

lullwater review

VOLUME XXVIII



A JOURNAL FOR THE LITERARY ARTS

lullwater review

VOLUME XXVIII

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Editors' Essay

Sara Cunningham

I came into Emory my first year certain of only one thing: I wanted to write. Everything else felt untouchable, abstract. Other first years I spoke with had plans—medical school, research, B-school applications, sorority and fraternity legacies. I had an eternally blank word document, and that was all. Others who wanted to pursue writing in the way I did—as a life—felt far away or nonexistent. Towards the end of my first year, things began to fall into place when I discovered Lullwater. I was lucky enough to take a poetry class my first semester, and meet a handful of people who felt as I did. Someone there invited me to the release party for the latest edition of *The Lullwater Review*. I met with the Editor-in-chief at the time, and I knew immediately this was where I belonged—among people for whom reading prose and poetry was a spiritual experience. Promoting and learning from the creative works of others was a privilege.

This past fall, as I sat at the Lullwater table during the Activities Fair, I saw several students—both first years and further in their Emory careers—with that same confused, anxious energy I had felt so intensely my first year. Throughout the year, I have seen these same students grow into themselves as members of the Lullwater editorial staff. I believe the mission of Lullwater is twofold: provide a space for people for whom writing and art mean something more than words or images on a page, and experience together the community involved when you rally around the work of someone else. Work that makes you feel something, helps you make sense of this world, which, the older I get, seems to make less sense. I hope I have done that, along with Maya, my wonderful, brilliant Co-editor-and-chief, without whom I don't think I would have been able to do this job. And thank you to our amazing staff. I didn't think Lullwater could get any better, but there has been nothing in my undergraduate career I have enjoyed more than working with this editorial board. And finally, thank you to the contributors. The fact that I have gotten to oversee the acceptances of an astounding amount of such high quality work is a privilege. Thank you for trusting Maya and me. We are in eternal awe.

Editors' Essay

Maya Yamei Bradford

My time with Lullwater began in the fall semester of my first year at Emory. I was torn between two disciplines—english and earth science—but I knew that I did not want to do math. I found my way to Lullwater with my dear friends Lucy and Adric, and found the magazine in a rebuilding stage, a year or so out from a period of disrepair. I was lucky—I was able to become a steering member of Lullwater early on, taking on the layout and design aspect of the magazine that semester. Sara soon joined, and we grew close the following year through both Lullwater and Intermediate Poetry with Dr. Brown. This second year I came to terms with the massive capacity of the physical earth through a transformative class in geologic history. I chose science, and was forced to do math. The brunt of my coursework for the past two years grew increasingly tedious and demoralizing as my poet-brain was put through heinous psychological tests such as finding an eigenvalue and its associated eigenvector and integrating a matrix, or—even worse—knowing the significance of certain atoms' rotations around the atoms they are bonded to in space. Lullwater gave me the community of artists I needed, surrounded me with readers and poets who kept me on my toes. I am so proud to know my Lullwater friends, and in particular, Bruce, Lucy, Sara, and HG.

Sara, thank you for doing this with me. I can't imagine being in charge of this ship alone. I can't wait to see the big poet things you do, hopefully from an outcrop in Wyoming, and reminisce to all who will listen about how I used to be a poet and I was in that poet's intermediate college workshop with Jericho Brown. You know my shout-out to you has to be mostly about me. :)

Bruce, thank you for being here from the beginning. You are a special person and I'm so lucky to have had you as a mentor and safe space during my time on campus. The Lullwater staff is luckier than they know.

Listen to All, Says the Janitor

Danny P. Barbare

I sweep these words
 off my tongue
across the fields of golden grain
where crickets and cicadas sing
I am a janitor
 an American with a cause
who whispers with the wind in
 his voice
softly and proudly with a broom
 listen to all.

A Special Pleading

Marjorie Stelmach

If each of us were to plead for one endangered species....

I'd plead for emerald dragonflies: skin shimmering
in arsenic green, isinglass wings, emerald eyes
as transfixing as torture.

