

# Three Drops from a Cauldron



Issue 20



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Edited by Kate Garrett

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# Watching the flames at the village bonfire

At the waxing of the Hunter's moon we are firefly  
dancing until brazed, we will retreat –  
faint shadows rejoicing in the final cry.

At the passing of months, our souls to fortify,  
we light the pyre of memories bittersweet  
at the waxing of the Hunter's moon we are firefly.

At our backs the chill of the hoar frost is close by,  
ready to strike the land in a flash, a beat.  
Faint shadows rejoicing in the final cry.

The cinders are stars, constellations drift by  
the peel of the moon, a crescent of sleet,  
at the waxing of the Hunter's moon we are firefly.

A silver birch bears witness under a leafless sky,  
emboldened before the flaming fleet,  
faint shadows rejoicing in the final cry.

As we carry the light into the new day,  
for the winter's curse we will unseat.  
At the waxing of the Hunter's moon we are firefly,  
faint shadows rejoicing in the final cry.

*Alison Lock*

# Hand of glory

Dark as a leaf in winter, and as ragged:  
where was the bitter tree that grew  
this tarred old claw?

– and would you believe  
it would hold a candle  
only you could steer by?

It can't be that. A monkey's paw,  
some other creature's:  
so the new curator thought  
who sent it away for tests.

Now, like a zombie hand  
that walks by itself, it has scuttled out of *curio*  
and into *ethical nightmare*

– human after all. This is the true  
hand of a thief, pinched from the gibbet.  
How it itches

to steal again  
to replicate its story, and take  
the life of anyone fool enough to believe it.

What's more, it has the Institute  
in its mummy grip:  
it can't be sold, it can't be given away.

Aside from the rights  
and wrongs of it, who would accept  
a thing like that? Who

could touch it, and not feel  
their skin pimple and stiffen  
hear the creak as the wind

stirs the bones? Who could see it



– blackened, shrivelled, a hide on it  
too tough for even carrion birds –

and not imagine  
how it would lead them  
through some silent house at the back of midnight

its curse gripping  
its candle  
shedding darkness?

*Judith Taylor*

# Becoming Owl

i am owl, owl i am, owwwwowl  
i have wings stretchy wings  
watch me float fly swoop  
over treetops, rivers, fields.

a vole's voice pierces my ear,  
eyes zigzag each shard of grass.

i lurk in misty murky shadows,  
poised to pounce then,  
tendon by tendon  
drag apart my prey.

*Mel Parks*

# The Man-Eater

*(A translation of an Azerbaijani fairytale, 'Adamcil')*

Evening light shines down on a shepherd who guides his flock to a nearby village. Passing by the graveyard, he sees a strange being with big horns and long claws digging up a grave under the darkening sky.

Surprised, the shepherd notices that The Strange One has destroyed the grave and taken out the body, leaning it over the headstone. It bites into the dead man's heel and blood pours from the newly opened flesh. The Strange One backs away from the blood suddenly. The dead man is not dead. The Strange One ducks its head, preparing to charge forward to ram the man and kill him. The Strange One is The Man-Eater.

The shepherd quickly moves the body from the headstone and puts his scythe<sup>1</sup> in its place. The Man-Eater rushes to ram into the scythe with its horns, but the scythe's blade impales it in the throat. The Man-Eater falls to the ground, dead.

The man that was dug up from the grave moans and wakes up at that moment.

The shepherd asks the man, "What has happened that you were in this grave alive? Do you know what you're doing here?"

"I was asleep, but my heel hurt and I woke up. I don't know why I'm here," the man answers.

The shepherd runs to the village to find the man's relatives and tell them the tale. Everyone hurries to see what they heard with their own eyes. When they reach the site, they see the Man-Eater has long claws, large horns, and hair all over it like an animal. Swiftly, they burn the Man-Eater's body, lest it rise again.

The buried man is still alive to this day, limping from the bite in his heel.

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<sup>1</sup> Or sickle

*Original 'Adamcıl' in Azerbaijani:*

Bir çoban axşam vaxdı sürünü gətirmiş kəndə. Qəbrisdannıxdan keçəndə görür ki, bir əcayib adam qəbri eşəliyə. Bı əcayibin iri bıynızdarı, uzun caynaxları vardı.

