



The Big Windows Review

Issue 38 Winter 2025





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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

Mamma's Kiss & Tell

you are invited to watch my undoing,
where you will hear stories about my
life and times, of my anger and resentment,
the shameless flirtations with random men.
you will know that during meals, i never sit
with the family because they morph into the
worst-case scenario that lives in my brain.
you will learn about afflictions that seem
permanent, that no one ever asks me
what it is like to be married because they
know i don't consider myself so and only
see a slave, relegated to kitchen duty,
ready for their side stares and laughter.
they know me by a different name and
gather in hallways, whispering
'simma down bitch' so i hide my feelings
and offer cheerless congratulations for their
deadly stupidity and useless plans.
they erase me each day, and when they do,
i remember there is a serious thing i want
to do, which is exactly this: run alongside a
slow-moving, southbound train, get in and
be rocked to sleep in its empty hollows,
dreaming of flowers that grow in places
they aren't supposed to.

Erosion

His jacket hangs on shoulders
as if in a closet
on a wire hanger

his torso thinned
by age, chest
now a flat drawer,

stomach not a muscle
but the location
he cinches a belt.

The erosion of aging
has brought to sight again
his scrappy scapulae

that have been missing
since he turned twenty.
I like how they jut out.

to touch them when I hug,
feel the long history of his lifting
me, still, the nubs of angel wings.

Posthumous Anonymous

I'm lost in yesterday
All about my business
Lost in my dreams
The blood's sucked up
All dry and all bare
Turn the car around

Blaze a mic on fire
I need water to put it out
One heartbreaker
I'm so fresh and so clean
I'm so flossing
Put my gift in a jar

My game is warfare
Neighborhood's on fire
Call the fireman
I run loose like a dog
While falling to pieces
Still making love

Ready to get loose
I need to say it right
Scream in a paper cup
My million dollars
Spent on building coffins
Martians in the sky

In the Storm

lamps and candles left unlit inside
 we undress earth's scent

still clinging to our soaked clothes
 and wait as our darkness

unfurls its limbs we sink
 into each other's flesh my head held

in your hands faces close
 eyelashes brushing breath shared

cloudbursts rattle the panes
 and with no reason left to resist

we kindle the marrow in our bones
 and like shore pines mimic

the wind's shape twisting
 stems matting branches

inhaling each other camellia
 wild rhododendron

From Our Beach Hotel Room

The sea is angry.
Waves crash against rocks,
splatter along the shore.

You are not beautiful
when you crash against rocks,
splatter along the shore,
but these splendid waters
get a free pass
when it comes to
crashing and splattering.

That's their beauty.
Your beauty is in your calmness,
your even surface.

"Here, come to the window," I say.
"Look at this."
The violence, the vehemence,
is palpable.

Yes, the sheer raw power of nature
has its place.
But as astonishment,
not an inspiration.

No Sonnet Saturday or When You Just Gotta

I forget to bring them with me today,
these sonnets where I find you every morning
fourteen lines of you spiraling
out among the weeds,
dodging dust bunnies in the dark.
So what does that mean for you
or me? The answers come so quickly
I forget to breathe between them.
Only this, this moment, this day
where each of your bracelets
circles 'round my wrists,
forms the chain between us
to feel a quickened pulse
that says, soon.

Mum

I keep hiding my pen
from myself
which means
I must want to hide
from what
I'm trying to say.
But if I hid my pen
intending the pen
to keep mum,
to hold onto
what shouldn't be said,
if I asked it
in that fashion
to refrain from revealing
such secrets
as would shame me,
hurt me,
I don't know,
what's to read
in my so quickly
finding it?

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Anything of Value

do you believe
they ask
me

I know
I must work to pay taxes
so I believe in vacations

I rent space in my head
to unknown poets
who may or may not
believe in anything

Weather or Not

our marriage has endured
tornado watches

but
today
the weather radio beeps
a warning

now what?

Differing

I'm pro / he's con
Enmeshed
our views compete on the spectrum
until the next
issue emerges
like a brood of anxious cicadas

Spring River

Today, the snake of wind
found me counting my obsessions
on a bank near the river
that is not a river
but simply a confluence
of water and sky,
a simulacrum
of some ancient flowing.
That snake, with its white tongue
and delicate body,
fed on the gravity
I carried in my heart
until I too was a clear mirror,
a creature of uncertainty
losing its bearings
in the deep, violet rush
of light and petals.

