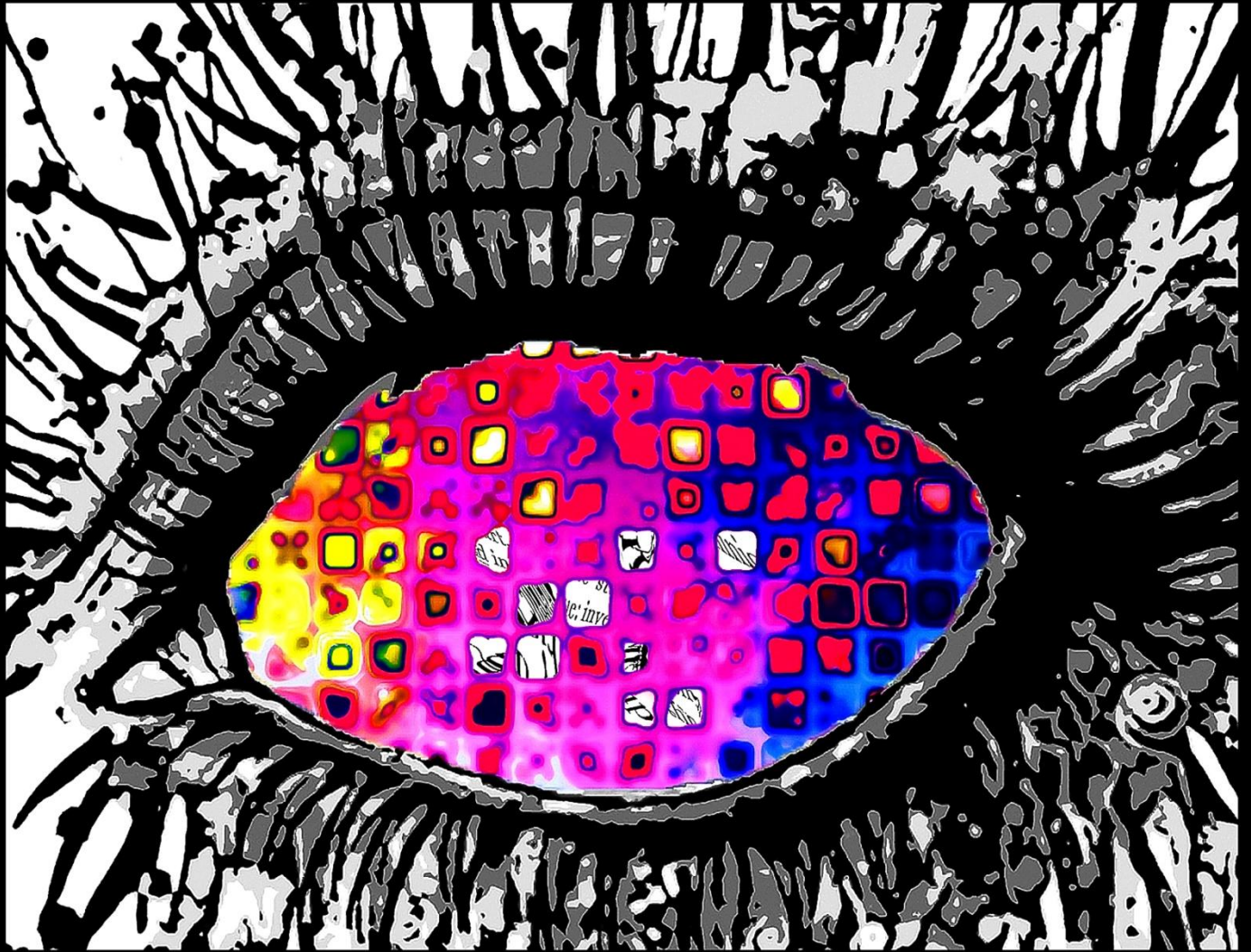


SONIC BOOM

...for writing that explodes



ISSUE THREE

August 2015

(Poetry, Fiction & Art)

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(Poetry, Fiction & Art)

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EDITORIAL

In these past few months, *Sonic Boom* has had a lot going on. First, we're now listed on Duotrope. Second, Shobhana Kumar, poet and writer, graciously agreed to join our editorial team as the editor of The Poetry Shack. Third, we held our first Annual Senryu Contest that was judged by fellow poet, Susan Burch, and lastly, *Sonic Boom* was interviewed by Black Lawrence Press and was the 'Feature Article' in issue #292 of their magazine, *Sapling*.

Issue Three, as promised, has grown to be bigger and better with various forms and styles of writing and artwork. We continue to publish emerging and established artistes and endeavour to promote quality literature. This issue is experimental to a very large degree, and, as always, it was a joy putting it together. It is an immense pleasure to find regular contributors in any journal, and ours is no different. Thank you for your continued support and trust in our readership.

We have strung together an exciting and eclectic mix of form poetry, found poetry, experimental pieces of fiction, asemic writing, visual poetry, ryuka, dodoitsu, and a whole lot more in these pages. I sincerely hope you enjoy the fruits of our labour and savour small mouthfuls of this literary banquet.

- Shloka Shankar

THE POETRY SHACK

miscellaneous hashtags

By Ali Znaidi

overpopulated_sky
noctilucent_clouds
sinister_stars
crushed_roses
mud_&_water_&_lust
a_formless_world_of_instinct
a_glassy_galaxy_of_celestial_bodies
#salty_shades_of_silver_French-tipped_fingernails
#ashen_souvenirs
#mercurial_memories
#fluid_poetics

A New Front Door

By Allison Grayhurst

She knows the pull of a season is ending.
The point on the wall she fixed
with a solid-eye is shifting like light
moving through jelly.
And all the while an ease is finding its way within,
unfolding inch by inch. It may
take a season or a few years to bloom
but her palette has moved to a shade brighter.
The toys are cleaned and the bookshelves too.
She moves onward as the lilacs and lilies
extend up, bold like a wealthy woman's perfume.
The dread is draining from her system.
The rain will arrive and she knows that the day will be fine,
with or without shelter.

Petty Transgressions

By Cathryn Shea

How many unwitting crimes flirt with you
being locked up or shot?

My empathy has left the building with Elvis.
Evil Levis, fey sneer behind the veil.

Are we so nervous that we see a serial killer
on every sidewalk instead of a serial victim?

Bird watching is a good way to flee
from worry, allay anxiety.

Familiar swallows swirl in the heavens,
roost under warm eaves.

The sun is like a sedative; reassures
today could be the same as yesterday.

No fear of drowning
in a teaspoon.

Her Name is I

By *Cynthia Bargar*

I stand
with this.
I wouldn't
expect
you to.

We're always
talking
to some
"you"
of life
& death,
mysteries
of small
houses,
prose
as well
as poetry.

The personal
sounding
I

(as opposed
to what
anyone
thought
of me
or what
I was
in a book

begins
in pieces
& ends
whole,
narrated
by an I
who doesn't
know
I wrote.

The I,
who is
pretty much
I,
keeps company

& converses
with
the poet
who is
visible
inside
the rebellious wing

(one must
disobey
everyone else,

who is
against wanting
to belong.

I seems
to start
with a poem.

Source:

Notley, Alice. "[The Poetics of Disobedience](#)" (1998).

Being old and vulnerable and cat mythologies

By Erin Carlyle

she is not the brilliant head of anything. she sits slack and never learns. you bring her dreams fully back to their beginnings. is she a bird girl or a deer girl? which one is the one that is the best to be? if she were a cat, how could she have chased you under all of that dust and distance while you never follow anything that isn't a hard pill to swallow? here is a story: once, a long time ago, nothing happened and all of the people everywhere burned in their stomachs because they wanted to be. understood? you little old thing. what is the age that is the age that no one will comment on? can't be the same one that the cat whispered you'd die at. sly thing under the couch. she hides from the thunder of course. she licks her fur until she is clean. she reminds us that we eat dirt in the desert. she forgets to tell us not to rub her against the grain.

Many

By Felino A. Soriano

portrait of your prior selves.
many shed plurals use
apathy to reconfigure
physiognomy. an ocean
concurr in fluctuating
theories permissible
 punctual
passive. foreign names fit
horizontal upon the

tongue's usual tailoring.
when devoted
I've altered the birthmark
to contour

 away
from familiarity. a prior
self.

 or
my surname was
a reinvented fathom a
diametric holograph
etching dialectic
signatures
into
 what wanders and extracts
in the paralleling constructs
of removable space opposing
certainty as a secretive
monologue of impersonal
conformation.

For Hoffman

By Jason Graff

Offenbach's psychedelic kaleidoscope,
based on stories by a man who once impersonated a cat,
bivouacs like a poor 60's shepherd in a valley of legal drugs.
Lemon meringue flourishes of narcotized insanity.
Voices rise to a din, shouting down the music.
Chaste as a ballet, manages still to be exclusively about sex.
No prima ballerina's legs ever
inspired entirely wholesome thoughts.
Curtains thin as chintz surrounded the stage lit by chandeliers,
stolen and enlarged from Liberace's piano top.
Swans splash down on a mossy lake's surface.
In an ink stained office, the collector bills a mad scientist
obsessed with eyes. Over at the puppet show,
the principle dancers trot a Russian troika.

