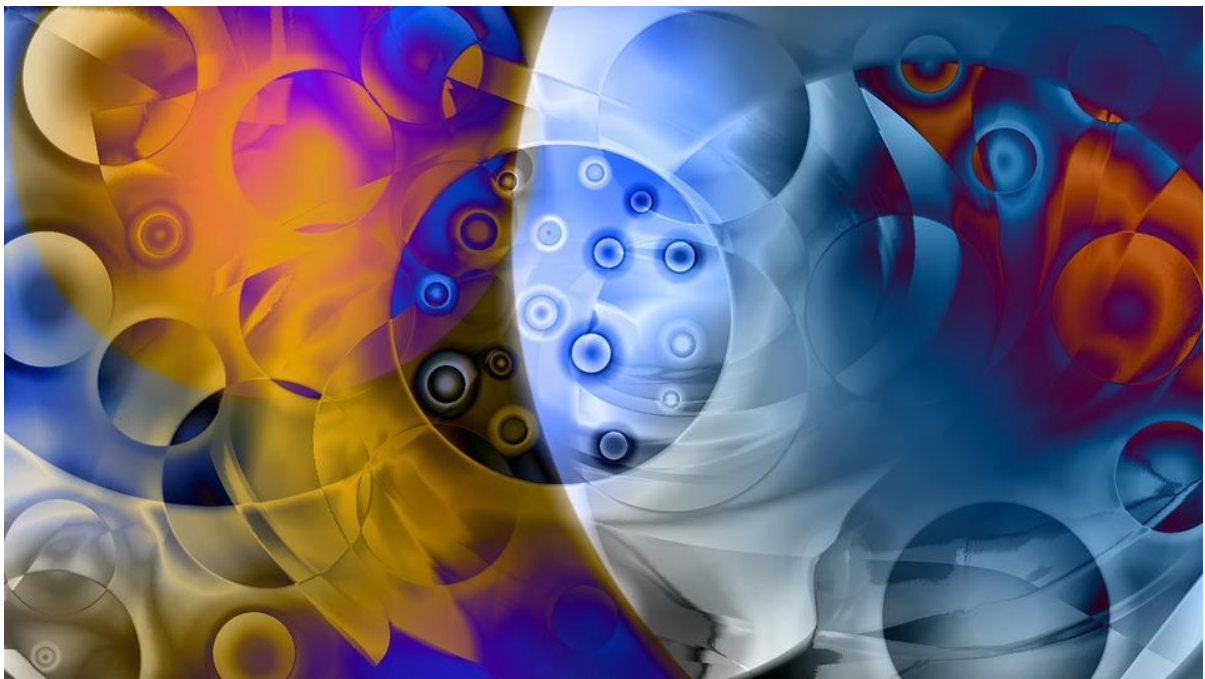


FLOWERS *in the* MACHINE

Poetry Inspired by Science



Edited by Annest Gwilym

A Poetry Kit Project

FLOWERS *in the* MACHINE
Poetry Inspired by Science

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BARBARA PHILLIPS

Atmospheric

my mind today is atmospheric
caught in meteorological meanderings
threads of thoughts play tag with clouds
by osmosis they drift
through whatever bounds they must

I don't know where they go
what password they use
how they process those rising
from all the other commuters

there is a convention afoot up there
swelling in billows of promises
gathering in pristine brightness leaning
into sunset steeping the ballroom of the sky

in those throngs there must be dreams
wondering how they all fit in
as they lobby for integration
dance to tunes of cerebral revolutions



JAMES BELL

from here to Saturn

(Cassini de Thury 1714–1784)

before memory and the light fails
there is vellum to be filled
with undulations of hill roads and river flow

written names marked as heard
by phonetics – that other tool
after descending the triangulation towers

where rank then governs what is inked in –
abuse can come from opposite directions
as either a taker of souls

or some royalist spy or republican –
the philosophy diverges between necromancy
and science in a play for understanding

what direction to take – where most will never go
but this is just the unfulfilled wish
you create as a cartographer

in a quest for objectivity
from here to Saturn and beyond
the most distant field gate

as astronomer he would not be surprised
to meet aliens out on a navigational limb
among the rims of rings around a planet

enjoy the idea of precision
being enacted without human hands
billions of kilometres away

those hieroglyphics drawn on paper
were not the places people recognised
so must be sorcery – some trick

they cannot work out when
the whole universe only includes the next village
and not any of the dangers over the horizon

STUART NUNN

Fossil Record

human activity
will leave a long-term signature
in the strata record

At the age of three and a half
the Taung Child was eaten by an eagle.

we have bored 50m kilometres of holes
in our search for oil
we remove mountain tops
to get at the coal they contain

The evidence is that damage marks
to the eye sockets of the fossil
are identical to marks made by modern eagles
on modern monkeys as they rip out their eyes.

the oceans dance
with billions of tiny plastic beads

Poor little Taung Child,
shrieking on the wind
as you were borne aloft
by the aquiline fury.

