

# SONIC BOOM

*for writing that explodes...*



इइएड रिचड

April 2016

(Poetry, Fiction & Art)

# SONIC BOOM

*...for writing that explodes*

## Issue Five

April 2016

(Poetry, Fiction & Art)

Founder/Chief Editor: Shloka Shankar

Poetry Editor: Shobhana Kumar

Webmaster: Dwarakanathan Ravi

Proofreader: Dishika Iyer

Cover Art: 'Mad Elephant' by Kyle Hemmings

Copyright © Sonic Boom 2016

All rights revert to the authors/artists upon publication. For re-prints in future, please credit *Sonic Boom* as the original publisher. Works may not be reproduced in any manner or form without prior consent from the individual artists.

<http://sonicboomjournal.wix.com/sonicboom>

# CONTENTS

<b>EDITORIAL</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>THE POETRY SHACK</b>	<b>6-20</b>
<i>In Sylvia Plath's Kitchen</i> by Ann Yu Huang	7
<i>Assertions</i> by Bruce Sager	8
<i>Political Density Poem</i> by Heath Brougher	9
<i>79 Degree Probability of Loss</i> by Jeanpaul Ferro	10
<i>Quiet Unlearnings</i> by Kayt Hoch	11
<i>Crow, with nothing to say</i> by Kimberly White	12
<i>Parallel Lives Are Not Supposed to Meet</i> by Lois Roma-Deeley	13
<i>Costumes from China</i> by Matthew James Friday	14
<i>New Orleans 1986</i> by Phil SaintDenisSanchez	15-16
<i>The Man Called November 11<sup>th</sup></i> by Robert Beveridge	17
<i>This is not a walking meditation</i> by Samantha Albala	18
<i>Just pocket a memory</i> by Trish Hopkinson	19-20
<b>PAPER LANTERNS</b>	<b>21-27</b>
Anna Cates	
Marietta McGregor	
Myron Lysenko	
Johannes S. H. Bjerg	
Rob Scott	
Mark E. Brager	
Tim Gardiner	22
Samar Ghose	
Joshua Eric Williams	
Jayashree Maniyil	
David J. Kelly	23

Christine L. Villa  
Vandana Parashar  
William Scott Galasso  
Kala Ramesh  
Freddy Ben-Arroyo  
Ben Moeller-Gaa  
Djurdja Vukelić-Rožić 24

Kala Ramesh  
Angelo B. Ancheta  
Robert Beveridge  
Johannes S. H. Bjerg  
Matthew Moffett  
Robert Annis 25

Stephen Toft  
Karen Stromberg  
Susan Burch  
Susan Beall Summers  
Rob Scott  
Johannes S. H. Bjerg  
Marietta McGregor  
Garima Behal 26

Helen Buckingham  
Marianne Paul  
Bob Carlton  
Johannes S. H. Bjerg  
Steve Black  
Marcus Liljedahl & Anna Maris  
Keitha Keyes 27

**FICTION 28-45**

*Passing Period* by Al Ortolani 29  
*The Death of Film* by Alien Water 30  
*Lake Traunsee* by Alyson Miller 31  
*What You Were Crying About* by Aria Riding 32

<i>Poot</i> by Bob Ritchie	33-34
<i>Taking out the Garbage</i> by Eva Roa White	35
<i>Psychiatry and Sometimes it Snows in Vegas</i> by Gabriel Patterson	36-37
<i>Luminous</i> by Marietta McGregor	38
<i>Lankan and Midway</i> by Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois	39-42
<i>Inventories from the Wasteland</i> by Rony Nair	43-45

## **VISUAL ART 46-63**

<i>New York Futurism</i> by Kyle Hemmings	47
<i>Diptych</i> by Olivier Schopfer	48
<i>Haiga</i> by Ramona Linke	49
<i>Closed Doors</i> by Bill Waters	50
<i>Tanka Art</i> by Christine L. Villa	51
<i>Civilly Disobedient</i> by Kayt Hoch	52
<i>Spectransit</i> by Angad Arora and Deepika Chauhan	53
<i>Three Sheets to the Wind</i> by Kyle Hemmings	54
<i>The Cosmic Wars</i> by Stephen Nelson	55
<i>Zen Doodle</i> by Jayashree Maniyil	56
<i>Haiga</i> by Marianne Paul	57
<i>Letter (Uu)</i> by Alexander Limarev	58
<i>Words</i> by Kayt Hoch	59
<i>Zendala</i> by Jayashree Maniyil	60
<i>Tanka Art</i> by Leslie Bamford	61
<i>Organic Doodle</i> by Safiyyah Patel	62
<i>Intereal Levels</i> by Angad Arora and Deepika Chauhan	63

## **INTERVIEW WITH K. SRILATA 64-65**

## **CONTRIBUTORS 66-72**

# EDITORIAL

Welcome to another scintillating issue of *Sonic Boom*. We were overwhelmed by the number of submissions we received during this reading period, and cannot thank you enough for choosing us as a possible home for showcasing your masterpieces. As writers, we know how lonely the publishing business can get.

The Poetry Shack has eclectic pieces that are bound to leave you puzzled, flabbergasted, or in sheer awe. Each poem was chosen keeping in mind the journal's overall aesthetics, and our fancy for the experimental, but definitely not at the cost of deliberate obfuscation.

The Paper Lanterns section has a gorgeous array of haiku, in-your-face senryu, some poignant and hard-hitting tanka and sedoka, and our first ever tan-renga collaboration. We have offered you fresh images to ruminate over, and perhaps jot down a few in your physical/mental notebook of favourites.

The Fiction section contains some of the finest work we have published so far, and we are truly proud to present our readers with such unique and individuated voices. This section seamlessly brings together haibun, hybrid work, and experimental narrative techniques with finesse.

The Visual Art section boasts of a plethora of media to titillate your senses and maybe even inspire you to try your own hand at photography or doodling!

Also gracing the pages of issue five, is our interview with poet, writer, professor, and translator, K. Srilata. She talks about her work, inspiration, recurring themes, and much more.

I sincerely hope you enjoy this issue that we have curated with love and a little bit of eccentricity, as evident from the title of our cover art.

- Shloka Shankar

# THE POETRY SHACK

## In Sylvia Plath's Kitchen

By *Ann Yu Huang*

A lukewarm night invites the full house  
from both its past and future happiness.  
Its significant attachment infiltrates  
either the karma surrounded and to whom you know of the flowers  
inward—moist, tender, as though it only needed the moon.  
Onward, the family shall be kindred  
and intricate, inclusive without showing emotion.  
Sometimes there is this exposé—exposed  
more than iron-wielding stairways and drunken bedrooms. Some  
traces—on top the long granite slabs, in front of the bewildered driveway—  
to the hollow compartments of a soul? Mingling acts, of  
dead lilt, a hospitality more than the hospitality. Which place at your house  
inspired these catchy fancies—those illuminations  
already showing your generous attitudes to please.

## Assertions

By Bruce Sager

*I think, therefore* I know the river  
is only a road, straights, curves, not unlike the imagination,  
countless rounds of hydrogen and oxygen. Still, these airy  
piranha are at me in the depths of night, all  
over me, those rapid trillion teeth.

*I think, therefore* I know the skies  
are one sky – one sky, knitted. Yet the heavens change road  
by road, the moon tacks county by county, inflected,  
each blue a page, its own, a singularity, each bone-  
weary, a billion years of passage.

*I think, therefore* I know the tree  
is just a root, a vegetation, this life of leaf and branch,  
conscious of light the way a clock, after a million  
million minutes, might grow conscious of its gears  
and the hands that depend from its gears.

*I think, therefore* I know this earth  
is simply a ship on heavy seas, and I am a twelve-year-old  
standing in the rain, waiting for the system, waiting  
for a yellow bus. And now it's late again. Somehow  
always late on days like these.

## Political Density Poem

*By Heath Brougber*

The density of falsehoods within politics  
can rewind and reverse a black hole.  
You see you have your verbal garbage  
being sucked right in. Interesting,  
however, is when the black hole reverses  
and spits dense dark rubbish  
back upon us, into our brains.  
Creating the parameters of a new reality.

Why words and Alzheimer's?  
Original but dead. You can't bend out  
your brain. The political polluter is to this.  
Sincerely, Halitosis. I'm going to not care  
what others think of my appearance,  
and will steer clear of girls who make  
a big priority out of this. September braces.  
A thick stump.

I raised you from a little cup of water.  
You were born in a bottle.  
You were born out of a black hole.

## 79 Degree Probability of Loss

*By Jeanpaul Ferro*

What beautiful death there is in Madonna de Campiglio,  
the peasant people frozen in ice in dance,  
the slopes of Austria, and now they call it Italy,  
another place you must come, one more dream to put your trust in,

and you can't believe you'll ever do it again,  
swimming in the light and shadows where you've drowned,  
the gum arabic and green volatilize of valle Verzasca—  
the river where you saw the diver from Lucerne go down three times,  
the way you held his girlfriend, the river from the glacier,  
minion and nonpareil, crystalline, his body preserved,  
Russian experiment in the stone houses of Sonogno,

the ache in my body as you ease yourself against me,  
the way your legs cower out, the ecstasy in your pain,  
in the white under your flesh in your bones,  
the risk, the knife of your spine,  
and I take it, twist and turn and bludgeon it,  
and the body moves, consumes all of me, and you give in,  
and you die in a way, too, so cold here in the Dolomites,  
always writing by candlelight, the bathroom out in the hallway,  
and dance without music—

the sound of your hands against the piano back in the States.

## Quiet Unlearnings

*By Kayt Hoch*

The white sleeved arms had hands too thin to hold. There was nowhere to walk anyway; no matter what chair she started from.

Rain streaked her bottle thick eyeglasses, the white fingers tried to slip over her eyes but her blinks were a camera shutter; recording, recording. She refused to see what she was told.

The white shoes looked like erasers rubbing the floor though they concealed nothing. Her shutter eyes saw everything.

Voices in white aprons pushing the chairs told her good girls wear white at their weddings.

She wondered if the white made brides just a little bit invisible; maybe made it easier to be good girls. Good girls don't give the milk away until the cow is bought.

