

Gnarled Oak

an online literary journal



Issue 9: Harbor, Home, Hard Love
Jul-Aug 2016



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Contents

I Am April — Tiffany Grantom	1
Gossamer — Jeanie Tomasko	2
composing for voice & breath — Scott-Patrick Mitchell	3
Westbound PA Turnpike — James Esch	4
Acutance — Jack Bedell	6
prairie storm — Debbie Strange	7
Texas Life Story, Six Words — Lisa Bubert	8
and if you sketched the view from here minus — Jeanie Tomasko	9
The Meeting Ran Long — Marie Craven	10
Multilingual — Steve Klepetar	11
The Elephant in the Room — Juliet Wilson	12
After Ekphrasis — Marie Landau	13
Geography of the Dream — Joan Colby	14
Talking You to Sleep — Margaret Holley	15
Sea Song — PJ Wren	16
Daydream — Olivier Schopfer	17
Moon Kisses — Kelsey May	18
Super Moon — Cathryn Essigner	19
In a Dark Room — Steve Klepetar	20
Once Upon a Time — Consuelo Arredondo, Cristina Ortiz, Ferrie = differentieel, Johann Mynhardt & Luis Rojas	21
My Cross — Chinua Ezenwa-Ohaeto	23

Skins — Mary McCarthy	25
ECT — Mary McCarthy	26
Ominous Dreams — Bill Waters	27
Only the Lonely — Marie Craven	28
old footbridge — Pravat Kumar Padhy	29
tequila sunset — Christina Sng	30
riddle of renewing — j.lewis	31
from Orchards — Marilyn McCabe	32
Shorts-and-long-sleeved-shirt-kind-a-perfect-Sunday afternoon at the beach — Jeanie Tomasko	33
Editor's Note	35
Contributor Bios	37

I Am April

Tiffany Grantom

I am April, tail end of the rains. Flowers scattered askance and winking through the glassy drops. Mud tracks drying up, but still gifting a mess on the door mat. Don't count me out for a storm or two and if Easter is in my grasp the high and holy days will dazzle, glory abounding hallelujah. That fresh breeze, floral and dank; we're on the way into fullness and fruit, Winter's grasp receding, but I haven't forgotten him yet. Dim wretch, all this green and life is proof that hope is made new, anew.

I might be leaning into the sunshine, underdressed, straining toward the summer warm, but this is my favorite part. The cusp, the place in between.

Gossamer

Jeanie Tomasko

gos-sa-mer \ n [ME gossomer, fr. *gos* goose + *somer* summer] 1 : and if wings could wing : and if summer could last : and if we could be as soft and careful as milkweed air : as in, too soon we grab the net or nail and try to pin things down when 2 : it's enough to know they are there¹ 3 : and right here in the middle of writing this, I get an e-mail from Orbitz, subject line: You're so fly 3 : Dear Orbitz, how did you know? 4 : because the wind is blowing and the yellow leaves are flying and, I *am* so fly 5 : here with you under the available sky, a silver airplane² &

¹I think, as birds fly past our morning window

² two ravels of [goose + summer] geese

composing for voice & breath

Scott-Patrick Mitchell

compose me a symphony
using only your voice : let
it boom & bassoon, cello
a treble & be thin like a
violin

speak of love & sin, of
giving up & giving in, of
how low a solo can go &
when to begin an opus'
ending

across staves rave about
your day, how it ends too
soon &, mesmerised, i'll
listen to your tune & even
sigh

Westbound PA Turnpike

James Esch

Sunny humid hills clustered with leaves, puffed with bursting
gusto,
the corn high from all the rain we've had, mist gathered in the
meadows.

Cows collect in batches of milk and coal. The sky takes
charge ,
vapor congeals, dense billows, like that it's over you, a freight
train edged by sunlight.

Slipping past the empty rust-belt plant, rain splotches the car,
shatters thin oil slicks with darts, as I vault over the
Susquehanna.

