



Gyroscope Review

fine poetry to turn your world around



Winter 2022



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Issue 22-1
Winter 2022

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Constance Brewer

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

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Winter Tapestry Sky ©2022 Elya Braden

From The Editor:

As we change over into a new year, changes come to Gyroscope Review also. We bid farewell to Assistant Editor Hanna Pachman as she moves on to bigger things. We'll miss Hanna's sharp wit and spot-on assessments of submissions. We wish her luck in all her future endeavors. We'll miss you, Hanna.

Gyroscope Review would like to welcome a new Assistant Editor to the family. Poet Betsy Mars brings us a wealth of experience and a keen interest in poetry. We're eager to start working with her on our Spring 2022 Issue. You can find out more about Betsy by reading the Masthead on our website. We also welcome a new host of feline editors to the fold, as our canine editors have all retired.

2021 was a quirky year. Are we in a pandemic, are we out of the pandemic, what's this omicron and why does it hate us? Is it really a Decepticon? Most importantly, what the heck is going on? Let's hope 2022 shakes out to be a better year. Through all the confusion, poets kept writing and witnessing the current situations in the world around us. Read this issue with an eye toward the underlying commentary. Opinions don't always smack you in the face, sometimes subtlety is the key.

I'd like to thank all our Winter 2022 poets for their wonderful work. It was a pleasure to read them and we are proud to start another year of Gyroscope Review with their stellar poems.

Constance Brewer

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Section One

ONE WORLD TO ANOTHER

BY PENELOPE MOFFET

To slide under the surface
without panic
you must tire yourself out or
every sliver of streetlight seeping
through the blinds is an icepick, every
thump of heavy-footed neighbor
in the corridor means
tsunami. You want
to sink before the storm arrives.
Once you're underneath, moved into
that other world, you're safe,
can ride the currents
from one ecosystem to another,
undulating kelp forest to
finned jewels darting through coral,
sunlit tidepool to where
fish carry their own lanterns
through the dark. A speck
catches afternoon light
like a slow-moving comet.
You're there
and then you're gone.

THE WHITE ALBUM

BY NANCY BOTKIN

Oh, to fall backwards
and stare into a milky sky! My arms
and legs moved as if someone were
pulling a string between my legs,
and if I could stand it, I'd rest my
bare fingers on top of the snow. It
was like touching the Pope's sleeve
as he granted me absolution, my spine
light as a feather and alert to the shape
of ghosts. It's pointless to think about
a snowman's inner life, but I imagine
its thoughts are circular, rolling bands
of white, reminding me of a gymnast
somersaulting and handspringing across
the mat in a leotard, sparkles twisted
into her hair reflecting the camera
lights, a blinding brightness
like the sun at dusk hitting
a storefront window where they
are having a two-for-one sale
on silk sheets. Oh, to fall
backwards into bed, arms
spread like a Posturepedic
Christ and stare at the paper
boats sailing across the ceiling,
lying very very still,
sticking the landing.

WINTER THESAURUS

BY MELISSA RIDLEY ELMES

Scotland has 421 words for snow ...

words like

Sneeshl: to start raining or snowing, and

Feefl: to swirl, and

Flinkdrinkin, which means a light snow, and

Skelf, which is a large snowflake.

Who can help but marvel at the beautiful excess of it?

421 words to express how the sky goes grey

and opens, sending frozen water skittering on the winds

to fall in *spitters** against our cheeks and

dance across the landscape, settling on the cold ground

Until *unbrak*,** when the sun warms again.

*Scots: small drops or flakes of wind-driven rain or snow

**Scots: the beginning of a thaw

THE PIANO

BY MATTHEW J. ANDREWS

It happened slowly: a bookmark
drifting north. You're upstairs,
flossing scraps from between your teeth.
I'm in the kitchen, washing away
the dust from my hands. The stairs
and their groaning with each step.
The wind outside, shrill as a factory
whistle. The lightbulb flickering
the way the fireplace used to.
But do you hear it? Somewhere out
there is music, a ballet of fingers
dancing on ivory, little raindrops
pattering against our wax-worn ears.

THE FIRST TIME I HEARD A POEM BY LORCA

BY CLAUDIA M. REDER

My teacher read it in English,
yet I heard in Spanish, *Verde, I want you verde.*
I saw the horse, stood on the mountain.

That night I learned how a cricket can chirp
in the night sky of a poem, and how a small
boy's hands cup sound. I remembered
men I loved or thought I loved.

When I first met my husband I called him Adonis,
and stroked his runner's muscular thighs.

And now after years of marriage,
a heron plants himself in the gray water—
a faint rainbow above the ripples of water skin.
The slender threads of an oak arc over the water,
its roughed-up bark thickened and knotted.

I still hear in the wind the faint musings of a guitar.
Green reverberates like a bird's alto trill.
The melody of green trickles through me like a slow rain.

APPROACHING SUNSET

BY MARILYN BASZCZYNSKI

We crunch through deadfall on the trails around the pond,
talk of bats and dragonflies, follow the scent of wet earth
up the hill to a small clearing.

We consider various angles and vistas, decide on
the three jack pines, red oak and red maple to frame
a future home, once the underbrush is hauled out.

The house will be compact and efficient, perfect for two,
maybe a log cabin or similar toad hut, hidden in the woods
away from curious neighbors or passersby.

A porch will overlook the pond with its wood ducks
and Canada geese nesting in spring, later great egret
and green heron dropping by for summer.

The deer, sated on the last fallen apples, will nap nearby
in grassy huddles while we watch the willow's
late-goldening leaves graze the water's edge.

Light will trickle through its bronzing tips to dip
shimmering into the sunset, and our shadows
will melt into the trees.

HOW TO JOIN WITH A WOMAN

BY KELLI SIMPSON

This is how you join with a woman
and get tangled in her veins.

Press kisses to her widow's peak
and swear she'll never be a widow.

Stroke her aching insteps
till she forgets that she has feet.

Pace the floor,
back and forth,
the nights she comes and goes.

For her prayers,
be the ear of God.

For her tears,
a beggar's bowl.

BELOVED

BY BETH COPELAND

As the mountain sleeps beneath sheets of fog,
you're here, unseen, dreaming

my dreams as I dream yours, as the river
shivers beneath its rippling

water moccasin skin and hummingbirds whir
to saucers of syrup on iridescent wings,

as trees listen and speak in the language of leaves
and I seek your face in the clouds,

knowing it will be etched with sorrow when we meet
after wandering through forests of pine,

hemlock, and beech, not lost but following maps
of memory that will lead us to each other,

to the star in your hand that matches the scar in mine.

SELFIE WITH THE POND

BY SARAH DICKENSON SNYDER

She stands in front of what she's always wanted.
While it was still an uninterrupted field,
she imagined this water rippling and clear
with something floating, maybe a loon
or a duck and perhaps a deer edging
toward the grassy bank. The way spiders weave
their own homes, she wanted water
to capture the sky. She speaks
in breaks, measures with lines,
feels the spin of the calendar
rescued by each next month. It's summer.
There she is diving from the boulder
never afraid to enter what she has created
even when she must hold her breath.

IT'S THE WATER

BY JONATHAN YUNGKANS

1

Empty Tullamore Dew bottles glisten in window light, waiting for sailing ships to be constructed inside them. The bottles are heat and sand blown into illusion, pure and neutral to the eye as microplastics in a sea current. Like Olympia Beer proclaimed, it's the water—a blue flat illusory stripe—the water a horizon going murky while it sighs every secret into shore. Nothing's clear.

2

An inconvenience in several senses, 20 or 30 ravens hopped the entire street like tossed chicken leg bones their tongues arrowheads in the scorching August heat. Maybe they blessed me as I drove past, passing them a slipstream that could in turn pass as a breeze. They look drained as myself as all of them watched my car, the immaculate lawns on Olive Street an emerald lie.