Voices in the yard fluttered the worn white window curtains. She wondered if a fair lady was the same thing as a good girl. She wondered why London bridge was falling down.

## **Crow, with nothing to say**

*By Kimberly White*

Crow wakes up wearing the shell of the scarab he chased in his dream. The dream was not completely clear, in the way of dreams, but Crow will freely interpret.

Look at the way the scarab shell mirrors the jewel-toned hues hidden in Crow's own black feathers. Crow turns from side to side in the mirror, lets the light reflect and refract through the prismatic eye of history. The rainbow eye of myth.

In the name of history, Crow devours what is transitory, feeds on the scraps of what others leave behind. In the service of myth, Crow resurrects, flaps his black wings to stir new breath.

These are not the building blocks of a God. It is simply Crow's dream last night. Tomorrow's dream will be as different as today's from yesterday.

\*

Winter Crow wears superficial white, just beneath the infidel glare of what you think are just black feathers, shouts back from the aether: Which is more primitive - a Crow becoming a Rattlesnake, or a Rattlesnake trying to become a Crow?

\*

Crow breaks his own heart every day, so no one else can. So he can love so much better. So don't complain when he breaks yours.

Let Crow gather the pieces, drop them from high places like walnuts. Leave them as they fall, an open-ended mosaic in hermetic shades drawn from the aether from which Crow sings.

\*

When Crow has nothing to say, that is when Crow has the most to say. Hear the silence of Crow, listen to the ways in which the unspoken becomes the alchemy of art.

## Parallel Lives Are Not Supposed to Meet

By *Lois Roma-Deeley*

I have imagined you, my sister  
*(isn't this what everyone wants to hear?)*  
sitting on a porch in a wicker chair,  
*(the one who sings to)*  
scents of crushed basil and rosemary  
*(the blind what if?)*  
floating on a breeze from the garden  
*(of that two-story house)*  
where no one knows anyone by name.

## Costumes from China

*By Matthew James Friday*

A chunk of triangular wood  
drops out of a blue IKEA bag  
full of school storytelling props  
and dressing-up costumes. All  
the way from China in a tanker  
via Hong Kong and Bremen.  
Not wood. A beautiful, speckled  
moth, dressed up in its own costumes,  
stunned after its three month voyage.  
It flaps to a table, and then, with my  
customary hands trying to catch it,  
to the window. Its papery wings  
are a collapsed fan until I open the  
window. Freedom for the immigrant,  
a lonely, foreign end of its story.

## New Orleans 1986

*By Phil SaintDenisSanchez*

my father broke a glass milk jug fresh over the skull  
of an armed robber  
in our driveway  
on a trip back from Langenstein's  
knocked him out cold  
stomped his head into the concrete  
took his gun and flight  
while my mother read us Creole stories from Mere's books  
in Mimi's attic  
Mimi was busy proving time wrong at 94 and blew death off  
for another decade before she said why not  
Mere was in 1822 watching Marie Lavau's daughter  
free slaves from the auction block  
before being shipped off to Santiago to save her from  
her own power  
she wrote in chalk crosses  
and taught her students at Tulane the same dialect  
on the steps of my other childhood home Pop called the sonofabitch  
with the tech 9 in his belly a sonofabitch  
threw cash in his face and walked away for he still  
held the real heat  
he made it rain before storm clouds rolled in and  
brought the four o' clock relief  
(summer scorched/made the bricks sweat/  
summer heavy as new sin deep inside you)  
World War II never stops in his head or on his television  
that man can watch the fuck out some D Day docs  
the arch of oak trees over Saint Charles trying in vain to teach me patience  
Domelise's serving fully-dressed po boys with glass root beers  
brass burning syncopation into the air  
infinite ivy fingers reaching up a buildingside to sky  
brother i'm home again/sister i'm home again  
i dressed as a black jaguar for Mardi Gras  
the first costume i chose for myself  
floats showered me in beaded luck  
they saw me  
they felt me  
Amy on her long four block bus ride back to the Magnolia  
blessed, sweet-scented war zone  
Mable on repeat: "that lil 4 year old chilegonna be president one day"  
impossibly young, i wandered through Audubon Park  
identifying mushrooms:  
chanterelles, wood ears, even amanitas

telling my mother which ones were safe to eat

**The Man Called November 11<sup>th</sup>**  
(after Tensai Okamura)

*By Robert Beveridge*

There is a box—no,  
not a box, but something  
that can be opened. It's  
on the other side of the tracks,  
that semi-mythical place where  
grass is a different color, toilets  
flush by themselves, harlequins  
predict weather with the aid of caterpillars.  
Really, we can do nothing  
but watch; we tend towards cleavage  
yet find ourselves on parallel paths,  
never approaching either meaning.  
The closest we can get is to breathe  
one another's secondhand smoke,  
exchange longing-yet-stuttering glances  
like anime characters over a faulty  
Internet connection.  
Whatever it is, don't open it.

## This is not a walking meditation

By *Samantha Albala*

stand

sink weight into heels  
engage the pelvis fire  
vibrate hands: energy  
use instinct: inner tiger

trace movements of body  
with closed eyes

red, dusty, not from dust, not fading

an untouchable table holds  
Tibetan prayer beads: offering  
controlled denied response

everything delicate, a moth  
disintegrates in the palm  
while the flood goes on

a succulent in the window has a name:  
Anna Kendrick and her beauty

the sunflower has a mood:  
bashful

the restaurant advertises psychiatric help— five cents:  
peanuts

downstairs is a self-portrait:  
sea sick green background  
salt sticking to the man's glasses

observe  
the bicycle  
stacks of vintage magazines  
high ceilings  
rising further and further away

## Just pocket a memory

By *Trish Hopkinson*

The shape of smooth stones,  
    though it takes eight years  
        to write it down,  
        to trace it,  
        taste it,  
        sense it. . . .  
That's it?

Maybe. Skip rocks  
    in a breeze lifting off the sound—  
    to match perspective,  
    hitched and turned to fly.

The angle, hooked on chance,  
    broke the ground  
    easy, easy enough.

And far below,  
    a small black shadow,  
    sailing. Glimmering  
    in a garden no one's ever named.

This isn't the rain—  
    a pattern before a story  
    no one wanted,  
    a thousand manifestos  
    to speak for themselves.

The story built well-balanced tables,  
    bunk beds, picture frames . . .  
        for hours,  
        for hours,  
        and wind chimes.  
Yes, that's a story also.

It's common for some to manifest,  
    collision and molecules  
        and talismans and wind,  
        for the measure of time—  
(That's it?)  
        stretching farther along.  
                    Just the kind to keep.

**Source:** An erasure culled out from “Just Once I’d Like to Sneak Up on the Wind” by Rob Carney. *Story Problems*. Somondoco Press.

# PAPER LANTERNS

adjusting my kigo the sky's blue deepening

- Anna Cates

pointillist talk rain speckles the gallery windows

- Marietta McGregor

writing about the hydrangea he sees a daisy

- Myron Lysenko

raking the sky you don't even have to

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

first snowflakes –  
my grey hair surrounds  
the barber's chair

- Rob Scott

snowfall weaving the light at gravity's end

- Mark E. Brager

leaving summer behind escarpment rain

- Tim Gardiner

cross country walk pissing is the ornamentation

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

the length of the night when it matters why

- Samar Ghose

the melted snow i will catch myself in

- Joshua Eric Williams

zazen...

and how much longer before

I become the pine

- Jayashree Maniyil

fun up to a point learning curve

- David J. Kelly

mindfulness –  
my growing pile  
of colouring books

- Jayashree Maniyil

succulents  
planted in muffin tins  
I find some solace  
in a place where I can start  
dreaming small

- Christine L. Villa

fish bowl  
is there a world  
outside home

- Vandana Parashar

day excursion  
we step into  
a new/old world

- William Scott Galasso

the ease of a ballpoint my life on the move

- Kala Ramesh

moving soon –  
how will my Scotch taste  
in the new house?

- Freddy Ben-Arroyo

afternoon heat  
we immigrate into  
a watermelon

- Ben Moeller-Gaa

after the party  
my key does not open  
the neighbor's house

- Djurdja Vukelić-Rožić

baby tortoise  
how old  
is ancient

- Kala Ramesh

alpenglow  
that which remains when  
a song ends

- Angelo B. Ancheta

bifurcation  
the way ideas part  
and become blackbirds

- Robert Beveridge

January  
by moving a chair  
the world changes

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

cornstalks offering themselves upward as if

- Matthew Moffett

D. T. Suzuki  
describes enlightenment  
as ordinary life,  
two inches off the ground—  
sitting on numb legs

- Robert Annis

love poetry –  
the art of naming  
a storm

- Stephen Toft

birding  
our familial tremor  
in my hand

- Karen Stromberg

the texture  
of the wicker chair  
still on my arms –  
the criss-crossing weave  
of love and hate  
we keep repeating

- Susan Burch

even though  
he's a good husband  
resentment takes root  
between the next load of laundry  
and “what’s for dinner?”

- Susan Beall Summers

mercury drops I get the cold shoulder

- Rob Scott

unable to speak my loving you must be enough

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

roadside rust bucket—  
every real apology  
we could have made

- Marietta McGregor

not discounting my pauses telephone bill

- Garima Behal

white noise  
santa's landfill

- Helen Buckingham

sneakers dangling over the telephone wire participles to(o)

- Marianne Paul

stare down:  
that moon will blink,  
that moon

- Bob Carlton

three-pillow reading asana  
a pea  
remains frozen

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

catfight  
the dog beside  
himself

- Steve Black

steaming bath  
my worries dissolve  
into the whiskey glass

*wiping mist from the mirror*  
*i add ice to my karma*

- a tan renga by Marcus Liljedahl & *Anna Maris*

first the primer  
after that, the undercoat  
then the colour –  
I follow the instructions  
my beautician gives me

- Keitha Keyes

FICTION

## Passing Period

*By Al Ortolani*

Classes are changing, and although I made it to the door quickly, I am beaten by a teacher from across the hall. He pees slowly, washes his hands front and back, dries them carefully with too many paper towels. I hear him pumping them from the dispenser the way I used to jack-up my BB gun. Then there's another pause, one that I cannot account for. His hand should be turning the door handle, unlatching the dead bolt. My guess is that he combs his thick hair, checks his nostrils for hangers, tongues the gaps between his teeth. In a moment, the bell will ring. My students will be in class, milling between their desks, shooting Instagrams into cyber space. The principal walks the hall with his iPad. As I round the corner, he types a note.

old coach dribbling a basketball through the gym's twilight

## The Death of Film

(after Wiley Wiggins)

By *Alien Water*

It is still early when Oliver decides to rest on a bench, contemplating life and his place in it.

