SONIC BOOM

...for writing that explodes

Issue fifteen
August 2019
(Poetry, Fiction & Art)
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August 2019
(Poetry, Fiction & Art)
Founder/Chief Editor: Shloka Shankar
Poetry Reader: Tuhin Bhowal
Proofreader: Dishika Iyer
Cover Art: ‘Landscape 1’ by Nicola Winborn
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Butcher Memory

By CL Bledsoe and Tony Mancus

what’s as tranquil as a fancy death
nothing you say
to your sister
words spark like faulty transistors

and the pitcher plant remains
open for business

stick a 3-dollar bill under
each eyelid

its case of tolls
the clementine you never peeled

complains about how long it takes
to remember being born

little seed little
nervous shake you whisper

quiet enough not even God
can hear you

commit to working
on that every day this year

when temptation comes
pull it close

let its dog’s breath
wash you over
**From a Lighted Meteoroid Shooting Around in Outer Space**

*By Dian Parrotta*

Too heavy a mound

now falling

down in through the Earth and uninterruptedly out through the Brahmaputra and back up into space.

Hello? Can you hear me?

I can’t throw out the little piles of memorabilia of your childhood. There are things deposited on top of me, one layer at a time, sheet by sheet, mounding like an artificial Falls Church City, Virginia-Mohenjo-daro, bit by bit, year by year, falling matter, and by those that heralded before me, too heavy a mound, your books, your poems, your short stories, your photographs, your paintings, your typewriter collection beginning with the Lillian Rose 1945 and Vanessa Greene, Hemmingway’s kind and the Daisywheel and the white Smith Corona, the ‘locket,’ gold plated, inscribed with a fancy 1900’s fancy cursive F font (Nuno’s dad: Francesco), there’s Nuno’s collection of old guitar strings, “used, but like new,” he labelled them, there’s the Baron’s things like Amide’s portrait of his grandma, 1898, who lived thru Civil War, maybe gold rush period, there’s Memere’s mom’s pancake mixing bowl and favorite spatula and Great Grandma Tessy’s china closet and buffet from the early 50s here at home with me, there’s grandma’s wedding ring, it’s old and went through 60 years of marriage with Grandpa Kenny, just for you to take, there’s an assortment of things, calling out while sitting criss-cross applesauce position under my make-shift bed-blanket-and-bed-sheet tent, like a kid at night with a flash light emitting some brightness floating on the circumambient air from the days in the past, covered up little by little, those that preceded them and are themselves buried beneath those that follow them… Only when I am well away past sleeping, safely nestled into my favorite sleeping position inside of my collapsible shelter inside of my falling warmonger house from a Lighted Meteoroid Shooting Around in Outer Space—when a thought of falling far out, just me, into space, in orbital float position, it’s no longer a problem had—only inside these swirls of childhood’s newness to darkness’ strange shapes of various bursts of colors, spilling its contents brutally apart and what a pleasure as I have no right to but release all of the materialistics into space,

only in my newness of living, an unexpected liberty arisen, do I intuit the real reasons for my ecstatic barrage, vacating selves to the sinuous shapes, eye floating clumpy or stringy dots, of light and dark,

these miraculous curvilinear bright swirl-rhythms.
What Frida Kahlo Gave Me

By Elizabeth Alford

When I slip into the bath, it’s as easy as slipping into a dream, easy as painting a still-life scene, easy as falling from a skyscraper.

I could be putting pen to paper. Instead, I am drawn like a portrait to the water—water which once held her,

no matter how many degrees of separation rise like walls between us. In cleansing my being in this boiling hot baptism,

I become her: a cradled porcelain infant, resilient as the tub she bathed in—unbreakable but always cracked.
Almost Like a Haiku

By Howie Good

I’ll break anything in order to figure out how it works and then look at it afterwards and think, “No, no, no. Nope.” That’s what it’s like to be a person in this world. Nine is just a number that follows me around. It doesn’t have to make sense. I’ve seen a horse whose head explodes, heard a coyote violate our dog, ignored the sign that read, “Do Not Swim Near Seals,” almost like a haiku. I try to not answer questions, but I know what flowers are planted in the containers and what giddy colors they’re going to be.
Remote

By James Penha

“Sometimes you just have to leave
whatever’s real to you, you have to clomp
through fields and kick the caps off
all the toadstools.”

— Kaveh Akbar, Stop Me If You’ve Heard This One Before

I see apples; you see a worm.
We watch our world on different networks.
I see the mop left in our motel room as carelessness;
you see a purposeful message slighting you a sponge.
I see your failed investments as typical of capitalism;
you see ponzis scheming against your every dollar.
I see the car parked in front of the house as a parked car;
you see one of an evil fleet that drives you mad.
I see an empty house across the street where some old
man you loathed once lived; you fix him everywhere now
at the controls of a global conspiracy with limitless funds
and an infinity of time dedicated to your destruction.
I see no old friends—those you forced me to abandon;
you see them in every cloud, every storm, every driver’s
seat, every omen. They finance the old man, you say;
I see your pain. You see I will not turn to your news.
I cannot see a channel streaming in your mind alone.
I watch apples while you feel one interminable worm.
As the Wrecking Ball Bursts through the Wall with the Bookshelves

(after John Ashbery)

By Jonathan Yungkans

Busts of Beethoven explode. Mahogany shrapnels the room. Pages unhinge; frenzied birds carom into one another mid-air. Leather bindings sniff the floor for grass.

