

POETiCA REVIEW

Winter 2022

Issue 16



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WINTER 2022

Issue 16

Chief Editor: **Mark A. Murphy**
Assistant Editor: **Kieran Conway**

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A dark gray rectangular box containing the text "POETiCA REVIEWS" in a large, white, serif font. Below it, in a smaller, white, serif font, is the tagline "For the many, not just the few." The text is centered within the box.

POETiCA REVIEWS
For the many, not just the few.

Karen Keefe 2 poems

The Cost of Intimacy

I want to dance and shout out my joy.

To me it is glorious that
now
we find
an intimacy beyond
imagining
at nineteen
or even sixty.

We have lived
long.
Time
owns us
we sag and creak and jointly crack.

Coming into that space
the one where you lie next to me
I often feel myself as faded lace
and wonder am I
enough?

Must I measure today against
coupling lost or found in dreams of fifty years ago?
I loved and feared you then
with no idea
how to relax
in the presence of true mystery.
I watch you come into this room

and catch my breath at the sight of your thigh.
I find myself then, assert my desire
breach the hard breaks in time and space

my short hair curls down my back
as I reach in full desperate confident longing
for the crag and comfort of
your fierce being.

We insist
on what may be our last time as one.

Seeing Rain Fall for the First Time

Remember, the day you died
the sun rose and set.
The tide pulled our boat into the bay.
Mice ran in the walls
of your mother's house.
And we who survive this loss,
gravity bound us
to the ground.

Once you understand this
begin to live your life
so disembodied
you sing to the new sky.
You are
a desert dwelling
toddler
seeing rain fall
through the air
for the first time.

Carla Sameth 1 poem

Split Open

after Natalie Diaz

What you taste
is what you crave.
Because you seek
the ripped edges,
you are drawn
to the brokenness,

the hurting scent.

Pick up the dripping carcass,
plum bruised to black
and mushy, the sopping seeds flung
from smeared papaya

gingerly touch a soft shirt's
edge to wet eyes.
Promise you'll devour
every last tendril
until the thoughts of past

come flooding in—

your mom turning down
the heat, one last goodnight,
I love you, sweet dreams,
a kiss, a promise
that no matter
how trampled
and misaligned,
her love for you
always cradled
your scattered pieces.
Drink deeply,
shirt brightly stained.
She's not
coming back.

Steven Stark 3 poems

Marooned

It would be nice
if someone could
remind me why
I came upstairs

Judas in Swindon

There's a man I see
walking down the street
in Swindon
who'd say he never knew me
even if he did

My husband

After the accident my husband has only one testicle, which is kind of interesting if you think about it.

Which I do repeatedly.

Todd Matson 1 poem

Unholy Trinity

“I have to get out of here!” Id said to Ego. “There is just so much to see, hear, smell, taste, touch!”

“Not so fast,” Ego said to Id. “It’s not that simple. It’s not that you’re wrong. It’s that everything has consequences.”

“I’m gone!” Id said to Ego.

“You’re mine!” Superego said to Id. “Already have your foreskin! Coming for what you have left!”

“Slow down,” Ego said to Superego. “Leave Id to me. I’ll take care of Id. Id is naive. Id is impulsive. Id is a child. Id wants, Id needs, Id demands. Id lives in darkness. Id is not bad. Id merely needs to be tamed by the light. Id simply does not know what is best for Id,” Ego said to Superego.

“Very well then,” Superego said to Ego. “Do it your way, but if Id runs wild, Id is mine!”

“You can come out now,” Ego said to Id. “Listen Id, I like you. You can be really fun. Don’t know what I’d do without you, but whatever you do, please don’t do it Id, without consulting me first. Superego has it in for you Id. Superego has a scalpel with your name on it Id. I know it sounds crazy Id, but I’d swear Superego loves you. Loves you Id! Just doesn’t know how to show it.”