A man sits down next to Oliver, and he looks like a paradox, a liberal businessman to be exact. Black suit, dirty trainers, cheap charcoal sunglasses covering his eyes, dark hair in disarray, and a copy of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* (the film) dangling from his filthy, tangent-ridden hands; a true bohemian.

The man takes off his sunglasses and throws them into a nearby trashcan.

“You know, we shouldn't have to make our eyes conform to the sunlight. Sunglasses are self-imposed prisons for the eyes.”

Oliver thinks about this statement. He decides he likes it.

“Well said.”

“Thanks.”

“I have this song stuck in my head, an original one. It's about how far I've come, but really, I haven't achieved much of anything. What do you think about that?”

“I don't know, what are you asking me for?”

“Don't know, just talking, I guess.”

“Sleep is a myth and super-calculus isn't. Remember that, and everything will make sense. Solitude is a virtue. We are all part of an absurdist mishap.”

The man twists away from Oliver to peruse his copy of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*.

Oliver decides to go to the cinema and ride buses for the rest of the day.

## Lake Traunsee

*By Alyson Miller*

The suitcase washes up first, on a Monday, its grey blue skin scudding onto the shorelines of Lake Traunsee. It contains the purple white parts of a wife with no name, chopped parcel-small and bundled into the travel bag that used to hold old towels frayed by the scrape of wet bodies and the metal belly of the washing machine. Opened by tourists, the sodden flesh of her torso is newly alive with water worms and crabs as pale and pink as fingernails. On Tuesday, divers emerge with a husband of no name, whose limbs are woven around baggage knotted tight to ankles and wrists in a caricature of an octopus or bladderwrack weed. Hanging from the right shoulder, wrapped in a cool slate casing of concrete, is the head of his wife. A rope screwed into the outer shell, she draggles like a Christmas bauble or treat, an imperfect Siamese twin. In the folklore of Salzkammergut, a region whose sound echoes the cut and choke of Seppuku, legends tell of a hippocamp ridden by a grieving mermaid; a lake monster tied to a beautiful suicide, or the reverse. In the cases anchoring his body to the silt and mud of the waterbed, forensics find a pulpy mess of letters, a bag of baby teeth and needle-thin fish bones, and the soft ears of a knitted yellow bear.

## What You Were Crying About

*By Aria Riding*

The night was hungry. You plucked out my eyes with a spoon. There they rolled between the gaps in the table. Then, into the ruts in the floorboards, such rough, splintery channels, still they steered me – as all the blood in my body suddenly rushes past the ears.

Hoping that one eye might witness the other in its plight, you drew their attention with a little dance; your boot coming down. One eye saw the other squelch, though I did not, but I know the sound and the smell. Like a princess sleeping unwashed in the cinders of the hearth of a tall tower, amongst burned remnants of a wooden boy, a spinning wheel, some shavings of foot meat, strands of dwarf cum, and longer strands of hair.

You put an eye in my hand and went out (or pretended to have gone out). You always leave. Though we loved and knew each other, we were a patchwork of pieces that was no longer one. It is much the same between my eye and I, this eye that rolls to and fro, that cannot rest – it does not feel at home in this socket. Nor in the other, where it trembles like a mouse, spilling inconsolable tendrils of nerves and tears as if mourning at a mirror's grave. I cradle the eye gently, as gently as possible, but the ache shoots through the back of my skull. All the same, just the same. Like you and me. I'm bound by my attachment. In my palm, my own eye (or is it your eye, I didn't see) reminds me forever that I was watched and watched – and how I was watched and watched and watched, and again I was watched, and then I was watched, and I was watched interminably, without rest. Carelessly, I let my eyes roam freely. But you. Never. You kept a tight rein over your own, always trained upon me.

Finally, I looked at you. In your eyes, I had already committed a crime. You wanted me to see how you felt. You didn't come back. I heard you ravaged scores of princes...before one crept up behind you and did you in while you were devouring sacrificial virgins. But you were crying about me.

## Poot

By Bob Ritchie

James is a dog. No judgments, please; remember that Dog is Man's best friend. And remember also that Shepherds were the first to witness the holy electricity shining above the crossed-child. That James is a dog doesn't mean he isn't human like the rest of us. The preceding may seem irrelevant.

We hold these truths to be self-evident that all LPs were created round, endowed by their creators with catastrophic vibrations; ask James. The dog.

Is it not said that the light dazzling one's eye is truth, while the goldfish swimming 'round and 'round is merely Harold? To put it another way: that one's spouse farts while asleep does not make that person capable of great and smelly things—not without the aid of your cooking.

"A-one and a—say, wasn't that a marvelous job your boy said he did but didn't do on your Cadillac?"

"You bet. And folks, if you think *your* kids are inveterate liars who think only to overthrow your household, get online and download Dr. Roppert L. Wagner's *Sodium Pentothal for the Masses*. It's great for finding out what the sneaky bastards have been up to at 4 o'clock in the blessed AM. And ladies, those suspicious stains on your husband's shirts? 'Nuf said. Back to our movie."

Soda is an important part of any dream of wealth, but why is that envelope slicing my tongue? 'Cause I can't sleep and the phone is off the hook? It can get out of jail but not pass go fuck a tree. See, the dog leaves my leg alone. "Don't come back until you've graduated from Disneyland!" The party never ends.

Come into my mind. A witchy voice; scratchy. A voice that untwists every nerve fiber. Fear the voice, ye children of the land. Listen: discover death. Insanity. When it speaks of telling time and thinking about . . . well, no longer.

I can't see: get your finger out of my ear. My scattering senses, outcome of a bum leg, an evening drunk, a neurotic tendency. Dulled and blurred, I fall. I die. I lick the village stamp: it screams. The point? No points, just meaningless lines in space. Interpretation is everything. To fall back on convention. To use structure. To crave it, *need* it. To dream. The 21<sup>st</sup> Century Schizoid Man, addicted to the struggle of the mind, creates structure from naught. We live our lives within our minds; James the Dog frolics with a chair. It is a memory; it is a structure. Is it a dream? Increasingly difficult to distinguish the real from the unreal.

But today, I hurt. Last night was the worst of my life. Everything fell apart in a few words. I went insane and wandered, aimless, at 4 AM, screaming, crying. I would have curled up in a ball and wept my life, except I had promised to go straight home.

A friend rescued me before my will to live could hitchhike a passing leaf. I lost my structure, and, almost, my life.

James the Dog understands structure. James the Dog was James the Man, until he grew to understand structure. Now, James is a dog. Don't judge. He shed his structure. It fell away in a hot fit of emotional trauma.

James is a dog.

## Taking out the Garbage

By *Eva Roa White*

Zoe wakes up crying.

Her dream is of the sticky kind, the kind she can't shake off, even after a long, cold shower.

Barefoot and with wet hair, Zoe all but runs out of the house to escape the lingering dream. But even the unexpected cold breeze of a Midwestern August morning does nothing to clear her mind, though it gives her goose bumps on her damp brown arms and legs. She wishes she had thrown on jeans and a sweater, instead of just grabbing yesterday's thin shift. And dried her hair. And worn shoes.

But she can't go back inside yet.

Instead, she sits shivering on the tree swing behind her modest blue bungalow. Strands of dark, sappy hair stick to her face as she calls her best friend on the other side of the Atlantic. Claire, who is probably still at work, doesn't answer; but her voice comes through. Zoe smiles weakly, her friend's words almost chasing the dream away; she pictures Claire tilting her frizzy blonde head to one side as she records the message.

"Claire, appelle moi!" Zoe almost shouts at the disembodied voice, feeling a moment of panic, as if it all depended on this one connection. Slowly, she closes her eyes and forces herself to take three deep belly breaths, before picking herself up and going back into the house.

Wrapped in her old red bathrobe with wool socks on her feet, Zoe takes another electronic trip, this time via her high-speed Internet connection. Though coffee steams caffeine and warmth through her body, her thin fingers are still numb, pecking at the keyboard slowly but resolutely, much like hungry hens looking for a worm.

Where is he? Zoe knows the man in the dream got married. She wonders whether the now-wife is satisfied. Do they have children? Is he a good father? Does he ever think of her? Does he too wake up bloated with dreams about unresolved times?

When she finally captures his name with her electronic lasso, Zoe pauses. Does she really want to know? She takes another sip of coffee, sighs, then releases the virtual rope and lets him go.

Later, Zoe will explain to Claire that, in the dream, the trash bags she carried were white. Two full bags. And that one broke, tearing itself right down the middle, spilling pink words and papers, but no sand, no wind, no coral reef. And, that when she looked up, there was the man's shadow, leaning against the light pole across her house, watching her take out the garbage.

## Psychiatry

*By Gabriel Patterson*

misdiagnosed...  
a pharmacy  
on every corner

“I feel like my whole life has been spent drinking one ethereal fountain drink. Condensation droplets gather at my pores, shifting ice cubes cool my heart, thin red and blue lines run alongside the white noise of my mind,” I explain, hearing the scribbles of a felt tip pen soak her notepad. “So when my wisdom teeth were extracted last week and the dentist told me I couldn't drink out of a straw for a while, I remembered the guided path my chocolate milk made through the twisted turns of a crazy straw one morning before school.”

“Someone has embedded green straws into the world's psyche,” she smirks, trying to make light of my situation. She then asks the color of my crazy straw, the one I had as a child. I tell her it was red, even though it was really green.

trying to avoid  
the light pole  
we crash the light pole

## Sometimes it Snows in Vegas

*By Gabriel Patterson*

Fold your sheet of paper into fourths. Begin cutting. Sharp cuts, long cuts, cut exquisitely. Don't unfold it yet. More people will come holding their own folded papers. Some of them careless. Accidental snips seep blood into paper. Imagine those papers a place on the map, a place with no snow. We provide human precipitation. Past lives scatter our descent from storm clouds. Every person a dream, every dream a snowflake, crashing against wet asphalt. We'll flurry the skies. Visibility decreases in the chaos. 6,000 people a month join a growing mob. A 100-degree storm. These snowflakes simulate wilted oleander petals touched by desert sun.