Three-hundred million years ago, the dragonfly's
precursors steered a three-foot wingspan
through Pangea's swamps

wielding a predatory grace. Diminished now,
they weave a specialized weaponry through
a smoke of mosquitos

carving out hollows in their wake. If you love them,
you have to love them fast—or start early,
seeking out shallow ponds,

loving their ugly wingless humps afloat in scum.
By the time they lift from the waters, four years
will have passed

in your own endangered life. But it's time well spent,
you'll have earned two months of watching them
scatter the light

as they hover and dart, mate and hunt in ferocious
splendor. Such is the fleeting use our profligate Earth
makes of beauty.

Now, their days are numbered, a slide it's unlikely
my prayers can stop. Even so, it's dragonflies
I'd plead for, if only

on the off chance that whatever species rules earth
in our wake will find an occasional exquisite,
tissue-glass wing lodged in the grasses.

In the Pine Woods Where They Will Scatter Her Ashes

Marjorie Stelmach

Swathes of sunlight puncture the canopy, sloping down
to the forest floor at a slant she could walk like a plank
back up through the scratch and damage of needles and into
the pure blue sear. Songbirds sheltering here from the wheel
of the Northern harrier temper their full-throated calls to tones
befitting a flicker-lit cathedral. Alone on the trails,
she tallies a growing evidence of Other: droppings half-buried
in pine litter, dirt raked up by a flock of wild turkeys,
snatches of fur matted and tangled, hoof prints denting
the slick, runneled mud to the creek. To misread this text
you'd need to be blind: this is a crime-scene. Through the understory
travels a mean, low wind like a host of malice. Above her,
the pines stand stern and columnar, ahem-ing that she has seen
too much. And now, at her feet, the Indian pipe unfolds
its mute, white case for death. Snarled in half-light and hush,
she can only plead guilty, beg mercy: I won't tell a soul,
she implores, but the verdict comes down in the hammer
of her heartbeat. The silence, when it falls, will be final.

Looking at Tongues

Michelle Morouse

At first sight, in the anatomy text, I disbelieved. Could this humped mass, muscle fibers fanning out, a half shell on cross-section, be a tongue? Even dissecting it in gross anatomy lab, fingers deep into that formaldehyde laden wound, I remained apostate. In pathology lab, the taste buds were minute seed pods recessed into the surface of an exotic fruit, save the bold trident of circumvallate papillae bringing up the rear. It pushes—if injured, it deviates to the injured side. Uninjured, it's midline, the two sides like perfectly matched arm wrestlers. It thrusts nipple and areolae against newborn palate, a rushed tango of suck and swallow. Mine won't roll "R"s, but it can roll itself.

Trying to avoid the "stick," I stand, a spelunker, light in hand, before toddlers, "Show me your tongue, how big is your mouth?" It darts past the lips and retreats, or elevates, blocking the far wall of its cave, or slides out, blessedly flat as a fluke. Thousands of tongues later, I open the anatomy text, return to this murderer of peace, broker of reconciliation, purveyor of romance, singer of praise and exultation, and again disbelieve.

A Frozen Instant

Lazarus Trubman

A wintry morning,
the ground covered in hoarfrost,
the sun a red ball behind a metallic haze,
the brittle branches of the trees,
tender and graceful,
as if sketched in India ink on silk,
gray with a violet shimmer,
and beneath my shoes,
as I cross the brown field,
a sound as of breaking glass.

Sundog

John Blair

Three glorious suns . . . they join, embrace, and seem to kiss. . . .
William Shakespeare, *King Henry VI*

Mock sun pressed threefold on your eyes like the blush
of crucifixion on the purpling rood of evening. What happens
is a charm, as in a subjection, the way a child is charmed
by a key or a bomb charms a camera's gray eye as it falls
to softly bloom so far below us that even the puff of carnage
is winsome and aching to be loved. We watch what watches us
until we walk alone out of our bones, odd fishes in silver scales
who want this only a little more than nothing, who want the sky
and its horizons to turn God blind and begging back again to us
beneath these great scales of abandonment, the burning sisters
who martyr us with the light of a glory that fades so quickly away.

Rags & Birds

Stephen C. Middleton

Joseph Cornell, a pacifist. Smashed the glass (in an) ironic, despairing, reaction to violence. Separate frames / irradiated. Dot, an apposite name, almost blind when we knew her (in her 90's) – peering, sore eyed, two feet from the screen, had refused to work in a munitions factory during WW2 - & how, after a bombing raid, she had found a dead bird & been chastised for using the word 'bloody' about this cruelty. Of resource & other wars. And a report from Cyprus – dry long so / 42 degrees now. Where she was born is disputed territory (the Green Zone?). From the hill she can see the ruined hotels, like the ghosts of Benidorm, & what look like rotting rags. Washing left out to dry / 41 years ago. The birds / the rags/ the blood-soaked terms of reference.

