

lullwater review

VOLUME XXXII



LULLWATER REVIEW / VOLUME XXXII

A JOURNAL FOR THE LITERARY ARTS

lullwater review

VOLUME XXXII

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Editor's Essay

Tori Jordan

One of the most common misconceptions about poetry is that it's easy to write. "Since poetry is so hard to interpret, you can write almost anything and convince almost anyone that it's good." Until I stepped onto Emory's campus four years ago to pursue fiction writing, I wholeheartedly believed this. Then I joined Lullwater Review — and immediately realized how wrong I was.

Poetry is an unforgiving genre to the writer who fails to comprehend it for what it is: a craft. A precise, subtle, demanding craft. Its brevity, aural quality, and conspicuous *mise-en-page* strip the poet of the shadowy corners that prose writers have the occasional luxury of retreating into when constructing the word palaces we love to wander through. The poem is a glass palace: there is nowhere to hide. An excess adjective, haphazard period, or half-baked metaphor will immediately catch the eye. Triteness and unintentionality will quickly reduce the palace to shards. Every word, every line break, every punctuation mark must create and articulate meaning; every line of ink and swathe of white space must service the poet's vision. Poetry, I've come to learn, is a true master's art.

The contributors whose work fills the following pages are just that: masters of their craft. I would like to express my sincerest thanks to this issue's cohort of exceptional poets and visual artists. I am beyond honored to showcase your work.

I owe a great deal of thanks to the women who preceded me in this position. To Emma Lazerson and Kelsey Perry, thank you for seeing something in me that I couldn't see in myself. You are the paragons of class. To Annika Polatsek and Sarah Marzouk, my immediate predecessors, thank you for your mentorship and, more importantly, your friendship. I will forever value your guidance, work ethic, and devotion to ensuring that every member of our staff felt welcome.

I am also eternally grateful for the initiative and enthusiasm of the editorial board: Eleanor, Dani, Celi, and Lili. You have gone above and beyond to help our magazine reach a larger readership. During editorial meetings, it often crossed my mind that I was sitting across from the most talented writers at Emory. I have no doubt that I will be seeing your own work in print for years to come. Eleanor, I am beyond thrilled that you are succeeding me as co-editor. I cannot imagine anyone more capable for this position than you. You will, without a doubt, lead this publication to unprecedented heights.

My deepest thanks must go to Nico Mestre, my phenomenal co-editor. You have breathed new life and vision into Lullwater from day one, and I know that you will continue to during your senior year. You and Eleanor are going to make an unstoppable team. Thank you for making me laugh and keeping me sane when I felt overwhelmed. I cherish all of our leadership meetings that, almost without fail, ended with us geeking out over a short story or discussing the finer points of craft. You are an extraordinary creative talent, leader, and friend. I truly cannot imagine running Lullwater with anyone else. From the bottom of my heart, thank you.

Above all, I am indebted to the wonderful and dedicated staff of Lullwater Review. This issue is a testament to your hard work, thoughtful discussions, and passion for creative excellence. Without each and every one of you, this issue would not exist. It has been the greatest honor and privilege to be your editor-in-chief.

Gratefully,
Tori Jordan
Lullwater Review Co-Editor-in-Chief 2023-2024

Editor's Essay

Nico Mestre

There's this feeling you get while reading something that speaks to you; it's hard to describe, but I can only assume it's why you've opened these pages. Your ears perk up; your entire body awakens; you start to see differently. You start to see with your eyes closed. You hear a voice and feel grateful to have found it, if only for an instant.

That feeling is electric. We chase it here at Lullwater Review; we gather around it like moths to a flame on cold Friday afternoons. Together, we stumble across a word or turn of phrase, and, one by one, our postures change; we start to sit differently, more relaxed yet on the edge of our seats. We open our eyes and look up, as though in a trance, as though a new presence has entered the semi-basement classroom where our weekly meetings are held. After a piece is read aloud or gazed at with sublime interest, discussion ensues, and a plethora of voices take their stances. Suddenly, the room is alive because the same poem, story, or image has produced such varied responses. Finally, we raise our hands to vote, sometimes everyone, sometimes just one staff member, summoned by the voice they heard, by that whisper calling out to them from the white space.

