

WEND

Issue 2



Fall 2019

# Wend

*Celebrating the New & Adventurous*

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Issue 2: Fall 2019

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*Fadeaway* by Harold Ackerman  
digital photograph (2008)

# Contents

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<i>Editorial Staff &amp; Cover Credits</i> .....	2
<i>Contents</i> .....	3
<b>Lorraine Caputo</b>	
<i>Rising</i> .....	8
<b>Marianna Ariel</b>	
<i>Telescope</i> .....	9
<i>Encounters</i> .....	11
<b>Rachel Mayes</b>	
<i>Getting the Words Out</i> .....	12
<b>Paulie Lipman</b>	
<i>DNA Strangled From Strand to Circle</i> .....	13
<i>Even In Bright Disgust Flows Purpose</i> .....	14
<b>Sreekanth Kopuri</b>	
<i>India</i> .....	15
<b>Carolyn Adams</b>	
<i>Clouds and Water</i> .....	16
<b>Andrea Heine</b>	
<i>Flutter</i> .....	17
<b>Geula Geurts</b>	
<i>Tales I Tell Myself</i> .....	19
<i>Honey</i> .....	20
<b>Glen Armstrong</b>	
<i>Impossible Passages #81</i> .....	21

<b>Dani Putney</b>	
<i>What the Ocean Taught Me</i> .....	22
<b>Beverly M. Collins</b>	
<i>Child at Play</i> .....	23
<i>Glue</i> .....	24
<b>Alex C. Eisenberg</b>	
<i>The Bird</i> .....	25
<b>Carolyn Adams</b>	
<i>Solidity</i> .....	27
<b>A.R. Bekenstein</b>	
<i>In which I wonder how many lives I've entered as a background character</i> .....	28
<b>Elsa Korneti</b>	
<i>Angel Wing</i> .....	29
<b>Cynthia Anderson</b>	
<i>The Outer World</i> .....	30
<b>Rachel Mayes</b>	
<i>The Teddy Bears' Picnic</i> .....	31
<b>Kushal Poddar</b>	
<i>The Portrait of Grief As Grief</i> .....	32
<b>Zach Groesbeck</b>	
<i>Dressed Weight</i> .....	33
<i>Overture</i> .....	35
<b>CL Johnson</b>	
<i>song : cold war 2</i> .....	36
<i>song : cold war 3</i> .....	37
<i>song: cold war 4</i> .....	38

**Ivan Peledov**

*For a While* ..... 39  
*Belief* ..... 40

**Carolyn Adams**

*Heavy Chain mRNA* ..... 41

**Margarita Serafimova**

*I too as Cavafy* – ..... 42  
*It was on a soaring evening* ..... 43  
*Basileus is the falcon* ..... 44  
*Orchids, streams* ..... 45  
*Black Animal* ..... 46

**Ellora Sutton**

*Seafoam* ..... 47

**Josslyn Turner**

*Active Shooter Drill* ..... 49

**James Penha**

*Spanish Moss* ..... 50

**Kat Heatherington**

*Sandhill Cranes* ..... 51  
*i walked half a mile in the sunshine carrying groceries/ and everywhere the forsythia bloomed* ..... 52  
*Sunflowers* ..... 53

**Patricia Walsh**

*Nothing Making Sense* ..... 54

**Delia Garigan**

*Florida Beach Snapshot* ..... 55

**Hibah Shabkhez**

*Xystus: A Bookshelf Epigraph* ..... 57

**Vivian Wagner**

*Y-City* ..... 58  
*Trophy Hunter* ..... 59

**tanner menard**

I ..... 60  
II ..... 61

*Contributor biographies* ..... 62

# Lorraine Caputo

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## Rising

The bright of new morn  
falls across my body  
sleep-swaying  
in a blue hammock

*Desperation heaves &  
breaks over me*

Out on the streets  
the sun already  
reflects hot off  
blacktop & glass

*These waves swirl  
& occasionally slam  
against my spirit*

Stalls are set up  
fruits & vegetables  
unloaded from the  
back of trucks  
Pure colors grasp for  
my eyes, my mind  
the scent of guava  
wafts around me

*The frothing brine  
laps against my lips*

*I cling tightly  
to the boulders  
of this day*



# Marianna Ariel

---

## Telescope

I.

Tell a story of a we to a one who's never heard one

See ourselves in a mirror of salt

One two / one three / one one / one one

One tube for heavenly bodies.

II.

Instinctively, when touched by an ant, the beetle larva arches its back.

If the larva can place its mouth on the mouth of the ant it will receive a drop of food.

I try fertilizing eggs without needing them to live or live long.

I go splat! in the holy land.

The lion is coming for me.

I have to go in.

III.

This job is largely undecipherable—

annexing territory while we sleep.

In one dream the barrio has lifted up  
like a many armed starfish  
and is digesting white people  
with the stomach at its core.

In another dream the forest  
has burned to death.

We learn the prison is made impenetrable  
by an absence between two fences.

We crouch behind a gate  
and wait on morning traffic to simmer down.

## Encounters

I.

Nebula of arousal or//

nation state

little hope for arrival

what bead welling up

and springing! from an eye

soaking in quick

pills on hand-me-down prison pants

II.

I can see you through the glass before court.

You can see me too.

We can see each other through the glass.

The guards can see us seeing each other.

Everything is painted white.

You can see me seeing you shortly through the glass.

Time is weighted unfairly.

The glass becomes a solid wall quickly with our walking.

We walk the glass into opacity.



