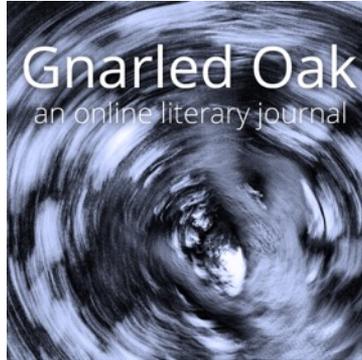


# Gnarled Oak

*an online literary journal*



Issue 10: Dark Water  
Oct-Nov 2016



**Gnarled Oak**  
Issue 10: Dark Water  
Oct-Nov 2016

*Gnarled Oak* is an online literary journal publishing poetry, prose, artwork, and videos four times per year. This issue was originally published online from Oct-Nov 2016 and is archived at [gnarledoak.org/category/issue-10/](http://gnarledoak.org/category/issue-10/)

Editor and publisher: James Brush

Cover art: "There Is a Season #2" by Steve Tomasko  
Title: from "dark water" by Martha Magenta

All copyrights are retained by the original authors and artists.

Website: [gnarledoak.org](http://gnarledoak.org)  
*(please visit the website for the current issue,  
submissions info, and past issues)*

Like on Facebook: [facebook.com/gnarledoak](https://facebook.com/gnarledoak)  
Follow on Twitter [@gnarled\\_oak](https://twitter.com/gnarled_oak)

## Contents

Inkchester — Jo Waterworth	1
'A Man Was Lynched by Police Yesterday' — Howie Good	2
Ocean Watch — Mary McCarthy	3
Crossing — Alan Perry	4
Dark Water — Martha Magenta	5
There Is a Season #2 — Steve Tomasko	6
Shaky Hands — Cheyenne Bilderback	7
still not yet done — Adjei Agyei-Baah	8
Jake Forgets It — Todd Mercer	9
on that bench — Debbie Strange	10
Night of the Dead — Annie Prevost	11
Two Years Ceased — Ann Howells	12
What If a Tree — Richard Weaver	13
One Dream Opening into Many — Marie Craven	14
We Sat Outside — Jean Morris	15
With the County — Robert Joe Stout	16
Inside Job — Steve Tomasko	19
Purple Angel Bottom — Howie Good	20
Warm #115 — Darren C. Demaree	21
@ The Limekiln State Park II — Samantha Tetangco	22
monsoon — Goran Gatalica	24
Your Shadow — Jean Morris	25

Shorty, the Crow — Tricia Knoll	27
License — Larry D. Thacker	28
The Animals Are Gone — Steve Klepetar	30
in your old backyard — Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco	31
a new silk scarf — Mary Kendall	32
love note — Christina Sng	33
Positive Vibration — John L. Stanizzi	34
Taking Off — Olivier Schopfer	35
Editor's Note	36
Contributor Bios	37

## **Inkchester**

*Jo Waterworth*

It is a city alternately black and red, but always the same city. The people of this city are stocky, stunted in height, dark-humoured with toil, laughing, friendly, fragile and numerous as matchsticks. It is a city of railways and canals, like all cities, and canyons of brick where pigeons roost, heedless of hawks. It is a hissing, clanking city one day, a buzzing, ringing city the next, a place of riots and massacres, of carnivals, shops and trams. The streets are friendlier than the parks. In its museums old people learn about their grandchildren's world, but cannot enter it. Its Free Trade is conducted by orchestras, its cathedral lurks in back streets, its pubs take centre stage. The universities multiply and compete, the docks are shipless and airy, the airport has shrunk to the size of a child's toy and the memory of thunder.

## 'A Man Was Lynched by Police Yesterday'

*Howie Good*

It's 10 minutes after midnight  
and threatening rain, and though  
I'm looking out the kitchen window,  
I can't see anything, only the blur  
of my reflection, and all around it  
darkness, complete darkness,  
but for a Death's Head moth,  
drawn by the one light still on,  
crashing against the glass to get in.