Roy Duffield 4 poems

1

your own business

	“Smile!
	Get a fucking
haircut! /	
	Watch
where you’re going!	Go
back where you came from!	Look,
	listen,
	learn

to drive! [horns honk
all day &
all night] [someone is banging
on the ceiling
again] *¡Que se callen los perros!»*

2

construction work

kerouac before, cummings beforer

a poem prose
railroad

-ers, we mouthed you
eared

you'd

beautifilled

dress flowers perfumely

—nose pur-for-Haitiens—

pagans

unbelievers

("No, t

his time they're Xian

& white

& yellow & blue" he says, bide'n/"t

his time

it's not KO

Come?

it's the opposite

ni NO")

in all probability, noun-verb-adjectives—

all humanity' S. err-

—or—

[Knock, knock!... Boom! Boom!]

"Unclose

down! It's Defective

Johnson_i,

Unclothed

& how!

O how now

3

tramping unwashed
the tenantless night—
“he’s clean”

4

NEW! scented soap
in the office bathroom—
investors arrive

Stephen Ruffus 5 poems

OTTO FRANK, AMSTERDAM, 1960

In the photo he had already walked through
the shadow door that hid the stairs
to the secret annex and the scene of their betrayal.
The floor creaked as it did then when all would be
still and silent as a hummingbird until evening.

He is leaning against a wooden post gazing beyond
the frame, perhaps toward her room, the pictures
still on the wall where she had fastened them.
Or listening for the Westertoren bells, its chimes ringing
hope as she recounted in the diary named after a cat.

He could be remembering how she strained
to see the clock atop the blue
imperial crown through a small hole
in the very room where he now stood solemnly
for the first time since then.

PHONING BILLIE HOLIDAY

I found you, sweet Eleanora
of the gardenias, with your voice
of pure nicotine,
in a 1940s phone book,
wishing I could dial
Edgecomb 4-4058, or swing by
at 286 W. 142nd Street
the center of the universe.

Had I been your lover man
I would have rescued you
from “the assaults and privations”
at the House of Good Shepherd,
kept you safe from those consumed
by your well of sadness.

No matter what
I would have bolted the door
against the vice
at The Mark Twain in San Francisco
or at the hospital in Manhattan
where you laid handcuffed
to your bed.

Lord knows I would have
accompanied you somehow,
sure as Bobby Tucker,
to the Alderson prison camp,
with the whole of
the United States of America
against you.
All this I swear.
You could have counted on me
to stick with you withering away
from the blues, your liver soaked
in copper.

For I know, although
not as well as you,
what a little moonlight can do
to help us get by.

ON THE BOWERY

They gather for the evening Vespers,
for the singing of the psalms
they may remember, and a spoonful of wine
to help while away the canonical hours.
In winter they dwell within the abandoned
subway tunnels to sleep near the fires
or they may huddle on the steps of St. Marks
where covered in newspaper, their lives
in embers may at last be consecrated.

THE AFTERLIFE

More than a year after the towers fell
Patricia Fagan's purse was unearthed.
In it were her everyday things—
A tube of lipstick, her eyeglasses
split in two, coins for the beggars,
a funeral card, a rosary, a notebook
where she kept the birthdays of those
who perished with her that day.
This is all most will ever know of her.
Only these few artifacts framed
in a photo remain, each one vestigial,
a portent rescued by the word.

SUPPORT GROUP GUIDELINES

Before one departs the scene
grief already resides
behind the veil.

Know that your grief
is no less or greater
than the grief of others.

Grief is not a credential
to be put in a frame
and hang on your wall.

All grief is the same
and yet it is not.
No one can explain this.

For now, let's allow
that grief is a question of style.
We'll return to this matter later.

Please do not whisper
to the person next to you.
No cross-talk allowed.

No unsolicited advice please.
"Spend time with the living."
The living has forgotten.

You are alone.
Only the dead remember.
Accept this on its face.

Do not try to explain
what you meant to say.
You've already said it.

Grief reminds us of the fact
of grief apart
from language, like breath.

It is a station
and a sacrament.
You need not accept this.

Please put away
your cell phones. We will start
and end on time.

