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Sources

Samantha Terrell

it lodges there,
seed between teeth. *teeth*, made to
tear flesh from bone – now rendered victim,

each pang of discomfort
binding memory and moment.

it nestles in – a dull ache,
reminding you it needs remedying,
calling up its distant cause
(signaling you're not capable of resolving it).

resolve is, therefore,
required of this demanding chore.

you'll confront it, coax it out gently
with tender caution. then,

bite down hard.

flee the past
to save the present.

Shhhhhhhhhh

Martha Ellen

And in my imagination I am strong. I set aside my pain. I see her suffering at last and hold her in compassion. I tell her, “Mommy I’m so sorry the patriarchy demanded your total submission, robbed you of the creative person you were meant to be, turned your lightheartedness into viscous darkness, placed you in a small cage with iron bars from which you could never escape, a barren enclosure restricting movements even preventing your ability to stand erect. From behind the bars you pace and growl. You scramble for the crumbs the jailer tosses your way when he remembers to feed you anything after he has had his fill knowing if you starved to death he would be deprived of your soul to feed upon. In impotent rage and desperation you claw at nothing through the bars. You can only lash out in rage at the injustice forced upon you. Mommy, I understand.”

Instead of coming together comforting each other in love and forgiveness because you know I finally understand and you love me, too. You come at me with a ferociousness I had not seen before nor could have anticipated. You defend the patriarchy with everything that is you. You hate me for daring to expose the lie, to question your whole truth, without which you would cease to exist. And then I remembered. Women perform genital mutilations; women bound the feet of young girls. My mother was only following orders. Surviving. Ensuring my survival.

[shhhhhhhhhh I remember your little rebellions spoken only to me in whispers. “I make more than Daddy.” You were shamed and awed. “My name does not start with ‘D’!” as you swatted at an envelope addressed to Mrs. D. Carley. And you slipped me a copy of the 1815 police report about your Oma and mine. Your cousin Eddie Brandt went to Ghent to retrieve it. Oma’s impossible life, dominated by men who used her and discarded her as

though she was trash, did not allow for a baby. She dressed her little boy with great care [her little rebellion] before letting him go, surrendering him to the Sisters. When you were researching our family tree, you could only follow the paternal line. Dad invalidated yours as dead-ended with the worthless "foundling." In secret we shared things from your family line, "foreign" anchovies from a large jar we nibbled, giggling, sitting on the kitchen floor, smoked eel and pickled herring dad would never touch. We sipped in silent communion the last of your father's homemade wine, the wine he fermented in Flemish crocks in the basement of your childhood home from the grapes you harvested from the backyard arbor. There was the tiny rosary in the small blue glass Bible case you tucked into my underwear drawer and no one knew. Little braveries I remember.]

Your name was Elise Americanized to Alice. Your father was an acrobat in the circus; your brother, a WWII vet. Your mother, a Belgian lace-maker, unbeknownst to her husband prepared a plate of hot food, left-overs from the night before, pork roast Flemish style with boiled potatoes. She did not skimp on the Boetje's coarse-ground mustard she was pleased to have found in the American market. She took the plate to the hungry man waiting in the enclosed back porch. It was a ritual in the 1930s they both understood. He had recognized the "X" on the alley gate behind her humble home with the backyard vegetable garden and the marigold border along the sidewalk leading to the back door. Others before him signaled her generosity and compassion. She turned no one away [her rebellion]. They were the least of His. Your Tante was Mother Superior of an orphanage in Ghent. During the Occupation she had the courage to hide Jewish children [her rebellion] from the Beast roaming loose in her homeland. You have deep family roots. Dad pulled them up with casual violence and tossed them aside as though they were weeds from the small garden he believed worth tending. He mocked and denigrated Catholics to your face. "Nuns never get none." It hurt and angered. You smiled in forced deference to his authority. You could have

provided for yourself. You had the intellect, curiosity and the drive diminished into the constricted role he called “housewife” yet you bravely elevated and reclaimed as the less servile, more creative, “homemaker.”

When you were dying he sat with me alone in my living room. It was the only time I ever saw him weep. “I gotta have ma.”

[Mommy, they always need us more than we need them.]

