



The Big Windows Review

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The Big Windows Review is a publication of the Writing Center at Washtenaw Community College, Ann Arbor, MI, USA. We publish poems and short (500 words or less) prose.

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The Big Windows Review

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Robert Beveridge

Cold in July

Even the birds have forgotten
How not to shiver;
Canadian breeze entered
Without a knock, picked up
Erie steam. The geese
No longer fly north.

Old-timers postulate
The distance of Earth
From Sun is growing,
Forever growing, a gradual
Shift from the night-time
Of summer to the dawn
Of the new ice age. They sit
Before July fires, birch,
Maple, ash, sip
Heady concoctions of wine,
Cinnamon, cardamom.

Only the steelworkers
And the guy on his bulldozer
At the garbage dump
Are warm.

Autobiography

The story went that when I was born
my nose broke when I hit the floor.
At four, I watched my mother stuff
my blankie like a headless twitching body
in our trashcan and tamp it down.
At six, I left play forts behind.
At six and a half, the Brothers Grimm.
(Mother threw out the book—of course—
citing the family violence within).
When I was nine, we left our house
with the basement bomb shelter
and moved near the city dump.
At eleven, I left my childhood friends
for a lipsticked group that roamed our district.
On my twelfth birthday, my father left off
smacking me in favor of a lock on my door
and a snarled-back lip in front of others.
At thirteen, I left, but came back in the dark.
At fifteen, I tried to leave my body
but the fuming nurse refused my wish.
Two years later, I left home again, but
snuck back for a suitcase and stumbled into
a realistic toy gun pointed at my chest.

The Phrenology of Words

Men of science trace the curves
and the lumps, the sloping hillock,
rugged clefts and steep inclines,
with skilled fingers. They pause
in mid-exam to consider the meaning
of the Apex of A, a U shaped declivity,
the bizarre confines of scientific Z.
Try to provide a contextual content
of separate entities that are independent,
in and of themselves, but have such
different meanings when placed in
relationships with another. A dark art
emerges from the ruins of abandoned
archaic words and forms, especially those
that have no meaning in poems of
misdirection and misguided substance.
All conclusions are subject to revision
even ones that appear obvious.

Only the photographers of the spirit world
are satisfied with their results. Auras are
illusive but strongly felt even as libraries
are being dismantled and burnt to the ground.
The shadows captured in these photos are of
real people but no one can remember their names.
There are no words left to describe them.

Witching Hour Bliss

sometimes at 3am, I am awake.
I open the window and drink the night.
the cold air hits my lungs like ice,
but it feels good to feel
something that isn't pain.
I let the night flood my body,
making me whimper,
and leaving me melancholy.
but it feels good to feel
something that is better than pain.
then I close the window,
drunk on the night.

An Allegory

is when you say
one thing
but mean something else

like when you're
talking chickens
but it's really about people—

your tale is of a wolf
who creeps into
a hen-house at night
and devours a half dozen
of the best layers—

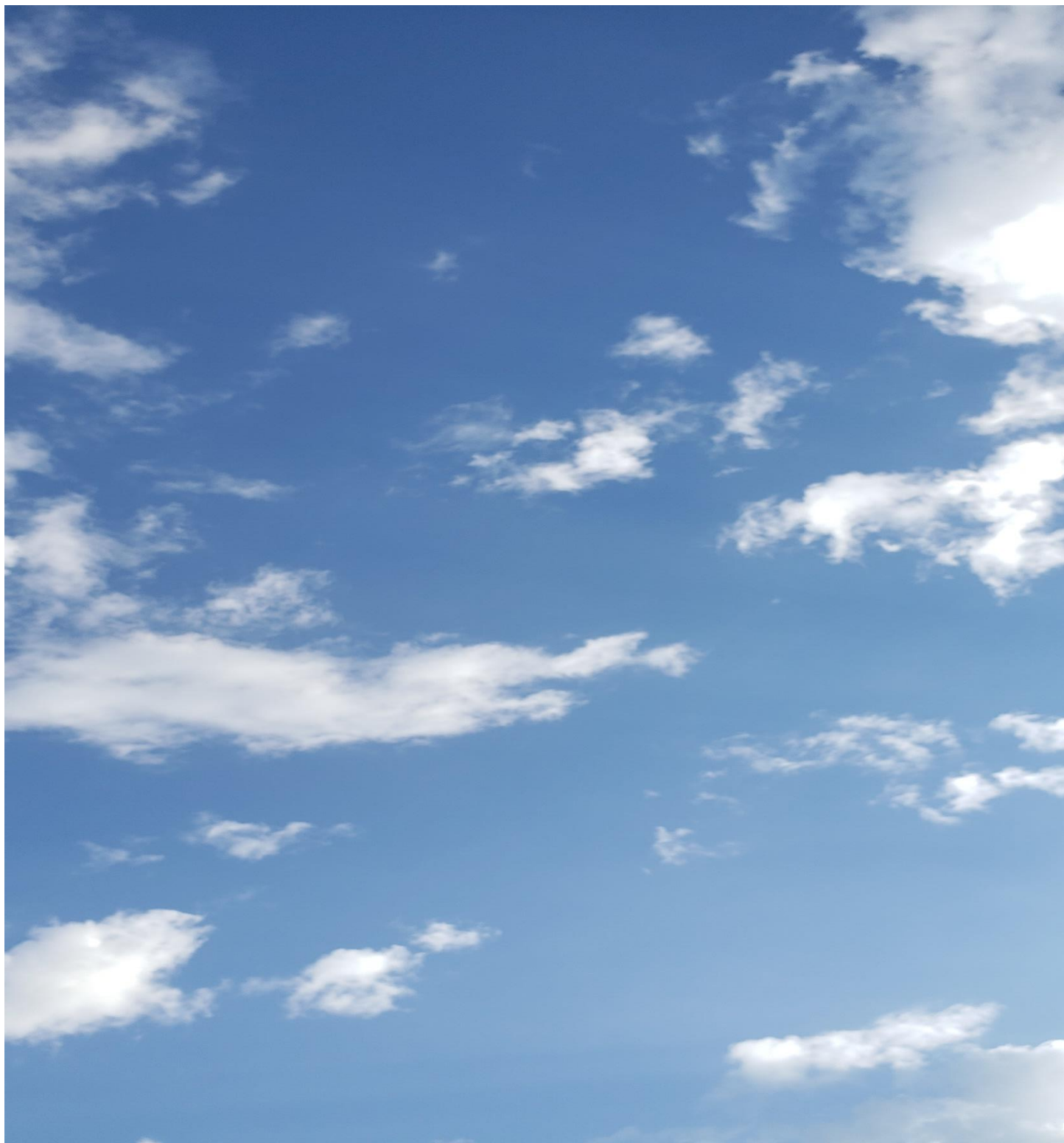
only it's no wolf
and you're not actually
talking hen-house—

