

SONIC BOOM

...for writing that explodes



issue fourteen

April 2019

(Poetry, Fiction & Art)

SONIC BOOM

...for writing that explodes

Issue Fourteen

April 2019

(Poetry, Fiction & Art)

Founder/Chief Editor: Shloka Shankar

Poetry Reader: Tuhin Bhowal

Proofreader: Dishika Iyer

Cover Art: 'Perspectivity' by Jayashree Maniyil

Copyright © Sonic Boom 2019

All rights revert to the authors/artists upon publication. For re-prints in future, please credit *Sonic Boom* as the original publisher. Works may not be reproduced in any manner or form without prior consent from the individual artists.

<http://sonicboomjournal.wixsite.com/sonicboom>

CONTENTS

THE POETRY SHACK 6-15

<i>Sleep Study</i> by Angele Ellis	7
<i>Memento</i> by Douglas Cole	8
<i>High Tension</i> by John C. Mannone	9
<i>Systole</i> by Kristin LaFollette	10
<i>Save Me from What I Want</i> by LeeAnn Olivier	11
<i>What Her Teacher Said about Nagasaki and Hiroshima</i> by Marjorie Maddox	12
<i>On Lint-Gathering</i> by Raymond Cummings	13
<i>The Show Must Go On</i> by Richard D. Houff	14
<i>Barnum's Mermaid Reads the Instructions for Self-assembly</i> by Terry Spohn	15

PAPER LANTERNS 16-24

Tim Murphy Michael Morell Mark Gilbert Keith Polette John Hawkhead	17
Kyle Hemmings Pat Davis Bill Cooper Ashish Narain	18
Helen Buckingham Johannes S. H. Bjerg Susan King	19
Johannes S. H. Bjerg Elmedin Kadric Gary Hittmeyer Jan Benson	20
Chris Dominiczak Susan King Julie Warther	

Mark Gilbert John Hawkhead Tiffany Shaw-Diaz	21
--	----

Johannes S. H. Bjerg Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah Agnes Vojta	22
--	----

Mark E. Brager Chris Dominiczak Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah Ashish Narain Michael O'Brien	23
---	----

Julie Warther Lisa Higgs Bob Carlton	24
--	----

FICTION 25-33

<i>Space Suit</i> by Chris Dominiczak	26
<i>The Old God</i> by David A. Bradley	27
<i>Believers</i> by Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah	28
<i>Found Inside an Event Horizon</i> by John C. Mannone	29
<i>Hinge and Mail Call</i> by Keith Polette	30-31
<i>Alice in Neverland</i> by Kyle Hemmings	32
<i>Plot Development</i> by Matt Dube	33

VISUAL ART 34-54

<i>stray day</i> by Keith Polette	35
<i>Deception of Memory</i> by Mikhail Shchupak-Katsman	36
<i>cellular metabolism</i> by Robin Anna Smith	37
<i>off Broadway</i> by Keith Polette	38
<i>Rite of Passage</i> by Kristin LaFollette	39
<i>Vicious Cycle</i> by Mikhail Shchupak-Katsman	40
<i>nightly I</i> by Samar Ghose	41
<i>Haiga</i> by Colin Stewart Jones	42
<i>syrinxes</i> by Robin Anna Smith	43
<i>high-fructose</i> by Tiffany Shaw-Diaz	44

<i>Glimpses of Light</i> by Renata Solimini	45
<i>speaking</i> by Marianne Paul	46
<i>Fish-talk</i> by Johannes S. H. Bjerg	47
<i>false gods</i> by Marianne Paul	48
<i>noises of I exist</i> by Johannes S. H. Bjerg	49
<i>Inspired</i> by Susan Mallernee	50
<i>Burgeoning</i> by Julie Warther	51
<i>Echo of Daylight</i> by Michal Mahgerefteh	52
<i>losing</i> by Robin Anna Smith	53
<i>the compass needle</i> by Keith Polette	54

CONTRIBUTORS

55-59

THE POETRY SHACK

Sleep Study

By Angele Ellis

a door recedes reveals an antimacassar raveled sleeve of care
chair slatted like a cradle endlessly rocking

someone has died my grandmother my friend Harry my ex-husband

synapses shift the room side table strewn from depthless pockets
car key with shark serrations seven lint-specked pennies cameo of my family profile

a cell plays *Frere Jacques* on my childhood xylophone but I can't feel the screen
only panic as pocked acoustic tiles come into focus slices of dissected brain

while voices amplified behind a two-way mirror wish my hollowed heart *Good Morning*

Memento

By Douglas Cole

We live, and our memories dangle like jellyfish tendrils. They guide us, somewhat, we think, until a wave comes and shows us who's really in charge. And even still, they draw me down into their watery viewing of myself being myself in a scene I watch and feel in my nerves. I think I won't mind forgetting. I watched my grandmother age herself right out of her life, the over and over stories disappearing as she crossed ninety-five and entered the hundreds, blinking, faintly here, more opening into some unseen and overwhelming reality. I understand because I've seen it, right up to the edge. I understand how hard it is at that mystery door, how hard to look back and even say goodbye.

High Tension

By John C. Mannone

It wasn't the pale ale I was drinking
on the patio of a local beer joint that prompted
me to photograph those three-phase power lines

stacked with discs of ceramic insulators, which
I mistook for birds. Nor was it the platinum-blue
light scattered from the twilight sun,

but rather, it was a piece of motionless dark,
a building in silhouette
of the past. It resembled
a Penn Station railroad car stilled in its tracks.

Perhaps the Baltimore sky was just as alluring—
filled with blackbirds, some perched on green
wires. Maybe it was the sparkle of porcelain glass.

I imagine
the skinny black ladder on a coal car's wall
was simply too inviting for my curious friend.

Right above his head those wires hummed
his name just before he went up in a flash
of smoke. He was only twelve.

Sometimes I dream that I was there, yelling
at him, *Stop! Don't do that!*

But he couldn't hear me. I screamed
his name, but even I couldn't hear it.
His name that I still cannot remember.

Systole

By Kristin LaFollette

I receive a book and, like the one with the orange cover, it shows me
where my body belongs The pages contain sections about the
subclavian artery and if I'm not fully a doctor it's not because I haven't
read the texts I know the numbers, the anterior surfaces of bones
I can count teeth and understand the surgical anatomy of the ankle
joint I see in the
pictures the way the pelvis differs between male and female

and I tell stories using these pictures and words, the diagrams of lymph,
plexuses and peripheral nerves Narrate the lives of a young
girl and
boy (the girl is me and also not me) She snaps her
wrist at the age of 14 but she knows how to heal it How to create a fusion
with metal and the diagrams tell the rising and falling of the girl and boy
(a cardiac cycle) Systole Blood forced out of the
chamber and while the girl becomes a bird the pressure from her chest will
always bring her back

Save Me from What I Want

By *LeeAnn Olivier*

I chew through traps. / I love whatever doesn't get too close. — Caki Wilkinson

On my brother's couch in Brooklyn, lulled by the Q train's whirl and the conductor's bright monotone: "Next stop: Coney Island," I dream of a turtle, thirteen scutes spiraling across her calloused carapace, one for each new moon of the year. I lug her to safety, pivoting the broad disk of her back around like a ship's helm until her tail curls toward me, but she shimmies out of her casing, a burlesque dancer, and I catch her glass-green belly in my hands. The man back home I am scared to want says we only dream of mirrors, our psyches split across each creature we encounter, my aquatic shadow either anchoring her armor tight or slithering out of it, chewing through nets, learning to love even what swims too close.

What Her Teacher Said about Nagasaki and Hiroshima

(for D'Ann)

By Marjorie Maddox

She said what
she said was "If you look *she said was*
straight up into the horror of
was she said not sun
she said but bomb *was what she said* exploding suns,
exploding *decimating what she said was* us
she said what she said and your eyes *ours*
hers theirs what she said was
melting, melted would melt." And that is
everything is all
she *was what she said was*
is was what she said That is all
she remembers
she.

On Lint-Gathering

By Raymond Cummings

The guitarist, rarely photographed
with a guitar, is never far from
chords teasing her inner ear. An

architect cloisters tools within a
sad valise. Flooding his field of
vision are angles and curves that

merrily confound scale, contracting
and expounding. The sculptor tours
the coast of Martha's Vineyard,

modelling a lopsided smile like
a stolen beret.

