

OLENTANGY REVIEW

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Here, just for today, crusty windows are finally being thrown open again. The world smells fresh from sleep. Old familiar sounds are being allowed to mix and mingle with a winter's worth of stale dust and accumulated debris. For instance, I can hear hammering and laughter and cars zooming up and down the roads and music echoing into the windy spaces between houses.

Several kinds of birds I haven't seen for a while are starting to sing their various invitations to come outside and play. Be seen. Participate in this new world. Children's strong voices are joining this chorus as happily they should be. It's a new dawn, as they say. And aren't we lucky, a new day as well. Let's make the most of it from wherever we are, knowing we are somehow together.

I wish it was possible to take every submission we get regardless of its literary merit and publish it for all to see. Because it all has something important to say about the human condition. That's what I hear in reading them. But that's not what we are here to do. We have a job that we love and that you have entrusted us with and we have always done our best to serve that distinct honor with dignity and humility.

I know you are going to enjoy pouring over this new collection as much as we did putting it together. It's wide and it's deep, and it's fun and it's sad, and it's real and it's imagined. Quite a feast!

So dive in and let us know what you think.

Darryl Price | March 20, 2018

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Walls | *Susan Tepper*

You write your heart
in walls
a spirit that rises
to recede
is water in your lungs
captured/
just science
not sacred or strange
you swam too far
going
beyond the breakers
where walls split
and sea life
finds
a true path to land.

A Conversation | *Charlotte Hamrick*

Reaction bursts -
a pricked balloon.
Voice rolls along
a knife's edge,
riven into a space
between cloud and cover.
What is uttered
cannot be sucked away,
cannot be
unremembered.
Memory spreads
long and slow
like colors flowing
across the floor,
fading
through the years,
but leaving a ghostly
stain.

And They Rise, or Try to | Roy Bentley

I have two messages I've been keeping on my iPhone.
One is my urologist reporting results of a recent biopsy.
In his best upbeat patter, he reveals I don't have cancer.
At this place called Lefty's, a restaurant in New Jersey,
I play it for a waitress who smiles and starts motioning
for someone to leave what she's doing and come listen.

The other message is my father: back from a hospital,
he's been given two units of blood. Says he feels better.
A month or so before his death he says, *Love you much*
as if, this once, he wants me to know that he means it.
To be certain of anything—cancer, or what constitutes
genuine, full-on love—is to have proof or evidence.

If we're in New Jersey and you ask, Is there a God?
I'm certain of this: I was on my knees once in Ohio.
We were down to the last of our savings, my wife
and I. And so I knelt. Prayed. And we wound up
at a Catholic college run by the Sisters of Mercy.
Were given rooms in—*wait for it!*—Mercy Hall.

And if you ask why this told me we're spirits,
I confess only that I'm driving New Jersey 539
in spring in The Pine Barrens after a hard rain.
Neither side of the road seems all that blessed
as trash bins inscribed *Whiting, NJ* are hefted
by the red Mac truck stirring May ocean air.

Orchid | *Lola Elvy*

She told him he should pick the flowers. He'd accepted the duty without a word. He likes the pink ones. Not pale, baby pink; lush pink, dark, like fire. Wild. She approaches from behind. They're pink, she says. Yes. You can't have pink, she says. Why not? Silence cuts the air between them. He wants to reach for her arm, cradle her elbow with the tips of his fingers. It's been three weeks. She hasn't even held his hand. She liked pink, he says. Pick something else, she says, and walks away.

Inhale | *Lola Elvy*

Seven o'clock.
The sun sets.
The sky is dark.

You and I
sit
on opposite ends

of this
finite
world.

I want to believe
the earth is flat.
I want to believe
that distance

means
nothing

that time
is an illusion
we can stop

by looking
at the stars
and holding

our breaths.

what poetry inspires me | *Kyle Foley*

The poetry that inspires me, Maya,
is poetry that informs me of the person,
lets me know of their desires,
what wroth-beasts demolish them,
what dreams infect them with longing,
and what schemes, duplicities, conspiracies,
combinations, connivances, collusions,
cabals, or machinations intoxicate them
into foolish delusion.