## **Ocean Watch**

*Mary McCarthy*

For days I study  
the architecture of clouds  
the prehistoric silhouettes  
of pelicans chaining past  
dark wings riding  
invisible rivers of bright air

I sleep and dream the moon falls  
into the arms of the ocean  
their long dance ending  
in this strange embrace  
where the waves take her  
and polish her to pearl  
smooth and lustrous  
unmarked by time  
a promise just remembered  
small enough to keep

## Crossing

*Alan Perry*

*Destrehan-Luling Louisiana Ferry Crash Kills 78—October 20, 1976*

There are ways  
the dying say goodbye—

on a river waving hands  
greased in oil that slip away

in a hand that grabs a rail  
while the other grips a girl

in hands let go while struggling  
to the shoreline in half-light

in the hand over a mouth  
holding in one last exhale—

and then are still.

**dark water**

*Martha Magenta*

dark water

my ambiguous

mammogram

**There Is a Season #2**

*Steve Tomasko*



## Shaky Hands

*Cheyenne Bilderback*

deep lines  
and dark spots  
decorate his shaky hands  
a pacemaker  
pumps his heart

Sunday mornings  
he passes the  
gold collection plate  
it shakes  
in his grip  
dollars, coins, and checks  
dance

McDonald's  
he sits with his  
styrofoam coffee cup  
he raises it to his lip  
trembling

every passing year  
his shaking worsens  
and I fear  
soon

his coffee

will spill

**still not yet done**

*Adjei Agyei-Baah*

still not yet done

with his youth

an old man

passing smoke

through his nose

## Jake Forgets It

*Todd Mercer*

His guardian consigned him to the Memory Unit, though he wasn't far gone as the other no-hopers warehoused at the place. Someone must be the healthiest of the afflicted. Jake sees in fellow residents the route this one's going. Rolling. He's a run-off risk, libel to duck out if the CNAs blink twice. If they're blind to motivation. Being spoon-fed soft food 'til the Reaper visits Geezer Manor? Not this man's man's way. Forty-some years of vetting stories for explanatory power, for flaws with their fabrication. And how much now  
smudged over,  
out of order? Whose iris did he almost drown in? Which sins did he work off since commission? Certainly not all of them before they cashiered him to this Sleepy Acres situation. There were some bad ones. Patience isn't on the menu where they send you when your city doesn't need you like it used to, but before they pray and set a stone.

on that bench  
*Debbie Strange*



on that bench  
where we used to sit  
the ghost of you

words & image  
©DStrange

## Night of the Dead

Annie Prevost



*Photographer's Note: This was taken at Thrillingham, a Halloween event in Bellingham WA. People dress as zombies, parade through town and then dance in a park to Michael Jackson's Thriller music.*

## **Two Years Ceased**

*Ann Howells*

She is seedpod, pinecone, nutshell,  
unremarkable and legend:  
windblown, dancing on dry grass,  
recasting her space.

Every season is November:  
pines bleed into flat light, sea stirs  
as though something powerful  
lies caged beneath.

Geese journey south, twin-edged  
blades that slit the sky, pose  
more questions than answers.  
Her direction unclear.

Winds swirl through her house—  
in and out its many windows.  
The sky is thin, bruised,  
first snow a laying on of hands.

## What If a Tree

*Richard Weaver*

examined its own rings like a farsighted proctologist? Would it recognize scars as memory, the tunneling tracks of bores, an endless winter of heaviness white on white

and again white; do the hammerings of woodpeckers continue to echo like an ache in its bark? Would the fat springs still overflow with green, swelling the air and challenging

its roots to go deeper, deeper still, filling and holding fast to the heavy damp earth. Or would the small boy's awkward axe its biting sting and sudden absence

hold fast? And what of the sun stalking across its limbs and leaves, pulling and pulsing and conspiring with the wind to topple while promising endlessness remain?

