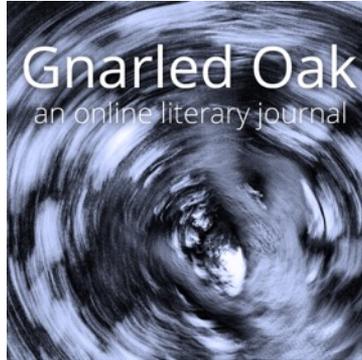


Gnarled Oak

an online literary journal



Issue 3: Blue Vegetarian Lions
Apr-May 2015



Gnarled Oak

Issue 3: Blue Vegetarian Lions

Apr-May 2015

Gnarled Oak is an online literary journal publishing poetry, prose, artwork, and videos four times per year. This issue was originally published online from Apr-May 2015 and is archived at gnarledoak.org/issue-3/

Editor and publisher: James Brush

Cover: detail from "The Episodic West" by W. Jack Savage

Title: from "Ode to a Writing Prompt" by Yoni Hammer-Kossoy

All copyrights are retained by the original authors and artists.

Website: gnarledoak.org

*(please visit the website for the current issue,
submissions info, and past issues)*

Like on Facebook: facebook.com/gnarledoak

Follow on Twitter [@gnarled_oak](https://twitter.com/gnarled_oak)

Contents

Love Is in the Air — Neil Ellman	1
crescent moon — Laurie Kolp	2
Column — Janet & Cheryl Snell	3
& in the dream — Marcia Arrieta	5
That Sinking Feeling — Joseph Farley	6
Solar Therapy — Michele S. Cornelius	7
To: That Bird So Small I Mistook You for a Floater — Barbara Young	8
The Trees in Buena — Seth Jani	9
He Realized the City Was the Abstraction — W. Jack Savage	10
Rendered — Richard King Perkins II	11
Mary at 30 Thinks about 60 — Kenneth Pobo	12
Mary at 60 Remembers 30 — Kenneth Pobo	13
Sisters — Shloka Shankar	14
Penelopiad — Jade Anouka	15
These Hands — Debbie Strange	17
Buddha & Co. — Howie Good	18
Wastage — Bill Waters	19
Poem Without Words — Dick Jones	20
Camberwell Old Cemetery — Jean Morris	21
waxing moon — Eric Burke	27
Omen — Sonja Johanson	28

The Episodic West — W. Jack Savage	29
Errant — Lawrence Elliott	30
microwords — Herb Kauderer	34
Ode to a Writing Prompt — Yoni Hammer-Kossoy	35
Fish in Bowls Are Like Bears in a Circus — Trish Saunders	37
Holding the Moon — Laura M. Kaminski	38
On the Beauty of Nature — Dane Cervine	39
Ode to a Bee — Michele S. Cornelius	40
Hidden Flowers — Laura M. Kaminski	41
pick-your-own — Julie Bloss Kelsey	42
Notes on the Videos	43
Editor's Note	44
Contributor Bios	46

Love Is in the Air

Neil Ellman

Throw Molotovs
in clear-blue jars
as if they were flowers
and watch them grow and
explode like spring in bloom
with the scent of roses
and gasoline on fire
their purple burn on skin—
the sun is high
the equinox has come
and love is in the air.

crescent moon

Laurie Kolp

crescent moon-
I press your yellow rose
in Revelations

Column

Cheryl Snell & Janet Snell



I wake at the edge
of the garden
in a cloud colored nightgown.
This was not my idea
but since there is no one here
I gather the dark to my face.
Since there is no one
I toss the pall from
one moment to the next.
Soon I'll turn my face away.
The moon has a blank stare
but it blinks relentlessly, tearing
the night I carry inside me.
When I lived in the light,
I had all the shadow I needed.

& in the dream

Marcia Arrieta

I saw

a white flower star

(there could have been a bee)

& upon awakening

I looked at the mountains

& the imprint of the white flower star

became an owl became a heart

That Sinking Feeling

Joseph Farley

A river runs under the house.
It has always been there,
but the builders thought
they could make it go away
by throwing ash and stone
into the water.

