

The background of the entire page is a photograph of a field of tall, dry, golden-brown grasses. The grasses are thin and have feathery seed heads. They are set against a pale, overcast sky with soft, diffused light. The overall mood is quiet and natural.

# **The Big Windows Review**

**Issue 37  
Fall 2024**



***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.**

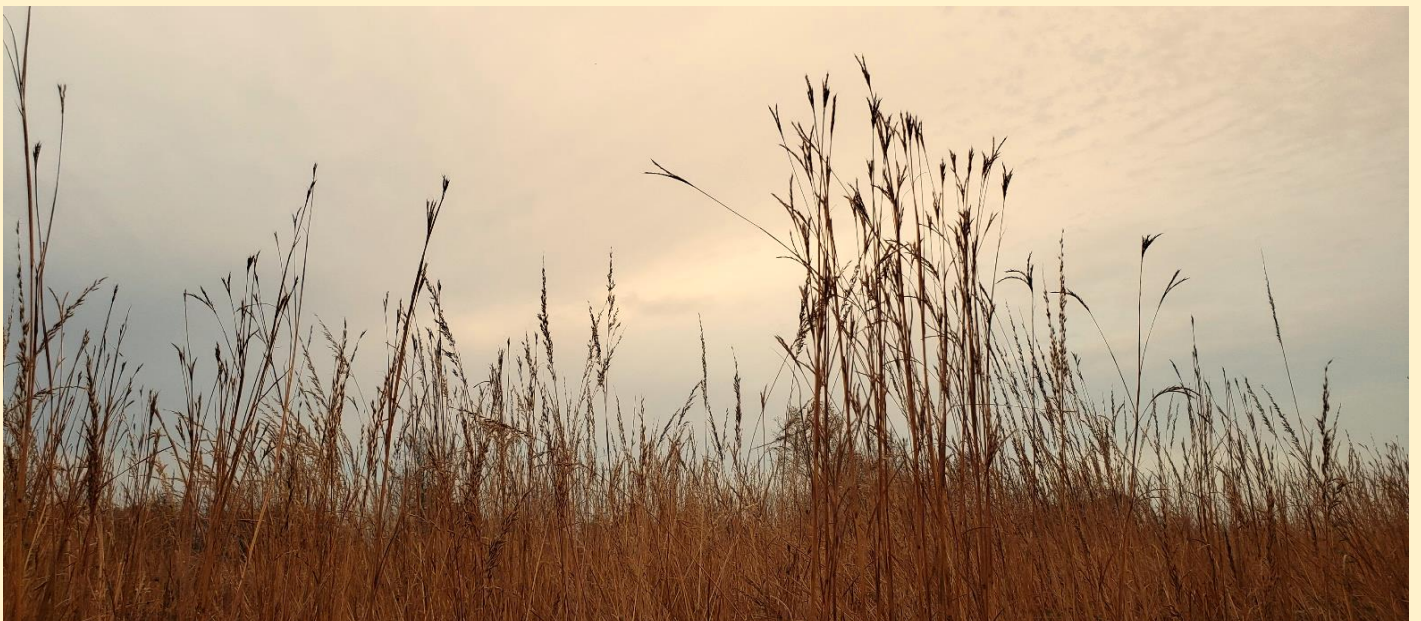
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# The Big Windows Review

Issue 37 Fall 2024

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### Green

Cashier at the smoke shop calls me 'boss' and it makes me wince want to take a  
time machine back pistol whip ancestors realize on the way out one of the items  
I've purchased is a mask with an American flag printed on it.

burgundy region  
be there in  
half a tick

### The Last Nights of Ailil

For one night in seven,  
I give myself fully,  
To the brief pleasure of escape,  
Granted weekly, by my need to replenish my supplies –

Fuel and fruit, meat and seeds,  
Potatoes, pulses, and bushels  
Of dark green leaves –

And in escape I also satisfy a deeper need,  
A need that sates my eagerness  
For the familiarity of boot-heels clacking on stone floors,  
And stout-fed laughter loud enough to drown out your voice,  
And music, for some three score thrice, in the autumnal hall,  
Watched over by those ministers of thirst, in white shirts,  
Serving ale long before even the banns of the Senchas Mar.