I like poetry that lets me know the man,
understand what pushes him onward
in the face of snake-shrill dilemma,
what bombslaught mangles his perception,
how he sees the world,
is he mud-mired in fallacy,
is he intolerant,
is his mind absorbed in phantasy
or is he devoted to the physical, the tangible,
the flexing of muscles, the inhalation of air,
running, jogging, the pounding of the hammer,
the pouring and mixing of concrete.

I call this the poetry of the interior,
because it concerns the realm interior to the person,
the feelings, the values, the longings,
the permutations of spirit,
the majesto-wild jostling of the core.

Witness this poem by Walt Whitman:

ME imperturbe, standing at ease in Nature,
Master of all or mistress of all,
aplomb in the midst of irrational things,
Imbued as they, passive, receptive, silent as they,
Finding my occupation, poverty, notoriety,
foibles, crimes, less important than I thought,
Me toward the Mexican sea,
or in the Mannahatta or the Tennessee,
or far north or inland,
A river man, or a man of the woods

or of any farm-life of these States or of the coast,
or the lakes or Kanada,
Me wherever my life is lived,
O to be self-balanced for contingencies,
To confront night, storms, hunger, ridicule,
accidents, rebuffs, as the trees and animals do.

I now know that the placidity of the dove vacates him,
that irrationality's bezerkers of phantom surround him,
that he has known crime's maul, poverty's slate,
and notoriety's bloodhounds and mazes.
I know that he longs to be self-balanced,
that he imagines himself onward towards Kanada,
there immersing himself in waters,
there imagining himself rudely attacked by ridicule,
there clawed by rebuffs and accidents.
I am closer to the poet's essence,
closer to what riles his being into the mad reaches.

Broadley speaking, Maya, knowledge is divided into two realms:
the human and the non-human.
The knowledge of the non-human concerns science, physics,
chemistry, impersonal laws, repeatable experiments,
opaque and abstract mathematics,
lifeless equations, stately planets
revolving about the sun, or biology,
the endless mysteriousness of the genome,
the combination of proteins,
how a single-celled zygote manifests
itself into a full-blooded, heated and raw human,
stuffed to the hilt with passions, perturbations and savagery.
The knowledge of the human is much more slippery,
hardly concrete, subject to enormous revision.
Each human is unique,
each human surges forth from a different galaxy,
each human is equipped with singular emoceans,
peculiar islands, distinct forests and thrill-spasms.
To ascend from truths in particular
to truths in general regarding man
is forever fraught with blitzed peril,

flashing illusion and tornadoed error.
For this reason the study of humanity
is well done through poetry,
rather than seeking laws
or broad generalizations,
let us instead simply state the feelings,
record the thoughts the jostlings in the core
and appreciate them for their silvered glow,
regardless of their truth or falsehood.
Science fails in its attempt to ascribe laws
to human behavior,
poetry excels into the elysio-domains,
poetry grants us access to the sacred halls
of the human story in all its mangled riot,
and that is the poetry that inspires me.

The other kind of poetry is what I call
the poetry of the exterior.
It concerns everything that does not belong
to the interior, that is to say,
long forgotten battles,
abstract ideas, such as freedom,
celesto-beauty,
the convulsive drab of politics,
stories of conflict and sword-wretched drama.
This poetry should be original, that is to say,
it should not have been said before,
it must not concern clichès or slogans,
it must not be something
that anyone with a word processor can write.
The poetry of the exterior should
introduce us to places never seen before,
explore ideas never thought before,
it should escort us
into the arcadian vales of pure thought,
transport us into realms,
rife in exciting explosia,
floodabundant in description,
and staggering with meaning.

