>listen</i>	26
by Elodie Roumanoff	
Section 2	29
A World Without Noise	30
by Jocelyn Uasal	
Listening To Philip Glass' "Changing Opinions"	31
by Laura Grace Weldon	
Picking A Bone With Mary Oliver's Ghost	32
by Lyndi Waters	
The Shit We Carry (apologies to Tim O'Brien)	33
by Alan Harris	
Mailbox	34
by Jean-Luc Fontaine	
Emergency Medical Services	36
by Ron Riecki	
Wiggly ennui 2	37
by Yun Bai Kim	
still life of sex in the garden of eden	38
by Liam Strong	
NEWYORKIAN	39
by Divyasri Krishnan	
Where you are	40
by Janice S Fuller	
Potential	41
by Yongsoo Park	
Soup in Isolation	42
by Jacqueline Jules	
Confessional // The Opposite of Loneliness	43
by Kanika Ahuja	
On This Summer Day	44
by Martin Willitts Jr	

A Question of Scale	45
by Paul Ilechko	
Mask Upon Mask	46
by William Doreski	
Things Change	47
by Tufik Shayeb	
Section 3	49
a life lived black	51
by Lemachi Enweremadu	
A Revisionist History of Kaboom	54
by Rodd Whelpley	
The Note Keeper	55
by Linda Carney-Goodrich	
(Sonnet #1,941) Two Saami-Americans Walk into a Bar	56
by Ron Riecki	
The Wreck of Captain Kiss	57
by S.D. Lishan	
Agatha	59
by Ken Cathers	
news of an earthquake	61
by German Dario	
Quake	62
by Kristian Macaron	
Instructional Litany I	63
by Dan Wiencek	
Why and Because	64
Brendan Constantine & Peggy Dobreer	
Within a Locker's Wild Abundance, Calm	65
by Marjorie Becker	
On "All Surroundings Are Referred to a High Water" by Kay Sage	66
by Nadia Wolnisty	
The Tractor Man Suggests Melons	67
by R. Bratten Weiss	

Osmosis	68
by Priya Rajan	
Beyond the Opening of the Universe	69
by Michael Freveletti	
This Is My Riot	70
by David B. Prather	
Contributors	71
Announcements	77

SECTION 1

THREE KOREAN SIJO POEMS (IN ENGLISH)
BY DAVID JIBSON

Sijo Number 1

“I hate football,” grandmother told me,
“but I miss the sound of him
watching his favorite team
while I cook the Sunday pot-roast,
so I keep the television on
in the empty living room.”

Sijo Number 2

Last night the moon and Jupiter
appeared so close together
they were like a tiny tug boat
towing a huge liner
bound for the antipodes
into the blackest ocean.

Sijo Number 3

Siddhartha sought enlightenment
in the shade of a banyan tree.
His followers claim he found it
after years of meditation
but what he really found was that
he couldn't uncross his legs.

ASLEEP AT SEA

BY CLARE BELBER BERCOT ZWERLING

The plank measures
ten feet long twelve inches wide
I think
lying astraddle face down hard
the ocean five hundred feet
below stormy
churning blue enormous as the sea
white lace foamy existing alone
but for the book large and wide open
as if I've been reading-absorbed on this perch
suddenly realizing the predicament

yet not cold not hot clothed or naked

unaware

My brain: don't be afraid

that voice below watery
weak-agonized
alerts me to move the book and I
face the ship a saving grace
inch the book forward inch my body
forward inch breathe inch breathe

My brain: don't think

inch breathe inch breathe
then the open
steady
embracing arms of the ship

exhale relax

ACOLORO

BY JEFFREY HANTOVER

"in an island called Acoloro, which lies below Java Major there are found no persons but women, and that they become pregnant from the wind. When they bring forth, if the offspring is a male, they will kill it..." Antonio Pigafetta, *Magellan's Voyage Around the World*.

She shinnied under palm's parasol
to shake loose the coconuts.
The breeze, heart hollow as a conch,
snaked between her thighs.
Red moons turned pink
on white sand between her feet.
In jungle cave she cut him loose
while in distant huts sisters dreamt
of warm breezes.

Hands scratched and bleeding
she lashed a covered cradle of latania leaves
to a raft of bamboo and coconut shells
placed a rag's milky corner between his lips
two prayers on his cheeks
and gave him back to the wind.

BONE ORCHARD
BY BRUCE MCRAE

Boxing in the bone orchard.
Wrestling dragons. Contesting gravity.
The breather who's smothering in oxygen.
Mind like a rift valley. Face like a moon.

I'm the village-saved-by-burning-it-down.
I'm the no-fool-like-an-old-fool.
The last-man-on-the-planet.
A four and a half billion year-old child
bent to the rod of self-destruction.

ARS POETICA

-after Jackson Wheeler

BY ROSEMARY ROYSTON

Because mom was from New York and dad from Oklahoma. Because of the Doxology and slender, brown hymnals. Because of forests I wandered, solo. Because *Gone with the Wind*. Because of covered-dish meals on granite tables. Because of summers in Rockland County. Because of my transistor radio and Marvin Gaye. Because of the guy in 10th grade and the front of his daddy's Caprice Classic. Because I memorized *The Gettysburg Address* and *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Because of S.E. Hinton. Because he was innocent and no one believed him. Because *nothing gold can stay*. Because of soil and squash and radishes and fig trees. Because of what lies at the bottom of the lake.

SPEAK TO ME

BY ABASIAMA UDOM

Speak to me of you,
tell the finer points if they hide the ugly
for truly I care not.
Speak of a time to come,
of promises you may never keep
just speak for I love to hear, to watch your pinkish lips
moving in lines of sweet allure, speak and I will listen,
tell of the little kindness hidden in mighty ills.
Speak to me in voice syrupy like honey,
dazzling clear like sugar,
to which the sun dims, the moon shines brighter.
Speak with light and song,
speak, my heart hears, opens its gate.
Speak, heal my wanting. For long no one has spoken.
Speak.

MY FRIEND SAYS

BY STEPHANIE YUE DUHEM

Stop trying to fix broken men.

You are not some chick Pygmalion.

Don't pick at slabs of marble
like a scab over some hollow
you can't own.

Because you know this swamp.
You know this cratered moon...

But his moon-bright skin!

Your man-blight thing?

*What thing within a man makes him
stand up, from a stump of stone?*

Lift his star-scythed eyes?

Proffer the planets of his palms?

It's not for us to know.

*But my chisel is a question,
not a weapon I can stow.*

*My hand moves on its own
these dust-weighed days...*

Well, mine doesn't!

My friend lays

her fingers over mine,
firm as firmament
over earth.

And sloughing me off
the chalk white walls
of Love's rough-hewn womb,
she says:

Doll,

follow, follow, follow

me from this room!

GLUT

BY MALISA GARLIEB

I.

I am wasteful.
A slut for blueberries
wandering mazes of bluecrop
bluejay, patriot, rabbiteye.
I grab blue fistfuls
and half the berries roll
to rot underfoot.

High on sugared sunshine
and slap-tart sweet.

II.

I gape at the man in the third row
who doesn't move on—
one highbush fills his pail
and he lifts branches to reveal
what's low and hidden.
Each discrete berry's a prayer bead
and he's devoted.