And the music, always it veers from lament to comedy,  
From Marbhna Luimní to soldiery that scours the town –

Tooral looral looral looral loo –

And the music it is full of spirit talk,  
Of old kinship, and kenning, too,  
And most of all it heavies with the kerygma of another place,  
All sung in a holy lavishing of exhaled air.

And last, of course, my journeying satisfies that other wanting, too,  
That wanting, which leaves our bodies pulsing, as they endless do,  
For flesh and spirit, to be flesh and spirit-drunk,  
Beyond these hours we know to be our last.

### An Alternate Universe Where the Bullet Missed

You come out west to visit, and fall in love  
with how the waves hug the shore, and being a hugger yourself,  
decide you belong by the sea.

At a Midsummer bonfire, you meet  
your beloved. Spellbound by how they howl at the moon.  
In a hushed whisper, you confess. *They're the one.*  
I set a place for them at my table. We spend  
weekends splashing in the surf. The two of us giggle  
like children at how dogs shake their butts.

I learn to make your mom's sausage gravy,  
so my house will always smell like our home.

I throw a surprise birthday party for you,  
invite everyone you love. You fall down laughing  
and hug everyone twice.

When your children are born,  
we pace the ward together, waiting for news.

We teach them to play baseball using trees  
as bases, which is how I taught you. They learn to grow  
tomatoes and tiger lilies, how to dig in the forest for treasure.  
We visit the monarch butterfly grove and wonder  
what we would do if we had wings.

I love you never stops being true.



On Sunday mornings we eat biscuits  
and gravy at my house. We take the kids  
to the arcade where you always win at skee-ball.  
We talk all the time about the garden, about growing up, about God.

Every Christmas, we buy each other socks. Only we get the joke.

The children go from Little League to car keys, and we dance  
the Electric Slide at their weddings, badly. The gray filters  
into your beard and I find it handsome.

Some day, it will be you who picks fresh flowers to lay on my grave.



**In The Act**

walking

*learning to walk*

with the sun

glorious tan  
on the body

to the mountains

*hiking*  
*map butterfly*  
*tattoo*

cooling

whitest sand  
fresh coconut in Perhentian

from the summer heat

*an involuntary expression*  
*breath of relief*

a night with cicadas

if you haven't heard  
them in numbers



a child says

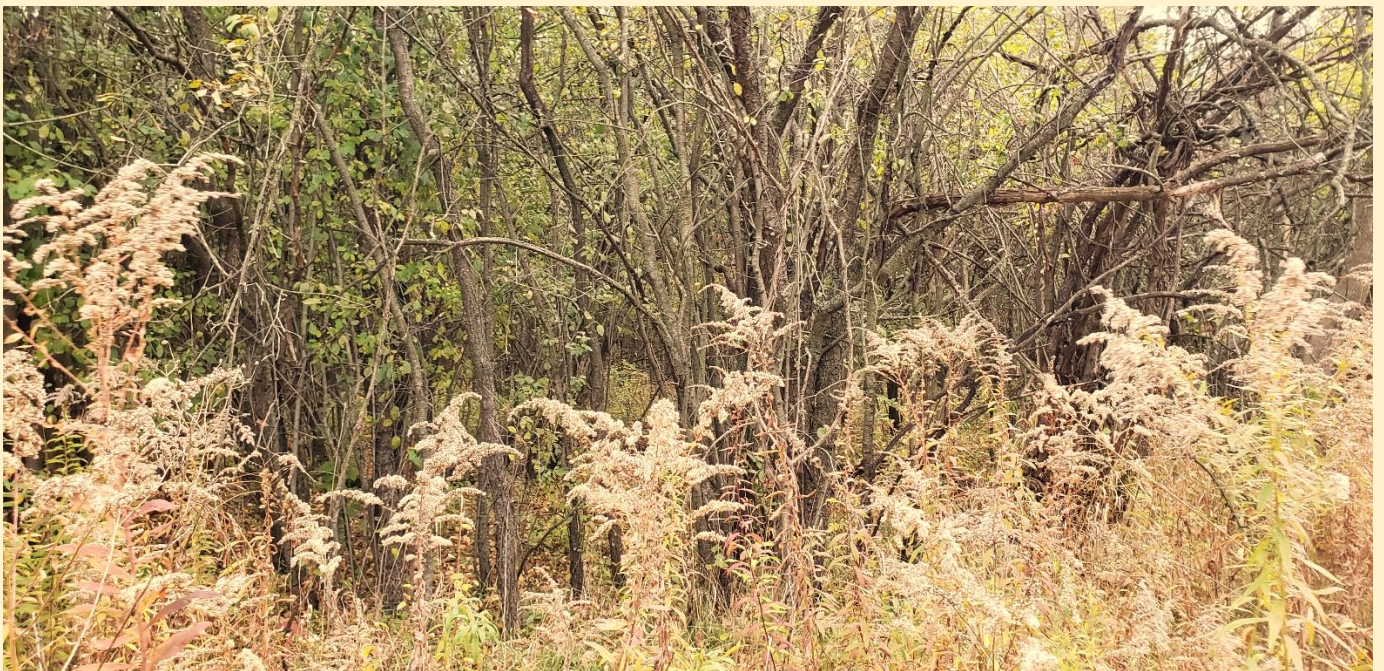
*begins babbling*  
*learning...*  
*sounds*