The room exhales a clockwork’s machine oil. Metaphors dangle just out of reach. I’m at a loss for loose hearsay.

My unconscious tugs at my shirt sleeve. The sun lights the sky in saffron, glows and shatters like a china plate.
Tchaikovsky Square

By Mani G. Iyer

We met on the parapet edging
a building promising us Classical music
from one of its Juliet balconies.

With the bustling bazaar in the square blanketed
for the night, the vigilance of a lone streetlamp,
and loose cigarettes from the paan shop across
we engaged in teen banter; pundit-ed
on cricket and soccer; guffawed
over jokes morphing from silly
to sillier to dirty to dirtier.

Around nine, the old chap, nursing a cognac,
lifted an arm to place the needle
on a groove. Music descended soft at first
then for an eternity, loud and clear.

When it was over,
we clapped, we cheered, we demanded an encore.
Gazing at our smoke clouds soar
then disappear into the starless Bombay sky,
we fell silent to the decadence
courtesy of an unseen, second-floor resident
we named Tchaikovsky.
going home

By Paige Melin

he says *hello* *bonjour* - *where's home* & my mind goes blank, I’ve lost all the words, can’t pull up my language or the names for things that should be familiar, can’t recall them spatially or as an image - like I’ve forgotten the names of something so sacred, something I should know like the back of my hand.

he asks *where’s home* & my mind draws a blank, nothing comes to mind, I’ve lost all the words, can’t remember the names of things or what they look like, where they lie spatially in relation to where I am -

& how specific does he want me to be? what points of reference do we have in common, what names do we share? which home are we talking about here? my first home? my true home? the most recent one? the one I came from just now? the one where I feel safe?

& which names for each of these things does he know? how common are we?

he says *hello* *bonjour* & I can’t remember which home I’m supposed to tell him about, where I’m going to & travelling from, which continent I’m on. where did I just come from? where is home?

he says *hello* *bonjour* & my languages fail me, all of them, my mind comes up blank, the terrifying position of being just bilingual enough in a foreign country & having to flounder your way through, the constant discomfort in everything around you, *hello* *bonjour* an invitation but also a warning - I want to respond in the language I love better. I should respond in the language I’m more comfortable in.

*hello* *bonjour* & I’m thrown into wondering if I responded in French, if he’d catch the accent, if mine would be better. *where’s home* & I’m not sure, uncertain what to say or if I even have one. which home & when? how?
Shivers of Cool (1971)

By Raymond Cummings

The Travers winds down its month-long Mario Ruiz retrospective with a playful dish: Shivers of Cool. Shot in cinéma vérité style at a string of Los Angeles soirées, this film lacks any moral or narrative center. Instead, we befriend an anonymous card sharp (Reynolds Meyer), the camera trailing him like the puppy he'll eventually rescue from a bombed-out commune: the impenetrably dark glasses, the annihilating pallor, the scepter-like cane.

In a career-best performance, Meyer carries himself with a spectral gravity, materializing in light-flooded rooms to palm appetizers, seeming to gaze into mirrors for agonizing lengths of time, leading good-natured children, at poolside, in the Nixon-era equivalent of a “snap dance” conga line until they’re all laughing up blood. A tickler.
Isfahan

By Rebecca Ruth Gould

When we recited poetry in Isfahan,
the Bridge of Thirty-Three Arcs
stretched to embrace the firmament.

The songs you brought to life
were meteorites, detonating
in the sockets of our eyes.

If time had been reversed,
the poet’s tomb would have
been our pilgrimage.

Water would have flowed
from the Ziyandeh’s shores,
& every point on the bridge

would have echoed
the sky’s demand
for release from the earth.

But time had no time—
& eternity no purpose—
for our meandering.

So I took the book
you left for me,
without saying goodbye.
Diptych

(a Cento-Ghazal)

By Seth Copeland

BONE MANTRAS

Found alone in the grazing: a porous white bone,
key to puzzles lost, this sunbleached, dire bone.

The smoke coiling like a choir of vaporous cats,
crawling out a censer’s void eyes—fire bone.

The dry leaves have lost their hold upon the sky.
Trees are flensed, frosted, dried to entire bone.

The sickle moon curls back like a scab-dry rind.
Query, the sky’s cheek slashed to a scryer bone.

The world gives luster as it falls apart, makes the
worm-fed skull look around and smile. Liar bone.

STONE MANTRAS

A pinch of rain caught between mouths, stone
musk, rocky wet, blathery god tears. Water stone.

Lazily breaking out of the gluey webbing of sleep,
I pull myself from sink, the snores of the stone.