The Show Must Go On

By Richard D. Houff

The Bataclan Theatre, 50 Rue Voltaire, Paris 1980

After being followed by a mustache
carrying clipboard; dressed in grey flannel
and wearing a sporty but “fashionably correct”
bulletproof vest and whistling: “Onward Christian Soldiers,”
the psycho poet exploded with a Jackson Pollock splat
against a billboard advertising the show.

Bold italics and screaming maxims poured forth
from each and every orifice leaving the poor boy
quite exhausted.

And just as he was thinking of retiring the evening;
the ghost of *Francois de La Rochefoucauld* floated by
cheering him on and crying: “Curtains! Curtains!” for
the poet.

Scheduled to read within minutes,
he suddenly realized his number was up.

Barnum's Mermaid Reads the Instructions for Self-assembly

By Terry Spohn

The body a gate the soul passes through
— Ruth Awad

if there were instructions they would be water

if there were instructions they would begin
by having you memorize the pieces
there should be this many

they should have these shapes:
the head of a monkey fixed to the body
of a smoked sturgeon

arms stiff as a wedding bouquet

women will study you as if trying on a sweater
they'll turn this way and then that because
every woman must live at least twice—

you were never beautiful and you were never loved
the men who designed you sang in the deaf choir

your adhesive will be the drama in which strangers
suckle your bindings

remember the sea
you've never been there

the heart is a twenty-one-hour drive from here
you'll need the following tool:

PAPER LANTERNS

art is the answer the doorbell please don't entertain the question

- Tim Murphy

losing sense of time reading eliot

- Michael Morell

passive

tense

- Mark Gilbert

dispossessed ache of apostrophes the eighth century returning

- Keith Polette

always
writing about it
the end

- John Hawkhead

immune to the wind you stop blinking

- Kyle Hemmings

bristlecone pine
the twist of past lives
still present

- Pat Davis

the lure
of an ill-fitting role
uncracked pistachio

- Bill Cooper

talking me through the edge of our visible universe

- Ashish Narain

so did all the blue apples fail

- Helen Buckingham

there's no falling just a continuous losing your footing

trapped
in travelling
sand

*my place
(some winters down
the street)*

Bouncing Lily
searches

echoing the jackdaws'

for the door
in her belly

miserere nobis

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

... and not even through a glass darkly ...

- Susan King

plenty of rocks to baptise if only

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

snail shells we leave behind language

- Elmedin Kadric

end of the world
through a noon heat mirage
and back

- Gary Hittmeyer

winnowing ash for bone post-paradise

- Jan Benson

we too diffuse another long cloud of spare parts

- Chris Dominiczak

broken gravestones my teeth on edge

- Susan King

your patience the real me michelangeloed

- Julie Warther

 racing heartbeat
the the the the something
 of the something

- Mark Gilbert

folding sheets
in half light
the look I don't understand

- John Hawkhead

pounding on the echo chamber door my no to your yes

- Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

a pond full of insomnia as a grave for my fog

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg

in the downward cone of light I appear casually

- Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

courage be a transcendental number among integers

- Agnes Vojta

morning fog
the river becomes
a river

- Mark E. Brager

is sound relative to size?

on a beach
sand thru fingers
the radio's static

- Chris Dominiczak

at the end of the row of mornings

- Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

an orchid withers to a different person

- Ashish Narain

constellation

smoke and bone

a woodpecker finds

strung together

its rhythm

twilight

- Michael O'Brien

and spring beginning with a conjunction

- Julie Warther

April's bare branches
a cardinal measures
love's area

- Lisa Higgs

spring day inspired forgetfulness

- Bob Carlton

FICTION

Space Suite

By Chris Dominiczak

It's the last piano (supposedly) Lennon played and all she wants is to touch it. I tut, standing below Helen Sharman's space suit in a glass case's gravity... Is the vacuum outside what we call Universe? Is it real? And how do you know? Is it something you would grasp, barehanded?

ghost particle unpiloted the descent of noon

The Old God

By David A. Bradley

We sugar lawns with leaves, we cherubs with caramel hair. There is Father forging The Palace of Autumn. He peels rock and leaf from the planet's surface, carving trenches where ants will later make war.

These days his brass eyes dim to canary and gnarled tendons shrivel under volcanic skin cracked with aeons' punishments. With each twist of his limbs, earth sloughs from his skin. He is an ancient wonder, horned and bony. While we waste the palace, delighting in the spray of leaves, he sinks into himself. He is sensitive to Decay, Destruction, and he makes air smell of rot. It is a sour scent and teases our uvulas. It is a scent of memory: laugh sparingly; typhoons shadow his silence.

We tame the flow of leaves arcing like fountain waters from the flattened palace. We cherubs, we chastened children bearing hearts silvered with love for a dying god—we ache in the aura of his iron-fisted tranquility. We ache and call it love.

Believers

By Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

We are rocks on rocks cut off in the peninsula. I manage my existence with light and shadows. The painting is done. I know my gate is in the hands of Hans Hofmann. I appreciate your patience when you display embedded bodies on the wet floor. We love. We hate. This time is not the best. It is still raining. We cannot skip to the next pages of your body in the third floor. We wait with a borrowed eye from the old masters before we take a Vietnamese approach to your life. We complete a huge painting over the sea.

Found Inside an Event Horizon

By John C. Mannone

Inside the event horizon of a super massive black hole, time and place exchange roles; we could move anywhere in time, but place would march on inexorably toward the singularity. All the events through time can be perceived at once.

On This Day In History (March 1), the Salem Witch Hunt begins (1692) || almost a hundred years later during the American Revolution, the Articles of Confederation are ratified (1781) || yet Lincoln nominates Grant for lieutenant general (1864).

In the West, Old West Yellowstone Park is established (1872) || and disaster avalanches the trains, buries them (1910). A World War, the first one, is published by the Zimmermann Telegram (1917).

The literary E.M. Forster takes a passage to India (1921). It's a crime || the Lindbergh baby is kidnapped (1932) and another World War || prompts Bulgaria to join the Axis (1941). There is no general interest and || the Puerto Rican nationalists wound five representatives (1954). A Cold War, and Kennedy establishes the Peace Corps (1961).

War, peace, and more war || the Vietnam War: the U.S. informs South Vietnam "we're sending Marines" (1965). More *General Interest*: a Soviet probe crashes into Venus (1966), but back to the Vietnam War, Clifford replaces McNamara (1968) and Mickey Mantle retires a year later (1969).

Then Richard Zanuck and David Brown join Warner Brothers in Hollywood (1971), while James Taylor makes the cover of Time magazine (1971). This leads to a Vietnam War bomb exploding in the Capitol building (1971). Eventually, Honda unveils the new Civic (2005).

But today, at 30 minutes past midnight, it is raining in Chattanooga, Tennessee, while I'm driving home in a 2011 Chevy Impala || in any event, to write this poem (2014).

Note: This found piece was constructed by re-sequencing the events occurring on March 1 throughout history as cited in [*This Day In History*](#).

Hinge

By Keith Polette

Slip into a hinge; that would be my move. Let someone else shrink into a key or be molded into a hammer's head. I am happily a hinge. From casual glance, the hinge is an open book that few know how to read: flat Braille to the blind or a blank brass slate to the eye craving words. Yet within, the hinge brims with many beings, even though the drunk slams it, or the cautious child pushes it with feather's touch; the hinge, like a butterfly's wings, opens and closes between two presses of wood or metal and sings things that most ears, like dead oak or deaf dogs, never hear.

I have heard voices seep out when hinges open and close. Perhaps there is more than mere metal inside a hinge; perhaps in hinges are sounds of lives unseen (only heard by those whose hearing folds inward): the moan of an old man rusty with morning; the hiss of a shadowy voice caught between worlds; the squeaks of bats fallen in a flat moonless sky; and the rustle of waters parting, making it safe for more in-hinged beings to quickly cross over from their world to ours.

abandoned house
suddenly seeing
the door as my sister

Mail Call

By Keith Polette

Dear Dad,

Just wanted to drop you a line and let you know that I'm in the model plane I built when I was a kid, the one you got me, the B-17. And, in case you forgot, this is my 25th mission. If I make it through alive, I get to go home; if not, I'll be an Icarus plummeting out of the exploding sun of my plane, whatever wings that sustained me melting like wax.

