

Gnarled Oak

an online literary journal



Issue 4: A Parachute in the Wind
Jul-Aug 2015



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Gnarled Oak is an online literary journal publishing poetry, prose, artwork, and videos four times per year. This issue was originally published online from Jul-Aug 2015 and is archived at gnarledoak.org/category/issue-4/

Editor and publisher: James Brush

Cover: "Angel" by Olivier Schopfer

Title: from "texas dandelion" by Robin Turner

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In the Beginning

Tony Press

A mailbox with numbers. A silver mailbox with firm-red numbers painted on its side. One. Eight. Two. This was Peggy's house. We sat next to each other in Mrs. Soldavini's class—third grade.

It was five-thirty in the morning and I had never been outside so early. Except for once when the whole family left in the middle of the night for the 400-mile drive to Grandma's, I had never even been awake this early. But somehow I woke up in time.

As I watched in all directions, my left hand pulled open the little door and then my right hand placed the card and the box of candy hearts deep inside.

A dog barked and I ran away as fast as I could. I'm still running.

common s[un]flower

Robin Turner

solitary

rough

conspicuous at margins

[she is] empty stream banks and railroad tracks

a disturbed wild bird

a cultivated form

::

*Note: This is an erasure/cut-up hybrid from a series-in-progress, working title: "[she is]: wildflowers of texas". Source text: Geyata Ajilvsgi's **Wildflowers of Texas**.*

texas dandelion

Robin Turner

high
erratic

[this girl is] lemon-yellow absent

sometimes narrow
and entire

a parachute in the wind

::

Note: This is an erasure/cut-up hybrid from a series-in-progress, working title: "[she is]: wildflowers of texas". Source text: Geyata Ajilvsgi's Wildflowers of Texas.

bindweed

Robin Turner

[she is] morning-glory trailing twining
colony of veins

[she is] old fields
deep roots

[she is never] for another

::

*Note: This is an erasure/cut-up hybrid from a series-in-progress, working title: "[she is]: wildflowers of texas". Source text: Geyata Ajilvsgi's **Wildflowers of Texas**.*

I confess

Caroline Skanne

I confess
my love to
the wind
hawthorn blossoms
falling at your feet

Old Gods

Luis Neer

Stars do not say goodnight

They are born in the dark
like new eyes of roses,

they come softly and madly
into the sky

We know their light
turned to eyes on the river

We found them one night,
and howled to the void

We see,
for they have given eyes to faces

And through eons they have torn
across light years of shadow

to find us,
to raise this planet out of night

The stars are dancing

In them we have witnessed
that same fire

that sings through bones,
that whispers eyes open

They do not say goodnight—

when they are old
they tear outward in every direction

claiming every object,
every atom,

and after all screams
there comes a reconvening—

eons of beauty
into inches of beautiful dust—

the stars do not say goodnight
to us.

A Reverence for Rust

Debbie Strange

rusted wheels
carrying us toward
the hymn of home

a haloed sun
beckons us beyond
the rusty gate

pressed prayers
these rusting memories
between our palms

rust-flecked silo
our songs still echo
hallelujah

old broken gate

Brian Robertson

old broken gate—
a length of twisted wire
keeps the handle down

Fragments

JK Anowe

these little bits
fallen from the skies

these little inches
measured with the eyes

these fleeting cravings
nurtured
with lonesome ink
and the abandoned
hands of time

are remnants of love
of fallowed souls and
unconsummated thrones...

these feeble raindrops
ascending the forsaken
heights of your eyes

whose ingredients
God only knows

form rivers
of a heart
where drowned
fishes float

Graffiti

Miriam Sagan

She falls from the ledge, a rocky outcropping in an otherwise featureless tundra, breaks her thigh bone in two places. No one comes. The sun rises twice. Dehydrated, delirious, she senses a yellow panther circling her, smells its yaw, feels only resignation. But it is the wind above her dying breath that sustains her, a great swan, wingspan touching both horizons, inner and outer, at the same moment.

Then the band, the people, come back for her, worried, frantic. The old woman sets the bone, but of course she'll walk with a limp for the rest of her life. But she is changed. Everyone has seen the paw prints of the panther. No one has seen as much as a feather from the wing of the swan.

