

# OLENTANGY REVIEW

Summer | 2016



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**EDITORS** | *Darryl & Melissa Price*

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

Whenever I receive a work of art from someone I always want to give it my full attention. I never skip. I never hurry. I don't know what I'm looking for until I see it, but that doesn't mean I don't see the hard work that goes into every submission.

I see it, I hear it, I admire it, but I have a job to do—which is to gather a certain amount of these expressions and let them inhabit a single issue of *Olentangy Review* together for your reading pleasure, hopefully sounding like a beautiful choir at full throttle, with a periodic solo voice taking center stage for a brief moment.

Still it's meant to be a lovely concert, not a showcase, and as a director I do my best to have every sound represented in the overall presence of the music. And make no mistake about it, it is an honor to do so, one I do not take lightly.

It's never been an easy task for Melissa or I to ever turn down a piece. Every bit of writing we see is hard earned, we know it. It takes a lot of real, raw courage to tell your truth and to let others see it. We'll always do the best we can, just like all of you, and hope the results speak for themselves.

Welcome to the Summer issue of the *Olentangy Review*. We couldn't be happier that you came along. Here we go.

**Darryl Price** | June 20, 2016  
[dprice@olentangyreview.com](mailto:dprice@olentangyreview.com)

## **Respite** | *Gary Hardaway*

It's your day off.  
Although you wake to it,  
you collapse like a tent  
whose poles and stakes  
have turned to sawdust.

The new work regimen  
of calls made and taken  
with patronizing cheerfulness  
breaks the fibers- physical,  
emotional, and intellectual.

You lie and look at daylight  
brightening the walls  
and only seek the dark again,  
pulling the covers over  
injured and exhausted eyes.

## **Confusion of Fragrances** | *Gary Hardaway*

Fragrances assail olfactory nerves,  
insinuate and inflame the sinuses,

and confuse the sense with artificial notes.  
We endure the damage and confusion

in order to escape the smells  
of transformational chemistries-

the sweat and piss and shit  
and death that terrify us so.

## **Our Promising Future** | *Gary Hardaway*

Without intervention, the earth  
recycles its own. Old rocks

to new sand, old sand to new rocks,  
old flesh to new flowers.

The earth has been ruthlessly efficient  
and once we're gone will find a way

to make of our wreckage  
some things of astonishing beauty.

## **Volubilis** | *Elizabeth Schaulat*

I wander through the Roman ruins of Volubilis,  
Observing the remnants of all that was left behind.

A soldier's house, with a mosaic of him and his wife,  
The entry arches, where stone defies gravity,  
Bath houses, the forum, the capital steps,  
Pillars still standing after thousands of years.

I am awed at the history here,  
Yet I cannot help but think there is sorrow here too among the ruins of people's lives.

It is as though the city is waiting,  
Waiting for its people to return to it,  
Wondering why they left it to the ravages of time,  
Crying out to them "Where are you? Come back!"

Ah, Volubilis, your cries will never be answered.  
Your people are long gone to places far away.

Even I must leave soon,  
Though a part of me is reluctant,  
And go back to my home across the sea,  
To a city that waits for me to return to it.

## **Fireflies** | *Elizabeth Schaulat*

I sit on the cool rocks and watch the stars  
Wheeling through a sky of navy velvet,  
With the mischievous wind swirling around  
And the fireflies dancing like living stars.  
I watch them and wonder how they can shine  
As bright as they do when death follows near  
Waiting to steal their bright shining life-spark  
And to darken summer's skies yet again.  
Knowing as I do that the fireflies die  
I am resolved to cherish such brief things,  
For I know that I too shall die one day  
And leave behind the beauty of summer.  
Don't think that you will be exempt from this;  
Even the rocks vanish and the stars fade.

## **Magenta** | *Susan Tepper*

Let's just say I trusted you  
until the sky turned magenta.  
That should have been  
the first sign. Instead  
I stood there like a fool.  
Dancing and swaying.  
Watching the purple-foil above  
shimmering like the second coming.  
You were elsewhere  
but little did I know.  
My soul proffered like clover  
picked fresh off the lawn:  
green bits  
sheared, fragrant.  
Some men don't see promises or else  
they pretend. I have never  
lived behind those kinds of eyes.