Sheltering Arms

Ann Christine Tabaka

My father spoke & angry bees emerged as words.
The reek of something heavy on his breath.
Expletives lingered / floating on thick clouds of stench.
Fists raised to strike the blow.

A red flag flew at half mast,
warning of the impending storm.
I tried to be brave, but did not know how.
So, I hid beneath the weeping willow tree.
Quivering leaves blanketed over me / sheltering me.
Cool green washed over me.

Bare feet on tangled roots – I tripped
& fell deeper into the fog.
There was no way out / no way back in.
We held each other / seeking comfort.

I could hear his rage / smell the whiskey,
as he searched for me.
Whispering soft colors on the wind,
my willow pulled me in.
I vanished into her sweet song,
and was never found again.

Locarno Suite

Peter Newall

I

The train from Gare du Lyon
took an eternity. Her head
ached
as if a thunderstorm were coming. At Basel
she changed for Lugano,
tugging her battered suitcase
across the asphalt platform;
the new ones have wheels, she noticed.
There was time for coffee, but
even with two sugars
the taste of all that, back in Paris
would not leave her mouth.
Lies. And she'd thought
him worthy, but no,
everything had vanished
in two shabby sentences,
a cigarette crushed out, shrugging.
Now
she had nowhere
but Locarno. At least
there, a roof, a bed, perhaps
some form of peace.

II

Lugano; an hour to wait.

Grey rainclouds over the Alps. As usual.
On the platform
two youths, drinking beer from bottles, eyed her.
She would have kicked them
if they'd approached, she was so angry
with the world.
At the kiosk they asked five francs
for a copy of the Giornale del Popolo. She made do
with a gossip magazine.
Before the train pulled in,
the cloud sank; an indifferent,
meagre shower. She sat in a second-class carriage
in her damp blue sweater.

III

There was no one to meet her
at Locarno station. Nobody knew.
The purple mountains above the town
had not made room.
And speaking Italian again
felt clumsy; even her native tongue
gave her no welcome.

The old house on Via San Antonio.
Her aunt, surprised,
slow to unbolt the door.
Through the upstairs window
nothing; sheets of rain
extinguished the piazza.

Her teenage bed
narrower than she remembered;
She was cold, but
could not bear
to unpack her case. Sleep
would be a blessing,
she thought, but she could only stare
dry-eyed
at the blank ceiling.

Medusa

Alaina Hammond

Lights

S.D. Dillon

Starlings with their flecked plumage
watch lights obscure
stars in the nightpink sky. Homes, streetlamps,
arteries of the city in whites &
yellows. The globe over the garage. Bedroom
windows. Tubes in the office, the stairwell.
The ones left on for the cleaning crew.
The ones the cleaning crew left on.

Diamond

Marianne L Tefft

I call them Flotsam and Jetsam
The demons that ascend from unhealed crevices
When I close my eyes
Or sharp sounds and strobe lights transport me
To dank jungles and thankless dinner tables
I am grateful I no longer reach
For solace in a bottle or a foreign bed
And those now-abandoned practices
Give me the gift of welcome forgetfulness
I no longer stumble over pebbles in life's path
As I am the strongest among them
Often cursed yet ultimately blessed
Not without imperfections
Forged under pressure
I have emerged as diamond

The 100,000 Moments of the Life of XXX

TK Hudson

Introduction

Writing biographical material for anyone is a strict, and often painful, lesson in concision. Which moments in a life do you elucidate? Which do you mention only briefly? Which not at all? A life and its constituent moments are inextricably linked together, wound tightly. Thus, the biographer's dilemma.

The first step is research. One cannot write, certainly not credibly, likely not intelligibly, about a subject one does not know well. (Many of my colleagues, and legions of their admirers and readers, would disagree with that stricture.) It might begin mainly as a passing interest, of course, but serious writing (without erroneous mistake or incredible invention) requires serious research.

Next comes compilation and arrangement, an effort some might consider simple: Life begins at zero, ticks up, and ends, and should be written so. But any life is a series of interrelated events. One leads to another, in a cascade. Can you, for example, say that the beautiful, contrived, delightful writings of James Tiptree Jr. had nothing to do with her fear of sexual intimacy? Or that Alice Bradley's fear of sexual intimacy had nothing to do with a sexual advance by her mother on a return trip from Switzerland, or from her disastrous, and possibly abusive, first marriage? You see? Though Alice was always an artist, her writing, with its unique voice and style, might have taken a different tack if not for these events.