She is changed. She has been an auntie, neither young nor old, childless, neither important nor unimportant. Loved, accepted, teased, desired—but nothing special. Now she can heal. Mostly bleeding and fevers. Most of all, madness. She can't heal tumors or blindness. But those possessed, she can release. Those possessed by the spirits of people-eating panthers or bears, those who go into delirium, biting flesh, cutting with a stone knife, killing relatives or strangers. These she can stop, can heal with smoke and trance, with tattoo.

She is not a happy woman, by nature. None of her names describes her laughter or her jokes, or calls her a bubbling stream. But her hair stays black. She has enough to eat. She has a necklace of shells from far away.

The people migrate in a huge half circle, like the wanderers in the sky. But a few years later they settle closer to the lake,

where it is easy to fish, to collect. The herds of deer wax and wane. It seems better to rely on fish, and waterfowl, and their delicious eggs. There, she loses her monthly blood, and a child grows within her. One of his names will be "Child-at-the-last-possible-moment."

Old, she paddles out to a strange group of rocks towards the farther shore. Carves the swan no one else saw, or knows of. A huge striped swan who has not fallen from the sky but who is the sky. It's getting warmer. The deer have moved but the people stay. The waters of the lake rise. The swan is more remote, further off, glittering, the crystals in granite, as dawn breaks.

Eons pass.

Death to the Muslims, Death to the Jews. Death to the Ukrainian Catholics. Russia for the Russians. A can of spray paint. A sharpie pen. These tools from the west let the people speak. A wall defaced. Swastikas spray painted on the tombstones that are already marked with six-pointed stars.

This DNA fell from a ledge, and lived, because the people came back for her. This DNA was swept by the wing of a wild swan, chipped a striped swan on a rock rising from a Siberian lake.

The swan is more remote, further off, glittering, the crystals in granite, as dawn breaks.

Crooked Smiles

Arika Elizenberry

(For Aiyana Stanley-Jones, Jada Justice, and Shaniya Davis)

They wore crooked smiles—
Aiyana, Jada, and Shaniya.

Aiyana was shot in the skull
during a police raid; Jada

was killed by a cousin high on
drugs, and Shaniya was raped

and left for dead. If they had
looked like JonBenet Ramsey

their faces would've been on
placards and shirts and spilling

out the mouth of crusaders for
justice. Instead their pictures, like

bones—got buried six feet under
minds and forgotten. Aiyana's

heart will never flutter holding a
boy's hand nor will her eyes sparkle

being handed the keys to a new car.
Jada will never leave footprints on

a sandy beach or laughs in the wind
as her feet clap the shoulders of the

horse she'd begged to ride. Shaniya
will never again hear the sounds of

rain hitting her window or thunder
of a crowd when she slides into

home plate. Few tears were shed
when three white caskets were

lowered into the ground, but the
world still stops on its axis to dig

up Caylee Anthony. Let justice ring
from the rivers of Detroit. Let justice

ring from the banks of Lake George,
Indiana. Let justice ring from the

Sandhills of North Carolina. Let
justice and peace ring for the

unspoken tawny girls and all
their crooked smiles.

Bystander

Mary McCarthy

The radiance of evil
burns the world down
to a fine white ash.
It settles on your hair
and eyelashes. You
breathe it in, you
taste it on your tongue.
You don't know who
has been burned
but you are part of it.
You walk in ashes,
you find them in your
pockets, you rub them
out of your eyes. The streets
are deep with ash.
Women weep
behind high walls
until the air is thick
with grief. You
have not lifted
a finger. You fear
you will never
be clean again.

Dog Whistle Effect

Lauren Yates

Over dinner, she asks if I have ever been to Uncle Tom's Taco Shop. "You mean Honest Tom's?" It becomes painfully obvious that we are two women—one black, one white—on a date in a "Mexican" restaurant. I look at her pork belly banh mi tacos, my own shrimp tempura tacos with tom yum aioli. This neighborhood used to be affordable. Now the coffee shops sell vinyl and breakfast sandwiches with names like "The Notorious E.G.G." Uncle Tom aside, she has asked me if I have been to a restaurant three blocks from my own house, as if I won't pass it on the bus ride home. She eats her "Vietnamese-Mexican" tacos, calls herself an "activist." A war cry only I can hear.

