



THE
FIELDSTONE
REVIEW

RESISTANCE
ISSUE 11, 2018



POETRY

Kiremit Caddesi, Balat, Istanbul: June 2015

by [Zak Jones](#)

Ramadan

Mauve hands
break bread.

Competing minarets
project echoing
stability, despite
bomb blasts
elsewhere.

Elections

Neighborhood signs
show
ethnic lines
drawn
in architecture
through
an economist's
lens.

The army
or
the police
have
fired guns
in
the distance.

Where
or
what is
Victory?

That Cunning Woman, Cutty Sark¹

by Kate Rogers

"Nannie lap and fang,

(A double take she took, and stonch,
And how Tam stood, like an bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd,
Even Satan glow'd, and flog'd fur' hair,

—
Tam tins his reason 'theigher,
And trows out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!
And in an instant all was dark"

— Robbie Burns, Tam O'Shanter

I

The poet rested his mare
under the mistletoe vine
capping the crossroad oak.
My wheel outside, I spun
another hour, kirk sleeps prickled
the low sun. Yolk leaked
on our thatch.

I spun sun-gilded like a garden
spider, pulled silk threads off my lap,
carded wool. Then (while still
the poet watched) I fished with hairs
plucked from a nag's tail.
Hooked trout in the Doon.
So, they called me Cunning' woman.
Meaning, witch.

Again the poet. He knew Father
badgered corn between
Alloway and Mauchline.
By the cutbush—silver buttons
work bold on his waistcoat.
He doffed his cap—blue, green,
black, thread of red.
Praised my shapely calf.
My rightness slipped.

What jump hares, he grinned,
Will ye dance wi me, Cutty Sark?

The poet gently bent me
o'er the wall, its cool moss pelt
sponged my blood. That man's
polar growth he landed
his fire at dawn, at dusk.
It's a wonder he didn't burn
the village down. His staff
strongered when he made
me leap. Then
he met bairn'd Anna'.

Their balm broke her open.
Did the poet mark her end
with a song?
His wife took little Betty,
Fed her on her own lap.

I bunched the goose down
'twixen my legs. Nervous awks,
I ached for his. Father bound
me crying—hair tangled.

Neighbours showed Father
my blood on the wall, whispered
the poet's name. And Anna's.
Father, his poor man's pride—
kicked the cage round my heart.
I crawled away to the copse.
Half-fag, slut.

For three full moons in the garden
I chewed cabbage leaves
among gentle rabbits. I stroked
their soft throats, slit them
with kirk roof slats.
Sliced their blood as they kicked.
My knees, my elbows sharpened
knives at dusk.

II

No sun melted dawn mist.
A broad hand of warmth
on my spine, but no hand
there. Dew on my bare
shins, my nubs, blue toes.

My cold ham in the breeze.
Who saw me

by the copse? Who sent
that kirk touch? Windows
a dark skull stare.

A hawk roosted
in the tall beech over the kirk,
stretched rust-coloured wings,
shook out a feather duster.
Combed the breeze.

I blinked. Old woman perched
on highest branch, talons
kicking a nest from leaves,
from stans.

Mungo's mother hanged herself
in jail. After Mother passed away
from cancer, Mrs. Mungo
showed me how to staunch
my monthlies with petticoat rags.

Villagers burned Mrs. Mungo
before evening service. Said,
She headed the baker's boy with spells.

The blacksmith found a red hawk
drowned in his trough. Neck broken.

In the long grass at field edge I crushed
lavender blooms, dreamt a scented
waterfall pooling below my curls.
When was the last time I washed my hair?

Fog wrapped me in cashmere—
Father found me on the bridge
where I slipped on the cobble.
Not a stitch.

III

The only stone with my name
the walkway in this kirk yard—
chiselled with the poet's verses.
I did not jig here with sister hags,
chase the poet home!

Nannie Dee!
Not my true name neither!

Most days the dull
blade of sun can't shear
the fog-sheep round
the Auld Kirk. I drift
mist-cowled
among tombs.

