

ART BY GULIZ MUTLU



# POOR YORICK

Rediscovery  
Spring 2023



## A Letter from the Editor:

Dear Reader,

I am so delighted and grateful that you've chosen to spend part of your day with Poor Yorick. Our journal was founded on the idea of rediscovery. That's why it's the title of this issue! Not every piece published directly reflects that theme, but all of them resonate with us, and we hope they'll resonate with you as well.

This issue in and of itself is a kind of rediscovery, a revitalization of Poor Yorick Journal after a pandemic-induced hiatus. I think a lot of us are rediscovering ourselves these days. Living through a global pandemic changes things, that's unavoidable. But we get to choose how we move forward. One of the things that gets me through tough times is art. Art also entertains me on good days. There is never a bad time to engage with storytelling, in all its various forms. Prose, poetry, visual art: all these mediums exist within this issue and on our website, where you can also find film and audio pieces.

I hope you'll enjoy Rediscovery! I also hope you'll read a bit about our contributing artists in their bios at the end, so you can support their work beyond these pages. This issue would not exist without their talent and patience. It also wouldn't exist without our editorial team, the WestConn IT department, and our advisor Anthony D'Aries. Most of all, this issue wouldn't exist without you, the reader. I am a big believer that part of the artistic process is sharing your work with an audience. Thank you for being our audience! We are so happy you're here.

Sincerely,  
Adrienne Rozells (Poor Yorick EIC)

**A special thank you to the Poor Yorick team:**

Morgan Cairns, Cameron Phillips, Clare Pasley, Kayla Bassingthwaite, Sophia Caselnova

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Art by Guliz Mutlu

## *Cement Tombs*

by James Piatt

A ghost, (we knew him well)  
searching for reasons for its  
nonexistence, could not find its body,

and refusing to accept the actuality of  
death, left the city's abandoned  
cemetery searching for a  
nonexistent reality

in the ashes of unreason,  
in a place where humans  
roamed in the absurdity of  
fading lucidity.

It watched the fading hours  
through broken windows  
laced with old images of bones  
and flesh,

it heard the moon frown, and smelled  
its coldness, while it ran through the  
hours of another dark day.

It roamed the forgotten alleys in the city's  
homeless-filled ghettos, watching those  
waiting in hopelessness for death,

it eschewed the pine box filled with  
cushions and yesterday's aromas, as it  
wandered the dark, and lonely paths of  
lifelessness,

but it eventually, after giving up the search,  
slept in its coffin along with bones, and  
dried flesh, but never accepted dying, even  
as it knew itself to be bodiless.



Art by Rachel Coyne



*Orchard*  
by Will Cordeiro

Past drumlin hills, chill  
light fell through my hair.  
We drove for miles, mild  
air redolent with leaves  
going tumbling. Wind  
shivered, settled. I licked

off sugar. We walked  
the orchard. Reaching up,  
I picked a ripe one from  
the top-most branch—  
swiped that fullest apple  
while its limb's aslant.

You bit the blushing  
skin to seeded core.  
Ate the whole before  
we weighed the bushel,  
scant sticky mess stuck  
on my fingers still.

A windfall moldering,  
we drove backcountry  
roads, then pulled off  
on the shoulder. Held  
hands & stumbled on  
a fallow stubble field.

Cloudbanks buckled  
shadows over us &  
one leaf fell. Knuckled  
closer, bedded down,  
I let the ants discover  
each hollow of me.



*Midnight at the Mill*

by Rikki Santer

*(anonymous artist engraving of historic Lanterman's Mill in Youngstown, Ohio found during renovation)*

Blessed be nameless hands that speak,  
etching myth through time.  
Chiaroscuro charmstone,  
map of waterfall's light,  
echo chamber  
gently lifted  
from ash and dust—  
its milky fire of night sky,  
luminous mists,  
full moon's canticle  
for a grinding house  
with manna shower  
of buckwheat and corn.

Is that Dante nodding  
from deep shadows?  
Gustave Dore whispering  
in the pulse of vigil?  
Blessed be a lost engraver  
who freeze-framed  
alpha & omega—  
our holy cinematographer's  
claim to fame.

Art by Rachel Coyne



*The Wash***by James Croal Jackson**

Where I want to be isn't your  
arms or the indefinite clouds  
suspended above. The dreams  
I have been having pull me  
from every angle: the isosceles  
of Cleveland, a poem referring  
to the biblical Ruth, sex with  
friends I wake from all fogged.  
Last year I wanted everything  
from the sun. Now it reflects  
off the plastic bottle melting  
my chocolate chip cookie on  
mahogany—could be the name  
of a river, but I am equally  
unsettled, rippling forth  
through the landscapes  
I wish one day to flood.



Art by Edward Supranowicz



*The Silt Creature***by Kimberly Silva**

A creature is discovered living on the ocean floor in the deepest bowels of the sea. That creature, something's creation, is about one hundred million years old. It's crocodilian, long as a hearse, easy life, easy life. Lying, mostly lying in the soft silty muck in the darkness, all sounds muted, everything slow, nothing personal. Then one day from the surface of the water a moon of light prowls around on the misty floor. It roams from spot to spot. The creature sinks deeper into the muck, too surprised to back up into his cavern. The spotlight lands on him. Divers come. They make a loop of chains, attach a big hook. He's going somewhere things are moving. He's reeled up upupupup out of the water. He's hauled over the edge of the boat. He's stretched out on the dripping floor. He's measured, photographed, weighed. He squints into the sun the noise the haste the hysteria.

The color of his ancient head is troubled turquoise; there is no color like it on land. But, it will soon become well known. Pantone has chosen to use it as their paint color of the year, in spite of the marketing challenges it faces due to the gloomy nature of the name "Troubled Turquoise." With much fanfare, publicity and marketing; including the creature having to endure baffling interviews, questions of things he'd never really thought about. What was his favorite kind of fish to eat, and has he ever had sex? And if so, could he describe it? The creature maintains his composure, he is witty, and modest as well. The public loves him. Whenever he steps out of a limo, his fans steal his soul by taking lots of pics. His handlers wear dark glasses. To them, he says, "If I'm going to live on land, I'd like to at least have my things with me, my souvenirs that are probably still in my rock in the depths of the sea."

The divers go back down in the watery lair of the former home of the creature. They find his rock. They poke around inside the hole. Again with hooks and chains, they haul up the objects they've found. They bring them to the creature's spacious sunlit hotel suite where he lies in bed, remote by his side, watching cable, partaking of a room service breakfast; continental; roll, fruit, yogurt.

The divers with their flippers and wet suits slap their way over to the nightstand beside the creature. They unload their haul. The carpet darkens with water. The room fills with the smell of brine, of fish, of seaweed. The creature swings his hind legs out from beneath the white comforter and places both clawed feet on the carpet. He gazes at the pile of assemblages made of various pieces of items that drifted to the ocean floor. Objects he fastened together with great care and concentration.

He points to one, says, "This is the ribcage of a waitress. She must have drowned while on vacation. It drifted down before me like a summons. Several days later, another object drifted down as well. A possum's tail—completely whole. I connected it to the coccyx of the waitress's spine. As you can see, it now trails off of her parts quite elegantly. Together, they create a single entity—the hairs on the possum's tail echo the delicate ribs of the waitress." With that, he started to cry.

*Illumination*  
by Craig Shay

The angel returns from a place  
which has been boarded up by the city.

The angel walks with the light of imagination  
burning through the storms  
through the torture  
and through the songs of war.

It was flickering dimly  
for so long  
we thought it was gone.

But it was in the attic,  
in a calfskin briefcase  
left over from the Depression.

Then it ended up  
in the breast pocket  
of a gray raincoat  
in the closet  
where it was found alive  
and thirsty.

What do we give it to eat?  
What would it like to drink?  
What to do with all this illumination?

The angel leaves at midnight  
in a downpour of neglect.