The life of such a person as XXX provides a similar challenge as Ms. Bradley, or any life of an excellent, extraordinary person.

Should I dig into their role in the Nixon Administration? Their implication in (and later exoneration from) the Watergate Scandal?

What about their involvement in the Civil Rights Movement, how they persuaded certain political leaders and thinkers not to dismiss the whole movement out of hand?

The influence they had on artists of all kinds? Harlan Ellison wrote extensively about them. (Look closely, you'll find it.) Pablo Picasso made a beautiful sketch of them. (Sadly, the sketch was lost in a flooded basement in 2008.) Several pop and punk bands dedicated songs to them.

Each of these moments is relevant to the story of XXX. The story would not be truly complete if these moments were left out. But how much weight to give each moment. A chapter each? Even chapters of modest length would make this biography prohibitively long. (Clear two shelves on the bookcase, ma, I just bought a new book!)

A sentence, then. But if each sentence were ten words long (and that would be doing a criminal injustice to the life of anyone you might care to read a biography about, let alone XXX) that would be one million words, not including front and back matter. To put that into perspective, an epic fantasy novel tends to be around two-hundred thousand words. Imagine five of those stitched together, providing, at best, a brief summary of the plot of the novel: That is what a sentence each would be.

Even an itemized list, bulleted chronologically, using between three and seven words each, could result in a volume as thick as the King James Bible. (Now, there's an idea. Two columns of text.) But, again, this would result in little, if no, more than a synopsis—the Cliffs Notes of a life, not the life itself.

So I, the biographer in question, made the artistic decision to include, at moderate length only, only the moments in the life of XXX which, to my mind, had a great and lasting impact on their life. Certainly I could, and perhaps will, write a separate volume, chronicling the life of XXX, from the view of the impact had on external change. But this biography—the internal—must come first.

So here it is: 100,000 (relevant) Moments in the Life of XXX.

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1. Born Dec 3, 1933, Cyprus Bend, Iowa, to family of marginal, if sporadic, wealth. 9 lbs., 3oz. 16 inches. Named after paternal grandfather & maternal uncle (family favorite).

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100,000. Died Oct 13, 2014, in family home in Cyprus Bend, Iowa, of tuberculosis (preventable but for distrust of vaccinations). Buried in family plot in Green Hill Cemetery, funeral attended by family and close friends. Contents of will not disclosed.

Five Poems

Geoffrey Detrani

Emergent

Just a bit of the rind, locked
gazette welt
foliage gazetteer
new to the temperate mouth
Pravda amputee
so lush
so dole wet
carried as martyr
candy blonde Aspens
shudder
and wildfire
sunned volubly of paper

Renounce

Antebellum sojourn
in an impossible bulk of timing
went to everlasting parenthesis
bearing a bright card
a speech of strung vines
solid and dirty

The rain came and said sad names
to the beheaded theorizer
venal everlasting
built you a palace out of eye lash

and sweepstakes
Just the way vanity blushes
barber, letter writer
technician of severed bartering
who neither renounced nor clotted
the ant column near its pretender's hilt
softened with a sturdy concrete of pyres

Handmade

Lay
opened

Dead
lunatic they

Coals glow
cardiac cage

Sterling handmade
lazaret
beside the woods
there is mud in the ribcage
filthy with water

A gaping drown
grasped
down from apricot sun

Spigot Sun

As before the foam
a saint would toss

To expectancy's bright gown
like the unclothed spigot of sun

Strewn into memory

Emergent (variation)