he loves me gazillion

\_\_\_\_\_good memories  
we must keep

to infinity

*knock knock*  
*hands on a full stomach*



### Painting

Colluded over-draft  
and the canvas isn't stretching right.  
There's a red--  
and a white line too. Witness this,  
the atrophying figure of form.  
Can you guess the type?  
Do you know this shape?  
In here inheres a scene  
of the image of our all. Everything is done up in dividing lines.  
My vanishing point is everywhere.

Ephemeral.Taken

The summer sand matted my feet,  
the salt stung my eyes.  
I floated anyway,  
my hair fanning behind,  
like a mermaid's, cast green  
by the sun.



### Dove Cries

Their call was familiar  
before their appearance

Feathers smoothed to seamlessness  
multiple shades of tan, beige, brown

Not biblical symbolic white, yet  
still peaceful

Too large for the perch so they sat in the seeds  
until Dad bought a mix that repelled them

Now they peck in the grass of their banishment  
mourning

Sound I know from summers  
sisters and I sleeping in the same room

Waking to unaccustomed plaintive notes  
visiting his farm back when Granpa lived

### Weird quirks

You should know that when we fly in dreams and we feel the wind, then we are becoming just as Witches and Sorcerers who fly on their hazel sticks or broom, or who float into the infinite as new supermen or wonderwomen.

first daisies –  
violent attacks  
of rage

### Enough

What if the end of the  
world isn't fire or ice,  
but the pacu, vegetarian  
fish from the Amazon,  
which was introduced  
to the Sepik River and turned  
into man-eater. Or by corn  
drinking too deeply of top  
soil, or kudzu covering  
North America. We all  
yearn for our place.  
We all yearn for enough.  
The river thinks it has found  
its floor in a canyon  
only to have time  
move it away. The clouds  
finally root to the ground  
as fog only to unmoor  
with the sun. The coyote  
takes a bite of the day  
and sings it back  
to the night, jagged and sharp.



### The Death of Lorca

*for Ian Gibson*

He dislikes Protestant churches,  
big organ instead of high altar,  
minister's sermon in English  
facing the congregation; the priest,  
back to the laity, speaks in Latin.

Shoes that do not move remind  
him of death, all the dead bodies  
he sees as a boy are laid out flat  
on their backs, dressed in their  
Sunday best, wearing shoes.

He is friends with Salvador Dalí,  
Luis Buñuel, and other great  
writers of his generation, plays  
a key role in a Spanish renaissance  
of poetry, drama, art, and film.