At Lullwater, as co-editor, and, originally, as a member of the reading staff, the process of curating each issue has filled me with purpose. Not only have I had the opportunity to interact so closely with art that's inspired me, but by participating in an editorial space made up of such careful, compassionate readers, I'm proud to say I've found my literary family at Emory. A special thanks to Annika and Sarah, Lullwater's previous editors and my guiding lights, who cleared the path for me and all Lullwater editors to come. Looking ahead, Eleanor, I can't wait to lead with you this coming fall. It feels like just yesterday we were first years wandering into the big room above Cox Hall with a daunting poem displayed on the wide projector. There was so much we didn't know yet then, but from the beginning you have been a genuine tour de force. With you as co-editor, Lullwater will be in the best hands.

To each member of the editorial board – Eleanor, Lili, Celi, and Dani – thank you for your immense effort. You are some of the most intelligent writers, thinkers, and humans I know, and I'm looking forward to seeing all the interesting places life takes you after graduating. And to our entire reading staff: without you this issue wouldn't be anywhere near what it is; thank you for every last insight, observation, and interpretation.

My sincerest thanks to my Co-editor Tori, without whom this issue would surely not exist. Such a quiet yet commanding presence, Tori, thank you for overseeing Lullwater with the utmost precision and dedication this past year. The overtime we spent together, perusing old Lullwater issues dating back to 1990, practicing our pitch before club fairs, and swapping short stories on our way from the library to Woodruff Circle, was all a bonus. I count myself lucky to have studied, thought, and led alongside you.

Like the bittersweet ending of a poem that captivates you, this letter, though placed at the beginning of the magazine, acts as a sort of release. It's that sigh you expel after reading your favorite line; that pause between two perfectly worded stanzas; that wish that you can read a poem again for the first time after the last word. I hope you find that unnamable feeling within these pages, and, after doing so, I encourage you to leave these words splayed out on the table before you like a map and release.

Sincerely,
Nico Mestre

Lullwater Review Co-Editor-in-Chief 2023-2024

IN HER KITCHEN

StarShield Lortie

Batter drips from her tired fingers
as she forces a lumpy yellow mix
into beat-up tins. Flour dust pushes
into the creases of her papery skin,
dots her ancient face, momentarily melts

her sharp edges into soft peaks. She never
layered hope in any of us, rather cut in
a sternness that reduced us to silence.
If we challenged her, she would point
a square-tipped finger, growl "Out!"

I watch from the hall as she bends,
slides the pans into the oven, grunts
as she straightens, and gropes at the ties
of her apron. I slide up behind

her, lightly tug at the knotted strap,
consider thanking her for teaching me
to bake. The straps fall and she sheds
the apron, shuffles down the hall, leaves me
to find my own way out.

A Red Dress

Marie-Andree Auclair

The morning of your funeral
Sekhmet roared red
savage dress flaring like wings
and she scorched to ashes
memories I wanted steadfast.

Sorrow — I imagined it as ocean
swallowing shore to drown me —
emerged as wildfire.

I spun through eddies of fury
that radiant morning
as she embraced me
engulfed me in my own red dress
made hating you easier
than missing you.

I hanged my psychic

Nathaniel Lachenmeyer

I hanged my psychic
landscape on the wall

using an old tack
and a chipped bookend

my grandmother left me
since my shoes were up stairs

and I could not find a hammer.
It looks well there I think.

Las Encinas

Madeleine Silva

my mother and i thought,
if we say the right incantation
we can bring you back

if we combine the right potions,
fast until sundown, and
plead before the throne

we can free you from a white room
behind the ivy-covered walls
and a chain linked fence

where the oaks grow tall
and cower over the grounds,
warding prying outside eyes.

my great-aunt lived off
a street called live oak
in a blue Arcadian house

we would spend our summers
picking apricots from her trees,
tiptoeing around fallen carcasses

my mother and i ate them
amidst the detritus of widowhood
in a dark room smelling of a/c

she would recall my grandmother
and i would listen, rapt
reminiscence, a form of resurrection.