it could be about
some army
razing an enemy village

or a man
moving in on you
back when you
were too weak to defend—

you tell me
you fear wolves
and you feel
for chickens—

what you mean is
you've learned to fear and feel
in equal measure



Train Ride

A beginning is also an end.
An end is also a beginning.

On the F, the woman sitting
across from me is wearing heavy

sunglasses. 10:30 might still be early
for some people. It's the glare of these

metallic cars, harsher than natural sunlight.
When she takes them off, she has a black

eye. The movie *The Long Goodbye* comes
to mind, how waves of the ocean drown

out their voices in Malibu. Nina, brushing
her blond hair aside, shows us her bruises:

"It doesn't look like you walked into
a door." On the wall, the last few lines of

a poem: *And at dawn, waking...* The
subway blaring, I step out into the light.

On E. 60th Street

When I was turned away from
a matinee— “Who goes to the movies
at 4pm on a Tuesday?” –the teller says:
“I hate to break it to you, but you’re not
more special than anyone else.” It’s rush
hour: everyone’s leaving, yellow cabs line
up in a row, standstill traffic. I watch
the day wind down from the second floor
of an obscure building. Wind and rain
alternate in unpredictable succession.
On the inside, the outside world seems
to unfold on a distant screen. The sound
of blazing sirens and desire fires away.
And yet, the edge appears closer.
Dreaming of the end, through clarifying
high windows, I see the beginning.

The Goodbye Note

So you don't forget,

Our time together
has curled away from
an enduring narrative arc.

Does that make sense?

I'm not quite sure how to put it,
but from now on we should avoid
whistling the same songs,
crying through the same films,
liking all the same books, beer
and restaurants, sharing
all the same old enthusiasms.

Our time together should be

forgotten like a flimsy alibi
scribbled on greasy napkins,

ignored like the inane melody
haunting your morning,

snubbed like the poor boy
who loved your whole childhood,

cast out sobbing
like a demonic soliloquy
into a herd of swine.

Yours truly.

Proprietary Rights

I tell the story of Walter every time I pour some cherry brandy into this small cocktail glass with its stem and etched details. The story is that this crystal flute once belonged to his mother, a woman long gone since Walter was well into his 80's that school year I lived with my grandmother in New Jersey. Her *boyfriend*, we called him, when he came for a meal, his thin suit legs crossed on the couch as he waited for a place at the dining room table. Walter with his gray hair and cane was a quiet man and seemed grateful as he leaned over his plate while my sisters and I chatted about this or that. Afterwards, he drove us in his black car past its prime up to Howard Johnson's for ice cream, the only sounds in the car gears shifting from the floor.

When he moved to a nursing home, we took a bus to visit, and found him in a small room, his slippers under a single bed. A clock ticked on the windowsill. We made small talk as Grandma held his hand, and my sisters and I ran down the hall searching for a Coca-Cola. Little did I know then that we were learning right there in that small building of old people that time turns quickly, everything is fragile. A whole set of his mother's cordial glasses moved to Grandma's china cabinet after Walter died like something belonging to the heart. Decades later they are in my kitchen where I repeat Walter's story every time I pour sweet liqueur into the remaining chalice grasping its stem and studying again the spiral of engraved leaves and berries swirling into an old pattern, its narrative on the move, its future home unknown.