Dumb birds are near, nectar high and singing,
splatting white on a city made of sandstone.

“Excuse the rabbit skull crunching in my teeth—”
Last words before blood steeps tart in a stone.

Ancient, practices continue in the dolmens.
Stone on bone, stone and bone. And stone.

Stranded, on the heave of the moon,
I wait to embrace any us on this stone.
**Sources:** Line A of couplet is a quote, Line B is original.

**Bones from:**

*Bone Dreams* by Seamus Heaney  
*Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* by William Matthews  
*Ohio Landscape* by Lance Henson  
*Carnival Afterlife* by Anna Journey  
*Two Ruined Boats* by Mark Doty

**Stones from:**

*All the Aphrodisiacs* by Cathy Park Hong  
*The Jewish Poets of Arabic Spain with Chinese Poets Piping Out of Clouds* by Albert Goldbarth  
*Last Summer of Innocence* by Danez Smith  
*Supplication with Rabbit Skull and Bouquet* by Kaveh Akbar  
*Dream Song 313* by John Berryman  
*Billia Croo* by Alec Finlay
PAPER LANTERNS
FIFTH ANNUAL SENRYU CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PLACE

urBANization THE opPRESSion of fresh asphalt

Julie Bloss Kelsey, USA

SECOND PLACE

stretching my versatility
an em dash

Aparna Pathak, India

THIRD PLACE

it’s over
you never
let me fini

Sanela Pliško, Croatia

HONOURABLE MENTIONS

mahjong all my infidelities

Marilyn Ashbaugh, USA

bear claws believing what I want to believe

Christine L. Villa, USA

quake
my sp
here

Engin Gülez, Turkey
winter sky would you as I

- Samar Ghose

onionskin
my children haven’t learned
what is it

- Dan Bodah

standing in line words on the tip of my tongue

- Marie-Louise Montignot

a line underlines a line winter rain

- Adrian Bouter

wasn’t asking for a second opinion late frost

- Matthew Moffett

stuck between the yellow pages of life

- Lori A Minor

reminiscenarios...

- Basilike Pappa
endless summer
turning the click beetle back
onto its back

- Dave Bonta

ok Petrarch but what have you done for me lately

- Garry Eaton

our on-again
off-again pattern
vein ice

- Robin Anna Smith

even if your hand in mine light years

- Marie-Louise Montignot

you drop me like a whisper between hungry mouths

- Kyle Hemmings
disturbing the mirror my nakedness

- Susan King

the changing colors of my cherry tree
did you know
I didn't like you at first

- Susan Burch

dry eyes because I was told to

- John Hawkhead
do not hide where land falls away

- Chris Dominiczak

blue lips
you're trapped
in a photograph

- Kyle Hemmings

by the time you get to the leafy place you

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

cornfield maze
my string is not
long enough

- Jim Krotzman

worrying the carcass that once was me

- Susan King
how many hours to morning
the awkward construction of waiting

- Kyle Hemmings

all my wishes
behind the red door
Faubourg Marigny

- Gary Hittmeyer

hoping for the best I cough up a galaxy

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg
it’s not much on the windy brow coming god static

- Chris Dominiczak

I
no

nothing

I
know

and the cloud

no

I

accessible by hymns

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

fractal world
the kaleidoscope dream
of a distant god

- Terri L. French

still no idea how my shoelace tied

- John Hawkhead

trsdttsxzzpsr
translated: “thus”

- Kyle Hemmings
wind in
the nothing
that is

- David Eyre

crushed

crushed

the way trees move

*botanical key*

i dream my shoe

*your ghost*

falls apart

*finding an anther*

- Michael O'Brien

my ghost all dressed up and no place to go

- Helen Buckingham

walking the trail I used to run
finally, perhaps, myself

- Robert Hanevold
FICTION
Sand-glass

By Chris Dominiczak

With the say-so ghost of the sundial arcing across feet, over paving slabs, through uncut grass, and onto beach stones painted by a child (?); not art. I wonder if the children we have weren’t theirs also. And would it have been different if the children we could have had would have just been ours.

discarding time by sand-glass alone  night shade
Conversations with Self

By Colin Stewart Jones and Jack Galmitz

Episode One

Yeah! I saw everything in black and white once. No greys, no nuances nor vagaries. Ah! There was good and bad but you could easily distinguish them. Kinda like in a cowboy movie where the good guys wore white hats and the bad guys wore black. But with time, I matured enough to see the different shades of white and the various shades of black. I think it began with film noir but I could be wrong. Maybe it was the original Cape Fear. You know, the one where a lawyer, played by Gregory Peck, uses his influence with the law to protect his family from a character played by Robert Mitchum, who Peck had once sent to jail and kills in the movie’s climax.

Who knows where things begin. That in itself explains why black and white are so co-dependent. But that was back then. I think of night. I like the night. You can’t see clearly which makes things clearer. It’s without colour—how can that be? Everything is light and what we see is the colour that things reject, reflect, because they do not contain it. So a mountain of brown or trees of green cannot incorporate those colours. Besides, it’s a fact that retinal seeing is upside down initially. Considering we don’t see things as they are, it’s no wonder we should withhold judgement.