Ramblers on the far
side of Brig o' Doon. Voices
fast water on gravel
bleating ladies' flushed
cheeks to village garden
blowzy roses. Fiat

The poet brought me posies
each time he took me.
How dare they flirt?

I weave rain grey
wool of rain clouds. Splash
sky black, steel flash
from the blacksmith,
a lightning bolt to blind my broken skull
with golden band.
I am the sea—cill, hurl ice stones
at wigs and bonnets,
mangle every new lamb
on noble lands.

I dare ye walkers pass
these gairns' Dale, dash them
now 'gainst granite!
Road portents in my storm!

¹ The original Cutty Sark was not a sailing ship, but the character of a witch in the Robbie Burns poem, "Tam O' Shanter." (Cutty Sark means short skirt in Gaelic.)

"Cunning" women was a word for a healer. In the mid 18th century Scotland, female healers were often reviled because of their powers.

Bairn'd Ann refers to Ann Park, a lover of Robbie Burns who got pregnant and disappeared. Burns' and his wife adopted her child.

Alloway Auld Kirk is the site of the witches dance in Burns' poem, Tam O'Shanter.

Milk Soup

by [Shauna Eveleigh Harris](#)

I think of you and the
milk soup
you made for me
on the stove-top
in your basement suite;
you threw rocks
up at my City Park window
like I was Juliet.

Years later, I discovered that
my apartment was closed up;
it was against Saskatoon fire codes
to live at the top
of a 100-year old house,
with only one window
that wouldn't open.

I think about your
long-toothed smile and shiny gums;
the way you danced at Oktoberfest
in Humboldt, like Goofy.

I remember your foreign car -
Was it an Audi? I had never seen one
before but you filled the trunk with speakers,
boomers and bass from a shop
on 33rd Street;

I brought you fresh-baked
chocolate chip cookies,
warm, buttery spots staining
the brown paper bag.

Sitting in your Audi
outside of Riley's Night Club,
you begged me not to
disassociate myself
from the truth -
that's what it was called -
the cult of Jehovah's Witnesses
we both belonged to.
Your dad and only brother
both not allowed at family occasions.
What did they do? I asked
Ask them yourself, you said.
Besides, who would talk to them anyway?
They were disfellowshipped, ex-communicated
apostates.

You told me how much you cared
and I remember how you watched
stone-faced
from the driver's seat
a rearview perspective
of his hands, his long fingers
up my respectable grey skirt
inside me;

drunk on Cherry Whiskey
and Southern Comfort,
head lolling in the backseat
on our way to someone's wedding
in Regina.

I missed the whole thing
- the wedding that is -
threw up in the girls' bathroom
no one to hold my hair back;
stumbled to pass out,
begged you to stay with me.

I think of how you disappeared
right before I did.

I think of you.

A Eulogy to Honour the Death of Original Thinking, Laid to Rest by the Educational System

by [Lesley Machon](#)

I stand at the grave and weep
She is not there
She went to sleep
Long before we laid her down
Ten thousand feet below the ground
Piled beneath a multitude
Of papers marked, A+.

The last goodbye reserved
For those whose knees were bent
Long gone from the establishment
The ones who knew her best
Were banished long ago.

Creativity is a virus,
And the hallways are lined with little dispensers
Of hand sanitizer.

My feigned smile in the rear view mirror
A crack across the glass
On graduation day.

Her Resistance

by [Debbie Okun Hill](#)

Her parents straddled a politically correct fence

As a baby girl, skin soft pink
she slept curled sideways in her infant corral:
her country home wallpapered in yellow and navy
and a rocking horse border circled her room.

At age filly-five, she tested her limits.
Her green and red *Play-Doh*
stuck-silly to her fingers; her orange bicycle
splish-splashed through grey puddles.

Today, she's a free-spirited child.

Nine-years-old turning 16, she bucks
her gender-neutral ways: washes dirt from her hair
snubs loud sirens, mechanical wrenches, toy train
and cars gifted with white-walled tires.

Instead, she rebel-whines for psychedelic swirls
on rose-painted walls, satin pouf curtains,
ribbon-laced skirts, and green apple scents.
A rebellious fight for independence.