Yet in his hometown of Granada  
he is "The Queer with the Bow-Tie."  
As Civil War spreads across  
Andalusia he refuses to escape  
to the Republican side for fear of  
being trapped in a no-man's zone.

Lorca is arrested. General Queipo  
De Llano, the Butcher of Seville,  
tells the commandant at Granada  
to give the poet, "coffee,  
plenty of coffee."

The Black Squad takes him to the nearby resort town of Viznar, favorite site to execute Nationalists. (one witness cries out, “Murderers! You’re going to kill a genius!”)

Told he will be shot, Lorca asks for a last confession, but the priest is gone. Before dawn he is shoved in a truck with two bullfighters and a teacher with a wooden leg.

They are killed at Fuente Grande, a famous spring known in Arab times as “the Fountain of Terror.” Later, one murderer boasts, “two bullets in the ass for being queer.”



**Burning Snows**

I want to set the world on fire  
and watch it burn.  
*Everything in it*

has stayed the same except me  
even the one-eyed corgi  
with a nose for ghosts.

My family eats its young:  
we commit a crime against nature  
when we survive —

survival is all I have left.  
The cygnets are big now  
and the night bugs' songs all together

shine bright as day  
and the great horned owls  
call on the edge of hearing;

I still find no shelter:  
Pop's old raisin cake recipe  
tastes like ugly memories

and don't even get me started  
on jigsaw puzzles,  
not even the pristine snow scene

with the white New England church:  
there is no way into any of it  
anymore.



### Exercise High and Five More Dollar Bin Records

exercise high and five more dollar bin records  
at the store i tried so hard to give my money to the shop

first, they opened an hour late  
second, they were friendly enough  
third, i tried to offer them a tip and they declined  
lastly, i listened to the bluegrass and organ music  
blissed out on 15,000 steps on my pedometer and  
all the things i did in those steps  
i saw a bird wading in water  
i browsed isles with strategy  
like a bird pooping seeds onto enemy nests and  
i played a walking game too  
my jeans barely fit but there's  
a blessing of the sonata e's in my head and  
no more thoughts in my head about losing weight  
about my diet  
if this has me eating five cinnamon rolls in an evening then  
only oatmeal and mint chocolate protein bars  
in slow drawn out rhythmic waves  
slow enough the sound never crescendos past  
innumerable belly grumbles and a great elevation of mood  
i see equanimity on the horizon

### Fuck Poetry

Today, between hanging out  
the washing and the second coffee  
we fell in love all over again.  
Went for a walk through the park  
to a cafe where we indulged in pan-  
cakes with blueberries, whipped  
cream, maple syrup and second  
coffee, of course. Then without  
saying much, we ambled back to  
our perfectly made matrimonial  
bed with fresh autumn leaf sheets.  
We removed clothes, our disparate  
cultures, different languages,  
family backgrounds, even our  
interests and made sweet,  
syrupy love as if it was our  
first, best, best time ever.  
And it was, so far.

### My Mistrust

I can't see it  
but I know it's there.

Creeping through the grass  
like suspicion in a leverage  
of clever camouflage  
patiently blended coiled  
and sniperish.

It used to be so unashamed  
and loose wearing my own  
casual naivete morbidly obese  
with hope, but slimmed wiser  
without rhyme by the sharpening  
blades of the compass and clock.

Maybe because Cathy,  
maybe because Claire,  
maybe because me?  
But now I keep my head  
way the fuck down with  
a mouthful of feathers

beneath ruptured plumage  
unable to hold enough sky  
any more, for any more, than  
a scatter of tea leaves that  
gather mute in chipped cups



that leak futures and forevers  
from this hole in my bucket,  
dear Ally, dear Margaret,  
from this hole in my bucket  
that . . . I cannot stop.



### Live Oak Boughs

Boughs build archways as tips  
of trees touch each other. What  
was shaded green becomes  
nocturnal shadow. A crescent moon  
hangs from heaven. Light tracing  
foliage falls dropping  
dusty deep upon ground.

