

Gyroscope Review

fine poetry to turn your world around



Summer 2023



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Summer Issue 2023

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Constance Brewer

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

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Summer Circus, a Tribute to Chagall ©2023 Elya Braden

From the Editor

Hello and welcome to the Summer 2023 Issue of Gyroscope Review. We have a fine lineup of poets for you, some celebrating the fun that summer brings, some that are more reflective of the current state of the world. Summer wouldn't seem to be a time of reflection, but the longer days and (hopefully) ability to take a break lends itself to thinking about life in general. After my own reflection, I've decided to try and cut down on social media time and look for more positive things to do. My poetry practice has benefited as has other writing and my artwork. In summer I want to push away negativity and focus on the blue sky, green trees, and abundance of fun around me. (Sorry folks down under, for being Northern Hemisphere centric.) I like nothing better than taking a few poetry magazines out to my happy places and experience a good read. Hopefully, you feel the same. Whatever you do in your summertime, inside or out, relax and enjoy. Thanks for reading this issue of *Gyroscope Review*!

Constance Brewer

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Section One

A SUMMER SPECTRUM
BY GINGER DEHLINGER

sailor's warning sun, Radio Flyer, checkered tablecloth, ladybugs, watermelon, radishes
corned beef sandwiches, iced cherry cupcakes, strawberry Kool-Aid, pesky red crawlers

terra-cotta terrain, Indian paintbrush, ginger-haired fox, campfire, Beaver Nation cooler
salmon on cedar plank, mimosas, two-person dome tent, orange queen-size sleeping bag

sunny splendor, flirty buttercup beach bag, liter of lemonade, smiley-face beach blanket
honey blonde, Sun Bum lotion, gilded tan, polka dot bikini, Giant Banana Super Noodle

pine-topped ridges, sylvan timberline, khaki camouflage backpack, Army green canteen
native grasses, wild feathery ferns, mosses, wolf lichen, dwarf willow below the summit

azure canopy, periwinkle path, stealthy dragon flies, noisy jaybird, luminous cobalt lake
boy in denim trunks, girl in sapphire swimsuit, giant indigo cloud, blue spruce umbrella

lilac garden gloves, Kubaba shears, culinary lavender, boysenberries, plump aubergines
bushel basket of purple veggies (turnips, cabbage, potatoes, kale), dusty mauve twilight

THE LEFT-FIELD WALL

BY JEANNE JULIAN

The waiter on the patio at Café Ajiaco
knows well the tourist's cap: red socks
on dark blue. The waiter is a diehard fan.
He and his little daughter Acindina follow
Boston's baseball team religiously from
Havana's outskirts. A cunning neighbor
snags, like a fly ball, games broadcast
from a satellite, records and sells them.
Illicit, but one of many such shifts,
defensive strategies. To survive trying times,
one must improvise to bring in cash.
And also, joy.

These days he feels he's in a rundown play,
caught in a dicey dance between two bases:
ironfisted island, underhanded empire.
One cracks down on any critic who dares to join
a march for liberty, throw a few futile rocks.
The other insists you stay, and so you suffer
its embargo—no cruise ships, no medicines,
no Western Union for a wired windfall—
threatening the desperate with official warnings:
if you take to the sea, we will turn you away.
So you lie low, you work,
you wait in lines.

Sometimes, there is a feeling of belonging
on the same team. As when that rich
American tourist shared the vivid images
on his phone of familiar Fenway Park:
Citgo sign, diamond in brilliant emerald setting,
crimson seats. All in such fine repair!
And there, the Green Monster! —
that daunting left field wall. Imagine:
anyone—in the States—can buy a ticket
to watch the game from up there, like a god.
Someday, the waiter thinks. Someday Acindina
could be sitting pretty in a seat atop that wall

watching, from so high, and cheering
a new star, some Luis Tiant of tomorrow.
Es posible. Cheering for hits,
for the runners safe at home.

FALLOUT SHELTER
BY ROBIN SCOFIELD

In Turnpike Stadium
our family descended
wide concrete ramps
with yellow and black signs
to point out the safe places.
In case of nuclear storm, it seemed,
we'd go see the minor league
Spurs' usual pitchers' duel,
never a single, let alone
a homer. The first baseman
got married at home plate,
the only way he got there.
One of their ranks pitched
a no-hitter once and signed
our gloves his curving
rhyme of a name, Doyle Boyle.
My brother studied the way
the manager behind first base
touched his nose and ear
while I eyeballed patchwork
signs on the green fence,
our signature gloves poised
for any and all foul balls
but we didn't get one.

Our mother held her mouth
tight in a line, hunching her
shoulders against what she knew:
that foul balls could crack skulls.
Our daddy gave us money
to buy him peace of mind,
so we wandered the tunnels
where we would go in case
nuclear policies went wrong
while blue and pink sugar
blew burning from boxy steel
looms, and loud popcorn
signaled for some souvenirs
to reassign our phosphorous
thoughts to memory another night:
how I yearned for a pennant to pin up,
a cap with a red bird on it,
and I had a penchant for the green
and yellow Oakland A's.

Asleep after the game,
we missed the traffic jam,
the fallout of a million jerky
gamma ray headlights
stirring into motion dreams
we caught the foul ball
sure to come our way
just like the invisible
atoms we learned about.
My teacher held her mouth
tight in a line, knowing
what could happen.
Her brown eyes widened
when she thought
we weren't looking,
and she made us practice
not curve balls or fast balls
nor in batting cages, but
hunkered down under our desks,
arms clamped over our heads
tucked between our knees,
our bodies our own makeshift
shelter from the fast ball
we nor she would sense
once it came, foul balls
falling all around us.

THE SCHOONER LETTIE G. HOWARD AT GLOUCESTER
BY MARION BROWN

My frayed sneakers are glued to the cracked dock. Every time my hips lean forward, they pendulum back. No one can fault my posture, straight as a mast. Way below, gently rocking, deckhands trade commands. I'm queasy. My husband hugs the tall, able-bodied seaman I call our daughter. Eight feet over her head, my feet don't budge. I'm going to spend a long afternoon watching *Furl the Sails*, but someone has turned off the sound. All I catch is laughing gulls and the odd four-letter bark. Who can blame me? The two-foot gap between dock and hull looks like a death wish. The only way down to the deck is "Lean forward and let yourself fall. Catch the ratlines with your hands and feet." Now, they circle the capstan, straining, everyone but me with a job. Salt air smells like smoked eel. I talk to myself, "Edge your toes up, tip and grab, ignore hemp barbs in your palms." I might as well be the silent figurehead staring at the water, the wishing-well gap, the scimitar slice of gunnel, the orphaned girl, her mother's kelp-floating hair — while moored in a fair harbor.

SOCKS

BY HAYLEY MITCHELL HAUGEN

At the grocery store, the doctor's office, even
at the board meeting, my feet boogie in my boots

because life's too short for boring socks. I don sparkly donuts
and pizza slices, pink cows and punk rock hedgehogs.

Wrap me up in knee-high neon llamas any day, silky sloths,
my favorite cotton Awesome Possum. *Act your damn age,*

you might scoff, but believe me, friend, I feel it.
Some days, it seems my feet drift further afield,

my hips pinch, unbending in their slow degeneration.
I was once a girl who flew through the florescent air

of the high school gymnasium—tucking and twisting,
landing hard, my young body taking in each shock

of a four-year varsity beating. Look at me now,
I think, grasping a pantleg, hoisting my foot to my knee;

I struggle into a pair of tuxedo-fancy penguins, feeling
not unlike them—a little strange and wondrous

a flightless bird.

GRILLING IN THE RAIN
BY JOHN WOJTOWICZ

The rain is coming down like ten thousand marbles
and I'm hiding out in the shed

before I have to run out again
because the sausage needed to be cooked.

They say this is how it will be now
with the rain.

When I say they— I mean a lecturer
at the county library:

periods of heavy rain
followed by drought. Also, the whole county is sinking.

I was thinking: there's *one more reason*
not to get a pool. I would like to retract

my opening simile. The rain
sounds like ten thousand woodpeckers...

the same species though
because these raindrops are pretty homogenous

and each genus has their own ratio
of strikes per second: the flicker with a rapid-fire 25,

red-bellied 19, downy 15,
and pileated anywhere from 10 to 30.

I read this in the local paper that shows up
suspiciously free in my mailbox.

No mention of the yellowbellied sapsucker
which was also suspicious. Like the author

held something back. I dash out to move
the sausage around, hooded and crouched—

run back to the shed like Frankenstein's monster
venturing in and out of his hovel.

I like to remind people that in the book
he was quick and quite athletic.

When the sausage is done, I'm cold
and wet. There's a light on in the kitchen

and my wife is setting out plates
in this small place that I belong most in the world.

SOUP AND BREAD
BY MARY MCCARTHY

What would you taste like?
Something stubborn
to the tooth, not succulent
but rich, strong, sustaining,
something to chew on
for a long time, to keep
you going even on
the driest desert trek.
No sweet gift from heaven,
pale and innocuous
as manna, or thin
communion wafers—
something more like
your Mama's czarnina,
that dark and solid
peasant soup
that takes both fruit
and fresh duck blood
to build its full intensity.
I'm sure you would be salty,
abrasive as raw language
on the tongue, the necessary
antidote to any liar's
sweet confections
that melt so quick
and leave you sick
with too much sugar.
You'd taste like woodsmoke
and firelight, like
early morning fog.
You'd turn to me
like tree leaves lifting
their silver undersides
to welcome rain.
You'd bring the spice
to liven any dish
sharp as pepper
warm as nutmeg
so good you don't
need much to reach
perfection.
You are the leaven
to my ordinary bread
the one essential
that needs no more

than warmth and sweet
intention, to rise and fill
and satisfy
the oldest ache I know.