## One Dream Opening into Many

*Marie Craven*



View Marie Craven's video "One Dream Opening into Many" at <http://gnarledoak.org/issue-10/one-dream-opening-into-many/>

## **We Sat Outside**

*Jean Morris*

We sat outside the café  
stretched our legs

and soaked our feet  
in the pool of sunshine

that dimpled and flickered  
with the shifting

and whispering  
of the sycamores overhead.

We forgot that tomorrow  
the clocks go back

that wet leaves will plaster  
the chairs and tables.

///

*With thanks to [Dave Bonta](#) and the [Via Negativa](#) poetry blog, where this was posted in October 2015.*

## With the County

*Robert Joe Stout*

Somewhat to my surprise I discovered those who worked for the county in which I used to live were not government employees but members of a private club. One joined this club by filling out an application, taking a test and going to interviews. Once one was accepted (because “a slot opened up”) one received an employee number. I filled out the application and took the test because I needed money. I soon discovered, however, that even though I’d been accepted and had been given an employee number I was not yet a full-fledged member. Newcomers were regarded with suspicion, if not totally ignored.

Insiders called their club “the county.” The term, as they used it, had occult overtones. When speaking to newcomers, or outsiders, they would repeat, “The *county* issues warrants on Wednesdays...” or “The *county* does not loan heavy equipment...” or “the *county* charges .423 on a base rate of assessed value...” as though some secret inner spirit—of which they were the tangible extensions—breathed through everything that they did.

The longer one had “been with the county” I learned, the more one absorbed the county mystique. (Club members never said “I work for the county,” they said “I’m *with* the county” or “I’ve been *with* the county sixteen years” as though describing a marriage.) As a club member absorbed the secrets that defined his or her specific activity he or she became the sole authority on how that activity was to be performed. Although manuals and operating procedures were posted here and there they often were outdated or had been superseded by an authority’s ingenuity or experience.

A slot opening at a higher level triggered a game of musical chairs as lower level club members filled newly opened slots. For months—or even years—after these promotions the new slot-fillers were obliged to pry secrets of their position from its former possessors (who, in turn, were doing the same from those they'd replaced, thus creating a chain of dependency that remained unbroken except in cases of death or someone leaving the area). When that happened the new possessor simply was told, "Well, figure something out" and he or she usually did, even if what she or he figured out was inefficient, costly or illegal.

Most of the long-standing club members lived in the county seat, a debris strewn old industrial town that had waned economically as the agricultural towns surrounding it prospered. Although nepotism was discouraged many of those holding administrative and clerical jobs had fathers, wives, cousins and children who were "with the county." Because hardly anyone ever was fired and only occasionally did someone retire or take a better job somewhere else turnover was slight.

The county complex typified what the club was about. It was built during my last year with the county on several acres of land across the river from the old downtown. The administration building, surrounded by parking lots, was partially hidden by a brick wall. The offices all faced an inner compound allowing the club members to turn their backs on the outside world. From the passageways one could look into offices where club members moved among identically styled cubicles but one had to give a password to guards (called receptionists) to gain admittance to the sacred territory.

I "was with the county" again briefly on a work-for-hire contract a few years after I left. I remember stepping outside the administration building, my brown-bag lunch in hand,

only to discover that there were no benches, no grass, no trees, no walkways, no paths, only the brick wall and the black-topped parking lots. A small sign warned against trespassing through the paupers' cemetery on the other side of the entrance road. Past it I could see thistles sloping towards a swale where a few poplars stood and a road that curled past what once had been the county hospital towards juvenile hall and the jail. A rabbit burst from cover, raced down the road and veered into the underbrush again.

When I returned to work a long-time club member told me I could have come inside to the break room and eaten my lunch there. I thanked her and told "next time" I would. But "next time" never came.

Like the rabbit, I ran.