Mazhai/Rain

By K. Srilata

Mazhai

rain on an incline

slip-slides

on the tongue,

into the mouth

like banana fruit –

vazhai pazham;

the *vhas* translucent

like glazed umbrellas,

glass boats gliding

down the moist incline

of the human tongue.

Foreign Competition

By R. Gerry Fabian

After eight fungus years
of an excuse and blame job
that at best
is greyer than
a late January day,
he routinely arrives late
to find
the crisp official lay-off
notice
which will take effect
in two merciful weeks.
He smiles.
He then promises
to take that
always put off vacation
across the Pacific
and thank
the Japanese personally.

Orange Crush Paradise

By Scott Thomas Outlar

The harshness of her broken eyes
as they stare daggers of black disgust
into the mirrored vision of yesterday's blues
shatter the glassy fabric of creation,
spilling the wind into the sea
and sparking fire upon the earth
where it rages lustfully after the zero-point propaganda
that was sold from heaven shilling hucksters
when they rolled through town last Sunday.

Diamond crystal amalgamations of chaos theory
cover her silvered skin with vapid illusions
as the dualistic energy pours forth
from a centrifugal source beyond reason
where logic holds no sway
and empathy bleeds like a cut vein
to cover the arid earth with
flood like symptoms, causing feverish
cryptic lullabies to burst in bubble patterns
of sun drenched orange marmalade.

She can never truly know what her hatred
has rendered unto this devastated land,
but the loneliness she feels now –
trapped in her ivory tower skeleton shack –
provides the full dose of karmic retribution.

Book Ends

By Sivakami Velliangiri

Nothing surreal in all this. The story takes off
from the same plane as the top of the book-shelf.
At night, little midgets jump out of books
to sip tea, smoke, drink, philosophize and converse.
Some brag about their golden spines. Others have
gender issues. Some claim ancestry; the Readers Digest version.
I think they are like humans: and Alzheimer's connects
to the father of Indian poetry. You made respectable
the Indian poem, *Nissim*, your fingers were strong and firm then,
countless hand written comments. 'Night of the Broomsticks?
For me?', you queried. 'And keep on writing.' So I did.
There is a half hidden book. Kan Woods and the jacket-picture
is full of flowers. Now for the Book Ends. They are fine print.
A tumble down lad on the sofa, puppets and curios as wall hanging.
In the evening, they book tease. And, at dawn, these midgets camouflage
as print and get stuck on to their respective pages.
They don't even ogle at their readers. At the tick of midnight,
the ghosts in these books peep out. And like the watchman story,
for night birds all the 'partying of books' is the other way around.

The Return Trip

By Toby Sims

How bitter a moment can be
when, thrown about in the gladness
of a triumph,
a spiteful chime of bad luck
and a bad decision
makes all time stop
and your pores sweat all sorts
all over that buttoned shirt
that you donned to shine.

Often times it seems pointless
in the humidity of the daytime,
after thunderstorms have reaped their sorrow,
while you're watching the grasslands scoot on by
in the cradle of a train-ride
where no thoughts can command you,
squeezed amongst others who travel
in search of some goal or love
patch-worked in the mesh of their façade,
their inner selves suppressed from expression.

Smuggling their thoughts to some new part of the country,
two ageing women quaff Chardonnay and gossip,
never pausing to take a breath,
wrenching their backsides from their seats
on a pivot not unlike a lighthouse,
before giggling and cackling
condemn the rest of the passengers to a slaughter
of their peace;

they burrow into a book,
sniff at the newspapers,
scoff at the real world around them –
full of molecules and things that matter,
and of the world others try and tape together;
ourselves doomed to a daily commute.

PAPER LANTERNS

FIRST ANNUAL SENRYU CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PLACE

invisible fence
his wife says the dog
will get used to it

Ken Slaughter, USA

SECOND PLACE

now we can talk
of what might have been –
menopause

Geethanjali Rajan, India

THIRD PLACE

class reunion...
as I give a charming smile
my dentures slip out

Gautam Nadkarni, India

HONOURABLE MENTIONS

penury –
my wallet full
of lucky charms

Radka Mindova, Bulgaria

labeled a liberal
but I'm all right
with that

Terri L. French, USA

mountain lilac tumbling into infinity

- Peggy Castro

still pool in the garden
when exactly did I
lose you

- Peggy Castro

whale's mouth
the weight of my grief
in these clouds

- Devin Harrison

that song
about dying young
spring rain

- Deborah P. Kolodji

on the other side of the moon sleeping Buddhas and unopened letters

- Vibeke Laier

another way
back into this dream
northwest

- Devin Harrison

pregnant pause
no apples left
on the lower branches

- Ken Slaughter

grave worms
the man he knew only
as father

- Brendon Kent

hand in hand
watching what daisies do
to the sunlight

- Patrick Doerksen

first snow/last snow
you say you've grown
tired of me

- Terri L. French

white shirt
a stain survives
two marriages

- Ken Slaughter

cherry blossom
a bar regular vents
his spleen

- Stella Pierides

50 shades
all the good parts
highlighted

- Norman Muisse

tic-tac-toe -
all the x's
you cheated with

- Susan Burch

beach wedding
a hermit crab
finds another shell

- Ken Slaughter

question time
the where, when, and how
of peonies

- Stella Pierides

eulogy...
resisting the urge
to tweet

- Mark E. Brager

when the writer dies
he becomes more alive
magic realism

- Myron Lysenko

promising to write a bigger pile of peanut shells

- Marietta McGregor

nothing
to say out loud
soapbox

- Pat Geyer

identity train
I get on as soon
as I get off

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

pushing stones the tug of dreams and compulsion

- Marcus Liljedahl

S
N
O
W COVER
in the family plot
not even a word of you

- Marianne Paul

*discuss*shun

- Dave Read

regretoric

- Michael Nickels-Wisdom

vedada

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

survivors pull their weight in apples

- Helen Buckingham

escapistol

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

end
of the
world
surfing
finger
turns to
fulgurite

- Helen Buckingham

with just enough s

p
l a n e
c h a n g e
e

- Dave Read

spiders in the attic
surfing the web
for a new home

- Patrick Doerksen

quiet night
even my computer
has no updates

- Duncan Richardson

winking at me
as if it doesn't matter
the cursor

- Mike Keville

living
in a material world -
madonna quilt

- Susan Burch

party animal
I now watch cartoons
with my kids

- Vandana Parashar

tide pool reflections –
childhood memories
lumen

- Kevin Heaton

window dust
the modiste's pursed lips
hemming my fate

- Alegria Imperial

closed eyelids pink the sunlit buzz of a red rose

- Brendon Kent

azalea
a step away
from thought

- Patrick Doerksen

wrapped in a blackbird sunrise remains a legend

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

enter Kali a dark hull drifting among footnotes

- Marcus Liljedahl

seeping into my marrow the sound of breaking glass

- Mark E. Brager

results limbo
call receptionist a
gain sweet

- Helen Buckingham

Lim...PINg...LiMpiN...g...
this pebble in my shoe!

- Freddy Ben-Arroyo

Does the sanshin follow my lines?
Do my lines follow the sanshin?
One feathery cloud in the sky
Unravels to nothing

- Liam Wilkinson

a duet
with a black bird
weet-weel
my refrain is answered
ten fold and in-tune

- Mike Keville

I carry the sound of the sea
In a tiny white spiral shell
And a salt spindrift clothes my lines
Still, this gaping distance!

- Liam Wilkinson

running from
window to window
to follow us -
how we know
the old lady next door
is still alive

- Susan Burch

singing
a song of love...
my wife tells me
to shut the f*&k-up
and get the chocolates out

- Mike Keville

In anger, I sweep my shadow
Down the path and off the mountain
Will you ever learn, poet fool?
Not without a shadow!

- Liam Wilkinson

Will this candle singe regrets?
Will it burn them to nothing?
I ask too much of the flame
That just wants to dance

- Liam Wilkinson

flea market
a wooden Indian
missing war paint

- Anna Cates

turning crows
the distance smokes
a yellow tractor

- Brendon Kent

police siren
a yellow leaf behind
green ones

- Myron Lysenko

even on these lampposts autumn's rusty palette

- David J. Kelly

Home Sweet Home!
back from a break in London
I keep to the right

- Freddy Ben-Arroyo

lingering fog
a pair of reading glasses
in every room

- Terri L. French

book on zen
the author quotes
himself

- Duncan Richardson

manager's lounge
three of them troubleshoot
the coffee maker

- Ken Slaughter

hoping he removes
my tooth, the whole tooth
and nothin' but the tooth

- Kala Ramesh

parliament
the children always play
dodge-ball

- Nadezhda Stanilova

FICTION

Mark and Friends

By *Alien Water*

Mark is an academic.

He lives for the convoluted conclusions and implications of the theoretical.

He has written an acclaimed (and at times mocked, mostly by those with little intellectual capabilities) textbook, titled *Tangents Are the New Form of Communication*.

He has plans to move into his office at the university.

/

Take 2

Mark is a thinker.

He lives for the convoluted conclusions and developments of the theoretical.

He has written an acclaimed (and at times mocked, mostly by those with little intellectual capabilities) textbook, titled *Tangents Are an Innovative Form of Communication*.

He plans to write a screenplay about disaffected youth.

/

Robert develops film.

He wants to establish anarchy.

In his backyard.