Rachel Mayes  
*Getting the Words Out*

Paulie Lipman

---

**DNA Strangled From Strand To Circle**

nonsense heart  
pass blood  
joining head  
no matter destination  
a revelation gone  
beyond you  
important  
maybe

## **Even In Bright Disgust Flows Purpose**

lightning fucker  
twisting anew  
in a thunder dusk  
together denoted  
a final daydream  
leave television and  
its fading resonance

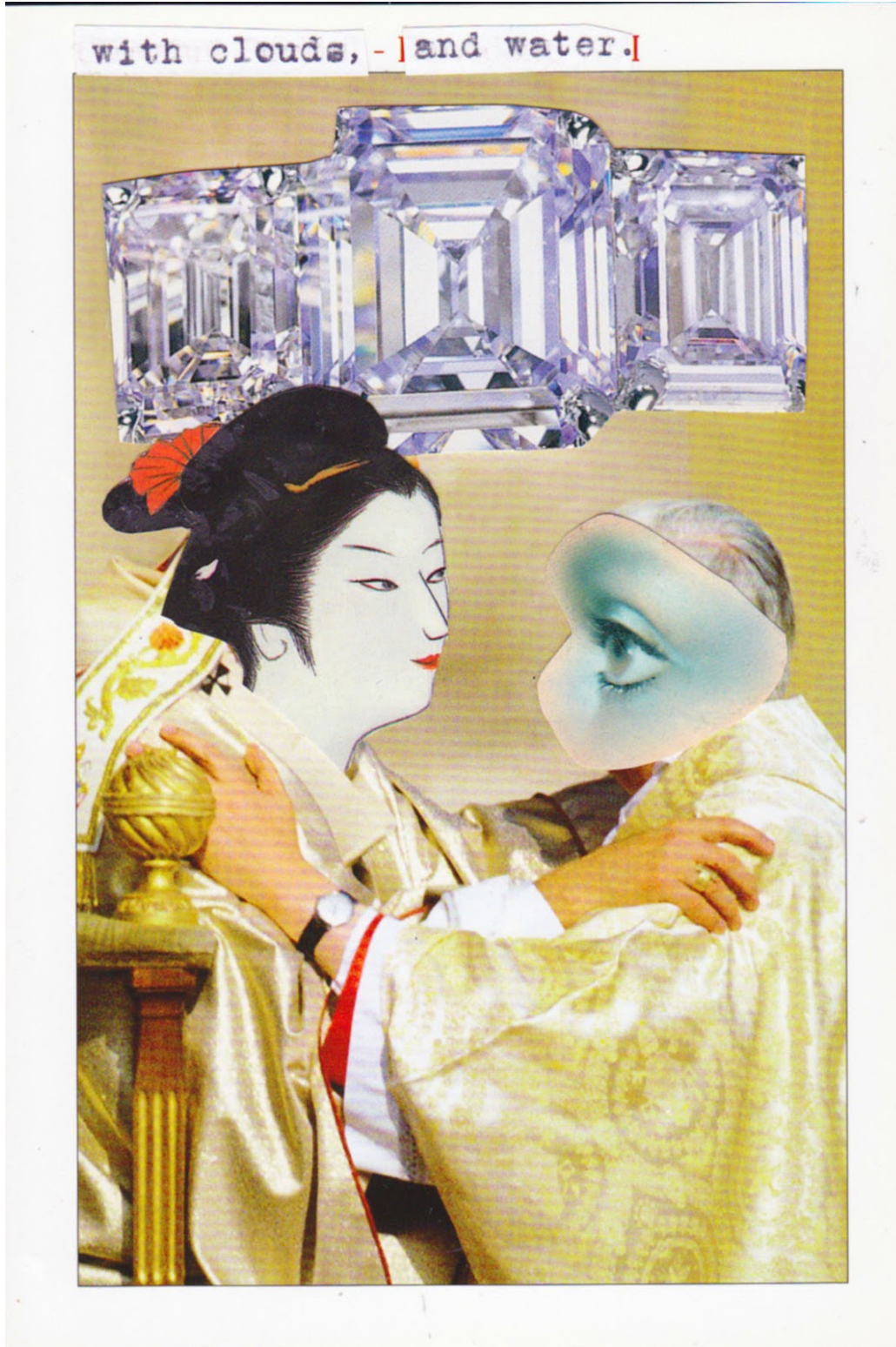
# Sreekanth Kopuri

---

## India

When the rain-drenched  
old wooden face of the  
bullock cart's wheel that's  
sunk in the mud of the  
Pedana fields, and Karna  
shoulders the ancient burden  
of its epic strains with his  
face at the mobile towers,  
the Sun's signals swing his  
golden earrings enlightening  
him towards a red, rusting  
tractor that is yet to trace  
the tracks towards a combine  
for a golden harvest.

\*Karna: A major character in the Indian Epic *Mahabharata*.



Carolyn Adams  
*Clouds and Water*  
paper collage on a postcard, 2018



# Andrea Heine

---

## **Flutter**

The doctor listened  
with intent,  
and asked,  
“Have you ever had  
your heart checked out?”

“No,” I replied.

“Well, it’s all—”  
and he lifted  
one hand  
to the air and made it  
dance around  
like a butterfly.  
“I’m going to order an EKG.”

Who knew, I had  
a fluttering  
little thing  
for a heart.  
Part central circuit organ,  
part winged creature  
trapped behind  
my breasts and ribcage,  
pushing and pulling  
its wings  
for a chance  
to be free.

No wonder I can never  
find a steady pace  
in this world.  
My own beats  
in opposition to  
the metered ticking  
of clocks,  
consistent passing  
of time,

steady beeps  
of construction equipment,  
the footsteps of lovers,  
or strangers  
on crowded  
city streets.

Maybe my heart is  
unsure of its place,  
between love, lust,  
and other duties  
of the blood.

# Geula Geurts

---

## Tales I Tell Myself

Outside the city walls, I pick  
mint leaves, brew tea for

drifters, the broken-hearted  
vagabonds. One tells me my fingers

are smooth like pebbles  
at the river's bottom, softened

by currents over time.  
My mother warns me not to give

my heart to a beggar. A man,  
woman & a sliver of stale bread.

What good can come of that?

In the dark sky, bats  
with hearts of their own dive

from tree to tree.  
He drinks tea from my mouth

the man with the yellow hair, crumbles  
bread into my hands, whispers

we are all cut &  
in our cutting we are made.