3

"We throw it in the sea and the sea throws it back"—fresh blood, red and shining, faint blue that could pass as a daydream of sky. Clear bags, glutenous jellyfish in synthetic overabundance—the whole beach plastic. Baby carriages thrown out with the bathwater. Cups that ran over and empty and over the rainbow bridge. Sea birds stuffed with tough scraps bright as confetti.

4

Dad drank Olympia Beer—six-packs, white steel cans, golden horseshoe logo a monolith from the film 2001, under which a gold-and-white waterfall plunged, pure as if brewed with snow. My first beer was an Olympia. When neighbors dug a trench for a new retaining wall they unearthed a bunch of white-and-rust Olympia cans, looking like fossils or personal keepsakes gone to seed.

5

Black cocked hats with gilt trim, blue uniform jackets,
oaken planks underfoot that rolled like a bottle at sea.
Watched Gregory Peck as Horatio Hornblower, checked
the book out so much, the librarians may have wondered
when the ocean would gush in from the hole in the shelf.
Was it story or sea that enticed me, water curving black,
night enveloping everything into its aqueous embrace.

A NEW KNOT

BY RICHARD MATTA

Sun-drenched, cross-legged and bobbing on the boat, I contemplate
the sequence of steps to best cinch line-to-hook. I can hear my father's
clear words on some far-away water long since muddled and moved
telling me not to over-complicate things, stick with one good fishing knot
but my mind mixes knots: blood knots, surgeon's knot, cinch knot. Something
strong and tight is created, but I don't know what it is, and I couldn't make it again.

a dusty chalkboard
in a fragile frame
dad's dementia

ATTRITION

BY LORRAINE CAREY

The last of summer's swallows swoop
and dive, sign farewells in a lupin blue sky.

At the strand, my coat pocket corners
gritty with sand and slivers of last year's

search in an oyster-pink shell.
Herring gulls knit tight circles

on this stretch of beach,
as their screeches inform

of another storm brewing.
Driftwood's strewn like sun-bleached

whale ribs. I crouch at the water's edge,
sift for attrition in winkles and whelks,

sea glass rare as hens' teeth now.
We kids kept our loot under rock and creel

and old lobster pots destined for the hearth.
And with the gale pushing me on,

I read the sky like a book I don't want to finish,
have one last look where the path meets shale

among bladder wrack bubbles and tresses of kelp,
glimpse a frosted shard of Kelly green,

its contours smoothed by moon and tide,
soothing as an ancient prayer.

HECTOR AT THE PLAYGROUND

BY JENEVA BURROUGHS STONE

Up, my son's little feet kick forward
and back, his knees fold beneath
the black rubber sling, my hands

push his slender shoulders where
blades meet spine in miniature
— a battle-axe double-bladed —

(how much for a second chance)

he laughs and the happy puffs
his lungs exude relieve me
while chain links in suspension

screech-scrape accompaniment —
the past in rhythmic flashback —
that moment spears thudded

in chorus down on packed earth,
shields up exposing just horse-
hair crescents in thousands of arcs —

(how my helmet frightened him)

'Nax, the children shout, *come look!*
and mid-air, he's gone, leapt from
the swing, its chains suddenly slack

(how the infants were tossed)

empty seat wavering awkward in mid-flight —
this moment (how I live for it): when Fate
denied scrabbles at a gust of swaying air.

A VAST EXPANDING EMPTINESS

BY LENNY LIANNE

When night charcoals the sky
and ten thousand stars
stoke their fires, when the moon
is merely a thin slice of light,

he lugs his snub telescope
outside and scans the springtime
sky between the Big Dipper,
Leo and Virgo. Here,

he once told her, is the domain
of galaxies, myriads
whose light left their beds
when dinosaurs roamed

and massive droves of others,
the brightest seen as hazy
patches that pulse as spirals,
whirling arms and giant spheres.

He keeps on peering at the sleek
sweep of stars, the dust and gas
of far-flung explosions arcing
across a vast expanding emptiness

and fails to notice the barking
sounds of a barred owl nearby
or the breath's swell and fall
from the woman close beside him.

DRY WEIGHT: TWENTY-ONE GRAMS, MORE OR LESS

BY CARLENE M. GADAPÉE

“MacDougall believed that the results from his experiment showed the human soul might have weight....”

Twenty-one grams is the weight of a soul
when the fire goes out, when the juices
dry up, when the body is done extending
its reach and the fragile husk crumbles

to dust. Starfish, too, are measured in dry
weight, after the flinching body stills
and silence reigns. The shrunken disc
cannot hold the body together, cannot

sustain. Sere and curling, outstretched arms
must turn brittle in the unflinching glare
of an unshaded lamp. We are catalogued:
done from wish, product from desire.

Though pinned, there is no pain.
The flaking carcass remains.

Section Two

WHEN JENNY TEXTS TO ASK FOR MONEY THE DAY AFTER BEZOS FLIES TOWARD SPACE

BY STEPHANIE KENDRICK

She tossed me a pack of menthols,
taught me to drag slow, exhale cool.
Stargazers on the creaking wood, we talked
through the entire pack, stories of girls
full of dirt and gravel, everything
heavy enough to keep us
grounded to the Earth.
I haven't seen her in fifteen years,
cross-legged on the dock as the sun set,
snakes slithering on the surface
around a scattered reflection of the moon.
Tonight, different moon, familiar story —
no one told her she is star dust,
so she stayed,
siphoned herself until nothing was left
but empty space.
I tell her a story too,
that I just don't have the cash right now.
And for a minute, I am every bit of him,
soaring far and away from her
and everyone else I love
who can't outrun the gravity.

BOY BILLIONAIRES IN SPACE

BY DOTTY LEMIEUX

The boy billionaires are taking to the air
No, they have taken the air
burned it up with their exhaust
of flaming dollar bills

Sometimes a rocket is just a cigar
spewing smoke and ash on those
below, for pleasure and pollution
be damned even when they take

90-year old Captain Kirk along
it's purely for show, all ego-fumes
and space-junk; even everyone's favorite
TV space hero can't excuse

the excess, a moment's fun
for a planet's fortunate sons
who think they can escape
the pull of gravity

with bitcoins they stash
in off-planet tax havens
while they generously donate
the interest to charity

Tethered to our dying orb, earthlings
scramble for a cure, put solar panels
on crumbling roofs, baptize ourselves
in hopes of washing away our sins

pray to newly minted gods constellations
that sprout like space-scattered mushrooms
We gather their spores in our aprons,
space dregs we can plant in our own back yard

to grow a new kind of life here on earth,
one that burrows, not soars, one that sniffs,
not sees, one that turns toward darkness
for survival, shunning any suggestion of

light

air

space.

SOBRIQUET

BY ELEANOR LERMAN

We should have known
when there was dust in our coffee cups
and the cafes wouldn't sell us any cigarettes,
that modern life had become just another
mill wheel, a hammer pounding a glass nail

And so the girl she should have been
rises from the magician's bed and says good-bye
Walking along the tortured lanes
of this year and that, she well remembers
those metropolitan evenings in the city of God

when our conversations were as important
as money in a velvet pocket and science
paraded its peacocks in the downtown bars
where we drank to the health of physics

and went home to bang out literature
as if it was possible for art to buy its meals
and pay the rent. As if art did not demand
the total attention of its prisoners
who, nonetheless, went on believing
that they had been named as honorees

And so the girl she should have been
decides to perform the unheard of feat
of living as a stranger. Although this year
and that refuse to comment, preferring
to stay at home smoking cigarettes in bed,

rumors are spreading among the downtrodden
that the girl she is now has finally earned
the sobriquet *at home in the kasbah*
and is often reborn as wind and water

though that is another story,
the one in which sorrow drowns in
a lily pond and time at last stands still

MY SELF-WORTH

BY KIM MALINOWSKI

is manufactured in greedy eyes of grocery store boys wanting to help me load my car. Gaslighting has the same sulfur smell as the empty rolodex that has friends' names crossed out, inked back in, then crossed out. She snuggles in with panic attacks over fireworks, blows bubbles with fairies. She does know she's not a princess, don't tell her she's not an elf. She's too ditzy, too whiny, too whiskey suckled from the bottle. She's the lack of booty calls that she's accused of and the affairs she's too afraid to have. She clings to the same twenty-year crush and tarot card and mind reader's predictions. All empath, she just wants touch his five o'clock shadow. Psychiatrists parade her as patient K in dozens of papers, scientific experiment gone right with a rainbow of medications and therapy. What she doesn't get from snapping her fingers will find her when she crashes into you as if you were a lightning rod. She counts her grudges like rosary beads. If you cross her friends, she puts out lemons and cayenne pepper, hot foot powder for you—she doesn't worry about any rule of three or do no harm. Fuck it. She's better to stay ten feet away from. She's one roll of duct tape away from sinister, one journal from savage, she's part flashy gangster and part prima donna, and she is all Lilith.