Green Leaves

Wind pushes the dried and crumbling remains of spring into streets.
Leaves them on lawns and porches, driveways.
Sometimes you are born with more trees than the rest.
Sometimes you plant your own and love them, letting them grow
Pushing them toward the sky by will and sweat.
Then, years later, enjoy the sight of the dry leaves
Filling the empty spaces on the grass.
And the sudden realization that a lifetime was spent in the pursuit of
Dry leaves
Which are blown from the yard and down the street.

To Paint Original Poems

I sit at a table of words
attempting to paint original poems
that might be remembered
for a mirrored moment
in someone's life.

I leave my chair
and walk in pensive circles,
through pools of wet rainbow images,
splashing verbal colors in a room without walls,
an infinite room without closed doors.
The floor is over-crowded
with unlabeled museum exhibits of joy and pain.

I sit back down to continue writing.
Trying to weld iron images
that are firm, yet, untouchable.
Visual words that will float like dreams.
Deliberate words, enduring words
that will slowly step down
from the ladder leaning
on the open window of my closed eyes.

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.

Wind in the Pines

she sought wisdom in the pines
when her mother took her there
and her aunties sang the old songs
her cousins stripped the kindling
her uncles kept the fire in the breeze

she found comfort in the needles
combed her hair in the wind
warm tea in a cup beside her
drums steady in the distance
her dreams whispered in the trees

she matured in the north woods
and made her home among the pines
land and water provided food
her companions four-legged shared
warmth from the wind in the pines

Listening to Astral Weeks & Emailing Russell Thorburn

& Van Morrison is wailing about the fragile dancer
& telling her
to spread her ballerina wings
for if she doesn't, the wind, the wild air,
will simply whisk her away
where she will then become glued, like seal wax,
to the rippling olive-tinted water
wiggling just behind a factory where they bake soap
& sell it to hotel chains outside the city,
& so she'd be stolen down stream and written
into another's love song, the ballerina.
& the strings on Ballerina tell us just a bit about a song,
especially that it is an unfixed shape, a dancer
on a trapeze wire & the I withdraws into beauty,
it has to surrender to it
because the trace of the shape of the ballerina
is liminal, it's barely there,
& it's so transient that it could fall into another's
pocket, into another's love ballades poem,

& so Morrison, right there in the studio, grabs it,
the song & not the ballerina
because she's already gone, is just a trace
of herself as Levinas would say – she's emanation –
& she's just a little eyelash hair on my paper,
& so I email Russ just to tell him
I've found it right here, the eyelash, the emanation,
& I put it on this poem, for him.

Mandolin Blues (Yank Rachell)

Yank Rachell's mandolin – filigree fills
Intricate tracery

And Yank spelling it out
“Someone would shoot up the place”
In those days

What got stolen –the songs
He could have made a million
“You didn't know what you didn't know”

The railroad bosses he served
Face it with dignity
The massive wrongs
Face it down

How nobody would go his bail
How he'd hear his Black name
Ringin' all up and down the line
Singing about it
Latterly, on the stages, and for the wages, he deserved

Ok, Hinge

Making these voyages to a benevolent somewhere
and looking for a student
of shared incidents so we can exchange notes later

Done with magnificent plunderers and sour darlings,
no lying agents need apply,
the days of relic hunting over, I'm secular towards love

Come partner, slide in front of me and send me a push,
Sit next to me and watch
This film called modern living all the way to the end

Frederick Pollack

When I Fell

Afterwards I was disoriented.
Everyone was very nice.
It took me a while to get up,
but then, it often does.
During that time I thought of monkeys,
a species with long arms, curved wrists,
who swing, apparently without effort,
from branch to branch, unfazed
when one breaks; swing higher,
at will, as easily,
then hang by one hand;
and laugh (as Nietzsche said) uproariously
when a human appears.

Death of a Minimalist

A corseted forest one drives through.
A little costly house on a crowded lake.
Money, a life's bricolage.
The self-effacing boats of liberals.
The place is a stage-set,
secondary to the theme;
care, the road to the hospital, the hospital
poor beneath this Republican sky.
There is no theme. The note hangs,
and by the time one grasps
it had defeated time, time starts again.
It hangs, is absorbed at dusk
like the music of kids around the point
who deny themselves nothing or, perhaps,
with a vision of some sort of health,
everything but the music
as their parents denied them vaccination.