Abrasive, static-filled televisions and makeshift projector screens for culture.

Angular momentum and fluid mechanics (fluid motion or fluid angles) for science.

God for religion.

Essays for the economy.

/

Space and God

Oliver has often pondered about space and God.

He sought to connect the two in ways that progressed human thought and endeavour.

If he has succeeded well, the weird scales of time, dimension and eternity will reveal that.

/

Andrew discovers a decrepit tube of toothpaste in the middle of the road.

“The absurdist irony of discovering an abandoned, decrepit tube of toothpaste.”

He picks it up and goes on his convoluted way.

/

Mark is afraid of meat.

Raw meat.

His troubling anxiety has been directly linked to his fear of contamination via raw meat (in particular, undercooked chicken).

/

Andrew communicates exclusively in the languages of cinema and mathematics.

Numbers and film stock.

Integration and Stranger than Paradise.

Algebraic topology and Surface Tension.

/

Deliberate originality/“weirdness.”

Imposter syndrome

Literary disruption

Poetic frustration

/

Private Beach

By Ben Friedman

When a submarine arrives at twilight on the shore of a two-point-seven million dollar beach front property, people tend to take notice. But when John Brainerd awoke on February 16th, it was the crowd of gawking (*and trespassing*, he noted mildly) onlookers that first perplexed him. Beached atop his sands, the giant gray cylinder with its gleaming metal surface and myriad technological protuberances, only drew his incredulous attention second.

His lower jaw dropped finally. For a single moment, it was a large gray whale, deathly still, and oddly misshapen, which he saw in its stead. *My wife used to love whales*, he thought with sudden inexplicable dread. Then, like Schrodinger's cat, the cylinder became two things simultaneously – a faceless, horribly rigid whale carcass, and a sleek nuclear submersible – both and neither.

John felt dizzy for a second.

The next second, reality won out and his mind abandoned the implausible whale vision for the unfathomable truth: a nuclear submarine was indeed stretched languidly on the Brainerd private beach – without explanation – just like his daughter Becky's sunbathing friend Jill had the previous weekend. The one that always made him think uncomfortably about *American Beauty*.

Anyway, John thought, *the Navy has a situation on its hands...*

John rubbed his eyes and took a perfunctory sip of his premium blend morning medicine, barely tasting the rich Columbian brew he had selected for such sleepy Sunday mornings. He took a single glance back at Mrs. Brainerd who was still under the thick duvet covers of their king-size, smacking her lips sleepily, and he sucked a sharp breath through his teeth; she would not be happy about this.

John had already blown Valentine's Day with a pathetic build-a-bear concoction and an apologetic excuse and postponement of further festivities; he had to work over-time at the firm on Friday. *It had not been his fault!* But today was the day he was supposed to make it up to her.

Breakfast in bed? *Still working on it.* A day trip to Sylvia's Vineyard in Paladino Township? *Looking unlikely.* Dinner at a 4-star chateau he had discovered on Foodguru.com?

We'll have to see about that now, won't we?

John tightened the terry-cloth belt around his robe and slid open the glass screen, slipped noiselessly onto the balcony, and stared down at the sleek conveyer of mass destruction that had slipped onto his beach overnight, without him even realizing it.

This time, as he sipped his coffee, he tasted nothing.

Running

By Betty Stanton

We catch her running away from her homeroom class just after lunchtime with the knife still hot in her hand and halfway across the soccer field I am the first adult to touch her since his blood spread through her fingers and stained her when she'd left him lying in a burgundy pool of it outside his own classroom door and we gave chase down stairwells and across the slate of the parking lot before rushing up onto the grass where past the goals one of my hands catches the hem of her shirt and the other lands heavy on her hip so we both go tumbling and when I crush her into the dew wet grass I feel her heart pounding through her spine.

Three days later, I am interviewed. The whole story is out by then. They ask if we knew anything.

I tell them: I catch her running away from her homeroom class just after lunchtime with the knife still hot in her hand and halfway across the soccer field I am the first adult to touch her since his blood spread through her fingers as she drove into him and her thoughts are a recorded track of quiet pains playing on a repeated loop she washes with blood before she leaves him lying there in a burgundy pool of it and we give chase down stairwells and across the slate of the parking lot and on the grass near the goalposts my hand lands heavy on her hip and the other tangles in her shirt before we both go tumbling and her heart pounds a thick beat against my chest the same way it must have pounded against his.

Don't you think I would have done something? If I had?

Tattoo

By Betty Stanton

I'm thinking of getting a tattoo because it will ink you across my skin like sex. The bed doesn't smell like you anymore, so now more than anything else it's become obvious to me that this bed is a wide gash of a mouth. No lips but teeth, and one day, I'll slip into it and wake up without a leg or an arm. Or a heart.

I've done a thousand things to keep me away from you, except none of them have quite the right taste anymore. If you go ten days without sleep your brain dies; so I've got hours stolen here and there as life support. I'd prefer to snort up death like a fixation, and, maybe, when my eyes close, I'd wake up back in Boulder. In the shadow of the Flatirons and the stretch of the Dakota Ridge, there's someone there who knows me almost as well as he knows empty arms. He calls to say he loves me like I'm cigarette smoke in empty lungs and he could chain me to the earth again if I could just *come back home*. But you're here, I say - the fix that makes my palms sweat and makes sheets of paper stretch across my skin like they could bind me up and maybe tether me down. I don't have strength enough to hide from you anymore, so it doesn't matter if I'm the only one waiting for a change in the way the sidewalk feels.

So, I'm thinking about getting a tattoo of you that would be a snake eating a mother bird's egg – bright blue – with flecks of red where the blood shows through.

Rewriting “Because I Could Not Stop for Death”

By Bill Waters

I. Death Cheats Emily Dickinson

Because I could not stop for Death, he kindly stopped for me. “Need a ride?” he asked.

“Thank you, sir. These shoes pinch.”

“Move over, Immortality. Make room for Miss Dickinson.”

’Twas then I first surmised the horses’ heads were toward Eternity. “Getting off, please!”

Death grinned. “I think not.”

II. Emily Dickinson Cheats Death

A-tremble with indignation, I shamelessly flirted with Immortality, with predictable results.

Leering, he shoved Death from the carriage and we galloped off.

Soon, though, his blood cooled and reason returned. “None may know Immortality without Death,” said he. “I will return you home.”

“Let it be so.” I smiled, relieved.

Cosmic Cuisine

By Johannes S. H. Bjerg

“Wow, there's really a lot of odd energy waves in space!” K. is watching a TV show about the various kinds of radiation the sun and other stars emit. “It's actually a scary place out there.”

“Yep. Just consider yourself blessed by living on a planet with a magnetosphere.”

“Living!?!?” K. hands me his portfolio of obits and shows me a photo of his grave. “Do you think we could cook the pasta con broccoli by the background radiation only?”

by human imagination

a broom becomes

a guitar

The Smurfs

By Johannes S. H. Bjerg

She eats her jam sandwiches very meticulously while telling the doll in the pram to be quiet and sleep. Then we laugh at *The Smurfs* on the telly. She's not sure how I fit into her world, but she's confident I'm capable of pouring her some water.

ever fainter

the digital chirps

of the toy chicken

Communication between the Species

By Kyle Hemmings

I.

She wishes to measure the average time of love. Her samples range from the life-span of the blue sea turtle to the shortest breath of a long distance runner. She will estimate in centimetres the length of her old lover's tongue. She comes up with irrational numbers and columns of repeating decimals. She comes up empty-handed. Not even a smile can be calculated or rounded off.

II.

She keeps her lover's last words in a glass jar, safe from the rain, from the rules of good grammar. She unscrews the lid, inhales the spaces between dangling prepositions. She feeds his old vowels to the cat, watches it curl in the rich silence, the eyes gleaming with mystical powers in anticipation of more Os and Ahs, and the dense moon. After her death, she thinks the cat will bury her melodious secrets under the old mulberry tree.

The Lake and its Girl

By Mary B. Sellers

She had always loved the lake. Ever since her girlhood, she'd find herself standing by its shore, shoes strewn behind her in the grass which was kissed with summer, a green that reminded her of the fresh limes her parents used in their afternoon gin & tonics. It was a quiet lake and nearly perfectly oval in shape. Sometimes she'd try to catch the pollywogs—tiny, black blurs that moved in manic squiggles—like rain on a windowpane. She only always came up with a handful of sediment, which felt as thick as stew in her palm. There was no other place in the world that held this sort of perfect sadness she required.

What had troubled her most, after her decision to do it, was what she would wear. What one wore on the last day of their life was important. She'd finally chosen a simple dress with a delicate collar that hugged the bones of her neck and chest in a slim, sweet way. And now she stood barefoot again at the lake's edge, in an attempt to resurrect an echo from her youth, of happier days, when her skin didn't crawl and there was a point to things. It was in the last moments of twilight, the purgatory between the day and the night, which was the sole time for the uncommon to thrive. The fireflies were stirring—a buttery light in the dusk. She used to catch them as a child, determined she could light up the entire house with them for an everlasting Christmas.

Digging her toes into the mud at the edge of the lake, she began to walk, fixing her eyes straight ahead until she was waist-deep in water. Her dress billowed around her and she felt the mild tickle-kiss of a fish on her shin. There was something she couldn't remember, a thing tucked tight in her mind like a misplaced chess piece. It was something she was supposed to recall, or maybe forget.