THIS IS NOT THE CHRYSLER 300 YOU'RE LOOKING FOR

BY CAROL L. DEERING

Driving west on a long straight road,
last stretch of a meteoric trip, the sun
twinning and dripping beneath each visor

I know your sleek patrol car
 is tailing me.
I keep giving you room, but
 you never pass.

I'm rattled. The cowboy
on my license plate
fumbled and lost his hat.

My brain's on cruise control. I'm weary
but move along. Help me, Obi-Wan.

A hawk lifts on the wind. My eyes
trace its freedom, then shoot
rear-view glances
 until you're gone.

GARLIC

BY PATRICE BOYER CLAEYS

Pearl-flowered eternal flower
 clothed in white rags
 the papery skins lift —

each bud a lamp
 flickering
in olive oil and lemon juice
 transfigured into
low and delicious
 smell.

Pearl-flowered eternal flower
 you are the road
 we have traveled
 to eat the world —

 a rose
with a fine taste of sulfur.

Cento Sources: Catherine Bowman, Grigori Dashevsky, Susan Landgraf, Ronald Johnson, Eisder Mosquera, Khaled Mattawa, Mary Jean Chan, Elton Glaser, Mollie Murtagh, Emmy Veronica Sanders, Anne Kennedy, Dana Levin, Emily Dickinson, Zubair Ahmed

HOMEOPATHY

BY BETSY MARS

I eye the other silver-haired women
in the wellness aisle, pandemic refugees
from the bottle. We nod, recognize each other
above the masks, the others' once-bloodshot eyes.
Early on it took some liquid courage to tell night
from day, each day dying, bleeding into another.
First the roots emerged, and I marked time in inches,
dark and light intermingled, distinguished
at last need from pride — another trapping
we shed like bras — what matters above, within:
the head, the heart — the livers overfed
and we're finally sated, or at least resigned,
with eyes that smile, endure,
we turn to one another, discover cure.

CRATERS

BY SHANNON KERNAGHAN

Take one fracturing marriage
add two hopeful people (make that one,
you were hooking up with a friend's wife
behind two unaware backs).

Tuck lavender sachets under my pillow
while you dream of decree absolutes
in our travel trailer, destination crash
landed spacecraft in Roswell before reaching
cult classic Area 51 in Rachel.

In search of aliens
we are delayed by I-40 winter weather
and a stop in Winslow, AZ, where you insist
I shiver at the famous sign for a picture
then, we slide into Meteor Crater RV Park
moments before they slam the gates
for Christmas Eve.

*At least we can see the crater before
we head out tomorrow, you say, a crater
created over 50 thousand years ago
with the energy of more than 20 tons of TNT.
Sorry, says the clerk with his festive Santa cap,
but the crater is closed on Christmas Day.*

We sit at our RV booth, silent, above us an inky sky
so star-heavy that I forget about the closed crater,
almost forget to worry about our caving marriage
to enjoy the woody wine that coats my tongue.
I toast your plastic wine glass when any fool
can see you've already moved on
leaving your own crater behind,
not created thousands of years ago
but still with enough impact to end
life as we know it.

ON THE TRAIN TO ROME

BY LOIS LEVINSON

It is the same face twice: Mother and son.
Only one of them is scowling.
He has met her at the airport,
taken charge of her bags
and is trying to help her settle
her large frame into the train seat.

Her hair, colored and coiffed for the trip,
perches, helmet-like
under layers of product.
She clutches a silver silk scarf
brought to protect her investment
from the elements.

Her hands fly as she talks;
the scarf flutters like a bird
desperate to escape.
Mother and son burst into a rapid,
impassioned, operatic Italian:

His tenor shrill, her alto unrelenting.

The crescendos of their drama
spill over their seats and fill the train car
all the way to the Termini station.
I don't understand the words,
but I know I've heard that music before.

THEN

BY ANITA S. PULIER

Then, beckons,
what once was,
that *Then*,
the *Then* that demands
head twisted back to figure
out what just happened.

I stare down that *Then*,
take stock, negotiate a treaty
with another alluring *Then*
as it impatiently taps its foot
waiting to inch forward
the *Then* so often hooked up
with that sleazy *And*
shamelessly announcing:

And Then, fearlessly
lunging forward into the unimaginable,
proposing an upbeat version of the inevitable
and providing a brief, (don't delay), opportunity
to prepare, buckle up, shoulders back, chin up.

DASH

BY YVONNE ZIPTER

Of all the bits of punctuation—commas,
semicolons, parentheses, and periods—
it's the em dash I feel an affinity with.
The way my thoughts interrupt themselves—
the em dash suits me. I love the way it hangs
between two trees in a forest of words—
a surprising moment of calm in the hurly-burly
rush of sentences—how it's equally adept
at the backstroke and front crawl in a crowded
pool of ideas, how like a tightrope it can be,
encouraging feats of daring. It is the index finger
of punctuation, pointing the way. If the comma
is a breath, the dash is a heartbeat, a maker
of rhythm. The em dash is a bridge, not a border,
and invites crossing. And sometimes,
that little slip of nothingness, that sliver
of ink—sometimes the em dash is a piccolo,
making music between other notes. Here, now—
let me play you off the stage of this page—

LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT

BY JANE KRETSCHMANN

*Today there is a meeting of the
Worriers' Guild Philip F. Deaver*

My friend has become a professional worrier. I don't mean she's the best at fretting. Like a matchmaker or fortuneteller, she's gone into business — obtained a license, taken out a classified in the county advertiser. One fixed fee, the same to worry about world peace or global warming as whether one client's tumor is benign or another's little girl survives a car accident. It's the perfect profession for her — she who mulls over friends' conditions on her daily dog walks, known for saying *This is what he needs to do*, or asking *What will help her now?* Just think of the ulcers she prevents, not to mention the money saved on anti-anxiety drugs.

What will she do with the money, which I hear is coming in steadily? I could imagine her buying tiny prayer boxes, with space for a special request, for each family member to wear. And a large prayer wheel for her front gate. The sight of the mystical words "Om Mani Padme Hum" will reassure those who turn the wheel that their concerns will be heard.

STILL LIFE OF WHITE FLOWERS

BY STELLA SAALMAN

I buy armfuls of flowers,
fresh from the market,
as a reminder of what will destroy me.

The perfume is nauseating,
wood anemone, white oleander;
snowdrops and mountain laurel —
all out of season, cloistered
in chipped vases, all passed down to me unwanted,
from my aunts and grandmothers so well-meaning.

I know what you're thinking — why not knives,
or matches, or errant wax that must be scratched
from the surface of the scorched wood,
something to occupy my fingers
at the old kitchen table
as I let the coffee cool morosely — why not take up knitting?

Any dangerous pastime for a single woman should do it.

Sir — what is it you're not following? The ghosts
of the old women who follow me around the block —
they understand
what it is

to cut a growing thing from that which sustains it.

Can't you smell the rot,
soft petals silently decaying,
until they must be tossed out? They are beautiful, dying,
as they do; sometimes a lily of the valley
even manages vengeance on its way
to its final paper resting place,
trapped
between two thin pages of an infernal dictionary.