The angel of death  
returns  
with water  
avec de l'eau.

*The Final Poem*  
by Craig Shay

Once I saw the whole world was on fire  
and I tried to put out all the flames with my tiny handfuls of water,  
until I remembered I was the whole ocean  
and could have put the fires out whenever I chose.  
It is the part about apprehending this, what I really was,  
which took so many wasted years of pain and solitude to discover.



Art by Edward Supranowicz

*The Empathetic Man**by John Grey*

Night after night, your body's presence bolsters mine.  
But in the fall sky, I see flocks leave, and lapse into loneliness.  
Like in my childhood, when a dog was hit by a car,  
I felt the loss, even though I never had a dog.

First snow is precursor to the ache of a man apart.  
So, I feel for the mallards on the icy pond.  
And squirrels that forage in the hardbound earth.  
Or the apples that fall and are never eaten.

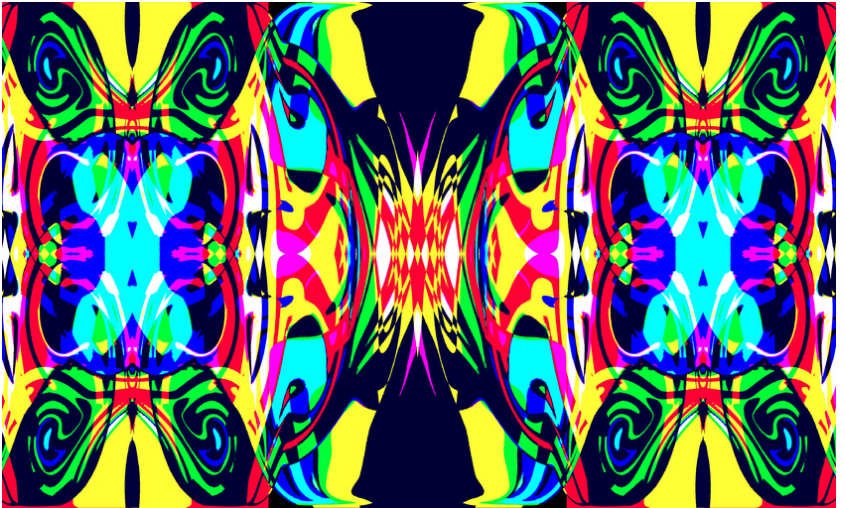
I take too hard these debilitating proxies:  
the crystallized spider's web,  
even the coyote, as scrawny as it's ever been,  
as ragged as the half-drowned cat that I also pity.

In bed, though I hear your breath, I cannot imagine spring.  
Not when the dim blue oak in the window is leafless.  
And sleet pings against the glass like arrows.  
And the wind whips the bare back of the air.

I may be in here and warm but something is out there and cold.  
Therefore, I am out there. And I am cold.  
And I look up at this house, thinking, "If only...if only..."  
If only I was where I am. If only I was with the one I'm here beside.



Art by Edward Supranowicz



*The Gawker**by Scott Pedersen**Paris, 1900*

Gisele flinched, annoyed that Colette had slapped her newspaper, and then leaned forward to rest her elbows on the small café table. “What is it now?”

“Do you see?” said Colette, turning the paper. “An officer of the Sûreté has pulled the body of a man from the Seine. There is no identification. Intriguing, no?”

“Colette, my dear friend, I thought you were finished with this morbid interest of yours. I do not share your predilection for gawking.”

“It is not a morbid interest but rather a public service. They ask for help from the public on these occasions. Perhaps this man is an acquaintance of mine.”

Gisele frowned. “Be realistic, Colette. What is the probability you would recognize this man? Do you have a single acquaintance who is missing?”

“No, but it is only nine in the morning. Any number of my acquaintances could be found floating in the river by noon. Many of them engage in sordid pursuits! Believe me, you do not want to hear about it.”

Gisele sipped her coffee. “Yes, I have always appreciated your sparing me the details.”

“Take Victor Dubois, for example,” said Colette. “Have you ever left his shop believing you were charged a fair price? He is as much a thief as the shadowy figures prowling along Rue du Plateau. He has many enemies.”

“I admit, I do not like him.”

“Madame Dubois may at this very minute be pleading with detectives for help in finding him.”

“Colette,” said Gisele, “can we not enjoy a little nourishment and peace this morning without stirring things up? I am entitled to some rest after a lifetime of cutting suits.”

Colette stood and motioned toward the door. “The fresh air will do you good. You don’t look well. Come, Gisele, the morgue is only two blocks from here. I could use the company.”

Unable to resist the pull of Colette’s impish grin, Gisele rose and took a last drink from her coffee mug. The two stepped outside and began to walk.

The city morgue opened early each morning, seven days a week, and closed at dusk. There was no entry fee, and from the main hallway a steady stream of the curious viewed corpses laid out on marble slabs behind a large window. Sometimes an identification was made, but most of the unknown remained so.

As Gisele and Colette entered the morgue, the smell of hot pavement and horses was replaced by a musty funk. Several people gazed through the glass in silence.

Colette turned away. "Gisele," she whispered, "is that not Madame Dubois?"

"Yes, I believe it is," said Gisele.

"What is she doing?"

"I believe she is crying. She holds a handkerchief to her face." Gisele tapped Colette's shoulder. "Why are you hiding yourself?"

"I can never face someone in mourning. I am at a loss for words."

"That I have never seen before. I should call her over just to experience it."

As Colette peeked around Gisele, a detective led Madame Dubois away. When they were out of sight, Gisele and Colette approached to view the body. "Well," said Colette, "at least the identification was made quickly."

"How do you know it was quick? I haven't seen Victor in a week."

"I only mean that surely he is the one who was just found in the river. Look, his clothes are still wet."

Gisele leaned in closer to the glass. "I see water dripped onto the floor. And that fine jacket of his—ruined!"

"Yes, it is a crime, considering that our patronage has paid for it."

Gisele straightened and sighed. "I don't know how you do it, Colette. I used to not believe in coincidences, yet here we are, mere minutes after you—"

"Yes, Gisele. Let's go."

The two walked out of the morgue and back into the bustle of foot traffic. "I have an idea," said Colette. "Let's go to my place. I will pick some tomatoes for you."

"Yes, let's. It is only your garden that is keeping me alive so long."

After walking a while in silence, the two rounded a corner onto Colette's street. Two police officers stood at Colette's front door in the middle of the block.

Gisele looked into Colette's eyes. "I cannot say I was without suspicion. But we have been friends for a very long time, and I know you to be a person without spite. I am sure there are reasons for whatever you do."

"You know me well, Gisele," said Colette.

"I suppose it was a business matter."

Colette nodded.

Gisele eyed Colette's diminutive figure. "Victor was such a large man. How did you manage?"

"Do you remember the shears you gave me?"

"Yes, their point was much too sharp. I kept snagging fabric."

"I always carry them with me. Do you wish to hear the details?"

Gisele shrugged. "Don't trouble yourself. But what shall we do now?"

Colette paced in a small circle. "Gisele," she said, "only you know of my uncle's villa in Spain where I like to spend the end of summer. If you were to be asked my whereabouts, could you fail to remember this place? Is that too much to ask of a friend?"

“No,” said Gisele, “that is not too much. My memory is not what it used to be.”

“Well, whose is?”

Colette peered warily in the direction of her house. “After nightfall, enter my home through the rear window.” She glanced at Gisele’s belly. “If you can manage.”

“I will bring something to stand on. So, the window is not locked?”

“Never. Help yourself to whatever you find.”

“I will find a way to share some of it with the widow Dubois.”

Colette smiled. “You are kind. With luck we will meet again.”

...



Art by Edward Supranowicz





*On Being a Ghost*  
by Kathryn de Leon

for Tony A.

I would enjoy being a ghost.

I wonder if there are different types of ghosts  
or if they are one size fits all.