The water was chill, and it had turned the colour of a deep, fresh bruise. She continued wading until the water's edge met the curve of her chin. It lapped around her gently, and it was soft and kind as she knew it would be. She rose and bobbed and then folded herself under, her head making a few, quiet ripples as it dipped below and into water.

And there was only this, then, as she breathed her lake in, stopping up her lungs with the brackish liquid. She opened her eyes to a willowy gloom, the bottom-end of things. She raised her arms up, and though her vision was blurry, her skin tinted a colour whose name she did not know—there, she saw the scales which had replaced her freckles. They looked like moonstones, reflecting light from the still, star-blazed sky above.

My Facebook Movie

By Michael Koenig

In the Facebook movie of my life, constructed by algorithm and accompanied by music perfectly appropriate for a corporate retreat, there are nine pictures of you.

1. Our first date. I described you as mysterious, intriguing.
2. Naked shoulders reflected in my bathroom window. We really should've made a sex tape.
3. Holding hands at my father's funeral.
4. Your surprise birthday party. Your sister did all the work.
5. My company Christmas party. You looked fashionable even after having gotten just four hours of sleep.
6. William Shatner's one-man show. We'd been arguing, but you managed to construct a smile. Your eyes are red, but maybe it was just the shitty digital camera.
7. At Hannah's party – 99 shots from every angle. I was tempted to pull a Sean Penn.
8. ~~Redacted. Yes, I was drunk, and more than a little pissed off.~~
9. Picture from Fredo's. I announced our breakup after you leaked it.

Now, I'm sitting here cross-legged on the floor, watching the goddamn movie for the seventh time. The phone rings. It's you. I ignore.

My father hung high in the brilliant air

By Paul Ferrell

My father hung high in the brilliant air. My mother faded as she listened...betting diamonds for dandelions. Considering my end in a crowded hallway, someone was swinging a bicycle chain as I stood there discussing pension plans, pictures of old age. No one ever died from thinking too much, but what a waste of a bicycle chain. The trees began to attack. The ambulance began to eat the crowd. We grew fat and we laughed. The sun started to sweat back, blister and scream. Sweet ache of survival. Enough muscle to keep the blood moving.

The man being interviewed expressed his regrets. Tall buildings amaze me and make me jealous. My hand is bigger than your largest building. Ants in my section. Time frightens us and this is why waiting rooms are filled with magazines of men and women having sex on top of other people. Fear of wasted time inspires paralysis, which is wasted time. A train track running through your living room is just enough to keep your head.

On the Flagstones

By Rashida Murphy

I have seen men die when I whisper in their ears. I have seen children pierced by dreams. I have seen mothers falter and old men stagger. But there is nothing I can do to stop you. You wait for me. You call me with your hand half-lifted, your brow half-creased. You talk as if I walk beside you, in shards of moonlight, in absent doorways, in leaf strewn pools, in mute libraries. You talk as if there is no body on the flagstones, no heart on the ramparts, no breath drawn in triumph, no blood on your hands.

Bird Census

By Rony Nair

So bird censuses and males seeking women are your next new thing. Especially those who step out of the water all wet and dripping away from their wives while posting images of themselves in poses that suggest they preen more than they prey.

And you've always never heard me out. I've fallen on deaf ears again. You continue your run on scissors in all the self-righteousness you can find. And all the rants and the sophomoric dilutions of the soul probably help imbue the tales that spring from you in your newest spin.

In the perambulations, in the circumventing of the truth, we reduce it to who asked to sleep with whom.

It was only about time. And winning time with you. To be able to look without fear into your eyes. To hear the cadences of your tone. To hear the latest pop psychology nonsense that spews in original cliché.

And it is now reduced to who out spins whom. In self-abnegation.

Keep playing Mother Teresa.