It would be me, Sir,
if I married you —
and to be destroyed this way,
not among my chosen others,
is a lengthy suffering.

One which I refuse — unveiled.

TWITTER IS DOWN & I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO SAY THIS

BY NINA KNUEVEN

Each time I put anything in my mouth, tissues constrict. I wonder if this is how I leave the world. Maybe I am jealous of the willows, for their audacity to weep in staunch daylight. My melanin is always falling between culture cracks & sometimes I hold your name until I fall asleep. Once, as a little girl, I split by chin open, should've had stitches. It was a throbbing copper that left my head humming for days. Really, I long to be a jar of ink: permanent, limitless, somewhat. Pitohuis are the most poisonous songbirds on earth: lethal neurotoxins rest skinless, a diet of Columbian beetles and frogs to paralyze threats. Mostly, I am unscientific. Mostly, I blame my cytoplasm. The mountains have been staring at us for centuries & now I own all these remotes I don't understand. Look how you helped me grow!

AN ODE TO KIDS WHO PLUCK FLOWERS FROM TRASHCANS

BY STEPHANIE KENDRICK

There were no signs at the cemetery
that told you not to take the plastic
faded flowers from the trash,
to resurrect the polyester Primulas
from a grave smattered with Pepsi cans
and remnants from a beater's ashtray.
Even if there were, what business
does a silken rose have, to finish
its usefulness soaked in Fireball,
salty tissue, abandoned Bible verses?
To beautify was born inside you,
awake and waiting to take hold
of your mother's lonely shoulders,
a boy at the playground bleeding
from his knee, or these graying gravesites,
barely brightened under sun.
No one told you
color stays buried with some,
while the rest lay adorned and vibrant
even as they rot, yes, no one ever says
that decomposing is beauty
in motion, so we trap it in a box,
cover it with dirt.
You don't miss a beat.
The *click click click* of a bicycle chain,
it is you, sent here to show
the rest of us how to question
what we toss aside.
And even when they hang the sign,
I will cling to my faith,
that those words mean nothing
to the only ones who question
how we can bury lives so precious
and every time forget the seeds.

FEAST

BY MARY MAKOFSKE

Fingers pungent with oranges,
rough crumbs nestled in folds
of your shirt, you meet me
at the door as I haul in
bag after bag of groceries.

Your wrists poke from sleeves,
ankles perch between sneakers
and the hems of jeans. Meals?
There is no break between breakfast
and lunch, lunch and dinner, only
one cornucopia spilling through
your days, broken only by sleep.

I pour milk into your long bones
and their knobs, sprockets, levers
strain against your skin,
ache in your calves and knees,
your flesh drawn so tightly
on your ribs they surely hurt.

You're blind to what this agony
begins by fits and starts to show:
broad shoulders and lean back,
the tapered hips; under your troubled
skin and pout, a narrow face, a mouth
women will notice. I keep it secret,
like a family recipe. Your raw
ingredients, this chaos
that precedes a feast.

MEMENTO MORI

BY CATHERINE FIELD

It's all Mexican baroque this time of year,
colors winking from their wet pouch of shadow;
somewhere in the picture a grinning skeleton
rides a rib-skinny white stick horse.

Mother won't call because the election goes badly
and she holds me responsible.
Of the four nuns who were killed in Liberia,
one sat at my table once and ate pot roast.

Right after we heard about Sister Kathleen,
my brother's wife had a girl.
Nobody grows up to be nuns anymore.
Sometimes I brood like my mother about numbers.

Some days, as with her, it's all skeletons and no horses.

A Giotto fresco would be nice. She sends me photos
of bloody big-eyed fetuses.
Where is the bedside scene, the solicitous family
full of rosaries, the soft-soled nurses in white habits?

Once, because I was afraid not to,
I baptized one not my own in a hospital basin,
tracing with water the lines of a vein visible
as that of a pearly shrimp.

Nobody gets to heaven alone.

PARIS IN THERAPY

BY JENEVA BURROUGHS STONE

I was suckled
by a bear, oily musk of her
furry teats I'd tug on, hungry
my own mother
could not bear to toss me
from Troy's walls—she dreamt
(me a snail in utero)
of howling mouths engulfed
in flames, impregnable walls lit
a mother's gift
to give me up, swaddled and
smuggled though city gates
what would you do
for love I chose Helen paring
her from home as I would peel
an apple's redness
from its white flesh consuming
love's sweetness much as the city
burned for love
while my bow sliced through a heel
cord like a surgeon mercifully severing
child from afterbirth

SEASONAL SHIFTS

BY SUSAN MICHELE CORONEL

1. Wintertide

We boil sorrel and burn bayberry candles,
imagine a tarantula inching past the latched door
like a giant hand crossing the endless white.
Maples branches cower, dipped in salt.
Snow prints heavy in the field.

2. Bloom

In the brush we discover painted turtles
and the severed head of a hen.
To protect our parrot tulips from field mice,
we cover them with wood frames. The last notes
of a nightingale's song drift us to sleep.

3. Seashore

Oysters wear miniature robes
that cling to their wet skin like paper.
Moths arrive in August, flitting
around flames as the soft breeze murmurs:
I cut a hole in a melon and lay its flesh by my ear.

4. Harvest

To offset the encroaching dark, we pickle
herring, bake Macintosh apples,
meander serpentine paths to relieve the monotony
of the valley. We retrace our steps toward home,
tiptoeing networks of scarlet and purple thread.

Section Three

UPON READING LOUISE

BY CHARLENE STEGMAN MOSKAL

Weren't you the one blazing outside the burning house?
I think you are pained-brilliant as errant fireworks in summer.

I am on the corner barely visible behind charred remnants,
I dodge sparks from whatever makes you pierce the night.

Your words swallow into me, nourish my needs
where arcane dreams rise in furnace flames.

I want to know what harsh confectioner formed you
and how have you managed to not be eaten whole

or broken like brittle filled with salt nuggets
hidden in life's amber-sweet stickiness.

I am unsure as I chew you slowly,
roll you in my mouth where the taste

of burnt sugar's undertones outweigh the sweet —
I don't know if today I will savor you or spit you out.

WEAR

BY ARATRIKA LAHIRI

after Nick Makoha

after A. Van Jordan

Wear (*verb*) 1. *Have (something) on one's body as clothing, decoration, or protection:* as in, yes, I understand darling, but what were you *wearing* that night because I told you that you shouldn't *wear* something so revealing so then it was bound to happen sooner or later wasn't it

or

take it from me you should've been more careful, you should've had someone else's arm draped around your shoulders, someone else's lips to preoccupy yourself with, someone else's hand to *wear* on top of your own when the fear rushes to you like adrenaline because without men you're incapable anyway don't you see, you're just too young to understand

or

why would you want to *wear* something so demeaning? that isn't a dress, it's a piece of cloth; don't you have any self-worth? Think about your future, and then forget it because you won't even have a future looking like that

or

one day you'll realise what you *wear* is promiscuous and disgusting and you'll regret it: you'll tremble, begging for mercy at his feet, powerless like you are now

2. *damage, erode, or destroy by friction or use:* darling keep up the pace and you'll be all *worn* out by the time you get married; you won't be worthy of his love, perpetually throwing yourself at a pack of wolves ravenous for your touch, but look at me I'm just *wearing* myself out talking to a wall, talking to a nobody

(*noun*) 1. *clothing suitable for a particular purpose or of a particular type:* as in, doll if you had your evening *wear* on all the time the boys would fawn all over you, I know I would, worshipping your sweet lavender scent, praying for it to be all over them too

or

doll why does your wardrobe contain so much summertime *wear*? we wouldn't want the boys to think you were easy sugar, remember you're mine sugar, because they'll think you're made out of honey and glass, they'll drink you out of a straw and savour every last drop

2. *damage or deterioration sustained from continuous use:* now look at you, you're all *wear* and *tear*, you're just damaged goods that I have to bear, but don't you worry I'll get rid of you. You've ruined yourself. You've ruined yourself.