Çoban mısır. Görür ki, bı əcayib qəbri söhdü, ölünü çıxartdı, söykədi baş daşına. Sora ölünün dabanınnan dişdədi, başdadı ordan qan axmağa. Əcayib qanı görən kimi xeyləh dala çəkilir. Çoban bilir ki, bı ölü əslində ölmüyüp, bını ölü sayıp basdırırlar. Bı əcayib də görüp ki, bı ölmüyüp, dala çəkilir ki, gəlir bıynızlarıynan vırıp onu öldürsün. Bı əcayib də Adamcıldı.

Çoban tez ölünü çəkip salıp yerə, kərəntini götürüp qoyup onun yerinə. Adamcıl qaça-qaça gəlir bıynız vıranda kərənti keçip bının xirtdəyinə, ölüp sərələnip yerə.

Bı dəmdə ölü zarıldıyıp ayılıp. Çoban soruşub ki, bə bı nə haqhesabdı? O da deyip ki, yatmışdım, dabanım ağrıdı, durdum. Çoban kəndə qaçıp kişinin qahımlarına deyir. Hamı tökülüp gəlir. Görüllər ki, Adamcılın uzun caynaxları, iri buynuzları var, bədəni də heyvan kimi tühlüdü. Bını yandırılar. Basdırılan kişi indi də yaşayır, əmbə bir dabanın yerə basammır, axsiyır.

*Murad Jalilov & N.K. Valek*

# Feast Of Larvae

Just atter midnight  
man of house  
I do this ritual.  
Get out of bed,

call upon me dead folks  
to help me this neet.  
I potter round our house,  
barefoot no belt nor owt.

Nine dried black beans in my gob.  
Me hands raised,  
thumb thrust through  
me clenched fingers,  
after protruding sex  
of Mater Manua,  
mam of good dead.

Wi this I ask she look art for us  
against any unwanted spirits,  
the larvae  
who broke into our house.

I wash me hands,  
chuck some beans with me left hand  
over me left shoulder, look farard,  
turn me head,  
avert me face to right,  
as I raise palms of both hands  
against left a says  
"With these beans I lob,  
I redeem me and mine."

I do it nine times  
every room in our house.  
wash me hands agin,  
clang a gong and shaht  
nine times "Ancestral spirits,  
time tha flitted!"

*Paul Brookes*

# There's no time for chocolate

*(inspired in part by the painting Crookhey Hall by Leonora Carrington)*

A young woman in a long white dress  
runs away from a big grey house  
where white water falls in columns  
over rocks that shine from  
dark corners of her dreams. There's  
talk about a love of the dead, maggots and all,  
but she has rescued the black demons  
to stop them being lost, or maybe too much alive.

A child is drowning in a pond  
but the young woman runs right past.  
There's no time for chocolate, she tells the kid.  
If she had taken her hand that day,  
if she hadn't looked away ...  
but she wasn't really there at all, of course.

A tall woman stands aside,  
points a long arm and giant finger at  
grand gothic turrets and gables –  
that place of stone and grey customs.  
Three ravens guard the entrance  
where the woman in the white dress has escaped.  
Two naked people stand there,  
but they are interested only in themselves.

In one frame of the film of a night  
the demon screams, scared –  
what if we can't save the bees?  
Does the snow listen as it falls from the sky?  
I painted all the walls purple,  
waves crash wild on the shore,  
banshees cry across the sound.

Someone asks if we want to fly a kite,  
but it's only me here now.  
The tempest passes,

the snow hears the natural sand,  
a river runs through the slow heat and  
the morning meadow weeps under  
cherry blossom and fresh green willow.

*Jackie Biggs*



# The Vanishing Woman

You know you're a lucky woman when the guy you love, kneeling before you, asks you to marry him. And you know you're a most lucky woman when he places on your finger a beautiful, intricately chiseled ring that he crafted from the gold he stole from the river that flows through the family's property.

It's only a matter of time, though, before your luck runs out. What do you do then? When you find yourself – disappearing. Vanishing. Not all at once, but little by little through the years. So slowly you don't even notice it at first. Neither does anyone else. Everyone tells you to speak a little louder. They don't see you sitting in your chair in the corner. They bump into you as they pass. They simply don't see or hear you. They think it's their fault and apologize. They never consider – and neither do you – that maybe, just maybe you're becoming a little fainter with each passing day.