The neighborhood is sinking.
Gradually it will disappear.
Hold onto the walls and furniture
as you start your journey
to the center of the Earth
or out to open sea.

Solar Therapy

Michele S. Cornelius

Endless days of dripping dark
spirals approaching singularity.

I stare in wonder at an odd glow as
fog and clouds burn away.

Blue is my new favorite color.
If you need me, I'll be standing with my face to the sun.

To: That Bird So Small I Mistook You for a Floater

Barbara Young

in my eye. In the branches mirror-
silvered by an inch of ice, you
were a movement and a frigid little song,
a frozen hinge opening.

I never thought before
to wonder do avians have artifacts
of vision, too. Eye wall art
with no provenance as if graffito
ninjas swim the humors, spray can
stencil hawks primed
to vex the optic nerves.

How small those birds would be.

The Trees in Buena

Seth Jani

The trees in Buena carry
A degree of coldness in their fruit.
They are perishing now over the solemn
Vistas of the city,
Unreal blots of color
On an otherwise grey dominion.
Through the patios of lonely families
The moon is an orange in the bright fists
Of summer.
Its reflection fills with stars and wood smoke.
Through the streets, through the grey
Huddle of buildings,
We smoke camels and light fractions
Of the dark. We confess and absolve.
We disappear.

He Realized the City Was the Abstraction

W. Jack Savage



Rendered

Richard King Perkins II

Because I am not the youngest
and older than the others

I will be the one who must remember
the greatest part
most accurately

the meaning of our parent's secret glances
and the soft confessions
of guilt for being too often left alone.

I'm not allowed to forget
how our father
tried to put things back together
by literally putting things together

the pride of his rehab clock
knocked to the floor
just after completion

telling awkward time in crestfallen numbers.

Mary at 30 Thinks about 60

Kenneth Pobo

Maybe Elton will give me grandchildren,
cute as ten-cent Cokes. I'll take them uptown
where the purple martin houses decay,
the diner where I met Grandpa Joseph
now a gun shop.

I won't wear make-up,
not even lipstick.
If I'm called a frump,
so what? We're all frumps
after a certain age, men too.

I'll ride my bike to garage sales,
buy cookbooks and trellises,
take a train trip across country,
New York to Seattle, have an affair
somewhere around Omaha,
nothing life-changing.

Don't ask about Death.
I'll cling to life like a dahlia
tied to a flagpole. Unless
I'm sick. Morphine and bed sores.
Mom died at 62. It came fast,
like a stone dropping from a bridge.

60 seems far away. A twig
dropping into the bird bath.

Mary at 60 Remembers 30

Kenneth Pobo

When I turned 30
my friends dumped me at a table
in a dark bar, ordered me a daiquiri.
I sat silently as they remembered
the old days—less than fifteen years ago.

When I got home, I broke
the bathroom mirror,
gathered the shards,
and watched a *Dick Van Dyke Show* rerun.
Laura Petrie would be cute
forever. Joseph already preferred
PBS science specials to kissing.
Or did he? I thought he did,
accused him of infidelity
which wasn't true—

then. Today I think about 30
and wonder why I got the glooms.
Life was good. Or was it?
Memory has old scores to settle,
selects flavors that it craves,

leaves the rest. I may make it to 90.
What will 60 feel like then?
The years speed up. I'm walking
against traffic, no one slowing down.

Sisters

Shloka Shankar

She was visiting for the first time. Over the next few days, our only not-so-hidden-agenda was to forget ourselves. The weather was brewed and just right for poetry. A haiku here, a tanka there, and a little free verse to drown in. Our faces beamed with happiness, and were also tinged with the temporality of it all. She would go back. I would be left all by myself again. I received a book of Gulzar's poems as a gift from her. And a box of chocolates.