## Inside Job

*Steve Tomasko*

Reaching into  
a cow is some-  
thing I did once  
or twice it was  
a really long glove  
slide in where  
the sun well  
you know  
there's a strong glide  
a peristaltic push  
and slide  
gain two  
inches lose one  
until shoulder flush  
with back end  
careful for swish  
of manured tail  
I don't remember  
now the reason  
something sciencey  
all I can dredge up  
is the warm waves  
tidal sea muscle  
my arm numbing  
one helluva way  
to check plumbing

## Purple Angel Bottom

*Howie Good*

This squished can  
has been lying

in the road for days,  
getting repeatedly

run over,

so that now it's just  
a small flat disk,

as unredeemable  
but distinct

as any one of five  
English words

(walrus, rhythm,  
purple, angel, bottom)

without a rhyme.

**Warm #115**

*Darren C. Demaree*

I took  
a lot  
of time

to think  
about  
the epic

& when  
I felt  
I felt

an under-  
standing,  
I ran

away  
from all  
shelter.

**@ The Limekiln State Park II**

*Samantha Tetangco*

The drive from Rock City, New Mexico  
to the Chicarahua Forests

in Southern Arizona takes four hours  
if you don't stop

for coffee in Silver City. Timing,  
you see, is everything.

Once upon a time, a man decided  
the best way to find copper

was to tear the mountains to dust  
so towns could be built

in the rubble, but don't worry,  
the sign says, the reclamation

started in 1986, and who cares  
if this wound lasts

a thousand years. Look at this poor  
mining town that has since

disappeared. In Historic Silver,  
the art store boasts real copper wares

and we feel like our skin has been stripped  
from our skin. In the park, we rest

on memorial benches. I say, not a bad place  
to spread your ashes. You say,

I prefer something more dramatic than this.

**monsoon**

*Goran Gatalica*

monsoon

silence fermenting  
in the prayer book

## Your Shadow

*Jean Morris*



## Your Shadow

Five in the morning, when you  
stumble out of bed to go and pee  
then peek between the curtains  
at the weather (blue enough),  
there's the shadow of this house  
projected on the white façade  
of the pretty house opposite,  
like glimpsing your own shadow  
on the face of a stranger facing you –  
the shape of your sameness,  
your difference, the disjunction...

Waking later to a sun higher  
in the sky, dissolving everything  
in frothing seaside light,

you walk along the shore and,  
startled, see it still – that lovely,  
unexpected shadow follows you.

## **Shorty, the Crow**

*Tricia Knoll*

The bent man on a bridge in Amsterdam  
feeds crows from his hand.

We are suburban beings, you and I.  
I don't need you to need me that way.

We found each other when you were young,  
fledgling with blood-red throat and blue eyes.

That I do not speak like angels doesn't matter.  
You come when I caw out a rasp-hello.

You bring blackness and shine  
To the street lamp, my offer on a mailbox.

Three bows, three cucks. I bow back.  
Are we friends for fat and kitten kibble?

Did I help you through last winter,  
you with short tail feathers?

I admire the risks you take. Trust  
that I will see you on the roof.

As I bend down to pull the willowherb,  
you fly low, over. Black shadow is back.

You're ready for me to call again.  
I do, every day,

call out my loneliness.

## License

*Larry D. Thacker*

I got a fishing license this morning. It's good for small game besides fish – coyote, beaver, skunks, and groundhogs allowed year round.

A varmint is a problem beast, a nuisance whose extermination is encouraged, an invasive vermin offering potential guiltless pleasure hunting.

The last time I went hunting I killed a groundhog with a .410 shotgun, perhaps the most inefficient way to take a groundhog but I wanted a challenge.

I stalked the cow pasture then sat still spying the quick starts and stops of attentive movement, the rising heads, trying to estimate the stations

of den holes across the field, let them enter before creeping a few feet closer, a statue when one would pop up from another backdoor hole, freezing, then

moving again, closer. We danced like this for half an hour until I was only fifteen feet from an entry, sat cross-legged in green and brown, waiting

for the groundhog's boredom to tempt it. I made a noise. Why would anything be out here to hurt it? A slow head popped up, then the torso half way

higher to see better, hindquarters stance of curiosity, nose tilted up, I imagine smelling breakfast, cigarette smoke on my breath as I exhaled partly and held,

offering the soft squeeze and explosion of shot peppering up instant flecks of dirt and blood, no movement then but the puff of dust vanishing.