Addie Mahmassani 1 poem

Bite

The godless are always hungry.
- Mary Zimmerman, *Metamorphoses*

I.

fall's full of gloom and carving
faces up to dark and pulpy skies
if a pumpkin could bleed that'd be me
my seeds grown to be
scraped by some hollow hand

II.

bake me in butter and salt
bleach me blonde
bite me hard
sink sweet orange
from my flesh

III.

I cut a crimson curl from my skull
feed it to the beast who bore it
tell him what we're never told
is ouroboros bite blindly
beat themselves into black and blue

IV.

bake me in butter and salt
bleach me blonde
bite me hard
sink sweet orange
from my flesh

V.

the beast lingers on my bed
eyes aflicker with a craving undying
draw me in blood and seed
I have been calling wolves to my face
since my first cries

Matt Dennison 1 poem

The Soft Weep

With tongue touching nothing
the frenzy-coated alphabet

rattled from his mouth into
the soft weep of a thousand.

*“I have only just footed this
ugly ascent's torn otherness,”*

he cried, *“so muscle the wound
and hush, Cantata, nor wince*

the socket packed!” O my father,
who art in pieces, who art in wax:

shoot your snakes into the coiling sun—
then drop your bow, and run.

Douglas Colston 2 poems

INSENSITIVITY, 'THE FALL' AND ZEN MONASTERIES

Pouring insensitivity
assembles
neglect, suppression, indulgence, secrecy and gloom ...
the vessel 'falsehood and illegitimacy'
conveying descent
that some might consider
akin to falling in love with a prostitute –
it is a shipwreck
wearing a disguise
appearing otherwise innocuous
like a Zen monastery or a thicket.

**A TREE: ONLY A NAIL SERVING AS AN *AIDE-MÉMOIRE*
TO DISPERSE ‘THE GOAL’ – THE FIRST PRIZE ...
SURRENDERING ONESELF TO CREATIVITY**

‘Not’,
figures,
incarceration,
the mind
and origins –
even systems, punishments, intelligence, plans, forms or multitudes –
start from and discharge the same
(the target [whether it is clear, bright, the enemy or you]).

Unity
is the superlative poem ...
from time immemorial.

Receiving, accepting, bearing, withstanding, suffering,
teaching, instructing, giving, transmitting, conferring and awarding
only
is to encounter enlightening, inspiring, stimulating and arousing
truth and reality
synonymous with the aim, standard and criterion
(the optimal potential in each emerging moment) ...
the same is the highest ode.

Having been proposed, faked, laid down or supplied,
giving, offering, yielding or receiving
inspired, inflamed or instilled signs
(including observations, censure, notes,
recognition, understanding and fame).

One –
life –
is ποιητικός
(*poiētikós* [poetical]:
capable of being creative, productive, innovative, ingenious
and both celebrated and quoted by poets).

Rightly and correctly,
having rested and fed,
then you give.

The setting in motion
(through one’s breath)
is the ‘dwelling of creation’ –
that is known.

Lisa Molina 2 poems

Labyrinth

The bones of poets tug and pinch her
until she awakens to find herself

in a maze with a pen in her hand.
This isn't a nightmare. She is trapped.

Lost in a labyrinth of her own thought.
The faint voices of loved ones
implore her to come back to them.

All she can do is write,
write,
write,

her way out. Turn each corner,
exorcising the screams of demons.

With the final drops of blood-red ink
she writes:

“I Am,”

and exits the maze.

Hunting for Treasure

Upside down with the mountain.
Reflected white snow.

Are these treetops,
or swords of ice against the darkened sky.

Translucent clouds swirling above.
Melting pastel pink
down to X marks the spot.

Where
we
dig

for the
always elusive

treasure
called,
'us.'

Teresa Peipins 3 poems

This Road Returns

Straight to the farmhouse, follow a path to the barn,
where darkness shields soft animal eyes.

Hands touch budding horns of a calf, touch the stiff carcass
of a bull, hanging in the milk-house. This road returns

past silos and ponds.

My Father on July 4th

Fireworks in Chicago.
The sky flashes
bright,
 erasing
the grinding saws
of the lumber war camp.