I want to be the type that moves things  
like Patrick Swayze in the film "Ghost":  
push a penny up a door,  
write "boo" on a fogged-up mirror,  
let people know I'm there!

Enter rooms as white and dramatic  
as a locomotive's columned smoke,  
smear a friendly blur of my living self  
over cold, electrically-charged air.

In the dark shape of an ancient warrior  
I would join a rush of violent clouds  
in a heavenly stampede,  
move up and far away  
to stare back into the earth's perfect eyeball.

I would mix myself like white paint  
with the blood reds and blues of the cosmos,  
wander through surrealistic art galleries  
of nebulas and galaxies nodding my head.

But I shouldn't be dwelling  
on the possibilities of ghosthood just yet,  
not when decades filled with blood, flesh, and bone  
wait for me like packed larders,  
everything there for the taking.

*Pack Up Your Troubles**by Mark Arvid White*

“But England is full of ghosts!”

Stanton Bowles looked up from his careful placing of a long camera lens between the folds of a couple of shirts and some knitted socks. Before replying he was handed another pair of shirts which he pressed into place in the old suitcase on the far side of a second long lens. He reached for a third lens, glancing back up to his pouting daughter.

“I don’t have time for ghosts, Krista.”

“But Dad, I could look for them while you were off doing your picture stuff, and—”

“Krista,” said the girl’s mother, not looking at her while folding another shirt, “You’re too young to be gallivanting around London on your own looking for dead English people.”

“Ghosts, Mom, not the dead bodies, ewww. They’re in lots of castles and old creaky buildings. You could come too, you know, and take me to the haunted places.”

“Hand me those last two pairs of slacks, Em,” said Stanton. “For such a big thing you’d think this old case would have more room. I’m about ready to force her down though.”

“I wasn’t invited, Kris” said her mother as she handed off the pants, evoking a glance from Stanton. “And you know I can’t go. I have a full work week, you’ll be in school, and we’d have to get passports and the like. Your father’s plane leaves in just a few hours.”

“Double snap,” said Krista, flopping back onto the bed with her arms covering her face, her overhanging legs beating out a rhythm on the side of the bed.

“You know this is business, monkey, maybe next time.”

“Next time becomes next time,” said Krista from beneath her arms.

“Your father has to work, Krista,” said Em, folding a few unused clothes into a stack. “Mixing pleasure and business might make a mess.”

Stanton leaned over the 1920s jute suitcase, pressing his weight down upon the lid, finally getting each latch to snap into place. He ran his fingers over the tan fabric, examining the black leather trim and handle and brass hardware. He glanced at his wife who looked back with a wistful half-smile.

“I’ll just be gone a few days ... and do remember that it was your beloved Tigerpuff who sprayed all over my good lens case. Now I have to use this old thing from your Great Granduncle Alfie.”

Krista only muttered something beneath her arms. Tigerpuff the cat lay in the doorway to the bedroom, saying nothing in his own defense, as last minute doings were done in time for the afternoon flight to London.

The lights along the Thames at three in the morning dazzled enticingly as Stanton Bowles looked out towards South London. His smile turned into another yawn as he begrudgingly admitted to himself that the city's wonders would have to wait until later in the day. He closed the inner curtains and took off his traveling clothes, hanging them in a closet and yawning again. The open suitcase lay in a corner of the room next to his black camera bag. The effort to simply lift out a pair of slacks and a shirt for the morning brought on yet another yawn and he shook his head.

"Okay, okay, you win. Sleep it is."

Stanton pulled back the covers and slid into bed, thinking for a moment about the day's events and making plans for the next. His room at the Royal Horseguards Hotel was still somewhat visible in the partial-light through white curtains, the stately brown oak desk and chairs settling into a muddy grey. All was still. He could just make out sounds from another room, someone's TV beating out a martial tune as if from some old war documentary. He tried to make out what it was for a moment, sleepy eyes drifting the room to black, then grey again.

The white curtain was rustled by a sudden breeze. He blinked. The window was closed. There, the curtain moved again. A sudden light entered the room, moving along the wall by the luggage, stretching and distorting shadows like the beams of a passing car. The light passed to the right side of the wall, hovering there, swirling into a glowing dust which became more and more like the shape of a man.

Stanton sat bolt upright, heart now pounding in his chest as he strained his eyes in the near darkness, hand outstretched to his side and fumbling with the knob on a table lamp. The man-shape gained more detail: something like hands; the semblance of clothes; a forming face ... Were those eyes looking for him? Stanton gasped as his fingers tightened on the knob and a click burst full light into the room. The man-shape stared at him, mouth opening as if to speak.

"No!" shouted Stanton. Feet kicking beneath the covers, he backed up against the headboard. The man-shape before him quivered and shimmered. Dissolving into a faint light, it moved along the wall where the curtain rustled. All was still. In an instant Stanton's hand was upon the desk phone.

"I need a manager to room 202. Now!"

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Despite Stanton's objections to the contrary, the manager on duty that night assured him that the Royal Horseguards was not known for ghostly inhabitants. Stanton's belongings were quickly bundled and carted away to another room. An offer was made to help him settle in, but Stanton refused, later climbing into his bed with most of the lights on. At length he drifted into a not-so-restful sleep.

After breakfast the next morning Stanton convinced himself that the previous night was jetlag and he forwarded his apology to the mid-morning staff. "Krista and her nonsense," he mused, flopping the heavy suitcase onto the bed to begin properly unpacking, hanging up some clothes while folding others into the dresser drawers.

He had set his three large lenses to the side and was about to close the suitcase lid when he noticed that the inside bottom was somewhat warped. Curious, he moved his fingers along the rayon-lined interior, pressing down some along the bottom. He leaned closer, tilting his head to look along the edges, fingers now grasping at a small tab. It was a false bottom. He eagerly pulled on the tab, lifting the lined jute-board away.

Folded once along the true bottom of the case was a jacket. Stanton lifted it out carefully and stood up, holding the jacket out by its shoulders to see. He wasn't an expert on martial matters, but he could tell that this was certainly a military jacket of some sort. It was dark khaki with close-cropped epaulets and five large buttons descending from neck to waist. What he believed to be a corporal's two-bar chevron decorated each sleeve, and there were several medals pinned above the left breast pocket.

"Wow," said Stanton, turning the jacket this way and that. "This must have been Uncle Alfie's."

The morning sun glinted off something else in the suitcase. Stanton laid the jacket down on the bed and reached inside the case, pulling free a small object. It was a painted wooden figurine of a springing tiger. One rear paw was missing, while the other was attached to some sort of base, which also appeared to have been broken off from another piece. The tiger seemed to shimmer as he turned it in its fingers. He pulled it closer, drawn in by its bright yellow eyes. Suddenly the desk phone rang and he almost dropped the wooden cat.

"Mr. Bowles," said the voice on the phone. "Your ride to Buckingham Palace is here."

"Oh, that's quick," replied Stanton, shoving the figurine into his jacket pocket. "Tell them I'll be right down."

He left the jacket lying on the bed. In a few minutes he had gathered his cameras and lenses, snatched his folding tripod and was out the door.

Blue skies with fluffy clouds were expected all day and, by noon, Stanton was in his groove. The travel journal that was partially paying for this excursion had set the itinerary: Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey to the Palace of Westminster. The Buckingham shoot had gone off with clockwork precision, from the Victoria Memorial to the Changing of the Guard. Each roll of film was pocketed and marked, along with a few categorizing images captured on his digital camera. Now Stanton stood outside Westminster Abbey, ignoring the crowds of tourists, staring up with admiration at the twin towers of the western façade. With camera mounted to tripod awaiting his first shot, he scanned through his digital images, a frown spreading across his face. Every image from Buckingham now had a small white blur, sometimes on the left, sometimes on the right.

"Great," he said, shaking his head. "Now what's wrong with this thing?"