“Black is the colour of my true love’s hair,” sang Nina Simone. Funny how one song segues into another. Is That All There Is? I was too young when I first invited death.

I woke one night and looked over at her. My wife’s hair was mostly white—some black left. I thought she looked like a fledgling; so vulnerable. Age can be like childhood, close to beginnings that are endings. I wanted to touch her but I didn’t want to wake her. I still fantasize about other younger women. It’s hard to say if that’s good or bad. Naturally when one partner is not as interested as the other, I go with the psychiatrists who say porn is good if it balances your sex life. Think here of Morton Feldman compositions—maybe a few notes played over and over for an hour or so. It’s the way of it!

Note: Watch the video with Jack Galmitz’s artwork here.
I Can Disappear behind My House

By Dan A. Cardoza

If there were a God, she would be a Siamese cat. Then at least we would know we are hairballs.

It can be a yes or no, someone not letting go, conflict, or even a wrong solution. We fill our days with ends beginning, and we live much of our lives intent on an imaginary future.

As for me, I have always valued confusion and the romance of getting lost. It can be as easy as car keys or a grocery list. So you don’t get there? So you shop on the fly? That place between a key and a note.

There are occasions I choose abandonment, if just in the flight of an hour, a winged two, then three, or a week into an infinite slip of a dream, an away with no end, against the intractable eponym of time.

I trek up the hill behind my house. It’s my best-kept delusional secret. It’s a colossal castle, fast in the throat of a forest that refuses to swallow.

I am merely one of the creatures that inhabit the woods, in hushed lacquered hooves, thatch-feathered in down, safe in the shadows of keeping, scented in silence, I roam. It’s here I learn to conspire the quiet as in all of nature. It’s not a feathery crime. I keep a respectful distance. After all, I am only a man, with fallible square shoulders, not rounded and stooped like a mouse.

In August, swollen ripe acorns pop under my hooves, heavy rust knuckles. First, there is one. Then two, then a whole fist full, yet all is forgiven in my woods, including me when I admit I am not a tawny hued doe or a Great Basilisk Owl. My phylum of presence is tenuous at best, but fortunately the trees bow acceptance.

Often, ok, maybe once, I fell into a deep sleep under a red oak. I woke in the dark with my eyes full of acorn planets. A soft atmosphere of wind cinctured each bobbing star. The heavens filled with black masked cabalistic bandits, fury thieves that climb, full of appetites of click, knick, clack, crack.

Lithely twigged fingers pried sticky Pluto and Jupiter from its sticky rings, picked stiff locks of vaults in the moon, as Saturn’s Pan, Daphnis, and Prometheus fell uneventfully so, in clops on oak leaves that insisted they were crepe paper.

September pouted with envy, puckered Uranus—such drama. Mars and Mercury fell orphaned of sound in a starch-straight kite string twine to the ground.
In the shiny brass and bugle of stars, I adventured back home, barely able to leave. I insist my feet lead me home, knowing they can always return.

Listen, eternity is not that complicated. It’s syrupy and tacky. Relax. You can’t help but get stuck, if only in metrics of pint and liter. Looking up won’t hurt, and don’t assume if it rains, it will rain unanswered prayers.

Let’s get lost together.
Tom & Cookie

By Kyle Hemmings

They meet sitting on a bench, waiting for the bus to take them to college. First day of freshman year. He sports a neatly pressed suit and tie, a little stiff around the neck; she is wearing a navy blue blazer and a matching skirt. Her legs are the color of innocent-and-bare with some bruises from bumping into things at night. Above them, the leaves are turning gold-orange and some shades in-between. She starts the conversation, looking him directly in the eye as if he could be her prisoner of the future. Yet, there’s a quiet power about him, she thinks, a steadfast sturdiness that reminds her of windmills in foreign films. Or perhaps a bank director who won’t allow his failing bank to fail. She likes his soft, terse speech that calms her. She keeps chattering about everything as if the world is her stage, and if it falls asleep, she will simply chatter louder. The bus arrives and she sits next to him, continues her chat in case he missed anything. Her father is a distant sun and cold, she says. Her mother ran off with a foot surgeon. She laughs. He misses the humor. At college, they have an affair, but she barges in on his dorm parties, plants her face outside his windows, interrupts his concentration with her funny faces. He tells her that he’s only getting Cs in Biology. Don’t ignore me, she says. Her last boyfriend was scarred for life. When he tells her that it’s over, that they’re as mismatched as her argyles, she says she won’t kill herself. But she tries anyway, a melodramatic and flamboyant attempt that takes him years to clean up.

the edge of the world
you stand there
laughing
Hansel and Gretel and Johann

By Linda Ferguson

1.

Hansel and Johann go to the movies. Just the two of them – so cozy. Not that I’m, in any way, jealous. Ha!

If Johann was telling this story, he’d call it “Johann and Hansel.” No, “Johann.”

