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ISSUE ONE

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MARK JAMES ANDREWS

Lost In Tales Told By Idiots

a semi-truck
blasting air horn
broke my swing stride
I would have dashed into traffic
lost in tales told by idiots
I make it to a side street
my girl Bridge waiting
on her front porch
pacing reading Tristessa
wearing a full black leotard
cut-off jeans over it
canvas combat boots
copped for next to nothing
the army surplus store
ready to split city limits
lost in tales told by idiots
“Tristessa means sadness
in Spanish and Portuguese”
Bridge announces
she striking with her new
razor layered haircut auburn
me having same dirty blonde
she insisting do it together

chill of the morning
working on her body
cars honking
old guys yelling whistling
me draping my blue jean jacket
over her bare neck shoulders
our bus screeching up
air going from lilac to diesel
just kids waking up at dawn
lost in tales told by idiots

MATT DENNISON

The Blunting Wind

The lion of the paw's left hand
arrives a blunting wind; an orb
de-globe'd, intact among, spins
in a cot, handy house nearby. In
inks the tint among the spine tree
bust, gnawn granite-like upon soft
curtains motoring wrong this love's
beholden – this earthened weapon's
next. In dreams I balance the tweezer
en pointe, legs outstretched, angle de la
ballerine enforced, sufficient with the deep
squirrel's feet, the freeze that brought me unto
the tomb, the teeth. My head on your head, bower
ghost, weep-testicles out the crime, nipple the bone
-shot sea. Cleanse your house in the great unknowing
of the vain details like winters that mimic good skin:
“Denmark, Denmark” coo'd the arrowhead rocked
against the table. “No! – Spain!” re-insurrects the
danger. This is to be the cutting year to lactate
rough dosages the one thing backside trees
ignite: the ill-buried ringmaster's hat or
gloves dressed in fleck-rumple whites
tallions twisting his crypt, losing

a taste for the gr'panned funeral,
the time unripe for his favorite
cigarette, his wonder-whiskey,
his fat-back cheese. Why, then,
when thus covered, the baffling
self that is what was so, the labia
lens I view through my depths and
re-launch rested codicil upon its legs
following room to room the dream again
gut-wrapped in clip-knives-breath-alleys-time-
jars valley-tipped upon rain-walks would I suddenly
like not to age without? The dead bird now a glazen cage
upon my Lady's lap, tortoise-wrapped to keep her not,
the intelligence of the horse's crepuscular damage
unwinged, burlap'ed. I am but a portal: some
equal time-law of the self de-foreign'd to
breath – my sta'tue, the manageress a'
spoons, devolves, water-waifs all
night in night all night. Amen.

STEPHANIE YUE DUHEM

Fourth Wife

I am his fourth wife soft as the dilapidation of houses in hill country.

Like certain clouds I distinguish myself from ash.

I delight to discover hardwood under carpeting

men's wingtip shoes lissome oil bottles a coyote sliding backwards on
an icy pond.

My uniform rips open to divulge a happy blue torso!

across which is written: Cataclysm moves me I regret to say.

Colors pass over the sky like shift workers.

A cygnet extends his bill one moment before beating his wings.

G. TIMOTHY GORDON

Clouds of Unknowing

I can still see them all bent with the wheat
and wind, thick-dark heaven, full ripe tall & tawny
deep summer shocks, unshorn ears, rough swathes
of journey's end road, green, brown patches slicing
what's half-seen, what's not, all-of-a-heap palette
more full-fall Parisian than mad Arles July light,
birds of blackness, blackbirds, ravens, citron-straw wheat,
wind, unruly pulse of the spheres, field shot through
with life and light and fear and darker ends days away.

"...look upon yourself as an exile and a pilgrim on this earth."

THOMAS À KEMPIS

Midnight-Blue-Breathless-

These, like all others, serious days, like us losing touch,
place in the week, lacking all sense, lost each-to-each,
no mo' boffo mojo, kaput cachet, snappy, snazzy, jazzy
fast-talking-scat tophat screen screwballs, slinky qipao satins,
etched antique pillow ticking, late capital, back-at-it Mondays,
off-the-grid lost weekends à boîtes, bal musettes, before sunset,
pastureland, churning moonlit desert city ups-and-downs,

mesa switchbacks, hotfooting-it among devilthorn, prickly cholla,
hedgehog & barrel cacti, ingathering caretaker highbeam bearings
onto Corte Dios, Grace Village dead end, tough stucco quonset huts,
here-and-there shadows scuffling past barred jalousies, masked/not,
vaxxed/not, both feet out all this into that kamikaze blur blowing us
lickety-split back into god-knows-what, not sound, sight, tongue, touch,
thought, no primped legacy, long goodbye, final paternal rites, feeling all
but midnight-blue-breathless-