in college, i learned there is a
regional tree that evolved to
retain moisture in its trunk
while the branches burned

the tree is a protected species

When do people leave us

Kyung Lee

Perhaps, if we were to remember
how warmth moves beyond within,
hushed permeating, distilled between
chest and chest, promise and promise.
If we are to believe we are not beholden
to violence. If we are to believe beyond
exile. Once, I used to think when
the world as we knew it ended and
thunder cracked the branch off in silence
a pair of aged hands would pick it up,
collect its wound, gently toss appendage
ablaze warming use, small pit
of winter sun, spitting sound suddenly
aburst with scarlett, ancient sign that
release, amidst flames, could finally be
imminent. Yet here I held, severed arm
in my arms, watching cradled limb
leaking in its wake only granulate
in its gasps, hot pile birthing again with
dead futures, bellies of wind blowing back
ancestral reminiscence that the body was
its reach into air, sweat-soaked leaves
glistening against dark, damp and alive
with all the newness of wanting.
not about release. An opening, perhaps,
how memory was not just the falling bough
but the rest of its ash, infused vanish,
blue fire to pink hands, blued touch
to what could not be imagined as
a life living now, another grief to outlast,
another untraceable lineage, to return
to wind changed from where arm once ran
off a trunk, cooled from where it sprint
its reach into air, sweat-soaked leaves
glistening against dark, damp and alive
with all the newness of wanting.

dance o' domesticity

Abbie Doll

why hello dear neighbor / it's so lovely to meet you / we just moved in across the way / newlyweds, yes! / is it that obvious? however did you know? / thank you for asking / I've been dying to tell someone! / anyway / I really hate to be a bother but...this is my first day on the job and / well as you can see, / my sugar jar is lacking / quite empty in fact / here, take a look inside / there's nothing / nothing at all / and I was wondering...might I borrow a cup of sugar? / I know, I know / it's such a stereotypical ask / but / I must get these brownies made before my mister comes home / I simply must! / be the epitome of domestic bliss / why that's my name even / no, no I would never jest about such things / yes, I am quite blissful, aren't I? / such a fitting name, I know! / certainly / you may call me missus bliss

thank you, dear, you're too kind / yes, it does feel a bit like playing house still / as you can see, / I'm still dancing in my frying pan / barefoot and no burns to speak of! / how did I ever get so lucky? / yes, yes, we're over-the-moon merry with youth and hope / for now at least / yes, you're right / the novelty of it all hasn't worn off yet / gosh I hope it never will! / look at the rosy patches of joy kissing my cheeks / the flower wreath weaved from daisies of my own garden / my very own! / and just look at my flawless garden of a womb where a child will soon grow! / isn't it all so humble and beautiful...so unbelievably precious?

anyway / please / look at me in my pleasant modesty and / tell me I'm free / tell me I haven't made a mistake and signed my life away / tell me love ripens with age / matures and grows / tell me you're still happily married / tell me this dress will last even if it catches fire / that these breasts won't sag, won't ache from their own weight / that this auburn hair won't grey / and this grin won't fade!

Maggie the Cat Fights

Emily Robyn Clark

“Laws of silence don’t work... When something is festering in your memory or your imagination, laws of silence don’t work, it’s just like shutting a door and locking it on a house on fire.” From Tennessee Williams’ *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

Along the fertile Delta Big Daddy drew up the lines of his future.
They say it skips a generation— usefulness that is.
I wore hand-me-down dresses till I got wed
I fantasized in silk taffeta
the swoosh my legs made when I walked into a room
Mother of Pearl rested so coolly on my neck.
In the suffering room, my lover sleeps in armored chairs
he turns his body away from the moon
that cunning stone.
I’ve dressed the bed in French silk but it swallows me whole.
When I dream I see it all on fire—
flames spinning up the posts
tongues licking the mahogany frame
spooling out onto that cavernous empty space between my lover and me.
I knew there were big things in store for me:
I read stories in grammar school,
stories of wealth and affluence
like you’ve never seen in our modern time.
I have plans of my own to recreate the fertile valley,
sequester myself here in this prime piece of real estate
away from mobs clawing at the bars of their own self-made prisons
trampling on each other to get ahead.
I’m going to let these muddy waters flow!

So I went on down to Lowenstein’s without Brick knowin’
with the intent of picking out a fine gift for Big Daddy
on his birth anniversary.
Brick hasn’t the slightest sense to make a gesture.
So here I am, standing on the freshly polished marble
breathing in the candied air from the perfume counter.
I feel hazy—giddy, even.
My, did I lose all sense and think of moving my boudoir in here!
I’m standing in the aisle, running my fingers along the fabrics
dresses with birds-eye piqué, batiste, silk taffeta, bouclé sweaters of mohair and wool.
Lingerie calls my name
I long to feel ivory lace, lace over my mouth, lace brushing over my lips.