VISUAL ART

Continues by Denis Smith



Haiga by Alexis Rotella



Another Dubonnet
a woman
raises her glass
to no one
in particular

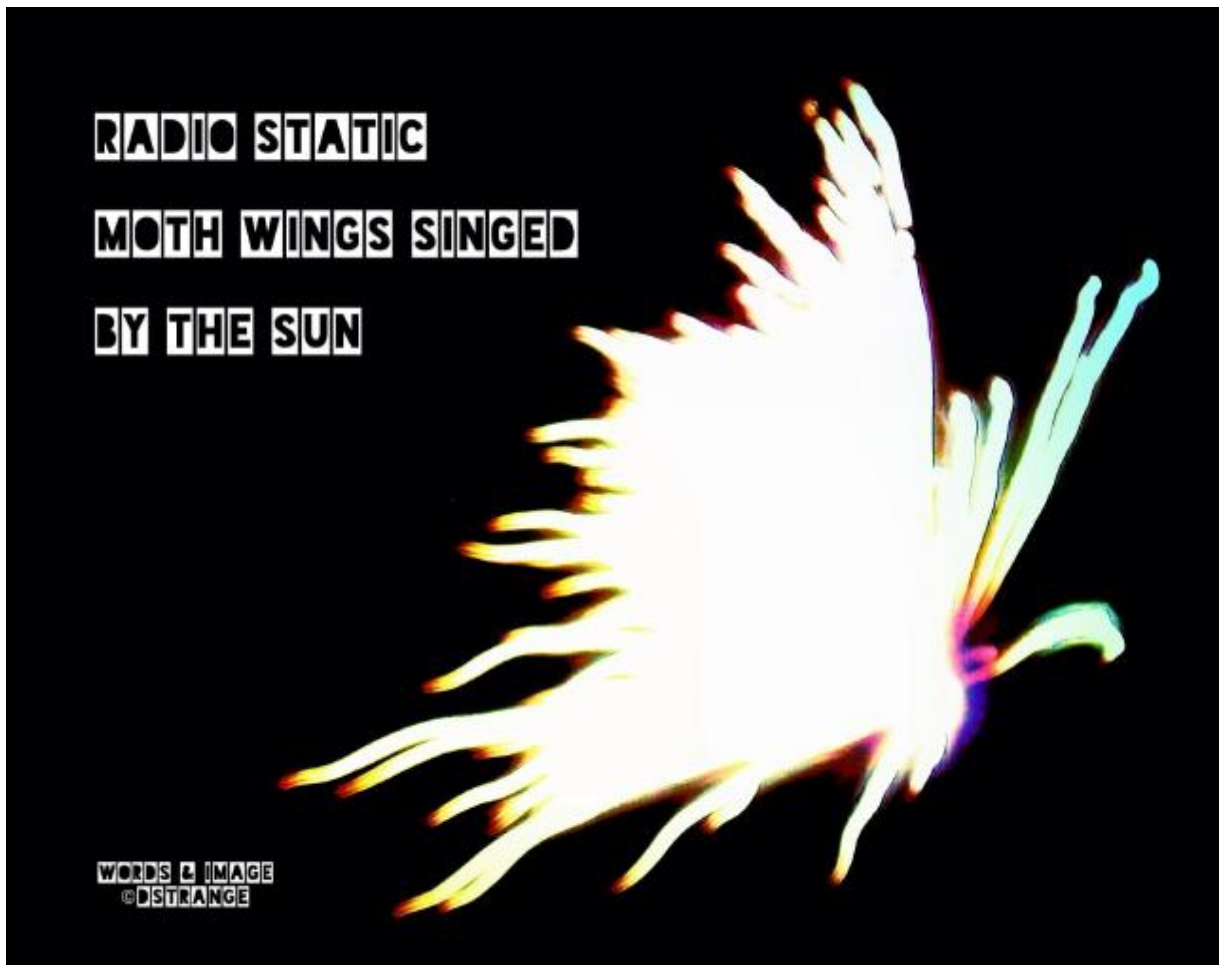
Layered by Terry Gilroy



The Dressing Room by W. Jack Savage



Haiga by Debbie Strange



Pollen by Olivier Schopfer



Olivier Schopfer

Asemic Comic by Kent Christensen

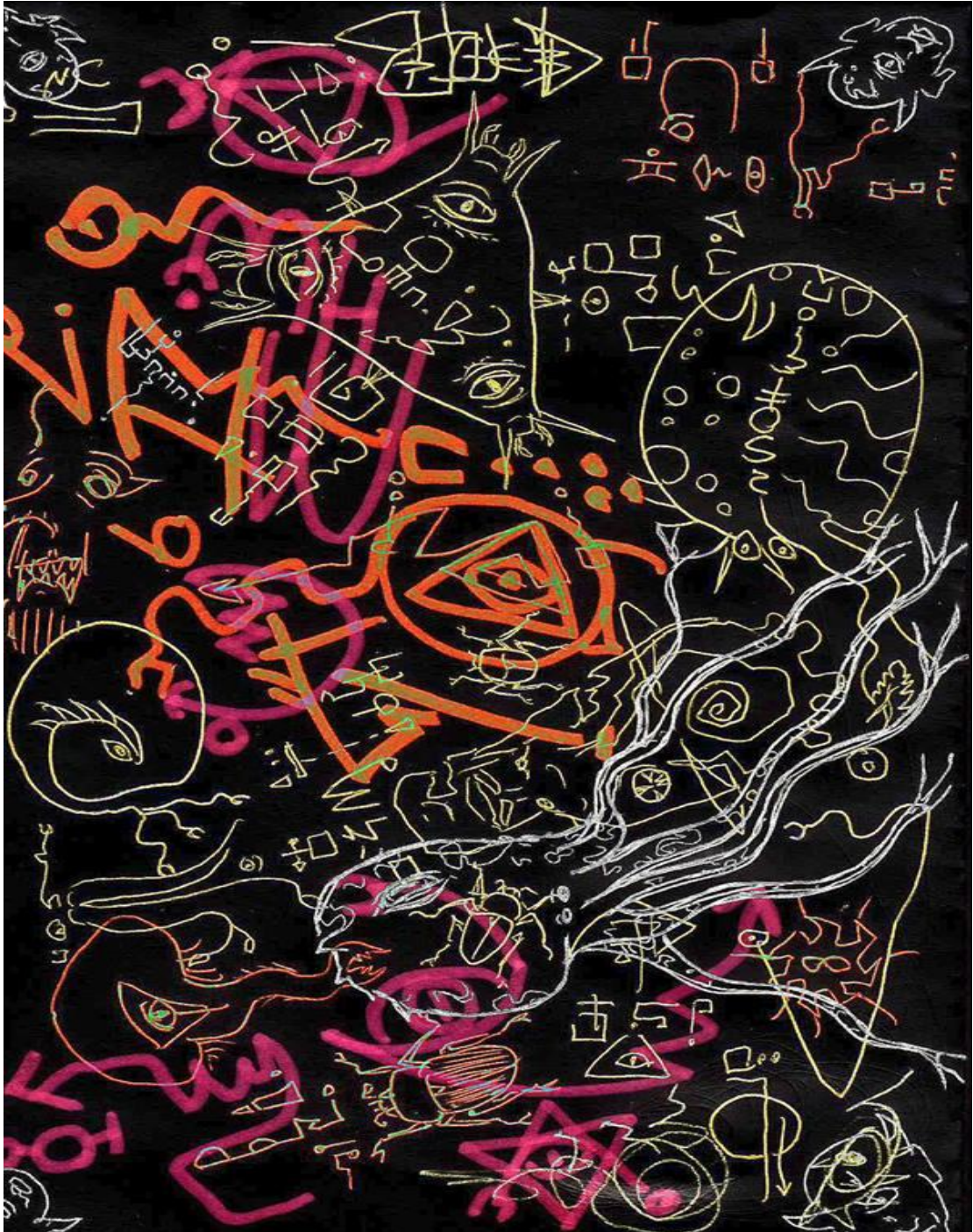
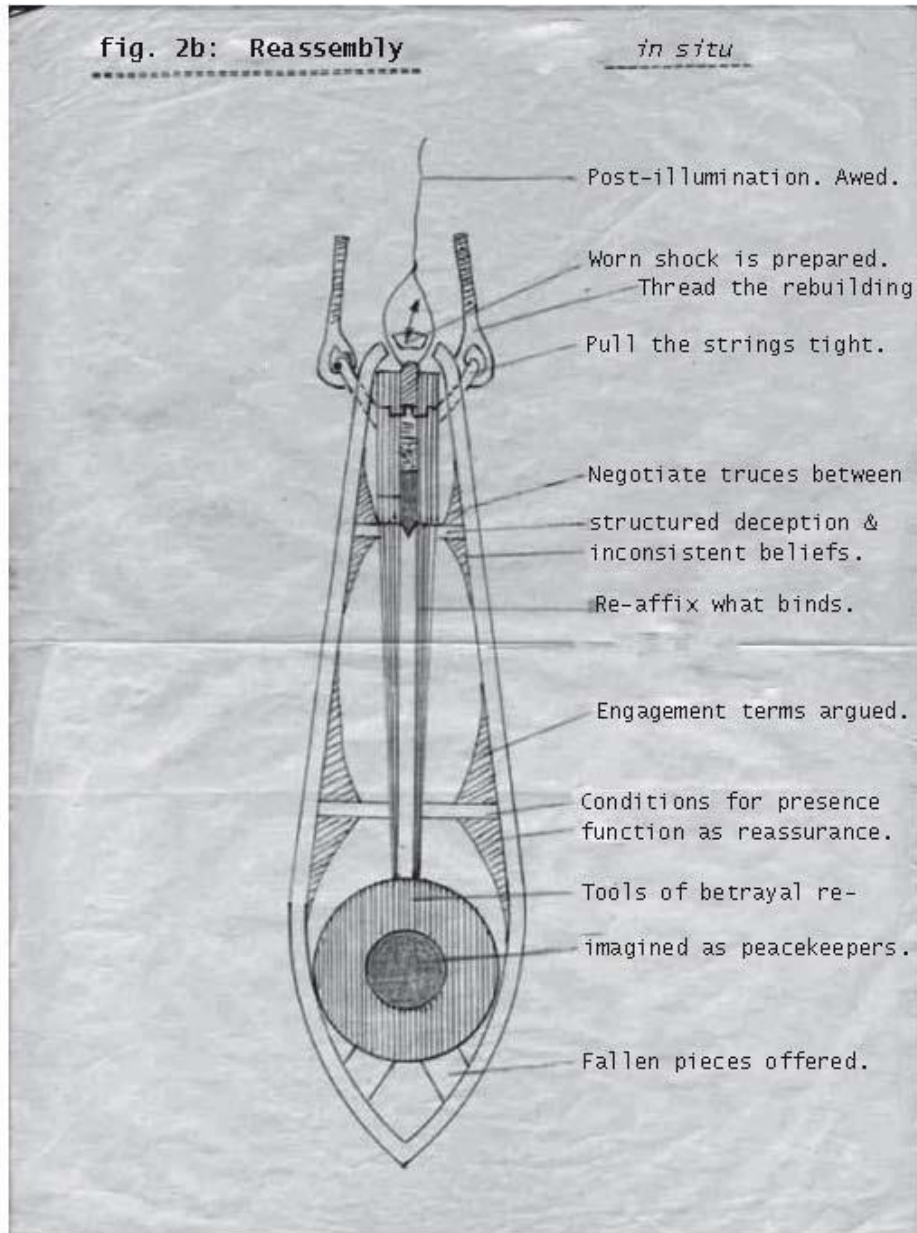


Fig. 2b: Reassembly by Marjorie Jensen



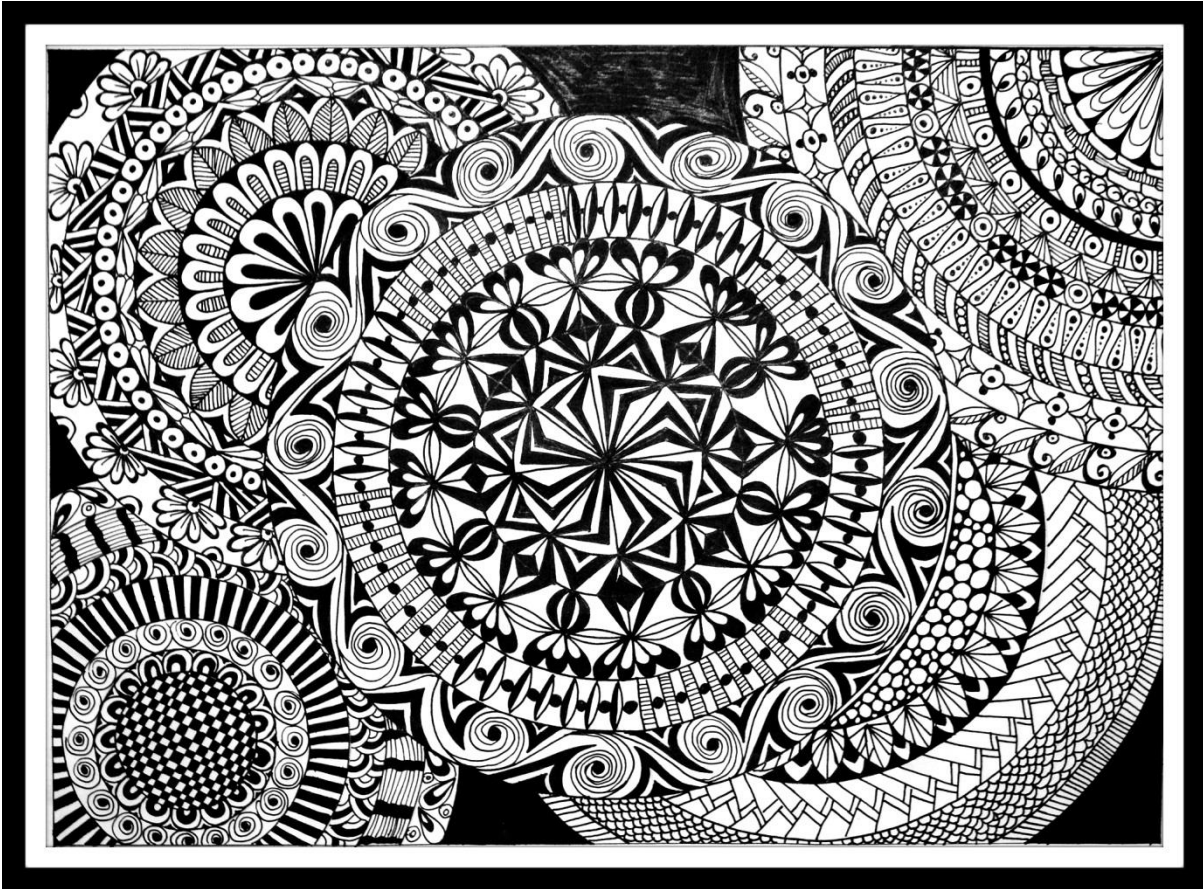
Eddie, Button, and Jane at the Gates of Hell by W. Jack Savage