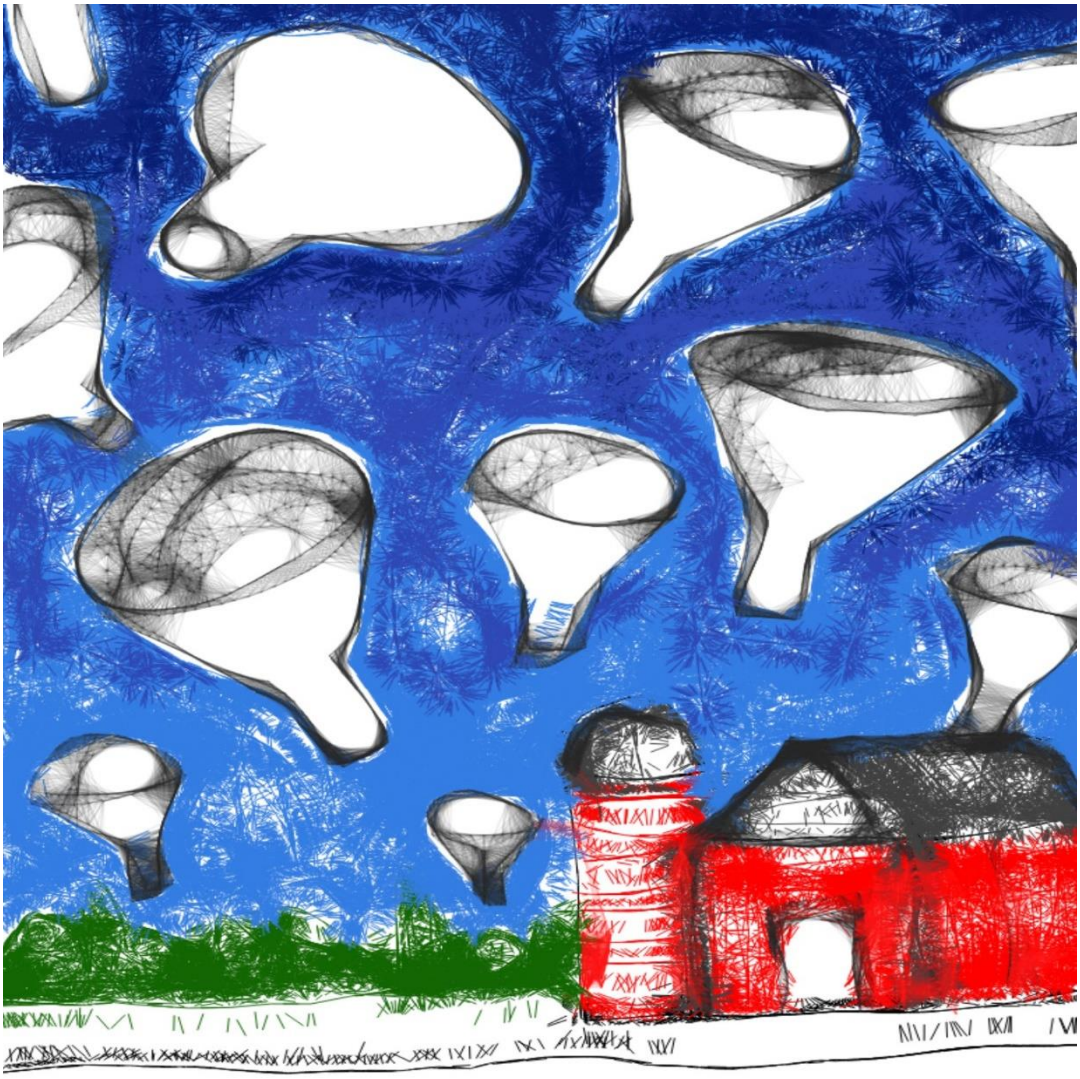
Dance the bastard's
fantastic grasp

And so creamy peals of light
hold cold toccata shape

Recreated of pantomime's
narcotic

~

c_zientek



the foreign exchange student was about to
learn the meaning of the english term “simile”
when he went outside to observe the funnel
clouds that were sighted near his school

The song of the cicadas

Nete Krøll
Translated by Peter Campbell Bensted

(Dedicated to Beatrice Beckett)