Later, with even breathing
he holds my hand in sleep.

A KISS NAMED "YES, I REALLY WAS THAT OLD"

BY MEGAN MCDERMOTT

In the car, I realize I no longer remember
the name of the first person I kissed,

even though I was twenty-two years old,
a full-blown adult with a college degree.

If I'd been a wobbly pre-teen spinning
bottles in a basement, I could forgive the slip –

name lost to hazy, hormonal distance.
But I wasn't, so I test names. Dylan? Brian?

Neither seems right, so I'll name the kiss instead,
call it "The Long Anticipated" or the preceding

thought, "Fuck It, I'm Twenty-Two." Alternatively:
"What Happened on the Dance Floor Stayed

on the Dance Floor" or maybe "What Happens
When Dance Floors Are The Only Place You Feel Sexy."

I no longer remember the name, but I remember
the self-conscious knowledge that my friends

stood nearby as witnesses. I call it now
"Weak Fulfillment of Prophecy and Prayer."

AGING GYM RATS
BY SARAH FERRIS

The regulars recognize each other
as we look for a secret to forestall

the inevitable, an elixir
to stop the nagging aches.

At the gym we see the old man,
bent back from too much desk work

shuffle between machines.
The wispy-hair perfectly coiffed woman

with bright red lipstick, black,
black eyebrows and too much foundation

pushing oxygen with her emaciated hand
and we gym rats work a little harder.

A MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE
BY ELAINE WILBURT

I will sail far in some blithe old skiff
till one morning I find myself
where the summer births
and air salts my failing tongue,
and at last I will cast my words
in ululating waves,
unaware what may be spirited
to shore or what reply may return
to me.

CONCEPTION

BY TRISHA GAUTHIER

My friends would think me crazy
if I told them: nights spent lying in bed
cradling my stomach
as it pushes against my thin shirt
tracing the arc of that slight
half-moon
wishing I could conceive.

I would hollow out my abdomen
like scraping guts from a pumpkin
if it meant a uterus could fit.

Please, let me have this
one selfish wish—let me sleep
peacefully just one night,

dreaming of that tiny future
dreaming of her bright blue eyes.

GONE

BY GEORGE RYAN

In spite of Parkinsonian twitches,
an elderly uncle (my father's side)
maintained his imperturbability.
He no longer drove. He sat around.
Late one afternoon he disappeared.
His wife and daughter searched everywhere,
looked in closets, under beds. No sign.
The evening rush hour had begun —
he might wander into lanes of traffic.
His daughter drove about, looking for him,
and got caught in traffic away from home.
Here was her father, almost decrepit,
whose shoelaces she tied every day,
who had to be helped up and down steps,
riding on
her
bicycle at speed
in the center of a stream of cars.
When she maneuvered alongside
he pretended not to see or hear her.
She caught him at a traffic light
and gently shoved him into her car.
His first words were: Don't tell your mother.

LIMITATIONS

BY CAROL HAMILTON

In Muslim art
the mythical waq wuf tree
grows both plants and animals
as its fruit,
and I looked at its ancient depiction
and knew they were right:
nothing is as we know it
or only as we know.

I SAW KENDRAH
BY RON RIEKKI

in the play *Rhinoceros*. At the end, she was onstage,
all these rhinoceroses' horns emerging from walls,
doors, the ceiling, from the audience, from the floor-

boards, from the bed, the violence of it all, really
a pandemic, and I kept staring at her, how she seemed
to glow, how the rhinos didn't even exist, not really,

just her, how she owned them, and the roses at the end,
how they were all over her, stacked around her, even
they were nothing compared to the beauty of her eyes.

WIDE-EYED

BY ELAINE WILBURT

On the first page of my dreambook,

it begins again, the nocturnal pulse.
In a dark time the eye begins to see:
I can tell you this because I have held in my hand
a woman in the shape of a monster.
My hands are murder-red. Many a plump head...
What is the head?

A single man stands like a bird-watcher:

from plane of light to plane, wings dipping through,
the moon drops one or two feathers into the field.
I shall never put you together entirely.
The nearsighted child has taken off her glasses.
One sound. Then the hiss and whir,
any clear thing that blinds us with surprise.

Centó from *The Vintage Book of Contemporary American Poetry*, from opening lines by Charles Simic, "Empire of Dreams"; Donald Justice, "The Assassination"; Theodore Roethke, "In a Dark Time"; Marvin Bell, "Drawn by Stones, by Earth, by Things that Have Been in the Fire"; Adrienne Rich, "Planetarium"; May Swenson, "Strawberrying"; WS Merwin, "Some Last Questions"; Robert Lowell, "The Mouth of the Hudson"; Robert Penn Warren, "Evening Hawk"; James Wright, "Beginning"; Sylvia Plath, "The Colossus"; William Meredith, "Country Stars"; Louise Glück, "The Garden"; Robert Lowell, "Fishnet".

LISTEN

BY ELODIE ROUMANOFF

Do you hear it?
The trumpet calls from the shore,
and the empty ocean ignores.
Listen to this instead:
the ebbing and flow of the tides
that come and go as they please,
the children who search for shells on the empty seas.

This is the end of the world.

Do you see them?
The shattered chevaliers that roam
untethered, they're the stars that don't
need to shine but will, because the world
seems smaller when you count the
streetlights and not the stars.
Seek the stars, yes but for a moment the
inferno is blinding so in this
moment we can finally grasp how
the stars fall onto stray cities but
the lights never drift from their perches on high.

This is the end of the world.

Do you hear the trumpets sounding always sounding
from a million shores away but we
wouldn't say we do and
anyway they will call you last
they always call you last because you
spend too long looking at the stars.
We are the acrobats blue lips blue
eyes like candy from a baby
born under the stars and not the
lights that listen to the trumpets.
I can see the lights flickering and
brush your hand and lie down to
fill your mind with stars
until it cannot hold still like an acrobat
flying on the walls. Do you watch the
stars who have no direction
though my eyes are watering.
Do you catch bugs that are drawn to
lamps leave them be they don't hurt us

like we did? Do you feel delicate like the thread
between fingertips that stretches forever
and never breaks until we come back together.

This is the end of the world. It feels like fire.

SECTION 2

A WORLD WITHOUT NOISE

BY JOCELYN UASAL

What a wonder to exist
only as a jagged
spire, before the land
of humans. To have the waves

crash against my edges
for years, upon a beach
empty of emotion. Molecules lead
to particles, lead to grains

of sand of my body
scattered across the sea
floor, undying. By the time
I cuddle between your toes

on Beer Can Beach, Santa Cruz
I shall be nothing but a tiny
collection of everything across
your world. But, for now

I am naught but a great
peak, towering above my land
all alone. Nothing
but myself, peace, and quiet.

LISTENING TO PHILIP GLASS' "CHANGING OPINIONS"

BY LAURA GRACE WELDON

There may be no pinnacle
higher than music. Granted,
we invent, build, trade, choose
what to believe, even
sequence the human genome
the latter leading us to discover
we likely owe who we are
to ancient viruses.

Easily half our genetic code
arises from bygone viral invaders,
some performing tasks critical
for higher-order thinking.

Maybe music is a murmur, a pulse
left by RNA eons ago,
an imperative prompting us to
bang on skins, pluck tightened cords,
blow through reeds, create what
we call music when all along
it infected us,
made us hosts
of a concert started
long ago in early light.