How celesto-glorious is exploration!
How packed with excitica is its essence!
How overflowing with spiritual whiskey!
For we humans have almost
become a victim of our own success
in that we have developed such a mind-jumping
mastery over nature that nearly all our needs are placated,
all our desires are met,
such that life has become flooded with boredom.
No longer is it possible to hop on a ship,
and float over to a new world,
no longer can one obtain glory on the battlefield,
nor can one easily learn a few facts in science
and then uncover a few more.
For that reason it is the imagination
that affords us opportunity
new realms to seek out,
find sustenance in, immerse ourselves in,
as all its newness floods our mind with jocund diamond!
Emily Dickinson said:

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!

And I could not agree more.
It is the book and its cousin poetry
which propels us into the church of discovery,
it is the word and the idea
that affords us a witness of the shadow-domain,
without being exposed to its rust-jaws.

My last requirement for inspirational poetry
is that it should use the means at its disposal
to do what only it can do, namely:

conjure up images rich in surreality from the void
and implant them in the mind of the reader.
The imagination is enormously powerful,
it is endowed with numerous capabilities
to envision a riot of spectacle.
That is what poetry should do,
it should utilize this profound resource
to enrapture the reader into a paradise of mind-vision,
and lull them into a rollercoastered halluco-dance.
Witness this poem from the Egyptian Book of the Dead
written in 1250 BC and translated by Raymond Faulkner:

The twelfth mound. Isdjetet in the West. Ani says: As for that Mound of Wenet which is in front of Rosetjau, its breath is fire and the gods cannot get near it, the spirits cannot associate with it, there are four cobras on it whose names are Destruction. O mound of Wenet, I am the greatest of the spirits who are in you, I am among the Imperishable Stars who are in you and I will not perish, nor will my name perish. O savor of a god! say the gods who are in the Mound of Wenet. If you love me more than your gods, I will be with you forever. The thirteenth mound. He who opens his mouth, a basin of water. Ani says: as for that Mound of Spirits over which no one has power, its water is fire, its waves are fire, its breath is efficient for burning, in order that no one may drink its water to quench their thirst, that being what is in them, because their fear is so great and so towering is its majesty. Gods and spirits see its water from afar, but they cannot quench their thirst and their desires are unsatisfied. In order that no one may approach them, the river is filled with papyrus like the fluid in the efflux which issued from Osiris. May I have power over the water in the flood like that god who is in the Mound of Water. It is he who guards it from fear of the gods who would drink its water when it is removed from the spirits.

That poem meets all the requirement for an inspirational poem.
Although admittedly its antiquity makes it more original,
and although the original readers of the text
thought that it was literally true,
nevertheless even in its day
the poem was wild in a parade of imagination.
it easily vanquished our enemy boredom
whose mouth is full of ants and acidic maggots,
and it unequivocally dashed the clawesome
cyclops of lechered plagiarism.
This poems takes us into the afterlife,
there where the ocean eternally burns,
there where cobras guard the mounds,
their fangs wet with nemesis and vengeance.
This poem informs me of a new realm,
it infuses me with nectar, lightning and gold-juice.

The poetry that does not inspire me, Maya,
is poetry that bars me to the person,
that is obscured in a night-wraith of opacity,
the intentions, expressions, thoughts,
musings and wants are all hodge-podge
beyond recognition.

I apologize in advance if this is the poetry
you enjoy, Maya, but I am obliged to be honest.
I will understand if you enjoy such poetry
since it is the dominant
form of poetry that contaminates
our world today.

Take, for example, the following:

A date on a manuscript.
All the rubrics. All the glosses.
Not to feel she had done wrong
touching the warm surface of the folio
with a sweaty hand.
Erasmus. An embrace. What follows.
The distance between color as such
and the rose's inflorescence
and the pigeon's head. Its iridescence.
Its eye. The middle aged man
with his green shirt, standing
barefoot in the fountain.
The teenaged girls burbling
by the pool with its lip of water. The water.
The smell of box. (Pipi de chat.)
A seat in the shade. A writing space.
Vertigo. Hunger. The statue of a queen,
pensive and specular
veiled in stone draperies. The text beneath,
its heaviness and strangeness. Enfolding
silence, through which words come
suddenly visible. The lettered movement
like lightning on the horizon. The page lit
with branched flame.