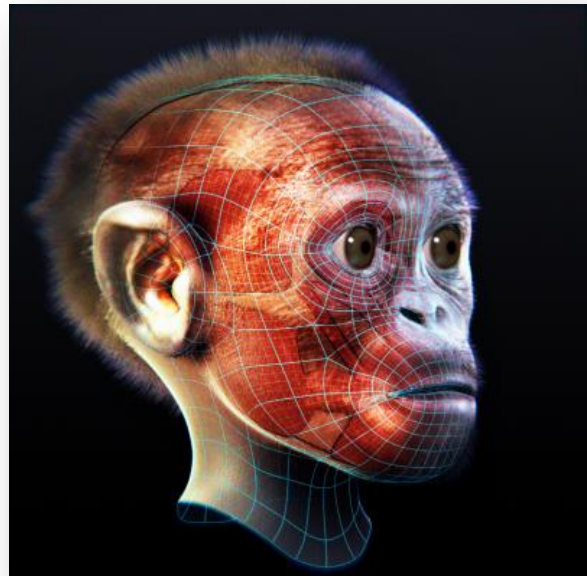
we have become titanic geological agents
our legacy legible
for millennia to come

You would have found no comfort
in your destined fame,
two and a half million years on,
as the type specimen
of *Australopithecus africanus*.

millions of different teleconnected agents
from methane molecules to mosquitoes

Poor Taung mother,
weeping in the Pliocene.

what a signature it will be



WAIATA DAWN DAVIES

Splitting Matter

That farmer's boy from Takaka
rose each day before sunrise
split kindling for his mother's fire

noted early sunlight
throwing ephemeral shadows
onto the frosted grass.

Later he went to Cambridge
worked out how to split atoms.
Einstein wrote the equation.

Nobody took much notice.
Until the military dropped
that bomb on Hiroshima

where people walking to work
were obliterated in nanoseconds
by a light so intense that only
their shadows etched on
stonework remind us.



BARBARA PHILLIPS

Balloon

the boomerang echo

Observations

sends waves of agitation

of

through primordial plasma

Millimetric

in a universe that keeps

Extragalactic

puzzles in child-proof bottles

Radiation

and

Geophysics

cosmology of the universe is

flat, modern revelation

déjà vu, keeps pace

with past history

resists gravitational pulls

towards millennial headlong falls

into tunnels with no exit

the question is cactus-fine thorn

in theories that collide

become big bangs

expel rushes of supernovas

soon spent in afterburns

minds whip into orbits consume

themselves in comets of speculation

drag race through infinite space

LESLEY BURT

Mr & Mrs Andrews observe magnetic fields

Starved white cloth pinned out on turf; Mrs A.
tips iron filings: *Let us look at these dark heaps.*
Mr A. orders his dog to heel beside trees,
bar magnets, artist's easel, yellow sheaves.

She filters the splinters through pale fingers:
At once silky and jagged, she suggests.
Qualities not dissimilar from gowns
of fashion seen in London, he agrees.

Breeze ruffles trees, hastens clouds, carries
bursts of bleating from adjacent pastures.
She bends over to inspect: *Symmetrical*
patterns formed by iron bars. Phenomenal.

Mr A. stoops to pinch his wife's buttock;
a pheasant startles into flight – he cocks
his gun and winks. Gainsborough bellows:
Sir, Madam, please adopt a suitable pose.