I heard the whining belly full of babies before pulling her out of her hole. I verged on a panic threatening to rush me from the field with a cry

of absolute shame. But I forced myself to stand over the body until all was finally quiet and the stretched womb grew still. I turned and snapped the stock off

my shotgun with one strike on a stone and tossed the weapon in the hole, toed the body in over my surrendered gun and nudged the berm of dirt over it all.

## The Animals Are Gone

*Steve Klepetar*

They left in the night, taking with them  
the scents of the world. First there was  
disbelief. "This must be a joke," we smiled

at each other, and we set out to find them  
in forests and fields. But our dogs wouldn't  
come when we called, even when we offered

steak and bones, even when we whistled  
in that pitch we ourselves could never hear.  
The sky was empty of birds, leaf-heavy

trees silent on this late summer afternoon.  
We ran to the park, but the peacock cages  
stood empty. Even feathers had vanished

or blown away on rising wind. No geese  
waddled by the river, no ducks bobbing  
just beyond the shore. Cats were gone, milk

souring in their bowls. No midnight yowling  
at the fence line, no swarms of gnats.  
Suddenly we were alone with the empty seas.

We lay face down in mud, hoping to catch  
a glimpse of frogs or toads, or hear a familiar  
croak, or a clack of crickets disturbing the high grass.

**in your old backyard**

*Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco*

in your old backyard  
all the frogs we caught  
have gone

**a new silk scarf**

*Mary Kendall*

*a new silk scarf  
in violet and gold  
so carefully tied  
learning quickly  
to hide the truth*



*Tanka by Mary Kendall and Photograph by Mike Keville*

**love note**

*Christina Sng*

love note

in my textbook

bookmarking

our time

our puppy love

## Positive Vibration

John L. Stanizzi

*East Hartford, Connecticut*

1961

I threw bricks at the windows of the school,  
and I stole a plastic skeleton from  
the Prospect Drug just before Halloween.  
I started smoking Kents when I was 12,  
and when the Scout leaders had trusted me  
to sort the uniforms in the basement  
I thought it would be a good idea to  
dress up like a Girl Scout and make Greg laugh.  
Of course I got caught in my skirt and blouse  
by Father Shanley, who called me a snake.  
They finally tossed me out in the eighth grade.  
The vibrations of the Beach Boys were *good*,  
but years would pass before I really knew  
what the *positive* ones were all about.

**Taking Off**  
*Olivier Schopfer*



## Editor's Note

I am a bit surprised that *Gnarled Oak* has made it to ten issues. When I launched it two years ago, I had no idea if I would even get any submissions let alone enough to publish even one issue. Needless to say, I'm thrilled that we've made it this far, and during this post-Thanksgiving season here in the US, let me just say how thankful I am for everyone who entrusts *Gnarled Oak* with their work and all who read and share this journal. My sincerest thanks.

In addition to post-Thanksgiving, it's also post-election season here in the US. It's been an ugly one for sure and it seems the internet has exploded with vitriol, fake news, propaganda, and poorly fact-checked memes. Fortunately, *Gnarled Oak* has helped keep me sane and hopefully you as well. It seems we're navigating some dark waters indeed, something I wasn't thinking of when I selected the title for this issue, but it seems apt on many levels.

When I started this project I wanted to add a bit of light and beauty to this little backroads corner the internet. And so we'll continue with that project amid the ugliness around. Now more than ever. Thank you all for being a part of this.