## **Last Place** | *Susan Tepper*

This is America at its most desolate.  
The northeast, a cold fall day,  
wind knocking dry leaves and  
paper 'round the parking lot.

A mall— not upscale—  
no Bloomingdales or Nordstrom  
to anchor its ends

one sad looking Macy's left standing  
like an after-thought.

I am thinking of nothing and everything  
as I step through Macy's side door:  
A quick scan telling me  
*nothing too great here.*

Not that I'm planning on buying.  
God I've got things spilling from closets  
more crowded than this pathetic mess.  
Ladies who shop here look thrifty.

Wearing coats that are neat and pressed  
if not memorable. I have come  
specifically not to be enticed. I want  
my brain to fold in on itself.

If I wanted love, or a decent sweater,  
this would be the last place.

## **The Bronx Is Burning** | *Michelle Brooks*

The rain falls in sheets  
and the ground rises like  
a fist. There's this past, you  
see, most of which I will take  
to my grave as have others  
before me. What would I have  
done if I knew the ending  
would come so soon? Would  
love flicker behind my almost  
dead eyes? Or would I still  
conceal everything I didn't want  
you to know and catch my death,  
just like everyone said I would?

## Where Good Things Come Easy | *Michelle Brooks*

Forget about your change.  
You don't need it. You are  
under the neon night sky. This  
is all yours – the sidewalk  
lined with winners of the race  
to the bottom. Count yourself  
among their ranks. You squeeze  
past them, people huddled together,  
sharing the same cigarette. A tiny  
flag floats in the gutter, adorned  
with a tag that tells you how your  
donation will help the wounded  
veterans. Any amount is appreciated.  
Walking away from the Seven-Eleven,  
you stare up at the starless sky. No matter  
what you do, you can't move the clouds.

## Overheard, or This Is Not *Nighthawks* | Michelle Brooks

I'm watching *The Biggest Loser*  
in a Jack in the Box by the freeway.  
How I got here, well, your guess is  
as good as mine. Alone, I listen  
to a woman on television crying while  
a haggard-looking mom hands off her son  
to his father for the weekend. Someone  
near me says, Seeing this show always  
makes me want to get really fat so I can  
do something remarkable. I laugh despite  
myself while police lights illuminate a cop  
handcuffing a man who seems like he's been  
through this routine. I slump in my booth  
next to a sign that says, *We Don't Make It  
Until You Order It* adorned with the clown  
I remember from childhood, announcing,  
Jack's Back! Somehow, I knew he would be.

## Returning from Crete | *Steve Klepetar*

I'll walk the length of the island of Crete  
gazing at the mountain  
where dead Zeus lies, hoping to hear

the hooves of the Minotaur somewhere  
among purple shadows  
where ghosts hover near the shore –

but of course I'll hear nothing  
only motorbikes  
and a stew of tourist voices

and the clinking of glasses as *roditis*  
flows in the *tavernas*.  
Ariadne is stringing me along again;

even she doesn't know where her mad  
brother waits. My sails are black,  
but I won't change them now, not with

those wild melodies still thrilling  
my ears, dolphin-spray  
leading me home to where my father

waits to hurl himself into the sea,  
to take immortal form as his  
iron crown presses my bleeding brow.

## Scouring the Floor | *Steve Klepetar*

It seemed so ordinary  
when I was young, a task  
we hardly mentioned  
among ourselves.  
Once a week she would  
scour the floor, first sweeping,  
then swishing the surface  
with rags before scrubbing  
with a rough brush as if  
the devil had left radioactive  
droppings over everything.  
We never tried to help or intrude.

Her eyes swam with ammonia  
tears. Wisps of hair snuck  
from her blue kerchief  
as her hands pulled at them  
without effect.  
Then she sat and smoked  
awhile, sometimes singing  
beneath her breath  
as the world turned slowly  
toward sleep. Later she would  
descend rickety steps to  
the damp cellar, lit by a single bulb.

Shadows stretched across  
the floor and climbed up walls,  
their starving arms writhing  
or signaling or sending  
greetings to new-fallen night.  
And there, below decks,  
she watched as brooms  
curtsied to mops, which bowed  
and swayed as buckets swirled  
in their rotund joy, wild dervishes  
riding strains of melody  
torn from the throats of mice and frogs.