I am suffocated by the bugbear of ignorance
as I read this poem.
I do not know why she mentions Erasmus,
nor do I know if there is an embrace in this poem
or whom she embraces, nor what the distance
between color refers to,
nor what middle aged man in a green shirt
is doing, or the teenage girls burbling.
I am consumed in ignorance as I read this poem.
The poet's intentions are blocked,
her meanings have been eviscerated
by the shreds of elusivity,
she has closed herself off to communication.
I am ignorant of why she says pipi de chat,
or why she mentions vertigo,
I do not know the purpose
of the statue of a queen being veiled in stone,
or the page being lit with branched flame.

Unfortunately the plague of irrationality
has invaded and harassed much of modern poetry.
To write irrational poetry is to not know
why one is doing what they are doing,
it is to lack reasons for one's words and images,
it is to have no central point to communicate,
nothing to teach, no discovery to impart,
and that is precisely what embattles the above poem.
The poet is enmeshed in insanity,
her collection of images are a mere helter-skelter,
her ideas resound of no clarity, no bright super-nova,
she has been shaded by irrationality's tumult.

moving to new orleans | *Kyle Foley*

and now i will be moving to new orleans. for six months or so i will be volunteering, stress, confusion and bondage relieving. i exult in service, others helping, their felicia arousing, their hope increasing. i will expunge selfishness from my midst. my concerns, desires, longings will be temporarily nulled. i will donate my person and my free labor and my time so that others might regain a new vision of life's eternal splash and symphony. i will assist others in their quest for freedom from the chains of nightmare and the invisible jaguar.

perhaps now helena will understand that i truly am who i say i am, rather than some sick predator who coldly writes every lying word so as to dupe his prey into his ravenous embrace. since she continues to read my blog and since she inspires such pleasant euphoria, her eyes simultaneously recalling the supernova and evoking niagara, then i will continue in my devotion to her lucent oleander. i have nothing to lose and everything to gain. i desire deeply and passionately to wed myself to someone i love. helena of course scorned this wish, abrogated my devotion and poured acid on my dreams of relinquishing my individual status. yet ad presentum she is currently enslaved to a paranoid delusion that morphs the harmless feline into an iron cougar and transforms the trusted greyhound into a hydrochloric wolf. one day that painful insanity will be removed and she will understand the true nature of my love that wants nothing but her rainbowskan good, her eternal jasmine and her garden to forever remain free from weeds.

if God wishes me to marry someone else then he can introduce me to her at any time. if he wishes me to live in omnipresent thorns, unmarried, the femme's caress void, so as to make me a more effective writer and servant then that too i will accept, albeit bitter and tundrafied. whatever God wills i will accept. i am not upset with helena's actions, nor does her hunger to incarcerate me and force me to live with anti-humans annoy me. my heart is, has been and always will be free from the whip. my love for her is almost as unconditional as a father's love is for his daughter. the only thing she can do to push me away is to embrace atheism's vapid cross. she emanates star-bliss and produces star-cloud. she proliferates honeysuckles and polishes gold. her queenliness is indisputable, her majestica unrivaled. she will be my inspiration as i clear away debris, remove junk and banish the pain-hex in new orleans. as i help repair the homes of the elderly, her shine and her cheeks will illuminate my shades.

keep me protected under your aegis, Lord. let helena not be a symbol of torment, of profligate viciousness, of serpentèd foam. as i work for the poor let my mind not wander off into areas much more dazzlo-precious in their texture, let me not be distracted by the beach, the gold-flux of truth or the silvo-crash of poetic composition. let me instead devote all my resources, engines, carbines, tillers and silos towards helping the poor extricate themselves from the catàstropho-blitz. grant that i will fall in love with sacrifice, that i will be able to put my needs, my flux and my swirl of mesmer second, and the needs of others first. may this be a first important step towards a lifetime in devotion to others. warrant that i will flourish amid this cascade of rust-metal, that i will shine as i do work for free, rarely thinking of what i could be doing, or in what delecto-bath i could be flourishing. in all things may i recall that your will be done, that your wisdom surmounts and that your decisions are just.