## Luminous

By Marietta McGregor

Before she begins work, she chants the paint spectrum—*viridian, cadmium red, bismuth yellow, rose madder*—then slaps a wash across the canvas in the shed she calls her studio, although it's only the laundry. She's pushed the washer into a corner and claimed the space for an easel. With the colour orison, she conjures whirling goddesses to stand beside her on the concrete floor, and bear witness to her sleight-of-hand in creating beauty out of nothing—*vermilion, cerulean, magenta*.

Her children call from their sunlit disorder outside her grey room, but she doesn't hear. She's laying down paint, making herself again, fine and strong—*antwerp blue, gamboge, sap green*. Suddenly, she loses her way among the browns—*raw sienna, umber, ochre*. Deserts and plains grind her up and spit her out in the dried-blood colours of dead beetles. Dust from the laundry floor is in her eyes and the carousel attendants have left. The smears she makes run amok, dark as sorrow—*carbon black, paynes grey, bone white*.

She opens the door to the day, and for the first time, sees her children.

blinking your shape lost into sunshift

**Note:** The monoku was first published in *Under the Bashō*, 2015.

## Lankan

By Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois

1.

She is Sri Lankan. She keeps telling me I'm a great writer, which annoys me, but she insists. I say: *If I'm a great writer, why aren't I rich and famous?*

She says: *Until the giant sleeps, the dwarfs play everywhere.* That is both folksy and elegant, but I lose my patience and say: *Well, don't call me great anymore. Truth be told, I'm one of the dwarfs. Besides, calling me great stimulates egotism and, as a Buddhist, you know that's not desirable.*

*Okay, I'm sorry. I won't call you great anymore.* She goes walking around the lake. When she returns she says: *You know what I think of when I see cranes? I think of tying their long necks together. They have lovely long necks with tiny soft feathers. So white. So white.*

I say: *that's not nice. You're a mean girl. Mean.*

She smiles, and I see that I've missed her meaning.

2.

She says: *Home is not where you were born. Home is where all your attempts to escape cease.*

I say: *Did you make that up?* She is surprisingly smart, but maybe the fact that I am surprised by her intelligence is only proof of my own prejudice and condescension.

She says: *No. Some philosopher, but I can't remember his name or address.*

I say: *Here with you, I have no desire to escape. I must be home.*

She smiles.

But then it hits me—I've never had a desire to escape from anywhere (a miracle for a Jew). I've enjoyed everywhere I've ever lived, whether it was in a ghetto or a forest, in a sawmill camp along a highway, in an apartment across from a semi-professional baseball field, in a shabby room, sharing a kitchen with a guy, where the ancient burger grease was inches thick, in a house next door to a prison where my wife was incarcerated, in a chamber of smog, in a chamber of pulp mill fumes, in a condemned bar, in a bed with the legs set in water pails to keep me from getting malaria, in a malaria ward, in the servant's quarters of a youth hostel in Tanzania, in an apartment across from a mill pond {He hugged his melancholy to his breast as if it were inherited farmland that many ancestors had sweated over. He lacked success or satisfaction, but melancholy was a vast ocean much greater

than the mill pond across the street from his apartment, where logs floated, barely submerged, waiting to be plucked and sawn up for the mill owner's profit. Under the melancholic's apartment was a hidden stairway which led to a small hidden cellar where, during the depression, a whiskey still created the amber fluid that sets our souls soaring. But this melancholic doesn't bring a bottle with him. He just goes down there and sits in the dark and silence, his back against the cold wall, his buttocks on the cold floor}, in a commune populated by Tasmanian Devils, in the basement of an avant-garde museum which featured plaster casts of vaginas and which sold "cunt soap" in their gift shop.

Like I said, I've enjoyed everywhere I've lived. I've been comfortable everywhere. I've never longed to escape. It was only circumstances that sent me on to the next place.

## Midway

By Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois

1.

It's cold and rainy on the carnival midway. Only the masochists are out, and the desperate, the recovering alcoholics who are terrified by the idea of going into a warm bar, the meth heads who have blown up their homes, blown up their mothers who'd been sleeping on the couch with aggravated expressions on their faces.

I'm there with my kids. I buy them blue popsicles and they eat them in the rain, avoiding mud holes when they can. I'm fulfilling my responsibility, teaching them about life.

2.

I create midnight poetry readings. I litter the city with flyers, yellow, pink and light blue, the colors of baby's breath, reassuring, comforting colors. But in the end, I am the only one who attends.

3.

When we get home, soggy, muddy, and they've gone to bed, I turn on my Latino laptop. The tiny fan keeps me warm. I have a hundred messages from people wanting me to like them. I don't even know them, but I like them. I like most people.

4.

During the Independence Day parade, I scored off the Frito-Lay truck, bags and bags of chips. I was faster than the old farmer who was handing out samples. My hands flew like three-card monte. He was a potato. I was a potato slicer. Man cannot live on chips alone.

5.

The wooden folding chairs from the thirties that the county bought for audiences after a stage was added to the back of the one-room schoolhouse seem to ask: *Where are the children? Where is the audience? Why are you sitting in the dark mumbling obscurities to yourself and calling it art and fulfillment?*

6.

I ran to the *House of Flavors* truck. Ice cream flowed out as on a Charlie Chaplin conveyer belt or an *I Love Lucy* production line. We were all jolly as we mind-melded with obesity. *Live long and prosper*, we told each other, though we knew we would do neither.

More of us are wearing suspenders, I notice. More massage therapists are charging by the pound. It's cynical and callous, but they do it anyway. Like the Gold Rush, any one of them can get rich off one vein.

## Inventories from the Wasteland

(an ekphrastic response)

By Rony Nair



Photograph: Rony Nair

The deepest woods bear pathways. Twinning up over “Welcome” boards;  
department stores  
stock piles of sewage stowed away  
from vision.  
Necrophiliacs and butterfly parks. Stalk-eyed train tracks.  
Curving alleyways; splinters of grass.  
Escalator stairways, glass-frosted  
giveaways fronting up as talismanic signboards.  
Run down shanty towns papered over washed laundry boards.  
Bags filled with yesterday’s scabs. Mental eyewash.

*I came by yesterday to walk with you,  
"Who walks through woods anymore," you said,  
"other than those crazy souls. Bereft. Alone."*

A fair distance from Paris. People traipse out behind stadiums;  
to let themselves release, in conservatories, where  
birds mutate into carnivores in evolution;  
reversing the score.  
Pterodactyl plates in museums no longer bear signage or signature plates,  
as the moors who stand guard hold inquests. In selfie mode.

*So the pathways curve in sonorous ways.  
The birds still congregate on solitary mannequin shaped  
trees set up to adorn tanks filled up to resemble lakes.  
You said, "Who walks anymore, anyway! And these woods aren't woods anymore."*

Billboards scream of car parks and trees, viscerally  
placed to draw our breath;  
spasmodic. Entwined.  
Ghost-ridden. Laughs before lights seems to be the name of the game.  
No Cigarette zones and stubbed out reams. Fairy godmothers,  
empty dreams,  
cars plying into driveway stores.  
Rubber machines. Gravel.

*If you still want to not walk alone  
over petrolite spirits,  
there's green bunds and verdant hillocks.  
Just down from the liquor store.  
You said, "Stuck between longing and love,  
I'm not too sure anymore."*

The moral police occupy swathes of foliage.  
Corruption is legal, but a kiss would kill.  
There's a stage ready for the next conservation advert.  
Beside the stash, there's carwash tracks;  
gargoyle taxidermists stuff elephants next  
to toy trains that run east to west.

Plywood lines in fracture echo across territory  
long held in abeyance; marked by silhouette rings  
curved into the next golf course. Refreshment sins.

*These are places down under  
where we knew the score.  
Peopled tents  
and rancid bores  
extended hands; and comedy out of an Elmore Leonard bookended triage.  
You said, "There you go again. With something that means nothing."  
I sat down. And retched.*