Her diaper-clad dolls and plush-pillow pals applaud:

her forward escape through open gates,
her blonde mane wind-blown and flowing,
her stride confident and strong
like a thoroughbred champion:

the revolutionary wearing a pink blanket of roses

Hidden Series of Lies

by [Debbie Okun Hill](#)

i)

He twirls lies
like curling red ribbon
with sharp-tongued scissors
black-and-blue-lipped handles
stainless-steel-bladed teeth
biting///cutting///slicing
his twisted-stories
hung up on coiled
telephone cords
disconnected
from everyone's
party line

ii)

His lips, inflated skin
two pink balloons
hot air deception
his tongue
tied and untied
dangles a string
of untrue secrets
the kind that
winds once-twice
around a neck
like a grey scarf
pulled tight
tight-tighter
against fisted fans
his cold north wind
of duplicity

iii)

He corners her
with fragmented fibs
spoken and unspoken
disguised in foiled
blue and gold gift wrap
shadow boxes
her composted innocence
squeezes the air out
then buries the truth

a strike, a show of hands

by Sarah Jensen

DAY 0

Colleagues,
 I am [redacted] writing to tell you [redacted]
 [redacted] what
 it is fair and reasonable. [redacted]
 [redacted]
 The Union also has its [redacted] positions [redacted]
 [redacted]
 [redacted] the Union [redacted] tom
 orrow [redacted]
 will [redacted] vote [redacted] to accept or reject the Universit
 y offers. [redacted]
 [redacted] if the offers are rejected, [redacted]
 [redacted] there will be a strike [redacted]
 [redacted] a show of hands.
 [redacted] encourag
 e you to [redacted]
 [redacted] reflect [redacted] the views of [redacted] employees [redacted]
 [redacted]. The 2015 Final Offer [redacted] lead to a
 29 day strike [redacted]
 [redacted]

Y [redacted] UNIVERSITY

DAY 18

no bargaining poetry yesterday
 (contray to reports you may have seen)
 just lipstick and an annual mammogram
 —a return to routine labour—
 disrupting picketing and all other work, picturing instea
 d
 all-queer medicine: high fashion over high risk. no senti
 nels.
 if i had been thinking in lines, i might've been comforted
 +
 The University: "business as usual"
 The Union: "no concessions"

DAY 36

Y [redacted] disappointed [redacted]

We are deeply disappointed with [redacted] members o
 f the Union [redacted] rejecting our [redacted]
 offers [redacted]
 [redacted]

We have been consistent. We provided a [redacted]
 [redacted] five weeks [redacted] strike
 [redacted] and proposals
 that are unreasonable [redacted]
 [redacted]

Y [redacted] UNIVERSITY

DAY 37

Strike offers students lessons in brevity

@M [redacted] · 4hrs ago
 Replying to @TheUnion
 Cunts

DAY 44

all attempts at bargaining art have failed.
 best stick to striking.



FICTION



NON-FICTION

In Sheep's Clothing

by [Kari Cunningham](#)

This story was previously published in *Here Comes Everyone*.

His fur glistens like the blood on his teeth. I am five years old and already I know what that tastes like. My throat closes first—then as bones crunch beneath—impossibly large paws. He has killed so many already in this fatal game of hide-and-seek.

I am just now beginning to understand the rules: he crouches out the back, follows the scent of their cries like a map—gurgled screams cut the air behind a football, a bloody X marks the spot under an oak table. I am crouched behind a reassuring chest, fixed with the still-beating hearts of the people I love, hiding amidst houses I haven't lived in yet. The only sense I can make is the fear whizzing through my bones, black and red—the colors of this nightmare. He has made me terrified of who I might become.

This dream followed me as I aged, leaping years and continents as if human concepts of time and distance held no importance for monsters. Every time I thought I was safe, falling asleep a little too easily, the dream would envelop me, swallowing me whole until I awoke in darkness amidst choked screams. It hasn't changed since that first time, only now I recognize the house on Stonybrook Lane, the Parkway West High School auditorium, the Pennsylvania Forest behind my first boyfriend's house where my heels stuck in funeral mud—all the places I come to know later in life foreshadowed in a childhood nightmare. In the dream, I haven't changed either: I am somehow both five and sixteen and twenty-eight years old, my identity collapsed into a singular self perched at the moondoor I know lurks just around the darkened corner.