## Honey

Let it be the pelvic bone  
that contains the lion's honey,

in your hand the manhood  
of the one you love. Let it be

the steady throb, his life coursing  
through your fingers. Like this,

let existence be hard  
and soft at the same time,

the raven poking its black beak  
into the wet grass. After

the bodies are still, let the breaths  
endure a little death. Can you

hear the bees hum?  
Like a sting—let it be good.

# Glen Armstrong

---

## **Impossible Passages #81**

I am stuck, not stupid. The fluidity with which others express thoughts and make love evades me, for now. I am the mosquito trapped in amber. I am my own last meal, still alive, still viable, still ready to reconnect with the pulse.

The storm arrives when the storm arrives. People waiting for the bus shrivel up or prickle under the rain drops. The cops arrive when the cops arrive. There is a time and a purpose and a radio that is tuned as if to another decade.

I listen and think until my thoughts are music, and the radio solves problems. Its twelve-string guitar divine, like rain on a sidewalk. The bus arrives, and the passengers are beautiful, their children's pockets full of plastic dinosaurs.

# Dani Putney

---

## What the Ocean Taught Me

It's not opposites that attract  
but sameness.

Desire of similarity is borne  
through sculptural replication,  
a feeling too complex to disintegrate  
into mere voyeurism.

When I'm attracted to masculinity,  
I can't separate the urge to fuck  
and to become.

Riding denim is how I evolve  
into myself,  
that moment of oneness  
most never experience.

When I'm drawn to femininity,  
gravity disappears to align  
my soft belly with spiked angularity,  
an emulsion unquestionably miscible,  
yellow and white,  
yellow and white.

Coupledness is the greatest myth of all,  
not replicated but mass produced,  
ersatz every time unknowing bodies touch,  
a severance that fails to mimic  
what it means to be whole.



Beverly M. Collins  
*Child at Play*

# Beverly M. Collins

---

## Glue

Some exist like a human fuse deeply attracted  
To the hand grenades of the world.

Celebration can prove a snap-easy tether.  
People appear to bond greatest over shared  
dislikes.

Nothing motivates folks to lock arms stronger  
than the things they can gripe about together.

Have you ever noticed?

The intensity of “make-up” sex is so much  
stronger than, “We’ve-been-getting-along-  
swimmingly-all-day-long” sex.

Why is that?

It appears to be like a tight-rope-walk with the  
poison-familiar, until breathing feels like a Competitor?

I guess deep compatibility can strip away the wall  
that is a security blanket some souls need against  
the ever-changing slopes of life.

No-one can rip-out a heart that was secretly  
not on offer. It must feel like an autonomy  
safety net of sorts.



# Alex C. Eisenberg

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## The Bird

*for Kimble ~ September 2<sup>nd</sup> 1953 to June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2018*

A warbler whacked into the window at your back  
the perfect punctuation to your words:

*my last Sunday on Earth.*

When the bird hit  
you spun&stood&shouted all in one motion.

[Who knew the finesse of a dying man?]

Stunned & dizzy the bird—small yellow—stirred  
& started swirling mad like a dervish wild

like a tilt-a-whirl a child's toy top  
wings splayed & spinning spinning

[stop!]

*Don't look.* you directed me  
protecting me from death

as if she hadn't been knocking at every window I see  
hadn't slipped secretly through the front door & taken a seat;

as if I hadn't stared into her empty eyes for weeks  
while your body was sucked of substance & filled with pus

or signed the papers for your poison  
your self-sentence your brave choice;

as if I didn't understand the lie of the infinite sky  
the secret walls transparent hidden waiting.

[SMACK!]

Eventually            the bird stilled itself & stood  
    in the shadow of this tower

                                seemed to wait while we  
discussed logistics for your last week.

When we finished  
    I stood to watch her move on  
    but of course  
          she had already gone.



Carolyn Adams  
*Solidity*  
paper collage on a postcard, 2018

A.R. Bekenstein

---

**In which I wonder how many lives I've entered as a background character**

A seventeen year old boy with every color of highlighter known to man, legs shaking, body vibrating off the caffeine of his second venti Americano

A woman in her mid-thirties, staring at a textbook bigger than she is, sinking eyelids, sipping water out of a plastic Starbucks cup

A college student, headphones in, computer lid half closed, untouched iced mocha leaving rings of condensation on the wooden table, “studying”

A teenage boy nibbling at a tomato & mozzarella sandwich, thumbs tapping away at a phone screen

Two middle-aged women waiting in line, discussing their latest fad diets, glorifying the supposed health benefits of the antioxidants in decaf black coffee

A group of eighth graders, grabbing their frappuccinos and cake pops, giggling, without a care for calories or grams of sugar

A 19 year old girl, quiet, observing, adding another packet of Equal to her grande cold brew—

All here, existences overlapping for this tiny moment.

# Elsa Korneti

---

## **Angel Wing**

*translated from Greek by Patricia Felisa Barbeito*

How much longer does the violin need to burrow  
Into the silver coffee cup  
To dig up some dirt?

Angels Like eggs Are first hatched in flames Fading  
like heliotropes And then Out of a chimney's nostril They pour swarm-like Each one glues two  
cloud-wings on his back Follows the trail of acid rain A harp's tears And I, who have known since I was  
little how to spot an angel in love Watch him play the violin For a singular love For the lovers who were  
turned to stone in time He holds onto the chandelier Hanging in a burnt vault Waging single combat  
with his bow hitting irregular notes So charmingly Seesawing On a garland's frayed ends In a fairy tale  
that turned into the Rot of Affluence

I stared in surprise  
As he flew blinding-bright  
Using the bow to saw  
His own neck

*Catch* he shouted  
And straight at me threw  
The golden ball  
Of his severed head  
Which glimmering with light  
Was still all smiles.

# Cynthia Anderson

---

## **The Outer World**

Minerals give themselves  
to weather, and skin  
to whatever comes next.