## Monument | *Rachel Geraci*

In using every resource at my dreadful disposal:  
wood, brick, mud, mortar, stone, silver and gold,  
I have built your family name up, dear old friend,  
after having an aroused knack to be torn down—  
yet here we are! Gothic soul-mates in this existence.  
I am abated and embarrassed about every tiny thing,  
ever-so human—now teach me a much needed lesson:  
the pattern of loving a rival, a riveting raucous enemy  
one who flashes snake-teeth at me, crudely and crossly.

So have resolution: to fall preposterously in love with me.  
Here I question the creaky joints and platonic parts—  
those wise menopausal women who carefully crafted you,  
those grown mother-maids who chanced to touch you  
had elevated your virginal body from the Cities of the Dead,  
they could bury me blissfully, a sweet Metairie mausoleum,  
or realistically cry into some commoner's castle sky,  
while my mossy twig-arms arise, escaping higher, high.  
A beautiful piece of Confederate earth, an entity born shy.

Now who are these ancient Matron-Idols I am addressing thus?  
Who are those that plead so taciturn, to watch me and weep?  
I have gouged out my own eyes in hopes of an eternal sleep.  
With gory fingers, infinite outstretch, tongues unbeknownst—  
Demons and Prophets! I will spot-sell my soul to apprehend,  
yet remove yourself from this house and my voodoo-love,  
with a spoiled child to thrash legs and make a pitiful scene,  
swallowing mini metal shards, goad my throat to bleed,  
a fantasy laden with promises sure-fire to appease me.

Capricious Fairy, much more and less than ever I can dream!  
When at Lake Pontchartrain I fall fast benumbed, asleep,  
I can, I will, brood here all day and all night, I just might,  
never to release a deep knowing that we are both cruelly tried,  
so we settle for what is justly unfair, now look on here:  
I've struggled with a Monument, a wholesome cattle-prize,  
to be suckered and strewn from a cotton-candy-bride.  
Life simply cannot be made of the stuff that I am made,  
dreams of these goliaths, and a class of Dixie-parade.

## Internalize | *Rachel Geraci*

The mind is like a stairwell, a high-rise,  
set to the tune of a fine, divine-right.  
Every fragment of my being is mulled over,  
spiraling 'round and 'round, a nightmare  
that finds itself repeating. I retell this story.  
It's the one where I'm replicating your smile,  
a smile I have identified with a blameless grimace.  
Previous coy, but only now is it unchanging. Fear not.  
It's not the only thing I have set to press down upon,  
to flash about, and make some twins of it.  
There is a room. A finely-lit woman-tomb.  
A face staring back at my own, with such gall,  
through the countless ages. The convincing  
definition of facets. Pull me from nightfall.  
Mirror, mirror, distorted affection-barrier,  
make me clearer. Surfaces, planes, façades.  
Age is a construct, though it holds implication  
when it reverts. This is a constant thing, never  
holding more weight than would allow a crumble.  
The grains of sand that fall through my hands.  
How has age flattered you in passing years?  
Adulation does not seem to don well on this body.  
I've dragged the coarse edges of eighteen on my back,  
much longer than a stylish period. It never gets easier.  
Overflowing, complicated and believing-ly starving  
for a namesake of fake-countenances, a split second  
of time that I may never call my own. A wretched,  
would-be possession. The inhabitant of my soul  
is not of this common world. It rings clearly,  
a feverish river hemorrhaging downstream,  
with chaste echoes of lovely voice. The vivid specks  
of childhood criticisms, the carving constructs of abuse,  
have dulled me up and over, from the feet up  
to the scalp. I am ashamed of who I have become,  
because I am not enough. Simple-minded or insane,  
it does not matter which. It is not well to take notice.  
And you—you are doubtless brilliant, though weak-willed,  
and nothing more than translucent. You've just fallen.

The perfect life demonstrates creativity in illusions,  
though you know in your heart that these will be misplaced.  
There is no longer a mask to lose, I dear plead with you.