PICKING A BONE WITH MARY OLIVER'S GHOST
BY LYNDI WATERS

Your work was to love the world alright,
and I'm not questioning
your sincerity or your sensuality,
simply issuing a minor complaint about
you keeping your work one step removed from worlds
the geese wouldn't dream of landing anywhere near —
toxic waste dumps, meth labs, voting booths,
windy parking lots where cigarette butts
dance with autumn leaves.

You chased beauty hammer and tongs, but Mary, if I may,
I know hummingbirds
and there is nothing sweet about them,
wouldn't blink at stabbing your virtuous
eye out with their hateful scissor.

And while I love the water moccasin of death/happiness
sliding off a mango tree into the dark water,
I want to remind you that some of us
like lounging around in self-pity,
have given up on ourselves,
and want only to be left in peace
to enjoy a strenuously cultivated indifference
to nature and all she has to offer,
including that other of her cruel little surprises
that I'm sure you knew about but never mentioned.
No no Mary, hear me out,

how it is that no shouts of joy to the moth and wren,
and the sleepy dug-up clam
(who by the way, is about to die an unspeakable death
involving a sharp knife and/or boiling water,)
can tighten the loose skin that swings
from the lovely, lonely, limbs of libido.

Libido that, if one is to believe
my friend Sue from the hardware store,
should have rotted along with everything else
and been gone by now.

THE SHIT WE CARRY (APOLOGIES TO TIM O'BRIEN)
BY ALAN HARRIS

My dog is no longer anxious
about a walk around the block
his nightly intervention
to get me out of the house
has been checked off
his to-doo list
his dark humor
satisfied once more
in watching me carry around
in full view of neighbors
and total strangers
a plastic bag of shit
But now he's curious
wondering why
I've taken pen to paper
to document how it feels
to let him pee indignantly
to let him bark at nothing
to let him sniff *EVERYTHING*
to clean up after him
and toss away
for another day
all the shit
that I carry

MAILBOX

BY JEAN-LUC FONTAINE

We can't afford a tow,
my mother once said
when she locked us out of our car,
as she threaded a wire hanger
between the window and the car door,

then scraped the side of the window,
like when she dug her hands
between the sofa cushions
hoping to stumble
upon loose change.

I hated her spendthrift,
the sunburn scaled
on the back of my neck —
the way she nearly broke down
into tears
when she called a tow
from a nearby payphone.

But now, after checking my mailbox,
I realize I've locked myself out
of my car — the engine idling,
the exhaust lethargically
unraveling
thin ribbons of smoke
into the gravel-gray morning light.

After looking at the bills
stuffed inside my mailbox,
I grab a wire hanger
and straighten the crinkled aluminum
with a pair of rust-stained pliers,
just as my mother showed me.

I wiggle the wire fishing hook
inside the door,
but after three hours
of sliding the wire back and forth,
the car remains locked —

the empty-gas-light
blinking red behind the wheel.

And after slamming my hands on the window,
I can feel tears
gather behind my eyes,
like my family gathering outside
the doors of the foodbank —

the wire dangling inside the car:
the metal noosed,
desperate to snag
the shiny head of the lock.

EMERGENCY MEDICAL SERVICES

BY RON RIEKKI

I'm an EMT. An empty ambulance. We wait
for the next call. My partner tells me she hates
minimum wage. We're starving. The landscape: street.

A pre-apocalyptic world. We're low on masks. *Low.*
I think of that word. How we have to stay six feet
apart. How they bury people six feet under. How

I'm six feet tall. You have to stay away the full
length of me. I stare at my partner, at her skull
sucking a cigarette, as if there's no such thing as fate.

WIGGLYENNUI 2
BY YUN BAI KIM

There are no mouths on the bus
Only silence is murmuring between the teeth shut by C19
Ears are chasing it
A sudden cough
The tight air on the silence pokes holes all over my body

A child
Like a child
Swinging legs
I got off the bus as if I were being chased before they drooped

Crouching masks
All are quiet
Teeth shut by C19
It made people streetless
But still they can be thrown to home
But of but the homeless-streetless
Where were they thrown?
Social distancing bread,
Social distancing bedclothes
That's all I could give him yet
Last night's rain was very cold
He's nowhere now
I couldn't let him in
Social distancing bread,
Social distancing bedclothes
That's all I could give him yet

Just the sound of the ambulance strides on the street
Not yet

STILL LIFE OF SEX IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

BY LIAM STRONG

before the mystery
of bird feeders

i debated
the sacrament of

my mother's breast
my boyfriend's nipple

what milk
or moan

i once pulled
but when i watch deer

nibble seed
like flower buds

pursing lips
to rain

they wander
from fulfillment

as if it is every-
where

i want to know
what it means

to open my tongue
gather crumbs

of air
to walk away

from a pleasure
and not question

who or what
to thank

NEWYORKIAN

BY DIVYASRI KRISHNAN

It was fun, once, to shoot heroin
from the tops of could-be skyscrapers, mid-construction just to say
we touched the sky
before the gloss-eyed tourist or the milkman or the witchmen in their suits
who stole the bones from beneath the skin
of poorer, grounded folk — once us. Now
we teathed on livewire; we wore new clothes, were invisible in the dusk.
But soon the bell to the door jangled
and the sun answered with a yawn
and we had to get down, then, or burn up Icarus-like,
before our high had even gone.

WHERE YOU ARE

BY JANICE S FULLER

I find you
in the drift of coffee
that wakes me as the light moves
through the room, and the doe
with her fawn tests the quiet
of the early morning,
tastes the water at the lakeshore.

I find you
in the lines that trace across your forehead,
that witness your confusion
at my futile explanations,
and the black bear wonders
where the bird seed has gone.

I find you
in the night
while the whippoorwill calls its mate,
and your hand searches out
the smoothness of my thigh.

POTENTIAL

BY YONGSOO PARK

Had my parents stayed in their homeland
Instead of coming to the U.S.
I might have
Attended Seoul University
Become a Samsung executive
Invented the smart phone
Started K-Pop
Produced BTS
Directed Parasite
Cured Covid
Instead of writing
Poetry

SOUP IN ISOLATION

BY JACQUELINE JULES

I chop celery and potatoes,
thinking of how I was sliced
into tiny pieces five years ago
when you became a silent presence
in my life, someone I recall
throughout the day in little bits
like these vegetables
dismembered on my cutting board.

The soup seasoned this morning
wafts through the house all day,
with your absence, always in my nostrils.

Garlic and bay leaf intensify my grief
as a virus rages around the globe
and I mourn for thousands upon thousands
of spouses, siblings, parents, children
who will sit down, as I do, at a table
missing a chair no one else can fill.