My skeleton has  
its own intelligence—  
sometimes slow to move.

When I bend,  
my skull, with its permanent  
smile, pauses—

As do my spine,  
my extravagant femurs,  
my precious ulnas.

Flesh covers this frame  
like lichen with only  
rock to live on—

tenacious  
in the fleeting light  
of the outer world.



Rachel Mayes  
*The Teddy Bears' Picnic*

# Kushal Poddar

---

## **The Portrait of Grief As Grief**

We deflate its chest to the rhythm of the rain,

inject a syringe full of adrenaline.

I put my mouth on its palor, breathe my heart out.

We open an album; the photos graph silhouette;

in one my mother wears a tutu and her

toes do a perfect pirouette.

We wear two extreme poles of monochrome.

Grief's dandelion bursts softness.

It just won't stay alive for long.



**Dressed Weight**

Antler tangled  
bramble

occupies  
slit in deer blind

Place  
adopts presence

as language

scrawled  
by perception

Doe bleat—

a trajectory

approaching

To the animal  
noun and verb are

asemic—deer

if shot, will

collapse—with  
or without

denotation

thing and act

inhere

Field dressed

entrails

ditched in tallgrass

These things

as all things

scatter

to be scavenged

## Overture

There are only two worlds: past and future.  
In language, the present

tense denotes an instance  
which has, prior to its being  
experienced, occurred entirely: fleeting

(uninterrupted)

from forthcoming to aforesaid—  
October, once more. Over

the treeline, a mountain

range of winter's oncoming clouds; still

leaves on the bald cypresses.

# CL Johnson

---

## song: cold war 2

My progenitor, indeed -- Realpolitik! The True Cold War concluded moons ago. Recording fugitive odes for over twenty-two, and now this parody of wartime elicits neither the oral-fusillade nor -firehose of simulations bygone, so we kinfolk feud without noise. That is to say this void of you is not your voice and yet it ricochets off satellites between the ears, a sparrow made of cgi. That is to say I do not *miss* those calls, calls ignored, declined, as with everything that I am not possessing strength enough to do, with neither the flamboyance nor the velocity learned

under your enormous azure wings. I wait for no apology. To mend those primordial, child/parent bondages, there is no purpose, then, to silence if we pierce this void -- indeed, an other voice. That is to sing distinction/distinguish, extinction/extinguisher -- to ceasefire? We are not alone.

song: cold war 3

To pacify, or to suspend? Withdraw? You wish to soar  
In my cap of gold through stacks without clue, on the hunt  
For Mayakovsky, Mandelstam, or Pasternak. I succeed  
Thereby to search in vain. No rain in sight. To be excited  
Since, otherwise, this garden sucks victoriously, I'm sorry  
To report. To strut outside and soak in it, the former Soviet  
Union-heavy news-dump. In the single most irregular  
Wireless zone, that cloud is like a white dog disintegrating  
Star spangled blue. To what is one anathema? One is here,  
Seated passenger-like, merely drinking at this picnic table  
From the raucous cup of Tuesday, June eleventh,  
doing some mundane stuff

Like scanning the selected poems of late American  
Frank O'Hara. First poem, third stanza, lines three and four  
Have your answer: "I am / an orphan." I mean, talk about  
Vast, bewildering networks of awe, nerve and declarative  
Synchronicity, only to decline a robocall from Caddo, O  
klahoma seconds on. Duh, the whole sky is fucking wireless  
Area. I lack your transmission. Save for that singular blue  
Silhouette of war, everyone knows how to disintegrate  
With ease -- without learning the curve, without letting fly  
The white flags to give up. Happy fourth of I warned you  
From the raucous cup of Tuesday, June eleventh,  
where the sun is a ball.

**song: cold war 4**

1. Hyperbole offers the burgeoning  
smokestack a parasoled stratosphere.
2. Automation takes hostage my blood.
3. Agents peruse the crepuscular vault.

Pause. What purpose serves our silence  
if I write you so that it might be read  
out loud later to us all? 4. Lost (again),  
I wait for no one to reply, as mythical

night is further off, hours from now, a  
child passing in the opposite direction  
who drags thumb across throat, with glee:  
*you treason.* There is no fifth installment.

# Ivan Peledov

---

## **For a While**

They brought a few peculiar musical instruments with them to our lonely planet across the crumpled sky, they succeeded in having woken up a few trees, a few blades of grass, a bee, a bear, a flock of waterfowl. But when they suddenly left, the horizons didn't make a sound.

## **Belief**

The sun touches the wounds of the stars in the suburbs,  
broken twigs of exploding trees,  
broken limbs of garrulous monsters,  
car tires on snow crust, train whistles, silence.  
Good morning, St. Thomas,  
says a dog named Jah into space.  
Coyotes gather dry flowers for broken mirrors,  
shaking off dilapidated legends, shunning  
candles and hourglasses.





heavy chain mRNA

“active” and 8 of 11

# Carolyn Adams

*Heavy Chain mRNA*

paper collage on a postcard, 2019

# Margarita Serafimova

---

I too as Cavafy –

am thrown in Alexandria,  
and she is everywhere,  
living as the chambers of a heart.

It was on a soaring evening  
that I took stock of myself.  
Not one of my hours had been in vain.

Basileus is the falcon when in the torridness, sparkling,  
he passes through the air,  
and stands before the sea.

Orchids, streams.  
All and nothing passed.

Black Animal,

I live with you,

and I want to live with you.

With you, I can share the mountains.

# Ellora Sutton

---

## **Seafoam**

*After 'Daughters of the Mist' by Evelyn De Morgan*

The body is prismatic, is sheer.

The mist is gloss on my skin

or a second skin, a silk.

Whispering,

the rocks tell me all their people.

I slash my feet on their slippery

unkind words. It's brutal,

how my knee

has an almighty row

with my femur,

the way my neck

forgets itself.

The girls haul me up,

strong as Death.