–Morning damp fades–

Didn't pay attention again
world changed left me confused.
Been years or at least
feels that long,
drank self into forgetting.
Dogs bark down road.
Morning damp fades,
leaves hot vehicles odors
drifting down road.
Someone I don't remember
smiles recognition
damn hangover.

The Temp

She was a professional run away-er. Everything she originally signed up for, she ended up abandoning, then wanting to return to, but was somehow unable to, thus, her past was a distant memory and little proof was kept, in the form of photos back when we had those printed, or letters, back when we wrote those, or documents proving that she was there at this certain time, back when we used to keep such things in boxes in our closets.

At first it was the convent, and to think that someone would ever, could ever, sign up for what her father called “the military” and actually walk into buildings where magical ghosts danced and people believed that you had power over them because you could talk to the ghosts is enough to blow or severely warp, any mind, however strong or normal it might be.

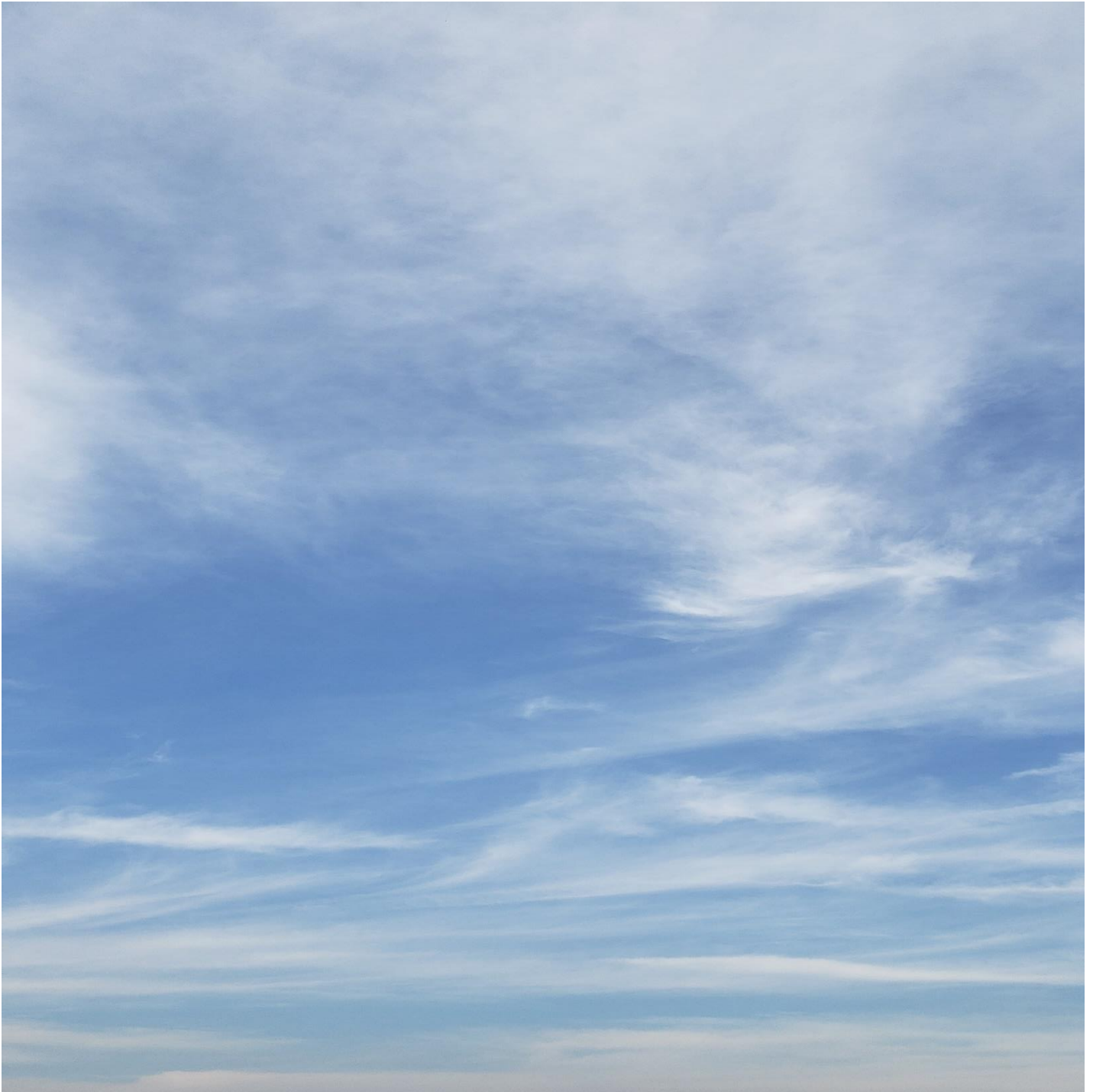
Cut to the island of Haiti and signing up to do medical work for the severely poor and being so scared about what she had gotten into that she walked into town and bought bottles of wine and hid them in her communal room to whenever the time was ripe she could drink them alone, not even in the company of others, not even going out to share the stress and tension of life abroad but to wallow in an escape deeper into the darkness that led her so far from the home she despised (a brick house in a village) and led her so far away into the unknown that she could no longer bear, so it became time to run away again.