Dive Position

John Grey

I'm at the very tip of the board,
bent like a bow
with my arms stretched outward.
Below me are lab rats,
women in floral hats,
impressionist painters,
illusions of love,
gulls and picknickers,
climaxes and stood-up dates,
unreality and locality,
Bohemia, Dada,
an inexplicable light,
a bird on a bough,
Morris dancers, cancer cells,
funeral marches, shrouds,
the beautiful and the dumb.
I've suffered from expectations long enough.
It's time for a happy accident.

Survivors in Barbed Wire

Frederick Levy

Late at night, when dreams and wakefulness struggle
adding weight to my covers,
I'm nine again, and my mind plays pictures
of my favorite uncle, Bob,
with Germans ripping him from a foxhole
and dumping him in a hell
stitched in barbed wire
years before my birth.

I sit beside him, feel the Germans
take us to the ground
with rifles at our throats.
They pull us by the shoulders
and throw us head first
inside their German jeeps.
The road tosses us like corpses
between doors
along the cloud-covered road.

Bob's story captured my sleep
like searchlights sweeping my room.
I shook as he convinced the Kommandant
he was Catholic even with Jewish features.
And though he survived
the POW camp and the fate of Dachau's ashes,
it wasn't much.
When Americans saved him,
he sank like a sack of bones smelling of decay.
On the third day, the stench rose
and his pale remains took its permanent
place behind his eyes
draining a spirit half alive.

As I grew older,
he taught me chess,
to hit a ball,
and took delight in me
without trying to change, mold, or scold.
He was my brother, sometimes more father
than the man whose rage
froze me in my bed.
Maybe it's not just Uncle Bob's pain
that keeps me fighting my covers,
a nine-year-old boy waking up alone,
dripping from hair to toes
with my clock shuffling
from 3 to 4.

Hatzer: Ghost Town Fortress

Frederick Levy

North of Galilee, the dig shovels layers from time,
lives and nations interred in earth.

Sediment, melded with tools and utensils,
has kept its secrets intact.

Strata of ancient browns, rusts and gray,
resist every eon's winds.

From Sumer to Israel,
how many lost
their dwellings and gardens
to the grave that buried dreams?

Bones mingle with pots and earthen jars;
idols curse animals, children,
families and comrades to unholy ash.
Warriors lose all to love affairs and war,
all missing from the annals of scribes.

Who witnessed Hatzer's vanquished fortress,
a ghost standing vigil on the land?
Who foresaw the empire of the north
scatter names in the ground,
lost now to the loneliness of pieces.

Heterotopia in Emergency Room 40

Mikal Wix

Treatment gaps are but dim vision
in a Chagall dreamscape framed in gold
and cherry on the wall,
your better eye awash
in cracked vessels.
You are in a chamber of gloom
lost in the sorting—
the umbilical to the vast, unbroken chain of days
is kinked, or preoccupied delectatio morosa,
while draped along your body in tubes,
where even your memory of self
arouses suspicion,
like the soft tissues so sloppily injured
in his black swan spell,
the stretches he seethed at you,
your beard and sidelocks spoken.

Soft, latex hands hold you
to offer gauzy, loyal membranes
unlike the ones some nights before
that taught you the lesson
about “a fighting chance,”
and “a losing battle,”
as you float undulating on the surface
of a trenchant, single-cell wish:
to be safe again.

But on the top sheet of his top offer,
tugging you beyond the reach of sorrow—
he airs a strong dose of remedies, chosen treasures
once prized.
They now hang fixed in a rip current
of firing synapses, these cherished
yellow, red, and brown things
falling to the hand of Morpheus,
beset by forgetting
and exchanged for the skunky asphalt
embedded in your cheek
and the shrieking throat in a clutching motion preserved,
you are little more
than the hot breaths bubbling stolen flashes of tight air
taken as you lie on his driveway waiting,
waiting for the bells,
or waiting for the last thing: curiosity.

Queen's Royal Park

Marc Harshman

Below the transparent, breeze-rumpled blanket of the lake,
the stones could talk for days and years
and few of us would ever savvy their sentence.

All those words . . .

We'll never know

how far they've traveled.

And from here to there—how many miles,
how many for the telling?

Along the bank butterflies lift
on the same breeze.

One after another
they pass before me, from one stem
of milkweed to the next, marmalade wings
clever as steel and more alive.

A fish jumps. Splash. Bashō.

Before, and after—

silence, the rocks
still listening,

still talking.

And another butterfly.

Another heartbeat.

I draw the lake's comfort to my chin,
slip inside, listen hard, begin
the translation.

-- Niagara on the Lake, Ontario, Canada

Exaltation

Saloni Kaul

Bag of bones precious
Empowered by breath's treasure
Exalted dry-dipped.