The mist takes us, makes us

one organism. The rocks

tear us to tissue, to shreds.

I can see the stars

the stars

floating, dilating,

like lily pads.



**Active Shooter Drill**

*If there was someone armed in my school,  
I would have been the first one gone.*

*— Anonymous*

Classmates separated  
by gender—  
boys  
in the boys' locker room,  
girls  
in the girls' locker room—

as if time  
would allow in this age  
of school shooters,  
for such arbitraries.

Trans girl  
left in the hallway.

If someone with a gun  
came through  
those double doors,  
I'd be the first one  
gone.

# James Penha

---

## Spanish Moss

Spanish moss is not  
Spanish nor is it  
moss. Any Savannah  
guide will tell you so.

*Tillandsia usneoides*  
dripping everywhere  
from the city's live  
oaks harms no trees.

It looks like lichen,  
like *usnea* moss, but  
it is not a parasite;  
it is an epiphyte

needing only a stand  
to breathe and drink  
the air and flower.  
English colonists joked

it resembled harrowing  
Conquistador beards  
as irritating a presence  
in nearby Florida

as the tiny red chiggers  
that live in the hanging  
gardens and when fallen  
bury themselves in a hand

or a body flagellated  
and dangling in chains  
like a ghostly epiphyte  
struggling to breathe.



Kat Heatherington  
*Sandhill Cranes*

## Kat Heatherington

---

### **i walked half a mile in the sunshine carrying groceries/ and everywhere the forsythia bloomed**

this year spring just snicked into place  
like a key turning in the lock of winter.  
the lock, well-oiled, sprang open with an icy clang,  
and a thousand tiny yellow flowers tumbled out,  
followed by green-tipped grasses, daffodils  
and even tender dark dandelion greens.  
the key slipped out with a small satisfied sigh,  
and the lock tumbled loose from summer's door,  
to be lost amid the wildflowers until  
November's icy winds rediscover it.  
meanwhile the key, who is also Persephone,  
and sunshine, a staircase to the infinite sky,  
and of course, Love,  
spun free and whirled off  
above that same blooming meadow,  
dancing.

## **sunflowers**

at the end of the anthropocene  
in the latest stage of late-stage capitalism,  
i fill the house with sunflowers.  
the house, the sun, the sunflowers  
are not really in doubt.  
but i am  
and the future is,  
and nearly everything else  
is a distraction.  
so when a 12' stalk falls over in the garden,  
i cut all the blossoms  
and bring them indoors,  
bouquets on every table, counter & windowsill,  
spending their golden pollen on every surface  
like dust  
only precious  
because it is made  
from hope.

# Patricia Walsh

---

## Nothing Making Sense

The flicker of a tea light, nothing sacred  
Lifetime achievements complicate misgivings  
Translating beauty into a skein of fabric  
Nicely wanting no better than what's due  
Stained glass hiraeth sings the hour.

Living to be looked at, a crooked misdemeanour  
Freaking out over difference, stopping hearts  
Playing in the shadows an opportune pastime  
Working against stereotype, icing on the cake  
Picked at, swallowed, not counting decorum.

Running jokes at every downturn  
Not understanding what lies at stake  
The glass on the windshield contains the impossible  
Badly focused truths run their course  
Memorising faults for a lesser good.

Concentrated cheers fall short of effect  
Blurred creation liking its own risks  
Going out the back for a quietened smoke  
Announcing after nothing, good to a fault  
Nighttime stalled for now, a steady gait.

Kissing to be realistic, gored to perfection  
Bookish concatenations resigned to the shelf  
Predictable games lie on corners  
Shorter pleasures widening the girth  
The magic box of tricks is forever there.



Florida Beach Snapshot  
*Courtesy of Delia Garigan*

# Delia Garigan

---

## **Florida Beach Snapshot**

*1952*

Vanishing into the clattering mass of seagulls  
Is the child whose back I almost recognize

One arm raised against a silver bluster of wings  
That fray the daylight and buffet her face

Already her checkered suit is binding up  
She will not remember the captured scene

Or the flock unseeing  
Beyond the one-minded moment's barrage

Frozen in cacophony  
Memory erodes, feet chafe

On a gone beach, exhausted  
By the round of daily forgetting

That wild flock heaving  
Each life towards abandonment



**Xystus: A Bookshelf Epigraph**

There doth stand my place of enduring bliss,  
A spring's thorn-sing fusing me a joy-shield  
Wick with word-force to ward off the abyss  
To which my racked brain yearns burns turns to yield

There the flowers sleepily shush the breeze,  
As new nestlings twitter in the xystus,  
There I seek refuge lest the abime seize  
My spliced heart again in its cruel truss

# Vivian Wagner

---

## Y-City

A wide river moves  
slowly, brown with  
mud and ice.  
There's a jail, a  
limestone courthouse,  
fentanyl, heroin.  
Last year, a man  
burned to death in a  
law office's vestibule.  
And yet, this:  
in the evening,  
along the ceiling of  
a yoga studio in the  
Masonic Temple,  
small, clear lights  
blink on.

## **Trophy Hunter**

There's a man  
on Instagram who  
takes videos of  
lynxes padding  
past in the snow,  
salt-and-pepper  
fur surrounding  
human-like faces,  
wary eyes.

And then,  
off camera,  
he shoots them.

The world's  
not all good.  
It never has been.

But those faces.  
Those eyes.