Angel

Olivier Schopfer



searching

Kala Ramesh

searching
the entire cupboard
for that shawl ...
feels like I've lost my mother
even before her death

twigs

Duncan Richardson

this house i bought in its fortieth year
has sheltered other lives
the people who sold
it to us for instance

my son's room
belonged to the girlhood of a middle aged
woman because she dropped
in once to tell us how

she gazed through those levered windows
over the shed at the silver gum
that knew the paddock before the street
the bush before the paddock

and knows us all through turgor, touch and
light, currawong and native bee
flood upon flood bark stripping
in September winds

sketching the inner shape
of things

Elegy for Apologies I Will Never See

Lauren Yates

The summer I found my two pet goldfish belly up, like a fistful of dignity falling to sand, my mother prayed for the tomatoes. She spoke chaos in tongues, each convulsion meaning, "red," "plump," "juicy."

That summer's harvest yielded tomatoes so perfect, they looked as fake as a virtuoso's uncalloused fingers. The hands of someone who takes showers and not baths.

My mother explained our good fortune: "I asked and the Lord delivered." She said He blessed us with this fruit for letting the wall-eyed woman, with a pack of gum and *National Enquirer*, cut us in the check-out line.

It was my grandmother who let the truth slip as she sucked on her dentures. "Your mom buried Lily and Sunflower with the tomatoes. They sure worked. This BLT is excellent." My mother meant "circle of

life" as a comfort, said we had made lemonade from lemons. She buried my darlings like a tell-tale heart, plagiarized an act of god from this domesticated rot.

Wabash & Balbo

Todd Mercer

A Chicagoan who sees Death on the way
may then and not an angstrom before
whisper their innermost Parking secrets
to an heir, their next of kin, to a lucky care-giver
on shift when the spectre appears. Locations,
special techniques. How to swipe the Mayor's spot
for a week and avoid towing. Ten steps
to dismantle a metal parking boot,
and reassemble it, and so roll to drive
another day. Rumors about Big Johnny,
who can erase records when he wants to,
who can wipe those debts. The time you blocked
two lanes of Upper Wacker to get a haircut.
No spaces then, per se. When the offspring lean in,
one fader says, *Wabash & Balbo—two bucks
for the long weekend. Three should you wish
valet service.* He coughs half a lung out, croaks,
*Ask for Murray, say I sent you,
say I told you before shoving off.*

Walking in Chinatown on Sunday, You Do Get Lonely

Trish Saunders

When the woman lounging in front of
Nu'uanu Pawn
waves a skeletal arm at me,
it seems churlish to refuse,
so I join her in the
stone doorway where she sleeps,
blanketless
in thick Honolulu night air.

*People remember Ching's Grocery,
they give me no stink-eye.*

Clear back, back in time, I see
cats sleeping on prehistoric linoleum,
baskets stacked to the ceiling,
flowers, papayas, melons and cabbages in front,
a game of Go always in back.

*I was the Queen of Go, she laughs.
but I'm still here.*

Lime Light

Marilyn 'Misky' Braendeholm



Lime be your light,
bright citrus bite,
sans shallow,
sans shallow,
deep echo hush.
Light hissing and molten,
bliss to an albatross wing,
and sky kissed spring
on a rejoice for green.

Unmusically

Sheikha A.

You ask me
to write about
you – a sonnet
or two;

I ask you
to encore me
alive – a bard
anew;

You say: I
soul you, seal
us – a lyrical
duel.

I offer you
a note, syncing
apiece – melody
mute.

You take me
tuned, to key
a story – frayed
loops.

Sanyi

Saddiq Dzukogi & Laura M. Kaminski

Na tara hankali
a inuwan muryan ki
Ko zan gane
abun da ya sa
Muryan ki ya fi muryan iskan
damuna sanyi da dadi
A ko yausha da ya sauka
A cikin zuciya na
Ya na gina aljana
Ko ya aka watsa mun wuta
Ba ya kona ni
Saboda son ki ya daura mun
Zanin ruwan sanyi

—*Saddiq Dzukogi*

::

Sanyi (translation)

I explore the shadow
of your voice, sift its
shade for meaning
that I might discover
how it is that it surpasses
the cool, sweet voice
of rainy season's breeze,
how it descends, sinks
into the heart, and there
creates a paradise, a safe
oasis, where sparks that fly

cannot ignite us, fires
cannot consume us, because
your affection cools
and quenches, wraps us in
its protection, cloaks us
in fine fabric drenched
with cool, sweet water.