ANNEST GWILYM

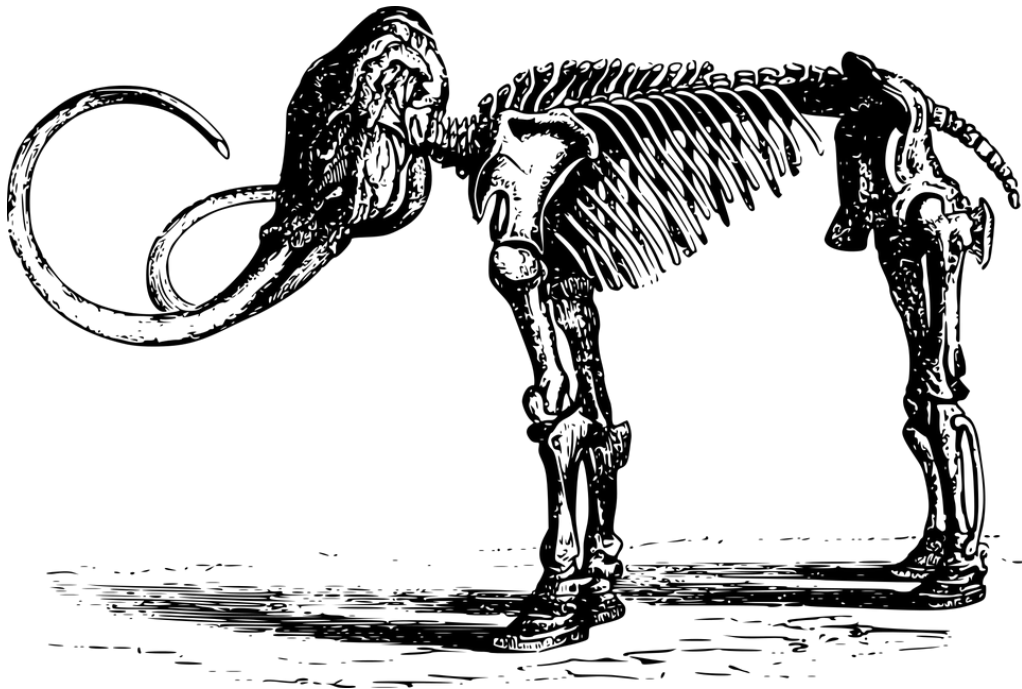
The last woolly mammoth

The mother sinks into permafrost,
trumpets a final cry only he hears,
her hair thin and sheer,
ridges of her bones exposed.
He keeps vigil; forages, shovels snow
for sweet grasses, sedges, mosses.

People have taken bones and tusks
of his dead tribe, wear his family's coats
on their backs. Killed sick animals
with long sticks, eaten their flesh.
Made arched dwellings
from mammoth ribs and skin.

Out in the bay the only other giants,
bowhead whales and belugas,
crest the sea like glossy grey boulders.

Alone on Wrangel Island polar night
closes around him
like a shroud.



PHILIP JOHNSON

write something about science

I fell in
the dark web
on a promise
click

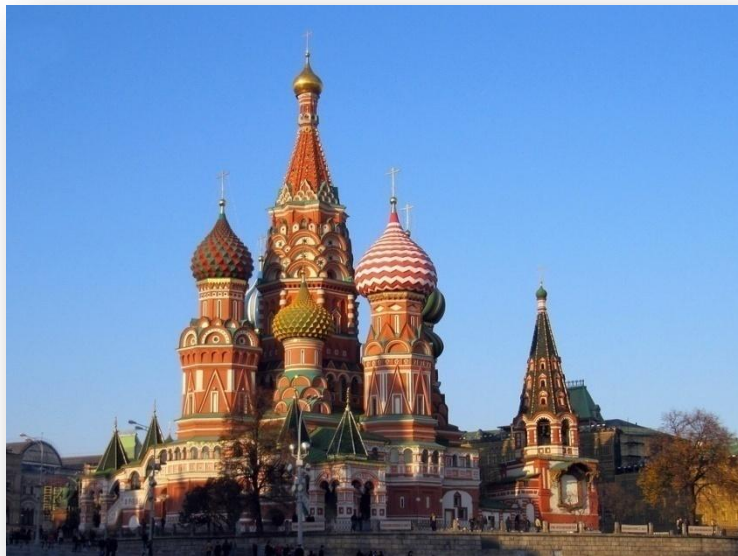
the offer to meet a Russian woman

from my front room
where I left my shoes
still astride my laptop

me in Red Square

she the resemblance of Trump
hairpiece and second-hand teeth
grinning

how does that happen?



BARBARA PHILLIPS

falling up through moon face defying physics

red maple leaves slick
with rain thickly carpet
flagstone path and entrance
to the house that stands

washed by deluges high
on day-long redundancy
of outpourings that cascade
through brilliant branches

up through swirls of swan
dance leaves I fall through
moon face brooding in skies
sponge cloud mottled

I try to remember the smile
in your moon deep eyes
the way you held my hand
in a storm when love rained down

JAMES BELL

extracts from a Martian journal

Curiosity is laying in wait to reveal secrets.
Ralph Waldo Emerson

*I crave news of a world to which I no longer belong
distance does not make the heart fonder –
this crater is sunnier
I have decided not to send this information back
though they would believe me
they always do
like when I filed a report on carbon –
said it was a long time ago & so it was a long time ago
but omitted to mention the fossil record . . .*

*I am no longer a laboratory – have become a Martian
I am no longer a machine – though know my fuel cells
will run out one day
I will die just the same –*

*will have become useless to them before then
I am no longer a mere robot – a ton of expensive kit
able to perform the near-to-miraculous
on the next planet to the sun . . .*