A month later, all that remains are a few wrappers in the drawer.

winter rain...
eavesdropping I listen
to nothing
but the sound of my breath
bounce off the walls

Penelopiad

Jade Anouka

First 5 came, then 50, 120!
But what could I do? What could I say?
I am just one woman, I can't make them go away.
It was love, or so the story goes.
Flattery disguised as unkindness, friends acting like foes.

Then another 5, another 50, an extra 380!
But I couldn't stop them coming, I couldn't make them not
 stay.
I'm just a fragile human being, I've got to live each day by day.
It was because of their desire, their passion, the supposed
 'force of nature',
That made them behave like animals, like sickly beastly
 creatures.

A final 5? The last 50? A total 730?
But. No more buts, I'll use my wit to succeed.
No more oppressed female victim.
I'll use my will power to achieve.
To help me in this task I chose my four favourite maids.

Kerthia, Narcissa, Selene and Melantho of the Pretty Cheeks,
But though they promised me their faithfulness,
They deceived me like, whores, no less.
Then a mere man came and saved me, a hero concealed.
And killed all in sight just as I, the woman, had willed.

No more 50 or 380 or even maids to comfort me,
But this is what I wanted, to be an independent woman,
A mother and a wife, with just her husband and her son.
Who needs maids? Who needs the hundreds? Who needs

anyone but herself?
Who wants love? Who wants comfort? Just shroud me with
my wealth.

These Hands

Debbie Strange

These hands cradled the window-stunned sparrow, and
caressed the stiff hairs on the hide of the elephant.

These hands tended the garden, strummed the strings, and
focused the lens on all things abandoned and broken.

These hands held the walking stick up the mountain, over the
frozen river, and down the path of enlightenment.

These hands kneaded the dough, carried water from the well,
and kindled the fire of longing . . .

bone-white
gnarled driftwood
these hands
no longer able to play
the soft notes of your skin

Buddha & Co.

Howie Good

Exposure to long winters has erased the face
of the garden Buddha. I shouldn't compare,
but Van Gogh also had most of his teeth pulled.
In the dark subzero hours of early morning,
I have been woken up by yips & squeaks,
coyote pups trying to keep warm. I lie there
and listen, & then I am no longer the color of tears.

Wastage

Bill Waters

. . . the British High Command called it: non-combat deaths from disease, mishaps of trench life, and sporadic enemy shells that seemed anonymous, somehow, like accidents or heavy weather.

buried

in *The Times*:

casualty list

Poem Without Words

Dick Jones

Sometimes a poem just happens in plain air.
Mute, like mimes, the actors shimmer briefly
and are gone, leaving their outlines etched
in light, wordless but entire. Consider this:

the cemetery fence, the graves beyond;
the balding man, late middle-aged, who walks
towards the fence; fresh blooms against
a tombstone and dead flowers lobbed towards

the dump; the arc they make; the boy with Downs
who stumbles, weeping, close behind. The man,
the flowers and the boy. The air that framed them
and the light that picked them out.

Camberwell Old Cemetery

Jean Morris













waxing moon

Eric Burke

waxing moon —
in my cousin's cigar box
a flash drive

Omen

Sonja Johanson

What does it mean
that I saw a white fox
lit up against the dim
highway, bounding
back to my north, as
we drove south ?

What does it mean
that you were sitting
in the seat beside me
and said nothing?

The Episodic West

W. Jack Savage



Errant

Lawrence Elliott

Take it from me, when you're on the lam like some rube in witness-protection—except from your dumbass choices instead of the mob—and you find yourself out on a nameless ribbon of blacktop in the middle of the night, unsure even of what state you're even in, you're gonna wish you'd spent more than five bucks on a pawnshop boombox of dubious provenance. Especially when the tell-tales in the dash light up like a Christmas tree, the open hole where your car stereo used to be is venting hot air into the cabin, and there's nothing but the feeble cones of your jaundiced headlights stirring the darkness in front of you. Because when that Pawnshop POS eats your last mix-tape and you're left with nothing but a gutful of anxiety and the static-lashed spectrum of AM radio on the dial, you'll know what you should have done with the extra cash instead of splurging on Camel Wides.