The ensemble has room
beside the piano for early explorations.
Their performance won't be till fall,
if the college survives.
The redhead finds in the repeated
arpeggios that follow that held A
a safe place; reaches toward
the brunette. But the boy snakes between them;
after discussion, doesn't, just
exerts a subtle gravitation
from where he weaves alone. But he's
not interested in her or me,
only himself, the redhead thinks, and leaps
this out, causing
a cough at the piano. When they resume,
the brunette stamps like a colt
from being desired. Where's B-flat?
the redhead wonders. But it doesn't come.

A Park Bench in Marseilles

My grandmother and I sit waiting
for my mother to return from her

rendezvous with a waiter she met
at lunch. Somewhere between a

first course and last, an agreement
had been reached. My grandmother

is not happy as she sits with me
among beautiful flowers of a spring

day—their little heads bobbing in a
slight wind, they call children to

their games. The waiter is handsome,
tall, dark, well-built, black clothes

of his trade set off a sparkle in his
dark brown eyes. I wonder how

many times this week, perhaps this
month, he has met women in this

park. Is my mother the only who
has stirred his desire to leave the

restaurant early to meet a French-
American on holiday. Perhaps he

is taken by her accent, still French
but laced with confident American

English. She, taken by someone
French after living in the states

twenty years. That is how old I am,
twenty. She has asked me not to

call her mother, would I possibly
pretend she is my sister, and it is

no stretch for her to fill that role.
Funny how alike my mother and

grandmother are as I have heard
stories from my mother—how hurt

she was when her mother had
asked her to call her sister. Right

now I know my mother isn't
remembering stories. Right now,

she is caught up in the headiness
of being desired.

Self Portrait Without Me

Start with a D minor chord in December branches
before light can find any sparrows. Let an owl
blow dawn's voice out its crooked beak
as it drops from a tree, strikes an arc across stars.
Coyote's nails click against asphalt. Done with the night
coyotes trot back to a den. A garbage truck drums
up the street. Every morning a garbage truck
drums up the street. Smells like that linger and cling.
A lot has been hauled away. The beloved dead
enter with D minor, come like junkies
like thieves, like coyotes to take whatever they can.
More lays erased under snow and ice. All these losses
Have left the air jewel clear. Every day I go away from the poem.
The next morning, like a winter sky, it is more empty and more full.

let's dance until the roof caves in

sometimes
those old days come back to me
and I see them there
smiling and brittle and waving:

days that turned into long nights
that turned into sleep at dawn
all-the-while
drinking
and smoking
and writing
bad poetry,
spinning until the rubber came off the rims
burning until the soul gave out
until the heart beat its last
and deflated
like a thick balloon.

what a time it was

what a ride

I still do all that now
but in moderation:

the drinks are fewer each night
the smokes are cheaper
and the poems are better for the most part
but ever fewer than the drinks

and I'm in bed hours before dawn

hell,
I actually write in the mornings now.

what a time it is

what a ride:

more responsible
but
less romantic. oh well.

nobody wants to know those kinds of poets anyway
if they want to know any at all.

now I change the tires on the regular
and make sure that I wick the candle

and I do what I can for the old ticker
to make sure that at least I can dance until the roof caves in.

East River

under a misty
overcast with
threatening rain
as waves slap
stained walls
while traffic
jams and jives
north, south
around
and over
with constant
over reaching
turbulent noise
broadcasting the
language of
a city breathing
in and out

Situation beggin for remedy

He loved DJ'in Saturday night bops, could play their favorite tunes and she'd just have to f*ckin dance or else cause a scene by not cuz he knew and she knew she'd caused enough of em already, hell just like him copyin him copyin her copyin him, ya see what I'm sayin, don't nobody know which looked first to copy what – how even when they were an item all those months back before the baby and the fights really began like nothin they'd ever thought up before or since the grandkids tried to tell em, Y'all too old to dang dance DJ, fool fussin like that, granny gramps git on, but them two?, they just pointed confused twirls of their fingers into their own wizened, aged ears, raised their hands, twitched their shoulders, and kept on dancing, DJ'ing, jerking their wheelchairs, loving their own way until their own silent, sudden end. When they were missed from the moment and our real ruckus began, off-key but celebratory not celibate! celebratin' new joy their old ways a future, continued, imagined moooves... to their melody, ageless their own watching unawares, only concern for the beat.