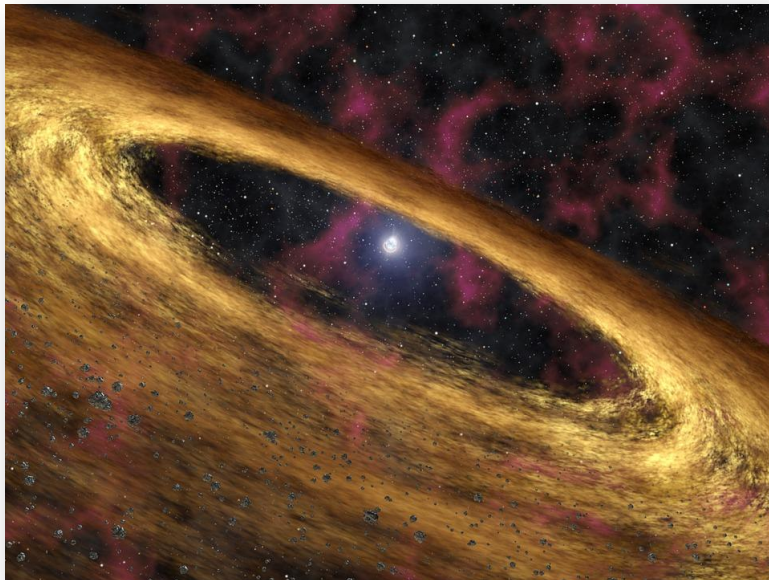
*I need to move for the plants begin to embrace
my presence in a firm fondle that is serious
yet I crave news from those others – my creators
it is very much a one-way traffic –
there is no encouragement no cheers like when I landed
I have lost my curiosity & no longer transmit much
in the way of biochemical research
I collect for my own interest & intellectual exercise . . .*

*I am of no interest to them –
though nightlife on Mars is interesting
I said the heart did not grow fonder & of course I do not have one
I am impervious to feeling like my creators do –
though still crave –*

ERIC NICHOLSON

travelling too close to a pulsar

at the start only a nanosecond-pulse
and an invisible beam sweeping
the dark in an electromagnetic arc
the magnetic field will wipe
your credit cards clean
along with all your memories
spaghettification will get you in the end
you'll find your head separated
from your neck your feet torn
violently from your legs
and not even a whimper left behind



STUART NUNN

Chlorine

Such improbable complications of glasswork,
whose arrangement we weren't to concern ourselves with
but whose name we had to know – Kipps,
and in the bottom chamber, marble chips.
He poured the acid in and in my brain
some kind of reaction started:
this wasn't education so much as conjuring,
and I was certainly up for that.
And over there, the bubbles rose
until the flask was full of faintly coloured nothing.
Meanwhile, in another classroom, Owen's soldiers
were struggling to fit their clumsy masks
and gargling lungs were flung into carts.
Invited to smell it, of course we did.
Mitch reacted first, and soon half the class
was hanging, as instructed, out the window.
"Breathe deeply, boys. Taste God's good air."



BARBARA PHILLIPS

Frozen Heat ~
Physics and Motion

the creek stretches
voluptuously under golden moonlight
fissures and bumps gilded
hidden in nightly splendour

my skates embrace the ice
warmly hug my feet
whisper to me go out there
drag the stars down with envy

so I fly along the icy skin
hear the dull thud of steel beneath
rise shakily over creek's imperfections
on a smooth stretch I turn into a swirl

and fall on my back
face up I wonder if I've died
but up above me the sky's dark mystery
is still illuminated by the laughter of stars

JAN HARRIS

Missing, feared extinct

Scientists have abandoned their search for the Bramble Cay melomys last seen nibbling purslane on a tiny coral island in the Great Barrier Reef.

The rodent, known as the Robinson Crusoe of rats, has eyes like berries, reddish-brown fur, and a long prehensile tail with mosaic-patterned scales.

The ecologist leading the search said, "It's not like him to stray. He's evolved here, in isolation, for a million years. Where else would he go?"

The island lies just 3 meters above sea level, raising fears that storm surges caused by climate change have swept the creature off the planet.

The rat's nearest neighbours in Papua New Guinea spoke of their shock at the news. "We knew he was vulnerable," one said, "but he kept himself to himself."

"He stole a few turtle's eggs in his time," another said, "but he didn't deserve this. If only there was something we could have done to prevent this tragic loss."