THEY HAVE SEEN THE GLORY, AND MUST BE PLUCKED OUT
BY STEVE BRISENDINE

God's mouse
tunneled into
this old photo album
and chewed out my ten-year-old eyes,
judgment

delayed
but not withheld (its wheels within
wheels might grind on slowly,
but never to
a halt)

for that
momentary
lapse, one summer morning
in Paris fifty years ago,
when my

parents
posed me, burning with the sort of
embarrassment only
a good Baptist
boy can

feel when
those first hormones
begin to kick in, next to
the Venus de Milo. *Scoot in
closer,*

they said –
and, of course, my father's Kodak
Instamatic *would* catch
the moment when
I peeked.

Better,
I suppose, to
pay in this life than in
the next; even so, the whole thing
makes me

wonder:

Why put forbidden fruit within
reach of my gaze, and then
strike me blind for
feasting?

BAROQUE

BY ELIZABETH MCMUNN-TETANGCO

You probably
don't think about

the dark seaside
motel,

or how
the sheets felt not quite

luxe, but good
enough.

We were baroque,
and I was always making everything

a drama. Can't
you see it? Orange streetlight light

coming off the highway.
Non-break cups.

The way
you wouldn't say my name

for anything.

Back then I didn't know
that we could just be bodies, and

no more.
My spine

a line of bending turquoise and your shoulders
card-front white. The depths

of us like angler fish, wide and
obscene. I take it back.

We were all beauty.
(Can't you

see it?)

Our dumb youth

draped
over chair-backs. Carelessly.

SEX BACKWARDS

BY CONNIE POST

Close all the openings of yourself
even the ones
he doesn't know about

make sure nothing is swollen
and tell yourself you can return
to the room when it's over

find your skin
sainted and sallow
the way it was before
you closed the thin door

close your mouth
make sure all of your dormant shadows
have receded to the back of your throat

trail the memories of the body
backwards
up to the hip bone
the rib cage, the neck
then to the half-parted lips
that spoke your name
like a psalm

un-arch your back
un-tangle your hair
pretend nudity is the prayer
of uncovered skin

walk away from the made bed
button your blouse
as if you understood
something about order and separation

look at him
as if he has always known you
and never known you

and then tell yourself
there is no such thing
as hunger

THEY TURNED THE OLD FOREVER 21 INTO A CHURCH
BY MADDIE BAXTER

It was here first,
in the church.

The air is hot like yoga.
We sit in the plus-size section.
Inspect the artificial intelligence:
children guzzling VBS watered down
teachings in the same swimsuit section
we used to shed skin.

I hold the pastel cardigan up
to the sanctuary.

Let us pray:
Are you aware of our return policy?
Are these shorts long enough to wear to class?

It took me 20 years
to learn I can
ask Jesus to forget my
sins.

I think I meant forgive.

The sermon is a clogged artery.

Give so much to god
then you lose the jewelry.
Patent leather crucifixion
A game of inversions
You need to stick your feet
behind your head
to make it look like you're
moving forward.

Zippering into sequin and lace
I pray in these dressing rooms for
a smaller butt
and stab nickel earrings
into my lobe stigmata

If there was a mission trip to the food court
I'd stay and listen still
to the sermon on the glory of
graphic death

so riveting
I chip my nail polish
off to it.

I died so many times in
this place
selling my middle school body
to my high school body
all these people on the same journey
from righteousness to
raw.

CONJURE

BY LOUISA MUNIZ

There is the dream & there is the dress.
You're twenty-five, again. I'm six.

You wear your springy black hair, an iconic style,
like the movie stars of the forties.

In the pink light, you wear the fitted little black dress.
The taffeta one with the floral brocade.

The one Father forbade you to wear.
The one he slashed with the kitchen scissors

you kept in the Bustelo coffee can
beside the stick matches to light the stove

in the Chamberlain Street apartment.
I still taste & see the smoke & dust trailing him.

String of Hearts. String of Pearls. Peace Lily. Bamboo.
Your house plants: a salve for solitude, afterwards.

Listen, the cardinal is calling out back, again?
A pure repetitive whistling sound,

loud & florid, it flaps its matador wings,
flying back & forth from the hickory tree.

Are you near?

I've spent my life wind-caught & wheel spun.
But look what I conjure up to keep you alive—

a bird, a plant, a dress, a dream

& now a bowl of longing summoning too many
loose threads in burning fields of empty hands.

HIDE & SEEK
BY RIKKI SANTER

*I see you hiding there where I am hiding.
I am hiding in "I see you there."
from "The Diary of a Golem"
by Rodger Kamenetz*

We scurried in all directions as if horsebeats
of the Cossacks were coming and our cackles
assaulted every frequency of our childscape —
dense tree canopies and warped sidewalks
with stumbling stones. Sharp looks from
neighbors distant as planets, dark groans
from the man of the fancy house who liked
spitting tobacco juice at our toes. A swastika
wrist at 7-Eleven where our pennies got us
Lemonheads and Shockers. Local librarian
with smeared lipstick: *Try this one* —
her trembling hands and liver spots
pushing toward us Wisniewski's *Golem*,
her left forearm of blue numbers.
Sturgeon moon that August night.
We fell in love with medieval magic
and collaboration with the stars. Flashlights
under our chins, we crouched between boxwoods
to whisper homemade prayers for calling forth
a Golem recipe and we swore we saw wreaths
of vapor rising from the sandlot and a swinging
hulk capturing fireflies with heavy hands.
For weeks our anthropoid visited us in our
daydreams to slap pimpled tyrants in the lunch
line, to drain all the bottles from our parents'
liquor cabinet, to block their arguments before
they struck. Under the evergreen each night
we left him a friendship bracelet that we braided
cobalt and white from grandmother's embroidery
floss and each morning after breakfast it was gone.

NAME YOUR CATASTROPHE
BY JOHN FINDURA

Name your catastrophe and I will wait for it like a suppliant
I will have panic attacks in preparation,
lie on the floor of the room of your choice

Perhaps I will be in the basement of my house
when waves inexplicably crash through the windows
though I have never lived near the water

I have told you before that the water will always find me

Or the tornados I have dreamt about weekly for years,
often in the distance but lately moving closer and closer,
the ocean reclaiming our hopeless dunes

Do you want a missing jetliner? An errant shard of glass?
Do you want this global pandemic or just pinpointed ruin?

You already have so much to be thankful for
And ask if I want to pet your dog, but instead

I watch two ropes of funnel, closer than I think, merge into one

THE KINDNESS OF SUFFOCATION
BY G.A. HINDY

In the streets of Minneapolis
flocks of wild turkeys
oblivious to human boundaries
sometimes use the crosswalks
as they navigate the minefield
of lawn signs signifying tribes
with words like "love" and "science."
Science says scalding will help
loosen the feathers.
Science says screams are a sign
of sentience and pain,
but turkey is more delicious than broccoli
and healthier than ground beef.
Science says skin or skinless
is the only decision that really matters.
Science says religion is useful, until it's not.
Love says stun them before the slaughter,
but love also worries about millions
that miss the blade
and die in the scalding tank.
Love says suffocation is kinder,
which science says is more efficient.
Love says wait for the wild ones
to jay walk because "all are welcome"
in this progressive city,
but science says too much progress
can lead to aggression.

LOOSENING
BY DEVIKA BRANDT

He says, *The carrots will taste good with the mushrooms*. But it's corn
on the stove. Only a small seam fraying. Carrots, corn, so many letters

the same, like this puzzle where I choose *lucky* and the answer
is *mucky* which I'm not sure is even a word. Later, making a sandwich

he tells me there are two leaves left. *Google* when he means *Zoom*,
both nonsense words anyway. I like to think games keep my mind supple,

but the last answer was *murky*, and what raw edge is language
teetering on? Last night I dreamed my childhood home, the walnut tree,

our silver Mercury, ragtop open, parked under its shade. How I couldn't
tug the fabric closed as the storm gathered and icy air rushed through the gap.

Tree holding the sky up but walnuts, loosened, kept falling, breaking apart
as they hit metal, bits of shell and meat trimming my shoulders and vinyl seats,

stuck in the runners where the top should slide. The porch light lit only the steps
and the bricks, the house sewn into shadow. The sharp point, the delicate thread.

Section Two

THE NEXT SCHOOL SHOOTING
BY NANCY BOTKIN

No use hoping —
it's not *if* but *when* —
and once again they'll recite

the same old taglines.
Do I really have to repeat them?
Patience is not my strong suit.

The voice of reason is living
in a sound-proof room in the heart
of America while

the wrongheaded, the paranoid,
shout passionately through
megaphones. Remind you

of Yeats? It's terrible
and dark and lonely
and we're not dumb this day

or the next day coming, this
hour or the next hour coming,
dinging like a bell.

TODAY EVERYTHING APPEARS BROKEN, BENT
BY MARC ALAN DI MARTINO

A golden shovel [after a tweet by Alina Stefanescu]

Today everything appears broken, bent
in its own promiscuous way. Nails
bitten and bleeding are
indicative. Though not lovely,
they tell a tale. Strap in.
My lunulae are crimson, their
edges horned. Find the beauty in uselessness.