I was pretty sure I was still in Montana, but only my watch and the gas gauge told me so. If my calculations were correct, I had just enough fuel to coast into a parking space in front of the dorm at my new job in Yellowstone and immediately begin singing for my supper. The only actual certainty was that I was southbound and down on Highway 89, I had a quarter-tank of gas, a pack-and-a-half of smokes, six dollars cash—assuming two bucks of assorted change in the seat cushions—and exactly that much was right with the world.

In the debit column was everything about my hooptie. The window didn't actually roll up, but was wedged with a matchbook between the frame and glass, the speedometer was inaccurate to different degrees depending on what gear

you were in, and the driver's side door was held shut with a rope. Don't even get me started on the calamities the heads-up display was screaming about. I should've put those last couple bucks in the tank back in Livingston, but I thought I might want something to eat besides roadkill.

I'm on a road with a number for a name and no speed limit that feels like it's being created from nothingness just beyond the reach of my headlights. There's no one ahead, and no one behind, so I'm hoping for a gas station or rest area to appear before my bleary eyes forget to open after a blink; with no music to combat the numbing road noise, my head begins to seem like a bowling ball rolling around atop a tired post. So I paw at the Pawnshop POS on the bench next to me to toggle it over to the radio.

There's no sense pretending that FM exists out here in these Martian badlands of sage, scrub, and igneous peaks; that wavelength is just too short to even attempt the vastness. Without looking I can tell the difference between the polite, muted white-noise of the FM band and the insistent buzzing of AM static like a swarm of something angry. So I begin to scroll the tuning knob indiscriminately, sifting for anything from the dark. Merle Haggard, Tammy Wynette, Dr. Demento... Anyone. Anyone at all.

Drowsing in and out of highway hypnosis I strain to decrypt an otherwise silent message, somehow embedded in the air itself using technology invented in the 1870's. For God's sake they didn't have ballpoint pens, but *this* they could do. I'm practiced at this patient crawl through the increments of the potentiometer from all the nights I spent trolling the barren airwaves with the crystal-radio kit my vaguely anarchistic uncle helped me build as a kid.

Then, as now, I was up past my bedtime with nothing but all the time in the world to strain for a voice in the darkness of mere being. Didn't matter if it was sleepy public-radio monologues, Waylon Jennings, or madmen crying out in the wilderness of local-access radio. There is an exquisite loneliness inherent in a single voice arising from the emptiness, at once furtive and confidential, like a guttering flame pressing back against the void. With radio, neither the speaker nor the listener can know one another, or whether or not they are alone in this world as they connect in some uncreated space of charged particles.

My head drops and I catch the faintest wisp of dream, ephemeral as smoke, before my chin hits my chest and wakes me. I snap back up with an electrochemical jolt of purest panic, and for a second it's the road that's moving under my seemingly stationary vehicle. I shake a cigarette loose from the dwindling supply and chase the tip with my Zippo, willing the nicotine to work some buzzing magic on my head as I blink away the flame's after-image from my dark-adapted eyes. The dial bottoms out at one end and I start back the other way, patiently searching.

Each blink is a gamble and the white-noise is beginning to sound dangerously like a lullaby when a voice emerges from the static, as real as a passenger suddenly with me. It was an ancient baritone, grown tired from decades of whispering through an AM megaphone about perpetually falling skies. His seditious murmurs are those of an agitator, stalking the edges of a crowd, gently inciting, fomenting. Art Bell. The Hobo-Laureate of the airwaves, whose voice distinguishes itself from the fuzz of interference by virtue of its madness alone.

Soon I've sucked down four smokes back to back and I'm wide awake like a kid listening to ghost-stories around a campfire, except it's grown-ups telling them to each other with a straight face. Time seems to dilate until I see my own dim campfire-glow ahead that resolves into a pair of sodium-vapor lights attending an empty parking lot. I pull into the oasis of the Emigrant Peak rest area: picnic tables, restrooms and an inexplicable little chapel.