Rain swallows cars, trucks, bridge and river. I'm slashing vainly
through,
but the rain folds back, drapes layers down, then it's all you
can do

to grip steady and not leap the guard rail. On the west bank,
rain pulls the shower curtain — elongated ridges like thighs

and vapors of orange sundown ripple along torqued rock
cuts.

The concrete vein draws me towards a pumping heart weak
from blood loss.

The houses are drawn farther apart, the traffic nodules
isolated in
little spurts of motion — pulse with instinct and intention.

Engine cylinders rotate 2100 times a minute — like our
hearts, slamming and firing
forward, from point A to B. Cue the Ronnettes, be my baby
now.

Acutance

Jack Bedell

Pull in the nets,
swollen from seven passes off the Gulf.

White boots squeak on wet deck,
knots loosen and shrimp slide
out of twine, onto wood.

What rolled underfoot
now buzzes with shell and fin.

Sorting bins fill with overs and unders.
Lemon fish are swept into the hold for bait.

Stingrays flop to the sides
and are shoveled over,
reminders that days could be worse.

prairie storm
Debbie Strange



Texas Life Story, Six Words

Lisa Bubert

My life is Texas, long stretches,
a mixed bag of land so
vast, I could run forever and
you would never know me from
one solitary place to the other.

Contentment is in movement. I roam
through plains so plain and wide,
mirages begin to look like other
mirages begin to look like me.

Each year a different region, each
day a new valley, but if
the spot is comfortable, with adequate
food, water, sun, room, and protection,
I may try to set camp,
claim my space, dig my heels
into crumbling ground until I cannot
fight the wolves off any longer.

Texas is like a marriage, they
say. A long one, and nobody
ever leaves her. I sure can't.
They say Texas is overdue freedom,
and she is, so long as
you love Texas and come home
to her often. She loves you
but she is a demanding wife.

and if you sketched the view from here minus

Jeanie Tomasko

the streets and alleys, minus the motels and the three rollercoasters, minus the jetty and the lighthouse and the catamarans lined upside down on the sand, minus the evening's surfers, the young women with their dogs, street poets, booksellers, guitars and glass jars stuffed with old dollars, minus pizza toppings, car keys, small lamps burning in windows, minus the fathers calling time to come in

and minus even this wharf where people sit with their fried clams and slices of lemon, where people fall into the sea as you draw in reverse dismantling the boards, erasing all but landscape and a pod of sea lions arcing in for the night and a few gray gulls flying toward the mountains off to the left; all that was before anyone ordered decaf for two or touched another's face with a hand small as rain

The Meeting Ran Long

Marie Craven



View Marie Craven's video "The Meeting Ran Long"
at <http://gnarledoak.org/issue-9/the-meeting-ran-long/>

Multilingual

Steve Klepetar

I drink tea with spiders. There is never enough milk. The spiders complain about the heat, but I tell them to blow across their cups or just have patience and wait.

On sunny days, birds glide overhead, apples swell and hang heavy from trees. I can say these truths in three languages, the words inscribed on the inside of my skull.

This makes travel easier to many parts of the world. Here's what I've observed: on rainy days, girls go to the movies. They don't go with boys or with their pets,

because they want to hear the film stars snarl. The stars eat apples dropped from the beaks of birds. They drink a tea brewed from webs. They blow across their cups

to calm the howling pets. They have gold flecked eyes and travel far, speaking tongues of spice and flame. In darkness the girls spin on their seats like small tornadoes in a glass jar.

The Elephant in the Room

Juliet Wilson

There's little room to breathe in here

the elephant sucks out all the air
through its massive trunk
and presses the couple to the walls.

They stare into each other,
their eyes message
what their lips cannot say:

there's an elephant in the room.

There's little room for elephants here
where villages expand into the plains
and poachers gun down whole herds.

Dying elephants suck air
through flattened trunks
fading eyes hold a message

there's something we need to talk about here.