SUICIDE BRIDGE

BY ALEXIS RHONE FANCHER

Every year, the same: Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Eve. It's the Trifecta. First casualty? The light. The days descend to 5pm darkness, all the more nighttime to turn inward, rut in the sadness the holidays bring, that devastating aloneness. By late December, I'm out of days. Goals unmet. More loss than gain. The panic. That's when all the dead people I love show up in shadow. Half in, half out of my reality. I speak to them like they're still alive. So, okay. Depression. But suicide? I thought I loved life too much, accepted every setback with unwavering enthusiasm as to what remained. My terrible accident at twenty, my mother's cancer and premature death. My two ill-advised marriages. My dead son. Yesterday I drove the 110 Fwy, Pasadena to downtown L.A. I saw a woman poised to jump off the Colorado Street Bridge. It's been there for 100 years; dozens of people have leapt to their deaths. The stink of their devastation lingers. I've felt it, the pull toward oblivion, the tug. That bridge knows my name, beckons, its lights on high beam, aimed to blinding, cessation the prize, the bask, the quiet afterglow.

GOD

BY SCOTT FERRY

and the endless patience is what i pray for / a train station without clocks where i sit with my heart
and my arteries open to the air / the grace to be timeless / i can wait for my son to brush his teeth his
way without grabbing the brush and thrusting it into his mouth / i can allow my daughter three
minutes before telling her to clean all of her clothes from the bathroom floor / i can listen to my wife
as she looks for my open mind / i can take her in without thinking about the tasks which stretch like
empty words in my throat / i can forgive myself for my impatience as i close my eyes / i can think on
god / the god of forgiveness and love / the place where we can be broken and leaking and still be
whole / i can bring my precious ones into this water / a million wishes floating in our lungs / a
million regrets falling off of our eyes like skin / tiny parachutes / and what can i keep for us? us
passengers us passersby us passed up? a breath and a swallowing of pain / little sips / a breath and a
quiet / a safe breath / come here / we are all crushed children / seeds lifting and amethyst wrists /
here / now

PHOENIXBIRDS

BY JANE DICKERSON

~For Ken Kesey on the death of his son, Jed, in 1984

The hardest part, he wrote the gang of friends
who couldn't make the funeral, was when
they'd had to sign the papers to let the doctor
harvest the boy's organs before his life had ended,
the boy whose brain had been dead for days
after the wrestling team bus had floated off a cliff,
the boy whose skull his father had packed with fresh snow
in plastic bags in the hospital to slow the swelling,
the boy who seemed to show signs of life
just minutes before he flatlined, the boy whose box
they'd hand-built from pine with a lining the women stapled in —
a Tibetan brocade with gilded *phoenixbirds* —
& a satin pillow on which to rest his head made from the down
of a swan one of them had mistaken for a snow goose &
had buried quickly, but not before the plucking,
the boy whose kidneys the day he died saved "*two young somebodies*,"
in all, twelve parts of him passed on, including his perfect
corneas, a boy whose father wrote about the prayers they'd said,
the songs they'd sung & who ended the letter to his friends
and the red-winged blackbirds sing in the budding greengage plum tree
by way of showing how he was weathering his grief.

THE ETERNAL
BY PEYCHO KANEV

In this calm lake
thousands of moons drowned
and nobody dug them graves.
Only Li Po sat at the shore
and wrote their obituaries.

PRIVATE COLLECTION
BY KIT KENNEDY

She, a meticulous curator,
acquires four-letter words
as the Guggenheim, Modern Art.
Each exhibit showcases only one word.
This solo word is placed in a special
frame measuring 5' X 5'. Of course
the frame, gunmetal gray. What's
the current exhibit? *rage*.

Selection process? Each word must meet
stringent criteria. Is it relevant? Edgy?
Does it challenge the viewer? Does it
further conversation and civic discourse?
Does it have enough gravitas? If there be
humor, is it sultry and nuanced? She never
shies away from controversy.

She takes in the measure of the word's rhythm.
Pulls the word through her teeth, squeezes it
in her palm until she hears the screek of affricative.
She moves close, moves away. Moves close
again. Tilts her head, sometimes squints.
The most innocuous words embolden with subtext.

Past exhibits? *guns, wars, hate, sold, home, evil,*
vile, fear, mean, foul, pain, bias, lies, true, body, flee,
gone.

When an exhibit is finished, she unframes
the word, tapes it to the full-length bedroom mirror.
The mirror is completely covered. She has not seen
herself in over 6 months. The next exhibit will be
permanent. It is titled, *dead*.

SECOND CHANCES

BY JOE BARCA

Mexico City 2023

I head back to my apartment, a little drunk,
a little full, and a little happy. I forgot to close

the window before I left. There's a bird flying
around the living room, beak banging into a closed

window, an Inca Dove I fail to catch.
I grip a towel and cover it. Release

it out the window. The bird and the towel
separate mid-flight. It's raining purple petals.

Jacaranda trees in bloom. I lay in my dark bed
that night. See a white window on the ceiling.

I rise and pass through. My now-dead-mother is
laying on the well-worn couch in the den of our

family home. She is reading. I tell her how much
I miss her. She asks for tea with milk. I put the kettle

on and wrap the blanket around her. I grab the frame
of the white window. Pull myself back through.

I leave my apartment the next day. A little girl
is begging — I give her twenty pesos.

3AM: A DUPLEX
BY JULIE STANDIG

They float above me like the lovers in a Chagall.
At 3am they raid my dreams.

At 3am they raid my dreams but do not linger.
Faces of people who once loved me—all wholly alive.

Faces of love, wholly alive, and so very sly.
My aunt gifted me corn holders from Taiwan.

My aunt's corn holders broke off in the corn.
Her daughter texts me photos of when we were young.

The photos of us sting me with tenderness.
My father held me in his arms next to a pony at the fair.

Is it fair there are no photos of my mother holding me?
Forever out of reach, like Chagall, she floats above me.

ELEGY FOR A CAT
BY ABBY E. MURRAY

Every time a cat I know dies, I am devastated.
There, I said it—now the bastards have fled, PhDs
from Brooklyn who say shit like *I refuse to read*

some lady's cat poem, then hope I'll buy their books
about dead fathers and second chances and how,
if only I, the heartless faceless griefless reader,

had cared a little about their suffering, they wouldn't
have grown to become such insufferable pricks.
Now you and I can use what's left of this cat poem

to be together and agree on how cruel a fact is:
that ordinary cats live for roughly a decade, say,
while human indifference to despair born outside

the borders of our own bodies rides on for hundreds
of thousands of years. Before he died on purpose,
my father had a cat somebody else threw away

behind the baseball stadium. He brought it home,
gave it some lunchmeat and a blanket to sleep on,
and that cat convinced my dad—who was, admittedly,

an asshole to most of us—that he was not alone, simply
by closing its eyes, as if to say *I believe you won't kill me*
while I'm resting, and then opening them, seeing

who my father was right then: a man who had, in fact,
been good. Who knows how many minutes of reassurance
have been folded into a relentless hour by no more

than a cat's blink, two seconds to remind us that,
in spite of our histories and the blowhards who can't
handle the gravity of love—how some poems rise

in the throat like purring no matter what they say—
we have also earned the trust of what is at our mercy,
so much so that the loss of them disarms us, makes us

depend on mercy from an enormous world that has,
it's true, crushed us. It teaches us every day how *not*
to love, and some of us unlearn it anyway.

NO NEW NORMAL
BY ARVILLA FEE

A glass shatters on the floor,
not the kind of break
one might glue back together,
but tiny shards that scatter
in all directions,
shards I might find months later,
under the fridge, the stove.
You'll find a new normal, they say.
But I don't know how;
so many pieces are missing,
pieces of you that lie in ashes,
in a box on my mantle,
pieces imprinted on my arm
in your paw-shaped tattoo.
There is no new normal;
there's only a space beside me
where you used to be.

DREAM ROOM
BY MARY PAULSON

The television eyes me with suspicion
a mirror in the corner
opens a long corridor along which I'll
lose my way
a holy host of candles burn to death in
an exuberant circle
amber eucalyptus cedar bergamot
lilac singing in unison
there's my mother
at the top of a ravine she melts
into tears each one falling into another
until she is spilling over rocks like
a human waterfall
as usual I don't know whether to save myself
or save her
a flat-bottomed numbness presses against my skull
water levels rise menacingly
I take handfuls of crushed
glass and float it on the
surface to see if I'll sink
there's collusion here a trick a trap
my mother sends
fourteen angels to surveil me
while I sleep
two guard my right arm two grip my left
two stay above me two below two
for each of my ankles two
more to bind my limbs
I tell myself don't panic stay very
very very still
if I don't disturb the bed or the comforter
sleeping upon it
if I can mislead angels I'll
slip away through
the unbroken glass of my tall
windowed dream

LANGUAGE

BY ELIZABETH JOY LEVINSON

Someone sends me a recording
of tomato plants screaming. It isn't a scream exactly,
but a series of clicks and pops, somehow more terrifying,
and the scientist explains, it only cries out when
it is in danger. All plants do this, she says,
and I imagine the house plants I've
quarantined in a basement room
with an artificial light, trying to cure them
of parasites and fungi, but more often than not,
I forget, out of sight. And I know they must be so loud
in that room, two floors below where I sit and write
about how lost I am from nature,
about how I dream in green. The scientist says
each species has its own language,
distinct sounds for distinct traumas,
words we can't hear by just listening,
the frequency is wrong for us,
the sound of their suffering,
Not for you, not for you.