I think I'm over Germany or France, the ground all sounds the same, so who knows where I really am, but the enemy's 88's are sending up so much flack that the sky is nothing but clouds of metal shards, like a mind metalized. The plane is rocking like a teeter totter in a hail storm. I could be all shot up without even knowing it. I'll check myself for shrapnel and bullet holes and gaps of unbecoming just as soon as the heavy smoke of your cigar begins to clear.

high altitude brambles
but just
the way you'd think I'd feel

Alice in Neverland

By Kyle Hemmings

In a room two doors over from the boyfriend's mother, Alice peels this morning's skirt and paisley blouse. As if losing herself in a silent prayer of her own making, she's going to give up the remaining fragments of her virginity. *Simple as shedding a paper dress*, a ditsy friend drunk on plum wine once told her.

Alice wonders if it will kill her to put everything up for sale.

The boyfriend, for his part, is whiter than white, and his fingertips are cold. At times, they move as if sketching the outline of small shallow lagoons. And hills too soft to the touch.

He used to tell Alice about his cleft palate corrected long ago by a specialist with eyes so deadened that they traumatized him for years. She's reminded of the deformity whenever his jaw quivers from too much intimacy, the possibility of being totally erased. *Could there be such a thing?* she wonders.

Neither Alice nor he comes on time, but with practice they could form a train. She wonders if success could come from dancing fingers and half-steps. They dress, and at the door, she whispers goodbye, see you tomorrow or the next day. Banal-sounding, yet the innuendos are deeper than their favorite sitcoms. She thinks of two hobo souls in love and how much longer before they kill themselves with free-flowing emptiness. There's a stirring from the mother's room.

Alice returns to her apartment and sits on the bed. She thinks of the mother and how the two of them might be adrift in a circular sea. The mother who raised her son alone in a neighborhood of grifters and numbed veterans of some war or another. Alice wants to tell the wall that she still feels nothing, or that she's afraid to feel anything. To be hurt, she would have to die again, and before being reborn as a new Alice, she would have to become her own ghost. To tread the world without touching anything. It's happened so many times. She feels too old to melt or solidify.

By morning, the sun will rise unexplained. Alice will talk to no one. She thinks of how the boyfriend will keep trying to impregnate her with his love of shadows and thin mists and possible treasures. There will be no paper trails.

Plot Development

By Matt Dube

“These are the days when Birds come back.”—Emily Dickinson

The life cycle of a common American pond frog is only sixteen weeks, so I didn’t know what brought them back two years since their shady bog was filled in, paved over, built upon. But they came, waves of them, making their leaps in legion from behind the house and past toward the cul de sac. I could laugh about it, if I thought of them like my uncle Russell, who still asked when my wife was showing up at his Christmas party. Whenever I turned at the intersection that led to my old job instead of driving straight through, I remembered the frogs. Their fixed belief was that the development, a fairy circle of duplex bungalows, was a field that edged off into marsh, a perfect place for peeping.

The turtles, too, small as teacups, tails stuck straight out like compass needles. They came to sun themselves on the water-logged logs the developer cleared to sink foundations. I stepped over them to get to the barbecue grill; I once dropped a hamburger, medium rare, that my wife wouldn’t eat in the grass. It took the biggest of the turtles past twilight to swallow it all.

The Osage came next, playing Chunkey on the paved marge of the cul de sac. I watched their play long enough to figure out the rules and asked my wife if maybe we should form a team and challenge the clan squatting on our property. She didn’t even bless me with a crude gesture.

By the end of the week, the Osage camp was crowded against my garage door, trying to stay out of the way of the oversized stagecoach axle. The white settlers were claim jumpers in their time, so who was I to complain when they returned to revive their stake in land I only rented. My wife leaned on the horn to get the settlers to hook their mule to the coach’s front and drag it from where it blocked our garage. When we first moved in here, I didn’t think we’d stay long. But just last night, I was telling a turtle, humped into her shell beside my beach chair, I doubted I’d ever leave. Where was my wife hurrying off to, when in the end we’d end up here anyhow.