Koip Peak

Richard Spilman

Beyond the tree line, gray
deadwood rose, picturesque
as the fallen columns
of vanished civilizations.

We pitched camp on a plateau
10,000 feet above the sanity
of shopping malls, in air
so thin it hurt to sing. We ate.

Next day we climbed talus
slopes to a wind-worn peak
searching the grandeur
we'd seen in photographs.

We found a landscape
washed clean of its color
life reduced to collage and
seen through sheer curtains.

None had thought to bring
canteens, so we drank snow,
even there coated black
by the lives we'd left behind.

Back in camp we cramped
and heaved air. The world
swung free of its anchor,
the vertigo a reminder

that we are grass and trees,
not these magnificent ruins,
this keen-edged ripening
too slow for our eyes.

Stay-at-Home Dad

Cameron Morse

Little canopies of spider
web collect water, spangling globules.
Ed hands down the ceiling fan from a stepladder
blade by blade, layer after layer.

I touch the utility lighter to the tip of the wick,
thumb the copper head of the garden
hose at the end of its reach
into a spray. I'm coming to terms with the term

stay-at-home dad, arcing water over chicken
wire to the maple seedling to which
Grandma would prefer
any other tree. In the laundry room,

string beans roll out of the dirty folds of Theo's
dinosaur onesie: severed fingers,
witch-green. Out walking,
he trips in silt and shatters the wheel of his toy truck.

One by one, his toy cars succumb to love
and fascination. I had only to transplant
the shoot from a flowerbed a few yards away.
For some reason, I water it every day.

Seville Still Life 1910-1911

—Henri Matisse

Barbara Crooker

An arm chair with a shawl of deep Atlantic blue.
A settee the color of the garrigue patterned
with flowers and pink flamingoes, and two end tables
draped in the same cloth. And a tablecloth the shade
of Seville oranges, all floating on a terra cotta sea.
It's a riot of color, inviting the eye to sit down
and eat. From the open window, a fresh breeze
is billowing the curtain like a flag. The pleasures
of the table reign among other pleasures,
said Brillat-Savarin. No food on this table,
only a cool white pitcher outlined in blue,
a splotch of lemon on its side. But I can imagine
a plate of cheeses, a scattering of grapes.
I read somewhere that Roquefort is not just a cheese,
it's a complex network of shepherds, dairymen,
fromagers, geologists, hewers and haulers,
business executives. I put a wedge in my mouth,
and a meadow of wildflowers blooms. Matisse's father
said Everything you do is pointless and leads nowhere,
and I wonder, where else would you want to be?

Prague, 1998

Kathleen Jacobson

Autumn was yours
we walked rainy streets
our reflection on wet
pavement
melted together
washed away

you covered my eyes
so I could use other senses
you wanted me to smell
the wild rosemary

There was music
always music
we talked with our hands
and had much to say

now even our hands
are silent

At the Church of Maria Theotokis

Ted Mc Carthy

I visited the building named for you.

Chained forever to a body none
has known but dreamed as pliant,
how do you watch us move
about the varied spaces we have reserved
for your nothingness? What left
to see in an age of lead?

Only the tired come here now
to share the weary taste of rearing God
or lay at your feet the many baits
that have drawn them to litanies and valium.
Hope is a memory of a distant wedding,
peace the dead calm

of a guestless hall. If you had known
the need to pray for a casting off,
perhaps the long Greek light
would have found beyond time
a hard grit in need
of nourishment; and those whispered

exclamations that are their own
pattern would be a sibilant opening
into brightness. And a story
maybe lived, could be a life and more,
a truth breathing over fumes and concrete
like a desert air.

Se Vuol Ballare

Lee Hittner-Cunningham

In the spring there will be
birds in the scaffolding, birds
in the fire escapes but now it
is winter and there is snow
covered with ice and even the air
seems gray. When May comes
around I will have forgotten
the color green. Wind
against my face and my belly
aching. For weeks now
I have been living on bread
and water. Face to

face and knee to knee on the floor
we sit. Between your fingers wedges
of lemon that you place on my tongue,
slices of ginger, a shot of rum. My mouth
in shock, my lips dripping.