BY WHICH I MEAN REPENT
BY CATHERINE ABBEY HODGES

At my feet, on a plant we call
a weed, the star-shaped husks
of five small flowers form
a new constellation, named
by nobody. Oh friends, what if

we fell to our knees before
what's hidden, overlooked?
Acacia pods, for instance. Pebbles
on their long, specific ways
toward sand. Ants about their

herculean errands. What if we
praised all that has escaped
our naming, composed hymns
to the limits of our sovereignty,
gathered to sing them? We could

listen to the tongues of the small
of the earth, revise our ways,
by which I mean, you understand,
repent. We could. That sound
like dry leaves lifted by a breeze,

then set down rearranged? I'm
thinking: what if that sound
is salvation rustling in the field
where our dominion ends
and everything else begins?

THE MOON SUTRA
BY LISA BELLAMY

On a full-Moon night, look up. The Moon is closer than we think—
wave. Like a child, kiss the Moon. Drop embarrassment;
trust the rough rock surface will exfoliate anxiety.
Even though eons ago the Moon experienced rupture—
asteroid bombardments exploded it, forced it from Earth
into space—trauma of separation—the Moon observes us
night and day, offers us its continuous gaze. This is kindness.
This is the supreme virtue of unbroken awareness,
which gives rise to pure perception: our oxygen-life,
to the Moon, is astonishing—gills, lungs, teeming sex, life-breath.
We need to practice astonishment ourselves.
What we were taught in school was incorrect—
the Moon, in fact, is self-luminous. The Moon loves us,
and who is to say we cannot be healed—not everything is hopeless:
our cancers, chronic ills, scleroses; our suffering,
harsh treatments, after-shocks, chattering teeth,
chills, palsies, sudden pains. If we inhale the Moon's
magnesium dust, our neurons will fire like rocket boosters.
Our trembling bodies will fill with light. Our tender
baby soft spots, our fontanelles, will reappear. We will chuckle
at our attachment to our bony, irrelevant skulls.
If there is anything we need to hear, we will hear it from the owls.

ERROR OF THE MOON

BY APRIL J. ASBURY

We three gathered at the kitchen table, a triad
of generations. In a haze of smoke, my grandmother
propped her face on her blue-veined hand. *I couldn't sleep.*
The moon fell bright in my face all night, and I tossed
and turned all night long.

My mother laughed and chided her. *Mother!*
You should draw the curtains. Moonlight
makes you crazy. My mother's faith
was steeped in books and plays,
literature classes and an English degree.
That's where 'lunatic' comes from — madness
that strikes you from the full moon.

Lun-a-tic. I tried the word, first syllable
a sobbing note like a mourning dove's call,
like light sliding and stretching from the slats
of blinds dancing in the summer wind. *LunaTIC,*
the *tic* sharp and brittle as a snapped twig,
a stopped clock, a beetle clicking in the walls.

My grandmother laughed. Born in a caul,
she dreamed of the dead, planted by signs,
remembered lore and stories my mother
never read. *Well,* she said, and winked
at me. *Even a witch*
needs a light to see by.

REAL ESTATE LIFE

BY NICOLE ZDEB

Those Saturdays when I hold
houses open, hoping to smoke
out a lead from the tailwinds
of stalled conversation

shampoo, blowout & hot curlers
hair shining to meet the world
not sad hair & coffee teeth

empty houses sound like old women
sighing into their memory boxes

sometimes decorators stage the houses,
fake plants in clay pots, nice throws,
unburnt candles

sometimes houses stage themselves
and I sit on a metal folding chair
in a room valanced by morning light

Some buyers see IKEA cabinets
and chirp, *So clean and new!*
others see IKEA cabinets
and grumble, *Cheap construction.*

At a bungalow in Kenton, trains pass,
rusting cargo trains carrying huge timber
screel through the neighborhood

Are the trains loud at night? the woman asks
No, I say, *they sound the same at night*
we drift apart, me into the home's belly

It'll be the next one, I think, as someone knocks
on the door: *I saw your sign. Are you still open?*
I am. I am still open.

THE HOLY GHOST IS GOD THE WOMAN WHO COMES WITH TONGUE OF FIRE
BY MARY ALICE DIXON

The old ones say the first sparks of Pentecost are found in the fires of the Beltane Goddess of Life.
— Anon.

when barren pasture pleads
come thou holy ghost heal
the broken hearts of trees
I turn from dove to woman
with torches on my sleeves
salvation on my tongue

I find you silver birch
your flesh encased in scar
your limbs storm broken raw
I unpeel you of your rough
strip you of your skin
and bind your wood to me

you cry your name is lost
I tell you it is fire then
kindle you to Pentecost
baptism by desire

your bark upon my breath
your splinters in my breast
I rebirth the Easter earth
in the halo of your blaze
seed your ashes in her dirt
and green life as I May

then it is done
I rise again to dove
your halo
burning on my tongue

Section Three

QUATORZAIN OF MEMORY
BY MARDIA MESSICK

A fleet thing seen or overheard
 the slant of light across a bed
catches hold in the rushing mind
 "Hey, listen, Jude, don't make it bad"
The wakened sense retrieves my past
 a scrap of script, the taste of snow
held in my cells and stored in bone
 a blue-eyed glance, a book of birds
Far memories bequeathed to me
 ancestral sorrows of my sex
entangle with entissued time
 the fathers aged in bitterness
My psyche dreams a jeweled net
to gather all I will forget —

THE NEWS THE ROCKS KNOW
BY SUSAN CUMMINS MILLER

Grand Canyon, Inner Gorge: A midsummer dawn.
The deep luster of new-fledged scarab beetles bumbling
into cliff walls and tent screens through which I trace
the filmy edges of the morning star, visible
through a gust-broken whirlwind snaking
down the canyon. Part of me observes

the staggering transformation as pillars of light
invade the depths, revealing a template of angled crags
bisecting the sky. Nothing soft. Nothing rounded.
Understand the call of four hundred million years
of perspective—news and clues locked in traces
of ancient life, in deformed rock fabrics:

the hardness of time, turning, turning, turning,
calling me forward to explore to the last gasp.
Grab hat, stick, daypack. Descend a path
through the silence of millennia, the emptiness of ages,
stolid, impervious. Below, the river roars—waves
lapping landscape redder than the Supai sand

collecting in the lee of sculpted boulders. I can't
imagine a life empty of this planetary
exoskeleton, bronze-black mafic keel
of bedrock. The overlying skin, fossils hiding
within. The whole an eloquent pattern scorning
short lifespans, rearranging understanding.

FIRST BREATH, LAST BREATH

BY J. LEWIS

"Does the first breath always burn?"

—Sylvia Cavanaugh, "1:00 am"

oh yes, dear one, that first breath always burns
the gasping exit from the womb
the anxious inhale before a first awkward kiss
the eager, frantic *souffle* that heralds virginity's loss

just as the last breath breathes its own sooted fire
the sobbing, choking plea not to be abandoned
the frightened, half-stifled whisper "no, no, not that"
the shuddering final exhale of mortal release

the unconscious ebb and flow of respiration
that sustains us without pause will always burn
for beginnings, for love, for loss, and most of all
for each unwanted, unavoidable end

IN DECISIVE COUNTRY
BY GABRIEL WELSCH

When my mechanic lost his daughter
to rain, nascent driving skills, a dark swift
corner of wooded road
he built a cross
as tall as himself, tall as his woe

took the time to weld metal spans
and it is steel and pink and her name
is stenciled to its spans
and it is yearly repainted
set in concrete in a hole he dug

in the same dark,
on a rainy night on that wooded road
and the cross is so very pink
pink as the idea of a daughter
here where prayer is action and action
proceeds from prayer

They call it here an invocation,
a bow of the head a call, tendons
drawing in the mountains,
closing the gaps, even the rivers parting
to let out the cursed.

Dun as trespass, ghosting an attitude of blasphemy,
the dry riverbeds reveal footprints by the thousands.

WINTER VACATION
BY LINDA LADERMAN

Early morning, the water is childless,
bereft of belly flops, anxious parents

fitting goggles, fins, and water wings.
My husband sprays my back. I slide

into my chair and close my eyes.
I'm distracted by a burst of noise

from the other couple at the pool. She floats
on a pink noodle. He cajoles her to let go,

and begs her to swim with him to the deep end.
When she refuses, he spreads his fingers

over her eyes, like a child craving attention.
She laughs, and yells at him to stop.

On our second day they introduce themselves.
Jackie and John, like the Kennedys.

Jackie sits under an umbrella drinking wine.
John, wrapped in an extra-large towel, lounges.

We meet by the pool at the same time each day,
making vacation talk— books, weather, restaurants.

In mid-conversation John says,
You folks are so nice, most people are standoffish.

Our last night we see them by the beach. John shakes
my husband's hand. Jackie waves, and carrying

a glass of wine, walks toward the water as the sun
makes its last dip. In the morning, we find a note:

*This was a hard trip for us. We lost our son last year.
His car hit black ice. He was only 19.*

*We got there just in time to say goodbye.
It was a pleasure meeting you. Maybe we'll see you next year.*

Jackie and John.

I fold the note in my bag and finish packing for our flight.
Back home it's below zero, so I get ready for the cold.