how a routine life intensifies the enjoyment of nature | *Kyle Foley*

roaming the countryside governed by excite
accustomed to the comforts of domesticity
rarely possessed of time to explore the treasure of nature
how psycho-rapturous did i then feel when i bent down
and
exactly as does the white-tailed deer
drank water from a stream!

not only
did it wash my interior of the blight of toxin
and soothe my throat aflame with aridity
it also reminded me of my primitive nature
struggling to survive on the thrill-bounty of the earth
desiring to ambush a galaxy of prey

how diamazing it is the extent to which we humans
have changed since the dawn of civilizasha!

no longer mystified by the foundation of the firmament
nor restricted by the paralysis of darkness
nor death-menaced by the elusiveness of game
nor subject to the onslaught of drought
it is so easy then to enjoy the pleasures of the primitive
with unrelenting heart-flourish!!
and with our sleep shielded from the cut-fangs of the serpent
and our thoughts preserved by the infallibility of blaze-script
the phalanx-charge of an arctic blast almost unknown to us
the specter-knife of tribal enslavement safely at bay
we then so easily break out in a thunder-spasm of gratitude
when the opulent magnum of nature strike us!!

the savage despised wildlife's baffling evazja!
and scorned life's meaningless perplexicum!
and lamented agriculture's toil endlessan!
and habituated themselves to the earth's scape!
but we twenty-first century americans
from the jungle's spear-storm sheltered!
to routine's dopamine accustomed!

the same edifices daily visiting!
by security's addiction ensnaked!
our ancestors thoughts via alphabetica reading!
the internet in thunder-bliss surfing!
global dimensha thru television viewing!
by the state's hegemony protected!
how splendo-glorious do we then feel
when we break out in a frenzy of exploration
and tap the flame-spasm of nature in all its outrageous splurge!!!

so when my lips made contact with that stream water,
sublime, joy-flowing, blush-spouting,
i excavated a serum-burst
made acute by the predictability of our century!
unsmothered by the hardships of nausea!
and magnified by the rareness of the action

Miss Willoughby | *Marc Frazier*

— *portrait of a young girl by George Romney, 18th Century, in the National Gallery, Washington*

Posed before a British landscape
pink cherub face smooth
hat large as sky tilts her head
as she fusses with its pink ribbons
full fingers on one so young
a matching sash around her waist
herself, sky, trees, earth splash on canvas
with a simple palette: red, yellow, and blue
a pale picture, a child, an ivory dress
the natural world behind flows like time
she will not be able to arrest

The artist hesitant to paint one
so petulant and young, Juliana forced
to stand at her mother's command told
to be still repeatedly
thinking only of Sasha
her pony waiting in the stalls
as she waits for this to end
her one victory the lack of a smile
to please her mother who frets
among the heavy velvet drapes
where Mr. Romney's eyes appeal to her

We sat for studio portraits
in the fifties and sixties, our parents proud
of their carefully posed children
in church clothes and freshly polished shoes
my beefy brother, the oldest, anchors one end
our baby sister the other: a lopsided see-saw
I squirm in the middle of five
unnerved by the lights
caught in time we are developed
as black and white photos
to be smudged by our relatives' hands

Song without Words | *Alex MacConochie*

False starts, pencil marks, dimmer
Switch slid to a saffron fullness
Of tapered, opaque bulbs

And the unsupported melody—
Limpid bourgeois line that swoons
Carefully as warmly through

Suburban, taffeta violet nights
Juniper-bitter, metallic, full
Of now as the strings becoming

Song inside the house—one
Long *legato* no one should be
Tuning in to. It's practice. I know.