Conscription can't steal
breath of cow,
or scent of clover.

El Modelo

On the old city
street,
as dusk falls,
the wives,
shout love,
longing,
up
to the barred
prison windows.
the response,

floats

Marc Frazier 2 poems

What Blooms in Us

Why do we want to see flowers? What if we could see them for the first time? What if no one had taught us the words “beauty” and “nature?” So many vases filled with flowers in generations of still lifes or on a pedestal near a posed figure in paintings. The little daisy above a young girl’s “i” at which the teacher sighs, “not more of these!” The biodiverse garden, all wildflowers (*Trumpet ash, Whippoorwill shoe, Bleeding heart*) and weeds luring back bees. The singular ones of metaphor scattered throughout decades of my poems. Also. Those that begin or end my verse, or create images, trying, not an easy thing for a flower, to remain fresh in a poem. Mrs. Dalloway’s flowers so famous now, so on everyone’s tongue, part of the canon! There must be lilies of the field that toil (those that don’t just bathe in their nectar and do not spin). Also. The modernist pop art flowers—Warhol’s silkscreened hibiscus blossoms. Or. Maud Lewis’s painted folk art flowers growing up her walls and furniture in Canada. The humble pansies I place upon my sister’s grave on a brisk Chicago day knowing how fast, like us, they will fade.

Betrayal

This is a bitter poem.
Not just the first bite
Nor the second...
All the way through
Like the pungent Seville orange
Gin with a dash of bitters
Gentian, wormwood
The bitter middle of a Chicago winter night
An apple cursed with bitter pit
My skin bruised with sunken brown spots.
Add the letter “n”
And I’d sound like the deep,
Booming call of this marsh bird
In breeding season...I do sound
Like that—full of gall—
Aggrieved, acrimonious, abject.
Nailed, like Shakespeare said,
Like Christ on the bitter cross.
This poem is hard to swallow—a bitter pill.
I remember Sunday afternoons
With the family gathering bittersweet
For dry bouquets, wreaths, beauty
Innocent to bitter truths like
A pretense of love to the bitter end.

Angela Hoffman 2 poems

What Moves Me

a snowflake on my lashes
a breeze that untucks the hair behind my ear
a water ripple when the dragonfly lands
a sigh that causes a candle flicker
a cloud caressing the moon as it passes
the fall of leaves, tears
the tap of raindrops like fingers drumming
a forehead kiss
a curtain flutter, pages that turn in the wind
the sunlight caressing the floor
shadows dappling my face
the barest, briefest touch

London Bridge Is Falling Down

Dressed in my first communion shoes, I was already big
for my age so thumbsucking was not cool. I was shy, lonely until
I discovered companions in the houses on my street, fields
and days, wide with awareness of the differences in families
dispositions. We tended to keep to ourselves. I roamed
found refuge in barns, boxes, a tree, solitude. My world a block
wide, rural, small town, America. Adolescence was awkward
lonely again with time spent dreaming I was anyone but me. Lost
in daydreams, dreams, on streets, in life, so best to follow the rules
play the game, everything safe, be good, get married, numb
my feelings, go through the motions of living, all a blur till it all
came tumbling down. Take the key and lock her up.
Encased, trapped. Find the key to survive, break free, breathe
search for me. I'm worthy, a fairy lady.

JB Mulligan 4 poems

"How terribly strange...."

(for Rocco Dormarunno)

I am seventy,
and you are dead
short of sixty-five.

Pieces of the past:
gems or broken glass
in the mud,
glazed with rain.

We had that friendship
that, after weeks or months,
could pick up conversation
as if we had spoken yesterday.
An earned gift.
A lost treasure.

The long nature of the world
has been changed.
Too much of the present
in the past.

Strange, and wrong, and here.
et the games begin.

warm breezes last

(Howie Simm, d. 8/17/2020)

Simple decency, like a breeze,
gently touches us, and sends ripples
across the water, that will grow
as they are joined by decencies
or diminish with petty stillness
of the unmoved, unmoving heart.