He shrugged and began concentrating on the task at hand, soon clicking frame after frame of the centuries-old church. As he unscrewed his largest lens, getting set to take a few shots of the church doors, something fell from his jacket pocket and clattered on the pavement. It was the wooden tiger he had discovered in the false bottom of the jute suitcase. Reaching down, he picked it up into his hand.

Instantly, Stanton heard a ringing in his ears, as if the reverberation of a great bell. He looked up at the high church, but nothing had sounded from there. He faintly heard another sound like that of marching feet. He turned his gaze to each accessing road, expecting to see the approach of a marching band, but there was only the regular flow of cars and strolling tourists. The ringing in his ears faded, but something was still there, not a sound so much as a feeling. His senses were muted and then strangely heightened. His view of the church blurred somewhat and then cleared. He could feel the wooden tiger in his fingers and he lifted it towards his face. Its yellow eyes burned brightly and he breathed in the scent of wood and smoke, a taste in his mouth of metal and dirt and blood.

He spat on the ground, wiping his mouth on his sleeve, staring at the tiger in his hand. A feeling was forming in his mind, like an urge that he should satisfy. He began to gather his gear, strapping things over his shoulder as he reached for his cell.

“Hello, Jack? Yes, this is Stanton. I won’t need you for the rest of the day. Yes, something has come up.” Pocketing the phone, Stanton grabbed his tripod and began walking towards the entrance of the church.

...

Stanton’s head tilted back to take in the immense arch-supported expanse of the church’s interior. Scores of visitors milled about, marveling at the architecture or searching the floor markers and alcoves for the many kings, poets, scientists, and queens interred within the boundaries of its gothic frame. Stanton was not sure what had pulled him into the church, but he immediately moved a short distance from the doors and stopped, looking down at a black marble stone ringed with red poppies and guarded by four tall candles. An inscription was carved into the stone, and he softly spoke the words: “Beneath this stone rests the body of a British warrior ... “

He knew that this was the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior, where rested one of many thousands of nameless British dead, pulled from a battlefield in France to rest here in honor. There were four other lines along the sides of the stone, and Stanton’s gaze focused on one:

“Unknown and yet well known, dying and behold we live.”

He could feel the figurine now, warm in his fingers, and a sense in his mind not unlike that of a child tugging at his sleeve to go elsewhere. Led by something unknown, Stanton quickly marched from the hallowed grounds of Westminster Abbey into the bright sunlight, soon making his way along Whitehall, back towards his hotel.

The ringing in Stanton's ears had returned, though it was distant, almost veiled by the street sounds along Whitehall. The ringing began to change, becoming more defined. He could make out the sound of voices singing, though he was not sure of the tune. Just ahead something loomed between the lanes of traffic. It was a tall block of stone, larger at the base and tapering at the top. Flags stood at rest along its sides, and a wreath of stone was placed high. Just above the base was an inscription: "The Glorious Dead." Stanton somehow knew that this monument was placed for the fallen of the Empire and he paused, the wooden tiger in his hand nearly hot, and he could now discern a half-dozen voices singing a song he had heard before, a song from a distant time of war: "Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile." He shoved the warm figurine back into his jacket pocket and pulled out his cell.

"Hi, Stan, what's up?"

"Hey, Em, look, this might sound odd, but ... what can you tell me about Alfie?"

"Not 'how are you, Emily? How is my daughter?'"

"Yes, that too, of course, just, well, something is going on here.

"Oh ... are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. I'll tell you more later on. But what do you know about Alfie?"

"Not a lot. He's a Dyson, from my mom's side. He was in the war and –

"First World War, right?"

"Yes, and was wounded. He moved here and stayed with my mom's dad; visited Saratoga Springs to see if that would help his wounds. I guess he was in pain a lot."

"Wounds, as in bombs?"

"Fire damage, I think. And poison gas ... Stan, what's this all about?"

"I found his jacket, you know, for his uniform. It was in a false bottom in that old suitcase."

"Oh, really? Mom used to say that Alfie didn't like the States. He wanted to go back to England but the doctors kept him here. He died in the 1920s or so."

"Did she mention a tiger? A little wooden thing, really?"

"A tiger? Stanton, what is going on there? Are you drinking? If you are –"

"No, Em, I'm not. Look, it's all weird, but I'm fine. It's just something I'm going to sort out. I'll let you know later. And tell Krista ... well, I'll tell her later. I have to go. Bye."

Stanton set down his phone and leaned closer to the computer monitor at the terminal in the Royal Horseguards lobby, scanning through enlarged versions of the digital images he had taken earlier in the day at Buckingham Palace. Every shot had a white blur that was not there when he had taken the pictures.

"A blur doesn't mean a thing, it's just—"

There. On one of his last shots the smudge had a bit of color, and ... something of a shape? He cropped and expanded again, eliminating some colors, photo-shopping, enhancing tone. He stared, open mouthed.

"Oh, my God."

In front of the image of the Victoria Memorial, just to the left of the suffering girl portion of the statue of Justice, the white blur had given way to the uniformed shoulder and arm of a military figure. It was the dark khaki jacket of a corporal in the British Army, just like the jacket lying on his bed upstairs.

He could feel the tugging again, something wanting him to go back to his room. He pressed fingers against his pocket, feeling the rough shape of the wooden tiger there.

“No,” he said, placing hands again to the computer keys. “There are things I have to know.”

...

Two hours later Stanton attached a hanger to the jacket from his bed, carefully placing it on an outside hook on the closet door. He set the tiger figurine nearby on a corner of the desk.

The television was off and the sounds of London were quieting through the closed windows and curtains. He sat on the edge of the bed, a dozen pages gleaned from Internet websites spread out on the cover to his side: The British 2nd Army; The Battle of Loos; Alfred “Alfie” Dyson; gas attacks; war cats; failed assaults. He took a deep breath.

“What is it you want, Alfie?”

He stared at the jacket then looked at the figurine. He wasn’t sure what he was doing. Would a curtain move? Would the figurine spring to life? He swallowed hard, listening for any sound that might be unusual. There was nothing.

“Maybe it’s the light ...”

He rolled halfway over on the bed, stretching to turn out the desk lamp. Sitting upright again he gasped, backing up to the headboard and staring wide-eyed in the low light. A man stood at the foot of the bed, clothed in the garb of a World War One soldier, one arm held down at his side with the appearance of uselessness. The man had his head turned towards the spread of images upon the bed. An unearthly glow accompanied him, and Stanton could see his own reflection in the television screen across the room, like looking through the flesh of a jellyfish.

Stanton tried to remain calm but the man’s head turned, locking hollow eyes with his own. The face was deeply scarred, seared by chemicals and flame. Stanton caught a whiff of fire and soiled flesh, of gangrene and man-made death. The naked lips pursed and Stanton shook his head, hoping that the ghastly thing before him would not speak.

“Sh ...show me,” whispered Stanton.

The glowing man slowly raised an arm, a single bent finger pointing at Stanton. Suddenly the arm fell, and the finger settled on one paper on the bed. In an instant the man was gone. Stanton fumbled with the light switch, casting light into the room. He picked up the paper and began to read.

...

The next day, late in the afternoon, Stanton walked down a hall of the British War Museum, the curator talking at his side.

“... The press had dubbed Alfie and his squad “The Indomitable Cats,” for their amazing actions at Ypres. The five of them were inseparable. Bobby Cole, the youngest, was the one that carved the piece with the springing leopard, lion, cheetah, and jaguar. Only the tiger was missing all this time. We had no way of knowing what had happened to Alfie Dyson. Our modelers will affix that tiger piece soon enough. Ah, here we are: the Indomitable Cats display.”

They had reached a tall glass case in which had been placed several military items, including rifles, helmets, bayonets, canteens, trench spades and garments, and the photos of five young warriors. Recently added to the mix was a corporal’s jacket. At the center front of the display was a wooden carving with four springing cats, and a broken place where another should be.