## Constructions | *Rachel Geraci*

Do not write me in  
absolutes, thus She spoke. Write me in  
jest. Write me in bleeding watercolours  
down the pages of sepia, of Cajun-papier.  
Burst through those French-doors and imagine  
that you're famous in downtown dramaturgy.  
Play precise the role of the gorgeous rich girl  
who perishes of a metaphoric stray bullet,  
candor and moans intermingled on enamel and  
procession processes. You do not simply play the part—  
it is a key component within the recipe of a  
Southern Belle—even outside yourself. Do not speak.  
You cannot do so without agency. It is consecrated.  
You are fairly flourishing yet, but in lieu of flowers,  
divide your mournings for the One True Church.  
God will exonerate your depravities immediately  
following a feigned settlement with blanched clerics  
while you at least attempt a life of observable normalcy,  
eyes greeted blankly within noting the nonchalance  
in which the scarlet wine runs down pock marks of  
chin skin, stubble procuring mass diffusion,  
boredom and fear united in a stony stare  
that cannot portend what shall come forth.  
Stale whisperings may be used in the description box  
of your person, former glories in what they may  
call a passing-down, or injection of acumen and  
refinement into children of a lesser multiplicity.  
My father was not a doctor, my mother could neither  
play in domestics. I'm sorry that I wasn't made more.  
I cannot become extraordinary because I  
don't hold the capacity that one with  
a blessed cranium may. You brim with this.  
Perhaps my genetics didn't sanction me  
in similar ways that slapped onto the flesh  
of you great Lithuanians. I'm glad you  
all escaped the war. I am mortified because I  
used to recycle oozing morose-romance and  
essences one may entertain about being

a beautiful, established woman in cribs  
that were only mine until I soiled myself,  
when I very well should have been analyzing  
a few good pages in the language of reality. I thought  
I knew whom it was I was dreaming about,  
beings of such caliber, certainly not read into  
the fine print I drew out in indentures.  
Somewhere in there, I think, slipped a Streetcar  
Named Desire. Names in the heads of the  
drinks that I drink. Thank god there are  
no beers named after you. My friends thrust me  
to the edges but I won't regurgitate a half-baked  
yat-ty accent for you. Right now, you're  
surely attending to NPR on your long drive home  
and recalling a mundane conversation with Nancy,  
long shreds of wind whistling around those unkempt  
nails that are so unbecoming of such a stunning queer  
woman. There was something said about the weather,  
or the students, perhaps an offhanded mention at  
broken vending machines and the people who  
fix them, and there—more words for the shared experience  
of a broken marriage. I am too young, and cannot  
will myself to call upon such understandings. These  
are the emissions that escape you and enrapture me.  
Expressions from that mouth that had spoken of me  
were assuredly not uttered in good humor. Stiltedly, you  
whispered in her eager ear, "We can never be sure of our time."  
Back then, we had been in the vicinity of ping-pongers,  
battle-mongers and boring old housewives famished and  
voracious for juvenile pastimes. I have two papers due  
tomorrow, and all I desire to do is muse upon a lecture  
of my own, detailing your vivid, healthy-looking face.  
I can still recall those faint, taupe moles on  
your left cheek, near your heavy, pooling dimples,  
wondering which of the factual Gods decided  
unquestionably on their placement. I'm not sure  
why I'm so grateful for a talent to fantasize about  
inhaling the same brand of air as you, to be able  
with great feeling and consciousness to claim visual  
experience amongst one identical moon, separating

us by only a long stretch of highway and a few neglected grasslands. When I perceive things just in this way, I can protect myself from seeing how bad this whole situation with you had become, and will remain. I know full well that I'm very, very ill, Cynthia, because it has been seven years and I still can't presently manage my life in a manner that would allow me to stop writing vigorously about you.

## Swamp Winter City Pastoral | *Rob Cook*

The Blade Runner neighborhood  
dark tonight  
    with no view  
of the moon on someone's  
invading laptop,

    indigo chain errors  
of dusk populated  
    with ticking  
of a storefront's  
garbage sack  
bouquets

and footsteps that only murmur,

people tapping, heads down  
in cyber versions  
    of happiness,

trees that are green and wrong,  
rain that is warm  
and wrong,  
    a man made entirely  
    from a space once occupied  
    by live pigeons  
approaching his door, closing  
and then opening  
his eyes the way a bottle  
of artificial water  
can bruise.