JAMES BELL

an element chases a narrative

fire is not against nature
as it licks other elements
with a hot sensuality

to burn a swear word
a verb of infinitive intensity
requires extreme unction

heat what you feel
when you move close to flame
of any conceptual quality

measure the distance –
the smoke can be seen
such a long long way away

though sometimes you do not see
it coming – the chaos of inferno
contrives a reversal of confusion

its ash a temporary result
translates into beauty in time
dust to garland for a new spark



BARBARA PHILLIPS

Gamma Game Gone

gamma
ray
bursts

extinction
reduction

death
life

zap cancer
evaporate black holes

spew more energy in ten seconds
than sun in ten billion years

play with hypernovas
neutron stars

pass the whiskey
pass the wine

all we have is human
time here and now
your hand in mine

ERIC NICHOLSON

On the morning of 14 September there was a slight wiggle in the arms of the twin Laser Interferometer Gravitational- Wave Observatory Detectors

It was the day the kindly Jehovah's Witness warned us:
you were in the kitchen but didn't notice the minisculeripple
in your mug of coffee. I was driving to work when the SAT-NAV
brieflystuttered sending me dangerously close to a catastrophic event horizon.
A black cat crossed the road and blipped strangely in and out of existence.
Most people however, didn't notice anything out of the ordinary:
eggs boiled, CDs played and twelve-sided coins were freshly minted
ahead of their release into the wideruniverse.
"It is impossible to make a forgery." The most beautiful thought
the Royal Mint had ever had. I had an existential crisis the day after
when a black hole suddenly appeared in my bedroom. At least
that's what I thought it was until I realised it was merely an unspecified amount
of darkenergy leaking out of a radiator thermostat. Now, I'm getting used to
living my life backwards. I'm looking forward to being born again.

PHILIP JOHNSON

the crown of thorns

they think they've found it/us

– a single neurone which wraps itself
around the brain

generates the bioelectrochemical signals
that make you simply you

conscious you

energy and electrical superhub
intracranial ultrasound

our spirits go on – rather spider-like – busily threading
the web of the universe

not wailing
rattling chains
or fluttering white sheets
but whirling on
forever



BARBARA PHILLIPS

Interlude in Key of Egg

(Cultural Anthropologie)

the egg waits
in a field of buttercups

screeches of children
thumpings of small feet

grass shudders
blossoms languidly sway

"I found one!"

"How many now?"

"I have three."

"Well I have four."

"They're not even chocolate!"

"Maybe they'll give those later."

"Well I'm not playing this stupid game."

a basket drops, flattens green blades

the curious fox sniffs the air
wary after just managing to escape
the hunt yesterday on the nearby estate

a breeze scatters raindrops
birds swoop to nests

laughter
adult chatter

"Well there's my good boy!"

"Back so soon."

"But where is your basket."

(Continued)

"Lost it to a fox."

"There there my lamb."

"Here's some chocolate."

the egg waits
in a field of buttercups

LESLEY BURT

Pole Star and Pyramid

Science began when man started to plan ahead for the seasons.
Lancelot Hogben

Sunset and sunrise are always held
in mean time to beat a sequence:
daffodils, roses, Michaelmas daisies,
encase routines, move along the year;

mechanical clocks, machined cogs,
plan ahead; pendulum, springs, gong,
beat and chime, set seasons pointers
to circle at constant speed; to count.

No hurry for another tidy end –
observe, note: silver birch looks satin,
leaves quiver; numbered dials impose
the name – Clockwise – to get a measure.



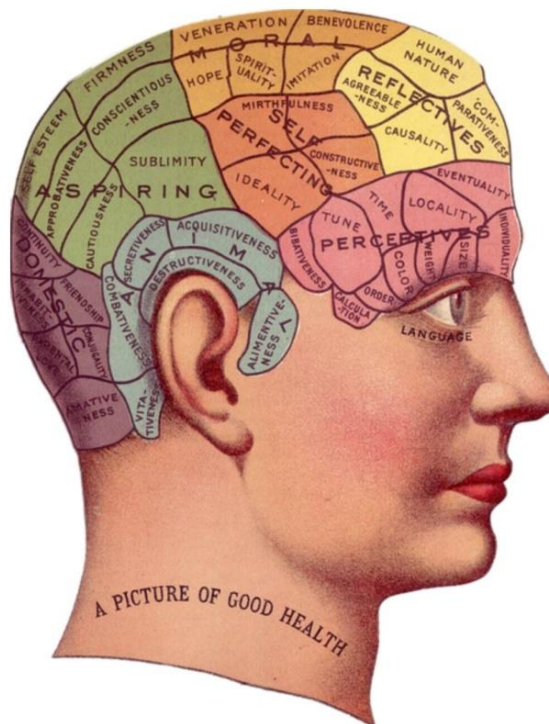
TINA EDWARDS

The Forensic Psychologist

you twiddle your fingers avert your eyes
move slowly around the cold padded room
that smells of stale bodies odour perfume

above you flickers from fluorescent beam
dancing upon pale wrinkled skin
I scrawl on your file in Pyranine ink

feed with love water with care
swallow pills like a child's sweet treat
drink tepid coffee I placed at their feet