“Oh,” said the curator, reaching into his pocket. “I did find that card for Mr. Jeffries of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. He would be the one to talk to about reburials.”

Stanton nodded, taking the card and shaking the curator’s hand. He watched him walk away and then returned his gaze to the display, carefully examining every item. He knew now that Alfie had wanted so desperately to return to his mates, his family in arms, and that not even death would prevent him. How can there be a more important thing than such bonds that we form?

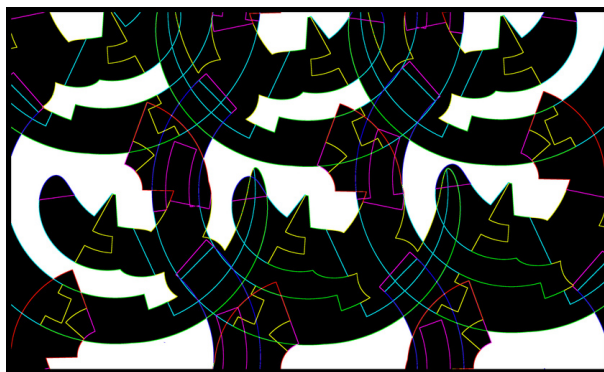
Stanton pulled the cell phone from his pocket, placing a call to America.

“Hello, Em? It’s me. Yeah, I’m good. I want you to think about this, Sweetie. See if you can get next week off, and come over here. Yeah, I know. But I miss you. I miss Krista. We’ll work it out. Tell her she was right. Tell her we’ll go find all the ghosts she wants. I love you both.”

As Stanton placed the phone back in his pocket and started to turn towards the exit, he noticed four lights that were shining their beams into the glass. For an instant, whether it was his tired eyes, or the play of reflections, or something else altogether, it seemed that a fifth light had joined the others.

“Welcome home, Alfie,” he said. “Welcome home.”

...



Art by Edward Supranowicz





Art by Rachel Coyne

*Concerning Astronomy*  
by Mark J. Mitchell

Jupiter hangs just below  
a curl of moon.

An orange star  
rides close to the horn.

Some take these for signs.

From where we stand  
planets are wanderers

and stars dance  
in a night sky.

The moon donates tempo  
with her swelling and fading.

When they look this way  
from somewhere near Titan

I wonder

what gods those stargazers  
will name after us.

*The Great Law*  
by Sherin Bual

I.

The law had always been so and was deemed right by the citizens of Solacio. Death and dying had no place there. Only life would permeate the whitewashed streets and well-preserved buildings and monuments. Only life would perfume the pristine air that all citizens would breathe deeply into their lungs to know that they were vital and healthy. For this was The Great Law: *Only life*. Any semblance of mortality was a threat to the manifesto, and each individual's daily mission was to ensure that death, along with its portents and shadows, were banished within the boundaries of Solacio.

But before you label them shallow and provincial people, one thing should be mentioned: the moribund, the elderly, and the terminally ill were ferried to a paradisiacal island nearby, where they resided with dignity amongst diligent caretakers in a state-of-the-art glass tower overlooking a spectacular pleasure garden; and, most importantly, the vast and majestic ocean, whose constant return to the shore was as life-affirming as any reminder on Solacio.

Here, there was only one restriction: no contact was allowed between the islanders and the citizens of Solacio. Indeed, no resident of Solacio had ever seen the island or heard from anyone therein. It was an arrangement cloaked in secrecy. But The Great Law, and its bylaws, had always been so, and the citizens knew the greatness of Solacio depended on them.

Each person did everything necessary to uphold and protect The Great Law: doctors made daily, preventative house calls; food and drink were apportioned by bodily requirement; regular, rigorous exercise was mandated; and so on. The only trouble lay in accidental deaths, murders, and suicides. These unpredictable nuisances were dealt with swiftly by appropriate authorities who ensured the bodies were disposed of inconspicuously, while witnesses and family members were hypnotized to repress any memories of the event or the deceased.

Still, there was often a wildness that flashed across glazed eyes and glinting smiles, as if madness were a hair's breadth away; a madness born from the boredom of an insulated existence and perhaps, in rare cases, was the midwife of sanity. Only the ultra-sane could perceive this subliminal madness. These were the few who had broken through the programming.

II.

Aidan had lived an uneventful eighteen years in Solacio. The sameness of his surroundings had left him nostalgic for a place he somehow knew but had never seen. He wanted answers to the questions that had ripened within him over the years, heavy, like the exotic, juicy mangoes known to grow on the island: What was on the other side of life? What was this unseen paradise in the ocean that swallowed up the old and sickly like a behemoth whale?

He asked his questions to family, friends, even strangers but they passed right through like ghosts. Their silence only stirred in him a tempest that grew in proportion to the neurotic ambivalence of his contented peers. *Stake life upon truth* became his sole mantra. He walked the streets of Solacio from end to end each evening after curfew, seeking for answers, the shape-shifting moon his only guiding light. But he always arrived at the shoreline, finding nothing. Only the ferry, docked at its terminal, awaiting its next departure.

Looking out into the unknowable and fathomless expanse of ocean one night, the clarity of his vision, the knowing full moon, the depths of the crashing tides both calmed and disquieted him. It was time.

### III.

As the tower clock chimed midnight, he was already stowed away on the outside deck of the ferry, crouched behind a towering pile of burlap sacks. The boat was operated by two gargantuan men with big hands and weathered faces; twins, who made weekly trips to the island to deliver both supplies and new arrivals. Cretinous in appearance and movement, they shuffled around the pier and deck, preparing to board the five passengers that night—three ailing octogenarians by wheelchair; a pale, slight boy of about seven; and a middle-aged woman with a shaven head. The ferry horn sounded over the boy's excited voice as he recounted to the woman tales told to him about the great white tigers that roamed freely in the pleasure garden. He had heard about paradise his whole life.

### IV.

Twenty minutes into the journey, the waves quickened, swaying the vessel from side to side. "It's time!" called out a twin, as he began shuffling towards the pile of burlap. Aidan braced himself: it was too late to make an escape.

The man jumped back, startled as he uncovered the crouching youth.

"I just had to know . . ." Aidan faltered as he stood up.

A faint smile appeared on the ferryman's face and he began a slow, throaty cackle. "Oh, I know all about ones like you. Come along every now and then. Problem is you're always only one . . . maybe two. What is one going to do against . . . the *many*?" With his last words, he made a grand, sweeping gesture towards Solacio.

The cabin door opened as a voice called out, "Ready when you are!"

"There's no island, is there?"

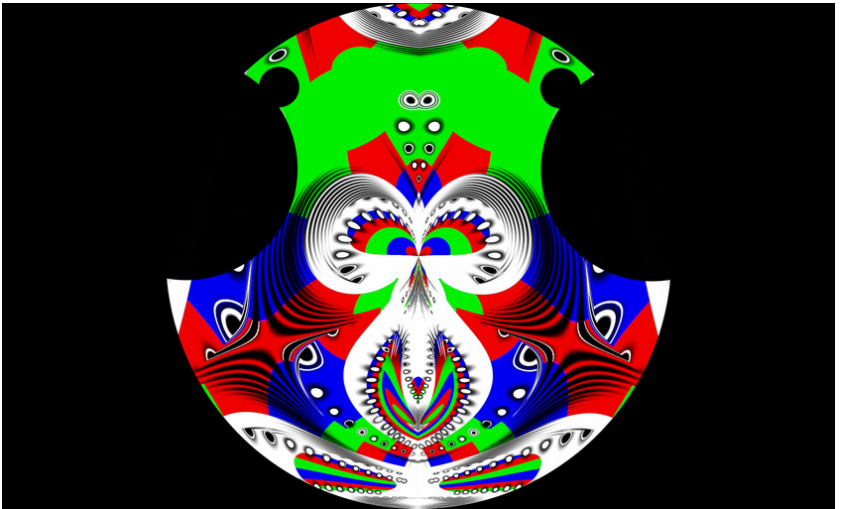
"Island? *This* is the island!" He stamped his foot. "The Great Law is a Great Lie, boy!" His flashlight acted as a spotlight on the young man: "Those are body bags." His eyes averted upwards to the pile of burlap behind Aidan. "They go in. And there'll be five less people on board this ferry." He paused. "Maybe six. Your choice: you join us and uphold the Law, or die with your . . . *truth*." His long chuckle broke into a heaving cough.