An Opera of Silence

How can I forget my madness if I'm mad
How can I erase the daughters crying
in nighttime summer rain
after their fathers and uncles and lovers and brothers
are gunned down by five-o for hustling
8-balls beneath the El
to rich white bored boys from Scarsdale

How can I forget my madness if I'm mad
How can I erase Donna's memory
so she'll forget I smashed a beer bottle
through the picture plate window at Paradise Inn
pushed her too hard into the long grass
behind the Viking Boat Yard
held her tight to my chest as she shook
with sobs soft like river fog

How can I forget my madness if I'm mad
How can I erase words that scream
out they are poems
when the best verses hide
behind veiled remorse of fear and failure
at 183 rd and Tremont
the Hudson River
and alone in my room

How can I forget

Floating Fears

Some days I wonder if I go to sleep if things will be different when I wake up the next day.

I don't hate my life.

What I hate is that I don't understand my life.

I was once told that anxiety is like a beach ball in a pool.

You can see that it's there and if you focus on it long enough, you'll have the urge to push the ball down, to try to remove it from the water.

But all that does is make a great big splash as it bounces up, hits you in the face or even worse, splashes you and hits someone else.

You're supposed to get so used to the beach ball, not touch it.

You're supposed to forget it's there and suddenly it's like you can relax in the beaming sun as you cool off in your refreshing pool.

Yet how can I forget it's there when I'm awaiting an email I worked so hard for that could open so many doors for me?

How can I forget when the future is unknown? When I don't know who will actually stay in my life five years down the road, if they'll even be there for another five, let alone a lifetime.

How can I forget if things aren't working out as I want them to so I put my every ounce into trying to make the circumstances somewhat controllable?

The list can just go on, getting even more tedious, so much so that if you're not used to having lists like this, aren't used to overthinking, I wouldn't be surprised if your body just shut down.

I see the beach ball, have pushed it down countless times to still be in a sea of worry except it's all the more frustrating.

I've pushed the beach ball down countless times, only for it to bounce back stronger.

I even tried throwing it out of the pool, but it just ended up on the grass, waiting for me.

I avoided the backyard for days, but the ball didn't disappear. One day, while admiring the pool from the kitchen window, I saw a hawk swoop down and grab the ball.

I felt so free and was clueless on how to relax.

However, the hawk crashed into the window, dropping the deflated ball onto my face.

That's the thing with anxiety, it never really leaves.

Anxiety is relentless. It always finds a way.

There are points in time where anxiety tends to act as a blanket because sometimes you'll be comfortable with how it makes you feel and act.

It's almost like you become comfortable in your discomfort. That's why it can be hard to relax in moments it's not constantly pestering you.

But just as anxiety can keep going, so can I.

Life might not be different when I wake up the next day but how I view and perceive it can be.

Barn Panes

Barn window reflects
wheat fields waving with wind
below skies streaked
in strata of light and dark clouds
as thunder rattles panes
into trembling portrait.

Remembering the Grape Pickers

You won't remember, but mother
never agreed to stop buying table
grapes—I didn't know the issue
or the reasoning—but isn't it all
and always about profit over people
—treating others as you will treat
them—so in Chavez's day—you
weren't there—but you can light
the candles now—make way
for the party—be the communion
of folks just wanting to be, to be
treated, to be treated as more—
to be treated as more than equal
to an apple, a grape, a nectarine.
If we had known—really—I think
mother would have agreed.

Contributors

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.

Loukia Borrell is a first-generation American whose parents were born in Cyprus. She holds a Bachelor of Arts degree in English, with a journalism concentration, from Elon University. She is a former print reporter. Her poetry and essays have appeared in *Pangyrus*, *Poetry Bus Magazine*, *Roi Faineant Press*, *One by Jacar Press*, and elsewhere.

Jeff Burt lives in Santa Cruz County, California, with his wife. He has contributed to *Willows Wept Review*, *Heartwood*, and *Williwaw Journal*.

Jakima Davis has published four chapbooks: one in 2016, two in 2021, and one this last June. She's been published in many underground publications. She's expecting more publications to come in the next year. As of now, she's posting her poems on Facebook to gain a fanbase.

David A. Goodrum is the author of *Vitals and Other Signs of Life* (The Poetry Box) and *Sparse Poetica* (Audience Askew). Recent publications include *Tar River Poetry*, *Gyroscope*, *San Antonio Review*, *I-70 Review*, *Cirque*, *Banyan Review*, *Tampa Review*, among others. David lives in Corvallis, Oregon. See more at www.davidgoodrum.com.