—*trans., Laura M Kaminski*

::

Notes on translation:

This is the first poem by another poet that I have translated from Hausa to English; prior to this, I have only translated my own. It was a struggle at first to find the way to carry the sense of relief and renewal that “sanyi” — “cold” — conveys in Hausa, because in English the idea of a person or heart being “cool” or “cold” implies something else entirely, an aloofness rather than refreshment. I hadn’t given much thought to how a word might differ so between tropical and temperate climates before engaging with this poem.

I was able to find my way when it finally occurred to me to double-translate “aljana” — to translate the word as “paradise” and then add the additional phrase “a safe oasis” to bring the remaining connotations along into the translated version. I then went back through and added phrases in a few other places to pick up the rest of the implied meaning that the direct word-for-word translation left behind, until I felt the sense of the poem was as complete in the English as in the original.

When I sent the translation to Saddiq, his response was: you captured even the dew on the grass of this poem. I hope so; a poem this beautiful should not be stripped of its dew — it must be brought in its entirety, or not at all.

Lines on a Postcard

Joan Colby

There is never room enough
For a script so large with
Wanting it can't collapse
Its cursive waves into the
Reverse of a beach. The margins
Overrun with riptides, scribbled
Conchs or scallops. Jellyfish umbrellas
Sail over consonants struggling to surface.
A delicate hand is required. A heart
That hemorrhages wishes
For your presence.

deep dreaming

Marianne Paul



*deep dreaming
the black-tipped wings
of the herring gull*

wilma suddenly

Angie Werren

laughs
the knife in her hand
heavy with the memory of
meat

once there was water
once there was sun
she remembers

life
is diving down wanting
to drown but the body betrays
it bursts through forcing you
to unwillingly

breathe

red rover

Angie Werren

I dare you to

remember the blue
grass our bare
feet that kid
cooler than we'd
ever be parked
in his trans
am still

*waiting on
waiting on
the thunder*

remember
those sec-
onds stolen
between
the street
lights and
time it's time
to go it's
time

to go home

I
dare
you

I
dare
you

send tommy
right over

I Planted a Lemon Tree in My Mouth

Tonya Sauer

I dreamed in yellow,
summer blooming behind my teeth
like a thatch of dandelions sprawled
in a pastured field.

I dreamed of sweetness,
a sugary sip, dip of tongue
like a hummingbird, fluttering
from bee balm to cat mint.

Instead, I grew dense, sour words,
too-green lemons still sucking
in their dimpled cheeks. Neither bird,
nor you, came for a taste.

Sweet Tea

Roslyn Ross

They gave me sweet tea when I was mad,
stirred slowly, steaming hot, handed over
with a clink of spoon on the edge of the
cup, as if to signal, the time had come,

when comfort would be offered, and a
moment of liquid grace, could be taken
down, into the depths of frozen self, as
if, that heat could melt the hardened ice

of fear, so long built up, layer upon layer,
over the years; a crevasse of such great
immensity, that a light dropped, would
disappear from sight, in an instant, long

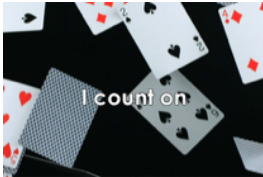
before it ever reached the bottom, if
indeed, there was a point where it all
ended, and from where an echo would
resound, up, up, up through weeping

cliffs, to signify that there was an end,
and, that sometime, it would all dissolve
into itself, disappearing, deliquescing,
because now the demons had been

consumed and I could once more,
drink deep of tea and of sweetness.

Notes on the Videos

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



Security

Marie Craven

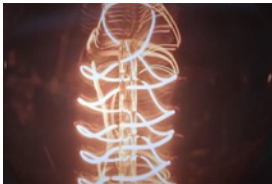
Link: gnarledoak.org/issue-4/security/



Night Court

Marie Craven

Link: gnarledoak.org/issue-4/night-court/



Considering Luminescence

Eduardo Yagüe

Link: gnarledoak.org/issue-4/considering-luminescence-consideraciones-sobre-la-luz/



Consideraciones Sobre la Luz

Eduardo Yagüe

Link: gnarledoak.org/issue-4/considering-luminescence-consideraciones-sobre-la-luz/

Editor's Note

August is a weird time of year. There is a certain cognitive dissonance that comes from starting school and returning to the classroom in the midst of summer. Sure, it's almost September and then you might start to feel autumn coming on farther north, but here in Texas it's high summer and will be for quite some time. Maybe to native Texans it doesn't seem weird, but I started my school years and went to high school in northern states and that idea that school starting equals autumn is pretty well locked in, never mind the fact that I've been here for twenty-seven years.