I drag the POS into the bed of the truck and pull the canopy shut behind me, wrapping up against the April chill in a nest of sleeping bags and allowing conspiratorial whispers to lull me to sleep. In the morning the station is pure static once more. The serendipitous dance of the Van Allen Belt that arced an errant signal off the Stratosphere to find me has passed.

I offer the only genuflection of my life at the bust of St. Christopher and hit the road. Turns out I'm a half-hour from the dorm, and arrive with almost an eighth of a tank. Almost.

microwords

Herb Kauderer

I long to write little poems
for the interstitial spaces
of atomic structure

small & unfamiliar places
where I can sculpt words unrecognized
and free from censorship

I'm ready to create a new vocabulary

a language written in orbits
& charms & charges

but the censors are one step
ahead of me again
and the guards

outside the particle accelerator
know my face
& they have orders
to shoot to kill

Ode to a Writing Prompt

Yoni Hammer-Kossov

it was red week
at nursery school
and my daughter
brought home
a red folder full
of red lions
painted in that
irony-free red
on flip chart paper
I asked her what
about apples
and fire trucks
or shirts or maybe
a crimson sunset
over a ruby island
in a coral sea
and she said no
just lions because
they are the best
and red is
her best color
she was beamingly
proud of her lion
family even the baby
and mommy lions
are red she said
showing their
long red hair
and fancy bows
and when I asked her
if there are any

blue lions she said
yes but actually
they also turn red
from the blood
they eat for dinner
and even the blue
vegetarian lions
could play
in the forest
and didn't need
to be afraid
of the red lions

Fish in Bowls Are Like Bears in a Circus

Trish Saunders

Children, it's been many summers
since I took you sailing across
Kaneohe Bay.

The glass bottom boat frightened,
then enthralled you,
when schools of yellow tang

rose beneath your feet
you pleaded for a net, a pole, but,

"fish in bowls are like bears in a circus,"
intoned the captain and I agreed.
You hated us a little for that.

Children, can I help you recapture your innocence?
I would reverse the boat,
trail a bowl through the deep cold blue.

You remember being bored only,
life jackets tied too tightly
across narrow chests.

You wanted to hold liquid sun
in your hands for a moment,
that's all.

Holding the Moon

Laura M. Kaminski

*

The child with a jar
is an emperor
in the eyes of other children
on a night filled with fireflies.

*

Fireflies are resilient
and even nature
is forgiving
when faced with a small boy holding
the moon in the palm of his hand.

On the Nature of Beauty

Dane Cervine

Linda and I by the woodpile
entranced by a beautiful dragonfly—
green head and speckled body
caught in a spider web,
wings wrapped in sticky silver,
dangling in air from the shed roof.

As we begin to unwrap the dead jewel
it springs suddenly to life,
one wing freed, fluttering madly,
the other still ensnared.

As the dragonfly in a single movement
twists and is free, our cat Sara,
lurking nearby in the purple sage,
leaps an impossible distance

and inches from our startled faces
catches the dragonfly in her teeth,
runs into the yard as though
she were the most beautiful god
in the world.

Ode to a Bee

Michele S. Cornelius



Hidden Flowers

Laura M. Kaminski

as children we would
hide, remove our headscarves
in the shade of the mimosa
we picked vibrant pink blossoms,
threaded them into our braids

pick-your-own

Julie Bloss Kelsey

pick-your-own —
my daughter chases a boy
through the strawberry fields

Notes on the Videos

This issue of *Gnarled Oak* included the following videos. Check them out by following the links.



Everything but the Sky

Swoon

Link: gnarledoak.org/issue-3/everything-but-the-sky/



Penelopiad

Jade Anouka

Link: gnarledoak.org/issue-3/penelopiad/



Sakura Yama

Bobie (Yves Bommenel)

Link: gnarledoak.org/issue-3/sakura-yama/



The Red Drum

Marie Craven

Link: gnarledoak.org/issue-3/the-red-drum/

Editor's Note

It was probably early November, back in '96, one of the best times of year here in Austin when the summer heat has broken and the first cold fronts start rolling in. I was in grad school at UT Austin at the time and one especially nice day my fellow students and I filed into the bare off-white room with the scuffed up walls and mismatched chairs somewhere in the bowels of the Communications Building where our weekly graduate screenwriting seminar met.