POST-EARTHQUAKE TWO-STEP

BY JEFF SCHIFF

Though there were oleanders and boxwood shrubs
and fronds of *you wouldn't know them*
framing my walks
and the Southern Cross pivoted
on its own assured axis
above pointer stars
and an octogenarian expressionist
exhorting us to practice *noblesse oblige*
and a neighbor who extolled lavender & eucalyptus
and could pinpoint & tincture them
and bitches dragging their cha-cha itches
down stone stairways
into gravelly streets
and tomatoes on woodwheeled carts
and someone's life propping them against avocados
and the Baccigalupo Brothers were again
roasting peanuts
and the Spanish pumper brigade was out
with their singe
their sedition
their collection caps
and the earthquake rubble was mostly raked
and the temblor jitters on the wane
leaving was gravity
and so I humped the hill
when any scoundrel would
after the hurt
& the artistic payback petered
humped that is
duffel slung
down *Avenida Ferrari*
careening at false dawn
with light enough only to braille me
nextward

SALTWATER

BY SUNDAY T. SAHEED

when we wake, with puffy eyes
& swollen mouths into a night
ripped by blades of the cry of a young boy
who still looks at God in the face
—a dandelion, chrysanthemum, & whichever
would rain. But his mother's cremated bones
still don't get covered with flesh from the wings
of a naked angel.

& when I asked, with a cracked voice
—a pathway to mastery without death first.
my voice is a shooting bullet,
my heart is a pounding pestle,
my legs are of the limbs from a mistletoe,
my head is the pathway to the door of words
—& my tongue is a bicycle,
it rides off me into towns to check how fast
the aubade appears at England.
now, tell me of a scattered letter where my lineage's
name is not the whole alphabet. Tell —

BLACK HORIZON

BY PHILLIP SHABAZZ

A door shuts when memory leaves behind memory
the way I closed my father's coffin lid ages ago.
Less a voice, the boarded storefronts whisper that I could
bring back his lamp posts and street corner
crowds on Old Walnut Street, a strip that raised him —
threads sharp as a mosquito's pter, the sheen
of his hair, waves in the loose-leaf wind, I glimpse
but cannot catch the eau de cologne drifting
from his neck where he slapped fives with hustlers
and ran game on a square john way back when.
From a window at the chili parlor, I hear
my mother's voice call his name, then tail off
into the exhaust of westbound traffic.
I pass through the green light: a night brightened
by sirens, and unmistakable jive within jazz.
My eye jacked in darkness. His shoes shine
where I cut across the beer-stained cobblestone
to meet him but cannot turn the doorknobs of his youth.
Abandoned, blatant jeer, there's nothing on my face
dazed with a shut mouth gray as a loner's breath,
dazed in the gas fumes, and I am only a silence
he called his son.

AFTER SEVERAL READINGS OF 'EPITAPH' BY MERRITT MELLOY

BY LAURIE ROSEN

Leaves shroud the forest floor,
ridges lose their veils,
canopies disappear,
long shadows loom ubiquitous.

Briefly, light slithers into
crannies once shaded by thick foliage —
stubborn nature prepares
for winter.

I don't want to be told
something has to die
for something else to live,
I want to believe everything

goes on living, always—especially you.
I scour for you in birch groves
and moss bogs—
find nothing.

Slowly learning, I look
to my daughter and unearth
traces in startling ways.
Your shared height and shoe size,

a propensity to suffer
nasty sinus infections, frugality
mixed with a love of clothing,
controller of family finances.

I should've searched for you,
while you were here.
Stubborn, I invariably resist
preparing for winter —

it always catches me off guard.

CLAWS

BY KAREN GREENBAUM-MAYA

—*with apologies to Matthew Dickman*

They say grief is a big heavy animal.
Most are more sophisticated than mine.
Mine is a bear, dull, ponderous, furry.
Less than human, a looming mass,
paws like a slice of log.
No thumbs.

My bear lumbers, sighs like an accordion,
takes up a lot of space in the house.
For a while he was always in my room.
I had to edge around him to get out of bed,
to move the cats and feed them.
Someone must have cleaned the litter boxes.
I guess that was me,
though I don't know how.
Bear poop is loose and heavy,
shows what all has passed through,
weighs everything down.
I've started thinking about a Roomba,
just cannot deal with the drifts of shed fur.

My bear doesn't speak, doesn't cuddle.
He can't figure out the TV remote.
Antidepressants might help,
but I don't know the protocols
for medicating a bear.
What's that saying, *let sleeping bears lie?*
don't poke a sleeping bear?
I consider the power
of the swipe of the paw.
Those claws.
No one wants to talk about the claws
wielded by an irritable bear.
The heavy bluntness.

What does a bear claw necklace mean
but a lot of dead bears?

Bears do like the hot tub.
I give mine a lot of long baths.
Oh my god, the state of the tub.
And the smell of wet bear.
Like mold, it never goes away.
When do bears move on?
When there's no water to buoy them up,
when their season has run.

LAMENT FOR A BROTHER

BY ANNETTE SISSON

When did the rib
of his small hope crack?
Was it split by the broken
woman fingering the creamy
divot where his breastbone
dips and latches, the delicate
hollow where a newborn
could burrow, where
his cantilevered ribcage
arcs, as if to lift
the child's lament—his own—
to the beating rise of day?

In the photo my brother,
age twenty-five,
hoists my infant daughter
fussing to his chest.
Her head bobs above
his right shoulder, eyes
drift behind him, yield
to the rhythm of his nestling.
Twenty-five years
later, home from work,
alone, he soothes his Balinese,
rakes its long fur,
rattles its fleshy belly.

In childhood he crammed
khaki pockets with toads,
wept for their maiming,
their crooked trusting hops.
He cradled a still rabbit
in his shaking arms,
jostled it, grieving
how it leapt from his keeping
just before the garage
door thudded.

SOUND MIND

BY SUSAN AUERBACH

*Next time you come, says our dying friend,
bring a chicken.* So from the coop
we grab our most ornamental hen,

black and gold cape festooning
regal head, and bear her in a box
to the sickroom.

Bedside, the potion sits vigil.
Mira has a date with death
as the state now allows--no need

for deceit, just a willing doctor,
compounding pharmacy, the right time
when still of sound mind.

Nestled in the quilt, Lulu lifts her wings
in protest, then purrs as Mira pets
her tawny feathers, smooth as mink.

How will you know, I ask, when it's time?
Bedside with family on Sunday.
Grandbabies held out for kisses.

Is it Thursday? Mira asks, eyelids
drooping, but it's Monday. She must ration
every breath to reach her dying day.

Dozing now, friend and hen—
how thin the membrane
at their tender throats.

NOTES ON CUTTING THE BODY OPEN

BY NINA KNUEVEN

the body should not be opened up recklessly
you might find a different body
your myrtle mystery body your foreign music body
your mud in the thatch roof body
your body can only divide so many times
 your untouched body
 your overtouched body
your let's talk about the scars body
so many scars! so many body bodies!
your white bloomed night walker body
your I thought it was a shooting star body
but it was just a drone body
your what is thirst with a keloid threshold body
 hung up in different spaces body!
you tried to replace part of the body body
a body jar of wild hungry eels
now your body sounds like a skeletal surge
the perfect unbalance that is your terminal
the body will stitch itself back together how it wants if you don't hurry
your body, a diaphanous movement in the grass
what is an eon to the body, body
your plagiarized body your I didn't save the other versions body
your I can't unzip this skin fast enough body
when asked about the blade's precision,
 tell them you heard opera from the mountains.
when asked about the brachial pollen
 explain you keep the best secrets from yourself

PSALM

BY GRACE SLEEMAN

The morning before you left for New York you
split my lip kissing me. Your hands cracked
my ribcage open,
an autopsy in my own sheets,
and you picked through my organs with infinite
care. You took what you wanted and I let you.
You slid your thumb along my teeth, left a string
of broken blood vessels down my throat. I would have
given you the disemboweled gore of my
own body if you had asked, presented in
my palms, held out as oblation.
My prayer remains the bruises on your collarbones,
the way we move together, the hectic
flush in your cheeks and the ragged harmony
of our breaths in the air between us.
Is it unholy to believe that God lives in
the space between lips? Between your chest
and mine? Am I sinning when I hold your
face in my hands just to see the way your
eyes roll back? It must be sacrilegious to know the taste
of you, blasphemous to have memorized the sounds you make.
I was never religious before. I would build a church
with my bare hands to remember the color of your eyes.