When we were children, Hansel was a small bear. Sun on his hair – melted chocolate with hints of caramel. Johann was a tiger – slinking bones and a sun-faded coat. I’m still the fox, darting across the page, searching for shadows between consonants and vowels. Look – my topaz eyes glow through fronds of metaphors.

Since I’m telling the story, I’ll call it “Hansel and Gretel.” No, scratch that. “Gretel and Hansel.” Or maybe “Gretel.” Yes, I can do that.

2.

Here’s the thing, the “truth”:

No hunger.

No stepmother plotting to lose us in the woods. Just sandwiches and long summer days, a flat lawn rimmed with brittle bark dust. Hours before the parents returned from work.

We knew the rules and crossed the highway anyway, followed the damp path to the creek.

There was no witch. I’ve imagined one, though. And what I’d have done if she laid one finger on Hansel’s warm brown head. How I would have pushed her in the oven. My little bear!

I suppose I’d have saved Johann, too, if necessary. But it was Hansel she’d want, always Hansel. Oh, maybe she’d like me around. To sweep, etc. At night I’d lie tense, listening to her mumble spells in her sleep – not clear enough for me to catch anything.

But there was no witch. Just three bored children. Hansel reaching for a plump berry, and the snap of Johann’s teeth on my skin. So tender back then, like the petal of a cherry blossom. The marks long since faded, with a secret pulse.

3.

A visit to a priestess last week: She says, Your finger will fall off if you keep winding the same old story around it.

Of course, I say and toss a coin in her cracked bowl.
Sometimes I dream I’m pushing Johann into the fire.

He was a beautiful child. 

Innocent as dew.

The truth.

But there was also the drop of blood on my pink dress. And the bones of Johann’s words, the names he called me that afternoon. Like a fist in every consonant. 

Sometimes I stare at my one photo of him. A stranger. Nothing in common but a womb, a blanket, a loaf of bread.

What did I miss along the way? Did I forget to share my breakfast with a fellow wanderer?

Maybe innocence is a fairy tale woven by shining spiders.

Is this how the story ends? Me caught in a circle of bile and bitter teeth?

Love. Sorry. One word would reverse the spell. May as well ask concrete to blossom into a field of lupine.

Nothing to do, then, but wait for wolf and bear and fox to reunite as a single constellation that flickers once a year, on the shortest summer night.
Hunter’s Moon

By Linda Ferguson

In this bowl of moonlit earth, shadows float like silent wolves. Your scarlet coat is the same shade as my chipped nail polish, your buttons as gold as the gleam of new wanting. And the grass here is so lush – like a gift or a wound.

A confession for you: I once took your tall boots and strutted up and down Main Street in them. Imagine me, sauntering past the bank, the pharmacy, and into the café where I ordered a soda (strawberry, because it’s red and cups words like brew, web, awe, star, wait).

I spilled a drop of the soda on one toe, then sat and admired it like a jewel – tiny – roughly the size of the tip of an arrow – or the mole tucked into the crease of your left armpit. (Has anyone other than me – and your mother – noticed how it resembles a ladybug with extended wings?)

I see you now in this cathedral of moonlight, raising your unblinking aim toward feathered trees despite my hop and flap, my ruffle and caw. Hunter, does your gallant hat ever slip off your head when you draw back your bow?

Blend of feathers and cedar branches. Again, you have missed your target.

And who will be here to witness your fall – in the crumpled moonlight of some tomorrow?
The Surge

By Robin Anna Smith

Seasoned of Sodom. Dry-brined and sunbaked, I harden. Cleaved to a foothold meant only to provide passage.


Won’t pluck these hypertonic spheroids from their orbits or strum the desiccated sinew fixed to my splintered bones.

The only movement is that which eschews my carcass—a warning more than a landmark.

toeing the tide I dissolve the might-have-beens
Cinders

By Susan Beth Furst

She had nothing to wear. Her sisters had left for the ball years ago, and there was no Fairy Godmother to help her this time. Her hands shook as she searched her pockets.

“Lipstick—yes, this will do—at least it’s something.” She turned toward the fire can, a blast of hot air hitting her face.

“Got a smoke, Joe?”

“Maybe,” he said, grinning through his last two teeth.

She stared at him. She was long past blushing.

“Alright! Okay!” he croaked, “it’s always the pretty ones that get me.”

“You’ve got a wicked imagination, Joe! Now give me a match,” she said, as she puckered up and inhaled.