There are things we can't explain in this life, no matter how hard we try—dreams that come to fruition, inches no one else can see that stick in the back of our throats. If you've ever tried to explain this spider-web knowledge you know what I mean: the confused tangle of engines, the concern evident in eyes and voices who can't understand why it bothers you that this dream as old as your memory confuses with your disoriented how for weeks in the third grade, how this beast of your nightmares became the animal you most associate with—the fierce loyalty to family, the historical persecution, the paradoxical proximity to and separation from Western humanity—something inherent that spoke to the core of your identity which your imagination bastardized into monstrosity before you even realized this affinity. Experience has taught us that conversations are the key to understanding, that language has the power to bridge gaps in our consciousness, but the idea that two heads are better only works when the second can separate speaker from speech.

I described it to a stranger once, my shrink, to see if putting emotional distance in the communication would alter the reception, but he diagnosed it as a byproduct of anxiety and wrote it off as a prescription pad, trusting the promises of his to cure what he believed was wrong with me. The pills stopped my dreams but made me too slow, halting my processing speed, my tongue and brain thick and heavy under the influence of science I neither liked nor understood. Amidst the fog of suspension, I realized I couldn't pick and choose knowledge. I preferred psychological discomfort to chemically induced ignorance so I flushed the pills down the toilet and canceled my remaining appointments.

The dream came back in force. I tried to lean into it, searching my field of vision for clues about something, anything, that would lend meaning to this chaos of fear and prophesied memory. But it was the same, just like I was the same, walking in the dark with a screen only I could hear echoing in internal confinement.

And echo it did, nightmare memories permeating my waking hours, shadowing the back of my thought, split-second hallucinations flooding my senses sharper than reality: the dire curse of blood-laden sweat, the emit of gas and heat, the silence that comes right before period screams. I couldn't control or ignore them, realizing the dream was as much a part of me as anything I had experienced. In fact, it was more: clearer than my memories, more consistent than existence, something that persisted through time and space. It was the watched a movie over and over, only I was an actor—was agency—trapped in the action-unfolding moment.

The television metaphor reminded me of the 15-minute Disney short, *Peter and the Wolf*, but what I remembered from this was neither the protagonist nor the plot. Instead, I remembered huddling in my childhood bed against the arctic snows of Finland, thinking of the wolf amidst the Russian darkness.

Certain that this wolf—the wolf of a children's film—had overwritten my dreams, following me under the cover of darkness to awaken primordial fear and slaughter notions of security, I decided to re-watch the movie. I thought that if I knew the root of the dream, the inspiration behind the monster, I could put it to rest. I thought I would be free.

But watching the cartoon of my nightmare loom above Peter on my computer screen, I realized my dream version was both this wolf and not. My wolf was more monstrous in every conceivable way: he was more realistic, more calculating, more brutal, he had turned the nature of the hunt into a sadistic game of morality in which there was no escaping fate. My subconscious had given him a code to live by—all the bad—integrating him with mankind's ideas of virtue and justice. He was more monstrous, then, precisely because I had made him more human.

Make no mistake: he was my creation, just as all monsters have arisen out of mankind's invention—the creature we use to make our children stay in bed at night, the bipedal wolf we design to keep children away from strangers. The product of human fabrication, monsters abide by mankind's codes, existing at the conjoined juncture of man and beast. Werewolves, vampires, zombies: they are both human and not, defying the kind of categorization that gives us a false sense of security, the belief in anthropocentric dominion over nature resistant from knowledge. They are the manifestation of our fear, humanity's inability to control its creation after birth.

But this knowledge is too disturbing to face, so we placate our adult selves with the belief that werewolves and vampires are the stuff of myth, stories meant to temper those terrified of imagination. We convince ourselves that our terror as children resulted from the possibility that monsters were real, that they hid in closets or underneath somewhere outside the shadows of our minds. In our alleged loss of innocence, we try to forget their most horrifying quality: humanity.