Eventually you notice. When the automatic doors at the supermarket won't open, even though you're standing right in front of them. When a car almost hits you as you're crossing in the crosswalk, with the light on your side. When you ask your husband a question or you offer a suggestion at work, and they don't acknowledge you, as if you aren't even there. That's when you realize you aren't. You're afraid to admit the hard truth. Instead, you joke. When you're walking on the beach and you look back to see that you haven't left footprints in the sand, you laugh and say maybe you just need to eat more. But inside you know. You're disappearing. Vanishing. You don't know why. You can't stop it, but you know if it continues, soon you'll be gone.

The first thing you do is visit the local sorcerer. She comes highly recommended. Everyone you know goes to her. She offers you clichés from her worn bag of magic:

Be positive.

Set limits.

Focus on the present.

Don't overthink.

You tell her that none of these are the issue, you're really disappearing. But she doesn't hear you.

It's time, then, for something more drastic. You go to the library and do research, but you can't find any information on vanishing women. However, you discover a tattered old Book of Promises tucked in the bottom corner of the "Relationship" shelf. It's so old that you have a hard time wiping the dust from it. You open it and flip through the brittle brown pages. There near the end is information on rings. Sometimes, it says, a ring can be magical. When the magic is good, it is a blessing, a symbol of lasting love and loyalty. It should be worn permanently and proudly. But sometimes a ring can have an evil spell attached to it, perhaps unintentionally put there by the giver. Whether deliberate or not, the effect is the same. After all, the Book says, the road to hell is paved with good intentions. In these instances, the magic ring becomes an instrument of bondage and the wearer begins to disintegrate, ultimately disappearing. There is only one solution for this kind of ring: remove it and return it to its rightful place.

You have no choice. If you keep the ring you'll vanish completely. You'll pass that point where you'll be unable to reclaim yourself. So you pack your bags and say good-bye to your husband; you tell your colleagues you're leaving, but since you're vanishing at a fast rate, they don't hear you say goodbye or see you leave.

You travel for a long time, through dark forests, over twisted roads; you encounter terrible storms. You walk through the long night, into sunrise. Eventually you find the river that flows through the old family property and standing on the bank, you pry the ring from your finger. It has been on your hand for so many years that it doesn't come off readily. It takes great strength and willpower to sever it. But once it's off, you hold it, feeling both relief from and regret over this thing that caused you so much trouble. Then with tears and a shout you throw it into the raging river and watch, conflicted, as the swells swallow it.

You look down and you see your footprints in the dirt. What do you do now? One thing the Book of Promises stresses is that once you stop vanishing you should never look back. To completely break the spell, you must go forward. As difficult and as frightening as it is, you walk through the river to the other side and keep going. And when at last you see your shadow in the brilliant afternoon sun, you know you are finally back.

*Susan Speranza*

# "Mattress"

When work pays less than the dole  
and the springs stick up between us,  
that's when I go re-cycled, find one  
not too manky, get it home.  
Upstairs it looks so comfortable,  
and I'm so very knackered  
that I lock the door of the flat,  
and go up for a kip.

Before my eyes have closed  
I swear I feel the weight  
of someone lying down behind me,  
feel their breathing on my neck,

the rise and fall of ribs on mine.  
I count to five. To ten. Roll over.

*Kathy Gee*

# Song of Orpheus

Gods, i have lost my way:  
grey groves that should be still  
rustle and jeer as i pass,  
declaim my hopelessness.

Grey groves that should be still,  
wet moss and waterslime,  
declaim my hopelessness.  
The river of forgetting overflows.

Wet moss and waterslime,  
yet my footsteps clang loud.  
The river of forgetting overflows.  
All was lost in looking back.

My footsteps clang loud in  
the ashy meadows of Hades.  
All lost in looking back –  
gods, i have lost my way!

*Mandy Macdonald*

# a journey

The starlit glamour, glimmers around the table.

Three sat, sitting. Three unmoved, unmoving.  
This is the quiet, unseen triangle meeting.

Three sit joined, one moves. See.  
Wear the voice of autumn in the movement.

i & i & i sat around the table.  
The three unknown, unknowable.

A moon is rising. Slit moon like a smile, rising.  
i risen, stood. i speaks to i & i is silent, deaf.

Hold the wand in the air for i.  
Be a fly for i to be a ghost & clock too.

Two wing, two foot  
Two wing, two foot

be an angel unto that i that is I  
be an angel unto that i that is I

i & i & i  
and the wind blows on in the mountains.  
Three can see their cruel postures capped with snow.