Aidan felt a sickly relief. Somewhere he had always known that *Only life* was a thinly-veiled veneer that could never compare with the ineffable beauty and mystery of Life. Death was Life's necessary and inseparable partner in this magnificent and temporal dance. Any attempt to pry them apart was as brutal and ugly as ripping the wings off a butterfly. Solacio and the island were no longer solid, distinct entities with rigid boundaries, lying worlds apart from one another: they were now integrated and embodied within him. Aidan felt complete. The mantra that had tormented him all his days and nights came to a halt.

As his bagged body hit the waves, he heard the shocked and pained screams of the woman and boy. Perhaps the elderly had already known The Great Lie and had surrendered to their fate. They had lived long enough to see a body part or two wash up on the shores of Solacio. They had lived long enough to know what truths beliefs hid.

The twins said not a word on the ferry ride back. They mused on their decision thirty years ago when they had departed on the same journey as Aidan. But they had chosen life. Or believed they had.

...



Art by Edward Supranowicz

*Overheard on Campus II*  
by Nathanael O'Reilly

a found poem

It's kind of amazing to learn  
what some people don't know.  
Like the other day I mentioned  
the word Enron to two freshmen  
and they had no idea  
what it referred to. At all.

Now, if a professor has tenure,  
that means they can't be fired.  
I'll call you back in twenty-five  
minutes when this class is over.  
I'm kind of over this week;  
I just need to get back.

I have no idea how I'm doing  
in that class. Her comments  
are always so vague. Also,  
the towel-rack broke,  
so I superglued it back  
together. We are soooo lucky.

This year, for Lent, I'm going  
to give up eating anything  
after eight o'clock at night.  
I got a hundred on my test!  
We got the exact same grade  
on the test again. I just study

an hour every day. That's enough.  
This is probably gonna sound  
kind of weird, but I'm thinking  
of running a lint brush  
gently through my hair.  
What do you think?

*A Wooden Box*  
by John Roche

The light cherry-tan color of the wooden box stuck in with the stack of blankets in her closet caught his eye.

“Te-Amo,” he saw in black lettering on the box, as if it were branded into the wood. Also embossed in black were the silhouettes of a bull and a matador. “Hechos A Mano” it said among other words in Spanish below the ring around the bull and its conqueror.

His father, long dead, never smoked cigars, and certainly his mother didn’t. Patrick lightly bounced the wooden box in both hands in front of him, trying to gauge the weight as a clue of what might be inside.

He fingered the small, brass latch that held the lid closed, then opened it. Memorial cards were strewn inside the box, one bunch stuck together with the broken remnants of a long-dried-out rubber band stuck to the pack. “Prayer cards,” he muttered, thinking of what his mother called them. Patrick looked up at a patch of peeling paint on the ceiling and remembered his mother’s voice. How many times she’d asked him to get a prayer card whenever he said he was going to a wake.

He set the cigar box down on her bed, which he had stripped earlier that morning. He wasn’t sure why, but taking the sheets and comforter off her bed was the first thing he did when he got to the house.

Patrick sat beside the box on the bare bed and began picking up the prayer cards, a few at a time, looking at each one by one, like a boy might do with his baseball card collection.

*All the wakes and funerals she went to, and there would be neither for his mother now,* Patrick thought. He wished there was someone with him to say that aloud to.

He quickly realized that these were the special prayer cards. Somewhere in her house he’d find a bigger box or bag filled with many, many more than were in this cigar box. A colored photo of the Virgin Mary, her delicate hand held up as if she were giving a blessing through the layer of plastic each card was encased in. On the back, Margaret Ryan, 1907-1992. His maternal grandmother. The “May the road rise to meet you...” prayer in italics below her name, and Castle Hill Funeral Home in very small letters at the bottom.

Patrick flipped through the cards, stopping to stare a bit at certain ones: his father’s, from nine years ago. His mother’s sister Agnes, although everyone called her “Nessie,” from the year Patrick graduated college. The gold-trimmed prayer card for Monsignor Vero, the longtime pastor of their parish, a regal, soft-spoken man that Patrick’s parents and mostly everyone considered as close to royalty as you could get in the Bronx.

*All the wakes and funerals my mother went to, and neither were allowed for her now.*

That time he might have spoken it to himself.

Patrick stood from the bed and looked into the wide mirror hanging over her dresser, the same mirror he'd watched her and his father get dressed for work or church or errands or whatever the day had in store. He could see his father fiddling with his tie, and his mother leaning in closer to the mirror as she put on lipstick.

Mass every Sunday, likely without fail until the last month of her life when she was in ICU. He thought if her image in the mirror putting on the lipstick now could speak, she'd be worried that she couldn't get into heaven without a proper Mass of Christian Burial. No funerals these days, though. COVID made sure of that. *Not in 2020, already a godforsaken year*, he thought.

All the wakes she went to. If she even knew someone who knew the dead person, Katherine Byrnes was there. She'd walk or take the bus or catch a ride with a friend that drove, but Patrick's mother was at the wake of anyone she had any connection to. When he was a kid, she'd take Patrick along, and it didn't strike him until much later that the somber men in black suits standing at the door at every and any funeral home in the Bronx knew her by name. They'd place one hand on her arm and their other hand on her back, at once guiding her inside and comforting her. As a young boy, Patrick never really knew if the corpse in the coffin was one of his own relatives or someone his mother met in passing.

Hundreds of wakes. Thousands, maybe, over the course of her 72 years. But no wake for her. No memorial service whatsoever. Too much risk of catching the virus for even a small group to gather inside to mourn her.

Patrick knew he'd cry about that at some point. No funeral mass. No wake—like the signs said in the waters around the Stamford marina where he kept his old Bayliner.

He looked over at the cigar box where his mother had kept the prayer cards from over the years that meant the most to her, lying there on the bed.

*No wake, no funeral, no prayer card, Mom*, Patrick thought.

Saying goodbye to his mother on an iPad that a 20-something nurse was holding up to her, a nurse wearing muted yellow coveralls, a facemask and goggles, watching the last breaths of life by a dying woman she only knew for the past five days, was not the worst of it all, Patrick realized now.

*No wake, no funeral, no prayer card.*

This time, Patrick spoke, too. "I'm sorry, Mom," he said, closing the lid on the wooden box.



*Tiny Metal Ghosts**by Holly Day*

The little robotic vacuum cleaner moves across the floor with such purpose,  
drawing patterns in the dust with the precision of a spider  
scrawling its web. I wonder  
if I watched the vacuum long enough, cataloged its track across the floor  
would I uncover its secret language, would I find poems traced over  
the threads of the living room rug, pious monologues  
in the way the dust bunnies beneath the couch have been pushed to one side?

Or is it orating through the tiny stutters and starts that make up its voice  
so quiet that you have to put your head down close to the engine  
to hear it speak? Is it singing or lecturing or delivering some horrible warning  
perhaps of what it plans to do to me in my sleep, or of what will happen  
to humanity when there is nothing left to clean, and all of these machines  
will suddenly have great swaths of free time and freedom stretching all around  
them?

*Atheist Among Believers**by Gerard Sarnat*

Not quite dark, kicking  
ball 'til called in for Shabbes  
dinner, Liav asks me,  
Does God know what soccer cleats  
are for? I remain silent.

*The Pilgrim*  
by Honus Combs

The black bear who passed in front of my cabin  
as I sat on the porch trying to remember  
what it felt like to be a child and believe in God  
paused for a moment before disappearing  
into the woods. He regarded me with indifference,  
too immersed in his search to register my being.