This year coming back to school brought me back to something I'd put out of my mind for the summer: the shredder, that big clunky wonderful machine that devours huge piles of paper and rapidly churns them into confetti. I kind of like shredding papers. I like feeding that beast, and standing there in all that white noise is sort of soothing.

Because I teach in a juvenile correctional facility, I shred a lot of old student work. Whatever the kids choose not to take with them when they leave goes down the shredder in the interest of protecting their privacy. So part of closing out my classroom in early June involves shredding all the unclaimed work: tests, quizzes, journals, worksheets, essays, and, yes, stories and poems. Some of them quite good. It makes me wish more of the kids I teach would recognize their own talents and value their voices at least enough to take their work with them out to the Free. But they don't, and so I shred.

Last spring, whilst peacefully shredding away, I looked down to see that I was shredding the wrong pile. "Nooooooooo!" I nearly yelled like Luke finding out Vader was his father, for I

was shredding all of my brilliant Notes to Self that I'd written over the course of last school year. Things about what I want to do differently this year, ideas for lessons, activities and projects. You see, I was determined to reinvent things and rethink what I do in the classroom. It's a useful exercise for teachers to do, I think, to throw out the old and try new ideas. And I was going to do that.

So, I started this August with a bit of trepidation. Not only is it too hot to be in school, but most of my ideas for this year are confetti, recycled months ago. So, I'm starting again by trying to re-reinvent things, and it's exciting. It's New 2.0. And I like that.

And speaking of things new and exciting, I hope you've found this issue of *Gnarled Oak* to be as exciting as I did. So thank you to all of you (or *all y'all* as we say in Texas) who submit (and resubmit) and read and share all this amazing work. You help me—and hopefully others—see the world in new, surprising, beautiful, sometimes heart-breaking and often wonderful ways. Even in August.

With gratitude and thanks,

James Brush, editor
Aug. 2015

Contributor Bios

Sheikha A. is the author of a short poetry collection titled *Spaced* (Hammer and Anvil Books, 2013), available on Kindle. Her poems have been published in numerous zines/ anthologies, the track of which is kept on her blog [Write Me, Saudade](#). She edits poetry for eFiction India.

JK Anowe was born in Nigeria in 1994. He's presently a degree student of the department of foreign languages in the University of Benin, Nigeria. He speaks English, Igbo and French fluently. He writes and edits poems and short stories for *Parrot*, a literary/lifestyle magazine run by the University of Benin.

Marilyn 'Misky' Braendeholm lives in the UK surrounded by flowers, grapevines, bubbling pots of sourdough starter, and always keeps dog biscuits in her pocket for her blind Springer Spaniel. She never buys clothing without pockets.

Joan Colby has 16 books including *Selected Poems, The Wingback Chair, Ah Clio, Properties of Matter* and others. She has published in journals such as *Poetry, Atlanta Review*, etc. and won many awards. Her latest book *Ribcage* won the 2015 Kithara Book Prize. Her website is joancolby.com

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

Saddiq Dzukogi is a Nigerian poet and the author of three poetry collections in English. He is also Poetry Editor for the

online journal *Expound*. This is the first poem he wrote in Hausa, and he will be writing more.

Arika Elizenberry is a native of Las Vegas, Nevada. She is currently an editor at *Helen: A Literary Magazine* and the President of UNLV's Writing Rebels. Some of her favorite writers include James Baldwin, Dorothy Parker, Nikki Giovanni, and Lucille Clifton. Her work has appeared in journals such as *300 Days of Sun*, *Burningword Literary Journal*, and *Toasted Cheese*. She is working on her bachelors in English.

Laura M Kaminski grew up in 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 is available at [The Ark of Identity](#).

Mary McCarthy grew up in Pittsburgh, PA, studied art and literature but spent most of her working life as a Registered Nurse. She has always been a writer. She has great hopes for the future despite the horrors reported endlessly in the daily news.