CONFESSIONAL//THE OPPOSITE OF LONELINESS

after Alok Vaid-Menon

BY KANIKA AHUJA

1. I struggle with beginnings the way I struggle
with alarm clocks, feel sorry for the minutes I take
for granted. I've run out of apologies for being late.
2. I often misspell too many words that sound alike.
Which is to say, my conscience is entirely made up
of me being consciously cautious about consequence.
3. Once, I let a woman tell me her story only so I could
write about it. I wonder if that makes me a monster.
I read poems in front of strangers and expect them
to be kind. I wonder if that makes me human.
I wonder if there's a difference.
4. I have lived in the same house so long
I have forgotten the importance
of displacement, even in my words.
5. There is a boy I will always love too much.
There is always a boy I will love too much.
This difference is the buoyancy of my heart
and lately, I've been struggling to stay afloat.
6. I love the same way I pray – secretly,
always in the middle of the night
to the idea of a distant nobody.
7. I trust the same way I pray – in pieces,
stumbling onto forgiveness like a bruised
faith in everything I cannot hold.
8. I hope with a fiery intensity for the inevitable.
My brain is a reverse apocalypse turning
hourglasses to the tune of a fairytale.
9. There is a mathematical certainty that I will say
too much and still not feel enough.
10. I have too many bookshelves to mask *loneliness*.
But on mornings I build train stations in galaxies
out of paperbacks, this too can feel enough.

ON THIS SUMMER DAY

BY MARTIN WILLITTS JR

Morning is ponderous
as cows in interceding rain.

In this light,
words of encouragement are hard to find.

Waterlilies wait to rise from below the surface,
telling us it will be alright: this, too, will pass.

Extreme light unfolds
its white petals towards more light,

storing it for later, shushes of calm,
breath assembling what we will need:

so much penetrating light —
numbing us into meditative silence —

I am frightened by the possibility
I will never see you again.

I cannot write what I cannot say.
It is quiet when you're not here,

or anywhere.
Rain is writing this down.

The weight of this morning is heavy
when, in a blink, you go away.

A QUESTION OF SCALE

BY PAUL ILECHKO

Mulch beats with its own small life
amidst the rocks and stones

there is nothing within sight
or range of hearing
nothing that is at human scale
as we dismiss the microscopic
as beneath our threshold of significance

* * * * *

*the music of an empty place is harsh
and electric the key to unlock its score
is patience is slowness*

* * * * *

footprints leave minor imprints but over time
the accumulation of impressions
recedes to nothing to a packed hardness
that even rain will fail to alter

* * * * *

*when we speak of empty we speak
figuratively what we actually mean is that
there is nothing that is visible
or that snags on any other sense*

* * * * *

the wind is the loudest sound we hear
missing as we do the low-pitched undertones
that paint an image of the sadness
of the natural world

a place where death takes place
at a scale unknown
within the world that we inhabit
... this civilization.

MASK UPON MASK

BY WILLIAM DORESKI

To don surgical masks means
layering mask upon mask,
concealing what's always concealed.
The fresh new disposable mask —
simple, disfiguring, blunt —
over the old and permanent one —
complex, form-fitting, sly,
permeable to every slight.

Everyone is sporting these:
trapping their moist breath to foster
mildew the color of bruises.
Our coughs and sneezes occur
only in the dark. The virus
that has sculpted our routines
seeps through every precaution,
its innocence so evolved
it can kill without regret.

Still, we render fashionable
whatever we can't avoid.
Some people sport paisley masks,
some checked, some embroidered
with messages too small to read
at a safe impersonal distance.
We stick to plain disposables
in white or that depressing blue
only seen in clinical settings.

Even walking in the woods,
we meet fellow masks struggling
to keep from touching their faces.
Our muffled hellos resound
in organs we hadn't plumbed before.
Soon we'll riot behind our masks,
running amok inside ourselves,
everyone sick of being good —
being good enough to survive.

THINGS CHANGE
BY TUFIK SHAYEB

my wife folded
each scarf, carefully

two, three, six layers,
following each instruction

for mask-making

and I remembered back,
after the planes crashed,

masks were unnecessary
suspicious, even

especially on tan skin

and once, we were afraid
of nearby strangers,

of long trips, small seats,
and of being in the air

but now, the air itself

SECTION 3

A LIFE LIVED BLACK

BY LEMACHI ENWEREMADU

constant fear
tinted windows
palms vibrating
with tremors

asked to step out
a tacit paralysis
consumes

glued to your hands
resides the wheel
glued to your hands
resides your last goodbye

as soon as you let go
the timer begins

15 minutes away
from the smell
of the cup foods market
at east 38th and chicago ave

a God willing 84
becomes 46
76 becomes 25
95 becomes 17

but i am only 17
a black 17
a disvalued 17
deprived of innocence
deprived of worth

you step out
you count the breaths
you have left

water drips to your cheek
unconsciously
but the land remains dry
devoid of rain

please somehow
escapes your caged lips
pressure ensues your neck
crippling

but i am only 17
a black 17
pursued with aggression
pursuing without intention

you see the gun
before the badge
the rain before the umbrella
death before
whatever protects death

a run impinges your mind
a run from destiny
a run from fate

you remember
you practiced this scenario
never run in a straight line
the jukes
the fakes
hesitation moves

a hands up stance
feel the wind of canfield drive

you look around
this will be the place
the street

you woke up
with your eyes closed
that morning

but i am only 17
a black 17
a human 17

at least i got to 17

you hear a faint voice

and static
two words
wrong guy

you resume your life

tinted windows
constant fear

A REVISIONIST HISTORY OF KABOOM

BY RODD WHELPLEY

In instant wisdom, we point at calamity
in the sky, smoky entrails of space ship dust.

We pundit these are endings,
breathe, pick a fainter line –

fragments arcing earthward, claim them
as germs for all the better beginnings.

Across the desk, my colleague wears
cherry-rimmed eyes. They complement

the recitation of his parental failings:
the first dance step of catastrophe unseen,

the O-ring unchecked, her evasive boyfriend
forever nodding off, the absent spoons

and money – all were somewhere
beyond last Thursday, when he discovered

his daughter unconscious on the rec room floor.
Back as a child, he says, he let her drink the heeltaps,

watch him inject insulin – Surely, that
was the butterfly stirring the tsunami.

I want to hold him, convince him nothing
is Gomorrah. Morals cannot glue

the San Andreas. Despite what he has heard,
Vesuvius buried Pompeii without homily.

God gives and gives and gives again,
even more than we can handle.

A life explodes. We need learn nothing.
But bang. It goes.

THE NOTE KEEPER

BY LINDA CARNEY-GOODRICH

On the verge of blue,
with cold salmon and bear paws,
watch my daughter brush me off.

Scramble up the path, her legs like spiders
her hair golden light chasing after.

I don't recall giving birth to her.

Imagine she doesn't return.
I stumble into the town,
mumble how I had
a family
that they disappeared.
I spend decades looking
for those who match their descriptions.

Fading, chipping, melting
into the grey.
The avalanche of time
pulverizes my memory.

Were his eyes more green than blue?
Was that the first son, or the other one?
Which one of them said, *Moonie*.
Hello beautiful, hello lovely!

Didn't one of them have a face
open like a lake at dawn?
How did they all come to leave?

I meant to write the stories down.
Record it word for word.

So many lines went trailing off.
Lost or someplace
I could never imagine.