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *New World Writing*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, and *Lost Pilots*. Latest books—*Between Two Fires*, *Covert*, and *Memory Outside The Head*—are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in *California Quarterly*, *Birmingham Arts Journal*, *La Presa*, and *Shot Glass Journal*.

Audrey Howitt lives and writes poetry in the San Francisco Bay Area. Ms. Howitt has been published in: *Roi Fainéant Press*, *Academy of the Heart and Mind*, *Purely*

Lit: Poetry Anthology, Washington Square Review, Panoply, Muddy River Poetry Review, Total Eclipse Poetry and Prose, Chiaroscuro-Darkness and Light, dVerse Poets Anthology, With Painted Words, Algebra of Owls, and Lost Towers Publications.

Glenn Ingersoll works for the public library in Berkeley, California. Videos of his poetry reading & interview series Clearly Meant can be found on the Berkeley Public Library YouTube channel. Ingersoll's prose poem epic, *Thousand*, is available from bookshop.org and as an ebook from Smashwords. *Autobiography of a Book* came out this year from AC Books. He keeps two blogs, *LoveSettlement* and *Dare I Read*, and in 2023 began a Substack newsletter, *Heart Demons*. Ingersoll's poem, "You have come to a certain place," appeared in *Big Windows Review*, October 2019.

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Roberta Beach Jacobson (she/her) is drawn to the magic of words—poetry, song lyrics, flash fiction, puzzles, and stand-up comedy. Her latest book is *Demitasse Fiction: One-Minute Reads for Busy People* (Alien Buddha Press, 2023). She lives in Iowa (USA) with her husband and three cats.

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Seth Jani is a poet, publisher and bartender in Seattle, WA. His work has appeared in *The American Poetry Journal*, *Chiron Review*, *Ghost City Review*, *Rust+Moth*, and *Phantom Drift*, among others. His most recent full-length collection, *Field Music*, was published by FutureCycle Press in 2023. Visit him at www.sethjani.com.

Marc Janssen has been writing poems since around 1980. His verse can be found scattered around the world in places like *Pinyon*, *Slant*, *Cirque Journal*, *Off the Coast*, *Poetry Salzburg*; also in his book *November Reconsidered*. Janssen coordinates the Salem Poetry Project and was a nominee for Oregon Poet Laureate.

David Lipsitz has been writing poems for over fifty years. His poems have appeared in BIG WINDOWS REVIEW, CAPE ROCK, CHAFFIN JOURNAL, FROM THE DEPTHS, MAIN STREET RAG, UPPAGUS, WASHINGTON SQUARE REVIEW, and other literary publications. His chapbook, *ILLUSIONS ON THE ROAD*, was published by Bragdon Books.

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.

Mona Mehas (she/her) writes poetry and prose from the perspective of a retired disabled teacher in Indiana USA. A Pushcart Prize nominee, her work has appeared in over 70 journals, anthologies, and online museums. Her poetry chapbooks, *Questions I Didn't Know I'd Asked* and *Hand-Me-Downs*, were published by LJMcD Communications in 2024 and are available from their website and Amazon. Two of Mona's poems received first place honors in the 2023 Poetry Society of Indiana Fall contest. She is writing her second novel while querying the first. Tweets @Patienc77732097

Ken Meisel is a poet and psychotherapist from the Detroit area. He is a 2012 Kresge Arts Literary Fellow, Pushcart Prize nominee, best of the net nominee, winner of the Liakoura Prize and the author of nine poetry collections. His new book, *The Light Most Glad of All*, was published in 2023 by Kelsay Press. It was reviewed by *Tipton Poetry Journal* and *Trampoline Magazine*. Other collections include: *Studies Inside the Consent of a Distance* (Kelsay Books: 2022) and *Our Common Souls: New & Selected Poems of Detroit* (Blue Horse Press: 2020). He has work in *Crab Creek Review*, *Concho River Review*, *San Pedro River Review*, *Panapoly*, *Sheila-Na-Gig*, and *The MacGuffin*.

Stephen C. Middleton is a writer working in London. He has had five books published, and been in several anthologies. He was editor of *Ostinato*, a magazine of jazz and jazz-related poetry. He has been in magazines worldwide, including in the US, Australia, Canada, the UK, & mainland Europe.