*"...That forever the geography
which leans in
on me I compel
backwards...
Polis
is this"*

—CHARLES OLSON

MATTHEW HARRIS

A Bissel Meshuggah

this alteh kocker nostalgically reflects
being ma late mama's boytchik
(now, she long since deceased,
whose cremated remains of day

scattered to all points on compass)
fondly referencing
both sisters as dabchick
incongruously sprinkled her Brooklyn brogue,
especially when angry, she quickly segued

from mild expletive fiddlestick
the latter playfully aired,
when kibitzing wit bubeleh
reminiscing being dirt poor,

nonetheless zee mother
every now an again homesick
regaling the whole mishpokhe
(meaning us brood of kids)

interrupting herself
with frequent non sequiturs

discombobulated anecdotes switching subjects
as if external forcefield

jimmying a joystick
interleaving disparate threads with subsequent
tangential linkedin snippets
with feigned lovesick

chatting 'bout cockamamie
"Grandpa Moishe"
and his chaim yankel posse
(to escape hen pecking nudnik"
grandma Rebecca"),
a trenchant termagent bubba,

not averse to incorporate dreck
in the same sentence with zayda
ostracized him
scoring figurative placekick,

whence upon his schlepping back home
met with "silent treatment" dampening rollick
king atmosphere choking tearfully
"mother" recounted

farblunget anger thick
lee palpable extremely discomfiting,
particularly when ("mom's")
girlhood friends bore witness aye gaval,

where penury churned moribund thoughts
viz empty cupboards
devoid of bare necessities
a figurative apropos yardstick.

LIAM HOLBROOK

Thearhrung

Quick breaks upheave rut an root
Tossd towards heaven theleaf floats
An skifts thsea ojaggd craters
Cuttin chanced lines othenothinnight

Brew drippd bubblesairy in theglass
Azwhen fliesfire jitterjolt thair
Leavin its brightstreakd dust behind
Likeaz darkheaven gleams in starsshot

What really sung from rungd rocktbellzz
Waz thatfromwhichthedarknesssprung

YUU IKEDA

A Swimming Bird

The bird is swimming
in the ocean of spring.

A line of cloud
cheers her up
by showing the way
to the horizon.

I'm seeing them,
on the ground,
hoping that
I'm also able to
go to the horizon
that releases me
from cramped loneliness.

You

The cipher that I want to solve most
is floating around me
and flowing in my veins.

The difficulty gives me
craving for life.
The vulnerability kindles
my desire.

The cipher that I want to solve most
flickers every midnight,
as if it tells me that
I can't solve the depth eternally.

SEAN KILPATRICK

Romanticism begins

1770:

Thomas Chatterton lies dying of arsenic.

CHATTERTON

Goethe grant me the strength to perish in soiled pants.
No measurements are due death. Coffins grow their own.
The spoiled breath, sponsored muscle to mayfly,
walks this pox apart, hamstring split down
the imposter's lot, another lyric staid by nature.
My heart made its wager by falling out.

Let the sun's sheen cleave Walpole in twain,
publishing his disdain across one cope,
impersonated motes firing threats of pretension
into their bib. Sorry no hospital can fit you.
Time sews us doleful. Like playing fetch with an abortion.
Disease-free lineage cubed.

My own private mice gather round, flicked and damned.
You float on syrups, sirs – they pluck their whiskers
like someone's flu through an instrument.
Sniff the glue time made of you.

We bit cheese together to sculpt it better.
Died like a lawyer trying Lent. Every tooth's late rent.
Took a hammer to our cum.
Venenum futurum.

*1820s: George Crabbe posing. Thomas Griffiths Wainewright
paints him.*

WAINEWRIGHT

Mister Crabbe, an honor to hand
the vanity of a poet's stance back to contrivance.
At my humble expense, and for a small donation,
your composition I plan to capture regal
as a model traced in Lichtenberg figures.
I'll let you linger, ring to finger, chortling with god,
or gods, high as whichever company keeps us shod.

CRABBE

I haven't held still in a long time.
Be there a manacle rusted enough to root me to my post?