Because monsters are more than mere human creation, they are humanity. Trace lines to find history: werewolves are more palatable than medieval French aristocrats with a taste for slaughtering nameless boys, vampires less horrifying than the infamous Countess Elizabeth Bathory bathing in virgin blood to preserve youthful beauty. Go back less than a hundred years to find evidence of zombies, masses starved into the walking dead who know cannibalism to be the last resort for survival.

Modern psychology attempts to categorize these behaviors with diagnoses like antisocial personality disorder, believing that labeling serial killers as amoral gets us one step closer to truth and reality. Psychologists put Ted Bundy and Donald Henry Gaskins in boxes to be studied, as though science can unravel the mysteries of monsters.

But there is no mystery to monsters. They are our own creation, the products of abuse, rape, and neglect—often by their own progenitors—their seemingly unconscionable actions the very embodiment of humanity. As Frankenstein's monster exacts vengeance upon its maker so too are we made to pay for our sins: our instances that we are somehow inherently different from—more developed than—Nature becomes the very mechanism by which we ensue eventual, producing our own monstrous destruction.

Scholars say that we make our own monsters, but I think it's simpler than that, so simple I tried to forget as an adult what I knew as a child: the fear that let me silently screaming in solitary darkness, terrified of my subconscious understanding.

I am the wolf. Humanity is its own monstrosity.

Editor's Desk: Resistance Edition

by Kyle Dase

At long last FSR 11 has arrived, the second issue to be featured on our shiny new website. I'd like to thank our editors for their diligence and insight through the editorial process: Jillian Baker (copy editor), Rhonda West (poetry), Ian Moy (creative nonfiction), and Douglas Rasmussen (fiction). Your hard work is much appreciated. FSR literally could not function without you. Thanks as well to my partner in crime, Tristan Taylor, for his great work on the technology side of things as co web-editor, particularly the poetry section. And thank you to our reading team who served at the front lines, reading a multitude of texts: Jillian Baker, Nicole Atkings, Elizabeth Miller, Ian Moy, Sheheryar Sheikh, Rob Imes, and Mark Doerksen.

Resistance is the theme of this issue and the pieces enclosed reflect the subject well. Whether it be the vocal pushback demonstrated in Sarah Jensen's "strike" or the struggle for survival described in Zak Jones's "Ramadan," the pieces in this volume showcase its contributors' many experiences and perceptions of resistance. Thank you to all who submitted for sharing your stories with us and all the authors who contributed to this issue for allowing us to feature your work in this issue: Kym Cunningham, Shauna Eveleigh Harris, Debbie Okun Hill, Nolan Janssens, Sarah Jensen, Zak Jones, Lesley Machon, Allison MacFarland, and Kate Rogers.