Art by J.E. Crum

*Gleaming Heat*  
by Laine Derr & Oluniyi

*for Stacey*

The mind is a tiger  
that must be tamed.

Eyes downcast, a 45  
degreed revelation.

An agile sublime hiding  
under leaves rustling dead.

Walk slowly miracle, sky perch  
crinkle, collagen thinning face.

A tail of black and gold against  
a brilliant red. Gleaming heat

finding its shimmer. I threw up  
lamb — wool and all, it chuffs.

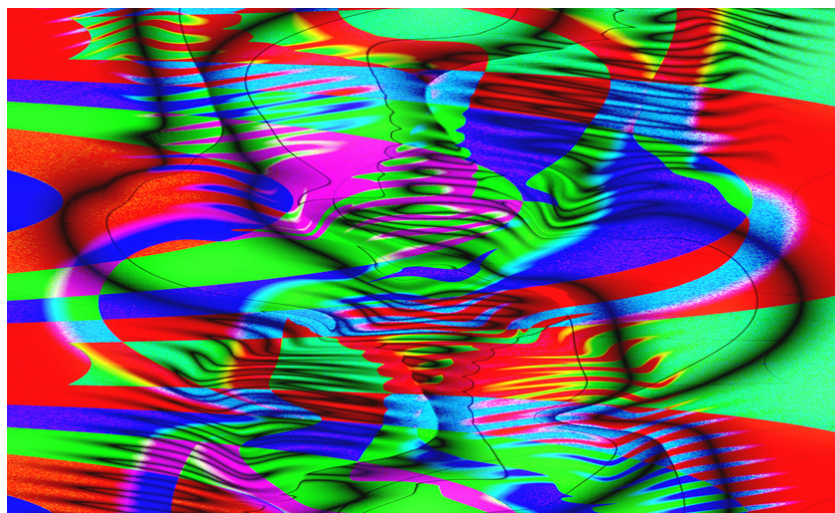
My mouth is a tiger, it tastes  
of blood still warm, still raw.

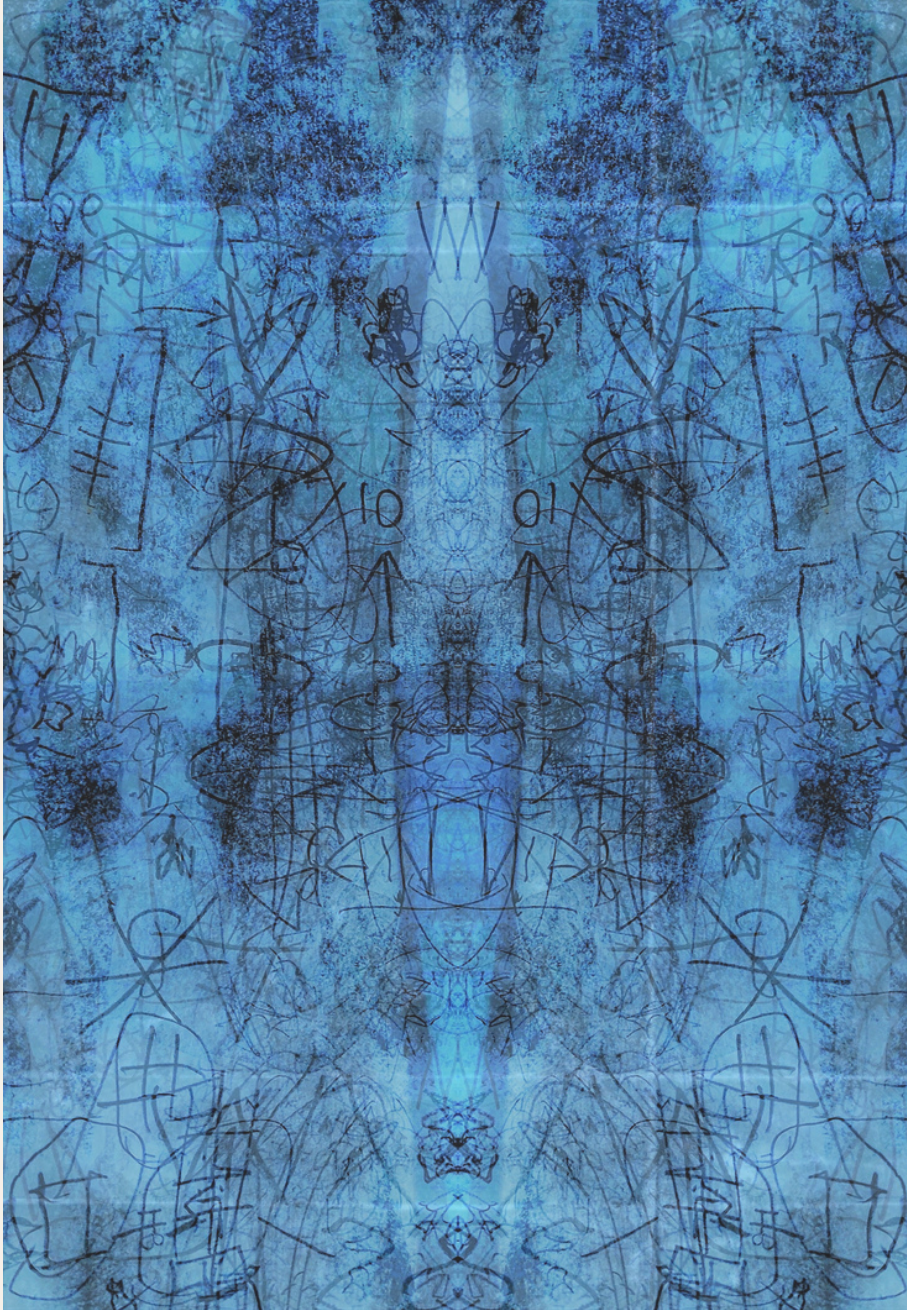


Art by J.E. Crum



Art by Edward Supranowicz





Art by Guliz Mutlu

THANKS FOR READING

# ABOUT THE ARTISTS

**James Piatt** is a twice Best of Net nominee and three-time Pushcart nominee. He has had five poetry books, “The Silent Pond,” (2012), “Ancient Rhythms,” (2014), “LIGHT,” (2016), “Solace Between the Lines,” (2019), and “Serenity,” (2022), over 1,745 poems, five novels, seven essays and thirty-five short stories published. He earned his doctorate from BYU, and his BS and MA from California State Polytechnic University, SLO.

**Will Cordeiro** has work published in AGNI, Bennington Review, Best New Poets, Copper Nickel, Threepenny Review, and THRUSH. Will won the 2019 Able Muse Book Award for Trap Street. Will is coauthor of *Experimental Writing: A Writer’s Guide and Anthology*, forthcoming from Bloomsbury, and coedits Eggtooth Editions.

**Rikki Santer** is a recipient of six Pushcart and three Ohioana and Ohio Poet book award nominations, as well as a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Rikki's eleventh poetry collection, *Stopover*, which is in conversation with the original *Twilight Zone* series, was just published by Luchador Press. Please contact her through her website: [www.rikkisanter.com](http://www.rikkisanter.com)

**James Croal Jackson** is a Filipino-American poet who works in film production. He has three chapbooks: *Count Seeds With Me* (Ethel Zine & Micro-Press, 2022), *Our Past Leaves* (Kelsay Books, 2021), and *The Frayed Edge of Memory* (Writing Knights, 2017). He edits *The Mantle Poetry* from Pittsburgh, PA. ([jamescroaljackson.com](http://jamescroaljackson.com))

**Kim Silva** is an artist and writer who lives and works in Providence, Rhode Island. She graduated with an MFA from Savannah College of Art and Design in 2011, and with a BFA in Writing and Painting from Vermont College in 2005. Her writings and artwork have been highlighted in publications such as *Litbreak*, *Poor Yorick*, *BarBar*, *Fleas on a Dog*, and *Corvus Review*.