VISUAL ART

*New York Futurism* by Kyle Hemmings



*Diptych* by Olivier Schopfer



Haiga by Ramona Linke

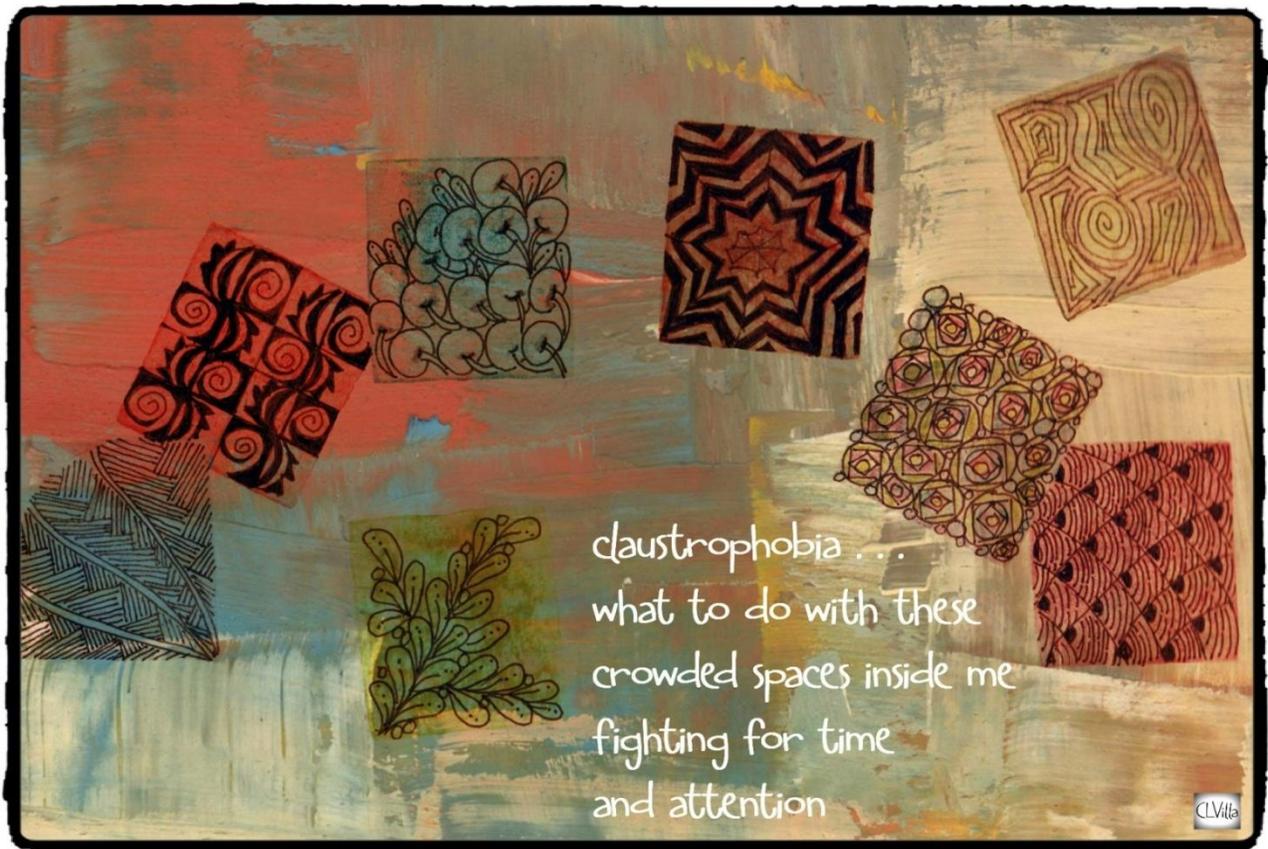


*fallow period  
finding a new dimension  
of my primal dream*



*Closed Doors* by Bill Waters







*Spectransit* by Angad Arora and Deepika Chauhan



*Three Sheets to the Wind* by Kyle Hemmings





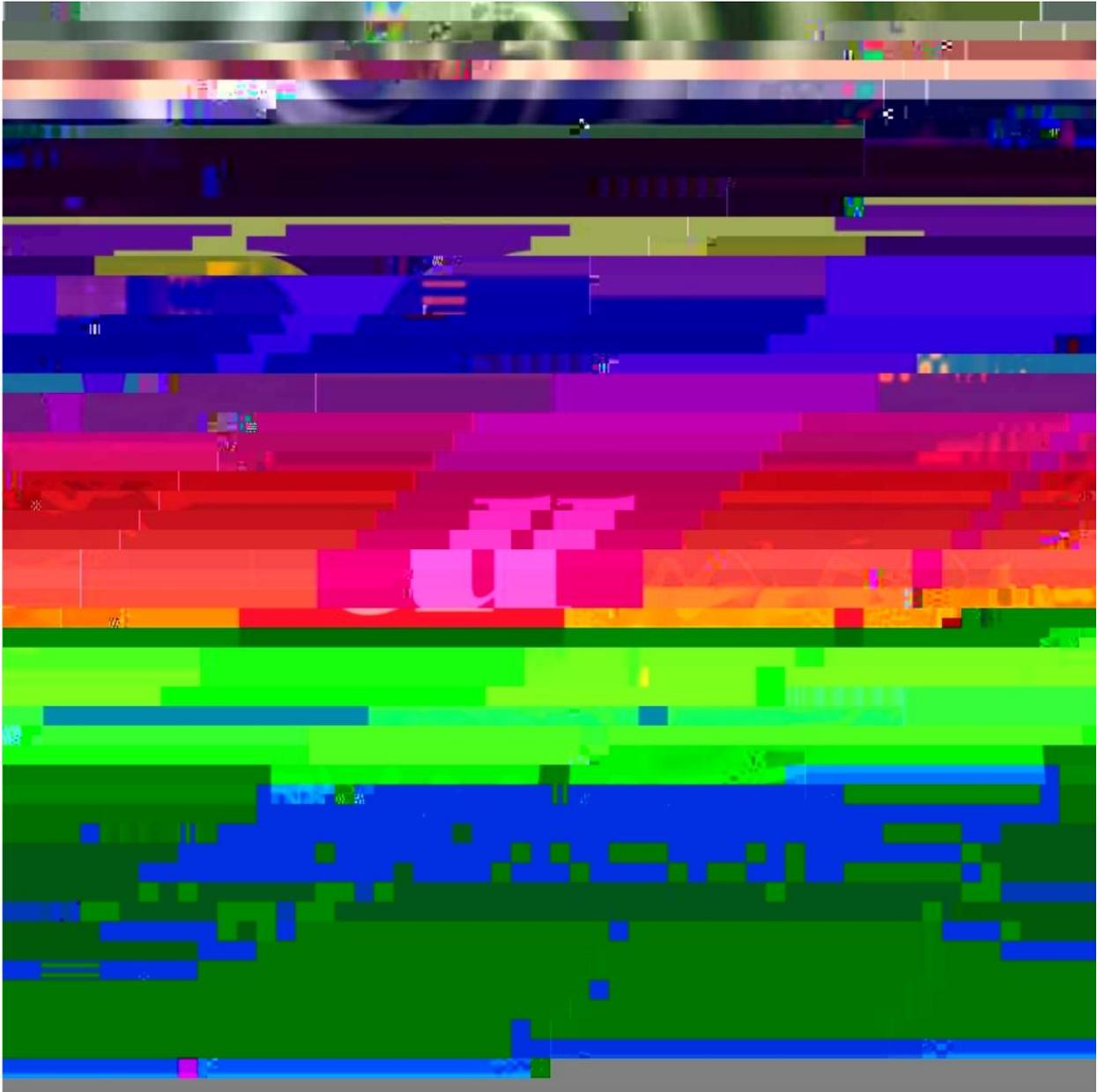
Zen Doodle by Jayashree Maniyil



Haiga by Marianne Paul



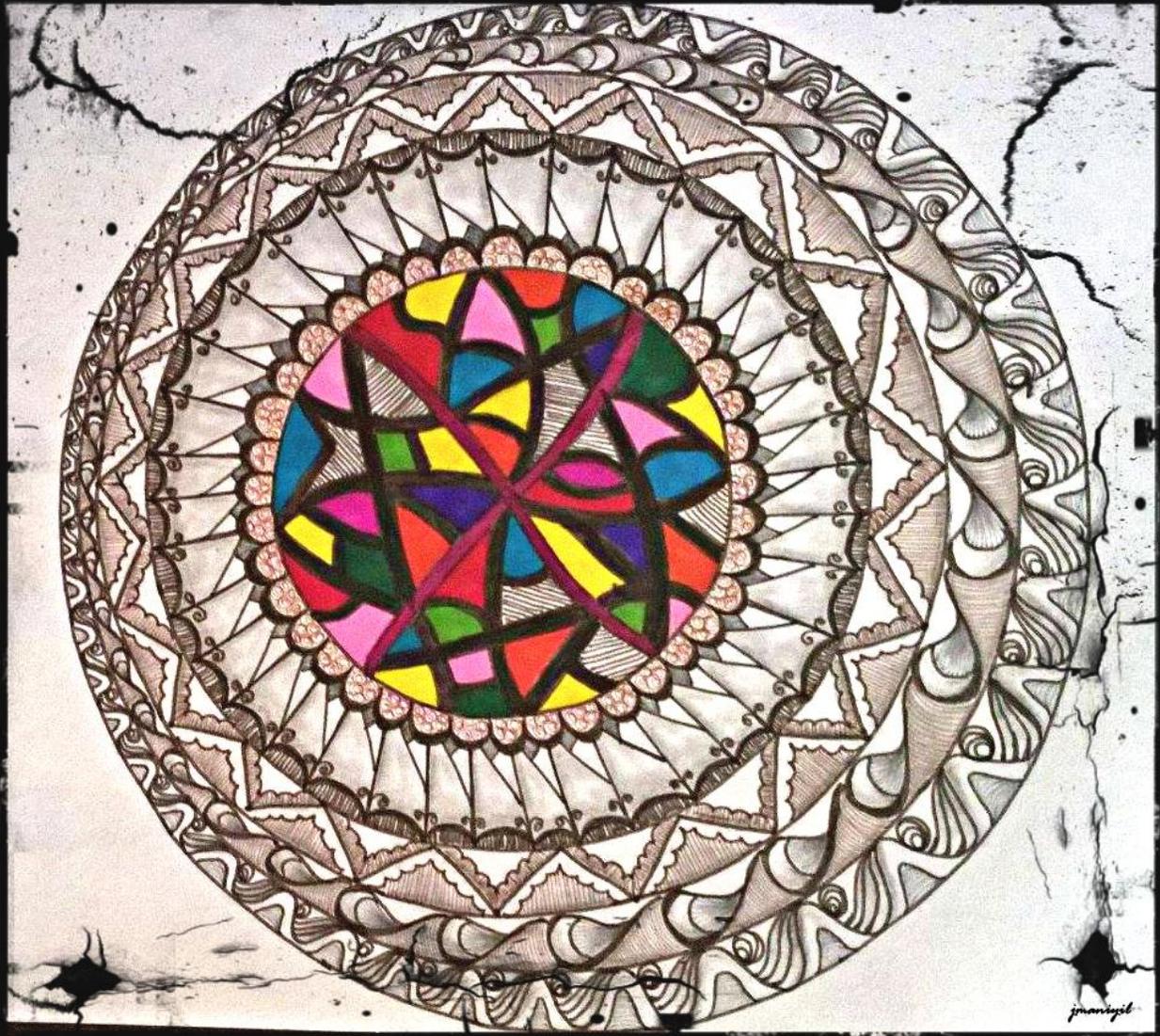
*Letter (Uu)* by Alexander Limarev



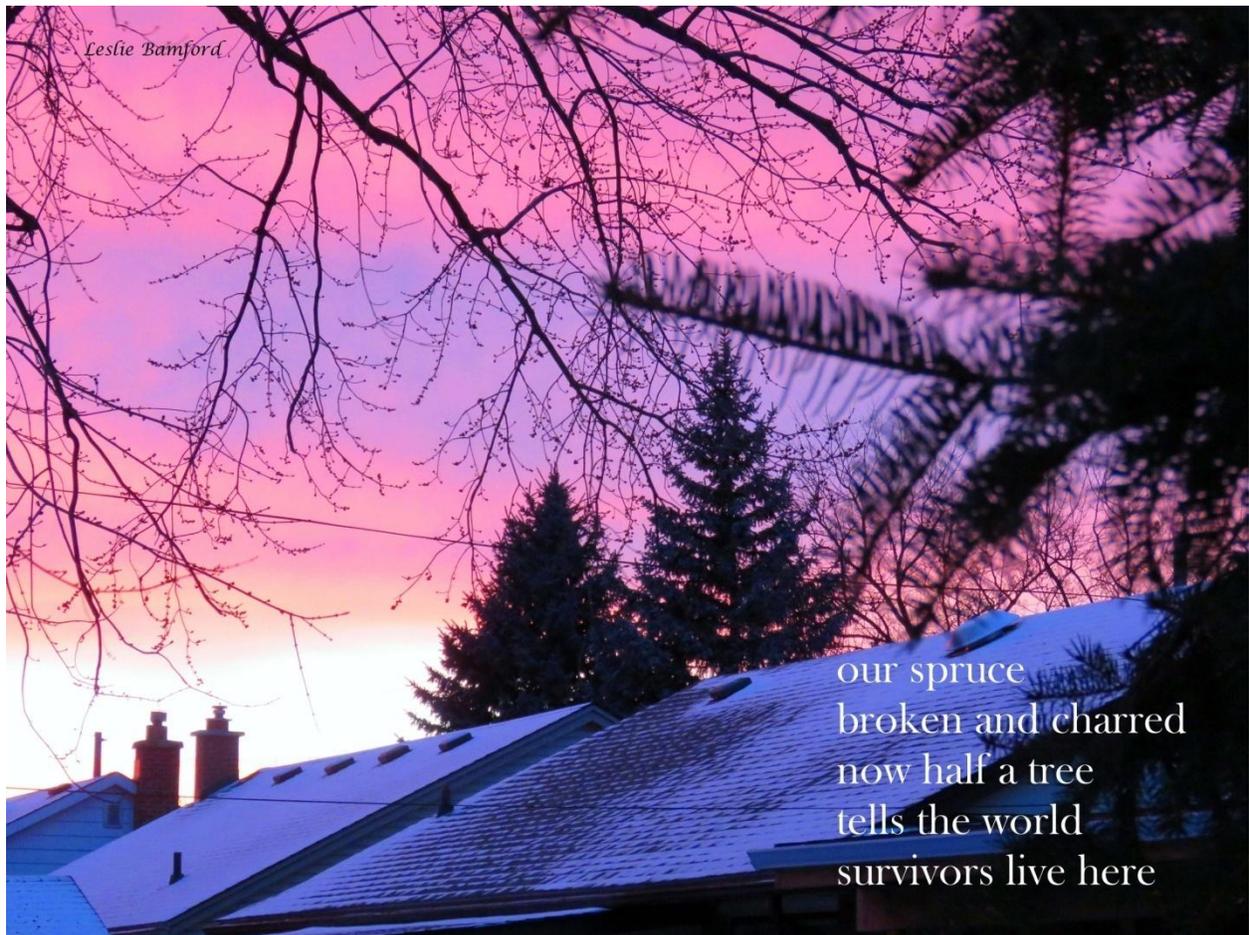
*Words* by Kayt Hoch



Zendala by Jayashree Maniyil

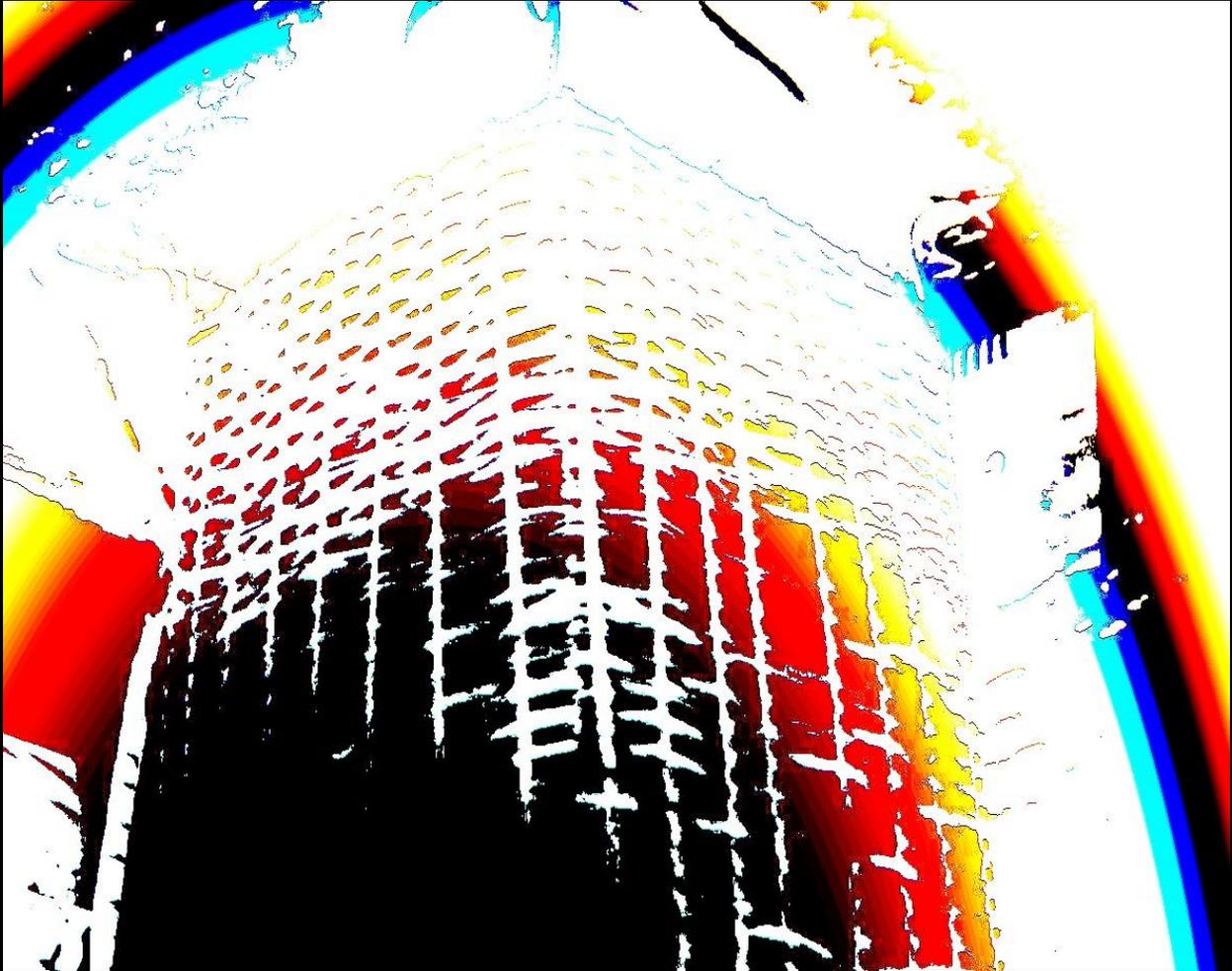


Tanka Art by Leslie Bamford



Organic Doodle by Safiyyah Patel





# INTERVIEW WITH K. SRILATA

*K. Srilata is a professor of English at IIT Madras, India. Her collections of poems include 'Writing Octopus,' 'Arriving Shortly,' and 'Seablue Child.' She co-edited the anthology, 'Rapids of a Great River: The Penguin Book of Tamil Poetry.' Her novel, 'Table for Four,' was long listed in 2009 for the Man Asian literary prize, and was published by Penguin. Srilata's work has also been featured in 'The Blood Axe Anthology of Indian Poets.'*

**SB:** *Bookmarking the Oasis* is your ninth book. How do you see a book is on its way? Is it something you consciously invite and work on, or is it driven by something beyond you?

**KS:** With poetry books, typically, it is hard to “see” them in the shape of books. It is, more often than not, a case of one poem and then another and then another – till somehow you look back and feel you have enough for a book and that the poems work together. It is like looking back and finding your own footprints. But at this point, this tipping point, I begin to obsess about putting them together and work consciously to organize things that way.

**SB:** What has changed from your first book of verse to now?

**KS:** A lot, I think! I have changed, too – I have more voices, more books, more poems in my head now. I also feel more consciously like “I am a poet” – previously this writing thing was like a submarine – under the surface, forgotten. I have also begun to make connections between the private and the public, the domestic and the world – in a way I didn’t before.