## **Snapshots from My Nightmares** | *Pamela Miller*

Headless people dancing.  
Dead women golfing.

A drowned child stands on her hands.  
A white monk and a black monk wrestle in a hailstorm.

A shadow-faced specter serves Thanksgiving dinner,  
the bird basted with ectoplasm.

A boy with no eyes  
floats in a pool of melted butter.

My grandfather's ghost mows the lawn in tan pants.  
A corpse reads the classified ads.

Pygmies with their teeth on fire  
sink slowly into the swamp.

My dead father shakes me back to the past  
and I swim away like a trout.

## counting time | *John Mingay*

laden and anxious  
amongst the crowd

it was never really  
to be watched

to be seen

that you had so eagerly  
come to us that day

but instead to  
follow your heart

mortal as it is

mistaken in making  
the least word smile

whilst the whole  
was only sadness

an air of never soon

as though perhaps  
the future had died

your every moment  
as ever a question of time

## **Red Roses Only** | *Tim Suermond*

I'm a City boy  
and even if I waxed  
and cut poetic on flowers  
I wouldn't fool myself  
let alone anyone else.  
I love the modern buildings,  
the ones whose huge windows  
you can see through  
to another country, another  
universe or simply to a land  
that remembers the Mersey Sound.  
I love the old buildings too  
and their slightly caked disrepair,  
the ones who house the people  
who say "I'm a survivor" more  
eloquently than I ever could.  
I enjoy visiting the pizzeria wedged  
along one side of the concrete  
alley, holding my slices delicately  
as I would a small bouquet of roses  
I've promised my wife I'd bring her  
before the end of this early decade,  
in this City no flowers, no flowers  
have ever been able to dominate.

## Early Morning in a Place Called Yarra | *Tim Suermondt*

The apartment is as quiet as the moonlight—  
I know that's a bit fancy and a bit ridiculous,  
but being the author I'm allowed to get away with both.  
The world outside is charging up for motion, confrontation  
and the myriad activities, some of which might make it into history.  
I have no agenda, and I don't mind—I ready a pot of tea  
and watch the moonlight begin her retreat to the other side of the globe,  
looping and lassoing through the sky, jumping at the boiling water's whistle.

## To Break Its Spell | *John Horváth, Jr.*

I only rode the wind to break its spell, and then  
I loved the wind you were, the cool breeze of affection  
you became. I loved the storm of wantonness,  
the calm of friendship, and loved the streaming currents  
that you are upon me, through me, in me now and then.

But most I love the breath of life you soon  
became that on this flute plays its song--  
I am your sweet refrain.  
I am not the sail on this craft--  
a sailor, I obey--you power it.

## Poet Between Oxnard and Van Nuys | *Bill Yarrow*

The butter of summer was melting onto  
the toast of the town, a town which I had  
visited only in dreams, dreams I had failed  
to remember despite earnest attempts  
to recall their evocative details, details  
so reverberant they made the old men  
outside the café sob with happiness  
for their outmoded childhoods among  
the tangled brambles and dry rivers,  
remembering soft rendezvous with lovers  
long lost to futures unclouded by intrigue.

It was the summer of butter, the summer of  
jelly and jaundice. The king caterpillars,  
despite stinging pings from orphans' guns,  
had commandeered the lobby of the fortress.  
One rolling hill reconsidered its trajectory  
and decided to light out for western Oklahoma.  
Sunlamps flashed off and on in a Morse code  
of bitter inconsequence. Dilations of happy  
mockery, indices of jocular boxes, tropes  
of moroseness, modular degeneration and  
fascist neuralgia—the preternatural detritus  
of opulence, leading to no end but one—optimism.

A universe of pearls, a multiverse of swine.  
Cultivated fields of alternating texture.  
There is no privilege in description, but neither  
is there license in horizon. Who hasn't heard  
of the empiricist's dilemma: "So far, so far..."  
And the solitary jacaranda—not in bloom,  
not in bloom! But what harm can six beers  
before noon do? What bad can happen in a stand  
of trees? Who will witness the paucity of pastel  
clouds? Who may interrupt the symmetry  
of tilled hills and planted vines?" It's getting  
foggy," said the man in the gabardine hat.  
"Yes, that's quite true," intoned the dust.