Years ago when my wisdom teeth were pulled I sat propped
up by pillows, woozy and numb-tongued, blood dripping
down my chin. Now I clamp my mouth over the thin cut
along the base of my palm and taste salt. Rinse with

saline solution, rub raw the disastrous body. In a great claw-foot
convent bathtub I clean myself with terrycloth and peppermint
soap. How hard I have been trying to care for myself, how hard
I have been trying to glorify myself. Rain collecting in the hollow
behind my collarbone and I call myself clean if nothing else. No
matter how many bodies I imagine for myself I have only ever
felt at home in this one, only ever
sometimes on hot summer nights with sweat on my back and ice pressed
between my thighs, the sound of the piano from the other room, my brother
playing Beethoven as the cicadas buzz and buzz and

winter now and I wrap
myself close, layers of wool and a cap on my head. Your breath coming out
in clouds. Feed me: coffee with sugar, heavy cake. I tell myself: *do not look
for love where you know you will not find it.* And yet I trail after you saying:
feed me. For weeks now I have been living on bread and water.

Pots and Pans

Michael Smith

the wife of poor Ulysses
holds an arched pose
bowing to nothing to arrive,
instead to dive,
soaking ideas to scrub them out.
this poor siren
sings herself into a trance,
sings realization away
Wash was a four letter word,
measured out by an oven timer,
and black pots may come clean
but never honest.

Lion's Purgatory

Cliff Saunders

She makes words bounce
like a comb on a porcelain tub.
She comes running through gray areas
of rain with dandelions on her shoulders.
She's the first law of space travel.
Walking on air, she is the bubble
that hangs together, that can stick
to trumpets, to butterflies moving
slowly through prayer protests.
She's a smooth church pumpkin
on Halloween. She's a cool
action hero and fortuneteller,
and she's lonely without an umbrella
or on the grass when she sings.
Look out, she's a little bit of everything,
and that's the truth. Romance, she says,
is a kind of healing. It's her beachhead
against the boys and their bodies of flight.
She's the answer to the ozone layer
both on and off her horse.
It hurts when she paints time
on the foreign landscape of her life,
as if she's on another planet.
She's in love with the lonesome road
of rock 'n' roll, and her legend
due on northern slopes adds to her pain.
She's no pixie. She's never a fish.
And why is she so riveting?
She makes a living spiffing up smoke
and molding an art car. And they
call her the best in school history!
Her parrot channels her inner Bob Dylan
and honors her with nine nods.
She's still omnipotent, knowing
when the clock hiding in a hole
will rise from its ashes. She covers
her bellybutton in thimbles and steps
into a Hong Kong night, feeling no pain,

trying to silence a low roar in her eyes.
She longs for a city of burnt red hillsides
where the best monks bless her
and blue skies blow in. Now's the time
for August to make her run
through a rainy port of malfunctions.
Her name is Lion's Purgatory,
and she's only just begun
to atone for her flags of water.

Moonlit Reflection from the Mountains

Julia Hablak

Chilled glass windows house me in mist,
Our future glows less luminous than I hoped,
The city fades in every direction.
Remembering the phone, "Hi,
I'm calling on behalf of the luggage,"
As I watch

A gazelle spring down the street
Looking like a man.

Last night I dreamt a documentary of past lovers,
I filmed you in your plane over the countryside,
On your landing driving deeper into the glass city.
It's time for me to ghost your lobbies for glowing moons,
Mountain heights.

In our goodbye at midnight,
The gaping metro mouth pulls me into its steam
The woman across the street, homeless, curses the church so all centuries can hear.
I think that her voice might be sourced by revolutions,
I think about the last stale Dunkin-Donuts greasing up bags in our hands.
Who knows how to leave? You'll carry more weight in my reflections than in my arms.

Lately I have too much time,
Take in three cups of coffee on an empty stomach,
Fold myself in with the laundry. I wander back
To the writing desk,
The intervals between sentences again shortening.
Now I kiss you only through pages.
Pick our dissonance
out from under
my fingernails.
Recycle.

this house.