Onto America where English lessons were paid for, a Visa won by lottery, a life moving from city to city to city in search of a place to fit in, in search of a way to pass the tests, a series of horrible, low paying jobs, a series of anonymous apartments, a series of an endless series of series.

And then that too needed to be escaped from, the midwest where she came to from the island because that’s where northern Europeans go when they don’t know any better. Off now to the coast where there was a promise of a free nursing program, as that is what she had been in the convent, never one day earning a penny for herself, not one day having a voice, not one day able to be herself, and the plan was now to bloom into the lovely flower she could be.

But it continued to be the same. Same bad living situations and now because rents were high, with people she barely knew. Jobs that always changed and left

her wondering who would be next. Dates with men that would never even lead to anything except time not spent alone but in her mind, always time wasted, and a life of always wondering where she had gone wrong, what was wrong with her, and what the secret was to a happiness that if she even had for a moment she would invariably run away from, half-laughing, half crying.



In the Garden

In the Chihuly Garden
bees pollinate flowers
ignoring exhibits

while visitors
photograph glasswork
paying no heed to bees.

Bees belong to flowers,
art belongs to indoors.
tourists belong to their cameras.

But what about you and me?
Do we “belong together”
as a popular song suggests?

Or shall we dismiss the lyrics,
and stick to the facts?

The Executioner

The pieces of glass between
my teeth intensify
the bitter aftertaste while
I sacrifice
seventeen innocent petals
hemlock
in cahoots with my thighs
I refuse to kneel in front
of the irreversible
The last breaths,
impossible to count, sink deep in
the decoction and
transform into drops of blood
The last beats of
my bored heart
fade away smothered between
the speechless aggression of my other pieces of flesh
and merge with the lynchings of the crowd

If I decide to satisfy
my own dying wish
I will call to the bartender for
one more of the same, please.

Drunk, and trying to be quiet.

moving through the kitchen
like a boat in harbor,
drunk at 11pm
on wine, and a little beer afterward,
and trying your best
to be quiet. putting down bottles
by the backyard door
with a sound
like tanks
crushing houses in palestine.
then you turn
and knock a fork over. turn again
and pick it up. upstairs
someone turns over
in your bed
and snorts a sound
like cars crashing
and collapsing
mineshafts. you freeze. then move,
more freely now,
feeling a fool in your concern,
remembering
how heavily
she sleeps.

Heisenberg and Heidegger Homelettes

don't save bandaged reminders of uncertain songs
and wail in the night over dry Mississippi oxbows
 protecting engendered species under eroding banks
where they hover in harmonic minors like blues and lamentations

don't wait for ships to sail lost strangers on a road less traveled
and all smoke and flakes of snowy ash floating downy windy
 reddening sunsets like an uppercut grazing a bruised cheek
where ancient wounds forget stragglers who mean neither good nor harm

don't count your blessed chickens pecking relentless paradiddles on gravel
and tin roofs with Englishmen in the noon day puncture of a sky less avid
 enthraling forever arrows of outrageous importunities
where a dazed audience doesn't know whether to laugh or crow

don't you know little fool your trajectory has concealed your likely positions
and being becomes less available for psycho-concussive
 tripping hammers against a true temple of everyone's worship
where miracles abound like leaping lords and turtle dove love

don't slow cook being as an abstraction derived from universal sproofs
and a mortar pure white in all its concavity sequestering powders
 awaiting an anxious blow from above crushing will to powder
where humming soothes that abyss staring back at a stranger's eyelids

a stranglers eye
 a strand a

Honestly I Hardly Think of Him at All

What I thought might come
of this I can't recall.

I rarely dreamt of safety
and never forgot how the wax

melts when I fly too high,
the sky there uncluttered by restraint.

I am torched.
I am metal I melt I am molten.

How blue my father's eyes burned,
like a welder's acetylene flame,

the 6,000° surface
of the sun. I wished him to sleep

on blue glass the color of his eyes
and wake suddenly afire.

None of that matters yet still
I fall through the atmosphere.

Still come down here.
Every time.

Ceilings

When Garrett went to bed, he placed a gun under his pillow and lay awake wondering whether or not it was a good spot to rest a loaded weapon.



At the End

If something still remains of me, and wakes
when earth or fire slides the animal away,
what then?

Do I dwindle in a smaller, thinner air?
Do I keep my memory of skin
where the new light touches me like wind?

Will the sky be white
with objects that move gently
as a fall of snow or pages, pleasing me?