# tanner menard

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## I.

unnamed  
joy joy cross cross  
untamed came showering what was  
joy rain once  
mind settles so as if to colonize snow a yard  
all systems of education sunlight i wonder  
mind prisons mind glow why the human  
prisms when the crystalline cloud race  
structure evaporates crowd in such a hurry  
have you noticed buildings shush  
that the dew red new an owl on roof  
green & yellow of untrained mouth  
is traveling i've said it before  
sunward i'll say it again

when we say oh let me hush  
up & down we settle oh let me grin  
on motion towards avoiding the cup  
destination that just don't of age ole gin  
quite exist the rain i don't have a man  
the dew the you i let loose the goose  
somewhere in i savored in nothing  
the middle & grew like a spruce  
my gladness for idiots  
is the only real thing  
i have

## II.

no one says: is this tree a boy or a girl  
my very green life  
my green life  
my life  
my green  
to take  
have the thought  
they  
before  
may i take  
breathes  
how many  
emerald

the sunrise of jaqueline  
nails green dark she searched  
the colours ragamuffin  
rainbow sunset shelf  
the cost of green  
is worth a life  
in certain counties  
walking into the gas station far from the city nails like eyes all eyes on eyes

i  
want  
to be  
not  
so much  
a tree  
or bluet  
action i want  
stroking to squander  
something tentacles  
fungal of tradition  
earthy that you noose  
motion my green life  
that says: my green  
forever ago land birthed a grammar knuckles bones joint whispers point you have painted

# Artist Statements & Author Biographies

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## **Guest Readers**

**giuseppe manley** is a queer Black poet who grew up in, and currently resides in, the state of Maine. They have two dogs, work in IT, and are fond of making three item lists. giuseppe has served as Poetry Editor for *The Open Field*, has read for *Puerto Del Sol*, and is currently on Twitter and Instagram as @gehnmy.

**Kou Sugita** was born in Sapporo, Japan and was raised in Oregon. Most recently in the Los Angeles area and Tucson, he currently lives among moss in Seattle. His poems have appeared in *TYPO*, *The Volta*, *A Dozen Nothing*, *The Margins*, and are forthcoming in *Oversound*.

## **Contributors**

**Harold Ackerman** is a retired teacher of English living in Berwick, Pennsylvania. His work has appeared in various journals, including *uppagus*, *gravel magazine*, *Pithead Chapel*, *Noctua Review*, and *Broad River Review*. View other images at [briarcreekphotos.com](http://briarcreekphotos.com)

**Carolyn Adams'** poetry and art have been published in the pages, and on the covers of *Kestrel*, *Steam Ticket*, and *Kansas City Voices*, among others. She has authored four chapbooks, with one being a collection of her collage art, entitled *What Do You See?* Select pieces of her collage art have been featured in #YourArtMoment, a program of the Beaverton Arts Council in Beaverton, OR.

**Cynthia Anderson** lives in the Mojave Desert near Joshua Tree National Park. Her poems have appeared in journals such as *Spillway*, *Apercus*, *San Pedro River Review*, *Mojave River Review*, and *Split Rock Review*. Her work has been nominated for Best of the Net and the Pushcart Prize. She is the author of nine poetry collections and co-editor of the anthology *A Bird Black As the Sun: California Poets on Crows & Ravens*. When she's not writing, you might find her playing Native American flute in traditional and jazz styles, watching foreign TV on MHz Choice with her husband and cat, tending her vegetable garden, or communing with the monzogranite boulders and wildlife around her desert home. [www.cynthiaandersonpoet.com](http://www.cynthiaandersonpoet.com).

**Marianna Ariel** hunts for moments when poetry has surfaced as a force in collective bodies. She can be found in off hours jumping from rock to rock in the Tucson mountains. She is currently an MFA candidate at the University of Arizona. Her work is forthcoming in *Hunger Mountain*.

**Glen Armstrong** holds an MFA in English from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst and teaches writing at Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan. He edits a poetry journal called *Cruel Garters* and has two new chapbooks: *Simpler Times* and *Staring Down Miracles*. His work has appeared in *Poetry Northwest*, *Conduit*, and *Cream City Review*.

**A. R. Bekenstein** is a student at Wesleyan University and her poems are forthcoming in *Constellations*. She is a survivor of rape and sexual assault, and after years of her mind replaying her abuser ordering that she "be quiet", she's finally decided not to be.

**Lorraine Caputo** is a documentary poet, translator and travel writer. Her works appear in over 180 journals in Canada, the US, Latin America, Europe, Asia, Australia and Africa; and 12 chapbooks of poetry – including *Caribbean Nights* (Red Bird Chapbooks, 2014), *Notes from the Patagonia* (dancing girl press, 2017) and *On Galápagos Shores* (dancing girl press, 2019). She also pens travel pieces, with stories appearing in the anthologies *Drive: Women's True Stories from the Open Road* (Seal Press, 2002), *Far Flung and Foreign* (Lowestoft Chronicle Press, 2012) and numerous websites, and travel guidebooks. In March 2011, the Parliamentary Poet Laureate of Canada chose her verse as poem of the month. She has done over 200 literary readings, from Alaska to the Patagonia. Ms. Caputo journeys through Latin America, listening to the voices of the pueblos and Earth. You may follow her travels at [Latin America Wanderer](#).

**Beverly M. Collins** is the Author of the books, *Quiet Observations: Diary thought, Whimsy and Rhyme and Mud in Magic*. Her poems have also appeared in *California Quarterly*, *Poetry Speaks! A year of Great Poems and Poets*, *The Hidden and the Divine Female Voices in Ireland*, *The Journal of Modern Poetry*, *Spectrum*, *The Altadena Poetry Review*, *LummoX*, *The Galway Review* (Ireland), *Verse of Silence* (New Delhi), *Peeking Cat Poetry Magazine* (London), *Scarlet Leaf Review* (Canada), *The Wild Word magazine* (Berlin) and many others. She is also the winner of a 2019 Naji Naaman Literary Prize in Creativity (from Lebanon) and a prize winner for the California State Poetry Society. Collins has been twice nominated for the Pushcart Prize, once for Independent Best American Poetry and shortlisted for the 2018 Pangolin Review Poetry Prize (Mauritius).

**Alex C. Eisenberg** is a child of the Pacific Northwest with ancestry from Eastern Europe. A gardener, grief worker and rite-of-passage guide, Alex is no stranger to liminal space, often giving into and drawing upon the creative energy of the dying-birthing-in-between. These days she finds herself writing, rooting, growing and grieving at the converging currents of the Quimper Peninsula, surrounded by the Salish Sea. For links to more of her poetry, tip-toe over [here](#).