SOON TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE
BY PATRICK MEEDS

Everyone should spend the night
alone on a gurney in the hallway
of the emergency room. On a train
that continually takes on passengers
and yet never leaves the station.
Scar factory. Play that never opens.
Never closes. I can go two weeks
without eating. That's easy.
I just need a window to look out of
and a coloring book to keep me
occupied between blood pressure checks.
Am I the only one who imagines a piano
is always dangling over my head
by a fraying rope? That all of this
is all just a rehearsal
for the moment when it comes
slamming down sounding a giant chord
so complex no one could possibly
ever transcribe it? The keys like teeth
spread across the cracked sidewalk
of my skull.

LONE MAN
BY JAMIE WENDT

Often, there is a lone man among silent buildings
in Geller's art, windows black cold, wintry landscapes.
No one wanders in *this* Chicago. No one peeks out

a painted black square in a rickety apartment. No footsteps
to follow along the snowy curved path where the lone man walks,
back bent, hunched with work. A street scene, 1942.

Under smokey, dusty skies and idle chimneys, a man's hands reach
toward earth, drag in the snow, his rope pulling the peddling cart
to: Where? No one looks for him.

A desolate city he paints and carves over and over –
millions of workers, immigrants whose stomachs growl deep
into tempera and watercolor, whose faces rarely appear under shaded angles.

Towers, homes, and power lines never take a break from each other.
The cityscape billows toward depression, toward potential
of the divine watching over the lone man, like the white laundry

drying between windows in the corner of a painting.
A domestic touch, someone might be home.
Where are the women? Which window

might she be sitting or sewing behind, or
frying eggs in a rusty pan.
The windows moisten; she swirls her finger in window frost.

I see her now.
Her own impermanent art: winter's draft.
The topography of the new city in her circling finger.

Image: "Street Scene with Man" by Todros Geller.



ON MY KITCHEN COUNTER
BY ELIZABETH EDELGLASS

Grandma, carved from maple, clenches fists
to hidden eyes, hair knotted like the gnarled
wood that Grandpa chiseled to shape her form.
His gouge and adz freed her breast, her sturdy
trunk, slender wrists arched to reveal one teardrop
of light at her neck, but only if I turn her head,
make her look away. I keep her on my kitchen counter,
her face the nut-brown color of trampled leaves,
food for earthworms and arthropods, fallen
from the maple outside the window where I stand
washing her soup pot that now feeds my family.
She can't see past her fingertips, cracked nails,
dishwater skin. If she could move her hands aside
a smidge, a *bisl*, an inch, she would see him,
fist raised, holding a knife.

(after untitled wooden bust sculpted by amateur artist Morris Savel)

SOME KIND OF HOLINESS

BY LILLIAN NEČAKOV

Dearest Laika,

I've been building a small nest in the back garden of the old, *old* house, not for your body, not a grave or crypt, mausoleum or tomb, but a living thing made of moss and twig, spider silk, cattail fluff, fur and feathers, a sanctum for the growing silence of your loneliness. An altar for our mistakes, a magnetic field, a radio telescope.

There is no alchemist or saint or revisionist, no one to split the seam, no logic or paradox, no moon in its right mind that would let you go. The day of the dead will always be the day of the dead. I already had the dog of my life, but you could have been a contender. Oh little pioneer, tiny lemon, *did you get what you wanted from this life, even so? And what did you want?*

I understand now what Frank Zappa meant when he said that space is a long, long time. There's been a plate set for you for over sixty years. Did you know that you could fit 1.3 million earths into the sun and that I searched for you in the dictionary of angels, in the evening spring sky, the great dog star and Procyon? Did you know we were raised on little lies and that they got it all wrong? You were more than the heart could hold. *And what did you want? To call myself beloved, to feel myself beloved on the earth.*

Ovid said that a dog bred on the earth is sacrificed to the dog-star in heaven. When you were shipwrecked in the dwarfish corkscrews of Magellanic clouds, did you feel the big fire coming? Did you think it was some kind of holiness, a magic trick? A small girl crowned in coriander and basil, squeezed between the old and new moon coming for you?

Laikushka, I've had a lump in my throat for fifty years. Sometimes when the night is clear and bright and the neighbourhood turns into a feast of dogs maddened by the rising of carnicular stars, I get into my car and just drive. There are small increments of joy, the years as g-force, your likeness on all those stamps, cornflowered in blue, edged in viridian, dappled in chocolate cosmos, then the slow re-entry into the driveway.

I've been screaming into my pillow, screaming for years. I will never cross the Kármán line or visit Gagarin's star. Did you know, my little bug? Did you know that it is completely silent in space?

PRACTICE FOR READING
BY MICHAEL T. YOUNG

My son grips a book like a newsman lifting a snake
brought by the visiting zoologist. It's part of his job,
but not his favorite part. This one isn't venomous,
but it looks as dangerous. And it still has a nasty bite.
Besides, look what trouble it caused our first parents.
If they had only kept that book closed, we would
have been spared all this pain, children starving
on dirt floors, friends shot in wars they didn't start,
all these shadows slithering into corners, waiting
for their chance to smother us in their robes. Maybe,
I think. Maybe. But then God, with one word,
summoned light from nothing, uttered worlds
into existence, articulated breath into a nearly infinite
variety of dialects, from anglerfish to blue-bellied roller
to that snake, hissing defensively as if to silence us,
afraid, not of what we learned by our mistakes,
but that if we keep learning, we might discover
each one's a flint, that struck right, lights the dark.

EXTENDING THE DRIFT
BY RICHARD JORDAN

Sometimes the perfect presentation of
a blue-winged olive between a pool and riffle
raises a trout long as your forearm with
black spots the size of thumbnails and a deep

red stripe, so sleek. You watch it leap
at the fly and miss, then it begins to fade
downstream as you whisper, *Come back, take it.*
Squinting into the glare of late-spring sun,

the magnificence barely now in sight, you draw
a breath and hold it, reach out over the water,
farther, farther still to extend the drift,
until the line strips to its end and you

must finally exhale, breathe again, somehow
convince yourself there are always future chances.

ELECTRICITY
BY D.S. MAOLALAI

it's beautiful—the sky cut
to squares by hung wires which cross
between buildings, dusty and sagging
like the crease beneath beer
drinker guts. you get out
of the city it's worse than behind a tv.
cables go everywhere—
up out of stations and close by
mcdonald's signs, as if someone
were tying down roads
at their elbows and knees. look:
lunchtime I walk around the baldonnell
business estate – near as I can
get to nature. there's wiring
everywhere. birds stand
in rows like they're waiting for buses
impatiently. one of the buildings
makes coffee grinders two
carparks over. apparently that
means a loud bang at 2pm
daily; you can mark when lunch ends
by the rotorblade rising of pigeons.
the shaking of vacated wires.

THE GARDEN

BY RICHARD RISEMBERG

the old men laugh and call it the “coffin garden”:
grave-shaped raised beds, neatly bordered by new wood, nurturing
lettuces, tomatoes, peppers, greens, and beans
good healthy sustenance, and in the corner
behind the shed, three marijuana plants
that no one mentions, they belong to Eddie —
Eddie Curtis, whose idea it was: and now the city
rents the former vacant lot to the community
in a show of bureaucratic tenderness
for one thin dollar bill a year. the old men gather
at the sagging picnic table they have placed
beneath a lemon tree that Wilma Chavez donated
from her back yard, she had three of them, too many lemons
for one old lady lives alone, she said, her nephews
dug it up and dragged it down the road in a child’s wagon
and now the old men slouch around the table
playing dominos and checkers while the bees
float through the dappled perfume of the tree.
fat lemons hang above them all year long, and Wilma
makes them lemonade. they are the garden council
elected to protect the poor and hungry
and keep an eye on errant youngsters who throw trash
over the fence sometimes, to prove they’re cool.
the old men stare them down, the young men stutter
and two of them now work their own allotments
growing bright red chiles to make sauce.

Wilma Chavez has her eye on Eddie.
she likes his saddle-leather skin and trim goatee
and how he can look military even when he leans,
one elbow on the table, to snap down
a domino, or to complain...
he is not happy with the world as it now turns
the garden is his old heart’s way to make things right.
Wilma owns her house with its diminished orchard
of sweet-smelling lemon trees, she owns a car,
and her long-dead husband had built rooms
in the garage, which she rents out, so
by the standards of the garden’s world, she is quite rich
though the house needs paint and the car can barely start
and the child they made before her man died on the road
lives far away and visits once a year.
the others of the garden all have kin
who crowd around, sip beer and lemonade,
while Wilma sits alone, apart, serene,

but never anxious to return, her house is cold
not in temperature but in love.