After Ekphrasis

Marie Landau

the net collapsed around us
fibers of rope burned our skin

where was that old stove
the one you wrote about
or was it me

the class clapped as you read
your long machine
would you call it automatic

the algorithm of your evenings
or do I misremember

the time we read Barthes
pages from *Jabès*

was that pleasure that you gave
the back of the neck a place to settle
or was it bliss

the paper cuts around us
fibers fixing on the pen

when did you write me out
the margins stretching
then folding over—

where do you keep
all our blood-red ink
made black

Geography of the Dream

Joan Colby

We seek our houses, we swim, we fly, we lose
Our keys, misplace the car, find our beloved dead
Wearing fedoras and hats with veils.

We ride horses, we arrive in class
Unprepared, our notes missing,
We appear on the avenue of the naked.

We make excuses, solve mysteries we are pursued
By spies, we climb scaffolds, panic in elevators.
We are not ourselves

Or we are young again and passionate.
The images dissolve in feelings so intense
We wake shuddering. We write down

What we can remember. The lover faceless and nameless
The university of discovery.
The boiler room where bad things happen.

Talking You to Sleep

Margaret Holley

We are all midnight swimmers in a cosmic sea.

– Robert Van der Cleave

I lie down on your bed and talk you to sleep.
It's easy now. Already your arm under your pillow
is pulling through brine shrimp by the billion.

Around you the jellies gently pout and pulse,
their umbrellas hauling along ghostly ribbons,
breathing and eating being the same ballet.

Soon I will slide down this continental shelf too,
past twilight blue mussels swaying with the waves
and oysters licking their pearly wounds.

I'll meet you among the ships flying their kelp flags
through submarine canyons. Down, down I go,
my nightgown a see-through swim-bladder,

the Pleiades twinkling in my wild hair.
I might be almost beautiful again, as I soar
among undersea peaks, my face free of its mask

of worry, my arms open wide as if to pour
the entire shimmering Andromeda galaxy
at your feet. Who taught us to love like this?

To slip out of ourselves into this long current
breathing us so easily in and in and in,
then out again, imperceptibly new.

Sea Song

PJ Wren

When my lover went blind,
He touched my stains, my teacup skin,
He took my thirst and drank it in.

When my lover went blind,
He followed the waves, nose to the wind,
We salted our toes by dipping them in.

When my lover went blind,
We cracked oysters, thick with sin
And fed on their liquor, dripping it in.

When my lover went blind,
His ears could see and his hands were finned
I climbed on his back, we dove in.

Daydream

Olivier Schopfer



Moon Kisses

Kelsey May

I love the moon's craters,
how they appear like bubbles in pancakes
or gaps in an alligator's smile. The moon
does not know how to love,
but I'm content to blow kisses at its
slowly revolving merry-go-round face.
Moons don't pulse for love,
but they do tuck snugly into orbit,
sighing pleasantries into our ears,
nuzzling against our bare skin
as we lay in bed awake, hoping
to learn how to spin.

Super Moon

Cathryn Essinger

June 22, 2013

Because I don't want my neighbors to think
that I am doing nothing except watch the moon

rise between the maple and the evergreens,
I place a book in my lap, put on headphones,

inch my chair a few degrees north just
to keep the moon positioned cleanly over

our little slice of suburbia. Soon a neighbor
will join me, place his lawn chair next to mine.

He sits down and begins to whittle, slicing pale
curls from a hickory branch which pool

around his feet. After the man in the moon
clears the telephone lines, misses the maples,

my neighbor asks, *What are you listening to?*
Nothing, I reply. *Hmmmm...* he says,

Maybe you should learn to whittle?
Are you going to teach me? I ask.

*Sure, he says, you begin by looking
at the moon...*

In a Dark Room

Steve Klepetar

It's so simple, this waiting
in a dark room, its air
perfumed with lilac and mold.

Every breath springs to your
chest like a white moth
flitting in a garden of ash.

Once there were sounds
of many voices, and silver
pictures flickering on the walls.

That was long ago in the days
of heat. We were carried off
by strong hands into rough cliffs,

where we learned a new set
of prayers. But now the walls
are painted over with signs.

One points to the road that runs
past this house, winding its way
to the city of our birth

with its traffic and children
and dogs skirting rubble and glass.
Another points inward to the ocean

of our blood. As our lungs fill
with the water of dreams, we touch
each other lightly, just before dawn.