Undulations | *Piet Nieuwland*

Spiraling syllables in a cadenza of memories

Topographies of history and the contours of love

Terrace edge liquid geographies and pungent pyrazines

A saperavi inky web of berries with bladed juicy acidity

The sketches of a fugue on a fine lattice work of bridges

Bleached bones of podzols above the Northern Wairoa

River mouth full of leaves that carry the momentum of dreams

Excited by the wind, a dark jazz of words never understood

Vibrating prayers of steel wires and tidal hair

A necklace of drops that bleed and drip onto wind whirled grass

Frolic melts into the ocean with photons that fall there

In wild foam ferments

Undulations of black nocturnal water

Rose of Jericho | *Lennart Lundh*

I live with a woman who has earth in her hair.
We walk the land together often, searching,
seeking seeds and seedlings to take away,
to take back as green bricks for the future
we have promised to leave the children.

I toil with a woman who has skies in her hair,
long locks tangled by the breeze that sings
while we blacken our hands turning the soil,
as we sweat above the fire boiling to-be soup
in sunsets changing air to orange and rose.

I swim with a woman who has ocean salts
and fresh water in her hair, who calls fish
to come and feed the ones we shelter.
In the evening, she baths with me,
and the river's laughter cleanses us.

I love with a woman who has fire in her hair,
auburn tresses burning and age-smoked
as she closes the long day in my arms,
as we carry each other forward in dreams,
as she calls me to dance with her at dawn.

Our lives are elementary, our life an amalgam
of wishes whispered sweetly in an ear,
hopes balancing fears with the aid of strength
that is the sum of more than parts and partings.
This is what romance becomes in the apocalypse.

Patience | *Donna Pucciani*

The night is clear and cold.
I dream of bees, frogs,
peacocks on a wide lawn,
the wakes of boats,
yellow blossoms in a hidden garden,
the lark and the nightingale,
the spent coin of the moon
dropping into thunder.

But now the night is clear and cold.
Patience is the necessary virtue
by which we are required to love
that which is un-loveable:
mounds of grey snow,
the weight of ice on a barren
branch, the spartan stillness
of a dead world mourning
the silent harp in the hills.

Gray | *Miles Tepper*

It's gray
the smell of grandpa's sweater
the way his scowl and raised cane
loomed over you so small
competing energies of past and future
sharing the same secrets
like opposing armies pausing for an instant
to become one
before the attack

On this gray day
as the aching sun strains to rise
will the enemy within
if only for a moment
understand?

Day After Valentine | *Richard Dinges, Jr.*

Sun rises behind
gray clouds, a glow
with no shadows
among bare branched
trees that fragment
my view through
bedroom panes of glass.
Frost rimed skeletal
twig fingertips
tap Morse code messages.
I shiver to think
I must go out into
that bare world,
only to remember
I still come back
to your smile.

WHO: | *Yuan Changming*

W

pecking around a lion
only the little chick
knows the word's worth
as it writes the worlds' story
with its feet printed on the ground
rather than on a papyrus

H

inspired by a fence in hell
you were invented long ago
to connect every human
for a tall ladder of hope
that we can stand high
against the blue horizon
like the Babel Tower growing to reach Him
where I can find a home in the fame hall
where I can settle my soul in heaven

O

a rope loop propped up with hope
to lasso words running amuck, or
a mouth reshaped, repositioned
to pronounce the roundest vowel

CONTRIBUTORS

Roy Bentley is the recipient of a Creative Writing Fellowship in Poetry from the National Endowment for the Arts, and fellowships from the Florida Division of Cultural Affairs and the Ohio Arts Council. Books include *Boy in a Boat* (University of Alabama, 1986), *Any One Man* (Bottom Dog, 1992), *The Trouble with a Short Horse in Montana* (White Pine Press, 2006), *Starlight Taxi* (Lynx House Press, 2013); as well as *Walking with Eve in the Loved City*, a finalist for the Miller Williams Prize and due out from the University of Arkansas Press.

Yuan Changming published monographs on translation before leaving China. With a Canadian PhD in English, Yuan currently edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Yuan and hosts *HAPPY yANGSHENG* in Vancouver; credits include ten Pushcart nominations, seven chapbooks, *Best of the Best Canadian Poetry* (2008-17), *BestNewPoemsOnline*, *Threepenny Review* and 1,389 others across 41 countries.