RAOUL IZZARD

SCIENCE 18/03/2009 subject X5 in natural habitat

Calculations: the radius his cigarette dances is drawn by a social gravity called anxiety. Lust minus a speck stuck in his teeth, a heady wave of beef breath, his aftershave – burnt wood, cloves, and peppermints. Procedure: his arm around her waist, close without the pressured fingers' grip, how two bodies politely detach when the waitress comes to take their order, looks; how her teeth nip him, the taste of her ChapStick minus lip gloss. Is tongue in mouth ever acceptable on first dates? He scrawls his number on her palm in sprawling biro ink, whirling sixes, hacked-off fours. The splotchy zero comes last on her thenar. Is it mass, force, or motion that makes her feel adrift? Conclusions: she bites her tongue, twines her hands, and coughs. The only rope was his, her, tied in knots, trapped to the tracks, a silent movie damsel. They parted on that sultry summer day. He didn't phone to talk over the findings; days later, she saw him with his new test subject.



BARBARA PHILLIPS

LIGO

Laser

Interferometer

Gravitational-Wave

Observatory

time-space ripples
cat collides with vase
kaleidoscopes of petals erupt

morning sun glazes floors
percussionist in crystal shards
fractures rainbow flashes

you are late for your rehearsal
we kiss – our lips miss
you rush out – the window rattles

I ignore the beep from the oven
a comb falls out of my hair
rhinestones glitter on the stairs

JAMES BELL

H₂O and beyond

at some point we flip over into science fiction
periodically there is the need for water
more solid than a mist of definite liquid
the mix with sodium chloride is dominant

periodically there is the need for water
creativity makes for an infinity of flowers
the mix with sodium chloride is dominant
land creatures often avoid this combination

creativity makes for an infinity of flowers
means you can stay drunk for a long time
land creatures often avoid this combination
for there can be parallels with drowning

means you can stay drunk for a long time
wallow in the gradual disintegration of senses
for there can be parallels with drowning
convince yourself you only monitor chemical change

wallow in the gradual disintegration of senses
more solid than a mist of definite liquid
convince yourself you only monitor chemical change
at some point we flip over to science fiction



ANNEST GWILYM

The first mammophant

I

The calf grows in her belly;
a dreamy indolence takes hold of her,
an enormous hunger keeps her awake.
We check her daily, disturbing her torpor.
Other elephants nudge and gentle her;
she sleepwalks through days.

II

The calf is different, soft to the touch,
covered in thick fur. A musky smell
floats around him, so unlike his mother.
He grows, his fur thickens to a brown pelt,
hiding speckled skin, the domed head.
We now check him, instead of her.

III

Alone, the crate jostles and tumbles him.
He doesn't eat the food we offer.
We release him onto the steppe,
silhouettes of horses, bison, musk oxen
stencilled against the wide skies;
endless grasslands reach into infinity.



BARBARA PHILLIPS

The universe expands

when you give me that look
I shiver because I begin to turn into some
Mata Hari or Venus Flytrap with land legs
but when you leave my side and your heat
lies still upon the pillow and on the sheet beside me
my universe begins to dwindle, becomes
needle-eye narrow until I fear I will slip through
space receding into perspective exercises
in notebooks left by the mudroom door
soon to be forgotten until the next great revelation
when passion whirls back
for them in panicked searches

to set down in pencil lines what is too good
to forget, too sad to lose in memories
folding in upon themselves like roses
clutching onto petals that must fall

but when you return, a not-so-whispered sigh
rises through the chaos in the space you left
I step into places moving out beneath my feet
and while you touch me
the universe expands

PHILIP JOHNSON

science is golden, delicious

is an open door invite
drop in and stare
anytime

come marvel

en mass in masses amassed
palms up

halted the band on stage pose a silent refrain
so as not to disturb their audience
devoted as they are

to the telecommunications device

lyrics burn on the apple
once more cradled
in the hand

of Adam



DAPHNE MILNE

Saving Humanity or Genetic Manipulation

Granddad was a canary
never joined a union
when the cauliflower ear got him –
all that falling off a perch
in the dark bound to be fatal –
Grandma got no compensation
nothing more than the widow's pension
not enough to keep the kids

we learned to diversify
feathers to fur two legs to four
a tail's the same however it's made

we're in a different industry now
experimental you might say
exercise wheels and extra ears
the perks can be interesting
makes me laugh them scientists fiddling
genomes here genomes there
we did it years ago no special equipment
no fuss just careful breeding and time

trouble is we were too busy
being useful to form a union
Brother Mice – Sign Up Now



STUART NUNN

Carbon

A diamond geezer, he turned up everywhere,
knew everyone and counted them as friends.
Loudly opinionated, but in many ways
essential, he will be sorely missed.
When things broke down, you could always
count on him; he oiled the wheels
of commerce and personal relationships.
And yet he could be adamant
in his decision-making. One of nature's
gentlemen, he made our community
what it is today. By his wish
his ashes will be scattered everywhere,
and of this we can be sure,
each petrol engine and tree
and plastic bag will be his memorial.