Once Upon a Time

Consuelo Arredondo, Cristina Ortiz, Ferrie=differentieel, Johann Mynhardt & Luis Rojas



View the collaborative video "Once Upon a Time"
at gnarledoak.org/issue-9/once-upon-a-time/

about "Once Upon a Time"

The city of the dead, constructed by the living as a silent and still image of a restless and bustling city.

It has its houses, small, damp and dark; some more spacious and sunny; It has its individual apartments where the tranquil inhabitants crowd each other; it seems that they lack room ... but no, what they lack is movement, why would you want more room?

Also this city has streets and gardens through which visitors pass, the future dead, amongst the present dead.

Dead people of all ages, with dead children and their dead dolls.

The schedule of this city is regulated so that essential work, crafts and ceremonies are arranged in a map corresponding to the firmament on that date: thus the days and nights on earth are reflected in the sky. Or conversely, the days in heaven and the nights on earth.

—I understand well that you, that you feel part of an unchanging sky, meticulous clockwork gears, you bring nothing to your city and your habits change little. Yours is the only city that suits you, you remain motionless in time, the moving image of eternity... You have departed from time, you're already in eternity, why would you want to change? Yes, I know, man prefers to want for nothing instead of wanting for something... but the sky, inspiring laws, cities and calendars, must be heard; maybe this is why you are so quiet?—

You deserve to be remembered for two virtues: secure in yourself, because nothing affects you, you tell me in your faces from those black and white photographs of serene gestures, even smiling; and prudence, convinced that all innovation in the city influences the design of heaven, before every decision you calculate the risks and benefits for themselves and for the whole city ... and worlds.

—Consuelo Arredondo

My Cross

Chinua Ezenwa-Oheato

"It's him again," my elder brother complained. We all peered through the window to see who he saw.

The man from our church came again to the house. Dad wasn't back from work. Mum gathered the four of us as usual—my brothers, my sister and me before the man. We sat beside her as she flipped through the black King James Bible. The man spoke. They listened. I observed him.

The other day, before this day, he talked about sinners, sins and saints; hell and heaven. The word "sins" particularly reminded me when mum called me a sinner after flogging me ruthlessly on the day she met me holding an egg, the only one left out of the three crates kept in the house—I was barely four years old. When she questioned me, I said innocently:

"Mum these balls are not bouncing like tennis." I broke almost all the eggs in the crates as I mistook them for tennis balls.

The man talked about the end of the world. He said a big trumpet would be blown on the last day for everyone to be judged before the Maker. I looked at him, the type that suggested disbelief and fright.

I imagined how mighty the trumpet would look to sound to the world on the last day and the number of Angels that would carry it. The Angels, I was sure, had been to the gym. The particular Angel to sound the trumpet, I knew also, would have a mouth as wide as that of a hippopotamus. I knew too that that Angel would vomit enough air into the trumpet for

enormous and resonate sound to reach all the peoples of the world even the deaf.

Because no one knew the exact time of the last day, I was deeply worried. I worried because I might be caught unawares when I might be filling the Five Alive juices stored in the refrigerator with water after I might have had my fill from a tiny hole I often perforated at its side or when I might be at the kitchen at night stealing meats from the soup pot (mum always had blamed my acts on witches that she believed was one of our neighbors) or when I might be adding more salt into papa's food before serving to punish mum for always flogging me for bedwetting.

"...carry your cross and in this way can you follow Christ truly. Lets us pray," the man said. I examined him as he concluded, prayed and left.

Thursday passed, so did Friday and Saturday. Sunday came. We were ready for church.

"Where are you going with that?" my mum asked me in bewilderment.

My posture was slanted and imbalanced. I was exactly that way anyone could see in those pictures or calendars bearing Jesus Christ's images. What I carried was my yesterday's construction done with pieces of wood I stole from a nearby carpenter's shop.

I didn't understand my mum's reaction; I thought she heard what the man from the church said the other day.

"Mum, this is my cross. I want to follow Christ."