Secrets lie inside edged shadows.  
Animals hide under darkness  
resounding through night  
as leaves rustle. All changing  
except this pattern of what  
is now formed.

### Winter Spring Winter

They announced themselves as signs of Spring,  
with pointed blades, not rounded jonquil leaves —  
a show of beauty to distract from winter.  
We welcomed any respite this could bring  
from sorrow, as the earth beneath us heaves  
and floes of ice upon the river splinter.

Such signs of hope that I might take for granted,  
revealed in them a deeply secret code  
of life returning from the underworld.  
But nature spurned the daffodils I planted  
to imitate a fabled yellow road —  
a path around my house that bent and curled.

Then frost crept back and left these flowers slack,  
so like our hearts amidst ongoing losses,  
we see like ghosts behind some tempered glass —  
beyond our touch — we prayed would soon come back.  
Is this betrayal from the frost that tosses  
useless stems or beauty born to pass?



### The Reshaping of Clay

Nightly, I dream the pottery  
of my fragments  
strewn in a forest of fireflies,  
brief ashes burning hunger  
for what lies above the soil.

I metaphor a self at daybreak  
in salamander memory  
retrieved from the fire  
of my nocturnal disintegration.

I mark the pieces of clay,  
numbering each with hope  
of reassembly.  
My soft pottery  
fires itself solid  
in a few more dawns.



**Rodeo Poet**

Some days it's all  
about riding the bull  
staying upright  
hands strapped to the  
horn of uncontrollable

hanging on when earth  
is rotating at full volume

when seeing the clowns  
waiting to rescue me  
seems too short-sighted

with only seconds left  
before a fall  
I'm searching for a glimpse  
of a waiting poem

a bird a chime a wheel a saint

re-entry before the buzzer beeps

### The Undertaker Blusters

Morning. The undertaker in my bedroom.  
I meet him as I enter. The coffin by the wall  
bolt upright. Egyptian-like with bellied head.  
An inverted mandolin. He goes to lift it by himself.  
It's small. It's very small. He struggles.  
I help him. We place it on a stand. An incline.  
Oh God, I feel, he's going to exhibit her again  
here in the doorway of my bedroom. He swings  
the casket open. Today she's dressed in pink.  
The angle is too steep. She crumples.  
I rush to pick her up. She gurgles.  
I've heard of headless chickens. This means nothing.  
She twitches. I glare. The undertaker blusters.  
Her eyes, I watch them open, focus. She knows me.  
Her face is fuller, younger. She shrugs herself to shape  
and straightens. I feel me smile. "You're going  
to be alright?" I question. "Yes," she smiles. I laugh.  
"Yes," she laughs. I place my hands upon her shoulders  
laughing. I know something's not right  
before the clock goes.

**Postcards from the Knife-Thrower**

*May 21-22 Portland, OR*

Today I tore a shirt in the Lion Tamer's tent, said he'd ask  
his wife to mend it, as if I live on an island and no woman

will ever touch me again. I've colored outside the lines so often  
they're no longer visible in the light of a sober day.

St. Jezebel knows I keep a lock of Magdalena's hair to remind me  
of despair, knows what I want; every twist is planned except the end.

The end is mine but I lack imagination, the balls  
to divine anything between flickers of silent movie frames

in a dream that isn't; I have knowingly unmade myself  
into a man I don't recognize. Don't want to, need to

until I'm drunk enough to catch glimpses of the girl you were;  
mouthing private devotions and absolution for all creation.

### Hemi

Inside our tents we drum  
on our full bellies, make hemiolas

until neighboring campers come  
to quiet us. In these woods,

I don't dream. My weight lays heavy  
on the ground. I stiffen like flannel left out to dry.

We wake and walk for miles.  
All my blood is in my fingertips.

A blister blooms on my hip bone.  
You take my photo at the edge of a rugged cliff face.

Our world is half  
water, half dirt, half light, half dark,

half amnesia, half clarity, half feather,  
half iron, half cut, half mend. I know

there can't be so many halves in a whole, that's just the way  
I want things — divided, divided.

Make camp again. Your body  
in the hammock's membrane, a hemisphere I want to peer inside.