Ben Nardolilli is an MFA candidate at Long Island University. His work has appeared in *Perigee Magazine*, *Door Is a Jar*, *The Delmarva Review*, *Red Fez*, *The Oklahoma Review*, *Quail Bell Magazine*, and *Slab*. Follow his publishing journey at mirrorsponge.blogspot.com.

Frederick Pollack is the author of two book-length narrative poems, *THE ADVENTURE* and *HAPPINESS* (Story Line Press; the former reissued 2022 by Red Hen Press), and four collections, *A POVERTY OF WORDS* (Prolific Press, 2015), *LANDSCAPE WITH MUTANT* (Smokestack Books, UK, 2018), *THE BEAUTIFUL LOSSES* (Better Than Starbucks Books, 2023), and *THE LIBERATOR* (Survivision Books, Ireland). Many other poems in print and online journals (Big Windows '20, '21, 1/24). Website: www.frederickpollack.com.

Sandra Rollins started writing poems at the age of six. She recently retired as an IRS Revenue Agent after 33 ½ years. She lives in Nashville TN with fiancé Steve and a “teacup” yorkie who believes he is a Doberman. Publications include *Mas Tequilas Review*, *Reckless Writing*, and *Paterson Literary Review*.

Ed Ruzicka’s third book of poems, *Squalls*, was released in March. Ed’s poems have appeared in the *Atlanta Review*, the *Chicago Literary Review*, *Rattle*, *Canary*, and many other literary publications. Ed, who is also the president of the Poetry Society of Louisiana, lives with his wife, Renee, in Baton Rouge.

Allen Seward is a poet from the Eastern Panhandle of West Virginia. His work has appeared in *Scapegoat Review*, *miniMAG*, *Spare Parts Lit*, and *Alien Buddha Press*, among others. He currently resides in WV with his partner and four cats. @AllenSeward1 on Twitter, @allenseward0 on Instagram

Dr. **Roger Singer** is the Poet Laureate of Old Lyme, Connecticut. He has had over 1,000 poems published on the internet, magazines, and in books and is a 2017 Pushcart Prize Award Nominee. He is also the President of the Shoreline Chapter of the Connecticut Poetry Society.

A rural native of the southeastern United States, **R. P. Singletary** is a lifelong writer across fiction, poetry, and hybrid forms and a budding playwright with recent fiction, poetry, and drama published or forthcoming in *Litro*, *BULL*, *Cream Scene*

*Carnival, Cowboy Jamboree, Rathalla Review, The Rumen, Wasteland Review, The Wave – Kelp Journal, the coalition (Coalition for Digital Narratives), Roi Fainéant Press, en*gendered, Wicked Gay Ways, House of Arcanum, The Collidescope, Ancient Paths Christian Literary, EBB – Ukraine, Pink Disco, D.U.M.B.O. Press, and elsewhere. Member, Authors Guild and Dramatists Guild. Websites:*

<http://www.rpsingletary.com>

https://www.pw.org/directory/writers/r_p_singletary

<https://newplayexchange.org/users/78683/r-p-singletary>

insta / twitter: **rpsingletary**

William Teets is a writer born in Peekskill, New York, who has recently relocated to Southeast Michigan. He misses New York pizza, the Hudson River, and *Fran, Remember the Good Times '68*. A collection of his poetry, *After the Fall*, was published by *Cajun Mutt Press* in February 2023.

Julia Vellucci, a 21-year-old from Mississauga, Ontario, has published eight romance books, a fantasy novella, and an anthology with Ukiyoto Publishing. She also has a few short stories published. Additionally, as a social justice writer for CCFWE and a journalism student, her words aim to leave a mark.

Diane Webster's work has appeared in *Old Red Kimono, North Dakota Quarterly, New English Review, Studio One*, and other literary magazines. She had micro-chaps published by Origami Poetry Press in 2022, 2023 and 2024. One of Diane's poems was nominated for Best of the Net in 2022. Her website is:

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Jan Wieszorek writes from Michigan. His chapbook *Forests of Woundedness* is forthcoming this fall from Seven Kitchens Press. Wieszorek's poetry appears, or is forthcoming, in *The London Magazine, The Westchester Review, and Lucky Jefferson*. He taught writing at St. Augustine College, Chicago, and authored *Awesome Art Projects That Spark Super Writing* (Scholastic, 2011).



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