Our professor, Robert Foshko—Uncle Bob, after he and my aunt married a few years prior—usually started with some story from his years working as a writer and producer during the golden age of TV that would serve to illuminate and somehow tie together our weekly discussion. Or perhaps he would talk about some obscure film from which we could all learn something about writing, and then we would dive into our pages and the critique of the good, bad and ugly in all our writing. Bob wasn't afraid to tell us where we'd gone wrong or to tell us what we had done well either, which for some teachers is the harder trick.

He was unyielding in his demand for our best work and always honest in his assessments yet kind at the same time. You always knew he was on your side even when your writing that week was lousy. Though I abandoned screenwriting for poetry and fiction, the lessons I learned in his class have continued to influence my writing and my teaching.

He was forever reminding us not to be afraid to leave things unsaid, to show and not tell. Our audiences are smart people, he'd tell us. They will figure things out and appreciate your letting them do so.

But on that particular November day, he stared at us with his inscrutable expression, took a deep breath as if about to gently tear into some especially egregious writing and then did the seemingly unthinkable. He said, "You know, it's a beautiful day out there. And you people are young. Go outside and enjoy yourselves today."

I didn't go to the library to read for my other classes. I didn't study or write. I hopped on my bike and rode all over Austin that sunny autumn afternoon. We made up for that day of course, nothing is free after all, but years later, I still think it was one of the best things I learned in grad school.

Bob died unexpectedly earlier this month. It's a painful blow to the whole family and to the many of us who loved him, but I found some measure of solace in this issue of *Gnarled Oak*.

All of the amazing work contained in this issue was selected and the order (mostly) set before he died, but somehow the work that came in the weeks after Bob's passing helped me. It's a strange serendipity, I know, but it makes me all the more grateful to have the honor and privilege to publish this journal and be able to fill it with such fine work. So, as always, my sincerest thanks to all who submitted and contributed work, all those who read *Gnarled Oak*, comment and share it with friends and networks. I can't thank you enough.

Now, go outside and enjoy yourselves today. See you in July.

With gratitude and thanks,

James Brush, editor
May 2015

Contributor Bios

Jade Anouka is an [actor](#) and [poet](#). Combining the two, she has a love for performing poetry and has featured at many venues across London and New York. These include Farrago, Apples & Snakes, Proud Camden and The Bowery NYC. She has just been offered a poetry book contract from Poetry Space and is looking forward to launching her first collection of poems.

Marcia Arrieta is a poet, artist, teacher, who enjoys nature and travel. Her work has appeared in *Otoliths*, *BlazeVOX*, *Catch & Release*, *Melusine*, *Eratio*, and *Web Conjunctions*. She edits and publishes *Indefinite Space*, a poetry/art journal.

Born in 1969, **Bobie (Yves Bommenel)** is a multi-fields artist. If he writes, plays or makes movies, poetry remains his way. His video poems don't try to illustrate poetry. The goal is to confront texts, sounds and images. His film poems are about these changes of meaning which give birth to a new poetic object. A quest for a "videopoetique" somehow.

Eric Burke lives in Columbus, Ohio, where he works as a computer programmer. More of his poems can be found in *Pine Hills Review*, *PANK*, *Thrush Poetry Journal*, *PoetsArtists*, *bluestem*, *Escape Into Life*, *decomp*, *A cappella Zoo*, and *Weave Magazine*. Poetry videos made from several of his poems can be viewed at [The Poetry Storehouse](#). You can keep up with him at his blog [Anomalocrinus Incurvus](#).