With gratitude and thanks,

James Brush, editor  
Nov 2016

## Contributor Bios

**Adjei Agyei-Baah** is co-founder of the [Africa Haiku Network](#) and [Poetry Foundation Ghana](#). He also serves as the co-editor of *Mamba Journal*, Africa's first haiku periodical and champions an avant-garde type of haiku dubbed "Afriku," which seeks to project the unique sights, sounds, and settings of Africa. His short Japanese poetry form has appeared in many international journals. He was picked for the Editors' Choice Award at *Cattails* and *The Heron's Nest Journal* and is the winner of The Heron's Nest Award, March 2016 and the Akita Chamber of Commerce and Industry President Award of the 3rd Japan-Russia Haiku Contest, 2014. Adjei recently released his first haiku collection *Afriku*, published by Red Moon Press (2016) in the US and hopes to publish more collections as well of the other short forms of Japanese poetry.

**Cheyenne Bilderback** is a 20-year-old native of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. She currently calls Nashville, Tennessee home while she studies at Belmont University. Her work is forthcoming in the Midwestern-based literary journal *Twig*. When she is not posting poetry to her blog, [vinyl muse](#), she is often found writing songs or serving coffee.

**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](http://pixieguts.com).

**Darren C. Demaree** is the author of five poetry collections, most recently *The Nineteen Steps Between Us* (2016, After the Pause). He is the Managing Editor of the Best of the Net

Anthology and *Ovenbird Poetry*. He currently lives and writes in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

**Goran Gatalica** (Virovitica, Croatia, 1982.) graduated physics and chemistry at the Faculty of Science in Zagreb after which he entered doctoral study. He publishes poetry, haiku and prose in literary magazines, journals and anthologies. He has won several awards for poetry and haiku in Croatia and abroad. He is a member of the Croatian Writers' Association.

**Howie Good** co-edits White Knuckle Press with Dale Wisely.

**Ann Howells** of Carrollton, Texas, edits *Illya's Honey*, recently taking it digital: [IllyasHoney.com](http://IllyasHoney.com). Her publications are: *Black Crow in Flight* (Main Street Rag), *Under a Lone Star* (Village Books Press), *Letters for My Daughter* (Flutter Press), and *Cattlemen & Cadillacs*, an anthology of D/FW poets that she edited (Dallas Poets Community Press). Her poems appear widely; she has four Pushcart nominations.

**Mary Kendall** lives in Chapel Hill, North Carolina with her husband and her dog. Mary is a retired teacher. Her poetry has appeared in many online and print journals and she is the author of *Erasing the Doubt*, published by Finishing Line Press in 2015. Mary is co-author of *A Giving Garden* published in 2009. Her poetry blog is [A POET IN TIME](#).

**Steve Klepetar's** work has appeared widely. His poems have been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. Recent collections include *My Son Writes a Report on the Warsaw Ghetto* and *The Li Bo Poems*, both from Flutter Press, and *Family Reunion*, forthcoming from Big Table Publishing.

**Tricia Knoll** is an Oregon poet with more than a casual interest in crows, creeks, and climate change. Her poetry

collections include *Ocean's Laughter* (Aldrich Press, 2016) and a chapbook *Urban Wild* (Finishing Line Press, 2014). Website: [triciaknoll.com](http://triciaknoll.com)

**Martha Magenta** lives in England, UK. Her poems focus on a wide variety of topics including love, loss, spirituality and meditation. Recently, she has begun to write haiku. A number of her poems and haiku have been published in online journals. She is co-owner of POETS, the second largest poetry community on Google Plus.

**Mary C. McCarthy** has always been a writer, but spent most of her working life as a Registered Nurse. She has had work included in many online and print journals, including *Expond*, *Third Wednesday*, *Earth's Daughters*, *The Evening Street Review*, and *Caketrain*.

**Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco** co-edits *One Sentence Poems* and lives in California's Central Valley. She is tired of smoke from wildfires.

**Todd Mercer** won the Dyer-Ives Kent County Prize for Poetry (2016), the National Writers Series Poetry Prize (2016) and the Grand Rapids Festival Flash Fiction Award (2015). His digital chapbook, *Life-wish Maintenance*, appeared at *Right Hand Pointing*. Mercer's recent poetry and fiction appear in *100 Word Story*, *Flash Fiction Magazine*, *Fried Chicken and Coffee*, *The Lake*, *Literary Orphans*, *Plum Tree Tavern*, *Split Lip Magazine* and *Star 82 Review*.