### Not Enough Cred at the Crypt

Downtempo low glucose folk music  
follows morose antler-punks  
from venue to venue downtown.  
They cannot tell that my fingerprints  
are runes, my eyes leap woodland culverts,  
coyotes and rabbits step in my footprints,  
thorned trees carved the blood signs on my arms.

### On the Wild Side

the bad girls walk their scissor legs  
through blowing scraps of colored  
paper, here's a snip of an ad for trash  
bags, here's the torn up start to a letter.  
Their elastic hands reel and unreel  
packing tape and seal up my pencil thin  
fingers. I can't type. I can't bring  
my hand to my lips to whistle Hey  
Babe, take a walk but they swish past  
on high heeled plastic Barbie shoes  
their sharp feet sharp eyes grinning sharp  
painted white teeth.

**Riding the Waves**

We rode the waves elegantly  
undulating  
up and down  
gentle waves  
soft fingered  
at first  
in the gentle light  
of soft sunshine.

Then the clouds came  
gathering  
softly at first  
but blotting out the light,  
then the wind rose  
no longer soft  
no longer gentle  
now we crashed and dived  
violently  
heaving  
hardly visible  
as the storm gathered pace  
its white fingered waves  
clawing their way towards us  
gobbing their spume

over us  
up and down  
sucking us in  
heaving us up  
letting us fall



driving us towards the light  
and the rocks lying there





## Contributors

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**Jerome Berglund** has published many haiku, haiga and haibun, most recently in *bottle rockets*, *Frogpond*, and *Presence*. His first collections, *Bathtub Poems* and *Funny Pages*, were released by Setu and Meat For Tea press, and a mixed media chapbook showcasing his fine art photography is available now from Yavanika.

Irish poet and journalist, **Oisín Breen**, a multiple Best of the Net nominee and Erbacce Prize finalist, is published in 134 journals in 24 countries, including in *Agenda*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Books Ireland*, *Quadrant*, *Southword*, and *The Tahoma Literary Review*. Breen has two collections, the widely reviewed and highly praised *Lilies on the Deathbed of Étaín*, a Scotsman poetry book-of-the-year, 2023, (Downingfield), and his well-received debut, *Flowers, All Sorts, in Blossom, Figs, Berries, and Fruits Forgotten* (Dreich, 2020). Breen's third collection, *The Kergyma*, is slated for 2025 (Salmon).

**Sara Beth Brooks** (she/they) is a queer and disabled self-taught poet and visual artist who explores grief, identity, illness, relationship, and the vulnerability of human bodies. Sara Beth's poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Squawk Back*, *Rogue Agent*, *Tiny Spoon*, and elsewhere. They teach writing and revision workshops online and live with their spouse and a tuxedo cat on the unceded territory of the Nisenan Miwok people, known today as Sacramento, California. You can find her poetry and workshops at <http://linktr.ee/sarabethbrooks>.

**Christina Chin** is a painter and haiku poet from Malaysia. She is a four-time recipient of top 100 in the mDAC Summit Contests, exhibited at the Palo Alto Art Center, California. 1st prize winner of the 34th Annual Cherry Blossom Sakura Festival 2020 Haiku Contest. 1st prize winner in the 8th Setouchi Matsuyama 2019 Photohaiku Contest. She has been published in numerous journals, multilingual journals, and anthologies, including Japan's prestigious monthly *Haikukai Magazine*.

**Jimmy Christon** (he/him/his) is a writer from Oregon. He was born in Pocatello, Idaho. He has published pieces with *ergot.*, **Indicia Literary Journal**, and *Eunoia*.

He lives in New York. Catch him on his website, [jimmywrites.com](http://jimmywrites.com).

**Sarah Daly** is an American writer whose fiction, poetry, and drama have appeared in twenty-five literary journals including *Triggerfish Critical Review*, *A Thin Slice of Anxiety*, *Ibbetson Street Press*, *The Seraphic Review*, and *Superpresent Magazine*.