FROM POEM TO POEM

BY SARAH DICKENSON SNYDER

I recite poems in the darkness of insomnia,
a kind of measuring or remaking: each *may* a prayer
for finding safe passage *from this to that*,
Clifton's believing that we can stretch *beyond the face of fear*.
But how can we not be here without a little fear
because no one I know has returned
from death to say, *You'll be fine*.
Or the trapped bat that circled above my bed
or the lurching hit of wind on the plane that made me
dig my fingers in your arm, any sadness
in our children, the dark, of course,
the tall curls of almost crashing waves,
& high, steep edges. If you are away,
I turn the fan to high so I won't imagine
a burglar or murderer on the floorboards
below as the house breathes. It's no wonder
I feel waist-deep in awake for hours,
can't drop the final curtain,
I send out my own blessing—
may fear settle, curl its thin wings
around itself and sleep.

I THINK I CAN CREATE

BY SCOTT FERRY

a field of rain-fed wildflowers
from memory from symbols splashed on a screen

i attempt it tenderly with a borrowed god
my empty hands opening closing on each key

but when i listen to coltrane's *my favorite things*
i know i fail

i hear the sky's circus bloom
and the dna gleams up my spine

through the pollen of every flower
in every field — a hollow-thick misery —

a lymph a falling a prayer —
recklessly weightless with each

step

A WISH DOES NOT GROW STRAIGHT, BUT SIDEWAYS AND UPSIDE DOWN

BY SUSAN MICHELE CORONEL

At my age every wish seems larger than life,
like a giant wishbone made of wood or stone
that cannot be severed or altered by hand.

What does it sound like when wood speaks?
Run to the fire and put out the overwhelm.

I allow the wild elm to smolder and sway,
teach me more about desire's wild ribbons
than my tidy garden with its rows of hedges.

What is the sound of ribbons unleashed?
Memory is smoke, the fire underground.

My red dress swirls around me in a train
of miracles, carpeted silence pierced
by night birds, footsteps, and running water.

What does my red dress say to the darkness?
The rawness of winter will not swallow me.

Milk clouds blot the burdens that surface.
No need to snap a bone like you crack a whip.

PARABLE OF THE PLEASURE SEEKER

BY SUSAN CARLSON

Traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; 2 Timothy 3:4

They're low hanging, the succulent delights of this world, you can
do nothing, spread your skirt wide, gather a lap full without moving
a limb. Some people are magnets for pleasure, heads thrown back,
fearless and willing to be found. Adam may have had his apple, but Eve –
Eve commanded what is ground. *Come to me*, she called to tendrils
left coiling around the twin ankles of wander and night. *Bury me*,
she cried to the pulse of this earth, hot and heaving from its heart.
Turns out – seeking is the thing. Turns out – desire is what we have to have.
There's no other way, no place to be but here
with what comes, with what follows the rise of every
fall, nothing to love but the want of all along. *Oh God,*
you sweet and funny man, oh Lord of all that's try – seek me.
I am the one
and true. I am
your wanton way.

EVEN YOU

BY CJ MUCHHALA

There is no Planet B

—Mike Berners-Lee

I know the solitary cricket's
chirp, a nuisance indoors where
the walls produce the
feel of nails on slate, a well
of screeching. Under stars the male chorus mirrors
the leaves' careless drift, the year-end
labors of country mice, the golds
of dwindling days. It seems a drawn-out cry,
a warning to prepare, to watch out

for the long white wait at
the edge of light when the
river mouth's
braid of water & grass forms a canyon
in the icy glaze. But no—I'm

told their late summer singing
signals successful copulation & my
melancholic moment is in ruins,
destroyed by the ever-present drive of
crickets to reproduce which is the
modus operandi, the heart,
if you will, of every species with thoughts—
or instincts—of
avoiding extinction. Even you,
Homo Insapiens, an explosion unending.

CONTRIBUTORS

Matthew J. Andrews is a private investigator and writer from California. He is the author of *I Close My Eyes* and *I Almost Remember*, and his poetry has appeared in *Orange Blossom Review*, *Pithead Chapel*, and *EcoTheo Review*, among others. He can be contacted at matthewjandrews.com.

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Nancy Botkin's newest full-length collection of poems, *The Next Infinity*, was published by Broadstone Books in December 2019. Her poems have appeared in numerous journals and magazines. She is a retired college instructor, and she lives in South Bend, Indiana.

Lorraine Carey's poems feature in *The Ofi Press*, *Poetry Ireland Review*, *One, Abridged*, *Orbis*, *Poetry Birmingham*, *The Waxed Lemon*, *One Hand Clapping*, *The Honest Ulsterman*, *Ink Sweat & Tears*, *The Rising Phoenix Review*, *Eunoia Review*, *The High Window*, on *Poethead* and many others. In 2020, her poem "Stargazing" was a winner in the Dedalus Press Isolation Poems Competition and features in the latest Poetry Jukebox collection as part of The Belfast Arts Festival 2021. Her debut collection is *From Doll House Windows*.

Susan Carlson lives and works in Southeastern Michigan. Her work is pending or has appeared in various journals such as *Passager*, *River Heron Review*, *Typishly*, *Your Impossible Voice*, and *The Other Journal*. Her work received a 2020 nomination for Best of the Net.

Patrice Boyer Claeys is a Chicago poet with three published collections: *Lovely Daughter of the Shattering* (Kelsay Books, 2019), *The Machinery of Grace* (Kelsay Books, 2020) and *Honey from the Sun* (with Gail Goepfert, Blurb, 2020). *This Hard Business of Living* (also with Goepfert) is due from Seven Kitchens Press in 2021. Recent work appears in *Night Heron Barks*, *Adirondack Review*, and *Your Daily Poem*. She was nominated for both Pushcart and Best of the Net prizes. Find her at www.patriceboyerclaey.com

Beth Copeland is the author of three full-length poetry books: *Blue Honey*, recipient of the 2017 Dogfish Head Poetry Prize; *Transcendental Telemarketer* (Blaze VOX 2012); and *Traveling through Glass*, recipient of the 1999 Bright Hill Press Poetry Book Award. Her new chapbook *Selfie with Cherry* is forthcoming from Glass Lyre Press. Beth owns and operates Tiny Cabin, Big Ideas™, a residency for writers in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina.

Susan Michele Coronel lives in New York City. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in numerous publications including *Spillway 29*, *The Inflectionist Review*, *Gyroscope Review*, *The Night Heron Barks*, *Prometheus Dreaming*, *Redivider*, *One Art*, and *The Ekphrastic Review*. One of her poems was runner-up for the 2021 Beacon Street Poetry Prize. Her poetry was also longlisted for Palette Poetry's 2021 Sappho Award. She also received a 2021 Pushcart nomination.

Carol L. Deering was Director of Library Services at Central Wyoming College for a dozen years, and is now volunteering there until new staff can be hired. She has twice received the Wyoming Arts Council Poetry Fellowship (2016, judge Rebecca Foust; 1999, judge Agha Shahid Ali). Her poems appear in online and traditional journals and anthologies, and in her first book, *Havoc & Solace: Poems from the Inland West* (Sastrugi Press, 2018).

Melissa Ridley Elmes is a Virginia native currently living in Missouri in an apartment that delightfully approximates a hobbit hole. Her poetry and fiction have appeared in *Star*Line*, *Eye to the Telescope*, *In Parentheses*, *Gyroscope Review*, *Thimble Magazine*, and various other print and web venues, and her first collection of poems, *Arthurian Things*, was published by Dark Myth Publications in 2020.