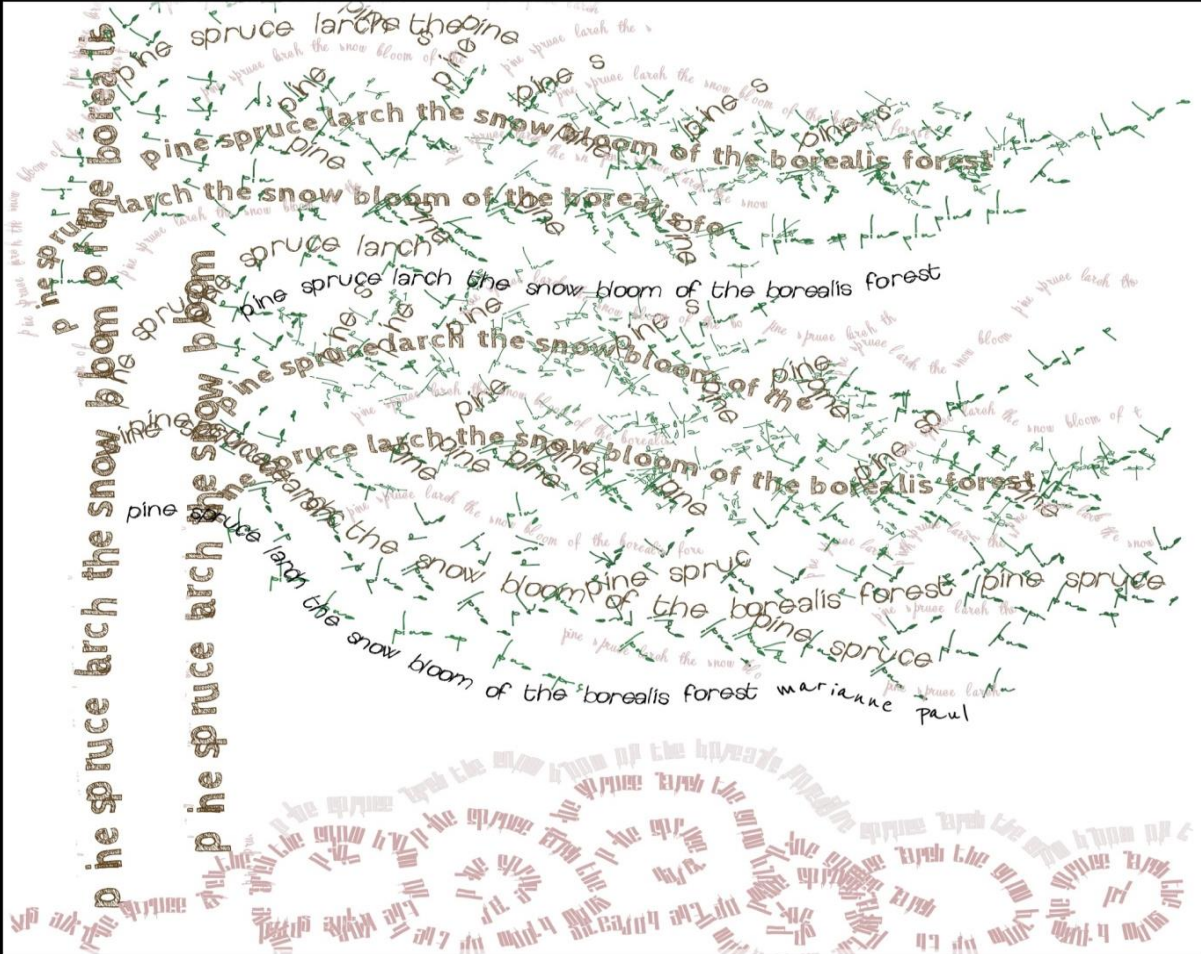
The Road Less Travelled by Courtney Kenny Porto