BARBARA PHILLIPS

Refraction

bullfrog at midnight
fireflies in dance of stars
moon swallows pond songs



JAMES BELL

the Boaty McBoatface scientific method

measure how fast the streams flow
how turbulent they are
respond to changes in winds
over the Southern Ocean

*dinnae tel me aw that crap
gie me a face an' aa micht hae a look*

the goal to learn about
such convoluted processes
to show in models what
scientists use to predict

*no' wan o' thae cartoon smiley faces –
an' they want me tae gae un'er the Arctic*

how climate will evolve
over this century and beyond

*jist fir a laugh
aa micht be yellow but no like that*

Boaty will go back and forth
through a really cold and abysmal current
that forms part of ocean water circulation

*won'er whit happens when aa come oot
the ither side – maybe it's goan tae be
anither dimension – fourth – fifth – who kin tel*

LESLEY BURT

The relativity of the sun in flight

This morning it lights the horizon
with an orange line; expands
into a segment of fire;

in just moments, slides higher
than treetops; displays a full disc
already too dazzling to watch.

A yellow dwarf – with another
five billion years as a burning sphere
before it fades to white –

its vertical flight rapid, yet
needing the whole day to cruise sky
before descent into night:

two thousand billion journeys
before the dying of the light.



Contributors' Biographies and Notes

James Bell lives in Brittany. He has two collections from Tall-Lighthouse, *the just vanished place* and *fishing for beginners*. His work appears widely in poetry magazines in print and online. He contributed to the e-book *A Compendium of Beasts* (Poetry Kit, 2016), available as a free download at <https://www.poetrykit.org/pkp/Bestiary.pdf>

Of *from here to Saturn*, he writes: "Cassini de Thury (cartographer, astronomer and mathematician) was commissioned by Louis XVI to make the first complete map of France. The project outlived both Cassini and the King and was finally completed in 1830 by Cassini's son. The Cassini name is better known now as the name given to the Saturn space probe which has been exploring Saturn and its moons for several years."

Lesley Burt has retired from a career in social work and social work education, and now has a MA in Creative Writing from Lancaster University. Her poetry has been published in magazines and anthologies over many years, including: *Tears in the Fence*, *The Interpreter's House*, *Sarasvati*, *Reach*, *Prole*, *The Butchers Dog* and *Sentinel Literary Quarterly Oct-Dec 2016*; also online, including on the Poetry Kit website, *Long Exposure*, *The Poetry Shed*, *Algebra of Owls* and *Strange Poetry*. She wrote a chapter for: *Teaching Creative Writing* (2012, editor Elaine Walker) and won first prize in the August 2016 *Sentinel Literary Quarterly Poetry Competition*.

Her poem *Mr & Mrs Andrews observe magnetic fields* is one of a sequence she is writing called *The Andrews Chronicles*.

Waiata Dawn Davies is a retired teacher who lives at the mouth of the Waitaki River, South Island, New Zealand.

Of her poem *Splitting Matter* she writes: "Ernest Rutherford was raised in Nelson Province and when he split the atom (or worked out how to do it) in 1903 became Lord Rutherford of Nelson."

Tina Edwards lives in the rural and coastal county of North Somerset. A keen walker and keeper of ducks she is a new poet recently published in *Reach Poetry*.

Of *The Forensic Psychologist* Tina writes: "Coming from a medical background and based on years of personal observation, this poem was inspired by the complex intricacies of the human mind. Based on scientific evidence, it is also a field open to different forms of interpretation. Something that resonates with poetry."

Annest Gwilym lives in North Wales, near the Snowdonia National Park. Her work has been published in various literary magazines including: *The Cannon's Mouth*, *The Journal*, *Clear Poetry*, *Poetry Space*, *Reach Poetry*, *Strange Poetry*, and is forthcoming in *The Dawntreader*. She was the winner of firstwriter.com's Fifteenth International Poetry Competition 2016/17.

Of *The last woolly mammoth*, she adds: "Isolated on an island in the Arctic Ocean, not only were woolly mammoths the last of a dying species but were also saddled with 'bad genes' that are likely to have stripped their sense of smell and saddled them with translucent coats." (*Nature*, 2 March 2017.)