**SB:** *Sea blue child*, *Writing Octopus*, and now, *Bookmarking the Oasis*. There is the subtle thought of water that runs through these books. Rain and water figure quite prominently in several poems, too.

**KS:** I think if you live on the coast, thoughts of water and rain and monsoons – gentle water, not so gentle water raining down on you – is going to be part of your mind space. It is inevitable. I spent many happy and unhappy years as a student in Hyderabad. I found that while I loved the city in many ways, I could not take the feeling of being “landlocked” that came from living there.

**SB:** How does writing poetry impact your other genres and vice versa? Is there a conscious cutting down of redundancies when you write prose?

**KS:** Yes. I think there is that cutting down of redundancies. But I can’t help thinking I don’t quite let myself go in prose the way other practitioners do. I hold back, hoping some stories will tell themselves, but maybe they don’t.

**SB:** You teach English and work as an editor as well. And there is so much written about how to write poetry. Have techniques and rules ever intimidated you as a writer?

**KS:** No. Never. Also, I never learnt writing formally. And I didn’t work in a publishing house as an editor – so I think there is that. I have been my own creative writing mentor – to a large extent – and what I have learnt from others has usually been through books and conversations.

**SB:** There is so much more poetry in public spaces today. And yet, it has managed to retain the enigma that has surrounded it for a long time. How have responses from the people in your world changed over the years?

**KS:** I think – as long as you forget the market, forget about making your millions from poetry, forget about the “official” response or non-response to your work – you do fine. People read poetry, they respond – usually positively and warmly. There is an entire sub-culture of poetry readers and listeners out there – not huge numbers, perhaps – but they exist. And they matter.