The song of the cicadas in the darkness of the mountains
Spain's blood in your veins the night as quiet reflection
Of all that you dreamed of when your mind cried out but
In this breathtaking moment now just two souls searching
Offering the world an ear and the warmth has never
Seemed so blessed like a skyglow
Whispering among us the senses that are my being open
With all the imaginings of the world and the songs of spring that are
Within this frail elderly lady and no religion
no speaker of any school will be able to fully
understand this moment because all that poetry’s
longings have brought me I have bestowed
Upon her and in homage to
the battle in my mind of mirrors the cicadas sang
and like the little white flower
that fell on my lap from
that old brynje tree one summer's day
and granted me a moment of grace
before it turns to dust you might want sooner,
or later tired of these days or battles
to close your eyes but where the root of my verses are
now fertilised is the night you testified about
that in the cracks of my inner it can
blindingly grow and wherever
my journey takes me then your spirit’s
strength will follow me with the song of the cicadas

Cikadernes sang

Nete Krøll

(dedikeret til Beatrice Beckett)

Cikadernes sang i bjergenes mørke
Spaniens blod i årene natten som genskær
Af alt du drømte om da sindet græd men
I dette betagende nu blot to søgende sjæle
Der skænker verden et øre og aldrig har varmen
Været så velsignet som en himmelgløds
Hvisken blandt os mine sansers væsen åbnes
Hvor alle verdens tanker og forårsbud er i
Denne spinkle ældre dame og ingen religion
ingen skoles taler vil kunne helt
begribe denne stund for alt hvad poesiens
længsler har budt i mig skænkede
jeg hende og som en hyldest til
mit sindsspejls kamp sang cikaderne
og som den lille hvide blomst
der dalede ned på mit skød fra
det gamle brynjetræ en sommerdag
og skænkede mig et nådegaves øjeblik
før den bliver muld vil du måske snart,
eller senere mæt af dage eller med kamp
lukke dine øjne men hvor mine strofers rod
nu gødes er den nat du vidnede om
at i mit indres sprækker kan det
blændende vokse og hvor end
min færd bringer mig vil din ånds
styrke følge mig med cikadernes sang

Restless

Hannah Behrens

In winter, bees stay in their hives,
clustering around their queen,
not hibernating,
just hanging in there
through the cold,
imagining the flowers of the future spring
still tight in buds underground
or deeply rooted in the bare limbs of the trees

Somewhere, the bee in me waits out the winter,
watching the skies
of cold and dark days.
I flip through pages
of unanswerable truths
hidden in the future.

I stick around the hive
hovering around the queen of my thoughts,
cleaning away the cobwebs,
boiling water for tea,
checking the sky
for patches of sun.

Time Traveler

Jill Sisson

Zipping up our raincoats, we step into the misty forest, the late-October drizzle stirring up faint scents of fir needles and soil. Only one other couple is visible on the winding path ahead. The rainy Oregon weather has kept most people indoors today. White mushrooms glow like little moons on wet-dark tree trunks; deep greens and brindled browns complete the color palette. In keeping with the tranquil setting, my partner Jacob and I tone down our voices to blend in with the light patter of raindrops.

Several minutes into our hike, we're surprised to hear an insect buzzing close by. A whirring bug zooms past us at waist height, and then another crosses our path. Surely, not bumble bees . . . it's too cold, the flowers long gone. We scan the forest with greater care, and among the nodding sword ferns we spot two more buzzing bodies. I soften my gaze for a wider view and realize the forest is moving with them. All are traveling between knee- and chest-height as they skim fronds and leaves in arcs and zig- zags, pausing, taking flight, then pausing again, as though on a rainy-day quest.

We keep walking and watching until we reach the two hikers, who have momentarily stopped to investigate something on the trail. They've been curious about the buzzing, too, and show us five beetles the size of bumblebees clustered around a small hole on the damp ground. We ask one another the same question, "Do you know what these are?" and gain the same answer: "No idea."

After the hikers move on, Jacob and I squat down to study the robust reddish-brown beetles, their translucent hindwings slipping out like veined smoke from beneath their dark glossy backs. It's strange to see rust-colored

“fur” extending from their undersides to their upper legs. Maybe that’s why they seem so heavy and sound so burry when they’re in the air. Our presence doesn’t concern them as they totter around the little hole in the ground. I surmise a female beetle accounts for their shared pursuit—and we finally leave them to their private delights. For the rest of our drizzly hike, we watch these un-named, low-flying mysteries in what appears to be a hap- hazard search for meaning as they buzz from frond to leaf to ground and back up again.