Youngseo Lee

this is a house built on wilted lantanas, of variations of jeyukbokkeum¹ with bean sprouts tossed like dust in our lungs, sifting in through window screens from mountains our tires wore out & out from residual empty threats, built with girls who translate what they cannot understand, words that ring sour like:

this is a house whose foundations were raised on a self-diagnosed strain of loudness & locks never locked & a dishwasher that won't fucking work. this household refuses to raise strong independent women, only feeds them, seeps grudges in its walls, knows not forgiveness, believes in osmosis like in ghosts after a horror film or a nine-tailed fox, spits mushrooms expecting them to dilute with exoneration we have no choice but to accept & to give & to recycle & to rot with eggshells & truth to selves we managed to rip off skirts, bursting seams in pink and hems in decades. this household refuses to raise strong, independent women who can hold the world's cheeks in their palms

for fear of angry men who could easily spill gochujang² from the temporal lobe: i wonder, in the occasion of too-loudness and a trigger, which language i will lose first: for fear of makguli³ poured astray on a solitary stone: this household does not raise women to wear tie-dye shirts that declare CLIMATE CHANGE IS REAL TRUMP IS A HOAX, does not raise women to fight in a land that did not ask for them. this household built on my mother's anger and her mother's lower back and her mother whose name I have never heard tiptoes with my sister and I in its arms, we squirm and flop and this house knows we will spill, knows we will vomit sadness we have been force-fed with osmosis out, yet it does not raise strong independent women for fear of the world, not knowing the world we will yield will have no fear to spill.

¹ Spicy Korean pork dish

² Spicy red pepper paste

³ Korean rice wine; while not only used for rituals, it is often sprayed on headstones at graves.

Inheritance

Sean Lause

In the back of my grandmother's antique store
I overhear my grandfather chanting:
"I don't want to die. I'm afraid to die,"
and my grandmother soothes him, "I know, I know."

And she opens, opens doors, drapes, blinds and windows,
old glass lights in carillon colors,
and still he cries his fear of dying.
But I am five and the watches are asleep.

Clocks line the walls, each hushed at a separate hour.
This store is a theater of light,
crystal air, tobacco scents,
and hard-bound books.

And now her hands guide me to the garden,
and I am all lit crystal and sun,
The light stings like shattered glass,
and broken strings are blowing in the trees.

The Day Arrives

Spencer Smith

At first it appeared this would be the day I had been waiting for all my life up to this moment, the day when everything I had been hoping to change would be changed and suddenly the past would not matter because there would be a new past, a repast, not a feast but a replacement of food with something more filling, filling in the empty places where there should have been no emptiness, where fullness would overflow to more fullness, but now I am rambling and anyway it turns out it is not that day at all, but that other day when you look at yourself and see that I have not filled the empty places in you that leave you pitted as a sponge, and you turn your face away like the rotation of the earth to look outward, elsewhere, far from my side.

contributors

John Blair has published six books, the most recent of which is *Playful Song Called Beautiful* (U. of Iowa Press, 2016), which won the Iowa Poetry Prize.

Cliff Saunders has an MFA in Creative Writing from The University of Arizona. His poems have appeared recently in *The Wayne Literary Review*, *Pedestal Magazine*, *Wilderness House Literary Review*, *Pinyon*, *San Pedro River Review*, *North of Oxford*, and *Cardinal Sins*. He lives in Myrtle Beach, where he serves as co-coordinator of The Litchfield Tea & Poetry Series.

Barbara Crooker's poems have appeared in magazines such as *The Green Mountains Review*, *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, and *Nimrod*. She is the recipient of the Pen and Brush Poetry Prize, the Ekphrastic Poetry Award from Rosebud, the WB Yeats Society of New York Award, and the "April Is the Cruellest Month" Award from Poets & Writers.

Marjorie Stelmach has published five volumes of poems, most recently *Falter* (Cascade, 2017). Her sixth book will be out this winter from *Ashland Poetry Press*. In addition to an earlier appearance in *Lullwater Review*, individual poems have recently appeared in *American Literary Review*, *Gettysburg Review*, *Hudson Review*, *Image*, *Notre Dame Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Prairie Schooner* and *Tampa Review*. A group of her poems received the 2016 Chad Walsh Poetry Prize from The Beloit Poetry Journal.