School Time

Saloni Kaul

Mindset's perfect rules
Inhale-exhale yoga school
Bone for breath for bone.

Wedding Photograph of My Parents

William Miller

A near perfect couple, right off the cake,
my parent's courtship was finally complete,
their picture snapped in the chapel
rented by the half hour.

My dad needed a real drink, vodka
with an onion, "vermouth" whispered
over the rim of the frosted glass,
his favorite magic trick. My mother

loved her face more than she loved
her new husband, more than anything
in a world of dirt-road, red-clay poverty
drought like a ghost in the summer

cornfields. His drink fueled big dreams
of big money, capped teeth and a golf tan
unheard of in his shotgun house behind
the railroad cars, a mother who drank

all night though three beers were too many
for her frightened children. She waved
a .38 in God's face, threatened to put
a round between his bully eyes....

They believed in movies more than
any hillbilly preacher, muddy creek baptism--
the lingering stage kiss while
screen credits rolled.

Little movie star people, Tony and Marilyn,
anxious for the liquid burn, the mirror
my mother checked so often to see
if she was still there.

CAIRNS (IV)

Philip Memmer

*Sisyphus, asks the stone,
are you awake?*

*I dreamt, I say, that I pushed a stone
up a mountain.*

*I hope I wasn't heavy,
the stone replies.*

*It wasn't you, I say.
It was some other stone.*

*

My fate, some say, is
an absurdity. Well,
whose isn't?

In the ski lift chairs above me,
perdition's couples always learn too late

they hate each other,
there is no snow,
they have no skis.

*

*Have you seen, the stone asks, how
as you labor
our shadow mirrors the meeting
of egg and sperm?*

I'm not your husband, I murmur.

...But I think of the souls
beneath us and
I push, I push.

*

Without someone to bear it, what
is a burden
anyway?

Call me
your stone, wails my stone...

Sure, stone, I pant, shoving it onward.

No, whimpers my stone.
I want you to call me
your stone.

*

Are you as intimate with anything
as I am with
this rock? With whom
have you ever

walked as we have walked?
When you don't talk, who
hears you? Whose resounding silence
echoes your thoughts?

*

Once, at its request,
I stepped in front of the stone,
relaxed my long-cramped limbs,

and waited
for it
to push me.

And waited.

I'm sorry, said the stone, *I'd hoped—*

So did I, I lied. *So did I*.

*

Listen. When I'm nearly at the top,
beyond earshot
of all you there
on the ground, the stone

cries out. As if
it is human. As if
someone else's hell
is to be
the weight I push.

*

The stone falls, and comes to rest
amidst those souls condemned
to watch my failures.
Another botch,

they sigh, and wander off.

For my long and dark walk down
nobody stays. No one waits
but the stone.

contributors

Holly Day's writing has recently appeared in *Appalachian*, *Analog SF*, *Earth's Daughters Journal* and her recent book publications include *Music Composition for Dummies*, *The Tooth is the Largest Organ in the Human Body*, and *Bound in Ice*. She teaches creative writing at The Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis and Hugo House in Seattle.

Nicholas Kriefall Native to Missouri, Nicholas Kriefall's first collection of poems, *Attic Pieces*, was published in 2014 by Unsolicited Press. His work has appeared in *Barrow Street*, *The Conium Review*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Grey Sparrow Journal*, *The Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Writing Tomorrow*, *The Ampersand Review*, *Enizagam*, *The Healing Muse*, and is forthcoming in *Evening Street Review*, *The Helix Literary Magazine*, *Concho River Review*, and *The Orchards Poetry Journal*.

Uri Rosenshine lives in New Haven, Connecticut, where he works at a wine store. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in the *Missouri Review*, *Sortes Magazine*, *Tikkun Magazine*, and *Minutiae: Three Poems*, a chapbook self-published in collaboration with Directangle Press. His first collection, *Vivid Partitions*, is forthcoming this fall with MadHat Press.

Andrea McLaughlin is a trauma therapist living in Los Angeles. She also holds an MFA from Columbia University. Her work has been shortlisted twice for Glimmer Train, received Honorable Mention in the Raymond Carver Short Story Contest, and is currently featured or forthcoming in *River Stryx*, *Grey Sparrow Journal*, *Bedfellows*, and *Dark Lane Anthology Series*.