CONTRIBUTORS

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o	<p>Mikalyen O'Rourke writes nonfiction, poetry, and fiction. Her writing explores women and their complex relationships with self, family, and women. When not writing, she runs sports. Mikalyen teaches writing and folklore at Metropolitan State University of Denver in Colorado, USA. Her writing has appeared in not enough night, <i>High Grade</i>, <i>Apparatus</i>, <i>Hatched Review</i>, and other journals.</p> <p>Skiing in Jeans</p>
	<p>Nicholas Olson is the author of <i>The Adirondack Haystack 200 Flashes</i>, a collection of short stories leading to his first American writing-class, released in 2016. Olson teaches his own series of essays at www.balvictoria.com. He lives in Regina, Saskatchewan on Treaty 4 land.</p> <p>Heaps, Abin Jan</p>
p	<p>Timothy Parrish is a Pushcart Prize-recognized writer and critic living somewhere in California and teaching most usually at UC Davis. Parrish's recent short fiction has appeared in <i>Bartbar</i>, <i>Ploughshares</i>, <i>Equinox</i>, <i>Verbal Review</i>, <i>Sonic Boom</i>, and <i>Blood and Biscuits</i>.</p> <p>Three Women, These Women Blues</p>
q	
r	<p>Margi Reinhardt lives in South Orange County, CA. She graduated from California State University, Fullerton with two BA's in Liberal Studies and American Studies, with a minor in Secondary Education. She works as an after-school teacher with several grades, but is pursuing a career in writing. On the surface, her biography looks spot and ban but underneath are signs of struggle. Writing is her relief, so she has decided to take a leap turn in the novel and essay category.</p> <p>March Six</p>
	<p>Melanie Reibel is a retired RN infection specialist who reintroduced her patients how to be nomads. She received her MFA from San Francisco State University. Her poetry, creative non-fiction and fiction have been published in various anthologies and literary journals including <i>Poet Lore</i>, <i>ZYZZYVA</i>, <i>Tulane Review</i>, <i>Apparatus Magazine</i> and <i>North American Poetry Review</i> (which represented one of her poems in <i>Sea of Pushcart Prize</i>).</p> <p>SUNSHINE, MOUNTAIN, FOR A MEMBER OF THE ECCLESIAE BILLINGS, MONTANA, 1955-71</p>
	<p>Kate Rogers was shortlisted for the 2017 Montreal International Poetry Prize. She has work forthcoming in <i>Catfish</i>, <i>The Great Outdoors</i>. Her poems have appeared in <i>Pan Ohio Creative Writing Magazine</i>, <i>Anchor</i>, <i>Chin</i>, <i>An Asian Literary Journal</i>, <i>The Guardian's Asia Literary Review</i>, <i>The Observer's Journal of Arts, Environment and Culture</i> and other publications. Out of Place, Kate's latest poetry collection, is reviewed here.</p> <p>The Curving Woman, Cully Dahl</p>
s	
	<p>Gianna Serraglio's poetry has been published in <i>The Cardiff Review</i>, <i>London Grip</i>, <i>The Seattle Star</i>, <i>Arcticon</i>, <i>The Wild Bird</i>, <i>Harriet</i>, <i>One Sentence Poem</i>, <i>Dodging the Rain</i>, <i>Red Coyote</i>, <i>Old Nebula</i>, and <i>Graveling Teeth Publishing's</i> anthology <i>Love Never Hurt? Never Aired</i>. She is the Poetry Editor for <i>San Antonio Review</i>.</p> <p>Myosotis in February</p>
	<p>John Whitney Steinhilber is a psychologist, yoga teacher, assistant editor of <i>Third: A Journal of Poetry, Fiction and Essays</i>, and graduate of the MFA Poetry Program at Western Colorado University. His chapbook, <i>The Stones Always Watch</i>, is to be published by <i>Melissa Benson</i> in the fall of 2023. A Pushcart Prize nominee, his poetry has recently appeared in <i>The Lark</i>, <i>The Orchard</i>, and <i>Dead Poet's Day</i>. Born in Toronto, ON, and raised among the pines and silver birches of Fourth Bay, ON, John lives in Boulder, CO where he often encounters his muse while hiking in the mountains. Website: JohnWhitneySteinhilber.com</p> <p>Lord of Chance</p>
t	
	<p>Nathan Teitelbaum is a PhD student at the University of British Columbia, where he studies post-romantic and the intersections of agriculture and aesthetics, drawing on his background in genetics, urban farming, and food safety audits. He has published articles in <i>Intersect</i>, <i>Interdisciplinary</i>, and <i>The Anthropocene</i>. He has a book chapter and review in press, and has disseminated poems in <i>Propaganda</i> and a chapbook held together by dental floss.</p> <p>Play's Poetics</p>