**Jean Morris** lives in London, takes photos, translates from French and Spanish, and surprised herself last year by seriously getting into poetry. She most recently had some micro-poems published in *Otata*.

**Alan Perry** holds a Bachelor's degree in English from the University of Minnesota. He is a member of the Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis, and is involved in programs at the University of Arizona Poetry Center in Tucson, Arizona. He and his wife divide their time between a suburb of Minneapolis and Tucson, and he has poems forthcoming in *Sandcutters* and *The Moccasin*.

**Annie Prevost** studied art as well photography. She is a street photographer who embraces ambiguity, abstraction and the surreal. People stepping outside their everyday selves by donning costume are a favorite subject. Her photos have been shown at Allied Arts and the Whatcom Art Museum, both in Bellingham, WA. and in two calendars.

**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](#).

**Christina Sng** is a poet, writer, and artist. Her first haiku chapbook, *A Constellation of Songs*, was recently published by the Origami Poems Project. Visit her at [christinasng.com](#).

**John L. Stanizzi** is the author of *Ecstasy Among Ghosts*, *Sleepwalking*, *Dance Against the Wall*, *After the Bell*, and *Hallelujah Time!* His poems have appeared in *American Life In Poetry*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Rust + Moth*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Rattle*, and others. He teaches literature at Manchester Community College. Find him online at [johnlstanizzi.com](#).

**Robert Joe Stout's** poems and stories have appeared in *The Tishman Review*, *Emrys Journal*, *Existere*, *Two-Thirds North* and many other magazines and journals. He lives in Oaxaca, Mexico.

**Debbie Strange** is a widely published Canadian short form poet, haiga artist, and photographer. Her first collection, *Warp and Weft*, *Tanka Threads*, is available through [atlaspoetica.org](http://atlaspoetica.org). She invites you to visit her archive at [Warp and Weft ~ Images and Words](#) or on Twitter [@Debbie\\_Strange](#).

**Samantha Tetangco's** short stories, creative nonfiction, and poetry have appeared in a number of literary magazines and selected anthologies including *The Sun*, *Gargoyle*, *Phoebe*, *Gertrude*, *Oklahoma Review*, *Stone Path Review*, *Vela* and others. In 2011, she earned her MFA from the University of New Mexico. She currently teaches writing at the University of California, Merced and is serving as the Communications Officer for this year's AWP LGBTQ Caucus.

**Larry D. Thacker** is a writer from Tennessee. His poetry can be found in journals and magazines such as *The Still Journal*, *The Southern Poetry Anthology: Tennessee*, *Mojave River Review*, *Broad River Review*, *Harpoon Review*, *Rappahannock Review*, and *Appalachian Heritage*. He is presently taking his MFA in poetry and fiction at West Virginia Wesleyan College. He is the author of *Mountain Mysteries: The Mystic Traditions of Appalachia*, the poetry chapbooks, *Voice Hunting* and *Memory Train* and the forthcoming full collection *Drifting in Awe*.

**Steve Tomasko** has written about himself in the first, third and possibly fifth person (don't ask). He often verb-ifies things he shouldn't and trips over his own dangling participles. Despite these possible disqualifications, he has published one poetry chapbook, "and no spiders were harmed." You can

read more about him and Jeanie (his wife, also a poet) at [Jeanie & Steve Tomasko](#).

**Jo Waterworth** lives in Glastonbury, UK, and is involved in groups for writing, editing and performing poetry. She is also studying part-time at Bath Spa University, now taking a third year poetry module. She has been published online and in print, and has won various poetry prizes in the UK. She blogs at [Jo'swriting](#).

**Richard Weaver** resides in Baltimore's Inner Harbor. His publications include *Crazy Horse*, *Vanderbilt Poetry Review*, *North American Review*, *Poetry*, *Black Warrior Review*, *2River View*, *New England Review*, and the ubiquitous elsewhere.