VISUAL ART

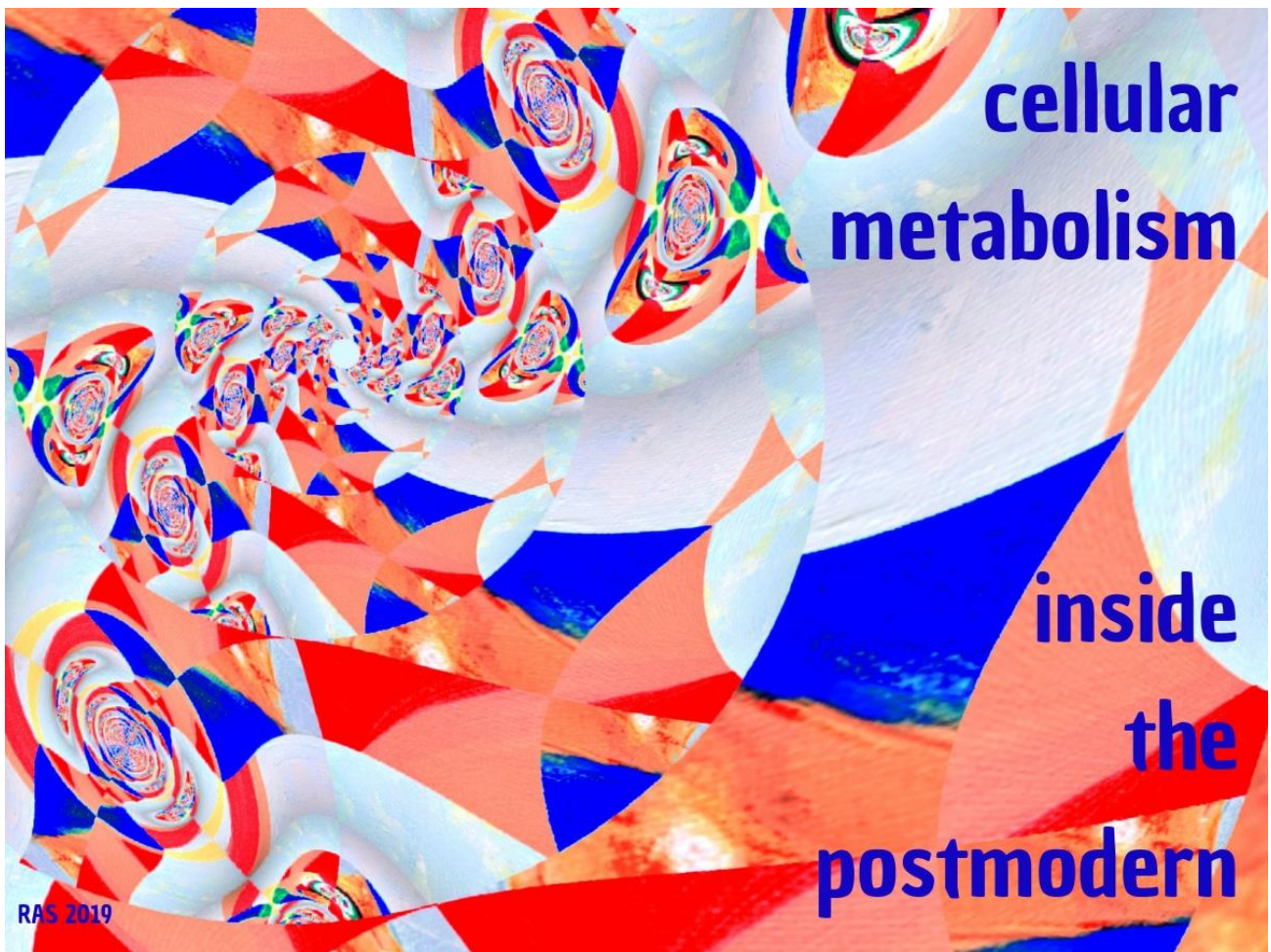
stray day by Keith Polette



Deception of Memory by Mikhail Shchupak-Katsman



cellular metabolism by Robin Anna Smith



off Broadway by Keith Polette



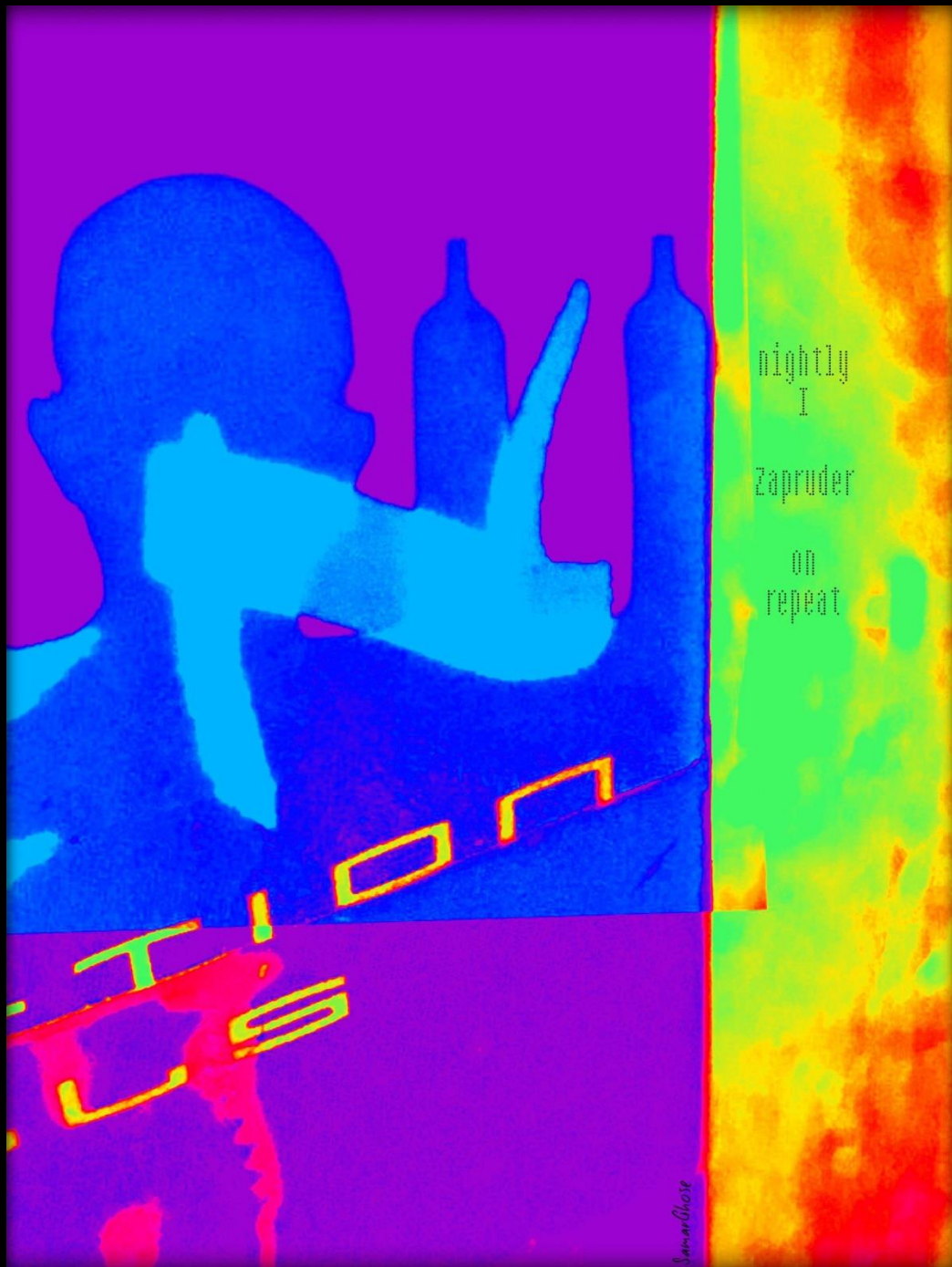
Rite of Passage by Kristin LaFollette



Vicious Cycle by Mikhail Shchupak-Katsman



nightly I by Samar Ghose



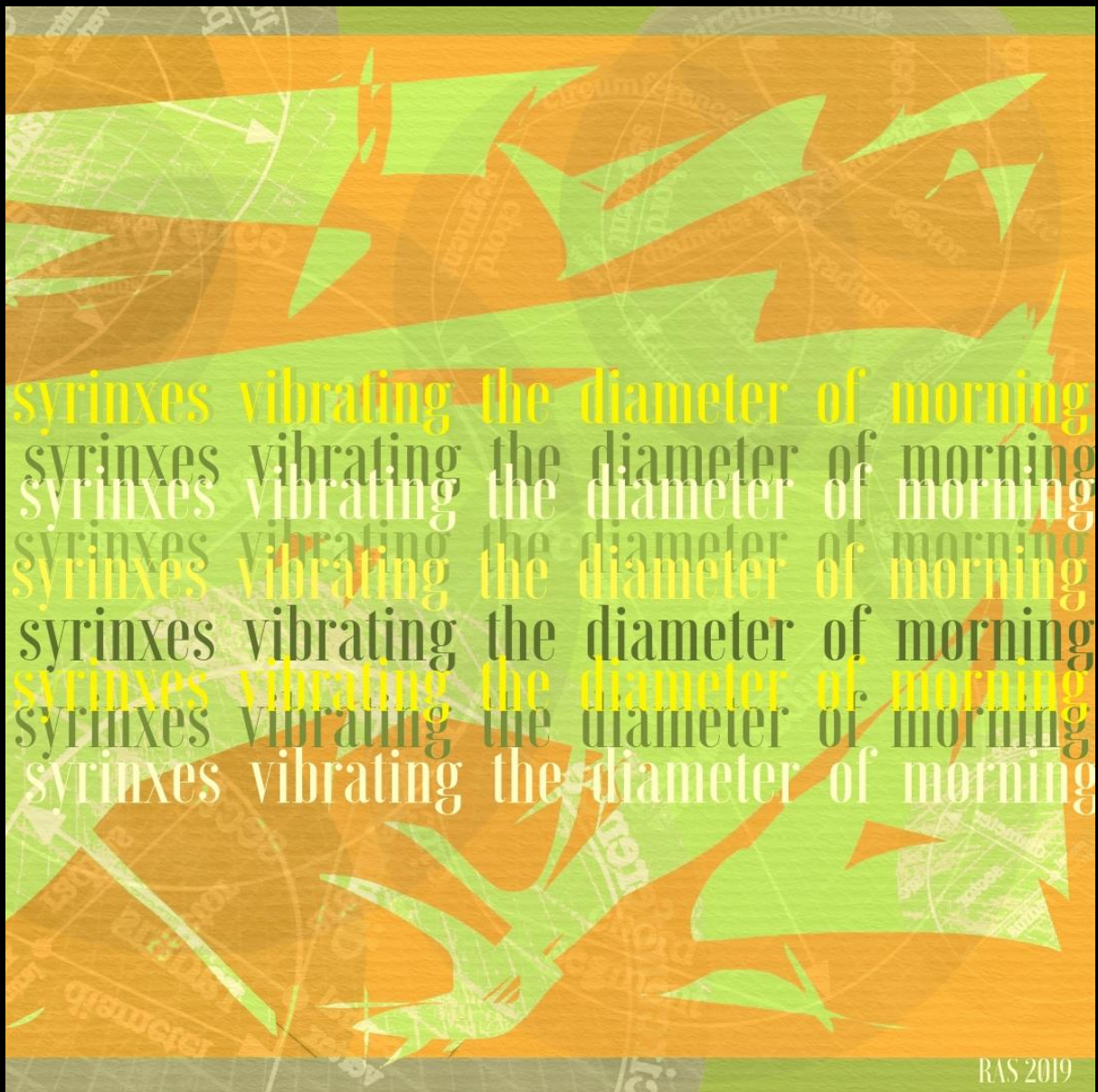
Haiga by Colin Stewart Jones



hot 'n the night torn from a dog's belly

csj

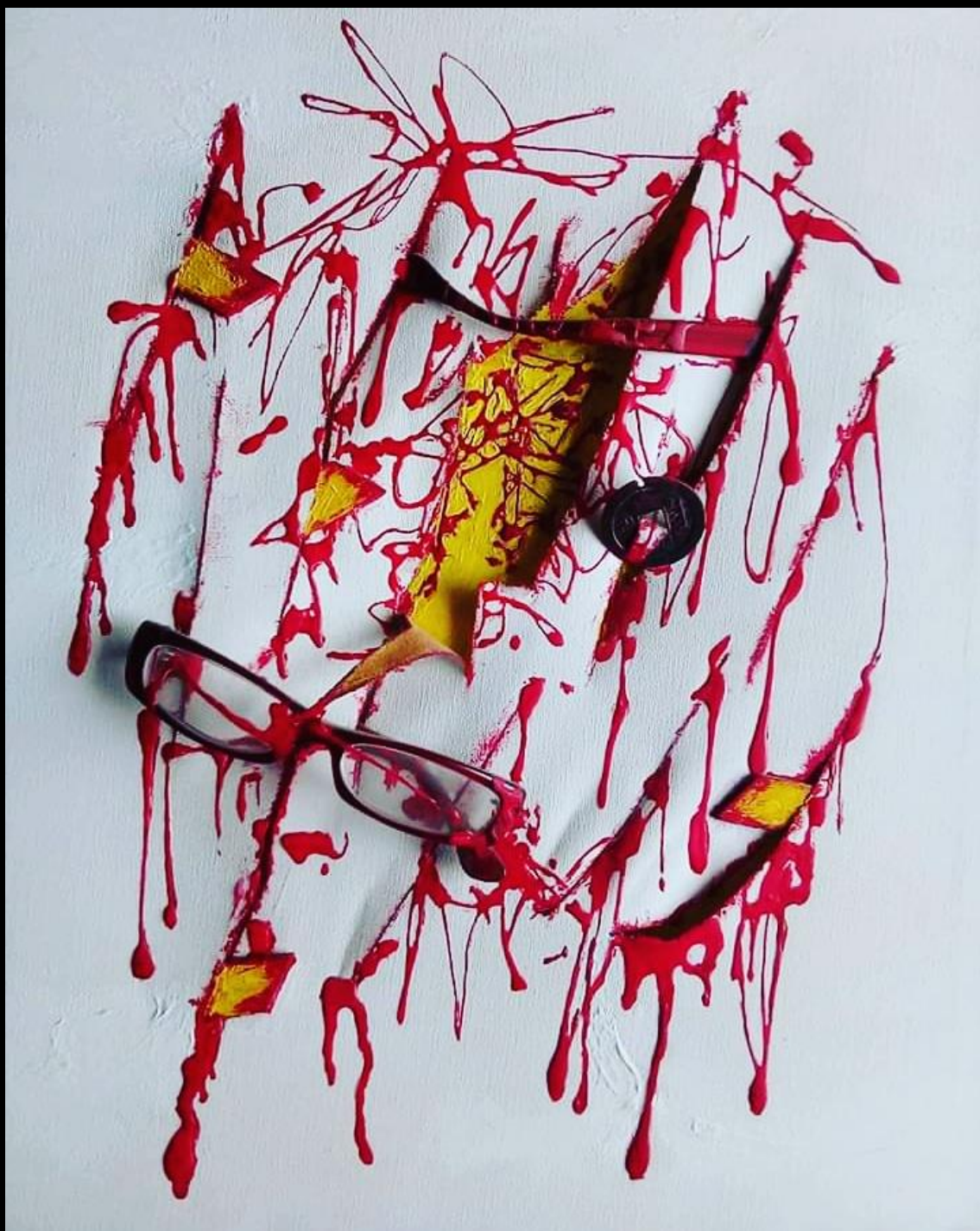
syrinxes by Robin Anna Smith



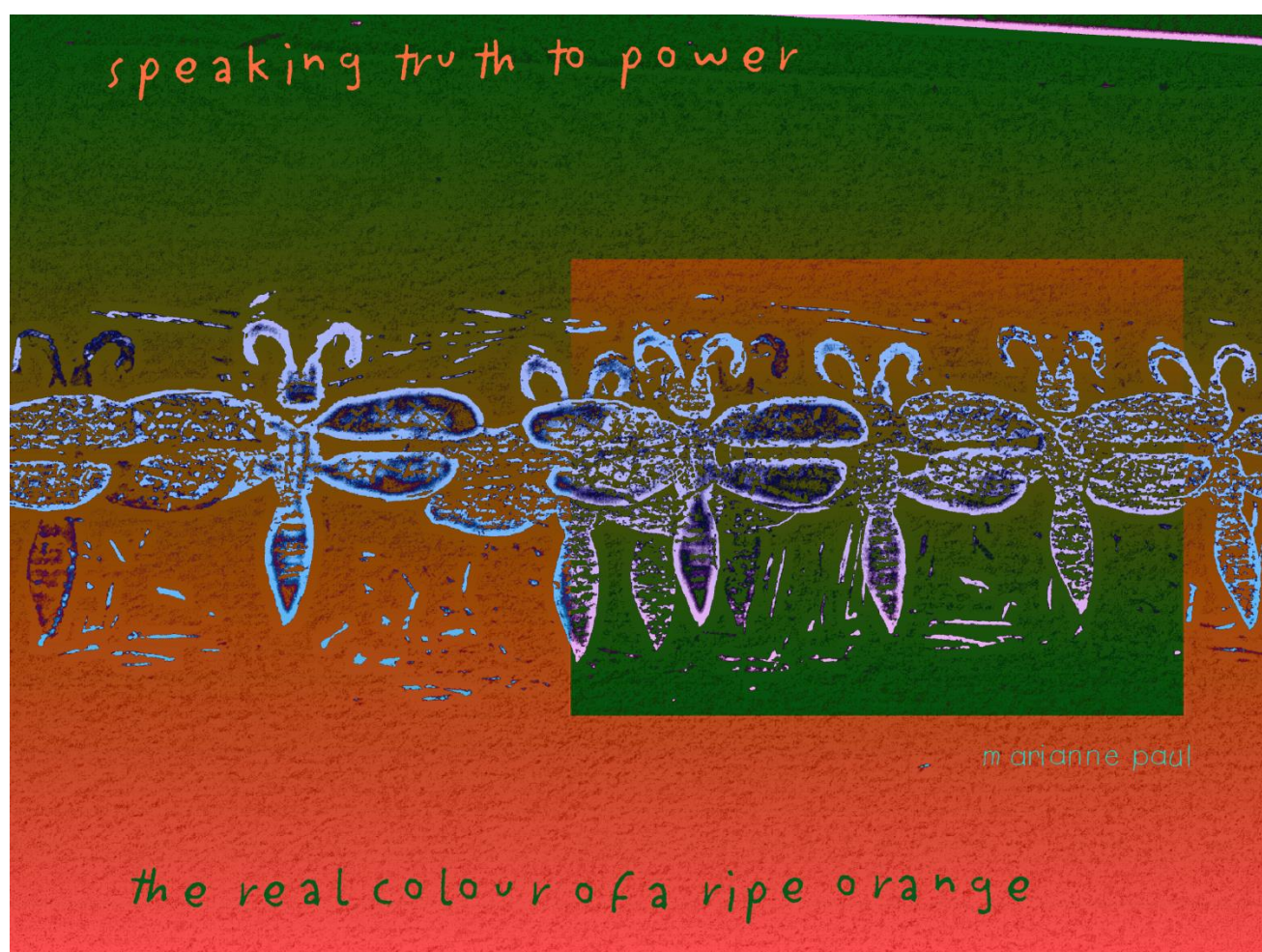
high-fructose by Tiffany Shaw-Diaz



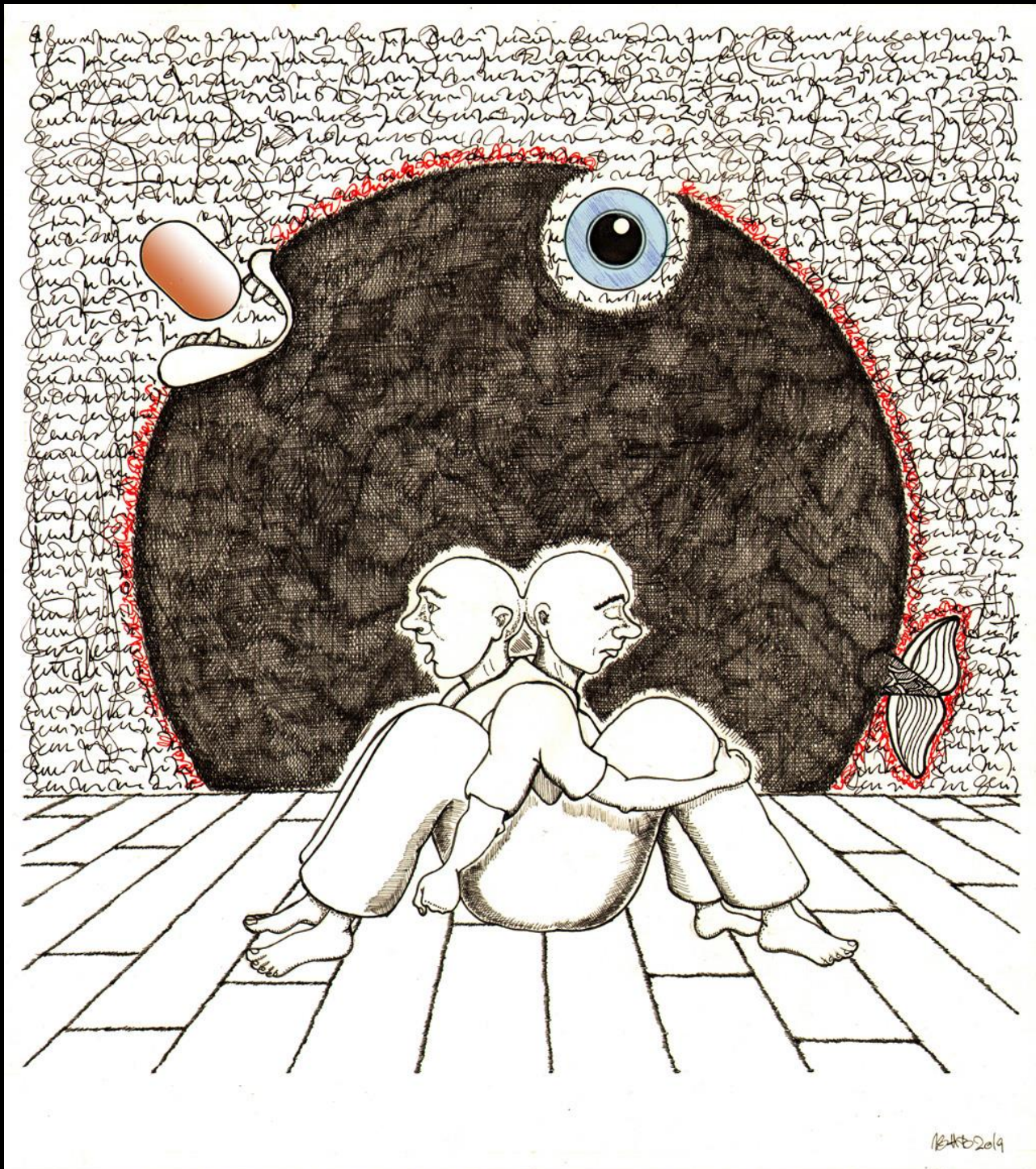