Eddie Curtis lives alone as well.
his wife left him, at long last,
after he left her too many times
but they bred six sons, all of them now grown.
four favor her, but two, the trouble child
and the quiet student who went on to work
as a computer tech for some big company
housed in a glassy tower near downtown—
both visit every weekend, come to the plots
and help the old man till his boxes
tend the greens tree and the cabbages
and then drink Wilma's lemonade under the shadow
of the foreign tree. the trouble child
once did four years in prison and came out
with new tattoos, but three years now
he has been sober and has kept a job.
he stocks market shelves off the 212 line
at a store where no one looks like him who comes to buy.
this pleases Eddie more than the studious one
who was bound to make a good life anyhow.
Eddie knows the trouble child must struggle
with the dark half-spoken yearnings of a heart
bent by who knows what strange mix of ancestry and hurt.
Eddie had not been there for him much
but he is there for him right now
in the garden where he digs his way towards death.
Eddie Curtis, seventy-six years old, ten in the Marines
thirty-five in janitorial, never yet in jail
but deserved it now and then, as he likes to laugh.
he snaps the bones down, playing hard to win
but laughs when he is bested: a good man.

the garden's laid out like a cemetery
with graves above the ground, graves giving health
assembling nourishment from the leavings of old lives
the kitchen scraps, mulch left by tree crews, ragged roots
set to moulder in a box back by the alley.
the raised bed boxes, long and narrow, from above,
even head-height, can look grim, but narrow boxes
Eddie Curtis said, lets them lay out
more allotments to share each with each.
it's like a map of the neighborhood, he says
without the houses, nothing but green yards—he laughs
but it is so: a squared array of planks like jealous fences.
little paths make walkways in between

all lower than shin-height, it is good
and the kale and cabbages tower above
the low brown planks, the beans rear up
leaning on their canes of pale bamboo
tomatoes droop amid bedraggled leaves
and fat dark eggplants glimmer in the sun
while peppers shine bright red.
Eddie Curtis feels at home here, more
than in his dim apartment down the street.
he likes to laugh while snapping down the bones
or clacking checkers, likes to laugh
while telling stories of his wilder days
and likes especially to laugh
when he spies Wilma spying on him, her round brown face
happy in the shadow of her tree
where a white plastic chair is reserved for her
which Eddie calls the Throne of God
...constrained within the narrow beds, the plants
rise up, knee-high, sometimes waist-high
and the unruly greens trees leaning over Wilma
on her chair—food for the neighborhood
food for the soul as well, and for the heart.

the day has come at last
for the planting of a new peach tree
Wilma's gift, bought from her modest funds
and destined for a bare back corner of the lot.
her one son, visiting, joins his strength
with Eddie's jailbird baby, as he calls him
to dig a proper hole, more wide than deep
which leaves room for the roots to spread.
Always leave room for the roots, Eddie commands
repeating what he once heard from Ikeda
whom he met in the hardware store so long ago.
Ikeda was a gardener with a truck
in the old days in their city, from the camps
he went on to work the hedges of the wealthy
and drove back every night to a small house
next door to Wilma's.
it is Ikeda's truck that Eddie
bought when the ancient gardener retired
and moved back to Japan, they still write
notes in pen and ink sent every month.
Ikeda was his best friend, Eddie says
and knew the secrets of the trees, do it his way
and so the young men dig a gentle crater
and nestle the tree's roots into it
as if handling a newborn. the tree sways

the old men gather round to judge its plumb
shouting tilt it right or left till it is straight.
at last the soil is shoveled back in the hole,
mixed with compost, and the long green hose
with its sprinkler fitting is dragged over
from the lonely faucet and set down
to spray its rainbows over the new roots.
the old men gather in half-circle
around the tree, irreverent worshippers
cracking jokes and slapping palms, then they retreat
to the picnic table. Wilma Chavez
proud of her tree, glad to see her son, runs back
to her house to steam tamales and squeeze lemons
in reward to the younger men for working
and for the old men just for being alive.

and so the garden grows, under the sunsets
spread out across the bleary evening sky
while on the boulevard the trucks grunt past
and long trains rumble by
on tracks beyond the ragged median strip.
Wilma moves her chair
a fraction closer to the old men's bench
to watch them eat the labor of her hands
to watch the young men joshing in hushed tones
a-squat on upturned buckets not far off
then Eddie's jailbird baby rises up
wipes his hands clean with a bandanna
and pulls a package from his ragged knapsack
his gift for the old man: a vintage issue
of Hudson's *Pruning Manual*, bookmarked to peaches.
the old man laughs and laughs, and grabs his son
in such a hug as heroes of Greek wars
engaged in after victory in battle.
he sits the young man at the picnic table
the old men shuffle round to leave him room
and Wilma brings another tray of food
and sits among them, they have shuffled 'round
once more in silent invitation, they made room
beside old Eddie Curtis and his son.
the dominos are boxed away, and glasses raised
toasting the new tree with juices of the old
shoulder to shoulder in the dimming light...
a woman digging in some mulch begins to sing
back by the lonely faucet, they know the song.
the ragged voices join with hers, while past the fence
a gray night looms above the unseen roofs.
Wilma lights an ancient lamp she found

beyond the railroad tracks, the perfumed flame
and honey-colored light draw all to lean
as if in prayer, and certainly in love,
as night wraps its arms around them, and they sing.

LATE HARVEST

BY JOE BARCA

—*A Golden Shovel After Mai Der Vang*

They tried, relentlessly. It
was time to surrender. They started

to think about a life with
no genetic connection. The

shift to someone else's child. Apricots
do not all thrive. Turning

to the patron saint of all
things fertile. Iron, zinc, copper.

Daily torture by hues
of pink and blue. Waking up on

a guilty mattress. The
body may not be an orchard.

You can make a bed bang the floor.
You can cradle the comforter, and with the

feathers, muffle sobs. You can try to be a farmer.
But they had no harvest. Had

fate crushed them? No. No.
A ripe piece of fruit. They would find one.

A donor and a surrogate to
rescue them. Occasionally we pick

our farmers. Light travels through them.

THE CADENCE OF FARM WORK
BY MARTIN WILLITTS JR

I pitch hay from the barn loft, a metronome swing
full of grace, ease, and meter.
Inside each hay strand, sings
the memory of good and bad weather, and times
when it was green, new,
before swooning to my scythe.

I might as well toss stars or seeds.
So many little emergencies call me,
then time is sliced, gathered, and stacked.

I speak the language of hay, the exaggerated silence,
the work I make without an audience, one that sweeps,
tosses with abandonment. Every motion
is a part of the tool: me, the hay,
the light shafting between barn walls.
And when I finish, the cows will eat the hay.
In morning, I will milk the cows —
one continuous motion containing music, a beat —

like the shuttle on a loom, or corn wavering in wind,
or a baby's first breath.

Morning to night
click into place. I pitch hay
as light shallows. Night drags its feet into the sky.

When I split firewood, whack, whack, whack,
each swing measures time.
The wood halves this song of purpose.
Flame crackles, splats, sparks, glows dark red,
connects to this music.
Then, another thud
when logs settle, sizzle, charcoal, break into soot.

When chopping or scything
or pitching hay in late fall, when plowing
the endless acres into being practical,
or milking with a squeeze-tug
no one hears until milk tinkles in a metal pail,
when sweat oozes off my forehead with a certain cadence,
my barn sighs,
seasons end, seasons end.

BUT FOR A COFFIN
BY BRUCE ROBINSON

But for a coffin,
we too
could be pressed flowers.

CONTRIBUTORS

April J. Asbury is a teacher, editor, and writer, who earned her M.F.A. from Spalding University and M.A. from Hollins. Her work appears in *Artemis Journal*, *Still: The Journal*, *The Anthology of Appalachian Writers*, and other publications. In 2021, Finishing Line Press released her poetry collection, *Woman with Crows*, and her webpage and blog are available on apriljasbury.com.

Joe Barca is a poet from New England. He has a partner, two children, and a Wheaten Terrier named Brady. He is a fast talker and a slow runner. He grew up with the Atlantic Ocean at both ends of his street. His father loved boats, so he spent a lot of time on the sea. He is a fan of the Oxford Comma, and he is lobbying to have the em dash added to the keyboard.

Maddie Baxter (she/her) is a poet and copywriter living in Charlotte, North Carolina. She graduated from Wake Forest University with a degree in English and Creative Writing. She's a fan of poetic constraints, surrealism, and public bathrooms. You can read more of her work in recent issues of *Cleaver Magazine*, *The News Station*, *Unbroken Journal*, and *Drunk Monkeys*.

Lisa Bellamy studies with Philip Schultz at The Writers Studio, where she also teaches. Bellamy has received a Pushcart Prize and Fugue Poetry Prize and is the author of two poetry collections: *The Northway* and *Nectar*. The UN Network on Migration featured her poem "Yoho" in a 2022 multi-media exhibition. Bellamy has received two Pushcart Prizes. She lives in Brooklyn, NY and the Adirondack Park. www.lisabellamypoe.com

Nancy Botkin won the 2022 Steel Toe Book's Chapbook Competition with her manuscript, *The Honeycomb*. Her previous full-length book, *The Next Infinity*, was published by Broadstone Books in 2019. She lives in South Bend, Indiana.

Devika Brandt's work has appeared in *Catamaran Literary Reader*, *Poetry International*, *Nimrod International Journal*, *Rattle*, *B O D Y*, and *Sequestrum* as well as named a finalist for the Rattle Poetry Prize and a semi-finalist for The Pablo Neruda Poetry Prize. She lives, writes, and teaches poetry to children in Northern California.

Steve Brisendine – writer, poet, occasional artist, recovering journalist – lives and works in Mission, Kansas. His most recent collections are *Salt Holds No Secret But This* (Spartan Press, 2022) and *To Dance with Cassiopeia and Die* (Alien Buddha Press, 2022), a "collaboration" with his former pen name of Stephen Clay Dearborn. His work has appeared in *Modern Haiku*, *Flint Hills Review*, *Connecticut River Review* and other journals and anthologies. He holds no degrees, several longstanding grudges and a number of strong opinions on a wide variety of subjects.