WAINEWRIGHT (*Pouring drinks*)

I once painted Byron.
We sorted through his pose.

(Flashback: Lord Byron poses for Wainewright)

BYRON

Racked up any debts yet, boyish master,
spent up your backside's breadth...
cousin after cousin passed away
inside the palace of that stance,
sired miles past the wake,
right where shit outgrows its flower,
embowered by fugitive frottage,
climbing the clock's downy hours?
Do include my deformity.
Spread across the whole of me.

(Crabbe waves dismissively)

CRABBE

Byron is my Eustace Grey escaped off the page.
Saint Eustace, however, unlike those two,
had the good taste to be scorched intact
inside a brazen bull because lions would not touch him.
He'd refused to toast pagan gods, not his sister's anus.
We're tried by fate till color drains our face.
Catchwords bustle out, libeling me Smollett-esque
for setting him in an asylum. Everything is set in an asylum.

WAINWRIGHT *(Holding ring over drink, pressing it to
release poison)*

Cuckolded by his closest friend, was he not, your Eustace?
Byron has the taste to take.

CRABBE

Knowledge is sorrow indeed.
Fame will make a plantain of any verse.
Get ready for the echo that cannot learn,
for the coming century of illiteracy,
an everlasting youth bashed through,
crushed beneath their own biblical genital.

WAINEWRIGHT (*Presenting drink*)

Huzza, sir. I'm amenable, when dressed.

1855:

*Petrus Borel, painting the face of a dummy corpse, dumps it out
a window. Screams in the street.*

BOREL

Sail home says wolf to lamb.
The moon draws me in your backside's pan.
Flown from myself to flower's fleck,
the speck took up its pen.
Bad badouillards revel at carnival,
masked ball Pantheon while Paris falls,
ballgoing champion, rigadooner cockeyed and ambling zigzags,
cancanning down the block, arrested for such an upskirt rollick.
Rioting fantasists costumed as mattresses,
the cushion of one's face, cops splayed on lace,
high thread count blood.
Anarchist suds boggle their force,
but I make Saint-Simonist tremble

for all the feminists she's endorsed.

The bruised troops of Hernani sit behind me on my horse.

(Outside, next to the dummy corpse, Gerard de Nerval hangs from a sewer grate. Tied to de Nerval, a lobster hangs from its leash.)

DE NERVAL (*gagging*)

Fobbed off on fate,
my dead three best
tease me abreast –
girls who leashed these pincers –
how mermaids squeeze
fish between their tits,
cholera actress...
gypsy control –
I jumped in the volcano.
Twice.
I went to Pompeii
and ate my lice.
In good taste
each the other swells.

(Aloysius Bertrands's skeleton climbs past the dummy corpse, out of the sewer, and tugs on de Nerval's legs, coughing blood on his pants.)

LOBSTER WITH HIGH PITCHED VOICE

Gnaw down the devil's horns, see me lying in wait,
fair ditties hark the length of hate,

foreskins debark where many question
a bust thrown through its own stucco. No Jew
snipped from land, nor Rabelais's hand
celebrated via crayon, may confiscate my rate.
Flush your bones, Bertrand. Sun brightens pot.
The dirt with which you flirt hides Satan's fin.
Over his tomb we chalk our sin, boiled heavy in Camelot.
Whore's encore. Within dawn's fire we're settling.

ANNA KRIVOLAPOVA

B's Jar of Flies

In her little way she loves them all
she loves them when they slip and fall
soundlessly on glass
silent rap on the glass

weak little legs looking like
beard hairs in a bathroom sink

every once in a while she lets one out
lets him up her white legs
til she smacks an itch on her thigh while sunbathing

Joan Didion's Packing List

2 skirts, 2 jerseys – Joan knew to pack light. That's
1 bourbon bottle to protect her from night and
1 mohair throw to protect her from pipes.

Who throws the throw if the woman's alone?

Who tips the bourbon down into her throat?

Who rubs the toothpaste all over her teeth?

Who strips the woman of her myelin sheath?

BRIAN LEONARD

Deflated Expectations (in the Age of Ashton Kutcher)

If only I could peel back your eyelids,
heap upon you *One Man's Humble Take*
on an Apocalypse...images of violence
packed in tight to make you sick,
but in a cleansing way – spectacle lined with
a clever phrase that won't betray the trick...
If only I were equal to such kindness,
like a blaring horn that forces you awake.