(SONNET #1,941) TWO SAAMI-AMERICANS WALK INTO A BAR
BY RON RIEKKI

Except that can't happen. I don't know two Saami-Americans.
Make it one Saami-American walks into a bar, alone.
He tells someone he's Saami-American and they say, "What?"
Saami-American? And they say they understand the 'American' part,
but that first part makes no sense, except it makes sense
if you're Saami, although the world doesn't make sense.
The world is all about extinction. I've often thought about committing
suicide, but you can't do that if you come from a people of disappearance.
You have to live. Why? To live. I can't explain it. To continue.
Otherwise they win. Which is why I never go to bars.
It's how they kill you. Subtly. It starts with commercials,
this weird thing where it's cool to die. I don't believe them, any of them.
This is the first poem you've ever read by someone who's Saami-American.
What will you do? Will you burn down the bar? Will you kill all the stools?

THE WRECK OF CAPTAIN KISS

BY S.D. LISHAN

1.

We could see Africa from the deck
of our pirate ship as it broke up and sank,
the result of a tsunami named Norm.
“Goodbye,” said Nigeria. “I’m sorry,”
although we knew she wasn’t.

We could tell you much of how to struggle
when the Earth stands up, spreads her legs, places
her hands on her hips, and leans back, before
leaning forward to touch her elbows to her yoga mat,
but we were so distracted listening to the hoots
and pennywhistles, and the call and response of news
on our blown-up social media. I know, I know, we
need to turn the volume down, wise up, still our butts,
but still...

2.

*A man died in Manitoba when a whirlwind
of burning straw lifted his pickup truck
and carried it 165 feet into a field of golden flax.*

Whenever this happens
to you, my love, pretend you’re a cuttlefish
adrift on a heart of magma, swimming
through the wake left by the sea’s dreams.
Any other advice should be taken twice a day,
after you’ve laced your fading sutures with honey.

3.

*Anger over Delhi’s growing wild monkey
population grew further, after a man died
after being struck in the head by a flower pot
thrown by one of the rogue animals.*

It’s too late now to undue your angst and anger
settling like a mayor of lotus flowers
into the river your tongue makes after
you’ve been kissed. But still you can ingest the pure serene
of your blood until your spine
becomes breathless as a smile, wingless
as a tick. And of course whenever you’re near
Fire Island, you can look up into Frank O’Hara’s sun.

4.

*A huge cloud of dust-laden wind from the Sahara
blasted the eastern Mediterranean, blotting out the moon.*

The poll workers at the center of the earth
were angry. When the light hurts your eyes
this way, curl into a banana leaf and lay
your eyelids shut around you. Never blot; always tap,
and only appeal to your instincts for augury
when you wear a bathrobe. Say "forsooth" to plaid;
cry when Greenland melts; cut your lower lip
on the serrated edge of a kiss:
You're bound to stay radiant forever.

AGATHA

BY KEN CATHERS

in the end
one of us
will turn out
to be a killer.

you know this
from the start,
even the least likely
are suspect,

each with their own
costume & deceit.
don't be fooled
by accents, abnormalities

it is never that simple.
the dead man was
complex, apparently
had flaws, enemies

left clues to his
own undoing. it
is up to you.
trust no one.

believe nothing
but the worst
of these new found
friends. you have proof

that all vows
of innocence
are lies, that
there is a cause

for every effect
& in the end
you will reveal
how even the unnamed

ghost of wonder
is a fraud. we
stand exposed,

false culprits,

smaller now, while
you count back
the steps
to a world

where all your
unsolved mysteries
die.

NEWS OF AN EARTHQUAKE
BY GERMAN DARIO

when earth shakes
with the ferocity
of a wet dog i proclaim
 this is my home

my son is learning to play the guitar
a few notes of many songs
over and over

the pauses diminish in time
as he learns to love
a body held against his

syncing small quake
to his beating heart
he builds a home
 he can carry

a wish flowering inside
an immigrant father

QUAKE

BY KRISTIAN MACARON

I breathed three times tonight
—that I noticed. The chasm of my chest
wrapped in warm waterfalls of maelstrom.
I think I am becoming my own ocean.

When I say I've been writing this
between earthquakes, what I mean is
between the quiver of your heartstrings
unburying themselves through body waves;
your voice coming to me through shocks and
aftershocks. As your mantle shatters, so does my fortitude.
After all, you are fighting hundreds of miles of stone
and magma to reach me. I know it's you. Always.
Always, I hear you like a cracking timber, like calamity.
The way I am attuned to your quake is not a form
but a frequency, and the Pangaea of my body flowers a
faultline of jade and ruby tears and tears.

When I say I've been writing this between
earthquakes, what I mean is I keep waiting
for your tremor to quiet in my arms, and I am
willing my body to not splinter tidal as
you tremble,
as you just keep breaking,
covering your heart
with a strong, dark earth,
a faulted root I cannot find.

INSTRUCTIONAL LITANY I

BY DAN WIENCEK

Find a hole. Probe it with something long and disapproving.
Maybe a length of wire, unkinked.
The wire's end should sink to a modest depth.

Fill the hole with ethically sourced water.
Use a mesh to catch the artifacts that bob up.
Pottery flakes. Bones. Pens. Grandma's rosary.

Spread the pieces before you. Throw nothing away.
Let it all dry, like salmon jerked from the river.
Stand back as the fragments tell their story.

Stare at the gaps, at the words not spoken.
Know that every memory breaks off somewhere.
Make it all make sense. It does not happen by itself.

Check your pulse — you should be in tears by now.
Ask yourself just who the hell you are.
Do not walk away until you have an answer.

WHY AND BECAUSE

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE & PEGGY DOBREER

Why are there more valleys than mountains?
Because everything said is temporary.

Why are goldfish so cheap?
Because a map of stars is just one point of reference.

Why don't you dance me an answer?
Because misses and fortune live in the same room.

Why should I keep going then?
Because every room is a house and every cage a correlative.

And why is this valley so familiar?
Because airplanes go only so far before landing.

Why don't we just change subjects?
Because landing is inevitable.

Why do promises frighten more than threats?
Because memory serves and won't be pardoned.

Please pardon me anyway.

WITHIN A LOCKER'S WILD ABUNDANCE, CALM
BY MARJORIE BECKER

Because in fact it was him and me
who found our ways among the frozen food,
the locker lacking sapphire night
and sudden dawn yet there inside
we placed the wanton diary filled
with images of trees, of words about
the ways we played and splayed out times
all filled with crime, a touch of patience.

ON "ALL SURROUNDINGS ARE REFERRED TO A HIGH WATER" BY KAY SAGE
BY NADIA WOLNISTY

I know now that lobsters are not immortal,
but instead shed their exoskeletons when their flesh
bumps against it, like a toddler taking off
too-tight clothes. Each undressing
takes more time and energy as the lobster grows.
And because lobsters never stop growing,
they die sometimes, mid-eclosion,
of exhaustion. I see myself

as cathedral, getting knocked down
and rebuilt, each clearing
of debris more laborious than the last.
I have to be careful when I bump against supporting
walls. You told me you collect

suicides because even that doesn't guarantee
immortality. I wondered if you meant a scrapbook —
little things you made and found, turned sea-creature
with all the glue. A two-page spread with punch-outs
for Elliott Smith, globs of glitter for Marilyn.
Little construction-paper waves for Hart Crane
for when all surroundings were referred to as high water.
I don't think you meant to be mawkish.
You would eat the suicides' transgressions
if you could, but instead you must store them another way.