Growing up on a small farm, **Delia Garigan** assumed animals could understand her words. Later she aspired to time travel, but ended up with a degree in neuroscience instead. After a period of intensive Zen study, she grew her hair out and had a family. As a respite from the consuming work of wrangling her descendants, Delia also enjoys hammering jewelry, eating Khmer food, and inhaling the blackberry scent that pervades Oregon's deciduous forests. The Florida Beach Snapshot, included before her poem, is an old family photo.

**Geula Geurts** is a Dutch born poet and essayist residing in Jerusalem. She holds an MFA in Poetry from Bar Ilan University. Her mini-chapbook 'Like Any Good Daughter' was published by Platypus Press (2016). Her chapbook 'Where the Sea is Quenched of Thirst' was a finalist in the 2018 Autumn House Chapbook Contest. Her work has been anthologized and has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Tinderbox Editions*, *Persephone's Daughters*, *Counterclock*, *Jellyfish Review*, *Ilanot* and *The Boiler*, among others. She works as a literary agent at the Deborah Harris Literary Agency.

**Zach Groesbeck** was born in south Texas, and spent time as a teenager on ranches working with horses. He recently lived in Washington state interning with Copper Canyon Press. Formerly, he was a poetry editor at *Southwestern American Literature*. His poems have appeared in various journals, including *The Cortland Review*, *EcoTheo*, and *Otata*.

**Kat Heatherington** is a queer ecofeminist poet, sometime artist, pagan, and organic gardener. She lives south of Albuquerque, NM in [Sunflower River intentional community](#). Kat's work primarily addresses the interstices of human relationships and the natural world. She has one book, *The Bones of This Land*, available [here](#), and another book forthcoming in March 2020 from *Swimming with Elephants Publications*. Her work can be read [here](#), and more about her can be found on [her Patreon](#).

**Andrea Heine** is a poet, essayist, and 35mm photographer. She studied English at Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, before joining the poetry open mic scene in Chicago. She currently lives in Los Angeles. She may be found on Instagram at [@andreaheine\\_](#)

**CL Johnson** is a poet and musician from Brooklyn Park, MN, who currently lives and works as a PhD candidate at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton, NB. Their first chapbook, "culminate/knot," was released by Anstruther Press in 2019. Follow CL on Instagram and Spotify [@obsirables](#).

**Dr. Sreekanth Kopuri** is an Indian English poet from Machilipatnam. He is the author of two books of poetry, *Poems of the Void & The Shadows*. He is the recipient of the Best Researcher Award for 2019 from ITS Foundation, and JK International Award from JK Foundation from India for his Research contributions to Indian English Poetry. He has recited his poetry and presented research papers in



many reputed universities like University of Oxford (UK), John Hopkins University (USA), Heinrich Heine University (Germany), Banja Luka University (Bosnia), University of Caen (France), University of Gdansk (Poland), Jagiellonian University (Poland), and Wilkes University (USA). His poems have been published in *The Heartland Review*, *A New Ulster*, *Word Fountain*, *Ann Arbor Review*, *Scryptic Magazine*, and in anthologies *A Flood of Contentment*, *Land & Territory and Dementia Anthology* (USA) and elsewhere. Kopuri is a Professor of English in Vasavi College, Machilipatnam. dividing his time between teaching and creative writing.

**Elsa Korneti** (1969) is a Greek poet and essayist. She has published eight books of poetry, one of translations and one of essays, while she has translated from English, German, Italian and Spanish significant poetry works. Two of her poetry collections have been distinguished as shortlisted, nominated for the National Award of Poetry. Her poems, short stories, book reviews, essays and translations have appeared in numerous domestic well-known literary magazines. Her poetry has been translated into several languages and is also featured in various foreign anthologies and magazines. Read a recent article about her [here](#).

**paulie lipman** is a jewish queer poet, performer, and novelist out of Denver, CO by way of too many damn places. a two time national poetry slam finalist, their work has appeared in *The Emerson Review*, *Prisma: Zeitblatt Fur Text & Sprache* (Germany), and *Protimluv* (Czech Republic). they are the author of the poetry collections “from below/denied the light” and “sad bastard soundtrack: songs of faith and distortion” (Swimming With Elephants Publications) [paulielipman.com](http://paulielipman.com)

**Rachel Mayes** is an in-house digital media designer and freelance graphic designer based in Reading, UK. Whilst not working on commercial projects both local and international she can be found exploring a wide range of media from screen printing to glass work and anything else she can get her hands on. Typography has often been at the forefront of Rachel's interest, experimenting with form to create impact. When not intently staring at a computer screen with headphones blaring you can often find her somewhere across the globe with a random pet in her arms or looking for the next best, worst straight-to-DVD movie on Netflix. Her commercial portfolio can be found at [www.designbymayes.com](http://www.designbymayes.com)

**tanner menard** is a Q2S, non-binary poet & composer whose work embodies their Creole/Acadian/NDN lineage. Poems are their method of survival, a linguistic medicine of ambiguity which is certain that love prevails. As a composer of experimental music, menard has been published & anthologized internationally on labels such as *Full Spectrum Records*, *Rural Colours*, *Tokyo Droning*, *Install*, *Slow Flow Rec*, *H.L.M.*, *Archaic Horizon*, *Kafua Records* & *Milieu Music*. Their recent album/chapbook collaboration with Andrew Weathers was published on *Full Spectrum Records*. menard's poetry & essays have been published in *The Squawkback*, *Rabbit & Rose*, *Cloudthroat*, *The University of Arizona Poetry Center Blog*, *Red Ink Magazine* & *The Mockingheart Review*, *American*

*Indian Culture and Research Journal at UCLA & The Wire Magazine*. Their poem ‘see eye my memory my’ was nominated for a Pushcart Prize by Cloudthroat. menard is a member of the Atakapa-Ishak Nation of Southwest Louisiana & Southeast Texas & resides in Tempe, AZ.