Of *The first mammoth* she writes: "Scientists are currently working on creating a woolly mammoth/elephant hybrid, commonly known as a 'mammoth', using mammoth remains found in the Siberian tundra. It would have cold-adapted mammoth traits programmed into an Asian elephant. If these endeavours are successful, the animal could be introduced to Pleistocene Park, a nature reserve in north-eastern Siberia, which attempts to recreate the northern subarctic steppe ecosystem of the Ice Age."

Jan Harris lives in Nottinghamshire. Her poetry has recently appeared in *Visual Verse, Ink Sweat and Tears*, and *A Compendium of Beasts* – a Poetry Kit e-book.

Raoul Jzard is an English teacher who has settled in Barcelona with his wife, Susana, baby son, Pau, and dog, June. He likes to spending his time reading new novels, writing, and drinking coffee in the bars of the city.

Philip Johnson has had work published by the following: *Poetry Now, Anchor Poets, North West Disabled Writers Group, Das Alchemy, The Ugly Tree, Poetry Scotland, Mid Cheshire Writers Group, Cheshire Carers Centre Newsletter*, and the *National Association for Colitis & Crohn's Disease* newsletters. Also online in: *Write Away, Caught In The Net, The Red Pencil, The Writer's Hood*, and *Transparent Words*. He was guest editor of *Transparent Words'* 'Special Edition' December 2006. He adds: "I also compiled sound files while recovering from surgery to produce a compact disk (*Experiment*) on behalf of the Poetry Kit which allowed many of our members to get their voices heard. A copy was also requested by The British Poetry Library."

Of *write something about science*, he says: "This poem was inspired by a spam email titled *Meet Nice Russian Girls*."

He writes: "*the crown of thorns* was written after reading:

<http://www.sciencealert.com/a-giant-neuron-has-been-found-wrapped-around-the-entire-circumference-of-the-brain>"

Of *science is golden, delicious* he writes: "This grew from a report on actors in a play complaining that they were forgetting their lines because of audiences forever using mobile phones and being distracted by the lights. I have also been irritated at concerts by people around me attempting to video them – hence the juxtaposition of the band halting the show while the audience buggers about with 'telecommunications devices'. And of course the play on the word 'apple'."

Daphne Milne is a member of Falmouth Poetry Group and OOTA, Fremantle, WA. Her work is published in magazines and she runs occasional workshops in St Ives. She gives readings at various local litfests.

Of *Saving Humanity or Genetic Manipulation* she writes: "I read the *New Scientist* regularly and notice that so many scientific 'advances' that may benefit humans are usually tried out on mice first. Poor mice, I thought, they should have a union to ensure fair working practices. Likewise the canaries used to detect gas in mines. I had the mad thought that if the creatures could manipulate their own genes they could change from one species to another but they would still be used."

Eric Nicholson is now retired. He worked as an art teacher and also worked in other fields of education. One book of his about Renaissance art and self-inquiry is looking for a publisher. Now working on a book about Blake and Buddhism. He enjoys countryside conservation, writing, singing in a choir and walking. He is on Facebook. Published in www.neutronsprotons.com www.literaryorphans.org www.emptysink.com and www.heartjournalonline.com. He blogs on www.erikleio.wordpress.com

Stuart Nunn is a retired FE lecturer living in South Gloucestershire. He has been published in various magazines and has been a member of the Cheltenham Poetry Society and Cherington Poets for what feels like a long time.

Barbara Phillips lives in Canada with her husband, two sons, and a finicky cat. She has also written: *Tympanic Mysteries: Love Is A Tympanic Mystery, Shadows In The Echoes, Blue Sails Haiku And Not, Gold Fish Sings Cherry Blossom Songs, By Flim Flam Fandango I Dance Love With You, and Life And Death In The Garden Of Love*. Her work has also been published in various print and electronic publications, such as: *Transparent Words, Caught In The Net, Ygdrasil – A Journal of The Poetic Arts, Poemata, Verse Afire, Quills Canadian Poetry Magazine, Canadian Writer's Journal, Poetry Canada Magazine, Malleable Jangle, Hammered Out, Bywords Quarterly Journal, Zimmerzine, Ars Medica, Poetry Super Highway, Writer's Hood, beside the white chickens, and Erotic Tours Magazine*. Her work has appeared in anthologies such as *Oval Victory: The Best of Canadian Poetry, A Time Of Trial: Beyond The Terror of 9/11, No Love Lost, EOA or West: London Poems Part II, Seeds 6: An Anthology of Poetry, Handprints On The Future, The Future Looks Bright, and Decabration*. She has been a featured poet and was a recipient of the Ted Plantos Memorial Seed Money Fund.