Tragically, I'm not, and that's not this.
No, ma'am. *This* is me shaking my ass
for the jerkoff committee – dipping my sack
in a cup of tea to prove something obscure
about “society” – or as I now fear:
to demonstrate precisely what I lack.

Lines from diode*

Inaugurate elaborate act of self-contextualization
not with words, but a series of loops
No birds. No stars. No one remembering how they're
watching each other
on a dying shimmer of light. I am kissing
what spot on the couch they'd claimed,
modern languages fluent in their
plastic flowers. Every street is named
five times and still speaks
some notion of 'life goes on'.

Sometimes, we enter a room and forget
& plow into bloodflooded paddies.
Her cherry bed, her paintings. Her chicken bones
come cratering into my arms.
and really, even today I'm shaped
in a half-flutter of lips and fingers, as if
our bodies lock & stiffen into
new artworks. We'll have to sit and
ache for what is normal, what is
naturally expressive, but it's not

you turned to me and said quietly:
I should have summoned a thousand turtles
set aflame by the sound of a doorbell.
and I can't tell if this means something
human? i can't remember
personality trait. i trespass in other people's sunlight
to be easy to love. she medicates me
who is being born. I fall through a hole
onto the stiff and sweetened soil
as a chameleon

**Each line of this poem first appeared in diode, vol.14, no. 2.*

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19. Performance Review: "We have some concerns about your character.", C. Shipers, [20]
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23. Microfilm, S. Ryan, [9]
24. Are Koreans Human?, Y. Lee, [10]
25. i, too, would like a manic pixie dream girl, Y. Lee [18]
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27. Deadening, S. Ryan, [3]
28. Seedlings, H. Zhang, [43]
29. Conspiracy Theory 2, J.P. Dancing Bear, [22]

D. S. MAOLALAI

The Glow of Small Lights

when morning fell
it fell with a snowlight,
a grey-silver muscle
of rabbit-fur shadow,
of night taking stars
and then setting them
down over carparks,
on open park
benches, the table-
top flatness
of bus stops.

the world
gone a feather,
such mute 5am,
and the glow
of small lights
amplified by streets
suddenly slick,
sticking and piling
with white lines
of rising
reflection.

The World Ahead Vague

rain hitting hard.
he was walking
to work. a warm day
though cloudy,
the sky breaking
heavily – eggs
from an over-
turned eggbox.

smearing the pavement;
making every
step sticky, unpleasant
and smelling
of breakfast. he had time
though – he'd been careful
and had left
pretty early. and the world
ahead vague
through his soaking
wet glasses,
strung with the spiderwebs
of streetlights on drops.

he turned, dodged a car
as it ran through
a puddle. watched as the droplets
made divots in dirt. his life,
as it was, rather very
like puddles. his good luck continuing
to hold.

SHEILA MURPHY

from "October Sequence"

#112

A penchant for irreparable kindness flows
From his incessant listening looking
clear eyed as the brain and speech
Aligned with childhood that we knew together
Innocence intended cloak of night dismissed
As tender morning reasoned into
How we think almost by accident
Within the light of always young beings
Blossoming beneath reliable as gentle
Plain wide soul path may it press ahead
Become contagious as the blessing of a streetlamp
Revealing snow Plock as our history
The winter ice as plaintext minnowing
Alongside shared experience the tendrils
Coming clean amid uncoded color splayed
We treasure seconds of life force
Arranged and pretty with the earned contentment
Of new integers infallibly connected

#113

Perhaps the stratosphere perhaps
The haptic waltz the body
Chemistry under enduring
Eminence the cost the caustic
Bleach the symmetry the shrill
Pall cast on variegated tunnel
Space today the tourist
Lost in theory turned
Or chiseled of domain named
Into clinical imagination fore
Grounded in copper shirts and
Sequined lark surface the bitumen
Of curvature turned forward
Permanent or accidental
Gloss that casts nutrition on the skin
Supposing virtue leans on forecast
Toned down breath and breastbone
That closed clay pot if you're still
Listening signal by saying "Try"

#114

There's peace and then
There's piecemeal primogeniture there's
Fuel within the skull the physical
Fontanel electrical bridge
Approaching logic in the first degree
The faculty of drama
Protégé or torque or vatic
Points of stray the residue of
Stain point and of light apart
From dry nets and orchestration
Last dimensions of repeal
Playthings oncoming as the traffic
Smalls its way forth
Where a numbered chain goes by
To kick up cactus dust where flowers
Capsize close parades of ego
Chanted past opposing thrust