Spread out our wings in long seasons  
and break the space of the sulphur cube

i & i & i in a circle, in a valley. i & i & i  
Un-seen, Un-touched, Un-known, Un-heard

Preserve i body in beeswax.

*p.a. morbid*

# The Greatest Merman Adventurer Reminisces

There are three moments in my life,  
two of which are at extremes.  
When I climbed the Challenger Deep,  
stood at its summit without carrying oxygen,  
I truly felt on top of the world,  
filled my gills with the perfect pressure of it.

Then, later, in a vessel of my own design,  
just two of us made the long ascent,  
up the Great Couloir, along the North East channel.  
The water is forever frozen there, you know.  
We finally made it to the bottom of Everest;  
I popped a cork with Turtle Tensing in the bathyscaphe.

And the third? That would be the birth of my son,  
Poseidon; the first sight of his pudgy flukes.

*Simon Williams*

# Indrid Cold Sends His Regrets on Messages Lost in Translation

I was actually trying to warn them, but the bridge fell anyway.  
I saw them fall into the icy water too.

I didn't know the words to say - I get so nervous in the spotlight,  
And they shone bright lights on me, every time.  
Headlights, flashlights, red-and-blue, all kinds of dreadful things.  
Maybe my eyes flashed too bright in return.  
It's strictly involuntary, I assure you.

Maybe I picked a bad time.  
Maybe I shouldn't have come in the middle of the night.  
It was rude, I admit, but time works differently where I come from.  
I could have done all kinds of things differently.  
Maybe then I might have stood a chance.

Or maybe I should never have tried at all.  
Maybe I should have listened to my friends, so much older and wiser,  
When they said,  
"Indrid, stay out of it! It'll all end in tears.  
Humans never listen - and they're so obsessive!  
They're still after Sasquatch, and all he ever did was walk across a field.  
And poor Nessie can't ever go home again.  
They're still waiting outside with cameras after all these years, it's creepy.  
What do you think they'll do to you if you walk right up, asking for—"

I know. I've gone over every argument, every sensible, reasonable point.  
It's so simple when you lay it out like that.

But what was I supposed to do?  
You see someone teetering on the edge of a cliff, you have to speak up.  
At least that's what I always thought.  
If someone stands naked and vulnerable in the crosshairs of swiftly  
approaching death,  
And you're the only one who sees, don't you have a responsibility to warn  
them?  
Even if it scares them? Even if they hate you?

Even if you sacrifice your good name, or even your life, to save theirs?

And it's a good name.

Indrid Cold.

The water was very cold that day.

My friends were right, of course.

Nothing changes, even if the century does.

Nobody listened to Cassandra either.

And she didn't even have wings, or horns, or eyes that lit up the wrong way.

She did everything right.

And Troy still learned the hard way about dangers in the mouths of gift-horses.

And Point Pleasant learned that Silver Bridges fall just as easily as city walls.

In a century or two, bridges will still be brittle.

Water will still be cold.

And my name will still be... a warning.

But maybe I'll know warmer words than these.

*RoAnna Sylver*



# Sleeping Beauty Performs an Operation

She invented anaesthetic so snipping  
and probing no longer hurts; the secret  
is to ward off a prince's kiss.

Un-shocked by gore, when he arrived  
scratched and shredded, torn  
by thorns, she got a thing for blood.

When his kiss woke her, she removed  
seventy-two prickles from his arse  
with tweezers, repaired his flayed legs

with her own hair. Sewing them was like  
mending a ball gown, and she disguised  
the bloodstains by creating a floral design.

*Karen Little*

## Moonwise

To mark her womanhood  
I gave my daughter  
a silver crescent moon  
when, aged twelve,  
her first bloods came  
flooding her towards  
months and years  
of aches and yearning.

She wears her lunar necklace still  
and now her daughter, grown,  
fingers a pendant moon  
all of her own

And we three women  
refuse old menstrual shame  
celebrate our growth  
and come of age as one.

*Ceinwen E Cariad Haydon*

# Gingerbread

The forest is dark and silent and the sky starless; the air full of smoke, the scent of burnt sugar and cinnamon, against the tang of the pine, and something else; roasting meat. Despite the heat of the fire, she shivers in his arms, her face buried in his chest. She's sobbing and he can feel her chest heaving grief as the building burns.