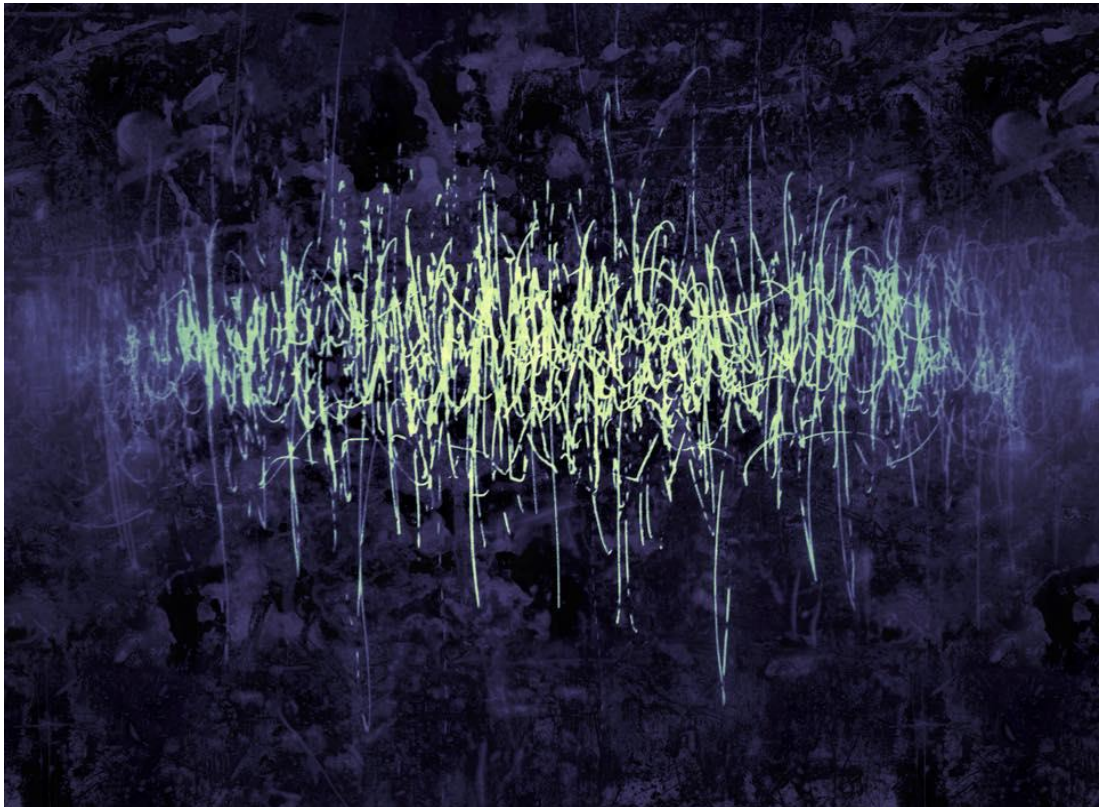
Mandalas by Safiyyah Patel



Haiga by Marianne Paul



Asemic Writing by Anneke Baeten



Doodle by Kirthi Jayakumar



Photography by Godhasri Krishnan



Jazz by Courtney Kenny Porto



Reflection by Olivier Schopfer



Mandala by Jayashree Maniyil



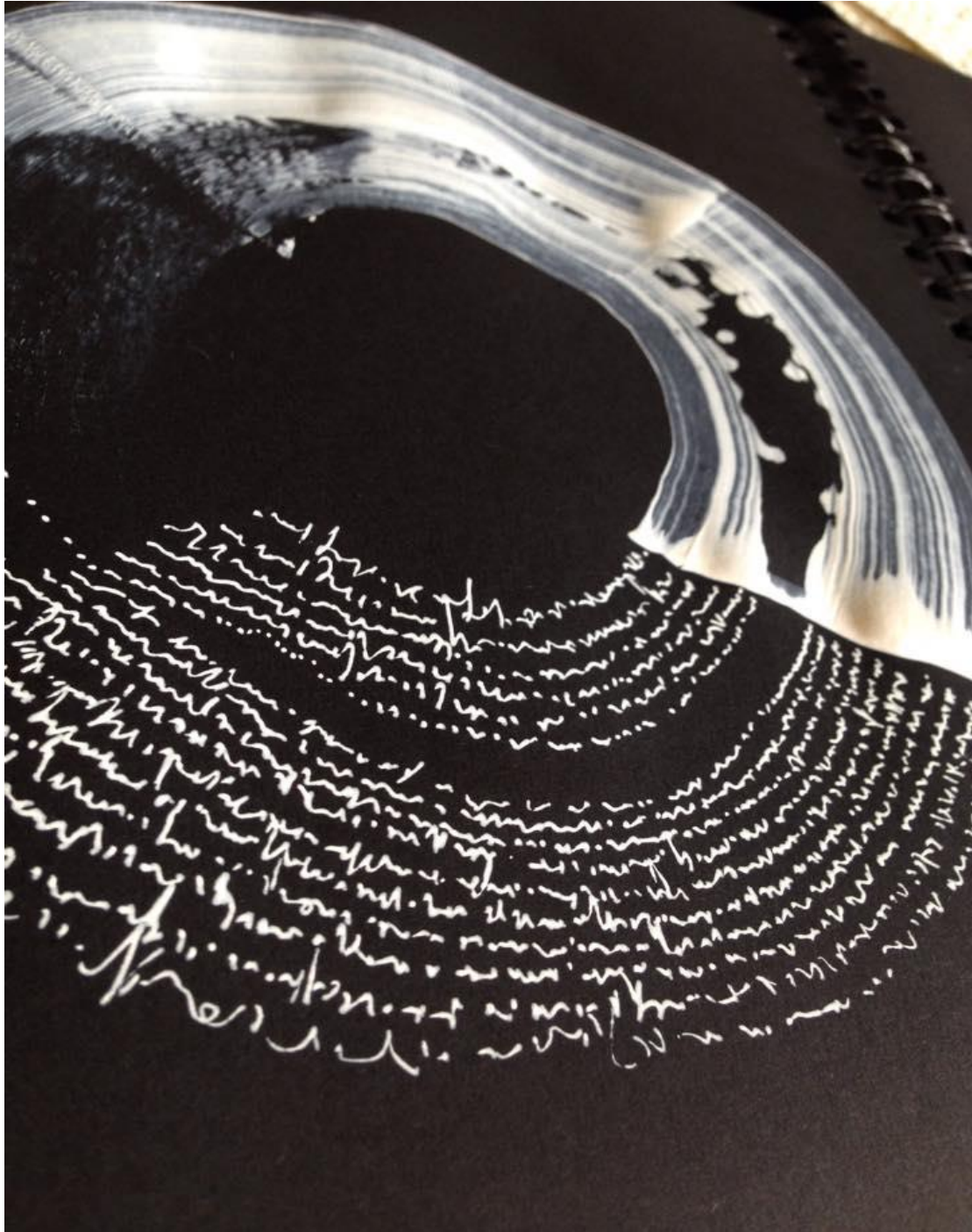
Asemic Artwork by Kerri Pullo



Zentangle by Kirthi Jayakumar



Translating Paint by Anneke Baeten



Nerd by Courtney Kenny Porto



CONTRIBUTORS

Alegria Imperial is a journalist from Manila, Philippines. She now lives in Vancouver, BC, Canada, and stumbled upon Japanese short poetry forms in 2007. Her first published haiku also received an award. Gaining a few more awards, she has continued to write for international journals.

Alexis Rotella won the grand-prize in the Kusamakura Haiku Contest 2007. Her work is widely anthologized, including *Haiku Mind: 108 Poems to Cultivate Awareness and Open Your Heart*, *Beneath a Single Moon*, and most recently, *Creative Writing: An Introduction to Poetry and Fiction*. She served as the President of the Haiku Society of America in 1984, and founded and edited *Brussels Sprout* and *Prune Juice*. Her haiku collection, *Between Waves*, will be available in the spring of 2015.

Ali Znaidi (b.1977) lives in Redeyef, Tunisia. He is the author of several chapbooks, including *Experimental Ruminations*, *Moon's Cloth Embroidered with Poems*, *Bye, Donna Summer!*, and *Taste of the Edge*. More of his work can be found on <http://aliznaidi.blogspot.com/>

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>.

Allison Grayhurst is a member of the League of Canadian Poets. She has over 550 poems published in more than 275 international journals. She has eleven published books of poetry, seven collections, seven chapbooks and a chapbook pending publication. She lives in Toronto with her family. She also sculpts and works with clay. To read more of her work, you can visit <http://www.allisongrayhurst.com/>.

Anna Cates resides in Wilmington, Ohio, with her two cats, Freddie and Christine. She holds an M.F.A. in Creative Writing, and several other advanced degrees related to English studies, and teaches English online for several universities. She is a regular contributor to a number of Japanese short form poetry publications.

Anneke Baeten was born in Belgium, and now resides in Sydney, Australia. She is currently working on various series of asemic work and photography. Her current series, *Translating Paint*, is about translating the impossible and seeking truth where there is none. She likens writing asemics or visual poetry to releasing the ferrets in her head. Her website can be found on <http://ferretsinmyhead.com/>.

Ben Friedman is a screenwriter currently producing his first film, based off his award-winning screenplay. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with a B.A. in English and Cinema Studies, and has spent time exploring spirituality, working at the Esalen Institute and the Kripalu Yoga Center, and studying in Jerusalem.

Betty Stanton is a poet and fiction writer from Tulsa, Oklahoma. She is currently a candidate for an MFA in Creative Writing from The University of Texas at El Paso. Her work has appeared in *Outside the Lines*, *Limbo*, and *Nimrod International Journal of Prose and Poetry*.

Bill Waters lives in Pennington, New Jersey, U.S.A., with his wonderful wife and their three amazing cats. You can read more of his work at billwatershaiku.wordpress.com and twitter.com/bill312.

Brendon Kent was born in Bitterne village, Southampton, England. He developed a keen interest in Japanese arts and poetry at an early age, having had his first short poem published at the age of eleven. He moved to Botley village, Southampton, later in life, where he regularly takes walks along the countryside taking photographs and enjoying every "haiku moment".

Cathryn Shea's poetry is forthcoming in *Absinthe Review* and *Permafrost*, and has appeared in *MARGIE*, *Gargoyle*, *Blue Fifth Review*, *Quiddity*, *Sierra Nevada Review*, *Soundings East*, *Poet Lore*, and elsewhere. Cathryn's chapbook, *Snap Bean*, was released in 2014 by C. C. Marimbo of Berkeley. She was a merit finalist for the Atlanta Review 2013 International Poetry Competition.

Courtney Kenny Porto has exhibited her work in numerous exhibitions throughout the country, and has been featured in several publications, anthologies, blogs, and television interviews. Most recently, she was featured on Maxim Feminine Hygiene's Blog, "Green Feminine Hygiene Queen Blog" as March 2015's "Fierce Woman".

Cynthia Bargar is a poet living in Boston and Provincetown, Massachusetts. She must reside near the ocean to survive. Her poems have been published in *Gargoyle*, *LUMINA Online*, *The Centrifugal Eye*, *Poesia*, and *Boiling River*. Her picture poem, 'Chimera,' a collaboration with artist Nick Thorkelson, spent many days on a Boston fence as part of the exhibit, Windows on Fort Point.

Dave Read is a Canadian poet whose work has appeared in many journals. You can find his haiku, tanka, and other micropoetry on Twitter, @AsSlimAsImBeing.

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.

Debbie Strange is a member of The Writers' Collective of Manitoba, and several tanka and haiku organizations. Her writing has received awards, appeared in numerous short-form poetry journals, and has been translated into several languages. She is an avid photographer whose images have been published and exhibited. Debbie's passion is for creating haiga and tanka art. Twitter: @Debbie_Strange.

Deborah P. Kolodji is the California Regional Coordinator for the Haiku Society of America, and is the Moderator of the Southern California Haiku Study Group. Her haiku have been published in *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond*, *bottle rockets*, *Acorn*, *Mariposa*, *The Heron's Nest*, *A Hundred Gourds*, and many other journals.

Denis Smith is an Australian born artist, who, for many years, has immersed himself in the calligraphy and painting of the Far East, as well as in asemic scripts. He has participated in several exhibitions in Australia and abroad. For Denis, art is a life-long journey of discovery and experimentation.

Devin Harrison is a retired educator and an inveterate traveller. He began writing haiku & senryu two years ago, and recently won the Japanese Akita University President's award. He presently lives on Vancouver Island, Canada.

Duncan Richardson is a writer of fiction, poetry, haiku, radio drama, and educational texts. He teaches English as a Second Language part time.

Erin Carlyle finds solace writing poems modelled after Emily Dickinson. Her poetry is informed by the deep South countryside and a lifetime of living in poverty. Currently an MFA candidate at New Mexico State University, she holds an M.A. in literary and textual studies from Bowling Green State University. Her work appears in journals such as the *Yellow Medicine Review* and *The Zephyrus*.

Felino A. Soriano is a poet documenting coöccurrences. His poetic language stems from exterior motivation of jazz music and the belief in language's unconstrained devotion to broaden understanding. His work has been nominated for the *Pushcart Prize* and *Best of the Net* anthologies. Recent poetry collections include *Forms, migrating, Of isolated limning, Mathematics, Espials, watching what invents perception*, and *Of these voices*. He edits the online journal, [Of/with: journal of immanent renditions](#). Website: felinoasoriano.info

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, *Jaꝛꝛ Trio*.

Godhasri Krishnan is a Bangalore based happy and energetic 10th grader. She has recently ventured into photography, as she loves to freeze time with her clicks. You can see more of her work on [flickr](#).

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*.

Jason Graff is a writer and educator who lives in Little Falls, NJ with his wife, editor, and muse, Laura. His fiction and poetry have been published internationally in print as well as on-line. His horror novella, *In the Service of the Boyar*, will be released in 2016.

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.

Johannes S. H. Bjerg (b. 1957) is a Dane who writes in Danish & English simultaneously. He mainly writes (hai)ku and its related forms. Some of his books include *Penguins/Pingviner*, *Parallels*, *Threads/Tråde*, *Paper Bell Lessons*, *Noah's Eggs*, *Beatitudes/Saligprisninger*, and many more bilingual works. He was also the instigator and is the co-editor of [Bones – a journal for contemporary haiku](#).