FRED POLLACK

The Man Without Qualities

Somewhere in modernism, characters take rebellion one step further: not merely disobeying plot or mocking the author...“There’s this sphere of desire, I don’t know for whom or what,” says a girl. “I’d call it ‘fiery’ if I had any intention of jumping in. Which I don’t.” “I was meant to be unsure of everything,” says a youth who has changed their ambiguous outfit for something preppie. “I prefer not to.” “With effort” (from the shadows a gravelly bass) “I draw farther and farther from the noise and violence I was to inherit. Whether that of the Mob, rock music, or the plutocracy isn’t clear, but I prefer quiet.” And a voice that has not shed professorial grunge or a labcoat muses: “It’s like dementia, but without loss of lucidity.” “I’m curious, though,” says the girl. “About the setting. This otherwise uninhabited,

official, yet very pleasant building.”
“It represents” (comes an imposing voice)
“some wish for democratic socialism –
people shouldn’t be afraid of the State.
When they are, all personalities are distorted.”
“That whole way of thinking makes me ...
uncomfortable,” yawns someone.

BETTY STANTON

Consequences of Explosions

I. 1965

Fingers thick as sausages tap out a message
on the windowpane. Three short taps, three long,
three short again and then pause for a heartbeat
before beginning again. The S.O.S. so ingrained in
his blood that he doesn't recognize it. Distressed,
he remembers the rapid *bracktatat* of machine
gun fire and one small plane, not a bomber, flying
too close to the sun. Felled like Icarus, he spent
eight hours in the Cuban sun treading water as his
best friend drowned. Today, the rain threatens his
window, drowns a row of his wife's prize azaleas.

II. 1995

A Ryder truck packed with fertilizer and diesel fuel. One hundred and three miles away we imagined we could see the smoke rising. At eighteen hundred and fifty degrees his wedding ring melted from shards of bone and when they cut his wife open two weeks later and emptied her stomach they found sixty pills, one for every birthday she'd celebrated. When they found her three hundred pills had spilled from bottles around her body in a tribute to fourteen days of missing the beat of her own heart.

III. 2005

Your sister wrote out her suicide note carefully inside your birthday card and then signed the envelope with familiar script, addressed it to you, stamped and mailed it out to you just before the shotgun. She used the buckshot that belonged to your brother-in-law. I didn't know what that was and so you taught me buckshot is used when you want larger game. Like your twelve-point buck, its head hanging sloe-eyed above your fireplace. You say it is proud. Like her ashes in their little urn, always reminding you.

TOM WILL

A Nerudian Sonnet for Floodplains

Waiting with my little insurances
And caulking; I gave up on you; you flood
Years emptied my pool; cemented goes
It over; no flood

But every drop I emptied wasted or
Drained; You collected in many a plain
And today you made me shiver; in a
Rush I realized how forgetful a flood

Was; was it one pool or five that I have
Been in; how much water did I draw in this life
What hour will your flood come; and displace

My media coverage; the soaked khakis
And the tarzans flyfishing on the levees
The newscrews in rubber waders; the janes

Show and tell moon all night

Someone is going to pick me up. Not my parents, not my parent's friends that live close by or my one time girlfriend with a car at sixteen. But someone is going to pick me up from school. Drive me home from school. I'll sit in the front seat for the whole forty five minutes, so I'll leave my walkman with you.

When they pick me up, I'll play the radio playing Maroon Five. Who all the girls sing to at parties, like a chorus of frogs or rainedancing indians. A rain dance making it rain would have been less surprising than seeing a bossa nova song make every girl in a basement sing in unison without spilling a single red drop of soda.

It's the winter solstice and the moon is already out. It's on every station. They don't sing along to any other song that comes on that night. It's the last schoolday before Christmas break. All of this is in a duffel bag under the stairs in the main building named after a saint.

Pearl Moon

Spraying canned air on our underarms and groins.

Drying like paint as it blows across the moon.

When we made love; it sounded like someone was dragging a string of pearls down the road.