Starts. And stops. Mostly stops. The only thing continuous is time and not even that. What does Chatsworth or Glendale Heights have to say? "Eat your samosa and behave." Yes, *my leaf*. Then I saw a stiletto in a tuxedo infiltrate a cordon. To the music of Britt Spears cascading from nude trees, the beach, decked in its vestments but misled by white waves, retreated from sand crabs assailed by a raft of four-year-olds wearing Catholic hats. How strange it is to look out from a train at waves. How odd for water to roll past the eye. How otherworldly to have train tracks parallel the whale road. It's unsettling to see the landscape ripple and crest and churn. I had gone north looking for rescue. I found it sitting in a rental train looking out at the passenger coast.

## **Absence** | *Bill Yarrow*

I am desperate in these seconds without you  
I am frightened of miles and time  
I withdraw into the dark imagination  
where things are defrauded of their meanings  
by a world of total frivolity  
You anchor the real  
You make love to the true  
I am bound to you in consecration  
You alone have given me weight  
Without you I would rise and disappear  
into the vast insensate sky

## Plane of Poets | *Bill Yarrow*

The plane was filled with poets!  
Cold inspiration was in the air!  
The green-haired poet!  
The doe-eyed poet!  
The mannequin poet! The poet manqué!  
The bootless poet! The booted poet!  
The bejeaned, bejeweled, and begrimed poet!  
The baggy-skin poet and the bagatelle poet!  
The blistering, blustery, fustian poet!  
The hootin' poet! The Putin poet! The root toot tootin' poet!  
The budding poet! The balding poet!  
The King of Sonnets and his regina, Queen Sestina!  
The poet of scarves! The poets in hats! The lone-cufflink poet!  
The bottle poet! The blotto poet!  
The yeast poet and the dough poet!  
The baked poet and the half-baked poet!  
The mottled poet in motley cloak!  
The contused poet! The bemused poet! The abused poet!  
The slob poet! The mob poet! Bob, the poet!  
The tattooed, tongue-pierced, ear-gauged poet!  
O Poets! Poets! Poets!  
Poets so anxious! Poets in a rush!  
Go! Go! File past me.  
Get thee to thy writing desks!  
What wonders you will write!

## CONTRIBUTORS

**Michelle Brooks'** fiction and poetry has been published or is forthcoming in *Threepenny Review*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Iowa Review*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Natural Bridge*, and elsewhere. My poetry collection, *Make Yourself Small*, was published by Backwaters Press, and my novella, *Dead Girl, Live Boy*, was published by Storylandia Press.

**Rob Cook** lives in New York City's East Village. He is the author of six collections, including *Asking my Liver for Forgiveness* (Rain Mountain Press, 2015), *Undermining of the Democratic Club* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2014), *Blueprints for a Genocide* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2012) and *Empire in the Shade of a Grass Blade* (Bitter Oleander Press, 2013). Work has appeared in *Asheville Poetry Review*, *Caliban*, *Fence*, *A cappella Zoo*, *Zoland Poetry*, *Tampa Review*, *Minnesota Review*, *Aufgabe*, *Caketrain*, *Many Mountains Moving*, *Hampden-Sydney Poetry Review*, *Harvard Review*, *Colorado Review*, *Bomb* (online), *Sugar House Review*, *Mudfish*, *Pleiades*, *Versal*, *Weave*, *Wisconsin Review*, *Ur Vox*, *Heavy Feather Review*, *Phantom Drift*, *Osiris*, etc.

**Rachel Geraci** is a burgeoning poet from Pittsburgh, PA, where she graduated with a BA in Psychology from Chatham University and has been published numerous times in their undergraduate creative writing magazine, *The Minor Bird*. She has also been published in *The Bitchin' Kitsch* and in the web archives of *Former People*. She continues to be inspired by people trapped inside the inevitable tumbling of tumultuous interaction.