Glimpses of Light by Renata Solimini



speaking by Marianne Paul



Fish-talk by Johannes S. H. Bjerg



false gods by Marianne Paul

false gods



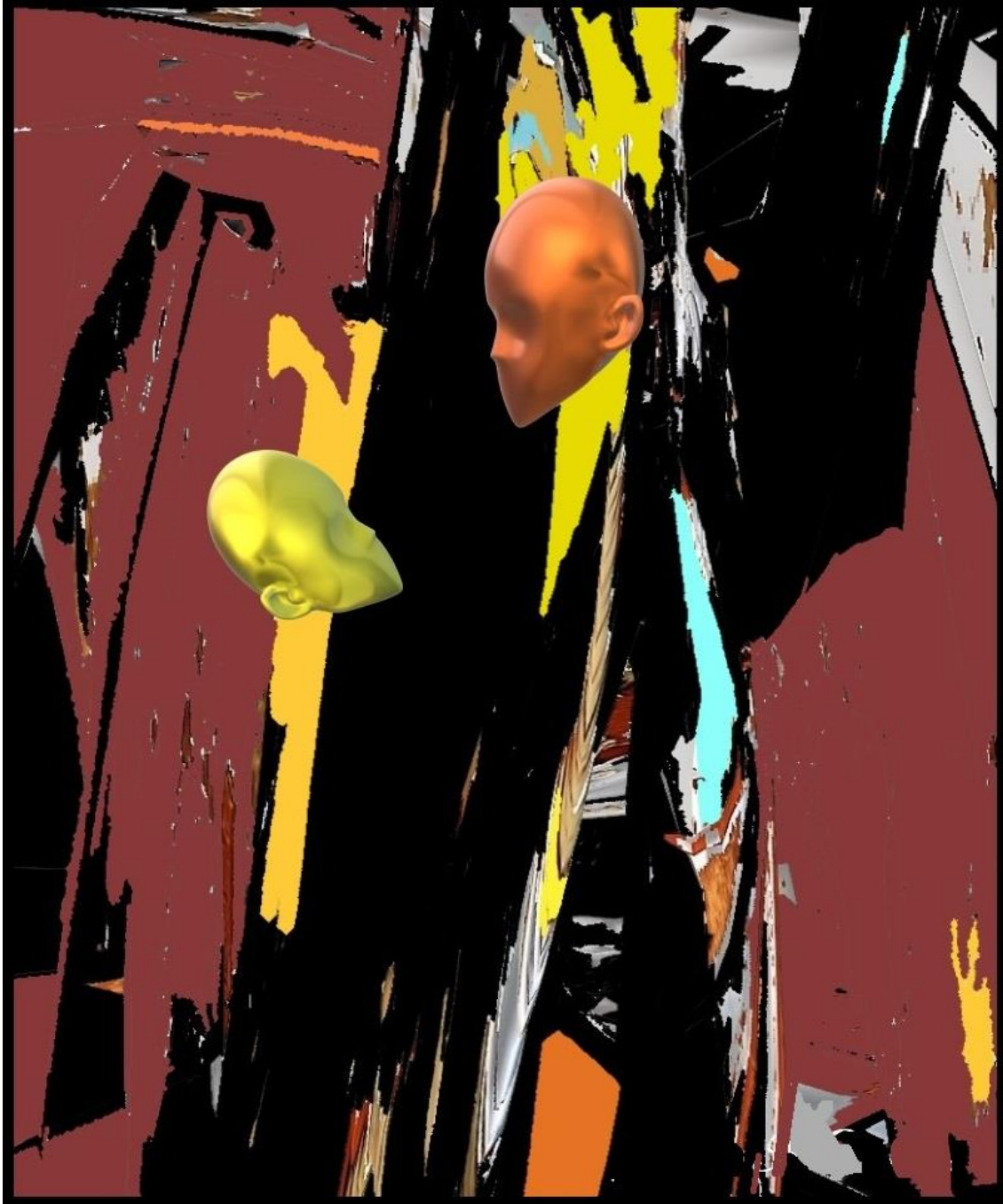
marianne paul

the illusion i am other



jshb xviii

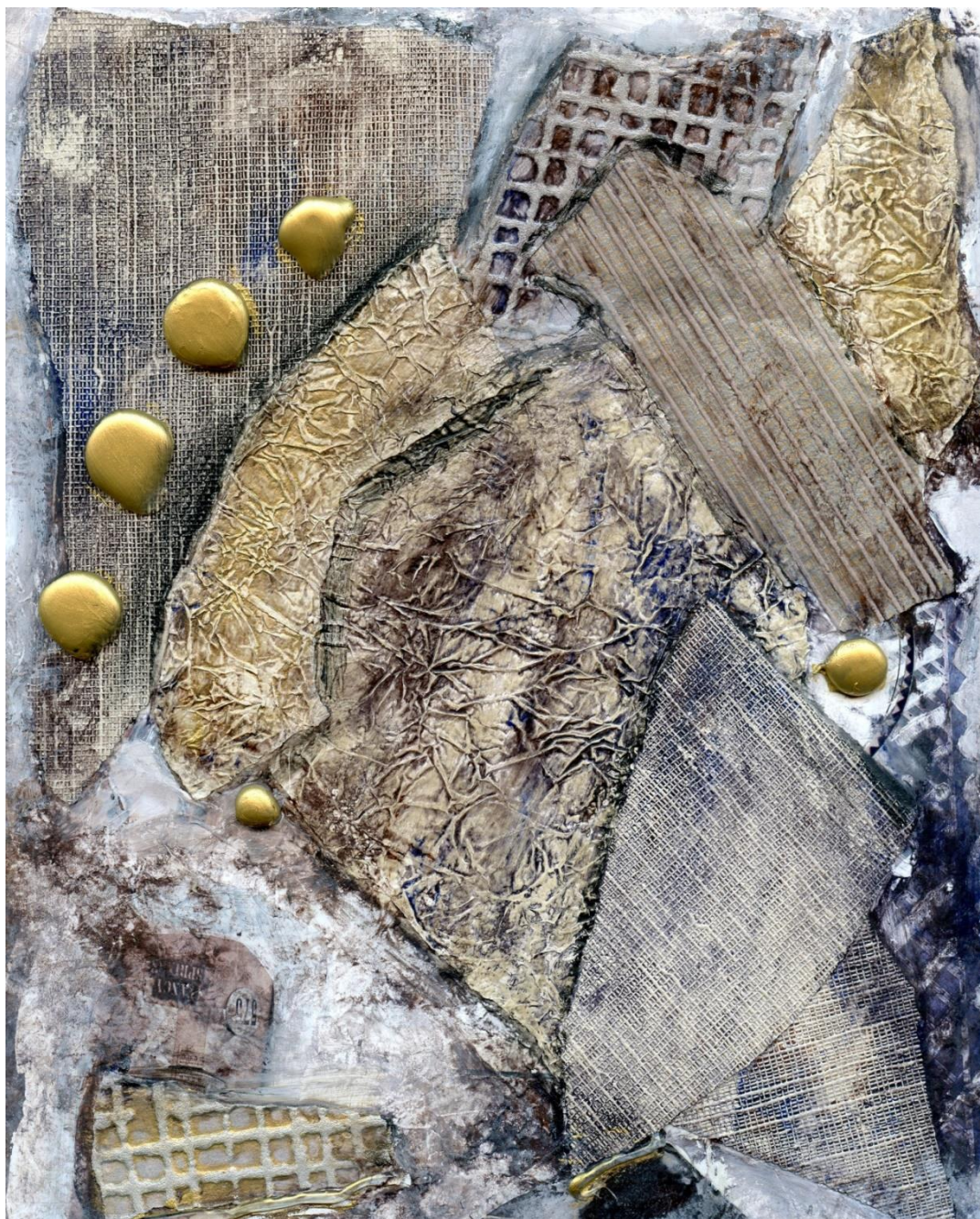
Inspired by Susan Mallernee



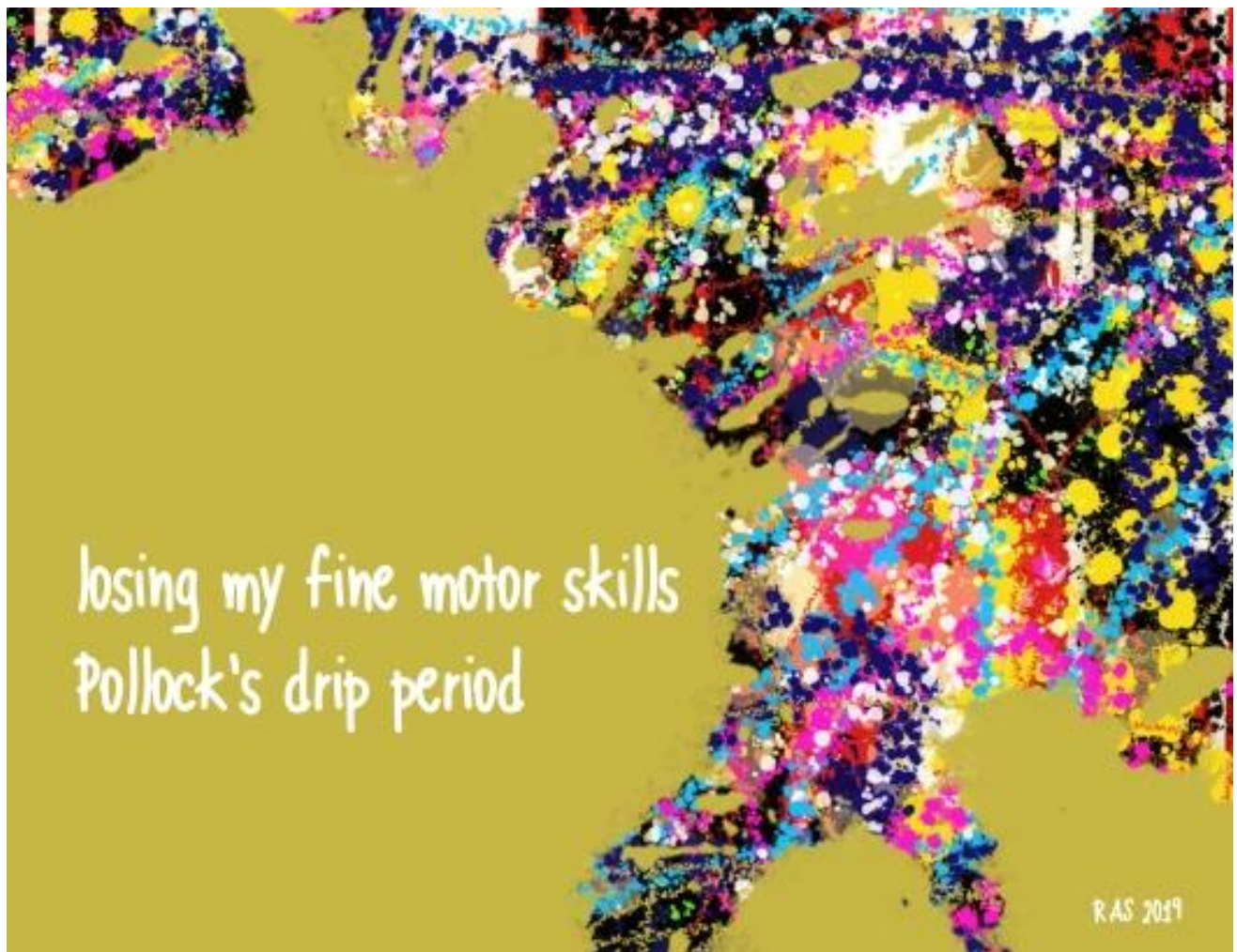
Burgeoning by Julie Warther



Echo of Daylight by Michal Mahgerefteh



losing by Robin Anna Smith



the compass needle by Keith Polette



CONTRIBUTORS

Agnes Vojta grew up in Germany and now lives in Rolla, Missouri where she teaches at Missouri S&T. Her collection *Porous Land* will be published in 2019 by Spartan Press. Her poems recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Gasconade Review*, *Thimble Literary Magazine*, *Trailer Park Quarterly*, and elsewhere.

Angele Ellis is the author of *Under the Kaufmann's Clock* (Six Gallery), a fiction-poetry hybrid inspired by her adopted city of Pittsburgh, with photos by Rebecca Clever; *Spared* (A Main Street Rag Editors' Choice Chapbook), and *Arab on Radar* (Six Gallery), whose poems won a fellowship from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts.

Ashish Narain is an Economist by profession and a haiku poet by choice. His work has been published in online journals like *Human/Kind Journal*, *Otata*, *Bones*, *Prune Juice*, *Modern Haiku*, and *Frogpond*. He lives with his wife and two sons in Manila, Philippines, and has almost got them to agree his poems make sense.

Bill Cooper is president emeritus at the University of Richmond and has published haiku and senryu in a variety of journals and books.

Bob Carlton lives and works in Leander, Texas, USA. Website: www.bobcarlton3.weebly.com

Chris Dominiczak 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.

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.

David A. Bradley is a graduate of Columbia University's Fiction MFA program. He pays the bills as a reading tutor, and his current writing project is a large fantasy novel that intimidates even him. He is twenty-six years old.