CONTRIBUTORS

■ MARK JAMES ANDREWS lives and writes in Metro Detroit. His latest collection of poems is *So I Lit a Fire for The Last Thanksgiving* from Alien Buddha Press. He is also author of *Motor City is Burning & Other Rock & Roll Poems* (Gimmick Press), *Compendium 20/20* (Deadly Chaps), *Burning Trash* (Pudding House) and a poetry recording *Brylcreem Sandwich* (Bandcamp). Recent and forthcoming work is in *Third Wednesday*, *Chiron Review*, *Nerve Cowboy*, *Heroin Love Songs*, and *Voices from the Fire*. ■ MATT DENNISON is the author of *Kind Surgery*, from Urtica Press (Fr.), and *Waiting for Better*, from Main Street Rag. His work has appeared in *Rattle*, *Bayou Magazine*, *Redivider*, *Natural Bridge*, *The Spoon River Poetry Review* and *Cider Press Review*, among others. He has also made short films with Michael Dickes, Swoon, Marie Craven, and Jutta Pryor. ■ G. TIMOTHY GORDON's *Dream Wind* was published in 2020 (Spirit-of-the-Ram P). His *Everything Speaking Chinese* received the Riverstone (AZ) Poetry Prize. His work has appeared in *AGNI*, *American Literary Review*, *Cincinnati Review*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *Louisville Review*, *Mississippi Review*, *New York Quarterly*, *Phoebe*, *RHINO*, *Sonora Review*, and the *Texas Observer*, among others. His *Emptyheaven/Emptyearth* will be published in 2022. ■ MATTHEW SCOTT HARRIS made his unheralded tithing debut on January xiii, mcmlx, a brutally cold winter day back when snow used to fall heavily out the sky. His father—formerly employed as a mechanical engineer with General Electric—heard the powerful lungs of this gangly newborn prior to being permitted to cradle said infant. ■ LIAM HOLBROOK is a poet from Washington. He has previously appeared on *Azure Bell*. ■ YUU IKEDA is a Japan-based poet. She loves writing, drawing, and reading mystery novels. She writes poetry on her website. Her published poems can be found in *Nymphs*, *Selcouth Station Press*, *Sublunary Review*, *Remington Review*, and more. ■ SEAN KILPATRICK'S

writing has been published in *Apocalypse Confidential*, *Safety Propaganda*, *Countere*, and *Misery Tourism*. ■ ANNA KRIVOLAPOVA writes and translates poetry and short stories, and has an upcoming novel up the sleeve of her tracksuit. ■ BRIAN LEONARD is a Baltimore-based poet who has been developing his work seriously for the past five years. He writes poems to work through things, but typically from oblique, ironic perspective; he is interested in poetry as an impersonal craft than an autobiographical document. He lives with his cat and seems to have a new day job every year. ■ D.S. MAOLALAI has been nominated nine times for Best of the Net and seven times for the Pushcart Prize. He has released two collections, *Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden* (Encircle Press, 2016) and *Sad Havoc Among the Birds* (Turas Press, 2019). His third collection, *Noble Rot* is scheduled for release in April 2022. ■ SHEILA MURPHY is the recipient of the Gertrude Stein Award for her book *Letters to Unfinished J.* (Green Integer Press, 2003). Her most recent book is *Golden Milk* (Luna Bisonte Prods, 2020). *Reporting Live from You Know Where* won the Hay(na)Ku Poetry Book Prize Competition (Meritage Press (U.S.A.) and xPress(ed) (Finland), 2018). Also in 2018, Broken Sleep Books published *As If To Tempt the Diatonic Marvel from the Ivory*. ■ FRED POLLACK is the author of two book-length narrative poems, *The Adventure* (Red Hen Press, 2022) and *Happiness* (Story Line Press) as well as two collections of shorter poems, *A Poverty of Words* (Prolific Press, 2015) and *Landscape with Mutant* (Smokestack Books, UK, 2018). Pollack has appeared in *Salmagundi*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *The Fish Anthology* (Ireland), *Magma* (UK), *Bateau*, *Fulcrum*, *Chiron Review*, *Chicago Quarterly Review*, etc. Online, his poems have appeared in *Big Bridge*, *Hamilton Stone Review*, *BlazeVox*, *The New Hampshire Review*, *Mudlark*, *Rat's Ass Review*, *Faircloth Review*, *Triggerfish*, etc. ■ BETTY STANTON is a writer who lives and works in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in various journals and collections

and has been included in anthologies from Dos Gatos Press and Picaroon Poetry Press. She received her MFA from The University of Texas at El Paso. ■ TOM WILL is a poet who lives in Tennessee. He has had poems published in *Expat*, *Rejection letters*, and *Tragickal*, as well as in other publications. He is currently the poetry editor of *Apocalypse Confidential*. *Sonnet Cycle*, his first chapbook, is currently out on the Schism Neuronics imprint.

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