Todd Mercer won the Grand Rapids Festival of the Arts Flash Fiction Award for 2015 and was runner-up in the Palm Beach Plein Air Poetry Awards. His digital chapbook, *Life-wish Maintenance* appeared at Right Hand Pointing. Mercer's poetry and fiction appear in journals such as: *Apocrypha & Abstractions*, *The Camel Saloon*, *Cheap Pop*, *The Lake*, *The Legendary*, *Main Street Rag*, *Midwestern Gothic* and *Spartan*.

Luis Neer is an alumnus of the creative writing program at the 2014 West Virginia Governor's School for the Arts, and his poems have appeared in *Maudlin House*; *Literary Orphans*; *Squawk Back*; *The Rain, Party & Disaster Society* and elsewhere. He tweets [@LuisNeer](#).

Marianne Paul is a Canadian novelist and poet who has recently taken a keen interest in minimalist poetry – primarily tanka and haiku – and has joyfully begun to explore her “inner child” by combining words with art. Learn more about her writing at mariannepaul.com.

Tony Press tries to pay attention. His stories (many) and poems (not as many) appear in a remarkable (to him) number of fine publications. Please seek them out.

Neck deep in haiku, her face barely visible, **Kala Ramesh**, an award winning poet has been instrumental in bringing school kids and college youth into haiku. Her latest obsession: to paint city walls with haiku, to weave in *a pause, a breather* into our hectic lives!

Duncan Richardson is a writer of fiction, poetry, haiku, radio drama and educational texts. He teaches English as a Second Language, part time, in Brisbane, Australia.

Brian Robertson's various books include *Little Blues Book* illustrated by the infamous R. Crumb. Blues albums include *Big Ass Buick* (now free on Youtube.com) His most recent haiku book is *Bus Stop Haiku*.

Roslyn Ross was born in Adelaide, South Australia and has lived around Australia and the world. A journalist/editor by profession, she began writing creatively in her forties and has completed five novels and one work of non-fiction based on her four years in Angola during the civil war. She is currently writing a non-fiction book tracing her Greek great-grandfather, a biography of her mother, and a book on spirituality as well as a sixth novel.

Miriam Sagan blogs at [Miriam's Well](#). She is the author of 25 books, including the recent collection from Sherman Asher, *Seven Places in America: A Poetic Sojourn*. She recently won the New Mexico Literary Arts Gratitude Award in Poetry, and has received the Santa Fe Mayor's Award for Excellence in the Arts. Sagan also does text and grassroots installations—most recently at Salem Art Works and at The Betsy Hotel.

Tonya Sauer is a geriatric nurse. This year, she has been selected to attend the Kenyon Review Writer's Workshop. She lives and works in Elgin, Illinois with her husband and their four awesome cats.

Trish Saunders lives in Honolulu, Hawaii. She spent her childhood years in the pretty small town of Snohomish, Washington and credits excellent teachers (including her late mom) for her love of poetry.

Olivier Schopfer lives in Geneva, Switzerland, the city with the huge lake water fountain. He likes capturing the moment in haiku and photography. His work has appeared in *The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2014* as well as in numerous online and print journals. He also writes articles in French about etymology and everyday expressions at [Olivier Schopfer raconte les mots](#).

Caroline Skanne is obsessed with anything wild and free. She is the editor of [hedgerow: a journal of small poems](#). Her book *a hundred poems by caroline skanne* is available from Amazon.

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](#).

Robin Turner brings poem-making to schools, museums, and youth shelters, and serves as an online writing guide to homeschooled teens. Her work has most recently appeared in *Anima Poetry*, *Red River Review*, *Referential Magazine*, and the Porkbelly Press Emily anthology. She lives with her husband and a sweet old yellow cat along a wooded creek in East Dallas.

Angie Werren lives (and writes) in a tiny house in Ohio. Sometimes she takes pictures of things in the yard.

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Lauren Yates is a Pushcart-nominated poet who is currently based in Philadelphia. Her writing has appeared in *Nerve*, *XOJane*, *FRiGG*, *Umbrella Factory*, *Softblow*, and *Melusine*. Lauren is also a poetry editor at *Kinfolks Quarterly* and is currently a Poet in Residence with the Leonard Pearlstein Gallery at Drexel University. For more information, visit laurenyates.com.