Douglas Cole has published five collections of poetry and a novella. His work has appeared in anthologies and in *The Chicago Quarterly Review*, *The Galway Review*, *Chiron*, *Red Rock Review*, and *Slipstream*. He has been nominated twice for a Pushcart and Best of the Net, and has received the Leslie Hunt Memorial Prize in Poetry and the Best of Poetry Award from Clapboard House. Website: www.douglastcole.com

Elmedin Kadric was born in Novi Pazar, Serbia, but writes out of Helsingborg, Sweden. He is the author of the haiku collection *buying time* (Red Moon Press, 2017).

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, EPL soccer, the sound of a mandolin, 75 degree sunny days, and seafood.

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).

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah is the author of *The Sun of a Solid Torus*. His individual poems are widely published and have appeared/are forthcoming in *Rigorous*, *Beautiful Cadaver Project Pittsburgh*, among others. He is an algebraist and lives in the southern part of Ghana, Spain, and Turtle Mountains, North Dakota.

Jan Benson is a Pushcart Prize nominated haiku poet living in Texas. She is as comfortable writing about physics or pagan rituals, as social issues and quilting. Jan's haiku are anthologized in world-leading haiku journals. Benson is a member of the World Haiku Association. Her poet profiles are listed on The Haiku Foundation's Poet Registry and The Living Haiku Anthology. Twitter: @janbentx

Jayashree Maniyil has been a casual enthusiast of Japanese short forms since 2011. She lives in Melbourne, Australia.

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 C. Mannone has work in *Blue Fifth Review*, *Poetry South*, *Peacock Journal*, *Baltimore Review*, and others. He won the Jean Ritchie Fellowship (2017) in Appalachian literature and served as the celebrity judge for the NFSPS (2018). He has three poetry collections and edits poetry for *Abyss & Apex* and others. Website: <http://jcmannone.wordpress.com>

John Hawkhead is a writer and artist from the south west of England whose haiku, senryu, and micropoetry have been published all over the world. His twitter account is @HawkheadJohn and his book *Small Shadows* is from Alba Publishing.

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.

Keith Polette has had his poems recently published in *Typishly*, *The Peeking Cat*, and *The Esthetic Apostle*. His haiku have appeared in such journals as *Modern Haiku*, *Ardea*, *Hedgerow*, *Under the Basho*, *Failed Haiku*, and *Daily Haiga*. Polette's book of haiku, *The New World*, is a Pond Frog Edition of Red Moon Press (2017).

Kristin LaFollette is a PhD candidate at Bowling Green State University and is a writer, artist, and photographer. She is the author of the chapbook *Body Parts* (GFT Press, 2018). Website: www.kristinlafollette.com

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 *Burning Word*. His latest full-

length, mixed genre collection, *Amnesiacs of Summer* (Yavanika Press, 2019), is now available on [Amazon](#).

LeeAnn Olivier (*Spindle, My Spindle*, Hermeneutic Chaos Press, 2016) is a writer from Louisiana whose work has appeared in several literary magazines, including *The Hunger*, *The Puritan*, *Swamp*, and *Stone Highway Review*. Olivier teaches English at Tarrant County College and currently lives in Fort Worth, Texas, with her rescue-dog Bijou.

Lisa Higgs' third chapbook, *Earthen Bound*, was published by Red Bird Chapbooks in February 2019. Currently, Lisa is the Poetry Editor for *Quiddity International Literary Journal*. Her book reviews and interviews can be found at the *Poetry Foundation*, *Kenyon Review Online*, and *Adroit Journal*.

Marianne Paul is a Canadian poet and novelist. Late in life, she has fallen in love with haiku and related forms — as her time gets shorter, so do her words. Another new adventure of hers is mixed media via technology, bringing together hands-on “real-time” art with computer manipulation and presentation.

Marjorie Maddox, English Professor at Lock Haven University and assistant editor of *Presence*, has published 11 collections of poetry — including *Transplant*, *Transport*, *Transubstantiation*; *True, False, None of the Above*; *Wives' Tales*; *Local News from Someplace Else—What She Was Saying* (prose); children's books; and *Common Wealth: Contemporary Poets on Pennsylvania*. Website: www.marjoriemaddox.com

Mark E. Brager lives with his wife and son in Columbia, MD, just outside of Washington, DC, where he works as a public affairs executive. His poems have appeared in numerous print and online haiku journals as well as several anthologies.

Mark Gilbert writes haiku, tanka, and longer poems. His recent work may be found in *Human/Kind Journal*, *Under the Basho*, and *Failed Haiku*.

Matt Dube teaches creative writing and American literature at a small mid-Missouri university and he reads submissions for *Coffin Bell Journal*. His stories have appeared in *Moon City Review*, *Minor Literature(s)*, *Front Porch*, and elsewhere.

Michael Morell lives and writes in the suburbs of Philadelphia, PA. He enjoys photography, bird watching, and swimming. Michael's poetry and photographs have appeared in *Beechwood Review*, *Modern Haiku*, and *bottle rockets*. New work is forthcoming in *The Bamboo Hut*, *The Stray Branch*, and *Talking Writing*.

Michael O'Brien lives in Glasgow, Scotland. He is the author of *As Adam* (UP Literature), *Big Nothing* (Bones), and *The Anabasis of Man* (Yavanika Press). You can follow him on twitter @michaelobrien22.

Michal Mahgerefteh is an abstract/mixed media artist from Virginia. She has a passion for recycling materials made out of paper, including textured paper, magazine images, card stock, post cards, and so on. She is addicted to the process of cut-and-glue and will always stay committed to developing new techniques to keep the inspiration freshly flowing. Website: www.Mitak-Art.com

Mikhail Shchupak-Katsman is an industrial designer who has loved drawing his whole life. The ethos of his profession revolves around ergonomics and humanism. His illustrations pertain to notions and concepts of anthropology, and as an extension of his own curiosity, mythology and history.

Pat Davis is a retired elementary school teacher. She grew up in East Boston, Massachusetts, and has been living in rural New Hampshire since the 1960s. She enjoys life with her husband, family, and friends, as well as nature, art, reading, and writing haiku, senryu, and cherita.

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*.

Renata Solimini studied basics of traditional painting and calligraphy in China. She graduated with a thesis on ancient writings (Chinese, Egyptian hieroglyphic, and Sumerian cuneiform). These studies have significantly influenced her artistic pathway. Her art has been focused mainly on the Eye, the Woman, the Fish and the Sea World, and asemic writing.

Richard D. Houff lives and writes out of St. Paul, Minnesota. He edited *Heeltap Magazine* and Pariah Press from 1986 to 2010. His most recent collections are *Night Watch and Other Hometown Favorites* (Black Cat Moon Press), *The Wonderful Farm and Other Gone Poems* (Flutter Press), and *Adventures In Space and Other Selected Casualties* (Alien Buddha Press).

Robin Anna Smith is an award-winning, Pushcart-nominated writer and visual artist, whose work focuses on disability, gender, trauma, and loss. Her work is published in a number of journals and anthologies. Robin is the founding and chief editor for *Human/Kind Journal* and a regular contributor at Rhythm & Bones Press.

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 on-line & print journals such as *The Heron's Nest*, *Under the Basbo*, *Presence*, *Prune Juice*, *The Other Bunny*, and others. Samar feels that haiku can live in both poetry and prose.

Susan King is a retired librarian living in North Wales, U.K. She has been involved with haiku and related genres for sixteen 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*.

Susan Mallernee majored in English literature at Ohio University-Zanesville. She has been writing haiku for four years and has been published in journals including *Modern Haiku* and *The Heron's Nest*. In addition to pastel and watercolor, Susan has a love for digital art and haiga.

Terry Spohn's short stories and poetry have appeared in *RATTLE*, *Serving House Journal*, *Gold Man Review*, *The Sow's Ear Poetry Review*, *The North American Review*, *Up the Staircase*, *San Pedro River Review*, and other nice places, including anthologies. He lives in Escondido, California.

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz is an award-winning poet and visual artist. You can learn more about her work here: www.tiffanyshawdiaz.com.

Tim Murphy lives in Madrid, Spain. His haiku and senryu have appeared in several journals, including *Acorn*, *Bones*, *Chrysanthemum*, *Modern Haiku*, *Otata*, *Presence*, and *Under the Basbo*.

FINIS.