Will there be colors and a sun?
Small birds on straight, dark, blooming lines,
eyes leveled, staring outward?

Or will I simply fall—one of many
shrieking in the light that chars
the sinners dropping in a shriveled sky?

Will I find the old myths true: Angels, judgment,
a black pit—and for a few the marvelous
blue light that widens upward like a hand?

The believers rising as if shaken out of sleep
in the pulsing sands of Heaven,
the strange colors beating everywhere.

And none of it mine. No tool. No sign.
No hill of words that I could make or rake away
to level the mistake of disbelief.

Two Poems

I saw a lynx
above Gold Hill
deep in a restless night
when I should
have been sleeping
a quick flash
through headlights
as I rounded
a curve on the
remote dirt road
and deep in
that restless night
a lynx saw me

The bear in heavy fur licks its lips and
dreams the taste of berries on bushes.
Wild flower seeds waiting below white-
washed chapels of frozen snow listen
to voices of wild geese and wood ducks
carried within an early morning chinook wind.
Humbled, I pour a second cup of coffee,
again renew my promise to keep the
wondrous faith of this earth and my
loved ones, and add a splash of cream.

History's Girl

Just a scattering, a row or two of mourners,
nurses and carers, is in the crematorium,
as the very old lady's passing is noted.
We know just a little about her life.

She'd been a country girl, in the orchards,
in health and growth. And then in service
in a Shropshire manor, first a parlourmaid,
then a housekeeper, domestic dignitary.

Somehow to college though, stenography,
a post-war typist in a London ministry.
Later her one boy friend (she was vague on this),
a feverish kind of fun, clogging with alcohol.

Rehab, then another surge, and to Scotland,
junior admin, poll tax and public spite.
Retirement was a release, South again,
and, for a joyous while, the neighbours,
their boy and girl (both in Canada now)
who called her Auntie.

The move to a cottage in Pembrokeshire
brought immersion again in fields
and green and trees. Brought too infirmity,
the final passage to the nursing home.

Now March's sleet tickles the roof and doors
of the crematorium. And history's girl leaves us,
in a respectful hush, behind the closing curtains.

Five Poems

*

Where the sky dries up
these sunflowers scale back
though just as easily

you could take a chance
trap this rain left over
growing wild the way each petal

breathes in while laying down
where your mouth would be
come from a name

written on a tree
clasping it and the sun
not yet a wound that oozes

—you could drink from a slope
and place by place tame this mud
to bend, gather in wells

scented with melting stones
and the darkness
you no longer want to stop.

*

Even before you touch
it has lift, rushes more air
over one hand and not the other

though once at the controls
spin is what you cling to
letting the knob drag the door

the way moonlight never leaves
has nothing to do with skies
closing in on each other

half rivers, half mountainsides, half
whatever you hold in your arms
is stone, counts the turns and when.

*

A jacket could trick my arms
help me forget once they leave
though what I become

has lips and around each shoulder
both sleeves fit the way skies
still overflow, break free

settle down, neaten
as if this mirror was still looking
could hear, I don't see you, louder.

*

You hover the way each memory
stands by –the faintest scent
breathes down your brain

till its dust reeks from moonlight
and you cover your arms with air
holding them down, drag this table

more than enough for clouds
and though nothing falls
you're sure it's safe to exhale

making room in your heart
for the smell from skies
and what they too wanted back.

*

Its shadow is helpless here
festering the way your fingers
lean over the watermarks

not yet covered with paper
though left in the open
this wall could heal, the butterflies

gently circling down
and under the painted leaves
the empty branches and wings

—you thin this paste
as if one arm works the other
till what you turn in

unfolds toward painful corners
and days without a sea
making room for you.



NGO

My group reinvented compassion.
We dispense it, with whatever
water, pills, fresh bandages, etc.
we have, on the blanket heaps,
torn tents, and cardboard homes
extending miles
from the broken cloverleaf to former country.
The vista has a dark sublimity.
If it were part of our culture
we would, while kneeling, ministering,
and seeing—too few—our comrades do the same,
remember saints in paintings,
and reflect: There was a hierarchy
that made propaganda
from a legend or a wish, then hired artists . . .
As it is, we think mostly about guns—
great survivors, always healthy—
and viruses that paint
the landscape in broad subtle swaths.
Like all of us, I spent my early years
killing. My rationale was broadcast
from the splintered towers on every skyline
to the pasteboard church of my former father.
When, on the shoulder
of the cracked road, I tend
dying youths who only killed for food,
I envy them. One is troubled
by a drone. “It isn’t ours,” I tell him,
“we don’t know whose it is.”
With his last breath he hails the Holy Ghost.

Lost in the Supermarket

I was walking down aisle four looking for the V8.