Marion Brown's two chapbooks, *Tasted* and *The Morning After Summer*, were published by Finishing Line Press. A Yonkers, NY resident, she graduated with a B.A. from Mount Holyoke College and M.A. and Ph.D. from Columbia University. Her work has appeared recently in *Ekphrastic Review*, *Liber*, *Kestrel*, *Cider Press Review*, and *Ran Off with the Star Bassoon*. She serves on the Slapering Hol Press Advisory Committee and the National Council of Graywolf Press. Find more at marionbrownpoet.com

Ginger Dehlinger's poetry has appeared in over two dozen anthologies and journals, including *Gyroscope Review*. She uses a variety of poetic structures and may have invented a form or two herself. Ginger also writes prose—two published novels *Brute Heart*, *Never Done*, a middle-grade children's book *The Goose Girl's New Ribbon* and her short story "Francine" was first runner-up in the 2022 Saturday Evening Post Great American Fiction Contest. You can find her in Bend, Oregon or at www.gdehlinger.blogspot.com

Jane Dickerson is the author of *The Orange Tree: Early Poems* (2015), a finalist for the Midwest Independent Publishing Association Award. She's been published in several journals, including *Quarantine Journal* 5, and has several forthcoming publications. In 2019, she attended the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. She's a freelance editor and recently concluded a yearlong apprenticeship with poet Gretchen Marquette. She earned an MFA from the University of Maryland where she studied with Stanley Plumly. At Maryland, she won The Academy of American Poets Prize.

Marc Alan Di Martino is the author of the micro-chap *Love Poem with Pomegranate* (Ghost City Press, 2023) and the collections *Still Life with City* (Pski's Porch, 2022) and *Unburial* (Kelsay, 2019). His poems and translations appear in *Cider Press Review*, *Minyan*, *Rattle* and many other journals and anthologies. His work has been nominated for both the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. His translation *Day Lasts Forever: Selected Poems of Mario dell'Arco* will be published by World Poetry Books in 2024. Currently a reader for *Baltimore Review*, he lives in Italy.

Mary Alice Dixon lives in Charlotte, NC and grew up in Carolina red dirt mixed with Appalachian coal dust. Her past jobs include popcorn waitress, encyclopedia seller, and professor. Her writing is in *Gyroscope Review's* Fall 2021 Crone Power Issue, *Kakalak*, *Main Street Rag*, *Persimmon Tree*, *Stonecoast Review*, *The Petigru Review*, and elsewhere. In 2023 the NC Poetry Society named her a Poet Laureate Finalist. Mary Alice makes hospice calls and talks to the ghosts of her lost pets, Alice B. Toklas the Tuxie cat, Thomas Merton the Ginger cat, and Daisy the Maltese dog.

Elizabeth Edelglass is a fiction writer and book reviewer who turned to poetry during pandemic isolation. As with fiction, her poetry responds to the world—past and present—personal, national, and global. Her fiction has won the Reynolds Price Fiction Prize, the William Saroyan Centennial Prize, the *Lilith* short story contest, and the Lawrence Foundation Prize from *Michigan Quarterly Review*. Her poetry has been shortlisted for the Fish Prize and won third prize in the Voices of Israel Reuben Rose Competition.

Alexis Rhone Fancher is a multiple Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee, published in *Best American Poetry*, *Rattle*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, and elsewhere. She's authored nine poetry collections, including *DUETS* (Small Harbor), and *EROTIC: New & Selected* (NYQBooks). *BRAZEN*, again from NYQ Books, published in March of 2023. Alexis lives in Los Angeles, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. She has a spectacular view. Find her @: www.alexisrhonefancher.com

Arvilla Fee teaches English Composition for Clark State College and is the poetry editor for the *San Antonio Review*. She has published poetry, photography, and short stories in numerous presses, including *Poetry Quarterly*, *Orchards Poetry Journal*, *Stone Poetry Quarterly*, *Tipton Poetry Review*, *Remington Review*, *Southern Florida Poetry Journal*, *October Hill Magazine*, *The Phoenix*, *Teach. Write. Thimble Lit Magazine*, and others. Her poetry book, *The Human Side*, is available on Amazon. For Arvilla, writing produces the greatest joy when it connects us to each other.

Scott Ferry writes things. His most recent books are *The Long Blade of Days Ahead* from Impspired Press and *Midnight Glossolalia* (with Lillian Necakov and Lauren Scharhag) from Meat For Tea Press. More can be found @ ferrypoetry.com

John Findura is the author of the poetry collection *Submerged* (Five Oaks Press, 2017) and the chapbook *Useful Shrapnel* (2022). He holds an MFA from The New School, an M.Ed in Professional Counseling, and an Ed.D in Educational Technology. His poetry and criticism appear in numerous journals including *Verse*; *Fourteen Hills*; *Copper Nickel*; *Pleiades*; *Forklift, Ohio*; *Sixth Finch*; *Prelude*; and *Rain Taxi*. A guest blogger for The Best American Poetry, he lives in Northern New Jersey with his wife and daughters.

Hayley Mitchell Haugen is a Professor of English at Ohio University Southern. *Light & Shadow, Shadow & Light* from Main Street Rag (2018) is her first full-length poetry collection, and her chapbook, *What the Grimm Girl Looks Forward To* is from Finishing Line Press (2016). Her latest chapbook, *The Blue Wife Poems*, is from Kelsay Books (2022). She edits *Sheila-Na-Gig* online and *Sheila-Na-Gig* Editions.

G.A. Hindy lives on a tandem bike in Minneapolis with two dogs and a stoker. They hold degrees in cognitive science and creative writing.

Catherine Abbey Hodges is the author of three full-length poetry collections, most recently *In a Rind of Light* (Stephen F. Austin University Press, 2020). Her first book, *Instead of Sadness*, won the Barry Spacks Prize from Gunpowder Press. Professor Emeritus at Porterville College, she's a staff reader for *SWWIM* and advisory editor for *Anacapa Review*.

Richard Jordan's poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Rattle* (2022 Rattle Poetry Prize finalist), *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *New York Quarterly*, *Sugar House Review*, *Tar River Poetry*, *The Atlanta Review*, *Rappahannock Review*, *Rust & Moth*, *Little Patuxent Review*, and elsewhere. He lives in the Boston area.

Jeanne Julian is the author of *Like the O in Hope* (The Poetry Box, 2019) and two chapbooks. Her poems appear in *Visions International*, *Hole in the Head Review*, *Snapdragon*, *Kakalak*, *Ocotillo Review*, *MacQueen's Quinterly* and other journals and have won awards from *Reed Magazine* (co-winner, Edwin Markham Prize 2019), *The Comstock Review*, *Naugatuck River Review*, and *Maine Poets' Society*. She regularly reviews poetry books for *The Main Street Rag*. Jeanne lives in South Portland, Maine. www.jeannejulian.com

Peycho Kanev is the author of 12 poetry collections and three chapbooks, published in the USA and Europe. His poems have appeared in many literary magazines, such as: *Rattle*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Evergreen Review*, *Front Porch Review*, *Hawaii Review*, *Barrow Street*, *Sheepshead Review*, *Off the Coast*, *The Adirondack Review*, *Sierra Nevada Review*, *The Cleveland Review*, and many others. His new book of poetry titled *A Fake Memoir* was published in 2022 by Cyberwit.

Kit Kennedy is a queer elder living in Walnut Creek, CA. She serves as Poet in Residence at SF Bay Times and Poet Resident at Ebenezer Lutheran Church. Work has appeared in *Gyroscope Review*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *Otoliths*, *First Literary Review East*, *Great Weather for MEDIA*, among others. Please visit: <https://poetrybites.blogspot.com>

Linda Laderman is a Michigan writer and poet, and the recipient of the 2023 Harbor Review Jewish Women's Poetry Prize. For nearly a decade, she volunteered as a docent at the Zekelman Holocaust Center near Detroit. Her poetry has been published in various journals, including *SWWIM*, *The Writer's Foundry Review*, *Poetica Magazine*, *3rd Wednesday*, *ONE ART*, and *The Scapegoat Review*. Additional work is forthcoming in *Thimble Literary Magazine*. She belongs to the Poetry Craft Collective, a cohort of poets who review and encourage each other's writing. Find her at lindaladerman.com

Elizabeth Joy Levinson is a high school teacher in Chicago. She has an MFA in Poetry from Pacific University and an MAT in Biology from Miami University. Her work has been published in *Whale Road Review*, *SWWIM*, *Cobra Milk*, *Anti-Heroine Chic*, and others. The author of two chapbooks, *As Wild Animals* (Dancing Girl Press) and *Running Aground* (Finishing Line Press), her first full length collection, *Uncomfortable Ecologies*, will be published in the summer of 2023 (Unsolicited Press).

j.lewis is an internationally published poet, musician, nurse practitioner, and the editor of *Verse-Virtual*, an online journal and community. When he is not otherwise occupied, he is often on a kayak, exploring and photographing the waterways near his home in California. He is the author of four full length collections and seven chapbooks. <https://www.jlewisweb.com/books.asp>

DS Maolalai has been described by one editor as "a cosmopolitan poet" and another as "prolific, bordering on incontinent". His work has nominated eleven times for Best of the Net, eight for the Pushcart Prize and once for the Forward Prize, and has been released in three collections; *Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden* (Encircle Press, 2016), *Sad Havoc Among the Birds* (Turas Press, 2019) and *Noble Rot* (Turas Press, 2022)

Mary McCarthy is a retired Registered Nurse who has always been a writer. Her work has appeared in many journals and anthologies, including *The Ekphrastic World*, edited by Lorette Luzajic, *The Plague Papers*, edited by Robbi Nester, and recent issues of *Gyroscope Review*, *3rd Wednesday*, *Caustic Frolic*, *the Blue Heron Review*, and *Verse Virtual*. Her collection *How to Become Invisible* will come out from Kelsay early next year.

Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco lives in California's Central Valley and works as a librarian at UC Merced. She also co-edits *First Frost* and *One Sentence Poems*.

Patrick Meeds lives in Syracuse, NY and studies writing at the Syracuse YMCA's Downtown Writer's Center. He has been previously published in *Stone Canoe literary journal*, *the New Ohio Review*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *the Atticus Review*, *Whiskey Island*, *Guernica*, *The Main Street Rag*, and *Nine Mile Review* among others.

Marda Messick is a poet and accidental theologian living in Tallahassee, Florida on land that is the traditional territory of the Apalachee Nation. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *The Christian Century*, *Literary Mama*, *Vita Poetica*, *Delmarva Review*, *One Art*, and other print and electronic publications. She has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

Tucson writer **Susan Cummins Miller**, a former field geologist, paleontologist and educator, is the author of two poetry collections, *Making Silent Stones Sing* and *Deciphering the Desert*, seven novels, and an anthology of women writers of the American frontier. Her poems, short stories, and essays appear frequently in journals and anthologies.

Louisa Muniz's work has appeared in *Tinderbox Journal*, *Palette Poetry*, *SWWIM*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *PANK Magazine*, among others.

Abby E. Murray is the editor of *Collateral*, a literary journal concerned with the impact of violent conflict and military service beyond the combat zone. Her book, *Hail and Farewell*, won the Perugia Press Poetry Prize and was a finalist for the 2020 Washington State Book Award. She served as the 2019-2021 poet laureate for the city of Tacoma, Washington, and currently teaches rhetoric in military strategy to Army War College fellows at the University of Washington.

Lillian Nečakov is the author of many chapbooks, including, *The Lake Contains an Emergency Room* (Apt. 9 Press) as well as the full-length collections *il virus* (Anvil Press; shortlisted for the Pat Lowther Memorial Award), *Hooligans* (Mansfield Press), *The Bone Broker* (Mansfield Press), *Hat Trick* (Exile Editions), and *The Sickbed of Dogs* (Wolsak and Wynn). Her new book, *Midnight Glossolalia*, is a collaborative poetry collection with Scott Ferry and Lauren Scharhag. (Meat for Tea Press). Her book, *Duck Eats Yeast, Quacks, Explodes; Man Loves eye*, is a collaborative book with Gary Barwin, (Guernica Editions).

Mary Paulson's writing has appeared in multiple publications, most recently in *Sparks of Calliope*, *The Pomegranate London*, *Vita Brevis' ANTHOLOGY IV*, *Hare's Paw*, *VAINÉ Magazine* and *Cathexis Northwest Press*. Her debut chapbook, *Paint the Window Open*, was published by Kelsay Publishing in 2021. She lives in Naples, Florida.

Connie Post served as the first Poet Laureate of Livermore, California . Her work has appeared in *Calyx*, *Cutthroat Magazine*, *Comstock Review*, *River Styx*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Spoon River Poetry Review*, and *Verse Daily*. Her Awards include the Liakoura award, the Caesura award, and the Crab Creek Review Poetry Award. Her first full length Book *Floodwater* won the Lyrebird Award. Her second full length collection *Prime Meridian* was named a distinguished favorite in the Independent Press Awards. Her two 2023 collections include *Between Twilight* by New York Quarterly books and *Broken Metronome* (Glass Lyre Press)

Richard Risemberg was born to a Jewish-Italian family in Argentina, then dragged to LA to escape the fascist regime. He's spent the last few decades exploring the lost corners of the America Dream. He has published extensively; the full list is at <http://crowtreebooks.com/richard-risemberg-publications/>

Recent work by **Bruce Robinson** appears or is forthcoming in *Tar River Poetry*, *Spoon River*, *Rattle*, *Mantis*, *Two Hawks Quarterly*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, *Tipton Poetry Journal*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Last Stanza*, and *Aji*. He divides his time uneasily among several four-footed and sure-footed creatures.

Rikki Santer's poetry has received many honors including several Pushcart and Ohioana and Ohio Poet book award nominations as well as a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Her twelfth poetry collection, *Resurrection Letter: Leonora, Her Tarot, and Me*, is a sequence in tribute to the surrealist artist Leonora Carrington and was recently published by the arts press, Cereal Box Studio. Please contact her through her website, <https://rikkisanter.com>

Robin Scofield is the author of *Flow*, 2019 Southwest Book of the Year, and *Sunflower Cantos* (Mouthfeel Press, 2012). Her next collection, *Ridge of High Pressure*, also from Mouthfeel Press, is due out this summer. Her poems have appeared in *The Paris Review*, *Western Humanities Review*, *The Texas Observer*, *Theology Today*, *Hole in the Head Review*, *Cimarron Review*, and *The Warwick Review*. Currently, her poems appear in *Panoply* and *Book of Matches*. She writes with the Tumblewords Project in El Paso, Texas, where she lives with her husband, her son, her Belgian Shepherd dog, Winston, and their new kitten, Mayra.

Julie Standig has been published in *Alehouse Press*, *Sadie Girl Press*, *After Happy Hour Review*, *Schuylkill Journal Review*, *US1 Poets/Del Val*, *Gyroscope Review*, as well as online journals. Her first chapbook, *Memsabib Memoir*, was released by Plan B Press in 2017 and her full volume collection, *The Forsaken Little Black Book*, was recently published by Kelsay Books. She lives in Doylestown, Pa with her husband and their Springer Spaniel.

Gabriel Welsch is the author of a collection of short stories, *Groundscratchers*, and four collections of poems, the latest of which is *The Four Horsepersons of a Disappointing Apocalypse*. He lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and works as a vice president for marketing and communications at Duquesne University.

Jamie Wendt is the author of the poetry collection *Fruit of the Earth* (Main Street Rag, 2018), which won the 2019 National Federation of Press Women Book Award in Poetry. Her manuscript, *Laughing in Yiddish*, was a finalist for the 2022 Philip Levine Prize in Poetry and a semifinalist for 2022 Brick Road Poetry Press Book Contest and the 2022 Longleaf Press Book Contest. Her poems and essays have been published in various literary journals and anthologies, including *Feminine Rising*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Catamaran*, *Lilith*, *Jet Fuel Review*, *the Forward*, *Minyan Magazine*, and others. She lives in Chicago.

Martin Willitts Jr won 2014 Dylan Thomas International Poetry Contest. His 21 full-length collections include Blue Light Award 2019, *The Temporary World*, *Not Only the Extraordinary are Exiting the Dream World* (Flowstone Press, 2022), *Ethereal Flowers* (Shanti Press, 2023), *Rain Followed Me Home* (Glass Lyre Press, 2023).

John Wojtowicz grew up working on his family's azalea and rhododendron nursery and still lives in the backwoods of what Ginsberg dubbed "nowhere Zen New Jersey." Currently, he teaches social work at Stockton University. He serves as the Local Lyrics contributor for the Mad Poet Society blog and has been featured on Rowan University's Writer's Roundtable on 89.7 WGLS-FM. Recent publications include: *Split Rock Review*, *Soundings East*, *West Trade Review*, *Eckphrastic Review*, and the *South Florida Poetry Journal*. He is the author of the coffee-table-style chapbook, *Roadside Attractions: A Poetic Guide to American Oddities*. Find out more at: www.johnwojtowicz.com

Michael T. Young's third full-length collection, *The Infinite Doctrine of Water*, was longlisted for the Julie Suk Award. He received a Fellowship from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts and the Jean Pedrick Chapbook Award for his collection, *Living in the Counterpoint*. He also received honorable mention for the 2022 New Jersey Poets Prize. His poetry has been featured on *Verse Daily*, and *The Writer's Almanac*. It has also appeared in numerous journals including *Main Street Rag*, *Pinyon*, *RATTLE*, *Valparaíso Poetry Review*, and *Vox Populi*.

Nicole Zdeb is a writer, artist, and astrologer currently based in the Pacific Northwest.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Our Fall Issue is our special Edition, the Crone Power Issue. This issue only accepts submissions from woman identifying poets over the age of fifty (50). We're honoring our older (but still awesome) women poets with an issue of their very own. We want those honest poems about being a woman, growing older, dealing with life and all its intricacies. We want to hear your stories.

Crone Power Submissions open July 1, 2023, and run through September 1, 2023. We will close early if we get all the poems we need, so submit early. We also close early if we reach our submissions cap for the month. Put 4 poems in one .doc(x) or .rtf document, page breaks in between poems, normal fonts like Times New Roman, and an up-to-date bio for the magazine in the Submittable bio section of no more than 100 words. You can put your Poem Title and under it "by Author WXYZ, but we don't need headers on the page. Please use the name in your bio you'd like to be published under. Please, no weird formatting or underlining. It makes the editor's eyes cross. If you submit more than 4 poems in a doc, we will read the first 4 and ignore the rest, leaving everyone sad. (Except the feline editors. They don't do sad, just disapproving.)

We welcome poems from new and established poets. We have eclectic tastes, so give us a shot. We'd love to see what you've been working on.

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

Thank you for Reading! See you Oct 1st for the release of the Crone Power Issue.



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