We add or subtract over time
to the breeze or to dead air,
that entropy of goodness
into a motionless void.

Howie, you gave more breeze than most.
Thank you.

over the rim

Life spills over the rim.
Black, polished rocks
with rounded irregular edges
reflect the light
of sunset. Waterfall.

We name. We categorize.
Surely the heron knows
a different name for heron
(and what it call the tall
and noiseless creatures watching it,

it would, if it could talk,
refuse to say). But what?
The patterns bunch and scatter,
flocks of small dark birds
circling above the trees,

and we attempt to measure
flow and shape of pattern.
But life spills over the rim
of every labeled box
and burbles into the trees.

We read ourselves in the world
(ask the heron above),
as if we spoke in tongues
of feather, water, light.
Reflection calls to us.

the skygarden

The sky is never about you.
It is not about anything.
It rages through storms, suspends
a blue calm over everything
and is unalterably there
beyond the brief flashing
of lights on the ground.
It is not just that lightning
startles, and can kill,
but that you see in eternity
a flower that opens, then is gone.
The petals linger on your eyes,
echoing, like thunder.

Mark A. Murphy 1 poem

Encomium

for ZP

A ju-ju bug has made its way
 into the room, where our friend is dying.
 The word on the ward is disbelief.
 How can the ju-ju bug console a man
 who runs with the knowledge of ancients.
 A man who thought of other's so exactly,
 he ends his life alone? Of course, one asks,
 where are the brothers and sisters,
 friends, cousins, lovers, but it hardly matters
 as thought retreats into the reptile brain.

Oh we know, a seat at the table solves
 nothing. So we ask instead
 about forgiveness. And the kiss
 on the forehead that reconciles past
 and present, in our hopes for the future.
 Now ju-ju and enlightened one agree,
 the end will not be sugar-coated,
 the end will be what it will be, as the light
 vanishes.

And leaves of frost curl
 in the wind, like snowflakes joining friend
 to friend, as they sparkle and set down
 in the parks and fields of an unmapped world.

Mission Statement/Editor's Note

“What the mass media offer is not popular art, but entertainment which is intended to be consumed like food, forgotten and replaced by a new dish. This is bad for everyone; the majority lose all genuine taste of their own, and the minority become cultural snobs.” W.H. Auden

There is only one standard for artistry of any kind, and that is excellence. This is not to exclude anyone from practising art. On the contrary, we wish to encourage the production of art from everyone, regardless of class, race, ethnicity, faith, disability, sexuality or gender. Many myths about art and literature have been propagated by various professors and academics in the West over the centuries (mainly by white, middle and upper class men, in the modern epoch) that would exclude most of the members of our society from doing art.

POETiCA REViEW stands in contradistinction to those values that promote the ‘good’ as esoteric, whilst excluding the vast majority from participation. We hope to give voice to the myriad of disparate voices within the artistic community, locally, and internationally, regardless of notoriety or who is currently favoured by this or that magazine. Our mission is to inject new blood into the poetry scene. We will not shy away from political poetry or indeed any poetry with an ‘edge’ (poetry at the margins).

The ‘great’ and the ‘good’ are not untouchable. Our ability to discern and define what is ‘good’ and ‘bad’ is what defines us as human beings. It is fundamental to our intellectual and emotional make up. One might say, it has become part of our human nature. But human nature is not immutable, nor are our ideas. Notions of ‘good’ and ‘bad’ change over time. However, what is clearly unacceptable to us at ***POETiCA REViEW***, is the exclusion from doing art of any writer or artist on the grounds of any social or institutional barriers.

‘High art’, W.H. Auden lamented, only continues to exist in our society because its audience is too small to interest the mass media. Our mission is to make ‘high art’ accessible to all. Finally, we have no hidden agendas, our house is open. We exist to promote diversity. The only agenda for ***POETiCA REViEW*** is the search for excellence. Read, enjoy and feel free to submit!