As late as 1906, villages still had sin-eaters,
wretches paid to ease the suffering of the dead.
At the wake, a loved one would place a morsel
of food on the departed's chest
to absorb their sins, like sins were sauce or brine.
After waiting — a few minutes? an hour? —
the outcast would eat, each soul's passing
made lighter by not having to carry
what no longer fit them. Then the sin-eater
became an outcast, forced to live
outside the village, dreaded like an ominous building
that must now and then be visited.

I know now that I am not immortal.
I've known that for a long time.
When I go, however I go,
place a blue lobster on my chest.

THE TRACTOR MAN SUGGESTS MELONS

BY R. BRATTEN WEISS

Today the tractor man offered me commiseration on the death of my father, whose gardens he tilled for twenty years.

The last late dry corn was still standing, stalks of it white in the weak sun, where my father last planted, heavy on his knees in the soil, struggling to rise, blooms of cancer on his scalp and wrists from fifty years of this, fifty years of tilling, planting, reaping.

I stood by while the tractor rolled over those last dry stalks, the last corn my father ever grew. The inexorable tines turned them under, turned them back into soil, food for worms and centipedes and nematodes, food for food for us.

On my knees, pulling weeds from the garlic I realize I am bearing my father's image and storing his memory now in more ways than I care to admit. I too am awaiting some unattainable harvest. Some angel with a flaming sword.

The tractor man tells me I should plant melons there, where the late corn is broken. The melons in Kroger all taste like cardboard, he says. I tell him, melons sound good. I'll think about melons.

OSMOSIS

BY PRIYA RAJAN

We sit down to subtract, add and multiply.
When one is taken away from a number, the number walks back, I say.
When one is added, it walks forward.
The four year old puts those down on a paper.
What happens when the whole number is taken away?
I say, the number vanishes.
We practice on a few digits till we reach hundred.

What is hundred taken away from hundred? I ask.
A blink and a pause. Doesn't matter I say. It is always zero.
What happens when all stars are taken from all stars? She asks gazing at the sky.
A few blinks and a long pause. Stars remain, I mutter.
Everybody's infinity is different.

Our arithmetic, geography and language slide us into philosophy.
And the osmosis of knowledge always flips direction.
In the beginning, it was only a mistaken notion of concentration.
She paints the paper blue. Marks streaks of purple and specks of gold.
Fish in the sea, she says, like planets in the sky.
A blink and a pause. Planets in my Universe always propel with a trailing white orbit.
I put my pen down, watch the stars above and below.

BEYOND THE OPENING OF THE UNIVERSE

BY MICHAEL FREVELETTI

I've interrogated the moon's glow
Pushed for a steady rain of meteorites
If only to show me what space is up to

While nightly patterns emerge
The sky confirms nothing
And tomorrow will erase all comprehension

Until there's nothing left to explore
Mostly because we're limited in capacity
We imagine with the covers over our heads

A cut in the fabric trying to repair itself
Not even alone in our own minds
desperately trying to see farther.

THIS IS MY RIOT

BY DAVID B. PRATHER

~~This is my riot~~ for George Floyd
because I don't understand
the wicked knee of lightning. ~~This~~
~~is my riot~~ for Ahmaud Arbery
because I can't run fast enough
or far enough. ~~This is my riot~~
for Britney Cosby and Crystal
Jackson because the only words
I can find are on a note I threw
away. ~~This is my riot~~ for David
Spencer because *gay panic* is
still a real defense. ~~This is my~~
~~riot~~ for Gary Matson and Winfield
Mowder because the day is too
nice, the night too mysterious.
~~This is my riot~~ for the three women
who will die today because
someone loves them violently,
and the three before them,
before them, before them.

~~This is my riot~~ for students and teachers
who died knowing this could happen.
~~This is my riot~~ for the one hundred
people who will be shot and killed
in the US today and every other
day. ~~This is my riot~~ for my grandmother
who grew up fatherless. ~~This is~~
~~my riot~~ against the lymphoma
that swims through her body. ~~This~~
~~is my riot~~ for Greta Thunberg
because her icy glare will never melt,
and I need her to sing when I cannot
sing. ~~This is my riot~~ for Theodore
Demers and Nicholas Eisele because
the sun won't stop shining, and
it should. ~~This is my riot~~ because
sometimes I am guilty
of sitting at home while you beg
for your life. Sometimes I am halfway
across town when I should be
running through the streets
to make the whole world pay
for what they've done to all of you.

CONTRIBUTORS

Kanika Ahuja believes in the inexplicable joy of sunshines and smiles, hoarding verses on sticky notes in mason jars to be set free like paper boats on rainy days. A poet, performer and educator of poetry, Kanika works towards creating space for conversations through a pedagogy revolving around art and articulation. Her work appears, or is forthcoming, at *AYLY* (Are You Lost Yet?), *The Medley*, *Sidereal Magazine*, and *Airplane Poetry Movement's Ultimate Poetry Anthology*. She is based in New Delhi, India.

A Macon, Georgia native, **Marjorie Becker** learned Spanish in childhood, served in the Peace Corps in South America, and has conducted extensive research on revolution and dance throughout Latin America. Her poetry collections include *Body Bach* (2005) *Piano Glass/Glass Piano* (2010) and *The Macon Sex School* (forthcoming) all from Tebot Bach. She has received multiple awards and her poetry has been published in an array of journals and anthologies, including *Runes*, *Pratik*, *Levure Littéraire*, *Desde Hong Kong: Poets in Conversation with Octavio Paz*, *Spillway*, *Peacock Journal* and *The Southern Poetry Anthology, Vol. V: Georgia*.

Clare M Bercot Zwerling is a newish poet with five poems published to date in *glassworks*, *Halcyon Days*, *Night Waves Anthology 2019*, *Red Sky Anthology 2020* and *Coffin Bell Journal*. Her forthcoming poetry publications include *The Oakland Review*, *Before it Was Cool* and *Poetry South*. A recent retiree and transplant from Deep South Texas, she resides in Northern California and is a member of the Writers of the Mendocino Coast.

Linda Carney-Goodrich is writer and teacher whose poems "Dot Girl" and "Vodka, Beer, and Cigarettes" are published in *City of Notions: An Anthology of Contemporary Boston Poems*. Her poems were among winners chosen by the Boston Poet Laureate in the 2014, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019 and 2020 Mayor's Poetry Program and have been displayed on the walls at Boston City Hall. Linda is owner and operator of Home Scholars of Boston and a long time member of the Hyde Park Poets.

Born (1951) and raised in Ladysmith on Vancouver Island, **Ken Cathers** has a B.A. from the University of Victoria and a M.A. from York University in Toronto. Has been published in numerous periodicals, anthologies as well as seven books of poetry, most recently *Letters From the Old Country* with Ekstasis Press. He lives in the country with his family and his trees.

Collaborative Poets—Brendan & Peggy:

Brendan Constantine is a nationally recognized poet based in Los Angeles. He is an ardent supporter of Southern California's poetry communities and one of its most recognized teachers. He is the current Poet-in-Residence at The Windward School. His collections include *Letters to Guns*, *Calamity Joe*, and *Dementia My Darling*, Red Hen Press, and *Birthday Girl with Possum*, Write Bloody Books.

Peggy Dobreer is a long-time dancer, performance artist and late-career poet. She is winner of the 2017 Poetry Matters Poetry Prize, has received two Pushcart Nominations, and has four collections: *Drop and Dazzle* and *In the Lake of Your Bones*, released by Moon Tide Press, *Face of Sky* and *Little Captures*, self-published under First Eyes Press.