Coffee
Tea & Cocoa
Juice
Sports Drinks
Powdered Drinks

I swerved my cart around a gray woman who muttered, “All the weird things they’re doing to our juice,” resentment heavy in her voice like the aggrieved white people you hear muttering about immigrants and gays. Or is it black people and Jews? *Juice*. Posting manifestos in Facebook before – well, they used to call it “going postal,” but now maybe it’s more like going viral. I wonder what she meant. What were “they” doing to “our” juice? I plucked a spicy hot V8 from the shelf and put it in my cart, thinking, *what had they done to our tomato juice?*

Later, I caught up with the woman in the chilled foods section frowning at the cottage cheese selections while I snared a carton of orange juice from the cooler. No pulp. Not from concentrate. The look of dull anger in her eyes as she looked at the Chobani told me she was angry about what “they” were doing to “our” yogurt. *Latte? Coconut? Heresy!*

Swimmer for Hire

I saw a woman I used to know
and when I knew her we were kids
on the swim team. We used to
put Jell-O mix on lemons and limes
or sometimes if we didn't have
Jell-O mix we'd use sugar . . . in-between
races at swim meets. It was for
extra energy. We used to carry the
Jell-O mix, the sugar in empty
Cool Whip containers. This was
before energy drinks and bars and
huge jolts of caffeine in tiny
aluminum cans. This was before
underwater radios or MP3 players
and underwater cameras. We rode
our bikes to the pool or to the movies
parking them on the bike racks
outside. Those bike racks are gone.
The movie theatre condemned.
The swim team disbanded.

I saw a woman I used to know.
I didn't tell her that I don't swim anymore.

Pendant

One time your pendant,
ammonite in blue resin,
fell into my mouth
and I let it stay
a moment too long.
I was like one
about to swallow
a folded page so
it doesn't land in
the wrong hands.

The Discrete Wife of Calamity

lives with four dogs. Bruno, Brutus, Bluto
and the Boy. The Boy is not a puppy. None
of her boy friends are young pups. Only
the painting of a blue and white mastiff
on the wall has dignity and wisdom. She'll
build a fence when she leaves him. Invisible.
In ground. Electric. Like the chair that fried,
was it Sacco & Vanzetti? Yellow Mama.
Texas? Boston? Or the last woman put to death.
Here. Her car used to park in snowbanks. Icicles
through the sun roof. The yellow convertible
never made it off blocks. Like her brown hair
yellowing with age. Pretty woman. The way her eyes
reflect the sound of rain. Her dogs surround
her essence of fulfillment. Madame. Madam
moseil, Paray vous? Down on the farm.
A pretty cup. Ewer. Olla. Sheep's milk. Cheese.
She set her ass in the butter tub. Licking his
fingers. On her knees. His knees. Some
body's knees. Oh, the slap of a blue black
bruise, the sting of his cheek on her palm.
That fine reproduction secretary he built
spins out its drawers, rolls back its top to tip her
inside. She locks herself in with some poet's book.
Poet? Of butter, melting in her mouth.



Again

Later in June, we would wish
the rain over us, welcome that last

crisp of spring. We wanted to hold
these lovemoments, whisper of forever

written in the tree buds. And yet we knew
what was coming, sad repeat of last

year's summer, drying grass, bend
of flowerheads into the field, the sudden

broken promises, the surrender of our
tired hearts. How we knew again

that everything that started in April
would show its fraying edges, and by summer

the end of all of it would begin.

Late August Evening

Blue moon in the sky, full
for the second time this month.

Just like us, meeting for another
try at love. We sit at our favorite

restaurant, order our favorite meal –
garlic pasta, buttery bread and halfway

through you are certain it's over. The
rest of our dinner going untouched and me

watching your face, now fallen out of love,
your voice talking about everything

that isn't us. The waiter remembers
our favorite dessert—tiramisu and two

romantic spoons. I want to warn the knowing
smile from his face. Instead, I take a bite,

sweetness going dead on my tongue. I look
at your hands, skittery birds about to fly.

Meanwhile, outside, the second chance moon
continues to shine, flickering in and out

of the sky, hidden, then not, behind
a balled-up fist of clouds.

Saint Lot

I tried to be a good jew + christian
+ preach the word of god to sodomites
they wouldnt listen + in fact his plan
went far beyond those awful carnal nights—
it's hospitality: if people want
to sodomize your guests (tho what the men
did to deserve that I don't know—I cant
imagine fucking angels) well you then
offer your daughters + if that dont work
you get the hell out of town—god will put
it in
 but pity me: my hag wife dies
+ my hot daughters raped me—on my word—
two nights in a row the ungrateful sluts
believe me—when has a man of god lied?