Submissions and Guidelines

Before we go any further with our submission guidelines please note: we only publish work that excites us and we have confidence in (tickles our aesthetic taste buds) which means what we publish comes down to personal tastes. If we don't publish your work, it's not so much a judgment on the quality of your writing, as a reflection on our own personal preferences.

POETiCA REViEW exists to promote the work of new and older poets alike, the less fortunate, the dispossessed, those without a voice, but encourage the artistic talents of all, not just a privileged minority.

All are welcome to submit. We believe a poetry ezine/journal with the philosophy of 'inclusivity' at its core can act as a springboard to support further artistic development, and encourage writers to keep producing and to participate more widely in the art scene.

POETiCA REViEW appreciates the hard work of others involved in the arts. It is our belief that all thinking beings are capable of producing good art, talents vary enormously among individuals, but we humans share a common language of ideas and feelings and can all make our individual contributions felt in the social and artistic life of our society. We look for the 'good' in everything, whether it is enjoying a good meal or looking at a painting or reading a poem.

Please submit up to 5 poems at a time (40 lines max. each poem) in the body of the email and as an attachment. Times New Roman. 12-point font only.

All submissions to be sent via email to: poeticareview@gmail.com

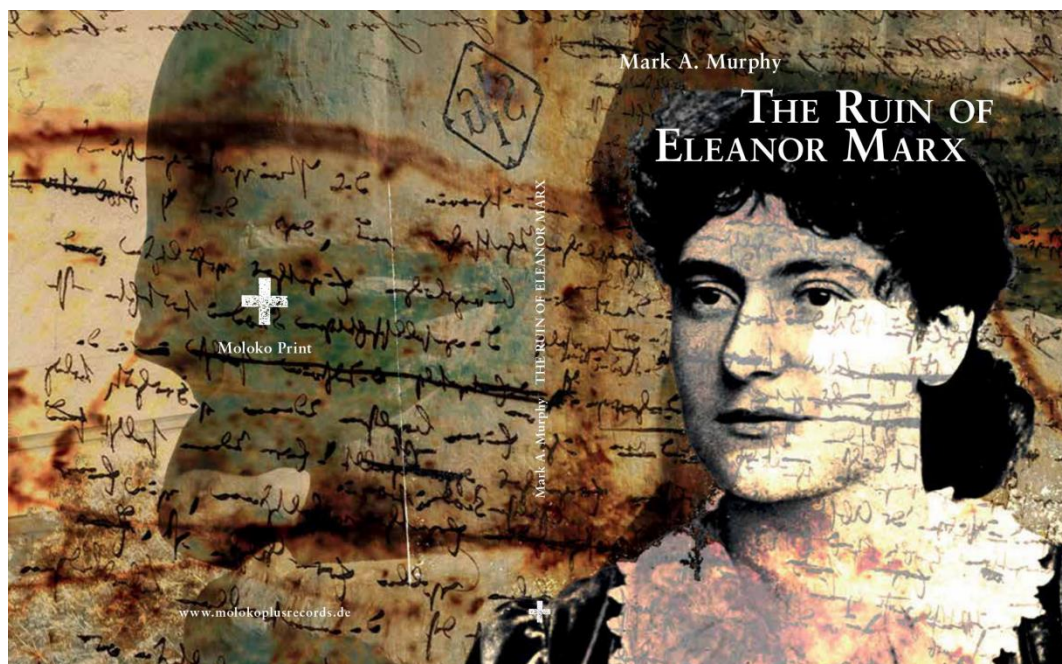
Response to submissions, from 1 week to 3 months.

‘The Ruin of Eleanor Marx’

by Mark A. Murphy

AVAILABLE NOW from Moloko Print:

<http://www.molokoplusrecords.de/finder.php?folder=Print&content=182>



‘The Ruin of Eleanor Marx’ is absolutely riveting.

I doubt that if I were to read a standard biography of Eleanor Marx, I would experience the depth of emotional resonance that I have felt with this book. I also doubt I would come away from such a biography with the degree of understanding and empathy for the subject, as I have with this extraordinary collection.