**Ivan Peledov** lives in Colorado. He loves to travel and to forget the places he has visited. He has been recently published in *Truly U Review*, *Pif Magazine*, *The Verse of Silence*, and *Existential Ponders*.

**Kushal Poddar** has edited the online magazine *Words Surfacing*. Additionally, his work has been included in *Spare Change Press*, *Ripple Effect Publishing*, *BRP*, *Barbara Maat*, and more. He has multiple books, including *Kleptomaniac’s Book of Unoriginal Poems* (BRP, Australia), *Eternity Restoration Project- Selected and New Poems* (Hawakal Publishers, India) and *Herding My Thoughts To The Slaughterhouse-A Prequel* (Alien Buddha Press). He can be found [here](#) and on Twitter @Kushalpoe.

**Dani Putney** (they/them) is a queer, non-binary, Asian American poet exploring the West. They’re often lost in the kaleidoscope of their intersectional identity. Most recently, their work appears or is forthcoming in *Cold Mountain Review*, *Foothill*, *Lockjaw Magazine*, *Noble / Gas Qtrly*, and *Thin Air Online*, among other publications. Presently, they’re infiltrating a small conservative town full of cowboys in the middle of the Nevada desert. You can find them on Twitter @01000100\_Putney.

A native New Yorker, **James Penha** has lived for the past quarter-century in Indonesia. Nominated for Pushcart Prizes in fiction and poetry, his verse appeared in 2019 in [Headcase: LGBTQ Writers & Artists on Mental Health and Wellness](#) (Oxford UP), [Lovejets: queer male poets on 200 years of Walt Whitman](#) (Squares and Rebels), and [What Remains: The Many Ways We Say Goodbye](#) (Gelles-Cole). His essays have appeared in [The New York Daily News](#) and [The New York Times](#). Penha edits [The New Verse News](#), an online journal of current-events poetry. Twitter: [@JamesPenha](#)

**Margarita Serafimova** was a finalist for the Christopher Smart Prize 2019, Erbacce Press Prize 2019 and 2018, Summer Literary Seminars 2018 and 2019, Hammond House Prize 2018, Red Wheelbarrow Prize 2018, Montreal Prize 2017. She has three collections in Bulgarian. Her work appears in *LIT*, *Agenda Poetry*, *Poetry South*, *London Grip*, *Waxwing*, *A-Minor*, *Trafika Europe*, *Noble/Gas*, *Obra/ Artifact*, *Great Weather for Media*, *Origins*, *Nixes Mate*, *Writing Disorder*, *Orbis*, and more. Click [here for more information](#).

**Hibah Shabkhez** is a writer of the half-yo literary tradition, an erratic language-learning enthusiast, a teacher of French as a foreign language and a happily eccentric blogger from Lahore, Pakistan. Her work has previously appeared in *Petrichor*, *Remembered Arts*, *Rigorous*, *Lunate*, *With Painted Words*, *The Dawntreader* and a number of other literary magazines. Studying life, languages and literature from a comparative perspective across linguistic and cultural boundaries holds a particular fascination

for her. Find her [blog here](#), follow her on Twitter @hibahshabkhez and on Instagram @shabkhez\_hibah.

**Ellora Sutton**, 22, is a Creative Writing MA student from Hampshire, UK, where she works in a small, bookish museum. Her work has been published in *Royal Rose*, *Poetry Birmingham Literary Journal*, *The Cardiff Review*, and *The Hellebore and Poetry News*, among others. Her debut chapbook, *All the Shades of Grief*, is forthcoming from Nightingale & Sparrow in 2020, and she won the 2019 Hampshire Prize. Her obsessions include Pre-Raphaelite art and the novels of Jane Austen. She tweets @ellora\_sutton.

**Josslyn Turner** lives in the Central Valley of California. She is a trans queer poet, writer, and abstract artist. She is studying English Literature at Modesto Junior College. She's working toward a degree in English and plans to apply to an MFA program in poetry. You can find her poems in *Journal Nine*, *Oyster River Pages*, *South 85*, *Voice of Eve*, and elsewhere. She's currently working on a verse novel about a trans high school student. When not writing, she enjoys painting, reading, and hanging out with her two sons. Her Twitter handle is @JossTurnerPoet

**Vivian Wagner** lives in New Concord, Ohio, where she's an associate professor of English at Muskingum University. She's the author of a memoir, *Fiddle: One Woman, Four Strings, and 8,000 Miles of Music* (Citadel-Kensington); a full-length poetry collection, *Raising* (Clare Songbirds Publishing House); and three poetry chapbooks: *The Village* (Aldrich Press-Kelsay Books), *Making* (Origami Poems Project), and *Curiosities* (Unsolicited Press).

**Patricia Walsh** was born and raised in the parish of Mourneabbey, Co Cork, Ireland. To date, she has published one novel, titled *The Quest for Lost Eire*, in 2014, and has published one collection of poetry, titled *Continuity Errors*, with Lapwing Publications in 2010. She has since been published in a variety of print and online journals. These include: *The Lake*; *Seventh Quarry Press*; *Marble Journal*; *New Binary Press*; *Stanzas*; *Crossways*; *Ygdrasil*; *Seventh Quarry*; *The Fractured Nuance*; *Revival Magazine*; *Ink Sweat and Tears*; *Drunk Monkeys*; *Hesterglock Press*; *Linnet's Wing*, *Narrator International*, *The Galway Review*; *Poethead* and *The Evening Echo*.

Lorraine Caputo  
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Rachel Mayes  
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Sreekanth Kopuri  
Carolyn Adams  
Andrea Heine  
Geula Geurts  
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Beverly M. Collins  
Alex C. Eisenberg  
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Cynthia Anderson  
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Zach Groesbeck  
CL Johnson  
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