Danny P. Barbare has recently been published in *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Columbia College Literary Review*, *Pennsylvania Literary Journal*, and *Plainsongs*. He attended Greenville Technical College where his poetry won The Jim Gitting's Award and his poetry has been nominated for Best of Net. He lives in Greenville, SC with his wife and family and small dog Miley.

Ted Mc Carthy is a poet and translator living in Clones, Ireland. His work has appeared in magazines in Ireland, the UK, Germany, the USA, Canada and Australia. He has had two collections published, 'November Wedding' (Lilliput Press, 1998), and 'Beverly Downs' (Bog Road Press, 2011).

Youngseo Lee is a high school senior in Arizona who grew up in Seoul, South Korea, and will probably end up somewhere else. As a 2020 National Young Arts Finalist in creative nonfiction, her work has been recognized by the Scholastic Writing Awards and published in *Entropy Magazine*. This is her poetry debut.

Stephen C. Middleton is a writer working in London, England. He has had five books published, including *A Brave Light* (Stride) and *Worlds of Pain / Shades of Grace* (Poetry Salzburg). He has been in several anthologies, including *Paging Doctor Jazz* (Shoestring), *From Hepworth's Garden Out* (Shearsman, 2010), & *Yesterday's Music Today* (Knives Forks And Spoons, 2015)).

Kathleen Jacobson has been writing poetry all her life. She has had poems published in

Poetry Quarterly, *Rivers Poets Journal* and the *Altadena Poetry Review Anthology* 2017. She works in the medical field but lives in the arts. Ms. Jacobson is a student of Japanese tea ceremony. She is an amateur artist, dancer and flutist.

Richard Spilman is the author of *In the Night Speaking* and of a chapbook, *Suspension*. A new book, *Let There Be Night*, will appear from *Slant Books* in 2020.

Sean Lause is a professor of English at Rhodes State College in Lima, Ohio. His poems have appeared in *The Minnesota Review*, *The Alaska Quarterly*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, *The Pedestal*, *Illuminations*, *Sanskrit*, *European Judaism* and *Poetry International*. He has published two books of poetry, *Bestiary of Souls* (*FutureCycle Press*, 2013) and the upcoming *Wakeful Fathers and Dreaming Sons* (*Orchard Street Press*).

Julia Hablak is currently a B.A. Candidate in Russian Language & Area Studies and Creative Writing at Bryn Mawr College.

Spencer Smith is a University of Utah graduate and works in the corporate world to pay the bills. A Pushcart Prize nominee, his poems have appeared in over fifty literary journals, including *Rattle*, *Hawai'i Pacific Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *cream city review*, *RHINO*, and *Roanoke Review*.

Lee Hittner-Cunningham is a recent graduate of Harvard University, where they studied History and Literature. They attended Interlochen Arts Academy for creative writing and has been published in the *Interlochen Review* and *Hanging Loose*. They received a gold medal from Scholastic Art and Writing Awards in 2010 and was a finalist for Young Arts in 2013.

Michelle Morouse's poetry and flash fiction has appeared, or is forthcoming in, *Peregrine*, *Passager*, *The MacGuffin*, *Passages North*, *Pembroke Magazine*, and *Third Wednesday*, among others. She is a Detroit area pediatrician, and she serves on the board of Detroit Working Writers.

Cameron Morse was diagnosed with a glioblastoma in 2014. With a 14.6 month life expectancy, he entered the Creative Writing Program at the University of Missouri--Kansas City and, in 2018, graduated with an M.F.A. His poems have been published in numerous magazines, including *New Letters*, *Bridge Eight*, *Portland Review* and *South Dakota Review*. His first poetry collection, *Fall Risk*, won Glass Lyre Press's 2018 Best Book Award. His latest is *Terminal Destination* (*Spartan Press*, 2019). He lives with his wife Lili and son Theodore in Blue Springs, Missouri, where he serves as poetry editor for *Harbor Review*.

Lazarus Trubman taught the Theory of Literature and Roman languages for twenty-three years. In 2017 they retired from teaching to devote their time to writing. Their poetry has appeared in literary publications across the USA, Canada and the UK, among them, *The New Reader*, *Bending Genres*, *Big Muddy*, *Kissing Dynamite*, *The Moving Force*, *Califragile*, *Wordrunner e-Chapbooks*, *42 Stories Anthology* and elsewhere.