When they first came upon the house all those weeks ago, it seemed like salvation. After days of wandering alone and starved, abandoned by their parents, they did not stop to think of the danger. They scrambled to pick off tiles, taking greedy bites and dropping the shattered pieces into the mud. He snapped off a caramel door knob to suck, whilst Gretal pulled away sections of fudgy window frame, licking the glass. The house was a towering saviour of bitter chocolate and gingerbread after a diet of nothing but stale breadcrumbs.

The Witch returned as they gorged themselves on her porch, and seeing her fury he fought to protect his grubby faced twin. He grabbed the witch's broom, but slight as she was, she knocked him to the floor.

Hanzel became a prisoner, hanging from the ceiling in a cage, the witch blindly probing between the bars to test how paunchy he had become. From his prison he watched as his sister was forced to cook and clean. He did grow fat, greedily marvelling at the house, the details of the walls painted in white chocolate and dusted in coconut. The twisted handrails that looked like liquorice and the scent of cinnamon and vanilla that fogged everything.

The Witch, whose name was Gullveig, was not as he had expected. Her eyes were veiled and blind and there was a certain twist to her nose and chin that could imply cruelty if crossed; but her lips were red and full, her hair black and lustrous as a crow's wing. A sharp contrast to the twins, whose hair was the colour of straw. She seemed puzzled that anyone would trespass and destroy her home and he observed her in growing admiration as she worked away, melting sugar and whipping cream, to fix the damage they had caused. It was such a quick decision in the end. Gretal stole the key from the Witch and freed him, then motioned that they would push her into the stove and escape at last. He crept from his cage and silently slipped towards her as she leant

right in. It was simply a matter of grabbing the ankles and hauling her up, then listening to the screams.

Quickly the chimney blocked and flames began to devour the building.

She pulls away from him in the darkness and mouths 'Why?'

'Shhh,' he replies and pulls her back protectively into his arms, stroking a smutted hand across her raven hair.

He'd always miss Gretal, she was his twin after all, but really had been a pain at times. The Witch was a far better cook and he'd always had a taste for sweeter things.

*Jennie E. Owen*

# Biographical Notes

## Cover Artist

**Mel Lampro** is a musician, writer and artist based in the UK. For more information please visit her website at [www.dwarfmaiden.com](http://www.dwarfmaiden.com)

## Writers

**Alison Lock**'s poetry and short stories have appeared in anthologies and journals in the UK and internationally. Her first poetry collection, *A Slither of Air*, was winner of the Indigo Dreams Poetry Collection Competition 2010; her second, *Beyond Wings*, was published in 2015. She is the author of a short story collection; and a fantasy novel, *Maysun and the Wingfish* (Mother's Milk Books 2016). [www.alisonlock.com](http://www.alisonlock.com)

**Judith Taylor** lives and works in Aberdeen. Her poetry has been published widely in magazines, and in two pamphlet collections – *Earthlight* (Koo Press, 2006) and *Local Colour* (Calder Wood Press, 2010). Her first full-length collection, *Not in Nightingale Country*, will be published in Autumn 2017 by Red Squirrel Press. [sometimesjudy.co.uk](http://sometimesjudy.co.uk)

**Mel Parks** has been writing professionally for about 20 years, freelance for more than half that time. She writes web content, blog posts and magazine articles, often about childcare and early years. She runs creative writing workshops upstairs in an independent bookshop in Sussex and has just completed the first year of a part-time MA in Creative Writing at Brighton University, when she delved into The Mabinogion for inspiration and universal themes.

**Murad Jalilov** has recently graduated with BAs in English and Political Science at Emporia State University and is a graduate student in the MA program in Russian and Eastern European Studies at University of Oregon. He has poems published in Quivira and got his translations accepted for publications in 'Ezra: An Online Journal of Translation' and 'Origins Journal'. He is fluent in Russian, Azerbaijani, English and Turkish.

**N. K. Valek** is an aspiring novelist and poet pursuing a Major in English and minors in Creative Writing, Anthropology, Music, and Philosophy at Emporia

State University. She also worked as an editor of the Flint Hill's Review 2016 edition and is a former Writing Partner from Emporia State University's Writing Center.

**Paul Brookes** was poetry performer with "Rats for Love" and his work included in *Rats for Love: The Book*, Bristol BroadSides, 1990. His first chapbook *The Fabulous Invention Of Barnsley*, Dearne Community Arts, 1993. Read his work on BBC Radio Bristol, run a creative writing workshop for 6<sup>th</sup> formers broadcast on BBC Radio Five Live. Forthcoming this summer is an illustrated chapbook called *The Spermbot Blues* published by OpPRESS.