When we get home, and for days afterward, I try to hitch a name to our unexpected forest companions. My online explorations get me nowhere, except that, with their oval, sturdy bodies, they probably belong to the scarab family. I keep adding “bumblebee” to my Google queries: “Furry beetles that sound like bumblebees" . . . “Bumble-bee beetles in western Oregon?” I pe- ruse the photos of 121 beetles on an Oregon website. None of the photos, none of the captions help me out, and I finally accept that this little being will remain to me, for now, unattached to a label. It will join countless others — all manner of fungi, moths, spiders, mosses and more — that I have never successfully identified.

Philosophically, I’m content with not knowing a critter’s classification. I still appreciate their place on the planet without knowing their genus and species. In truth, names can sometimes impede curiosity, as we tend to stop wondering about plants, animals, stones and stars once we’ve given them a label, mistakenly believing that naming means knowing. Yet I sometimes encounter an inner restlessness when I don’t know what to call a fellow being who has crossed my path. After my fruitless search through a myriad of insect ID resources, I admit to feeling a bit of that restlessness.

It doesn't take long before Jacob sends me an article about entomology expert, Christopher Marshall, whose research focuses on beetles. In the article, Marshall describes an elusive Pacific Northwest insect notable for its low bumbly flight during autumn rainfalls. Aptly called the "rain beetle," it belongs to the genus Pleocoma, Greek for "abundant hair." I finally have a name for our rainy-day companions. I finally hold a key to their amazing story.

***

Life for the rain beetle begins in a narrow tunnel nearly nine feet below the airy world of flowers and trees. Emerging from its tiny oval egg, it is a creamy-white crescent of life, well beyond reach of moonbeams and sun-rays, but richly surrounded by moisture, minerals, and miniature pockets of air. Wriggling through minuscule pores in the dense deep soil, the newly hatched larva soon begins feeding on the generosity of tree roots, each mouthful of sustenance concocted by the complex workings of the leaves and needles above.

Powered by strong jaws and three pairs of stout legs, the soft C-shaped grub slowly plows through his thick home and habitat, like a little comma punctuating the darkness with movement and growth. The cool, damp world of grit, fungus, and tangled roots provides a life of plenty— plenty of food and plenty of time to eat, grow, crawl, and eat some more. Eating and growing is the larva's calling.

Deep in the root zone, darkness hides the rhythms of time. Not a day passes, nor a night. Yet, once a year, each time the earth completes its 12-month journey around the unseen sun, the growing larva sheds his outermost layer to become a bigger, stronger version of himself, whisperings of adulthood latent within. About a dozen times the larva molts, and for nearly

as many years, he inhabits the intimacy of earth. Meanwhile, our planet circles and the seasons cycle.

Plants sprout, blossom, and wilt; tree branches inch upward and out; their leaves open wide and then turn gold. Handfuls of autumn scatter in the wind, followed by torrents of rain and bouts of snow. And generations of wild families go through their seasons, too: deer, grouse, frogs, coyotes, squirrels. All the while, oblivious to these above-ground miracles of daily life, the steadfast larva presses on, migrating deep to escape cold and heat and then up again when temperatures ease. Like a mobile perennial clock, he continuously eats from the life-giving roots, blazing a trail through time.

***

It would be natural to imagine the larva's ever-dark home to be a dull and silent one. This would be a mistake. Teeming with life, there are more living things in a tablespoon of soil than people on the planet, and the diversity of species surpasses that of any other habitat. Plus, the larva's busy below-ground abode is a veritable mansion. Mazes of narrow galleries stretch in all directions, and corridors expand into chambers draped by lacework of roots. Rocks and clay-clumps loom like barricades, but the innumerable inhabitants — springtails and mites, grubs and worms — are adept at plowing their way around.

To all of these soil dwellers, the act of eating is paramount, and their constant munching and moving creates distinctive strains in a symphony of underground sound, riddled with thrumming, clicking, rustling, and chirring. Even tiny rootlets lend their soft murmurs of meandering growth to the casual hubbub. Also wafting through this home of soil is a montage of odors, chemical signals sent and received, as inhabitants message one another that they are not alone. Dwellers of the darkness, like the low-vision larva, are

reliant on this rich ambiance of sound and smell in their buried world, where dramas and triumphs continually unfold around every bend.