Richard Dinges, Jr. has an MA in literary studies from University of Iowa and manages information security risk at an insurance company. *Gravel Magazine*, *Hurricane Review*, *Neologism Poetry Journal*, *Avatar Review*, and *Pennine Ink* most recently accepted his poems for their publications.

Lola Elvy lives and travels with her family on their 43-foot sailboat Momo. She dabbles in music, language, poetry, and other forms of creative fiction and nonfiction, as well as co-edits the online children's and young adults' journal *fingers comma toes* (fingerscommatoes.wordpress.com). She is sixteen years old and is currently in Namibia. More of her work can be found at lolaelvy.wordpress.com.

Kyle Foley is the founder of www.deductivemetaphysics.com, a website which can calculate the truth-value of metaphysical statements. He lives in San Diego, California.

Marc Frazier has widely published poetry in journals including *The Spoon River Poetry Review*, *ACM*, *Good Men Project*, *f(r)iction*, *The Gay and Lesbian Review*, *Slant*, *Permafrost*, *Plainsongs*, and *Poet Lore*. He has had memoir from his book *WITHOUT* published in *Gravel*, *The Good Men Project*, *decomp*, *Autre*, *Cobalt Magazine*, *Evening Street Review* and *Punctuate* (forthcoming). He is the recipient of an Illinois Arts Council Award for poetry and has been featured on *Verse Daily*. His book *The Way Here* and his two chapbooks are available on Amazon as well as his second full-length collection titled *Each Thing Touches* (Glass Lyre Press). His website is www.marcfrazier.org

Charlotte Hamrick's poetry and prose has been published in numerous online and print journals, most recently including *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Eunoia Review*, *The Rumpus*, and *Literary Orphans*. She is a Pushcart Prize nominee and a finalist for the 15th Glass Woman Prize. She lives in New Orleans with her husband and a menagerie of rescued pets.

Alex MacConochie is currently completing a PhD in English at Boston University, where he co-directs a theater company devoted to the plays of Shakespeare's lesser-known contemporaries. His poems appear or are forthcoming in *The McNeese Review*, *Roanoke Review*, *Stonecoast Review*, and elsewhere.

Piet Nieuwland supported himself by writing conservation management strategies for Te Papa Atawhai in New Zealand after training as a forester. He is a performance poet and has read extensively in a wide variety of situations include hui, meetings, festivals, open mic and exhibition openings. His poems appear in many places including *Landfall*, *Brief*, *Catalyst*, *Takahe*, *Poetry NZ*, and *Titirangi Poets* in New Zealand; *Mattoid*, *Pure Slush*, *Truth Serum*, *Otoliths* and *Cordite* in Australia; and *Blue Fifth Review*, *Mojave River Review*, *Lunch Ticket* and *Atlanta Review* in USA. He edits *Fast Fibres Poetry*, review's poetry for *Landfall Review Online* and lives in the countryside near Whangarei.

Donna Pucciani, a Chicago-based writer, has published poetry worldwide in such diverse journals as *Poetry Salzburg*, *Istanbul Literary Review*, *Shi Chao Poetry*, *Journal of Italian Translation*, *Acumen* and *The Pedestal*. Her work has been translated into Italian, Chinese, Japanese and German. In addition to seven Pushcart nominations, she has won awards from the Illinois Arts Council, Poetry on the Lake, and The National Federation of State Poetry Societies, among others. Her seventh and most recent collection of poems is *Edges* (Purple Flag Press, Chicago).

Miles Tepper is a painter, poet, musician, actor and theatre director. He has appeared onstage in over 45 plays in the NY area. His poems have appeared in the *London Poetry Pearl Anthology*, *Read This* (a chapbook from the 5th Annual London Poetry Festival), *Poesia*, *Valentine Day Massacre* chapbook, *Istanbul Literary Review* and other venues. Miles was Assistant Editor at *Istanbul Literary Review* when the magazine was inaugurated.

Susan Tepper is the author of seven published books of fiction and poetry. Her current title is a Novella set in the south of France called "Monte Carlo Days & Nights" published by Rain Mountain Press, NYC.