	<p>S.J. Tynes in the person behind <i>Atmosphere Publishing</i>, was named award on the 2013 <i>Dave Duggan Award for Genre Poetry</i>, and has been published in <i>Issue of Ahab</i>, <i>California Quarterly</i>, <i>Catfish</i>, <i>The Greenhead</i>, <i>Harriet</i>, <i>Journal</i>, <i>Three</i>, and <i>Tigerhawk</i>, and online at <i>Albatross Poetics</i>, <i>Interwined</i>, <i>Poetry Pacific</i>, and <i>Scarlet Leaf Review</i>, as well as reviewing several chapbooks, including the critically acclaimed <i>Our Story</i>. S.J. Tynes's website is at http://www.sjtynes.com. The <i>Atmosphere Publishing</i> website is at http://www.atmospherepublishing.com.</p> <p>New Poets</p>
u	
v	<p>Carla Vance Carter Vance is a writer and poet originally from Colorado, Ontario, Canada, currently residing in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Her work has appeared in such publications as <i>The Street Set</i>, <i>Contemporary Verse 2</i> and <i>Melodramatic Review</i>, amongst others. She was previously a Mellon-Middlebury University Fellow. Her latest collection of poems, <i>Place to Be</i>, is currently available from <i>Blackout Arts Press</i>.</p> <p>Blood Love</p>
w	<p>Ben Ward is a journalist, a writer, and an Associate Editor of the <i>London Reader</i>. He curated the issue "Which Iron Will?" on mental health stories and "What You Don't Hear" on travel writing. Among other publications, his writing has appeared in <i>Southwicks</i>, the <i>Global Intelligence</i>, and occasionally the <i>London Reader</i>. He is working on his second degree in creative writing at the University of New Brunswick and lives on an island between Fredericton, NB and London, England. You can find him on twitter @BenWardWrites.</p> <p>New Poets</p>
	<p>Henry Matthew Ward (Matt) is a Tennessee native with a BS degree from Middle Tennessee State University and an MA from Ohio State University. He retired from teaching and real estate development in 2005, leaving time for his hobbies of classical music and writing. He and his wife live in Knoxville, TN.</p> <p>There is a Place</p>
	<p>Lorraine Wheeler is a Canadian writer and visual artist based in Ireland. Her prose, poetry, and art criticism has appeared in Ireland, Canada, USA, Luxembourg, and online. Her artwork is included in public, private, and corporate collections in Ireland, USA, Canada, UK, Belgium, and Australia.</p> <p>I'll Meet a Tree</p>
	<p>Lauren Whitford lives in Yorkshire, UK. Her poetry and short stories have been widely published, most recently in <i>Anchor</i>, <i>Pushing Out the Boat</i>, <i>Alexander</i>, and <i>English Review</i>. In 2020, she won First Prize in the Arts Quarterly Short Story Competition and the <i>Winnipeg</i> Poetry Competition and was awarded an M in Creative Writing (Distinction). She is working on a fantasy novel.</p> <p>Ode</p>
	<p>James W. Wood recent work has appeared in <i>Volunt</i>, <i>PRISM International</i>, <i>The New Yorker</i>, <i>Sanctuary</i>, <i>Grain</i>, <i>The North Star</i>, and <i>The Interpreter's House</i> (USCIB). He is the author of six books of poetry, most recently <i>The Emigrant's Farewell</i> (<i>The High Noon Press</i>, Leeds, UK, 2018) and gave up in Canada, becoming a citizen in 1981. His new lives in the Gulf Islands off the coast of British Columbia with his wife, son and dog.</p> <p>Amphibian</p>
	<p>Anna Jeffer Wright is a native to the dirt of Birmingham, Alabama, but has called Alabama, Massachusetts and Louisiana home. She holds a master's degree in English and creative writing from the University of Alabama, Birmingham, and a master's degree in urban planning from Tulane University. She lives and works in New Orleans. Her fiction and poems have appeared in <i>Arcticon</i>, <i>Birmingham Arts Journal</i>, <i>Chin</i>, <i>Fable</i>, <i>Grain Magazine</i>, <i>Gravel</i>, <i>The Hollow Oak</i>, <i>Interim</i>, <i>New Ohio Review</i>, <i>New Orleans Review</i>, <i>On the Coast</i>, <i>Red Horse Review</i>, <i>Roanoke Review</i>, <i>Saltwater</i>, <i>Southern Literary Magazine</i>, <i>Union Station Magazine</i>, <i>Yes, Poetry</i>, and <i>Zooch</i>. Her debut short story collection, <i>Nobody Knows How I Got This Good</i>, won the recipient of the <i>North First Fiction Award</i> from Livingston Press. Her author website is available at www.annajefferwright.com.</p> <p>The Lark's Ode</p>
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