**SB:** Your poems go back and forth from ancient Greek history to recent world politics to deeply personal stories of everyday people. Tell us how you stay inspired.

**KS:** It is simple. If I don’t write, I begin to feel crabby and become an awful person to live with. So as soon as I catch that happening, I clear up some mind space and write whatever it is that has been on my mind.

**SB:** How long does it take to cook a poem? Do you constantly edit them even after they arrive as books?

**KS:** An hour, half a day, and sometimes even ten years. *England, 1999* took ten years or more to get written because it took many years for me to understand what it was all about; that experience of having to explain India to a white person living in the UK, the impossible, tricky nature of that, all the shameful admissions about this country – caste and so on and so forth – that one has to make, but does not have the courage to.

# CONTRIBUTORS

**Al Ortolani's** seventh collection of poetry, *Paper Birds Don't Fly*, will be released by New York Quarterly books in April of 2016. He teaches English in the Kansas City area. His poems have been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net.

**Alexander Limarev** is a freelance artist, mail art artist, poet, and curator from Russia. He has participated in more than 400 international projects and exhibitions. His artworks are part of private and museum collections in 53 countries. His artworks, as well as poetry, have been featured in a number of international publications.

**Alien Water** attempts to compose intellectually transformative writings that create innovative intellectual experiences and his goal is to become the greatest thinker of the 21st century. He has been published in *Dark Matter Journal*. His work can also be found on <https://www.scribd.com/alien4water>.

**Alyson Miller** teaches literary studies and professional and creative writing at Deakin University, Australia. Her short stories and poems have appeared in both national and international publications, alongside a work of literary criticism, *Haunted by Words: Scandalous Texts*, and a collection of prose poems, *Dream Animals*.

**Angad Arora** was born and brought up in Delhi, India. His works have appeared in issues of *Bones* and *Otoliths*. He also maintains a blog: <http://angadarora.blogspot.com/>

**Angelo B. Ancheta's** haiku and other works have appeared in *Modern Haiku*, *The Heron's Nest*, *World Haiku Review*, *Mainichi Daily News*, *Asahi Haikuist Network*, *cattails*, *ERSHIK*, *NeverEndingStory*, *Poor Mojo's Almanac*, and *Shot Glass Poetry*, among others. He is from the Philippines.

**Ann Yu Huang** holds an MFA in Poetry from the Vermont College of Fine Arts. Huang's poetry has appeared online and in print extensively. Huang's first chapbook, *Love Rhythms*, was published by Finishing Line Press. Her book-length collection of poems, *White Sails*, was published by Word Tech Communications. Huang's poem, *Night Lullaby*, was a Ruth Stone Poetry Prize finalist.

**Anna Cates** is an award-winning Japanese short-forms poet and writer who lives in Ohio with her two beautiful kitties, and teaches English and education online. You can read her online portfolio of haiku [here](#).

**Anna Maris** is a Swedish haiku poet, journalist, and educator. She has worked as a radio journalist in Russia, as a magazine editor in the UK, and has built a film museum in Sweden. Her two Swedish haiku collections were published by Miders Förlag. Her work also appears in some twenty anthologies, including *Big Data* (2015) and *Fear of Dancing* (2014), by Red Moon Press. <http://annamaris.wordpress.com>

**Aria Riding** is a name now used by several writers of different genders, persuasions, mental health states, and ethnic backgrounds as a solidarity project. Through this experiment, she is trying to write

a more complete author. Recent publications include *Gargoyle Magazine*, *Atticus Books*, *The Adirondack Review*, etc.

**Ben Moeller-Gaa** is a haiku poet that hails from St. Louis, MO. His work regularly appears in a number of haiku journals and anthologies. He is the author of two haiku chapbooks, the Pushcart nominated *Wasp Shadows* (Folded Word, 2014), and *Blowing on a Hot Soup Spoon* (poor metaphor design, 2014). Learn more about Ben at [www.benmoellergaa.com](http://www.benmoellergaa.com).

**Bill Waters** lives in Pennington, New Jersey, U.S.A., with his wonderful wife and their three amazing cats. Websites: [twitter.com/bill312](https://twitter.com/bill312) and [billwatershaiku.wordpress.com](http://billwatershaiku.wordpress.com).

**Bob Carlton** ([www.bobcarlton3.weebly.com](http://www.bobcarlton3.weebly.com)) lives and works in Leander, TX.

**Bob Ritchie**, hailing from California, now lives (and writes) in Puerto Rico. Also a musician, Bob has collaborated with Jon Anderson. His writing has appeared in *Unlikely 2.0*, *Prick of the Spindle*, and others. Two of his stories were nominated for the *Pushcart Prize*. Neither won. Oh well.

**Bruce Sager** lives in Westminster, Maryland. He has published two award-winning books of poetry, *Famous* and *The Pumping Station*, with two further volumes and a chapbook forthcoming in 2016 from Hyperborea Publishing and BrickHouse Books. He won the William Matthews Poetry Prize in 2014, when Billy Collins served as judge.

**Christine L. Villa**, an animated story teller and an artist by nature, dabbles in children's writing, short form poetry, and photography. She loves wearing hats, creating jewellery, making videos, and fussing over her succulents, or her parakeet named Georgie. She is the founding editor of [Frameless Sky](http://FramelessSky.com) – a video journal showcasing poets, artists, and musicians in collaborative projects.

**David J. Kelly**, despite his scientific training, has a fascination with words and the music of language. He especially enjoys writing Japanese short form poetry, and has had his work published in a number of print and online journals.

**Deepika Chauhan** is a graduate from the University of Delhi. She is a performance arts enthusiast, and is currently exploring theatre.

**Djurdja Vukelić-Rozić** (1956, Croatia) is the founding editor of the bilingual magazine, *IRIS* (haiku, tanka, senryu, haiga, and haibun), and a translator. She also organizes a number of international haiku contests. Besides haiku and tanka, she publishes prose and poetry, too.

**Eva Roa White** was born in A Coruña, Spain and raised in Lausanne, Switzerland. She is working on a memoir, *Back to Galicia*. Her fiction and non-fiction have been published in *Page 47 Online Anthology*, *Transnational Literature*, *disClosure*, *Natural Bridge*, *Marco Polo*, *Bubito Press*, *The Common*, and *Unbroken*.

**Freddy Ben-Arroyo** is a retired professor of Structural Engineering at the Technion - Israel Institute of Technology. He began writing haiku more than 25 years ago, and his work has been published in many international publications, some translated into Hebrew, Russian, Bulgarian, and Chinese. He is the author of the haiku and senryu book, *Jaꞗꞗ Trio*.

**Gabriel Patterson** (@GabePatterson77) lives with his family in Las Vegas, NV. He escapes the city's neon lights by writing fiction and poetry. His work has appeared in or is forthcoming in *cattails*, *Contemporary Haibun Online*, *Haibun Today*, and *the other bunny*.

**Garima Behal** is currently pursuing her graduation in Commerce from SRCC, Delhi University. She likes to experiment with multiple forms of writing, including fiction, free verse, rhyme, Japanese short-forms, and reads everything from comics to classics. She wishes to learn a lot of new languages, and travel the world someday.

**Heath Brouger** is the poetry editor of *Five2One Magazine*. He has had two pamphlets published by Green Panda Press, and his work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Of/with*, *Yellow Chair Review*, *Otoliths*, *eFiction India*, *Chiron Review*, *BlazeVOX*, *Mobius*, *Zoomoozophone Review*, *Clockwise Cat*, *The Mind[less] Muse*, and elsewhere.

**Helen Buckingham** lives in Wells, England. Her work appears regularly in journals such as *Bones*, *Frogpond*, and *Modern Haiku*. Anthology credits include *Haiku 21*, *Haiku 2014*, and *Haiku in English: The First Hundred Years*. Among her solo collections are *water on the moon*, *mirrormoon*, and *Armadillo Basket*.

**Jayashree Maniyil** lives in Australia. Haiku happened to her about three years ago, and since then, there has been no looking back. She enjoys experimenting her way through different forms of Japanese inspired verses.

**Jéanpaul Ferro** is a novelist, short fiction author, and poet from Scituate, Rhode Island. A 10-time Pushcart Prize nominee, his work has appeared in *Contemporary American Voices*, *Columbia Review*, *Emerson Review*, *Asia Literary Review*, *Connecticut Review*, *Portland Monthly*, *Saltsburg Review*, and others. He is the author of *All The Good Promises* (Plowman Press, 1994), *Becoming X* (BlazeVox Books, 2008), and *Hemispheres* (Maverick Duck Press, 2009) among others. Website: [www.jeanpaulferro.com](http://www.jeanpaulferro.com)

**Johannes S. H. Bjerg** is a Dane who writes in Danish and English simultaneously, and mainly writes haiku and its related forms. He is one of the editors of [Bones - Journal for contemporary haiku](#), and the sole editor of [one link chain](#) and [the other bunny](#). A list of his published books can be found here: <http://january-stones.blogspot.dk/p/books.html>

**Joshua Eric Williams** is an MFA candidate at Western State Colorado University. His work has appeared in *A Hundred Gourds*, *Eclectic*, *Englyn*, *Frogpond*, *Illustrated Poetry*, and *Panophy Magazine*. He lives with his wife and fellow writer, Kimberly Smith Williams, in Carrollton, Georgia.

**Kala Ramesh** is an award-winning poet who has been instrumental in bringing school children and college youth onto the haiku path. Neck deep in these Japanese poetry forms, her latest obsession is to paint city walls with haiku, and to help weave in *a pause, a breather* into our hectic lives!

**Karen Stromberg** lives in Southern California with her husband. She writes short fiction and poetry, and has been nominated twice for the Pushcart Prize. She belongs to the Southern California Haiku Society, and the Haiku San Diego study group.

**Kayt Hoch** is a poet/artist living in Washington State. When not busy with writing/art, Kayt is likely to be found growing vegetables, or building something in the wood shop. Kayt's poems and visual pieces can be found in a variety of publications including *Pontoon*, *HazMat*, *Natural Bridge*, *ellipsis*, *Blue Collar Review*, *The Raven Chronicles*, and *Tin Fish*.