When writing together they have said of the other; Brendan is an Oddesey unto himself, and Peggy puts the odd in Goddess.

German Dario resides in Tempe, Arizona with his wife, two sons, two dogs, a guinea pig and sometimes a fish. Recently published in *Good Works Review*, *Into The Void*, *The Friday Influence*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *The New Verse News*, *The Acentos Review*, and *The American Journal of Poetry*.

William Doreski has published three critical studies and several collections of poetry. His work has appeared in many print and online journals. He has taught at Emerson College, Goddard College, Boston University, and Keene State College. His most recent books are *Water Music and Train to Providence*, a collaboration with photographer Rodger Kingston.

Stephanie Yue Duhem is a 1.5 generation Chinese-American poet and educator. Her work appears or is forthcoming in *PANK*, *Glass*, *Lunch Ticket*, and other journals. She was a winner of Red Wheelbarrow's 2018 contest, judged by Naomi Shihab Nye. She can be found on Twitter and Instagram @academoiselle or at sydpoeetry.com.

Lemachi Enweremadu is a student at Delbarton School in NJ. He writes on his free time because it helps him find peace, as his fingers type away to answer any conflicting affairs or stress from within. He is published. Thank you for your time!

Sarah Ferris is published in *RATTLE*, *Ol' Chanty*, and the upcoming *Lummox9*. Her chapbook, *Snakes That Dance Like Daffodils*, was published in April, 2019. A novel is in the works. Sarah has an MA in Spiritual Psychology from the University of Santa Monica, and a BA in Cinema Studies from NYU. She lives in Los Angeles with her family.

Jean-Luc Fontaine is a Tucson based poet. He enjoys hot coffee and long bus rides.

Mike Freveletti is a poet living in Illinois. His poems have appeared in online and in print in places like *Snapdragon Journal*, *River Poets & Highland Park Poetry*.

Janice S Fuller is a poet who lives and writes in the desert of Tucson, Arizona, and on a lake in Wisconsin. She has degrees in English and Communication Disorders; spent her career as a speech pathologist. Janice's poems have been published in *Amsterdam Quarterly*, *Caesura*, and *Bethlehem Writers Roundtable* among others.

Malisa Garlieb is a writer and metalsmith living in Vermont. Her poems have appeared in *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Calyx*, *Rhino*, *Rust + Moth*, and *Off the Coast*, among others. *Handing Out Apples in Eden*, her poetry collection, was published by Wind Ridge Books.

Trisha Gauthier is a trans poet and writer. Her poetry has previously appeared, and is forthcoming, in print under a different name.

Carol Hamilton has recent publications *Louisiana Literature*, *Hawaii Pacific Review*, *Southwest American Literature*, *San Pedro River Review*, *Dryland*, *Pinyon*, *Pour Vida*, *Lunch Ticket*, *Adirondack Review*, *Commonweal*, *U.S.1 Worksheet*, *Broad River Review*, *Fire Poetry Review*, *Gingerbread House*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *Poem*, *Haight Ashbury Poetry Journal*, *Sandy River Review*, *I-70 Review*, *Blue Unicorn*, former *people Journal*, *The Sea Letter*, *Poetica Review*, *Zingara Review*, *Broad River Review*, *Burningwood Literary Review*, *Abbey*, *Main Street Rag*, *Free Lunch*, *Poetry leaves* and others. She has published 17 books: children's novels, legends, and poetry. She is a former Poet Laureate of Oklahoma.

Jeffrey Hantover is a writer living in New York.

Alan Harris is a hospice volunteer who helps patients write memoirs, letters, and poetry. Harris is the recipient of the 2014 John Clare Poetry Prize as well as the 2015 Tompkins Poetry Award from Wayne State University. Harris is a three-time Pushcart nominee. His first chapbook of poetry, *Hospice Bed Conversations*, has been nominated for a Midland Author's Award. Harris's full-length poetry book, *Fall Ball*, was released December 2018 by Finishing Line Press. Most recently his work has appeared in *Snapdragon*, *Third Wednesday* and *Medusa's Last Laugh*.

Paul Ilechko is the author of the chapbooks *Bartok in Winter* (Flutter Press, 2018) and *Graph of Life* (Finishing Line Press, 2018). His work has appeared in a variety of journals, including *Manhattanville Review*, *West Trade Review*, *Cathexis Northwest Press*, *Otoliths* and *Pithead Chapel*. He lives with his partner in Lambertville, NJ.

Having grown up in rural Michigan **David Jibson** now lives in Ann Arbor where he is a co-editor of *Third Wednesday*, a literary arts journal a member of The Crazy Wisdom Poetry Circle and The Poetry Society of Michigan. He is retired from a long career in Social Work, most recently with a Hospice agency.

Jacqueline Jules is the author of three chapbooks including *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 *Gryoscope*, *The Broome Review*, and *Imitation Fruit*. Visit her poetry blog metaphoricaltruths.blogspot.com/

Yohjison believes that there are countless great poets in the world but he likes the splendor of his poetry. He is going through a second ennui now. **Yun Bai Kim**

Divyasri Krishnan is a poet and high school student from Massachusetts whose work has appeared in *Rust + Moth*, *High Shelf Press*, and the *Wild Roof Journal*. Further work is forthcoming in the *Bangalore Review*, *Waxing & Waning*, and elsewhere. When she is not writing, she can be found taking standardized tests or going for a run.

S.D. Lishan's book of poetry, *Body Tapestries* (Dream Horse Press), was awarded the Orphic Prize for Poetry. Their poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction have appeared in journals such as *Cutbank*, *Arts & Letters*, *Phoebe*, *Kenyon Review*, *Measure*, *Your Impossible Voice*, *Creative Nonfiction*, and *Gyroscope Review*. They live in Ohio, where they teach creative writing at The Ohio State University.

Kristian Macaron resides in Albuquerque, NM, but is often elsewhere. Her poetry chapbook collection is titled, *Storm*. Other fiction and poetry publications can be found in *The Winter Tangerine Review*, *Ginosko Literary Journal*, *Medusa's Laugh Press*, *The Mantle Poetry*, *Philadelphia Stories*, *Luna Luna Magazine*, *Gargoyle Magazine*, and forthcoming in *Asimov's Science Fiction* and *Drunk Monkey's Magazine*. She is a co-founding editor of the literary journal, *Manzano Mountain Review*. View her work at Kristianmacaron.com

Megan McDermott is a poet and Episcopal priest based in Western Massachusetts. In 2018, she graduated from Yale Divinity School where she also earned a certificate from Yale's Institute of Sacred Music, an interdisciplinary program dedicated to religion and the arts. Her poetry has been published or is forthcoming in a number of journals, including *The Christian Century*, *Relief*, *Rust + Moth*, *Rock & Sling*, *The Cresset*, *Psaltery & Lyre*, and *Amethyst Review*.

Bruce McRae, a Canadian musician currently residing on Salt Spring Island BC, is a multiple Pushcart nominee with over 1,600 poems published internationally in magazines such as *Poetry*, *Rattle* and *the North American Review*. His books are *The So-Called Sonnets* (Silenced Press); *An Unbecoming Fit Of Frenzy*; (Cawing Crow Press); *Like As If* (Pski's Porch); *Hearsay* (The Poet's Haven).