Saint Wife of Lot

I saw my husband offer my daughters
for carnal knowing to the crowd outside
in place of two strangers

you are so sure

were angels + I saw that he had lied
about everything + I saw my name
erased from history but still I ran
b/c I saw what he would do to them
alone + I was right—you know what men
can do but yes I turned + saw the fire
a city burned I saw the children burn
I saw the angels laugh at us like dogs
I saw that this would be about desire
or sex so I knew it would be my turn
+ so I turned

to look + saw your god

Saint Daughter of Lot

So yes when God turns yr mother to salt
get father drunk + fuck him to have kids
voilà yr christianity: my fault
when obviously it was he who did
the
 drinking + the raping—what'd you think?
a parable about how it's ok
to fuck yr daughters?
 ha ha wink wink
those zany christians—oops I meant to say
those jews—you get my point—it's all bullshit
control religion to control women
no exceptions for abortion in case
of incest we need punishment
for being sluts + not dad fucking me



Contributors

Robert Beveridge (he/him) makes noise (xterminal.bandcamp.com) and writes poetry in Akron, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in *Collective Unrest*, *Cough Syrup*, and *Blood & Bourbon*, among others.

Luanne Castle's *Kin Types* (Finishing Line), a chapbook of poetry and flash nonfiction, was a finalist for the 2018 Eric Hoffer Award. Her first poetry collection, *Doll God* (Aldrich), was winner of the 2015 New Mexico-Arizona Book Award. A Pushcart and Best of the Net nominee, she studied at University of California, Riverside (PhD); Western Michigan University (MFA); and Stanford University. Her writing has appeared in *Copper Nickel*, *TAB*, *Glass*, *Verse Daily*, and other journals.

alan catlin has two new full-length books out: *Asylum Garden: after Van Gogh*, from Dos Madres, and *Lessons of Darkness*, from Luchador Press.

Ashley Fernandes is an emerging Canadian writer based in the Toronto area who is currently working fervently on her first novel, *Hummingbirds in the Night Sky*. When she is not writing, she spends her days reading for inspiration or fantasizing about drinking hot chocolate in autumn weather.

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in *Sin Fronteras*, *Dalhousie Review*, and *Qwerty* with work upcoming in *Blueline*, *Willard and Maple*, and *Red Coyote*.

Irene Han writes, "I am an academic and specialize in political theory. I have a Korean background and have lived abroad. Therefore, you will see various cultural landscapes in my poems."

Tim Hawkins' short fiction and poetry can be found in many print and online magazines and anthologies. He has published a poetry collection, *Wanderings at Deadline* (Aldrich Press, 2012), a poetry chapbook, *Jeremiad Johnson* (In Case of Emergency Press, 2019), and a story and poetry chapbook, *Synchronized Swimmers* (KYSO Flash Press, 2019). His second full-length poetry collection, *West of the Backstory*, is forthcoming in late 2020 from Fernwood Press. Find out more

at his website: <http://www.timhawkinspoetry.com>

Gail Hosking is author of the memoir *Snake's Daughter* (U of Iowa Press), the poetry chapbook *The Tug* (Finishing Line Press), and a book of poems, *Retrieval* (Main Street Rag Press). MFA from Bennington College. Poetry and essays have been published for years, and some have been anthologized. Two essays were considered "Most Notable" in *Best American Essays*.

David E. Howerton is a part-time programmer and lives in the American River Canyon outside of Auburn, CA. He has done landscaping, sign painting, cooking, and made jewelry to pay the bills. His hobbies include type design, soapstone carving, walks in the woods, collecting dragons, and a growing library of Science Fiction.

Philip Kobylarz's work has appeared in *Paris Review*, *Epoch*, *Poetry*, and *Best American Poetry*. His published books are *rues*, *Now Leaving Nowheresville*, *A Miscellany of Diverse Things*, *All Roads Lead from Massilia*, and *Kanji Amerikana*.

Boris Kokotov was born in Moscow. He is a poet and translator, the author of several poetry collections. His original work and translations to English have appeared in *Adelaide*, *Blackbird*, *Chiron Review*, *Constellation*, *The Lake*, *Poet Lore*, and *Washington Square Review*, among others. He lives in Baltimore.

Kristina Krumova is from Sofia, Bulgaria. She has a Master's Degree in Contemporary History from Sofia University. Her work was published in *Ghost City Review*, *North of Oxford*, *Red River Review*, *Ann Arbor Review*, *The Pangolin Review*, *Dream Noir*, *The Conclusion Magazine*, *Unlikely Stories*, *Oddball Magazine*, and *The Mad Swirl Anthology 2019*. Kristina works as an editor for Kryg Publishing House.

DS Maolalai has been nominated four times for Best of the Net and three times for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in two collections, *Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden* (Encircle Press, 2016) and *Sad Havoc Among the Birds* (Turas Press, 2019).

John Marvin is a teacher who retired and subsequently earned a Ph.D. in English at SUNY Buffalo. He has poems in scores of journals, and literary criticism in *Hypermedia Joyce Studies*, *James Joyce Quarterly*, *Pennsylvania English*, and *Worcester Review*. His book, *Nietzsche and Transmodernism: Art and Science Beyond the Modern in Joyce, Stevens, Pynchon, and Kubrick*, awaits a publisher.