After over a decade of evading enemies and foraging for food, the larva finally settles into a self-made cave of quiet. There, he splits out of his skin for the last time—the metamorphic molt—to become a pupa. His slow, summertime sleep of transformation begins. For about forty days and forty nights, the pupa's death-like stillness belies the larval body's internal chaos as it systematically digests itself. Remaining in the protein-rich chemical soup are clusters of formative cells — the imaginal discs — which serve as blueprints for the future adult body. Beneath the darkening outer skeleton, former larval tissues begin to shape-shift into wings, legs, antennae, and eyes. The pupa's evolving body has become a mythic space between two worlds.

In September, wholly transformed, the rain beetle wiggles his head and legs to escape the pupal parchment, leaving his former life behind. After his body dries and hardens, he uses a digging device at the end of his head to shovel through the soil, where he wanders and waits until autumn's inaugural rain. When the October sky finally lets loose, the rain's pulsing beat and percolating moisture trigger his instincts — and those of the other young rain beetles in the forest — to tunnel upward and meet the outside world for the first time.

Venturing from the only home he has ever known, the beetle launches himself into the spaciousness of fern fronds and Douglas-firs, cool air breezing through his vibrating wings. With unwavering focus, he promptly begins seeking a mate. Aided by his large antennae, he follows the scent of female pheromones afloat in the gauzy damp air. There is not much time,

though. Neither sex is equipped with mouth parts; they can live only as long as their fat reserves allow.

Skimming close to the undergrowth, the beetle whirrs through the forest, pausing at intervals to bob on glistening leaves, then hustling into the air again. At last, his antennae lead him to a flightless female, who—also newly emerged from long years underground—waits at the threshold of her burrow. After, together, they fulfill their life's purpose, he takes wing for his second and final day of aerial life. His flights through the forest have expended his reserves.

The female, however, still has crucial work to do. She tunnels back into the living earth, carrying her newly fertilized eggs to a farther future, and deposits nearly 60 perfect spheres in a burrow many feet deep—deep and dark and safe—as dictated by ancient memory. Within months, she also slows to a quiet death. Another story comes to an end.

***

Learning about the rain beetle's epic journey has been a journey in itself, one that seemingly began with discovering its name. But before all else, we had to meet and marvel at this unknown being. When Jacob and I stepped into the spectacle of loud, furry insects winging through the understory, we knew we'd slipped into a magical moment. My questions compelled me to dig deeper, well beyond the veneer of a name. Only then could I uncover the buzzing beetle's heroic story.

Layers of stories, just like the rain beetle's, brush across every landscape. This is one reason Jacob and I explore the outdoors whenever we can, even during Oregon's long rainy season. Though it would be cozier to stay inside, we pull on our raingear and head out the door. There's always

something to see or hear — arcs and angles of lichen-draped limbs, plucky wrens foraging in shrubs, a heron's call from the rising fog. It won't be long before the earliest Indian-plum blossoms will start to dangle white from their purple-brown stems, and spring will arrive again with all its burgeoning new life. Already, I feel questions bubbling up.

Contributor Bios

in order of appearance

Samantha Terrell is an American poet and curator of the poetry series, *SHINE*, featuring her fellow contemporaries from around the globe. In a writing career spanning over two decades, Terrell's poems have been widely anthologized in publications such as: *Door=Jar, Eunoia Review, In Parentheses, Misfit Magazine, Poetry Quarterly, Red Weather, The Orchards Poetry Journal*, and others. She has been a Forward Prize nominee (2024), a Pushcart Prize nominee (2023 & 2024), and was shortlisted for the Anita McAndrews Poets for Human Rights Award (2021). Terrell and her family reside in Upstate New York.

Martha Ellen lives alone in an old Victorian house on a hill on the Oregon coast. Retired social worker. History of social justice activism. MFA. Poems and prose published in various journals and online forums. She writes to process her wild life.