Scott Ferry helps our Veterans heal as a RN in the Seattle area. In former lives, he taught high school, managed aquatic centers, and practiced acupuncture. He has four books of poetry: *The only thing that makes sense is to grow* (Moon Tide, 2019), *Mr. Rogers kills fruit flies* (Main St. Rag, 2020), *These Hands of Myrrh* (Kelsay Books, 2021), and *Sea of Marrow* (Ethel Press, 2021). He has two books upcoming in 2022: *fishmirror* from Alien Buddha Press and *Skinless in the Cereal Aisle* from Impspired.

Catherine Field lives in Carbondale, Illinois, the northernmost part of the southern U.S. Her work has appeared in *POETRY*, *The Manchester Review*, and other places

Carlene M. Gadapee teaches high school English in northern New Hampshire, and she is the Associate Creative Director and Education Consultant for The Frost Place in Franconia, NH. Her work has been published in *The Blue Nib*, *Fishbowl Press*, *Think*, *Smoky Quartz*, and *English Journal*, and elsewhere. She lives in Littleton with her husband, a bossy chi-pin dog, and two beehives.

Aratrika Lahiri is a student at City of London School for Girls, where she is an avid part of their Creative Writing Society. Her previous accomplishments include being part of the top 100 Foyle's Young Poets in 2021, and her short story has been awarded the Bronze Medal from the Bright Light Annual Creative Writing Competition.

Mary Makofske's latest books are *World Enough, and Time* (Kelsay, 2017) and *Traction* (Ashland, 2011), winner of the Richard Snyder Prize. Her poems have appeared in *Poetry East*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *The MacGuffin*, *Spillway*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Valparaíso Poetry Review*, *Crosswinds*, *Earth's Daughters*, and *Bryant Literary Review*, and in nineteen anthologies. Her chapbook *The Gambler's Daughter* is forthcoming from Orchard Street Press. She has received the Atlanta Review International Poetry Prize, the New Millennium Poetry Prize, and the Malovrh-Fenlon Poetry Prize from Quiet Diamonds. www.marymakofske.com

Karen Greenbaum-Maya is a retired clinical psychologist, former German major and restaurant reviewer, two-time Pushcart and Best of the Net nominee. Her first full sentence was, "Look at the moon!" Poems have appeared in *Sow's Ear Poetry Review*, *B O D Y*, *CHEST*, *Spillway* and, *Rappahannock Poetry Review*. Her collections include three chapbooks, *Burrowing Song*, *Eggs Satori*, and, *Kafka's Cat*, and, *The Book of Knots and their Untying*. She is currently working on a collection based on poems about her late husband's illness and death from lung cancer in 2018. She co-curates *Fourth Sundays*, a poetry series in Claremont, California.

Stephanie Kendrick is the author of *Places We Feel Warm* (Main Street Rag Publishing, 2021) and co-host of Athens County's Thursday Night Open Mic. Her poems have appeared in *Sheila-Na-Gig Online*, *Women of Appalachia Project's Women Speak Volumes 4, 5, & 6*, *Lunch Bucket Brigade*, *Northern Appalachia Review*, *Poets Reading the News* and elsewhere. You can also find her work on the podcast, *Poetry Spoken Here*, and forthcoming in *Spill: The Journal and Pudding Magazine*. Visit her website to check out more of her work, and upcoming events at stephthepoet.org

Shannon Kernaghan is an author and visual artist from Alberta, Canada. For years she enjoyed life as a 'digital nomad,' traveling and writing from her RV. Her work appears in books and journals – poetry, fiction and everything between. Previously she wrote a weekly newspaper column and continues to tell her stories at www.ShannonKernaghan.com.

Nina Knueven is a MFA candidate with Randolph College and serves as an assistant poetry editor with *Revolute*. Her work has appeared in *Black Fox Literary Review*, *White Wall*, *The Heavy Feather Review*, *River River*, and elsewhere. She lives in Cincinnati with her animal and human family.

Jane K. Kretschmann, a retired English professor, has poetry published in print and online as well as broadcast on radio. Recently two poems appeared in *Writing in a Woman's Voice*. Her chapbook, *Imagining a Life*, was published by FootHills Publishing. One of her projects is creating a readers' theater based on her collection *Lynching Alabama*. Another is writing *The Epistles of Lydia of Thyatira*, inspired by the seller of purple from Acts 16.

Dotty LeMieux is the author of four chapbooks, *Five Angels*, *Five Trees Press*; *Let Us Not Blame Foolish Women*, *Tombouctou Books*; *The Land*, *Smithereens Press*, and most recently *Henceforth I Ask Not Good Fortune*, *Finishing Line Press*. Her work has appeared in numerous print and online journals, including this one, and several anthologies, a couple about the Corona virus. In her day jobs, she practices environmental law and helps progressive candidates for office. She is active in the California State Democratic Party.

Eleanor Lerman is the author of numerous award-winning collections of poetry, short stories and novels. She is a National Book Award finalist, a recipient of the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize from the Academy of American Poets, winner of the Campbell Award for the 2016 best book of Science Fiction and was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship as well as fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts for poetry and the New York Foundation for the Arts for fiction. Her most recent novel, *Watkins Glen* (Mayapple Press) was published in June 2021. www.eleanorlerman.com

Lois Levinson is the author of *Before It All Vanishes*, and a chapbook, *Crane Dance*, both published by Finishing Line Press. Her poems have appeared in *Gyroscope Review*, *Canary Journal*, *Global Poemic*, *The Carolina Quarterly*, *The MacGuffin*, *Cloudbank* and other journals. She lives in Denver, Colorado where she's survived the past year and a half by writing poetry and watching birds.

Lenny Lianne is the author of four books of poetry, most recently *THE ABCs OF MEMORY*, reissued by Unicorn Bay Press. She holds a MFA in Creative Writing (Poetry) from George Mason University and has taught various workshops on both coasts. She lives in Arizona with her husband and their dog.

Kim Malinowski is lover of words. Her poetry collection *Home* was published by Kelsay Books and her chapbook *Death: A Love Story* was published by Flutter Press. Her work has appeared in *War, Literature, and the Arts*, *Enchanted Living*, *Enchanted Conversation*, *Mookychick*, and others. She writes because the alternative is unthinkable.

Betsy Mars practices poetry, photography, pet maintenance, and publishes an occasional anthology through Kingly Street Press which she founded in 2019. Her poetry has recently appeared in *One Art*, *MacQueen's Quinterly*, *Sheila-Na-Gig*, and *Autumn Sky*, as well as numerous anthologies and journals. She is a Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee and her photos have been featured in various journals including *RATTLE* and *Spank the Carp*. Betsy is the author of *Alinea* (Picture Show Press) and co-author of *In the Muddle of the Night* with Alan Walowitz (Arroyo Seco Press).

Richard Matta grew up in New York's Hudson Valley and now lives in San Diego after many stops along the way. He's a former physical scientist, recreational sailor, and chauffeur to his golden-doodle dog. His work appears in *Healing Muse*, *Dewdrop*, *New Verse News*, and many haiku journals including *Frogpond* and *Presence*.

Penelope Moffet is the author of *It Isn't That They Mean to Kill You* (Arroyo Seco Press, 2018). Her poems have been published in *Gleam*, *Natural Bridge*, *Permafrost*, *Pearl*, *The Rise Up Review*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, *Verse-Virtual*, *The Missouri Review* and other literary journals, as well as in several anthologies, including *What Wildness Is This: Women Write about the Southwest* (University of Texas Press, 2007), *Coiled Serpent: Poets Arising from the Cultural Quakes & Shifts of Los Angeles* (Tia Chucha Press, 2016), *Floored* (Kingly Street Press, 2020) and *California Fire & Water: A Climate Crisis Anthology* (Story Street Press, 2020).