The moon hung low. Pulling the woollen scarf up around her nose and ears, she huddled in the shadows, dreaming…

of things innocent and lovely,

young girls in taffeta

fawning

the dark night,

the rustle

of old satin and tulle,

gardenias,

bridal veils

lifting the delicate threads

of gossamer

A north wind swept up the alley as the sound of dry leaves skittered across the cement…

In the morning, they found her underneath a pile of rags—the remains of a cigarette and a tube of lipstick, bubble-gum pink, in her hand.
VISUAL ART
Warning Sign by Elizabeth Alford
You hope by Winston Plowes

Source: An erasure culled out from p. 7 of Flowers in the Attic by V. C. Andrews.
Disassembled, rearranged 1 by Dawn Nelson Wardrope
a clot by Robin Anna Smith

Source: An erasure culled out from p. 103 of Flowers in the Attic by V. C. Andrews.
dormant virus by Marianne Paul
great attractor by Mark Meyer

great attractor spiraling ever further into myself
Noon by Winston Plowes

Source: An erasure culled out from p. 113 of Flowers in the Attic by V. C. Andrews.
Objective Journalism by Kyle Hemmings
Out of Its Element by Geoff M. Pope
Note: The practice of Zazen, according to Dogen Zenji (1200-1252) founder of the Soto Zen tradition, is the coming together of a certain sequence: regulating the body (choshin), regulating the breath (chosoku) and regulating the mind (choshin).
alien world by Mark Meyer
Note: A talking haibun that can be viewed [here](#).
Landscape 2 by Nicola Winborn
Untouched by: a visual cento by Kelly Nelson

Source: Cut-ups of Emily Dickinson’s poems.
Kaleidoscopic Dreams by Renée Cohen
CONTRIBUTORS

Adrian Bouter lives in Holland and has two children. He’s a caregiver and a poet, and likes to ride his bike besides many other things. Go deep, but travel light—life is (often) wonderful.

Basilike Pappa is a writer from Greece. Her poetry has appeared in Bones – Journal for Contemporary Haiku, Surreal Poetics, Visual Verse, and Rat’s Ass Review, and her prose in Intrinsick and Timeless Tales. Blog: https://basilikepappablog.wordpress.com

Chris Dominiczek recently exhibited with AiR (Artists in Recovery) in Newcastle upon Tyne. He won the first UHTS Rosenberry Literary award for haiku and has been published in several journals—writing haiku and its related forms. When he is not writing, he’s taking photographs, cutting trees, or subject to his daughter’s demands.

CL Bledsoe is the author of 17 books, most recently the poetry collection King of Loneliness and the novel The Funny Thing About… He lives in northern Virginia with his daughter and blogs at https://medium.com/@howtoeven (with Michael Gushue).

Colin Stewart Jones is an artist first – then a writer. He paints with whatever materials he has, mainly household paint and recycled materials. He makes sculptural assemblage pieces with discarded objects he finds. Likewise, Colin takes what he finds from his daily life to produce short image-based poetry.

Dan Bodah is a poet and lawyer from New York. He produces a weekly radio show, Vocal Fry, for WFMU. Bodah has published a chapbook, Eyes and Roots (Many Moons Press), and poems with journals including Modern Haiku, Adirondac, Ghost City Press, and Blueline.

Dan A. Cardoza has an MS Degree in Education from UC, Sacramento, Calif. He is the author of four poetry chapbooks and a new book of flash fiction, Second Stories.

Dave Bonta is the author of Ice Mountain (Phoenicia Publishing, 2016) and publisher of MovingPoems.com. He is seven years into a project to create erasure poems from every entry in the Diary of Samuel Pepys.

David Eyre taught high school Hawaiian for 30 years. His By Wind, By Wave was named the best natural science book of 2000. Kamehameha –The Rise of a King received the 2013 Award of Excellence in Hawaiian culture, a Moonbeam Children’s Book Award, a Read Aloud America award, and a Nēnē Award. His latest work, an awkward collection of haiku, entitled not a one, was published by Red Moon Press in 2018.

Dawn Nelson Wardrope, after a twenty-year gap in the arts, has recently begun creating visual poems. She practices asemic writing and concrete poetry. Her work has appeared in Utsanga, Otoliths, Angry Old Men, and Renegade, and can also be found widely on Facebook. She lives in Scotland with her husband, son, and their two greyhounds.

Dian Parrotta holds an M.A.T degree from George Mason University and an MFA in Fiction Writing from Lindenwood University. She does dream to teach internationally for DoD and to retire from FCPS to be able to join her two sons, who are both teaching English as a Foreign Language in Prague and in Madrid, Spain.
Elizabeth Alford (Hayward, CA) likes to sneak off for a quick poem when she isn’t selling you second-hand merchandise. Her recent work has appeared in Failed Haiku, FemkuMag, and Stardust Haiku. She won 1st Prize in the 39th Maggi H. Meyer Memorial Contest and was nominated for a Touchstone Award in 2018. Author page: http://www.facebook.com/ElizabethAlfordPoetry

Garry Eaton is retired and lives in Port Moody, BC, Canada. His interest in haiku began in 2006 and continues strong today, both as writer and as digital librarian for The Haiku Foundation. His haiku have been published widely and are frequently anthologized.

Gary Hittmeyer was born in Brooklyn, NY during the fabulous fifties. He currently lives quietly in the beautiful Hudson River Valley of New York State, where he enjoys NY Mets baseball, silver age comics, BBC crime dramas, classic rock, the sound of a mandolin, 75-degree sunny days, and seafood.

Geoff M. Pope’s photographs and poems have recently appeared online in Fresh Out: An Arts and Poetry Collective, Under the Basho, and at the Bartcelona Gallery in Belgrade, where he won 3rd Place in the Santoka International Haiga Contest. Geoff teaches writing and is a freelance editor in the Seattle area.