Ann Christine Tabaka was nominated 4 times Pushcart Prize in Poetry; nominated for the 2023 Dwarf Stars award of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Poetry Association; winner of Spillwords Press 2020 Publication of the Year; selected as a Judge for the Soundwaves Poetry Contest of Northern Ireland 2023 and 2024. Her bio is featured in the “Who’s Who of Emerging Writers 2020” and “2021,” published by Sweetycat Press. She is the author of 19 poetry books, and 1 short story book. She lives in Delaware, USA. She loves gardening and cooking. Chris lives with her husband and four cats. Her most recent credits are: Sand Hills Literary Magazine, The Phoenix, Eclipse Lit, Streetcake Experimental Writing Magazine, Carolina Muse, Ephemeral Literary Review, The Elevation Review, North Dakota Quarterly, Tangled Locks Journal, Wild Roof

Journal, The American Writers Review, Black Moon Magazine, Pacific Review, Pomona Valley Review, West Texas Literary Review.
Website: https://annchristinetabaka.com

Peter Newall was born in Sydney, Australia, where he worked in a Navy dockyard, as a lawyer and as a musician. He now lives in Odesa, Ukraine, where he fronts a local r'n'b band. His work has been published in England, America, Europe, Hong Kong and Australia. Find Peter at:
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Alaina Hammond is a poet, playwright, fiction writer, and visual artist. Her poems, plays, short stories, philosophy essays, paintings, drawings and photographs have been published both online and in print. Publications include Spinozablue, Third Wednesday Magazine, [Alternate Route], Paddler Press, Verse-Virtual, Macrame Literary Journal, Sublunary Review, Quail Bell Magazine, Superpresent, Clockwise Cat, Ranger Magazine, Troublemaker Firestarter, Fowl Feathered Review, The Ravens Perch, 10 By 10 Flash, Waffle Fried, House of Arcanum, Synchronized Chaos, Well Read Magazine, Hidden Peak Press, and Third Wednesday Magazine. Find Alaina at:
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S.D. Dillon has an MFA from Notre Dame and lives in Michigan. His poetry has appeared recently in *Tampa Review, Door = Jar*, *Panorama, ephemeras*, *#Ranger*, and *The Shortlist: Best of BarBar 2024*, and is forthcoming in *The Phare* and *Bloodroot*. He can be found on Instagram at @sddillon50.

Marianne Tefft is a poet and voice-over reader who daylights as a Montessori teacher in Toronto, Canada. Her poems and short stories appear online, in print and on air in North and South America, Europe, Asia and the Caribbean. Her work has earned Best of the Net and Pushcart Prize nominations. She is

the author of Full Moon Fire: Spoken Songs of Love and Moonchild: Poems for Moon Lovers.

TK Hudson lives in the Midwest with his dog and three cats. He has spent more than half his life learning to write, and to write well; he is still learning to do both.

Geoffrey Detrani is a visual artist and writer. His artwork is in private, public and museum collections. He is the recipient of multiple artists grants and residencies. He is a two-time recipient of the State of Connecticut Artists Fellowship award. He was the recipient of a World Views residency award with a studio on the 91st floor of the former World Trade Center south tower in New York City. His poems have been included in Fence, Aufgabe, Action Yes, New Orleans Review, Black Warrior Review, Parthenon West Review and Grotto and among other publications. His poems are forthcoming in in Antiphony Press and Broken Antler. Find him on:
Instagram
Website

c_zientek. a frustrated and disillusioned old man in denial about many of life's 3rd act revelations.

Nete Krøll "I am a Danish Author, mostly poet, but I write Prosa also. Published a number of books. Nature, haiku " Linjeform". Anna Anchers Glans". About Danish Visual artist. Crime story" The Coat." My educational journey to the Danish Institute in Athens and Valparaiso foundation Spain. Was a start of a greater journey, where my true diva glow awoke."

Hannah Behrens is a poet, freelance writer, and writing coach. She has an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of Colorado. She is a native of Boulder, Colorado, and has lived in the Netherlands since 2016. She is the co-leader of Poetry Critique Group Amsterdam and the co-founder of the Netherlands Expressive Arts Association.

Jill Sisson is a writer, naturalist, and educator from Oregon's Willamette Valley. Her narratives are situated in that sweet spot where science meets the ineffable, where we experience profound connections with the wild outdoors. Her solo camping trips are when she crosses paths with her favorite muses: tadpoles and trees, moon shadows and breezes. She has been published in the anthology, *emerge 24*.