Charlene Stegman Moskal is a Teaching Artist for The Alzheimers Poetry Project under the auspices of the Las Vegas Poetry Promise Organization. Charlene is a visual artist, a performer, a voice for NPR's Theme and Variations and a writer. She is published in numerous anthologies, print and online magazines including, *Human Obscura* (Issues 1 & 2), *Sandstone & Silver; an Anthology of Nevada Poets*, (Zeitgeist Press) and *TAB; A Journal of Poetry and Poetics*. Her chapbook, *One Bare Foot* is published by Zeitgeist Press, and a second chapbook, *Leavings From My Table* is forthcoming from Finishing Line Press.

CJ Muchhala lives in Shorewood, WI, near that ever-changing personality, Lake Michigan but maintains a getaway on the Wisconsin River. She gardens using the benign neglect theory and bakes bread following the 5-minute method when she's not reeling in poems. Her work, which often intertwines the natural world and social justice issues, has been nominated for the Best of the Net and the Pushcart prizes. You can find her poems in numerous anthologies as well as print and on-line journals including *Poeming Pigeon*, *They Call Us*, *Jerry Jazz Musician*, and *Never Forgotten: 100 Poets Remember 9/11*.

Anita S. Pulier switched to poetry after many years of law practice and volunteering for the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom as the NY representative to the UN. She now commutes between NYC and a poetry community and grandchildren in LA. Her work has been published in several anthologies as well as two books and three chapbooks. Website: <http://psymmeet.com/anitaspulier/>

Claudia M. Reder is the author of *How to Disappear*, a poetic memoir, (Blue Light Press, 2019). *Uncertain Earth* (Finishing Line Press), and *My Father & Miro* (Bright Hill Press). *How to Disappear* was awarded first prize in the Pinnacle and Feathered Quill awards. She was awarded the Charlotte Newberger Poetry Prize from *Lilith Magazine*, and two literary fellowships from the Pennsylvania Arts Council. She recently retired from teaching at California State University at Channel Islands. For many years, she has been a poet/storyteller in the Schools. Publications include *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Nimrod*, and *Healing Muse*. Website: <http://cmreder.wordpress.com/> Twitter: https://twitter.com/claudia_reder

Laurie Rosen is a lifelong New Englander. Her poems have appeared in *The London Reader*; *The Muddy River Poetry Review*; *Oddball Magazine*; *Soul-Lit*; *The New Verse News*; *Zig Zag Magazine* and elsewhere.

Stella Saalman is a writer from the Midwest, and holds a MA in Art History. Her poems have been published in several print and online publications, appearing in *Cathexis Northwest Press*, *Beyond Words*, *High Shelf Press*, and the *She Speaks* literary anthology.

Sunday T. Saheed is a Nigerian poet and the chairman of Ogun HCAF. His works have appeared in *Kalahari Review*, *Applied Worldwide* and *Open Leaf Press Review*.

Jeff Schiff is the author of *That hum to go by*, *Mixed Diction*, *Burro Heart*, *The Rats of Patzcuaro*, *The Homily of Infinitude*, and *Anywhere in this Country*. Hundreds of his pieces have appeared in more than a hundred and thirty publications worldwide, including *The Alembic*, *Bellingham Review*, *Cincinnati Review*, *Grand Street*, *Ohio Review*, *Poet & Critic*, *Tulane Review*, *Tampa Review*, *Louisville Review*, *Tendrill*, *Pembroke Magazine*, *Carolina Review*, *Chicago Review*, *Hawaii Review*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *River City*, *Indiana Review*, *Willow Springs*, and *Southwest Review*. He has been a member of the faculty at Columbia College Chicago since 1987.

Phillip Shabazz is the author of three poetry collections, and a novel in verse. His poetry has been included in the anthologies, *Crossing the Rift: North Carolina Poets on 9/11 & Its Aftermath*, and *Home Is Where: African-American Poetry from the Carolinas*. Some previous publication credits in journals include, *Fine Lines*, *Galway Review*, *Hamilton Stone Review*, *Queen's Quarterly*, *Thimble*, *K'in*, and *Mason Street*.

Kelli Simpson won first place in the 2021 Poetry Super Highway Poetry Contest. She is a mother and poet living in Norman, Oklahoma who has published poems in *Lamplit Underground*, *Rabid Oak*, *The Avenue*, *Ghost City Review*, and *The River*.

Annette Sisson's poems are published or forthcoming in *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *Nashville Review*, *Typishly*, *One*, *The West Review*, *HeartWood Literary Magazine*, *Sky Island Journal*, and others. Her first full-length book, *Small Fish in High Branches*, is forthcoming from Glass Lyre Press (2022); her chapbook, *A Casting Off*, was published by Finishing Line (2019). She was named a Mark Strand Poetry Scholar for the 2021 Sewanee Writers' Conference, a 2020 BOAAT Writing Fellow, and winner of The Porch Writers' Collective's 2019 Poetry Prize. Two journals nominated her work for the 2021 "Best of the Net" anthology. Visit her website: <http://annettesisson.com>

Grace Sleeman is a writer who has fallen out of every tree she's ever climbed. She is interested in intersections of the sacred, the profane, and the monstrous, and as is true of so many artists from Maine, her primary inspiration remains the sea. She lives in Portland with two cats and her best friend.

Sarah Dickenson Snyder has three poetry collections, *The Human Contract*, *Notes from a Nomad* (nominated for the Massachusetts Book Awards 2018), and *With a Polaroid Camera*. She has been nominated for Best of Net, was the Poetry Prize winner of Art on the Trails 2020, and a Finalist for Iron Horse National Poetry Month Award. Recent work has appeared in *Rattle* and *RHINO*. She lives in Vermont.
sarahdickensonsnyder.com

Jeneva Burroughs Stone's work has appeared widely in literary journals. She is also a health care and disability rights advocate with several organizations. She lives in Bethesda MD.

Jonathan Yungkans is a Pushcart-nominated poet who was recently featured in *The International Literary Quarterly's* online anthology of California poets. His work has appeared in *MacQueen's Quinterly*, *Panoply*, *Synkroniciti* and a number of other publications. His second poetry chapbook, *Beneath a Glazed Shimmer*, won the 2019 Clockwise Chapbook Prize and was published by Tebor Bach in 2021.

Yvonne Zipter is the author of the poetry collections *Kissing the Long Face of the Greyhound*, *The Patience of Metal* (a Lambda Literary Award Finalist), and *Like Some Bookie God*. Her poems have appeared in numerous periodicals over the years, as well as in several anthologies. Her published poems are currently being sold individually in Chicago in two repurposed toy-vending machines, the proceeds of which are donated to the nonprofit arts organization Arts Alive Chicago. She is also the author of the nonfiction books *Diamonds Are a Dyke's Best Friend* and *Ransacking the Closet* and the Russian historical novel *Infraction*.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Spring 2022 Issue is our 7th Anniversary Issue. We invite you to hit us with your Lucky 7 poems. There are seven days of the week, seven colors in the rainbow, seven notes on a musical scale, seven seas, and seven continents. 7 is a favorite number of many people, all around the world everyone loves the number 7. Are you one of them? What does "Seven" mean to you? This theme is optional—but fun.

Get your audio files ready for April, National Poetry Month. In February, we'll be putting out a call for MP3 files of you reading your poems. We'll feature a poet a day on the Gyroscope Review website for April. This is your chance to get your work out in front of a larger audience. You can submit up to 3 poems of you reading your work, along with links to your books, websites and social media. Get recording!

The next Submissions period opens January 15, 2022. We welcome all poets, whether emerging or established. We welcome all types of poems. Rhyming poetry is a hard sell, unless done well but we're willing to look at almost everything. No racist, sexist, anti-LGBTQA+ or any other -ist poems. We're not the magazine for that. Check our FAQ page and guidelines for more details. As always, read previous issues, they're available free on our website or buy a print copy off Amazon or Book Depository.

We will close submissions if we get all the poems we need, so submit early. We also close to submissions for the month if we reach our submissions cap.

Please read our full guidelines on Submittable:

<https://gyroscopereview.submittable.com/submit/>

Thank you for Reading!



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