Work by **Gary Hardaway** has appeared at *Gumball Poetry*, *Manifold*, *Silkworms Ink*, *Camroc Press Review*, *Olentangy Review*, *The Arlington Review*, and *Blue Fifth Review*. He currently lives in Texas and has earned his living as an urban planner and architect.

**John Horváth, Jr.** lives in Mississippi where he publishes nationally and internationally (in European, Asian, Australian, and African journals since the 1960s). With degrees from Vanderbilt and Florida State universities, "Doc" Horváth taught at historically Black colleges—mostly creative writing, literary criticism, poetry, literature, and theory courses. Having been an online mentor to emerging poets, in 1997 John Horváth began editing [poetryrepairs.com](http://www.poetryrepairs.com) [<http://www.poetryrepairs.com>]. to promote contemporary international poetry. A disabled veteran, John served in the U.S. Army.

**Steve Klepetar's** work has appeared worldwide, in such journals as *Boston Literary Magazine*, *Chiron*, *Deep Water*, *Expound*, *The Muse: India*, *Red River Review*, *Snakeskin*, *Voices Israel*, *Ygdrasil*, and many others. Several of his poems have been nominated for Best of the Net and the Pushcart Prize (including three in 2015). Recent collections include *My Son Writes a Report on the Warsaw Ghetto* and *The Li Bo Poems*, both from Flutter Press. His full-length collection *Family Reunion* is forthcoming from Big Table Publishing.

**Pamela Miller** has published four collections of poetry, including *Miss Unthinkable* and *Recipe for Disaster* (both from Mayapple Press). A downsized magazine editor, she now makes her living as a freelance health care writer and editor in Chicago. She is currently working on a series of 14-line poems prompted by Surrealist writing techniques, tentatively titled "Accidental Sonnets."

From Paisley, **John Mingay** spent the late 1970's working at The Citizens' Theatre and 1985-90 as Writer-in-Residence and Writer-in-the-Community in Darlington. As managing editor of Raunchland Publications from 1984 to 2009, he initiated and edited 3x4 magazine and the Lung Gom Press, and continues to be widely published in literary reviews, anthologies, collaborative projects and in over forty individual collections.

**Elizabeth Schaulat** is a freelance writer and library aide who recently graduated from the University of Oklahoma. She has had a book review and several other short pieces published in World Literature Today, and looks forward to having more of her work published in the future.

**Marcus Speh** is a German writer and author of Thank You For Your Sperm (MadHat Press, 2013). He lives in Berlin, blogs at [marcusspeh.com](http://marcusspeh.com) and tweets as @marcus\_speh.

**Tim Suermond** is the author of two full-length collections of poems: TRYING TO HELP THE ELEPHANT MAN DANCE (The Backwaters Press, 2007) and JUST BEAUTIFUL (New York Quarterly Books, 2010.) His third collection ELECTION NIGHT AND THE FIVE SATINS will be published in 2016 by Glass Lyre Press. He has poems published and forthcoming in *Poetry*, *The Georgia Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Ploughshares*, *Blackbird*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, *PANK*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *december magazine*, *Plume Poetry Journal*, *The Southeast Review* and *Stand Magazine* (U.K.) among others. He lives in Cambridge (MA) with his wife, the poet Pui Ying Wong.

**Susan Tepper** has been a writer for twenty years. Her sixth book dear Petrov (Pure Slush Books, Australia) is a novella set in late 19 Century Russia during a time of war. Tepper is an award-winning author whose fiction, poetry, essays and interviews have been published worldwide. FIZZ her reading series at KGB Bar, NYC, is ongoing these past 8 years.

[www.susantepper.com](http://www.susantepper.com)

**Bill Yarrow**, Professor of English at Joliet Junior College and seven-time Pushcart Prize nominee, is the author of *Blasphemer*, *Pointed Sentences*, four chapbooks, and the poetry CD *Pointed Music*. His poems have appeared in many print and online magazines including *Pirene's Fountain*, *Poetry International*, *RHINO*, *FRiGG*, *Altered Scale*, *Gargoyle*, *THRUSH Poetry Journal*, and *PANK*. He is an editor at the online journal *Blue Fifth Review*. *The Vig of Love*, a new volume of poems, is forthcoming from Glass Lyre Press in September 2016.