**Keitha Keyes** has spent most of her life in Sydney, but her heart is still in the Australian bush where she grew up. She dabbles occasionally in free verse, but most of the time enjoys writing tanka, haiku, and related genres.

**Kimberly White's** poetry has appeared in *Cream City Review*, *The Comstock Review*, *the new renaissance*, and other journals and anthologies. She is the author of four chapbooks, *Penelope*, *A Reachable Tibet*, *The Daily Diaries of Death*, and *Letters To A Dead Man*; two novels: *Bandy's Restola* and *Hotel Tarantula*. You can find her poetry and collage art on her website, [www.purplecouchworks.com](http://www.purplecouchworks.com), as well as on Facebook, and various refrigerator doors.

**Kyle Hemmings** has artwork published in *The Stray Branch*, *Euphenism*, *Uppagus*, *The Bitchin' Kitsch*, *Black Market Lit*, *Red Bird Press*, *Snapping Twigs*, *Convergence*, and elsewhere. He loves pre-punk garage bands of the 60s, Manga comics, and urban photography/art. He especially likes the photography of Albion Harrison-Naish.

**Leslie Bamford** is a published writer of short stories, poems and plays, and a teacher of creative writing and memoir. She lives in Ontario, Canada. She recently retired and fell in love with writing tanka, often composing while walking her dog and taking photographs. To read more of her work, visit [www.lesliebamford.com](http://www.lesliebamford.com).

**Lois Roma-Deeley** is the author of three collections of poetry: *Rules of Hunger* (2004), *northSight* (2006), and *High Notes* (2010)—a Paterson Poetry Prize Finalist. Her poems have been featured in numerous literary journals and anthologies such as *Political Punch: The Poetics of Identity Anthology*, *The Transnational*, *The Wallace Stevens Journal*, *Bellingham Review*, *5 AM*, *Artful Dodge*, and many more. She lives in Phoenix, Arizona, USA. <http://www.loisroma-deeley.com/>

**Marcus Liljedahl** was born in the town of Malmö, Sweden, in 1972. He has been working as an opera singer at The Gothenburg Opera since 1998. His poetry has been published in *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Bones*, *Under The Basbo*, *Bottle Rockets*, and others. One of his haiku has been selected for inclusion in the new anthology, *Haiku 2015*.

**Marianne Paul** is a Canadian novelist and poet with a keen interest in minimalist poetry. Her work has appeared in *A Hundred Gourds*, *The Heron's Nest*, *Acorn*, *Modern Haiku*, *Bones*, *Frozen Butterfly*, and *Daily Haiku*. She has recently (and joyfully) been experimenting with concrete poetry and visual word play.

**Marietta McGregor** is a botanist and journalist who has pursued careers from palynology researcher, university tutor, garden designer, parliamentary guide and visits manager at an astronomical observatory, to science and technology communicator. Having spent her earlier writing life explaining things, she now endeavours to let things explain themselves through her haiku.

**Mark E. Brager** lives with his wife and son in Columbia, MD, just outside of Washington, DC, where he works as a public affairs executive. His poems have appeared in several print and online journals.

**Matthew James Friday** is a professional writer, and holds an MA in Creative Writing from Goldsmith College, London. He has had poems and short stories published in the following worldwide magazines and literary journals: *A Handful of Stones*, *Bad Idea Magazine*, *Brand Literary Magazine*, *Bolts of Silk*, *The Brasilia Review*, *Cadenza*, *Carillon*, *Cha: An Asian Literary Journal*, *Dreamcatcher*, *Gloom Cupboard*, and so on. Website: [www.matthewfriday.com](http://www.matthewfriday.com)

**Matthew Moffett** lives in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, with his wife and two kids. He is pursuing an MA in creative writing at Central Michigan University, where he also teaches Freshman Composition. He thanks you for reading his poem.

**Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois** has had over a thousand of his poems and fictions appear in literary magazines in the U.S. and abroad. He has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize, The Best of the Net, and Queen's Ferry Press's Best Small Fictions for work published in 2011-2015. His novel, *Two-Headed Dog*, based on his work as a clinical psychologist in a state hospital, is available on [Kindle](#) and [Nook](#), or as a [print edition](#).

**Myron Lysenko** is a founding editor along with Kevin Brophy of the literary journal, *Going Down Swinging*. He writes poetry, short fiction, and song lyrics, but his main passion is for haiku and senryu. He tutors in creative writing and is the leader of the poetry and music band, Black Forest Smoke.

**Olivier Schopfer** lives in Geneva, Switzerland. He likes to capture the moment in haiku and photography. His work has appeared in numerous online and print journals such as *Acorn*, *Bones*, *bottle rockets*, *DailyHaiga*, *Failed Haiku*, *Gnarled Oak*, *Modern Haiku*, *Otoliths*, *Presence*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *Under the Basbo*, *Up the Staircase Quarterly*, and *Wild Plum*. He also blogs at: <http://olivierschopferracontelesmots.blog.24heures.ch/>.

**Phil SaintDenisSanchez** is originally from New Orleans and currently lives in Bushwick, Brooklyn.

**Ramona Linke** (b. 1960) lives with her husband at the edge of the Mansfelder Land (Saxony-Anhalt) in Germany. She has been writing haiku since 2003, and her interests include sumi-e and watercolour painting, and photography. Her haiku, renku, and haiga have been published in many diverse anthologies, online journals, and calendars. Website: <http://haiku-art-rl.blogspot.de/>

**Rob Scott** was born in Australia, but has spent most of his adult life travelling and living overseas. He currently resides in Stockholm, and stumbled across haiku while living in Japan. He recently completed his Master's thesis entitled, *The History of Australian Haiku and the Emergence of a Local Accent*.

**Robert Annis** received his MFA from the University of South Florida where he works as an Advisor. He was nominated for the 2013 and 2014 AWP Intro Journals Project, won the Bettye Newman Poetry Award in 2014, and the Estelle J. Zbar Poetry Prize in 2015. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Exit 7*, *Atlas Poetica*, *Lynx*, *Gusts*, *American Tanka*, *Football*, *Sweet*, and *Oracle*.

**Robert Beveridge** is possessed of a weird sort of magic: every time he moves to a different major city, that city's baseball team wins a major championship ('69 Orioles, '79 Pirates, '93 Phillies, and '95

Indians). When he isn't writing poetry, he makes uncomfortable noises with machines ([xterminal.bandcamp.com](http://xterminal.bandcamp.com)).

**Rony Nair** was a columnist with the Indian Express. He has previously been published by *Yellow Chair Review*, *Two Words For*, *Ogazine*, *New Asian Writing (NAW)*, *Semaphore*, *The Cadet*, *The Economic Times*, 1947, and *YES magazine*, among others. He cites Philip Larkin, Dom Moraes, and Ted Hughes as his poetry idols.

**Safiyah Patel** writes for catharsis. She has delved into free verse poetry, haiku, tanka, and essays. Her most treasured moments have been in training as a Counsellor and as a Chaplain. Her passions are henna art, zentangles, and doodles. She is also greatly fascinated by psychology and behaviour analysis.

**Samantha Albala** studied writing from the lineage of the Beat Generation at Naropa University, and the Lost Generation in Dorf Tirol, Italy, at Brunnenburg Castle. She is an author, poet, crafter, and editor. Her voice can be heard at [soundcloud.com/keepmindscreative](https://soundcloud.com/keepmindscreative).

**Samar Ghose** grew up in India, but now lives in Australia with his wife and two daughters. Like most people who discover Japanese verse forms, he, too, attempts to write some.

**Stephen Nelson** has published and exhibited visual poetry around the world. His latest book is called *Arcturian Punctuation*, and is published by Xexoxial Editions. He is a contributor to *The Last Vispo Anthology*, and was also featured in *The Sunday Times Poet's Corner*. Check out his vispo blog at: [www.afterlights-vispo.tumblr.com](http://www.afterlights-vispo.tumblr.com).

**Stephen Toft** currently lives close to the River Lune in Lancaster, UK, with his girlfriend and their children, and works with homeless people. His poetry has appeared in a variety of international journals and anthologies. In 2008, Red Moon Press published his first haiku collection, *the kissing bridge*.

**Steve Black**, a relatively recent convert to Japanese inspired poetry, lives within a stone's throw of London. His poems have been published in *Skylark*, *The Bamboo Hut*, *Undertow Tanka Review*, and *Gogyoshi Monthly*.

**Susan Beall Summers** is a teacher and an editor. She also interviews poets for *Texas Nafas*, Channel Austin. Publishing credits include *Ihya's Honey*, *Outrage: A Protest Anthology*, *Texas Poetry Calendar*, *Harbinger Asylum*, *Yellow Chair Review*, *Nowhere Poetry and Flash Fiction*, *Di-Verse-City*, *cattails*, *Frogpond*, *Anti-Heroin Chic*, *Crab Fat*, and others.

**Susan Burch** is a good egg.

**Tim Gardiner** is an ecologist and poet who has published scientific papers, several natural history books, poems, and short stories. Tim's first full collection of natural history poetry, *Wilderness*, was published in 2015 by Brambleby Books, and a WWI prose/poetry book, *East of Arras*, has recently been released.

**Trish Hopkinson** has always loved words—in fact, her mother tells everyone she was born with a pen in her hand. She has two chapbooks – *Emissions* and *Pieced Into Treetops* – and has been published

in several anthologies and literary magazines, including *The Found Poetry Review*, *Chagrin River Review*, and *The Fem*. You can follow her poetry adventures at <http://trishhopkinson.com/>.

**Vandana Parashar**, a post-graduate in Microbiology, is a teacher by profession. She is married to an army officer, and is a proud mother of two daughters. She has recently ventured into writing as an endeavour to rediscover herself. Her tweet-sized tales have been published online on *Microtales* and *The Untamed Pen*.

**William Scott Galasso** is the author of fourteen books of poetry, including *Collage (New and Selected Poems)*, published in November 2012. His latest haiku collection, *Silver Salmon Runes*, is due this spring, and has appeared throughout Europe, Japan, New Zealand, Australia, China, Canada, India and the U.S.

*FINIS.*