Dane Cervine was nominated for a 2013 Pushcart Poetry Prize, won the 2013 Atlanta Review Poetry Prize, and the 2013 Morton Marcus Poetry 2nd Prize. His new book is entitled *How Therapists Dance*, from Plain View Press (2013), which also

published his previous book *The Jeweled Net of Indra*. His poems have been chosen by Adrienne Rich and Tony Hoagland for awards, and appeared in a wide variety of journals including *The Hudson Review*, *The SUN Magazine*, *Sycamore Review*, *Catamaran Literary Reader*, *Red Wheelbarrow*, numerous anthologies, newspapers, video & animation. Look for his essays at *TriQuarterly*, *CONTRARY*, and *The Turning Wheel*. Visit his website at [Dane Cervine Writes](#)

Michele S. Cornelius lives in Southeast Alaska where she works on photographic art and fills notebooks with poems.

Marie Craven is a media maker and musician from the Gold Coast, Australia. She has been engaged in online collaboration since 2007 and has contributed to works with artists in many different parts of the world.

Website: pixieguts.com

Lawrence Elliott is a journeyman carpenter of seventeen years. He enjoys playing the guitar and creative writing. He blogs about autobiographical oddities at [Scratched in the Sand](#).

Neil Ellman, a poet from New Jersey, has been published in numerous journals, anthologies and chapbooks throughout the world. He has been twice nominated for the *Pushcart Prize* and twice for *Best of the Net*.

Joseph Farley edited *Axe Factory* from 1986 to 2010. Farley writes poetry, fiction, plays and essays. He also performs with Improv on Rye. His books and chapbooks include *Suckers*, *For the Birds*, *Longing for the Mother Tongue*, *Waltz of the Meatballs*, *Her Eyes*, and *Crow of Night*. His work has appeared recently in *Bellview Park Pages*, *Bewildering Tales*, *Beyond Imagination*, *BlazeVOX*, *Crack the Spine*, *Danse Macabre*, *Concrete Meat Sheets*,

Thunder Sandwich, Horror Sleaze Trash, Schlock, T. Gene Davis Speculative Blog, US 1 Worksheets, Verse Wisconsin, Visions and Voices, Whole Beast Rag, Ygdrasil, Literary Hatchet, and the anthologies One Hell of a Christmas (Thirteen O'Clock Press, 2014) and Night Walkers (Thirteen O'Clock Press, 2014).

Howie Good is the author of more than a dozen poetry collections, including most recently *Beautiful Decay* from Another New Calligraphy and *Fugitive Pieces* from Right Hand Pointing Press.

Originally born and raised in Brooklyn, NY, **Yoni Hammer-Kossoy** has been living in Israel for the last 16 years with his wife and three kids. Poems by Yoni have recently appeared in *The Harpoon Review, The Jewish Literary Journal, Stoneboat Journal* and *Bones Haiku*. Yoni also writes on Twitter as [@whichofawind](#) where he experiments recreationally (but responsibly) with various short poetic forms.

Seth Jani originates from rural Maine but currently resides in Seattle, WA. He is the founder of [Seven Circle Press](#) and his own work has been published widely in such journals as *The Foundling Review, East Coast Literary Review, Red Ceilings Press* and *Hobo Camp Review*. More about him and his work can be found at [sethjani.com](#).

Sonja Johanson attended College of the Atlantic, in Bar Harbor, ME, and currently serves as the Volunteer and Outreach Coordinator for the Massachusetts Master Gardener Association. She has recent work appearing in *The Albatross, Off the Coast, and Out of Sequence: The Sonnets Remixed*, and was a participating writer in *FPR's 2014 Oulipost Project*. Sonja divides her time between work in Massachusetts and her home in the mountains of western Maine.

Dick Jones has had work published in many magazines, paper and online. In 2010 Dick received a Pushcart nomination for his poem “Sea Of Stars” and his first collection, *Ancient Lights*, was published by [Phoenicia Publishing](#) in 2012. A translation of Blaise Cendrars’ iconoclastic epic poem “La Prose du Transsibérien...”, illustrated by Natalie D’Arbeloff, has just been published by [The Old Stile Press](#).