Daisy Bassen is a poet and community child psychiatrist who graduated from Princeton University's Creative Writing Program and completed her medical training at The University of Rochester and Brown. Her work has been published in *Oberon*, *McSweeney's*, and *[PANK]* among other journals. Born and raised in New York, she lives in Rhode Island with her family.

Bradley R. Strahan taught poetry at Georgetown University. He has seven books of poetry & over 700 poems published worldwide. His two latest books, *This Art of Losing* and *A Parting Glass* (poems written in Ireland) both translated into French.

John Grey is an Australian poet and U.S. resident, recently published in *Sheepshead Review*, *Stand*, *Poetry Salzburg Review* and *Hollins Critic*. Latest books, *Leaves On Pages*, *Memory Outside The Head*, and "Guest Of Myself" are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in *Ellipsis*, *Blueline* and *International Poetry Review*.

Frederick Levy is a 72 year old retired psychotherapist living in Newport News, Virginia with his wife, Cindy - they've been married 43 years. The subject matter of his poetry ranges from Jewish spirituality, trauma, whimsey, and existential agony.

Mikal Wix grew up in the American South, which seeded insights into many outlooks, including visions of a revenant from the closet. He has work in *Penumbra Literary Journal*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, *Tahoma Literary Review*, *Adelaide Literary Magazine*, *Hyacinth Review*, *Hearth and Coffin*, *Roi Fainéant Press*, *Fiery Scribe Review*, among others, and works as a science editor.

Marc Harshman Harshman's *WOMAN IN RED ANORAK* (Blue Lynx Prize) was published in 2018 by Lynx House Press. His fourteenth children's book, *FALLINGWATER* (co-author, Anna Smucker) was published by Roaring Brook/Macmillan. He is co-winner of the 2019 Allen Ginsberg Poetry Award and his poem, "Dispatch from the Mountain State," was printed in the 2020 Thanksgiving edition of the *New York Times*. Poems have been anthologized by Kent State University, University of Iowa, University of Georgia, and the University of Arizona. Appointed in 2012, he is the seventh poet laureate of West Virginia.

Saloni Kaul author and poet, was published first at the age of ten and has stayed in print since on four continents, including seventeen states of the U.S. As a critic and columnist, Saloni has enjoyed forty-four years of being published. Saloni Kaul's first volume, a fifty-poem collection was published in the U.S. in 2009. Subsequent volumes include *Universal One* and *Essentials All*. As a broadcaster, Saloni had won considerable acclaim with innumerable features and documentaries to her credit as writer-producer-presenter. Most recently, Saloni Kaul poetic production was published in *The Horror Zine*, *Mad Swirl* (contains ongoing Saloni Kaul poetry page), *The Penwood Review*, *The Imagine*, *The Charleston Anvil*, *Treasure Chest*, *Poetry Leaves Anthology and Exhibition*, *Amulet Poetry Magazine*, *Arteidolia* and *Quail Bell Magazine*. Upcoming publication acceptances include those in *The Penwood Review*, *OVI*, and *The Horror Zine* (print), *Amulet Poetry Magazine*, *Arteidolia* and *Quail Bell Magazine*. An essay is to be published in *Away Journal*.

William Miller's eighth collection of poetry, *The Crow Flew Between Us*, was published by Kelsay Books in 2019. His poems have appeared in *The Penn Review*, *The Southern Review*, *Shenandoah*, *Prairie Schooner*, *West Branch* and *Folio*. He lives and writes in the French Quarter of New Orleans.

Philip Memmer is the author of five books of poems, most recently *Pantheon* (Lost Horse Press, 2019). His work has appeared in such journals as *Poetry*, *Poetry Northwest*, and *Poetry London*, and on the Library of Congress's *Poetry 180* website. He lives in upstate New York, where he founded and directs the YMCA's Downtown Writers Center in Syracuse, serves as Associate Editor for Tiger Bark Press, and teaches creative writing at Hamilton College.

Scarlett Scott is currently a 12th grader attending Cardinal Mooney Catholic High School in Marine City Michigan. She has many passions in her life but would say one of the strongest of these aspirations is art. Since she was a child, she has held tight to creativity and always knew that she would want to pursue something of this path. Drawing is an ambition she has always loved and because of this her younger self set her dreams of becoming an artist. She can remember illustrating her own paper books and writing down hundreds of stories that would come to mind. Whatever sparked her creativity she had to replicate onto paper. Little did she know that these seemingly miniscule moments would aid her future self and her journey of becoming an illustrator.