Skins

Mary C McCarthy

You wore me down
like sandpaper
reducing all my knots
and splintered edges
to a surface so bland
and smooth
no one would suspect
it had ever been anything
but innocuous.
Still I remember
that old skin
rough and graceless
marked by scars
and strange tattoos
like the autographs
of inquisitors
eager for confession.
Now I am domesticated
beyond suspicion
and I get no second glances
moving easily
among the wolves
perfect in this harmless
disguise.

ECT

Mary C McCarthy

After their treatments
I woke empty and blind
as an egg, so fragile
I had to be careful
not to break anything
that didn't belong to me.
I forgot my own name
but no one else's.
Nothing would stay with me.
All my old associations
were bled out
reduced to strangers
I'd swear I never met.
What good was this cruel robbery
supposed to do?
Make me more careful
to stay inside the lines
and stop complaining
before you can come up
with another cure
worse than this.

Ominous Dreams

Bill Waters

Blood Moon

His stroll in the park is a shot in the dark. She sits on a bench under a light waiting for something to happen. Dramas such as this are enacted in parks everywhere. A full moon can seem like an omen, and a blood moon can feel like a curse. With the moon at my back I approach them — two people inexorably drawn together for a purpose that is still unclear.

The Curtain Rises

They toss the silent frisbee back and forth on this still summer evening. The gunman in the window views it as a moving target not unlike a clay pigeon. The purpose of an object is ultimately made clear only in how it is used. A quiet street is like a stage in an open-air theater. I like theater and wonder how this play will end.

Storm Warning

They surge past the guards and form a crowd in front of the embassy building. You step out onto the balcony and prepare to address them. Scenes such as this are always more dramatic in a movie or a 1930s newsreel. Some say a car backfiring sounds like a gunshot. I drive out of the picture as my car, half-stalling, backfires again and again.

Only the Lonely
Marie Craven



View Marie Craven's video "Only the Lonely"
at gnarledoak.org/issue-9/only-the-lonely/

old footbridge—

Pravat Kumar Padhy

old footbridge—

the school kids busy counting

cherry blossoms

tequila sunset

Christina Sng

tequila sunset
asleep in the rocker
before nine

riddle of renewing

j.lewis

evergreen should always mean
a tree that doesn't lose its leaves
not deciduous, nor bare in winter

but then there comes this riddle—
where does the forest floor
find its deep carpet of needles
tapestry of life unwinding
in tans and browns and grays
on their way to humus
providing life for the next
generation of giants

here is the wisdom of the question—
that which would continue green
must daily release anything
everything no longer needed
forget yesterday's yearnings
focus on feeding the present
so tomorrow will not want

i would be an evergreen—
past deeds scattered on the wind
forgotten in favor of nurturing now
quietly letting the good i have done
become nutrient soil to my soul
and to those sheltered seedlings
sprung from me

from Orchards
Marilyn McCabe



View Marilyn McCabe's video "from Orchards"
at gnarledoak.org/issue-9/from-orchards/

**Shorts-and-long-sleeved-shirt-kind-a-perfect-Sunday
afternoon at the beach**

Jeanie Tomasko

here where everything is broken
[i] fragment of

sand dollar, sea star, clam
[I think] this day didn't

start well
whelk, wrack, knotted wrack

knotted yes, unable to
tide, ebb, endless, crash

[I think I]
burrow like a sand crab

run from
like the small gulls

in and out, pursuit of
oyster, whorl of inner ear

[I think I finally]
the first thing I said

I picked up this shell for you and
you placed a small stone

in my hand,
harbor, home, hard love

washed up, wrack line
how all this broken

[I think I finally get
it] inside

Editor's Note

Back to school. That's why this note and issue wrap-up is so late. Should I tell you the dog ate my work? It's a great excuse since dogs will eat anything: paper, plastic, Legos, spatulas, curtains, coffee tables, trash. Why not the last page of this issue?

So I'm back to school and already I hear this from my students: "Writing is boring."

My mind short circuits. This simply does not compute.

Lately, I've tried responding with, "Why are you writing boring things? Try writing something interesting."