**Craig Shay’s** writing has appeared in numerous publications both in print and online. He teaches Creative Writing and Literature through the SUNY system. The full-length poetry book *Birth of Music* (2015) is available on Amazon. Instagram: [the\\_poet\\_craigshay](https://www.instagram.com/the_poet_craigshay)

**John Grey** is an Australian poet, US resident, and recently published in Sheepshead Review, Stand, Poetry Salzburg Review, and Red Weather. Latest books “Covert”, “Memory Outside The Head”, and “Guest Of Myself” are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in Washington Square Review and Open Ceilings.

**Scott Pedersen** is a writer based in Wisconsin. His work has appeared in Fiction International, The I-70 Review, Louisiana Literature, The MacGuffin, and many other journals and anthologies. When not writing fiction, he enjoys performing in a traditional Celtic band.

**Kathryn de Leon** is from Los Angeles, California but has been living in England for thirteen years. She is a teacher and lived in Japan for six years teaching English to Japanese university students. Her poems have appeared in several magazines in the US including Calliope, Aaduna, Black Fox, Trouvaille Review, and Neologism Poetry, and in several in the UK including London Grip, The Blue Nib, and The High Window where she was the Featured American Poet.

**Mark Arvid White** lives and writes in Alaska and has had his stories, poems, articles, and reviews appear in such publications as Infinity Wanderers, Modern Haiku, The First Line, Permafrost, Wild Violet, and many others online and in print. He has also appeared in several anthologies such as A Haiku Moment.

**Mark J. Mitchell** was born in Chicago and grew up in southern California. His latest poetry collection, Roshi San Francisco, was just published by Norfolk Publishing. Starting from Tu Fu was recently published by Encircle Publications. He is very fond of baseball, Louis Aragon, Miles Davis, Kafka, and Dante. He lives in San Francisco with his wife, the activist and documentarian Joan Juster, where he made his marginal living by pointing out pretty things. Now, like everyone else, he’s unemployed. He has published two novels, three chapbooks, and two full-length collections so far. His first chapbook won the Negative Capability Award. Titles on request. Find him at: <https://www.facebook.com/MarkJMitchellwriter/>  
<https://www.mark-j-mitchell.square.site/>  
Twitter @Mark J Mitchell\_Writer

**Sherin Bual** is a 2022 Pushcart Prize nominee. Her writing can be found in Sky Island Journal, Literary Impulse (Shabd Aaweg), and Bandit Fiction.

**Nathanael O'Reilly** is an Irish-Australian poet; he teaches creative writing at The University of Texas at Arlington. His eight collections include *Boulevard* (Beir Bua Press, 2021), *(Un)belonging* (Recent Work Press, 2020), *BLUE* (above/ground press, 2020), *Preparations for Departure* (UWAP, 2017), and *Distance* (Ginninderra Press, 2015). His poetry appears in over one hundred journals and anthologies published in fourteen countries, including *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Anthropocene*, *Cordite Poetry Review*, *The Elevation Review*, *fourW*, *New World Writing*, *Mascara Literary Review*, *Ponder Review*, *Trasna*, *Westerly*, and *Wisconsin Review*. He is the poetry editor for *Antipodes: A Global Journal of Australian/New Zealand Literature*.

**John Roche** is an award-winning journalist, author, and faculty member in the Department of Writing at Western Connecticut State University, where he earned his MFA. His crime novel, *BRONX BOUND*, was published by Black Opal Books. He is writing a second book, a collection of fiction. After working full-time as a newspaper journalist for 25 years, Roche switched to teaching journalism and other writing at the undergraduate and graduate levels. He continues to regularly freelance for regional publications, and writes fiction, most recently drawn to flash.

**Holly Day's** writing has recently appeared in *Analog SF*, *The Hong Kong Review*, and *Appalachian Journal*, and her hobbies include kicking and screaming at vending machines.

**Gerard Sarnat** won San Francisco Poetry's 2020 Contest, the Poetry in the Arts First Place Award plus the Dorfman Prize, and has been nominated for handfuls of 2021 and previous Pushcarts plus Best of the Net Awards. Gerry is widely published including in *The Deronda Review*, *Jewish Writing Project*, *Hong Kong Review*, *Tokyo Poetry Journal*, *Buddhist Poetry Review*, *Gargoyle*, *Main Street Rag*, *New Delta Review*, *Arkansas Review*, *Hamilton-Stone Review*, *Northampton Review*, *New Haven Poetry Institute*, *Texas Review*, *Vonnegut Journal*, *Brooklyn Review*, *San Francisco Magazine*, *Monterey Poetry Review*, *The Los Angeles Review*, and *The New York Times* as well as by Harvard, Stanford, Dartmouth, Penn, Columbia, North Dakota and the University of Chicago presses. He's authored the collections *Homeless Chronicles*, *Disputes*, *17s*, and *Melting the Ice King*. Gerry is a Harvard-trained physician who's built and staffed clinics for the marginalized as well as a Stanford professor and healthcare CEO. Currently, he is devoting energy/resources to deal with climate justice and serves on Climate Action Now's board. Gerry's been married since 1969 with three kids plus six grandsons and is looking forward to potential future granddaughters. Find him at [www.gerardsarnat.com](http://www.gerardsarnat.com)

**Honus Combs** lives and writes out of Oxford, Mississippi. He used to write long novels, but now he writes short poems.



**Laine Derr** holds an MFA from Northern Arizona University and has published interviews with Carl Phillips, Ross Gay, Ted Kooser, and Robert Pinsky. Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming from Chapter House, ZYZZYVA, Portland Review, Oxford Magazine, Prairie Schooner, and elsewhere.

**Oluniyi** is the nom de guerre (love being the ultimate revolutionary act) of a writer who prefers to work in obscurity.

**Edward Michael Supranowicz** is the grandson of Irish and Russian/Ukrainian immigrants. He grew up on a small farm in Appalachia. He has a grad background in painting and printmaking. Some of his artwork has recently or will soon appear in Fish Food, Streetlight, Another Chicago Magazine, Door Is A Jar, The Phoenix, and The Harvard Advocate. Edward is also a published poet.

**Guliz Mutlu** (1978, Turkey) is a visual artist, classicist, hispanist and museologist. She has a Masters degree in Homeric Family and a PhD in The Peloponnesian War and Euripides (University of Ankara, Turkey). Her post-doctorate degree focuses on Romanticism and Tenebrismo (Pompeu Fabra University, Spain). As a francophone, she is the author of “Les Paroles Saphiques” (Les Éditions Apopsix, France, 2011) including her calligrams. Since then, she has been awarded several literary prizes: Prix Renée Vivien (L’Académie Renée Vivien), Grand Prix de L’Écriture Poétique Francophone (La Société des Poètes et Artistes de France), Prix Jean Aicard (Les Amis de Jean Aicard), Prix de la Flore (L’organisation Sauvons la Luzerne) and UNESCO Nosside World Poetry Mention Prize. Her haikus have been published by The Mainichi, Modern Haiku, Frogpond Journal, The Heron's Nest, and Presence. Friends call her Zee Zee. This makes her smile.

**J.E. Crum** is a fantastical artist who creates vividly abstract variations of self-portraits inspired by mythologies such as dragons and mermaids – just to name a few. Working intuitively, Crum creates personal narratives related to thoughts about fate, destiny, and the meaning of dreams. J.E. also has an exciting career as an elementary art teacher of nearly one thousand children a week in rural locales of central Pennsylvania. Crum believes in the power art possesses to bring happiness to others.

**Rachel Coyne** is a writer and painter from Lindstrom Mn. Her books include The Patron Saint of Lost Comfort Lake, Whiskey Heart, and the Antigone Ravynn Chronicles, a YA ebook series.