**Jackie Biggs'** first poetry collection, *The Spaces in Between*, was published in September 2015 by Pinewood Press (Swansea). She has also had poetry published in many magazines and anthologies, both in print and online. She reads her work regularly at spoken word events all over west Wales, where she lives, and she is a member of the Rockhoppers poetry performance group. Some of her poetry appears on her blog: [jackie-news.blogspot.co.uk](http://jackie-news.blogspot.co.uk) Twitter: @JackieNews

**Susan Speranza** is in her last year of the MFA Writing program at Lindenwood University. Her poetry has been published in various literary journals, including *The Literary Yard*, *the Voices Project*, *Poetry Quarterly* and *the Magnolia Review*. In 2012, she was a Quarter Finalist in the Amazon Breakthrough Novel Award contest. The same novel was on the short list of finalists in the 2012 William Faulkner-William Wisdom Competition. It was subsequently published as *The Tale of Lucia Grandi, the Early Years* by Brook House Press. It has since garnered favorable reviews and has been compared to the American classic, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. She currently lives in Vermont where in addition to her writing, she breeds and shows Pekingese. Her writing extends to this hobby as well: she has written many articles on the breed and breeding and exhibiting for various print and online dog blogs and breed magazines.

**Kathy Gee** lives in Worcestershire and works in museums and heritage. In 2016 her first poetry collection, *Book of Bones*, was published by V. Press, and she wrote the spoken word elements for a contemporary choral composition – [suiteforthefallsoldier.com/](http://suiteforthefallsoldier.com/).

**Mandy Macdonald** is an Australian writer living in Aberdeen, trying to make sense of the 21st and earlier centuries. Her poems have appeared in the anthologies *Full Moon & Foxglove* (Three Drops Press), *Outlook Variable* and *Extraordinary Forms* (Grey Hen Press), *Aiblins: New Scottish Political*

*Writing* (Luath), *A Bee's Breakfast* (Beautiful Dragons Collaborations) and elsewhere in print and online. She writes in the strong hope that poetry can change the world, even just a little.

**p.a. morbid** is a Middlesbrough poet. Outsider Artist. Noise Musician. Has a thing for Terraced housing.

**Simon Williams** has seven published collections. His latest pamphlet, *Spotting Capybaras in the Work of Marc Chagall* launched in April 2016 and his latest full collection, *Inti*, was published in July of that year. Simon was elected The Bard of Exeter in 2013 and founded the large-format magazine, *The Broadsheet*. He co-organises two poetry-based events each month, an open mic in his local pub and the Café Culture cabaret of poets, musicians and storytellers, in Totnes.

**RoAnna Sylver** wrote this poem. And also sings, voice acts, draws, has several weird genetic conditions, knows too much about Star Trek, currently writes the oddly-hopeful-dystopian Chameleon Moon series, and lives with family near Portland, OR. The next adventure RoAnna would like is a nap in a pile of bunnies.

**Karen Little** trained as a dancer at London Contemporary Dance School, and as a Fine Artist at Camberwell School of Art, London. She has performed and exhibited internationally. Her poems have been published in over fifty magazines and anthologies. *Tentacles*, ten Poems, ten Illustrations, was published in 2016. The novella, *Filled with Ghosts* was published in December 2015, and shortlisted for a Saboteur Award. The sequel *Ghost Train Leaving* was published in July 2017.

**Ceinwen E Cariad Haydon** lives in Newcastle upon Tyne and writes short stories and poetry. She has been published on internet sites and in print anthologies including *Fiction on the Web*, *Poets Speak (whilst they still can)*, *Three Drops from the Cauldron*, *Obsessed with Pipework* and *Poems to Survive In and Amaryllis*. She is currently completing an MA in Creative Writing at Newcastle University. She intends to grow old disgracefully.

**Jennie E. Owen's** writing has won competitions and has been widely published online, in literary journals and anthologies. She is a University Lecturer of Creative Writing and lives in Mawdesley, Lancashire with her husband and three children.

# Previous Publication Credits

‘Becoming Owl’ by Mel Parks was originally part of *Flowers Out of Dark*, a poetry/art collaboration with Sarah Bell for the author’s MA Creative Writing at Brighton University.

‘The Man-Eater’ by Murad Jalilov and N.K. Valek was first published in *Occulum*.





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