Helen Buckingham lives in Somerset, England. Her work appears regularly in journals such as is/let, Modern Haiku, and NOON: journal of the short poem, and anthologies including Haiku in English: The First Hundred Years (W. W. Norton, 2013). Her most recent collection is sanguinella (Red Moon Press, 2017).

Howie Good is the author of three recent collections, I’m Not a Robot from Tolsun Books, The Titanic Sails at Dawn from Alien Buddha Press, and What It Is and How to Use It from Grey Book Press.

Jack Galmitz was broken in the world when he was around twenty-seven. He never found a way to repair himself. His writing and photographs are vestiges left by his efforts.

James Penha, a native New Yorker, has lived for the past quarter-century in Indonesia. Nominated for Pushcart Prizes in fiction and poetry, his verse appears this year in Headcase: LGBTQ Writers & Artists on Mental Health and Wellness (Oxford UP) and Lovejets: queer male poets on 200 years of Walt Whitman (Squares and Rebels). Penha edits The New Verse News, an online journal of current-events poetry. Twitter: @JamesPenha

Jim Krotzman is retired after teaching for 36 years in Wisconsin and Colorado. Krotzman realized a lifelong dream when he purchased 3.5 acres of woodland on Ten-Mile Lake near Hackensack, Minnesota. The Chippewa National Forest is his backyard. He is building a cabin there.

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

John Hawkhead is a writer and artist from the southwest of England whose haiku, senryu, and micropoetry have been published all over the world. His book Small Shadows is from Alba Publishing. Twitter: @HawkheadJohn
Jonathan Yungkans is a Los Angeles-based writer and photographer with an MFA in Poetry from California State University, Long Beach. His work has appeared in *Anastamos, Quiddity, West Texas Literary Review*, and other publications. His poetry chapbook, *Colors the Thorns Draw*, was released by Desert Willow Press in August 2018.

Julie Warther serves as Midwest Regional Coordinator for the Haiku Society of America, is an associate editor at *The Heron’s Nest* and was instrumental in establishing *The Forest Haiku Walk* in Millersburg, Ohio and the *Seasons of Haiku Trail* at The Holden Arboretum in Kirtland, Ohio.

Kelly Nelson is a poet and visual artist who lives in Arizona. Her work has appeared in *Otoliths, Found Poetry Review, Poetry WTF?!, Best American Experimental Writing*, and elsewhere. She teaches Interdisciplinary Studies at Arizona State University and gives tours at a contemporary art museum.

Kyle Hemmings is a retired healthcare worker living in New Jersey. A Pushcart nominee, his poems, prose pieces, and photographs have been published in over 400 venues, including *Otoliths, White Knuckle Press, Bones, the other bunny, Otata, is/let, and Unbroken Journal*. His latest full-length, mixed genre collection, *Amnesiacs of Summer* (Yavanika Press, 2019), is now available on Amazon.

Linda Ferguson has won awards for her poetry and lyrical nonfiction and been nominated for a Pushcart Prize for both poetry and fiction. Her poetry chapbook, *Baila Conmigo*, was published by Dancing Girl Press. As a writing teacher, she has a passion for helping students find their voice and explore new territory. Website: [https://bylindaferguson.blogspot.com](https://bylindaferguson.blogspot.com)

Lori A Minor is a feminist, mental health advocate, and body positive activist living in Virginia. She dabbles in visual and literary arts and is the founder and editor of both #FemkuMag and *Bleached Butterfly*. Lori has just released her second book, *inkblots revealing my story to the therapist*.

Mani G. Iyer is a deaf-blind software engineer, born and raised in Mumbai, India, now living near Boston. He is currently learning Braille at The Hadley School. He enjoys craft beer and listening to fiction. His poems have appeared in *Lily Poetry Review, Soul-Lit, Off the Coast,* and *The Helicon Poetry Journal* (translated to Hebrew).

Marianne Paul is a Canadian poet. Her haiku and haiga have been extensively published, including in past issues of *Sonic Boom* and *Human/Kind Journal*. She tries hard to live by Basho’s words: *It’s better to live poetry than write it* (although writing poetry is her sweet passion and her chosen way of life).

Marie-Louise Montignot lives in France and started writing haiku in 2013 under Dominique Chipot’s guidance. She is the author of six books of poetry and co-author of two. She has been published in haiku journals such as *Mainichi, Failed Haiku*, and *Ploc*.

Mark Meyer is a contemporary visual artist and retired educator, currently living somewhere in the Seattle metroplex. In a prior lifetime aeons ago he was a neurobiologist; he still really misses looking through microscopes. A confirmed mini-misanthrope, Mark prefers the company of animals, guitars, and beer.

Mark Young lives in a small town in North Queensland in Australia, and has been publishing poetry since 1959. His new collection, *taxonomic drift*, is out from Luna Bisonte Prods.
Matthew Moffett teaches writing at a community college in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, and lives in a house full of children and animals. His poems have appeared or are set to appear in *Frogpond, Under the Basho*, and *Modern Haiku*.