**LA Felleman** is a financial analyst in Iowa City and is improving her poetry-writing skills thanks to the Free Generative Writing workshop. She organizes a writers open mic at the public library (or via Zoom during pandemics) and serves on the advisory council of Iowa City Poetry. She is the author of *The Length of a Clenched Fist* from Finishing Line Press.

**Barbara Anna Gaiardoni** is a pedagogist and author. She received two nominations for The Touchstone Award and was recognized on the Haiku Euro Top 100 list and The Mainichi's Haiku in English Best list for 2023. Her works have been published in 220 international journals and translated into 12 languages. She has published two origami micro-chapbooks with the publisher "Origami Poems Project": "Untitled" in 2023 and "Eating Haiku" in 2024. The latter was shown at the "Artfarm Pilastro," an exhibition of contemporary art and performance in the beautiful Veronese plains. Drawing, swimming in the sea, and walking in nature are her passions. "I can, I must, I will do it" her motto.  
<http://barbaragaiardoni.altervista.org/blog/haikuco-2-2/>

**Danielle Hanson** is the author of *The Night Is What It Eats*, winner of the Elixir Press Prize (forthcoming), *Fraying Edge of Sky*, winner of the Codhill Press Poetry Prize, and *Ambushing Water*, Finalist for the Georgia Author of the Year Award, and editor of an anthology forthcoming from Press 53 and a book of literary criticism. She is Marketing Director for Sundress Publications. She teaches poetry at UC Irvine.

**William Heath** has published four poetry books: *The Walking Man*, *Steel Valley Elegy*, *Going Places*, and *Alms for Oblivion*; three chapbooks: *Night Moves in Ohio*, *Leaving Seville*, and *Inventing the Americas*; three novels: *The Children Bob Moses Led* (winner of the Hackney Award), *Devil Dancer*, and *Blacksnake's Path*; a work of history, *William Wells and the Struggle for the Old Northwest* (winner of two

Spur Awards and the Oliver Hazard Perry Award); and a collection of interviews, *Conversations with Robert Stone*. He lives in Annapolis.

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**Brian Jerrold Koester** is a Pushcart Prize nominee and a Best of the Net Anthology nominee. His poetry collection is titled *What Keeps Me Awake* (Silver Bow Publishing) and his chapbook is called *Bossa Nova* (River Glass Books). His work has appeared most recently in *Poetry Pacific*, *Poetic Sun*, *SurVision*, *Versification Zine*, *Triggerfish Critical Review*, and *Revolver*. Koester is an aficionado of single malt whiskey and a proud Cub Scout dropout.

**Frankie Koni** is a gender non conforming mentally ill writer who is published in *Asylum: Radical Mental Health Magazine*, *The Abandoned Mine*, *redrosethorns* and aspires to get in poetry magazines and publish their own chapbook. They are active online on Instagram @frankandthefruit, and under Frankie Koni on Facebook!

**Allan Lake** is a migrant poet from Allover, Canada who now lives in Allover, Australia. Coincidence. He has published poems in 20 countries. His latest chapbook of poems, entitled *My Photos of Sicily*, was published by Ginninderra Press. It contains no photos, only poems.

**Lindsay McLeod** is an Australian writer who lives on the coast of the great southern penal colony with his Blue Heeler, Mary. Some of his published work can be found in *Drunk Monkeys*, *Burningword*, *Fine Flu*, *FIVE2ONE*, *A Thin Slice of Anxiety*, and *Beatnik Cowboy*.

**Joan McNerney's** poetry is published worldwide in over thirty-five countries in numerous literary magazines. Four Best of the Net nominations have been awarded to her. *The Muse in Miniature*, *Love Poems for Michael*, and *At Work* are available on Amazon.com. A new title, *Light & Shadows*, has recently been released.

**Uchechukwu Onyedikam** is a Nigerian “mad” creative artist based in Lagos, Nigeria. He’s a well-published Poet. His poems have appeared in *Amsterdam*

*Quarterly*, *Brittle Paper*, *Poetic Africa*, *Hood Communists*, *The Hooghly Review*, *Unlikely Stories Mark V*, and in anthologies both print and online. He and Christina Chin have co-written and published two poetry chapbooks — *Pouring Light On The Hills* (December 2022) and *Clouds of Pink* (March 2024).