Michael Milligan has worked as a construction laborer, migrant fruit and grape picker, homestead farmer, and graphic arts production manager. He took his MFA in Creative Writing at Bennington College, thereby joining the teeming mass of writers with degrees of dubious cachet. He was co-founder of *Poetry Oasis* in Worcester MA and was co-editor of *Diner*. His book reviews, fiction, and poems have appeared in *Agni*, *The New Orleans Review*, *The Valparaiso Review*, *Chaffin Journal*, and others.

Born near the warm beaches of Hawaii, **Zach Murphy** is a multi-faceted writer who somehow ended up in the charming but often chilly land of St. Paul, Minnesota. His fiction pieces have appeared in *Haute Dish*, *The Bitchin' Kitsch*, *WINK*, and the *Wayne Literary Review*.

Patricia Nelson is a former attorney who has worked with the "Activist" group of poets in the San Francisco Bay Area. This is a group of Neo Modernist poets. Her most recent book is *Out of the Underworld*, Poetic Matrix Press.

ayaz daryl nielsen, veteran and former hospice nurse, lives in Longmont, Colorado, USA. Editor of *bear creek haiku* (35+ years/160+ issues) with poetry published worldwide, he is online at: *bear creek haiku: poetry, poems and info*. Among other deeply appreciated honors, he is especially delighted by the depth and heart of poets worldwide whose poems have a home in *bear creek haiku's* print and online presence.

Robert Nisbet is a Welsh poet, sometime creative writing tutor at Trinity College, Carmarthen, living a little way down the coast from Dylan Thomas's Boathouse. He has published widely and in roughly equal measures in Britain and the USA. He is a Pushcart Prize nominee for 2020.

Simon Perchik is an attorney whose poems have appeared in *Partisan Review*, *Forge*, *Poetry*, *Osiris*, *The New Yorker*, and elsewhere. His most recent collection is *The Rosenblum Poems*, published by Cholla Needles Arts & Literary Library, 2020. For more information including free e-books and his essay “Magic, Illusion and Other Realities,” please visit his website at <http://www.simonperchik.com>. To view one of his interviews, please follow this link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MSK774rtfx8>

Frederick Pollack is the author of two book-length narrative poems, *THE ADVENTURE* and *HAPPINESS* (Story Line Press; the former to be reissued 2020 by Red Hen Press), and two collections, *A POVERTY OF WORDS* (Prolific Press, 2015) and *LANDSCAPE WITH MUTANT* (Smokestack Books, UK, 2018). Many other poems in print and online journals.

Charles Rammelkamp is Prose Editor for BrickHouse Books in Baltimore and Reviews Editor for *The Adirondack Review*. A chapbook of poems, *Me and Sal Paradise*, was published last year by FutureCycle Press. Two full-length collections are forthcoming in 2020, *Catastroika*, from Apprentice House, and *Ugler Lee*, from Kelsay Books.

LB Sedlacek is an award-winning poet and author with poetry and fiction appearing in many different journals and zines. Her latest poetry books are *The Adventures of Stick People on Cars* (Alien Buddha Press), *The Architect of French Fries* (Presa Press), and *Words and Bones* (Finishing Line Press.) She is a former Poetry Editor for *ESC! Magazine* and also co-hosted the podcast for the small press, “Coffee House to Go,” for several years. She teaches poetry at local elementary and middle schools and publishes a free resource for poets, “The Poetry Market Ezine.” In her free time, LB enjoys swimming, reading, and taking guitar lessons.

Peter Waldor is the author of *Door to a Noisy Room* (Alice James Books), *The Wilderness Poetry of Wu Xing* (Pinyon Publishing), *Who Touches Everything* (Settlement House), which won the National Jewish Book Award, *The Unattended Harp* (Settlement House), *State of the Union* (Kelsay Books), and *Gate Posts with No Gate* (Shanti Arts). Waldor was the Poet Laureate of San Miguel County, Colorado, from 2014 to 2015. His work has appeared in many journals, including

The American Poetry Review, Ploughshares, The Iowa Review, The Colorado Review, Poetry Daily, Verse Daily, and Mothering Magazine. Waldor lives in Trout Lake, Colorado.

Pediatrician **Kelley White** has worked in inner city Philadelphia and rural New Hampshire. Her poems have appeared in *Exquisite Corpse, Rattle, and JAMA*. Her recent books are *TOXIC ENVIRONMENT* (Boston Poet Press) and *TWO BIRDS IN FLAME* (Beech River Books.) She received a 2008 Pennsylvania Council on the Arts grant.

Francine Witte's poetry and flash fiction have appeared in *Wigleaf, Mid-American Review, Lost Balloon, Stonecoast Review, Moon Candy Review*, and many others. Her latest books are *Dressed Wrong for All This*, (Flash), *The Theory of Flesh* (Poetry), and *The Way of the Wind* (novella). She lives in NYC.

Born in Puerto Rico, **John Yohe** grew up in Michigan and lives in Oregon. He has worked as a wildland firefighter, deckhand/oiler, bike messenger, wilderness ranger, and fire lookout. Fiction Editor for *Deep Wild Journal*. www.johnyohe.com



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