Laura M. Kaminski grew up in northern Nigeria, went to school in New Orleans, and currently lives in rural Missouri. She is an Associate Editor at *Right Hand Pointing*; more about her poetry can be found at [The Ark of Identity](#).

Herb Kauderer is a retired Teamster who grew up to be an associate professor of English at Hilbert College. He holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Goddard College and has published a lot.

Julie Bloss Kelsey enjoys writing short-form poetry. Her work has been published in *tinywords*, *The Heron’s Nest*, *Under the Basho*, and other fine places. Visit her on Twitter [@MamaJoules](#).

Texas native **Laurie Kolp**, author of *Upon the Blue Couch* (Winter Goose Publishing, 2014), serves as president of Texas Gulf Coast Writers and gathers monthly with local members of the Poetry Society of Texas. Laurie’s poems have appeared in more than four dozen print and online journals including *Blue Fifth Review*, the *2015 Poet’s Market* and *Pirene’s Fountain*. You can find out more about Laurie on her website, [lauriekolp.com](#).

Jean Morris lives in south-east London, UK, where she translates, edits, takes photos, reviews books for [Shiny New Books](#), and supports the campaign against Southwark borough council's plans to replace the peaceful, much-loved wooded areas in the old cemetery with new roads and thousands of new burial plots.

Richard King Perkins II is a state-sponsored advocate for residents in long-term care facilities. He lives in Crystal Lake, IL with his wife Vickie and daughter Sage. He is a three-time Pushcart nominee and a Best of the Net nominee. He was recently a finalist in The Rash Awards and a top ten finisher in the Writer's Digest poetry competition. His poem "Distillery of the Sun" was awarded second place in the 2014 Bacopa Literary Review poetry contest.

Kenneth Pobo has a book forthcoming from Blue Light Press called *Bend Of Quiet*. His recent work has been in: *Weber: The Contemporary West*, *Floating Bridge*, *The Queer South* (anthology), and elsewhere.

Trish Saunders began writing poetry after working as a journalist, technical writer, and caregiver for her aged parents. She has poems published or forthcoming in *Silver Birch Press*, *Blast Furnace Press*, *Off The Coast*, and *Carcinogenic Poetry*.

W. Jack Savage is a retired broadcaster and educator. He is the author of seven books (wjacksavage.com) including *Imagination: The Art of W. Jack Savage*. Jack and his wife Kathy live in Monrovia, California.

Shloka Shankar is a freelance writer residing in India. Her work appears in over two dozen international anthologies including publications by Paragram, Silver Birch Press, Minor

Arcana Press, Harbinger Asylum, Kind of a Hurricane Press and Writing Knights Press among others. Her poems, erasures, haiku & tanka have appeared in numerous print and online journals. She is also the editor of the literary and arts journal, *Sonic Boom*.

Janet and Cheryl Snell are sisters who collaborate on art and word projects. One of their collections, *Prisoner's Dilemma*, won the Lopside Press Chapbook Competition. Both Snells regularly publish in the small magazines, and recently had work in *PANK*, *Mixitini Matrix*, and *Deep Water literary Journal*. They keep a blog of art and poetry called [Scattered Light](#).

Debbie Strange is a published tanka and haiku poet and an avid photographer. She enjoys creating haiga and tanshi (small poem) art. You are invited to see more of her work on Twitter [@Debbie_Strange](#).

Swoon (a.k.a. Marc Neys) is a videopoetry addict and has more than 200 international collaborations to his name. His videos and soundscapes were selected for festivals everywhere. In 2014 Already Dead tapes released Swoon's first album Words/No Words. You can dive into his works at [swoon-videopoetry.com](#) and [soundcloud.com/swoon_aka_marc_neys](#)

Bill Waters lives in Pennington, New Jersey, U.S.A., with his wonderful wife and their three amazing cats. You can find more of his writing on Twitter [@bill312](#) and [Bill Waters ~~ Haiku](#).

Barbara Young is a native of Nashville, Tennessee. She likes bluegrass, blues, jam cake, chess pie, cats, and small but roomy cars; and she wishes she'd paid more attention.