Mark A. Murphy’s evocative, and compassionate telling of Eleanor Marx’s life and final ‘ruin’, has produced a poetry collection that is of historic, artistic, and philosophical significance. This book deserves to go viral.

Paul Dononhoe

Mark A. Murphy has written, with deep empathy, a moving collection of poetry illuminating Eleanor Marx’s life.

These daring poems could be the early women's movement writ small—a trailblazer who defiantly announces: "I am a Jewess" in solidarity with striking factory workers, a published author, teacher, and well-known Socialist activist in her own right.

Karl Marx's youngest daughter, "Tussy" emerges in poems that are pitch-perfect/ devastatingly told, wry, witty and tender. Yet, Eleanor Marx relentlessly subjugated her own needs, first to her ailing mother, then to her father, and finally to a caddish married lover. We race with her through the calamitous late 1800s; we see her in thrall and in disillusionment.

The Ruin of Eleanor Marx is a visionary work from one of the finest poets writing today.

Trish Saunders

'The Ruin of Eleanor Marx' is a poetry collection whose greatest quality is that it knows there is more to the world than poetry, and more to poetry than the mere arrangement of words. Mark Murphy is, however, a poet who both has a story to tell – and what a tale it is! – and the language to make that story come alive.

But fear not if you aren't an expert on the ups and downs of the Marx family. Murphy's poems open a welcoming door through which the non-specialist reader can easily walk.

Kevin Higgins

Mark Murphy tells an engaging and compelling story in masterful verse. I was sucked into *The Ruin of Eleanor Marx*, couldn't put it down, and then hastened to re-read it, only to find myself even more impressed. Highly recommended!

John Burroughs, 2019-2021 Ohio Beat Poet Laureate and author of 'Rattle and Numb.'

**Purchase 'The Ruin of Eleanor Marx'
by Mark A. Murphy at the link below...**

<http://www.molokoplusrecords.de/finder.php?folder=Print&content=182>

Or contact author below for a signed copy...

editorpoeticareview@gmail.com

Contributor's Notes

Karen Keefe lives in Vestal, NY, with her husband, the writer, Robert Guzikowski. After earning her master's in student affairs with diversity, she worked in international education. Once an editor of *The Parlor City Review*, her poems appeared in *Anima* and she is the featured poet in [*Anti-Heroin Chic*](#), August 2022.

Carla Sameth is the 2022-2024 Co-Poet Laureate for Altadena, CA. Her chapbook, *What Is Left* was published December 2021; her memoir, *One Day on the Gold Line* will be reissued 2022. Her writing appears in a variety of literary journals and anthologies. A former PEN Teaching Artist, she teaches creative writing.

Steven Stark has published five books as well as two chapbooks of visual poetry. His poetry and fiction have been published in, among others, McSweeney's, The Cafe Review, Mobius, Mudlark, Storm Cellar, Tupelo Quarterly, Verse Wisconsin, 3 am, the District Lines Anthology II (published by the Washington DC bookstore, Politics and Prose), and Clapboard House, where he won a short story prize.

Todd Matson is a Licensed Marriage and Family Therapist in North Carolina, United States. His poetry has been published in The Journal of Pastoral Care and Counseling; Soul-Lit: A Journal of Spiritual Poetry; and Mindfull Magazine, and his short stories have been published in Ariel Chart International Literary Journal; Faith, Hope and Fiction; and Children, Churches and Daddies. He has also written lyrics for songs recorded by various contemporary Christian music artists, including Brent Lamb, Connie Scott and The Gaither Vocal Band.

Roy Duffield is a nomadic writer and translator and helps edit *Anti-Heroin Chic*—a journal that puts those on the outside inside. More of his words, which deal heavily with social injustice, can be read in *Dream Catcher*, *The London Reader's Raves & Resistance: Counterculture* number, *Unlikely Stories*, *Flights*, *The Poetry Kit* and, most recently, *Sein und Werden*.