Michael O’Brien is the author of *At Adam* (UP Literature), *Big Nothing* (Bones), *the anabasis of man* (Yavanika Press), and others. His writing has been published widely in print and online, and have been translated into other languages. He is the curator of *weird laburnum*. Michael’s limited edition mini-chapbook *radical artifice* is forthcoming from Yavanika Press. Twitter @michaelobrien22.

Nicola Winborn is a UK-based mixed media artist. Her work has appeared in *Circulaire 132, Stampzine, Utsanga, and X-Peri*. Nicola is the editor of *Attic Zine* and the founder of *Marsh Flower Gallery*, an electronic exhibition space on Facebook.

Olga Alexander is a mixed media painter, installation artist, and jewelry designer of the Nodes Collection of sculptural jewelry. Her work is inspired by science, fashion, and architecture. Samples of her work may be found at www.nodescollection.com.

Paige Melin is the author of the book of poetry *Puddles of an Open* (BlazeVOX, 2016) and the micro-chapbook *MTL/BFL//ÉTÉ/QUINZE* (Buffalo Ochre Papers, 2016). Her writing has been published in *Peach Mag, Ghost City Review*, and *Rain Taxi Review of Books*, among others. She lives in Buffalo, NY.

Raymond Cummings resides in Owings Mills, Maryland. He is the author of books including *Assembling the Lord*, *Crucial Sprawl*, *Class Notes*, *Notes on Idol*, and *Vigilante Fluxus*. His writing has appeared in *SPIN, Pitchfork, Deadspin, Splice Today*, and the *Baltimore City Paper*.

Rebecca Ruth Gould is a Pushcart nominee whose poems and translations have appeared in *Nimrod, Kenyon Review, Tin House, The Hudson Review, Salt Hill, and The Atlantic Review*. She translates from Persian, Russian, and Georgian. Her poem *Grocery Shopping* was a finalist for the Luminaire Award for Best Poetry in 2017.

Renée Cohen is a freelance writer and artist from Canada. Her works have been published internationally.

Robert Hanevold, a liberal arts graduate, found a career in information technology. Through the years, he has maintained an interest in a variety of literary and artistic subjects. His current areas of exploration include philosophy, haiku, and abstract digital art. Most of his life has been in Georgia (USA).

Robin Anna Smith is more of a cats, dogs, and unicorns person than a people person. Website: www.robinannasmith.com.

Samar Ghose, born and brought up in India, now lives in Perth Western Australia with his wife and two adult daughters. Enamoured of the haiku genre and its related forms, his work has been published in international online and print journals such as *The Heron’s Nest, Under the Basho, Presence, Prune Juice, The Other Bunny*, and others. His debut chapbook, *turn, climb, realign*, is forthcoming from Yavanika Press.

Seth Copeland is the founding editor of *petrichor*. His work has appeared in *Kestrel, Crab Fat, Yes Poetry, Human/Kind Journal, Menacing Hedge*, and *The Birds We Piled Loosely*, among others.
Originally from Oklahoma, he pursues doctoral studies at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.

**Shannon Elizabeth Gardner** is a graduate from the University of Wisconsin. Her interest in horror and the macabre came about while exploring nature and the paranormal. Her work explores the natural and organic process of death, evoking empathy for decay. She believes that leaving art to chance assists the viewer to witness the beauty hidden within imperfections.

**Susan Beth Furst** is a Touchstone Award nominated poet and author. She writes Japanese short-form poetry and especially enjoys writing haibun. Susan has published two haiku collections — *souvenir shop: memories of the highland park zoo* (buddha baby press, 2018) and *road to utopia* (Yavanika Press, 2019). She lives in Woodbridge, Virginia, with her husband.

**Susan Burch** is a good egg.

**Susan King**, a retired librarian, lives in North Wales UK. She has been involved in haiku and related genres for 16 years. Though never a particularly prolific poet, her work has been published in a variety of journals, including *Blithe Spirit, Presence, Atlas Poetica*, and *Contemporary Haibun Online*.

**Terri L. French** is an author, editor, and haiku poet living in Huntsville, Alabama. She serves as secretary for The Haiku Foundation. Terri was the Southeast Regional Coordinator for The Haiku Society of America and the third editor of *Prune Juice Journal*. She was recently added to the editorial team of *Haibun Today*.

**Tony Mancus** is the author of a handful of chapbooks. He lives with his wife Shannon and three yappy cats in Colorado and serves as chapbook editor for *Barrelhouse*.

**Winston Plowes** is a word artist from Mytholmroyd, Calderdale interested in surrealism, all species of art, the magic of chance operations, and the personalities of cheese. Recent publications include *Telephones, Love Hearts & Jellyfish* (Electric Press, 2016) and *Tales from the Tachograph with Gaia Holmes* (Calder Valley Poetry, 2017). Website: [www.winstonplowes.co.uk](http://www.winstonplowes.co.uk)
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