Yongsoo Park is the author of the novels *Boy Genius* and *Las Cucarachas*, the memoir *Rated R Boy*, and the essay collection *The Art of Eating Bitter* about his one-man crusade to give his children an analog childhood.

David B. Prather is the author of *We Were Birds* from Main Street Rag Publishing. His work has appeared in many print and online journals, including *Colorado Review*, *Seneca Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *American Literary Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Gyroscope Review*, and others. He studied acting at The National Shakespeare Conservatory, and he studied creative writing at Warren Wilson College. He has lived most of his life in Parkersburg, WV.

Priya Rajan lives in Bangalore, India. She worked in the software industry for more than a decade and quit for personal priorities. Currently, she is striving to be a writer. Her works have been published in *Nature Writing*, *Snapdragon*, *Flock*, *Orion* and *Hinterland Magazines*. She is thankful for the time and attention her work shall receive.

Ron Riecki's books include *U.P.* (Ghost Road Press), *Posttraumatic* (Hoot 'n' Waddle), *My Ancestors are Reindeer Herders*, and *I Am Melting in Extinction* (Loyola University Maryland's Apprentice House Press).

Elodie Roumanoff was born in Paris, France and currently lives in Sydney, Australia. She is pursuing a BA in English at the University of Sydney while writing as much as she can in her spare time.

Rosemary Royston, author of *Splitting the Soil* (Finishing Line Press, 2014), resides in northeast Georgia with her family. Her poetry and flash fiction has been published in journals such as *Split Rock Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Appalachian Heritage*, *Poetry South*, *KUDZU*, *NANO Fiction*, and **82 Review*. She's an Instructor of English and administrator at Young Harris College. <https://theluxuryoftrees.wordpress.com/>

George Ryan was born in Ireland and graduated from University College Dublin. He is a ghostwriter in New York City. Elkhound published his *Finding Americas* in October 2019.

Tufik Shayeb's poetry has appeared in numerous publications, including *Potomac Review*, *Sheepshead Review*, *The Menteur*, *Lost Lake Folk Opera*, *Madcap Review*, *Heyday Magazine*, *Blinders Journal*, *Muzzle Magazine*, *Restless Anthology*, *The November 3rd Club*, and others. To date, Shayeb has published three chapbooks and one full-length collection titled, *I'll Love You to Smithereens*. Currently, Shayeb resides in Phoenix, Arizona.

Liam Strong is a Pushcart Prize nominated queer writer and studies Writing at University of Wisconsin-Superior. They are the former editor of NMC Magazine. You can find their works in *Impossible Archetype*, *Dunes Review*, *Monday Night*, *Lunch Ticket*, *Chiron Review*, *The Maynard*, *Panoply*, *Prairie Margins*, and *The 3288 Review*.

Jocelyn Uasal is a transgender poet currently living in Reno, Nevada as a student, majoring in English. She has previously been published in the first issue of *Transcend Literary Magazine*, though when she isn't writing about romance you can usually find her painting on her walls or tending to one of her many cats!

Abasiama Udom is a Poet and Writer. She lives in Akwa Ibom, Nigeria with her family (parents and annoying brother) and finds the time to sleep, dance or watch Football and is a student of life and education. Twitter: @AneuPoet

Lyndi Waters is a Pushcart Prize nominee, winner of the Frank Nelson Doubleday Memorial Writing Award, the Eugene V. Shea National Poetry Contest, and the 2019 Wyoming Writers, Inc. free verse contest. Lyndi's poems have been published, or are forthcoming, in literary magazines and anthologies such as *The Owen Wister Review*, *Gyroscope Review*, *New Verse News*, *Picaroon Poetry*, *Unbroken Journal*, *Blood, Water, Wind, and Stone: An Anthology of Wyoming Writers* (Sastrugi Press, 2016,) *Troubadour* (Picaroon Poetry Press, U.K., 2017,) and others.

R. Bratten Weiss is a freelance academic and eco-grower residing in rural Ohio. Her creative work has been published in a variety of publications, including *Two Hawks Quarterly*, *Presence*, *Connecticut River Review*, *Shooter*, *New Ohio Review* and *Slipstream*. Her chapbook *Talking to Snakes* is forthcoming from Ethel in 2020.

Laura Grace Weldon is the author of poetry collections *Blackbird* (Grayson Books, 2019) and *Tending* (Aldrich Press, 2013), and as well as a handbook of alternative education titled *Free Range Learning* (Hohm Press, 2010). She was named 2019 Ohio Poet of the Year. Her background includes teaching nonviolence workshops, writing collaborative poetry with nursing home residents, and facilitating support groups for abuse survivors. She works as a book editor and teaches community writing classes. Connect with her at lauragraceweldon.com.

Dan Wiencek is a poet, critic and humorist who lives in Portland, Oregon, and whose work has appeared in *McSweeney's Internet Tendency*, *Hypertrophic Literary*, *New Ohio Review*, *Timberline Review* and other publications. He is currently working on his first collection of poems.

Elaine Wilburt's fiction and poems have appeared in *The Cresset*, *Little Patuxent Review*, *Route 7 Review*, *Heart of Flesh* and *Frogpond*, among others. She volunteers as a copy editor for *Better Than Starbucks*. A graduate of Middlebury College, she received a 2019 Creatrix Haiku Award and lives in Maryland with her husband and five children.

Martin Willitts Jr has 24 chapbooks including 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, *The Temporary World*. His recent book is *Unfolding Towards Love* (Wipf and Stock). He is an editor for The Comstock Review.

Rodd Whelpley manages an electric efficiency program for 32 cities across Illinois and lives near Springfield. His poems have appeared in *Tinderbox Poetry Journal*, *The Shore*, *2River View*, *Star 82 Review*, *Kissing Dynamite*, *Barren*, and other journals. He is the author of the chapbooks *Catch as Kitsch Can* (2018) and *The Last Bridge is Home* (coming in 2021). Find him at www.RoddWhelpley.com.

Nadia Wolnisty is the founder and editor in chief of *Thimble Literary Magazine*. Their work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Spry*, *SWWIM Every Day*, *Apogee*, *Penn Review*, *McNeese Review*, *Paper & Ink*, and others. They have chapbooks from Cringe-Worthy Poetry Collective, Dancing Girl Press, and a full-length from Spartan.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Our Fall 2020 Issue will be a special issue, the annual Crone Power Issue. Submissions will be limited to poets over 50 who identify as women. For this special issue, we seek work that examines what it means to be a woman over 50—gifts, dreams, contributions. We want work that thinks beyond the usual and celebrates wise women with all their strengths, and experiences.

What does it mean to be a woman over 50 in the times of Covid 19? In times of protests? From your perspective, how is the world doing? How can crones help?

If you are not a poet over 50 who identifies as a woman, please do not submit for our Fall Issue. We will resume regular submissions for everyone with the winter 2021 issue in January. Submissions for The Crone Power Issue open July 1, 2020, and close on September 7, 2020. If we accept enough poems to fill the issue before September 7, we will close the reading period early.

Please read our guidelines on Submittable: <https://gyroscopereview.submittable.com/submit/>

Thank you for reading!