This stumps them sometimes, but I figure why not? Many of my kids act like they want me to entertain them, but maybe they should try to entertain me.

This year, I'll tell them to try to think like writers: entertain me, inform me, persuade me. Show me your world as only you know it.

Now here we are starting the second week of school and a few at least seem willing to try. Maybe I can find a seat in the back of the classroom, sit down and learn from what they've got to say.

It's what I like to do here at *Gnarled Oak*, and so, thank you as always for writing and reading, for sending your work and letting me publish some of it. For letting me sit in the back and learn so much. It's always an honor, and I hope you've enjoyed this issue as much as I did.

And for those of you teachers, students, and parents of school and college-aged kids, best of luck to you in the new school year, and may all your dogs keep their teeth off your work.

With gratitude and thanks,

James Brush, editor
Aug 2016

Contributor Bios

Consuelo Arredondo (Santander, Spain) graduated in Barcelona in philosophy and philology, has devoted her professional life to teaching philosophy and also poetry writing.

Jack Bedell is currently a Professor of English and Coordinator of Creative Writing at Southeastern Louisiana University where he also edits *Louisiana Literature* and directs the Louisiana Literature Press. His latest collections are *Bone-Hollow, True: New & Selected Poems*, *Call & Response*, *Come Rain, Come Shine*, *What Passes for Love* and *At the Bonehouse*, all published by Texas Review Press (a member of the Texas A&M Press Consortium). He recently returned from a wonderful week at the Bread Loaf Orion Environmental Writers' Conference.

Lisa Bubert is a writer currently living in Denton, TX with her drummer husband and very distraught cat.

Joan Colby has published widely in journals such as *Poetry*, *Atlanta Review*, *South Dakota Review*, etc. Awards include two Illinois Arts Council Literary Awards, an Illinois Arts Council Fellowship in Literature. She has published 16 books including *Selected Poems* from FutureCycle Press which received the 2013 FutureCycle Prize and *Ribcage* from Glass Lyre Press which has been awarded the 2015 Kithara Book Prize. She has two books forthcoming in 2016 and 2017. One of her poems is among the winners of the 2016 Atlantic Review International Poetry Contest. Colby is also a senior editor of FutureCycle Press and an associate editor of *Kentucky Review*.

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.

James Esch teaches literature and creative writing at Widener University. He is editor of *Turk's Head Review* and the founder of Spruce Alley Press and a co-advisor of Widener's online magazine for undergraduate writers, *The Blue Route*. His recent publications include work in *Dr. T. J. Eckleburg Review*, *Stoneslide Corrective*, and *Black Heart Magazine*. He blogs at eschorama.com.

Cathryn Essinger is the author of three prize winning books of poetry: *A Desk in the Elephant House*, *My Dog Does Not Read Plato*, and *What I Know About Innocence*. Her work has appeared in a wide variety of journals, from *Midwest Gothic* to *The Southern Review*, *The Antioch Review* and *Poetry*. She is a retired Professor of English and a member of The Greenville Poets, from Greenville, Ohio.

Chinua Ezenwa-Ohaeto studied English Language and Literature at Nnamdi Azikiwe University, Awka, Anambra State, Nigeria. He is a lover of literature and expresses himself in writings.

Ferrie = differentieel (Amsterdam, the Netherlands) started making music in 2006 after years of painting in the expressionistic style. Around 250 tracks for art installations, dance performances, film, video and commercials. Web: audio.dailym.net.

Tiffany Grantom is a mother of five, doula, paralegal, wearer-of-many-hats-busy-monger who hopes for a season with time

to write a book. Today, just scribbles and lists, and fly-by wording glories.

Margaret Holley's fifth collection of poems is *Walking Through the Horizon* (University of Arkansas Press). Her work has appeared in *Poetry*, *Gettysburg Review*, *Shenandoah*, *The Southern Review*, and many other journals. Former director of Bryn Mawr College's Creative Writing Program, she currently serves as a docent at Winterthur Museum.

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.