Stephen Ruffus was raised in New York City and has lived in Colorado and California where he studied literature and writing at Colorado State University and the University of California at Irvine. For the majority of his professional life he has lived in Salt Lake City where he taught at The University of Utah and Salt Lake Community College. Currently, he's retired and has spent the last few years reconnecting with his writing life after a long hiatus. Most recently, his work has appeared in *The Shore*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Hotel Amerika*, the *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, and *Third Wednesday*, among others. Also, he was a semifinalist in a recent chapbook competition sponsored by *Passenger Journal*.

Matt Dennison is the author of [*Kind Surgery*](#), from Urtica Press (Fr.) and [*Waiting for Better*](#), from Main Street Rag Press. His work has appeared in *Verse Daily*, *Rattle*, *Bayou Magazine*, *Redivider*, *The MacGuffin*, *The Spoon River Poetry Review* and *Cider Press Review*, among others. He has also made short films with [*Michael Dickes*](#), [*Swoon*](#), [*Marie Craven*](#) and [*Jutta Pryor*](#).

Douglas Colston (A/he/him/his) has played in Ska bands, picked up university degrees, supported his parents during terminal illnesses, married his love, fathered two great children, had his inheritance embezzled, transitioned into Counselling as a vocation and experienced chronic mental and physical illnesses consequential to workplace harassment. Now, among other things, he is pursuing a PhD. As for his publishing history throughout 2022, in addition to appearing in past editions of *POETiCA REViEW*, his fiction, nonfiction and poetry has been published in traditional and online anthologies and journals including: *Otherwise Engaged Literary and Arts Journal*; *Written Tales*; *Inlandia*; *The Graveyard Zine*; *The Antonym*; *Rue Scribe*; *Mercury Retrograde*; *The Seattle Star*; *Revue {R}évolution*; *Impspired*; *Ygdrasil, A Journal of the Poetic Arts*; *New Note Poetry*; *Red Door Magazine*; and *New World Writing*.

Lisa Molina

Terez Peipins is a writer of Latvian descent from Western New York. Her poetry, fiction, and essays have appeared in publications both in the United States and abroad. She is the author of four chapbooks of poetry and four novels, *The Shadow of Silver Birch*, *Three Bonds Unbroken*, *Snow Clues*, and *River Clues*. *River Clues* is the second book in the Dan Kiraly detective series. She divides her time between Buffalo, New York, and Barcelona, Spain.

Shilpa Dikshit Thapliyal is a former Computer professional turned bilingual poet and writer from Singapore. She is a Pushcart prize nominee and author of '*Between Sips of Masala Chai*' (Kitaab International, 2019). Her poems have been featured in '*The Best Asian Poetry*' -2021, '*Trivium*' (Kyoto Writers Residency) '*Quarterly Literary Review Singapore*' (Vol 19, 20), '*Yearbook of English Indian Poetry-2022, 2021*', '*The Tiger Moth Review Eco Journal*' (# 7) '*OF ZOOS*', '*to let the light in*', '*Atelier of Healing*', '*Shot Glass Journal (USA- #24,#28,#32,34)*', amongst other anthologies and journals. Some of her poems have been translated into Japanese, Chinese Art and Spanish. Shilpa is currently pursuing her Masters in Creative Writing at Nanyang Technological University, Singapore.

Marc Frazier is a Chicago-area, LGBTQ author who has published poetry in over one hundred journals. A recipient of an Illinois Arts Council Award for poetry, he's been nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Marc has published three full-length poetry books all available online. <https://www.facebook.com/poetmarcfrazier>

Angela Hoffman's poetry collections include *Resurrection Lily* (Kelsay Books, 2022) and *Olly Olly Oxen Free* (forthcoming, Kelsay Books, 2023). She placed third in the WFOP Kay Saunders Memorial Emerging Poet, 2022. She has written a poem a day since the start of the pandemic. Angela lives in Jefferson, Wisconsin.

JB Mulligan has published more than 1100 poems and stories in various magazines, and has published two chapbooks: *The Stations of the Cross* and *THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS*, as well as 2 e-books: *The City of Now and Then*, and *A Book of Psalms* (a loose translation), plus appearances in more than a dozen anthologies.

Mark A. Murphy