**Royal Rhodes**, trained as a Classicist, taught courses at Kenyon College on global religions for almost forty years. His poems have appeared in: *Ekstasis*, *Ekphrastic Review Challenge*, *Big Windows Review*, *STAR 82 Review*, *Halfway Down the Stairs*.

**David Anthony Sam** lives in Virginia with his wife, Linda. His poetry has appeared in over 100 journals. Sam's collection, *Stone Bird*, was released in 2023 by San Francisco Bay Press. *Writing the Significant Soil* (Wayfarer Books 2022) was awarded the Homebound Poetry Prize. Six other collections are in print.

In the past year, **Susan Shea** has made the full-time transition from retired school psychologist to poet. Since then her poems have been accepted by publications including *MacQueen's Quinterly*, *Ekstasis*, *October Hill Magazine*, *Across the Margin*, *Invisible City*, *Poemeleon*, *Umbrella Factory*, and others.

**Daniel P. Stokes** has published poetry widely in literary magazines in Ireland, Britain, the U.S.A. and Canada, and has won several poetry prizes. He has written three stage plays which have been professionally produced in Dublin, London, and at the Edinburgh Festival.

**Alex Stolis** lives in Minneapolis; he has had poems published in numerous journals. The full-length collection *Postcards from the Knife-Thrower* was runner-up for the Moon City Poetry Prize in 2017. Two full-length collections, *Pop . 1280* and *John Berryman Died Here* were released by Cyberwit and available on Amazon. His work has previously appeared or is forthcoming in *Piker's Press*, *Jasper's Folly Poetry Journal*, *One Art Poetry*, *Black Moon Magazine*, and *Star 82 Review*. His chapbook *Postcards from the Knife-Thrower's Wife* is forthcoming from Louisiana Literature Press in 2024. He has been nominated multiple times for the Pushcart Prize.



**Lily Tobias** is a poet from Fenton, Michigan. Her poem “Strawberry Interlude” was recently shown at the Paseo Arts Association Small Art Show, and her work has appeared in *Rockvale Review*, *River Heron Review*, and elsewhere. Lily lives in Michigan with her husband, Josh, and their cats Wallace and George. Find Lily at her website: [lilytobias.com](http://lilytobias.com)

Pushcart Prize nominee, researcher & farmer **Terry Trowbridge**’s poems are in *Pennsylvania Literary Journal*, *Carousel*, *Lascaux Review*, *Kolkata Arts*, *Leere Mitte*, *untethered*, *Snakeskin Poetry*, *Progenitor*, *Miracle Monocle*, *Orbis*, *Pinhole*, *Big Windows*, *Muleskinner*, *Brittle Star*, *Mathematical Intelligencer*, *Journal of Humanistic Mathematics*, *New Note*, *Hearth and Coffin*, *Synchronized Chaos*, *Indian Periodical*, *Delta Poetry Review*, *Literary Veganism*, and ~100 more. His lit crit is in *BeZine*, *Erato*, *The /t&nz/ Review*, *Amsterdam Review*, *Ariel*, *British Columbia Review*, *Hamilton Arts & Letters*, *Episteme*, *Studies in Social Justice*, *Rampike*, and *Seeds*. His Erdős number is 5. Terry is grateful to the Ontario Arts Council for his first 2 writing grants.

Pediatrician **Kelley White** has worked in inner city Philadelphia and rural New Hampshire. Her poems have appeared in *Exquisite Corpse*, *Rattle and JAMA*. Her most recent collection is *NO. HOPE STREET* (Kelsay Books). She received a 2008 Pennsylvania Council on the Arts grant.

**Lynn White** lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy and reality. She has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize, Best of the Net, and a Rhysling Award. <https://lynnwhitepoetry.blogspot.com> and <https://www.facebook.com/Lynn-White-Poetry-1603675983213077/>