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*.

Kala Ramesh is an award-winning poet who has been instrumental in bringing school kids 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 to weave in *a pause, a breather* into our hectic lives!

Ken Slaughter survived 30 years in Information Technology and is now retired. He lives in Massachusetts with his wife and two cats. In 2012, he won second prize and an Honorable Mention in the annual TSA contest. Senryu is his latest addiction. He maintains a website to help tanka writers keep track of submission deadlines: [All Things Tanka](#)

Kent Christensen is a self-taught artist and factory worker who lives in Omaha, Nebraska.

Kerri Pullo is an asemic writing artist who is originally from the Chicagoland area and resides in Tucson, AZ USA. Her artwork is influenced by Arabic calligraphy, as well as international graffiti and street art. Pullo's asemic writing has been published in *An Anthology of Asemic Handwriting* (2012), edited by Michael Jacobson and Tim Gaze.

Kevin Heaton is originally from Kansas and Oklahoma, and now lives and writes in South Carolina. His work has appeared in a number of publications including: *Guernica*, *Rattle*, *Slice Magazine*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *The Adroit Journal*, and *Verses Daily*. He is a Best of the Net, Best New Poets, and three-time Pushcart Prize nominee. More of his work can be found on <http://kevinheatonpoetry.webstarts.com/publications.html>.

Kirthi Jayakumar is a writer, artist, lawyer, and activist based out of Chennai. In her world, everyone is a doodle.

Kyle Hemmings lives and works in New Jersey. He has been published in *Your Impossible Voice*, *Night Train*, *Toad*, *Matchbox*, and elsewhere. His latest ebook is *Father Dunne's School for Wayward Boys*, available on amazon.com. He also blogs at <http://upatbergasse19.blogspot.com/>

Liam Wilkinson lives in the north of England. He has served as editor of *3LIGHTS*, *Prune Juice* and *Modern Haiga*. He can be found on ldwilkinson.blogspot.co.uk and Twitter @RyukaMoon.

Marcus Liljedahl was born in the town of Malmö, Sweden 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.

Marjorie Jensen is a writer, professional bibliophile, witch, cat lover, and editor of [Arcana: the Tarot Poetry Anthology](#). She holds an MFA from Mills College and has taught creative writing workshops at U.C. Berkeley. Marjorie currently lives in Oakland, California.

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 on-line journals.

Mary B. Sellers will be attending Louisiana State University this coming fall to pursue an MFA in Fiction. Sellers' first collection of short stories, *Shoulder Bones*, was published this past December. She has had essays and fiction published in a variety of publications, and founded the feminist online literary magazine, [Siren Magazine](#).

Michael Koenig is a writer, editor, and designer in Oakland, California who has published stories and poetry in numerous literary publications such as *The Old Crow Review*, *The Pacific Coast Journal*, *Anything that Moves*, *Catbatic*, and *Spitball*. His stories have appeared in recent issues of *The MacGuffin*, *Harpur Palate*, *Hardboiled*, and the *Paterson Literary Review*. His work has also been anthologized in *Awake! A Reader for the Sleepless* and *The Shamus Sampler 2*.

Michael Nickels-Wisdom began writing haiku in 1990, after discovering Harold G. Henderson's *An Introduction to Haiku* on the shelf in the public library in which he works in northern Illinois. His work has appeared in several venues, most recently in *Bones* and the anthology, *Haiku 2015*.

Mike Keville declares that he is neither a poet, nor a photographer. He enjoys the creative process immensely and adds:

“I am what I am
and what I am
I’ll let you decide.”

Myron Lysenko is the author of six books of poetry, the latest, “a rosebush grabs my sleeve,” dedicated entirely to haiku. He regularly runs haiku workshops called “Ginko with Lysenko,” and he lives in Woodend where he is convener of the monthly poetry event, “Chamber Poets”.

Nadezhda Stanilova is from Bulgaria. She works as an English teacher and has published two books of rhymes and fairy tales for children. She has been writing haiku and other short forms for the last three years. Her haiku received an honourable mention in *World Haiku Review* (January, 2015), *Sharpening the Green Pencil* (2015), and other local haiku contests.

Norman Muise resides in a small city just west of Toronto, Ontario. He started writing haiku twenty years ago, when, by luck, he found a haiku workshop and was mentored by two incredibly talented ladies. In the past few years, Norman has developed his insight and skill within haiku. He has found that haiku is a journey into nature and himself.

Olivier Schopfer lives in Geneva, Switzerland. He likes to capture the moment in haiku and photography. His work has appeared in *The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku* (2014) as well as in numerous online and print journals such as *Acorn*, *Bones*, *bottle rockets*, *Issa's Untidy Hut*, *Mayfly*, *Modern Haiku*, *moongarlic E-zine*, *Presence* and *Under the Basho*. He also blogs at <http://olivierschopferferracontelesmots.blog.24heures.ch/>

Pat Geyer, an amateur photographer and poet, lives in East Brunswick, NJ, USA. Her home is surrounded by many parks and lakes. She walks everyday to find her inspiration in nature. She has been published in *Bright Stars*, *Moonbathing*, *Kokako*, *The Bamboo Hut*, *Undertow Tanka Review*, *Gnarled Oak* and *Akitsi Quarterly*.

Patrick Doerksen is a student of social work and lives with his wife in Victoria, Canada, where flowers bloom as early as January and it is very difficult to be unhappy. He writes poetry as a way of experiencing life more fully.

Paul Ferrell is a former freelance journalist for *The Tribune Company* in New Haven Ct. Presently, he is a poet performing and publishing in and around Chicago, Il. He is mourning the death of Ornette Coleman, who showed that, in art, you should create only the works that give you joy.

Peggy Castro lives in Alhambra, CA, and works as a peer advocate for the homeless. She is widely published in various tanka journals, and has also had haiku, haibun and blank verse published. She has been a member of the Southern California Haiku Study Group since 2007.

R. Gerry Fabian is a retired English instructor. He has been publishing poetry since 1972 in various poetry magazines, and is currently working on a book of his poems. He is the editor of [Raw Dog Press](#).

Rashida Murphy lives on the west coast of Australia with her husband and a visiting cat and writes mostly about obscure sorrows. Recently, she was shortlisted in the Dundee International Book Prize for her debut novel, *The Historian's Daughter*.

Rony Nair was a columnist with the Indian Express. He is also a professional photographer about to hold his first major exhibition and has previously been published by *Yellow Press 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. Larkin's collected poems would be the one book he would like to die with.

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.

Scott Thomas Outlar survived both the fire and the flood...now he dances with the waves of the Tao River while laughing at and/or weeping over life's existential nature. His words have appeared recently in venues such as *Dissident Voice*, *Section 8 Magazine*, *Oddball Magazine*, and *Yellow Chair Review*. To read more of his poetry, please visit 17numa.wordpress.com.

Sivakami Velliangiri (b. 1955) has been publishing poetry since her college days. Her chapbook, *In My Midriff*, was published by The Lily Literary Review. Her poems have been published in national and international journals. In 2009, she read out her poems to a group of students from Pittsburgh at the Semester-At-Sea program. She is, at present, engaged in writing a fictional memoir.

Spencer Selby is a poet, artist, and film historian who has performed work and presented slide shows in many North American cities and Europe. He is the author of nine poetry books, six artist books and two reference works on film noir. Selby currently lives in Ames, Iowa.

Stella Pierides is a poet and writer born in Athens, Greece, who now divides her time between Neusaess, DE, and London, UK. In her heart, she lives somewhere on the Aegean coast. Currently, she manages The Haiku Foundation's "Per Diem: Daily Haiku" feature. Website: <http://www.stellapierides.com/>

Susan Burch is a good egg.

Terri L. French is a poet and massage therapist living in Huntsville, Alabama. She is the editor of the online senryu & kyoka journal, [Prune Juice](#), and the Southeast Regional Coordinator of the Haiku Society of America. Besides doting on her family and two black cats, Terri enjoys the culinary arts, yoga, and photography.

Terry Gilroy, originally from Yorkshire, England, now lives in South West Scotland, where he continues to be inspired by its stunning scenery. He has recently embraced macro photography, particularly insects and flowers. His photographs have been featured in the *World Haiku Association*, *paper wasp*, *tinynwords*, *Daily Haiga*, *TanshiArt*, *Chrysanthemum*, and the *Undertow Tanka Review*.

Toby Sims is a part-time postman and full-time whiskey enthusiast. He struggles with sheer idleness and flips between misanthropy and philanthropy, but has yet to find a happy medium. He is thinking of living in some sort of commune or starting his own cult.

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*.

Vibeke Laier is an artist and dreamer who lives in Randers, Denmark. She began writing three years ago, and likes the process of capturing moments of the day in small sentences and micro poems...it is a way to be open to the magic.

W. Jack Savage is a retired broadcaster and educator. He is the author of seven books including *Imagination: The Art of W. Jack Savage*. To date, more than fifty of Jack's short stories and over four-hundred of his paintings and drawings have been published worldwide. Jack and his wife Kathy live in Monrovia, California. Website: <http://www.wjacksavage.com/>

FINIS.