Marie Landau is an editor at the University of New Mexico Press and a member of Dirt City, an Albuquerque-based literary collective. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Red Paint Hill Poetry Journal*, *Yellow Chair Review*, *SOFTBLOW*, *Bird's Thumb*, *Eunoia Review*, and elsewhere.

j.lewis is an internationally published poet, musician, and nurse practitioner. When he is not otherwise occupied, he is often on a kayak, exploring and photographing the waterways near his home in California.

Kelsey May's poetry has recently appeared in *The Maine Review* and *damselfly press* and is forthcoming in *Barking Sycamores*, and *Pine Hills Review*. She has also received numerous grants and awards, including a nomination for a 2016 Pushcart Prize. She loves grilled cheese sandwiches and reading novels about Central America.

Marilyn McCabe's new book of poems, *Glass Factory*, was published by The Word Works in Spring 2016. Her poem "On

Hearing the Call to Prayer Over the Marcellus Shale on Easter Morning” was awarded A Room of Her Own Foundation’s Orlando Prize. Her book of poetry *Perpetual Motion* was published by The Word Works in 2012 as the winner of the Hilary Tham Capitol Collection contest. She blogs about writing and reading at marilynonaroll.wordpress.com.

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 *Expound*, *Third Wednesday*, *Earth’s Daughters*, *The Evening Street Review*, and *Caketrain*.

Scott-Patrick Mitchell is an Australian poet whose latest collection, *inner pity poems* (2016), is available now through Department of Poetry. For more information please visit www.facebook.com/scottpatrickmitchellpoet.

Johann Mynhardt. Web: youtube.com/user/johannmynhardt

Cristina Ortiz (Barcelona, Spain): Photographer specializing in using old photographic techniques and film producer. Since 1992 doing courses on techniques and creative photographic development. Since the early 1990s, her work has been part of numerous individual and group exhibitions. Web: crisortiz.com.

Pravat Kumar Padhy, a poet-scientist, did his Masters and Ph.D from IIT-Dhanbad, India. Work referred in Spectrum History of Indian Literature in English, Alienation in Contemporary Indian English Poetry etc. His Japanese short form poetry has appeared in many international journals. His poetry has won the Editors’ Choice Award at Asia-American Poetry, Poetbay, USA; Writers’ Guild of India; the Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival, Canada; UNESCO International Year of Water Co-operation; and the Kloštar Ivanić International

Haiku Commendation award. *Songs of Love: A Celebration*, published by Writers Workshop, Calcutta is his latest collection of poetry.

Luis Rojas (Bahia Blanca, Argentina). Composer, documentary filmmaker, researcher and instrumentalist. He has released many works for various groups, soloists and orchestra, plus electroacoustic works. Web: soundcloud.com/luisrojas2011.

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. She lives in Singapore with her family and their cat Kit. Visit her online at christinasng.com.

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. She invites you to visit her archive at debbiemstrange.blogspot.ca.

Jeanie Tomasko is the author of a few poetry books, most recently (*Prologue*), the recipient of an Editor's Choice award from Concrete Wolf Chapbook Series, and *Violet Hours* (Taraxia Press), a collection of the antics of a unique little girl. She can be found on her website (jeanietomasko.com), walking around somewhere near Lake Superior with her husband, Steve, or enjoying the antics of her cats at home, where she endeavors to always have a

bottomless honey jar, garlic from the garden and bees in the front yard hyssop.

Bill Waters, a lifelong poet and writer, lives in Pennington, New Jersey, U.S.A., with his wonderful wife and their three amazing cats. You can find more of his writing at [Bill Waters](#) ~~ Haiku and [Bill Waters](#) ~~ NOT Haiku.

Juliet Wilson is an adult education tutor and conservation volunteer based in Edinburgh, UK. She blogs at [Crafty Green Poet](#) and can be found on Twitter [@craftygreenpoet](#). Her poetry and short stories appear in various places online.

PJ Wren writes poems and very short fiction and has had work published in *The Lake* and *After the Pause*. More of PJ Wren's writing, including non-fiction, poems, and stories, can be found at (or through) [Inside the Glass Tunnel](#) and [PJWrenWriting](#).