

# Anapest

A Journal of Poetic Excellence

# Anapest

A Journal of Poetic Excellence

Anapest: A Journal of Poetic Excellence - June 2020

Cover art courtesy of Pinterest via Google Images

Text set in Avenir Next Condens

All poets retain the rights to their work. All work that appears has been published with the poet's permission.

ISSN: 2574-3031 (online)

Want to see your poem appear in our August issue? Submit your work via [Submittable](#).

# Anapest

Editor - in - Chief

Sara Stevenson

## *About Anapest:*

An *anapest* is a "metrical foot" comprising of two short/unstressed syllables followed by one long/stressed syllable. Daily Writing Tips released an article about the 36 poetry terms everyone should know, and many of them are ones that we hear on a daily basis when we are talking about poetry. We decided that we should name our poetry journal after a term that is not often heard.

We do not expect the poets who submit to our journal to have a certain amount of anapest in the works they submit. Nor do we expect them to follow any strict guidelines. We want to showcase elegance and excellency in poetry. We want to encourage poetic creativity and poetic exploration. And thus, Anapest was born.

We accept submissions for Anapest year round and publish a set of 20 to 25 poems every two months. We would love to read what you have and feature some of your work in our next issue.



# Table of Contents >> In order of appearance

Evidence >> Julia Bilek
A Song of the Swamp >> Lynn Hoggard
Confessions of a Cyborg Birthed Through Alcoholism and Type 1 Diabetes >> Sean Dever
The Owl >> Shana Montrose
Orbit >> Isaac Rankin
New Rules >> Caroline Maun
Words of Roses >> Kelsey Claudius
And Valley >> Ronald Anahaw
Pendulum of Time >> Katherine Vandermel
21 Years Old >> Matthew Morrison
Captain Mahoney, 28 >> Matthew Morrison
Defy(ned) >> Heather Sanderson
Silent >> Heather Sanderson
Mandela Effect >> Robert Galvan
What My Hands Remember >> Stephanie Glass
Microchimerism >> Shannon Burnette
Recovery 101 >> Rachel Landrum Crumble
Winter's Two Step: An Argument >> Rachel Landrum Crumble

# Evidence >> Julia Bilek

Last week my mother  
found a ghost's footprints  
in my stepfather's study—  
one child-sized footprint  
near the desk and one  
under the window.  
She's afraid to clean the floor.

*The MRI came back clean.*

God lit up a tree  
in the vacant lot  
off Route 4 and told her  
to build a place  
where homeless people  
can live and work  
and no one would be alone.

*Cognitive tests scored high.*

She drove by a boy riding  
a bicycle who vanished  
at the cemetery gates;  
a Civil War soldier disappeared  
behind the bus stop.

*This is not dementia.*

She's up for sainthood,  
so the Church has her house  
under surveillance.  
She may be a threat to Rome.  
They may kill her and her children.  
She may need to cut off  
contact, disappear.

*The doctor diagnosed delusional disorder.  
She said, you don't know what I've seen.*

# The Song of the Swamp >> Lynn Hoggard

in honor of *Where the Crawdads Sing*

A young girl lives all by herself,  
her ma and her pa long gone,  
out where the crawdads sing their song  
in a swamp she calls her home.

She climbs one day to a tower's rim  
to look at the sea far away,  
then at the hard earth down below  
where a boy took her girlhood away.

She cries and dreams and cries some more,  
hoping he'll come again,  
but she's a bet he made in town,  
a prize he wanted to win.

He laughs and he brags to all his friends  
about that crazy girl  
who roams the swamp where the crawdads sing,  
where snakes in eddies curl.

She sends a note to say she hopes  
he'll come to the tower alone.  
She has a gift she's made for him,  
better than any he's known.

He comes that night to take her again  
and take the necklace she made—  
comes many a night to take some more,  
not caring the price she paid.

She learns from town as word spreads round  
that he will wed another.  
Her lonely heart chokes with rage and despair  
at the perfidy of her lover.

One night he climbs the tower to stand  
with his back to an open trapdoor.  
No one knows how he slipped to the hard earth below.  
No one saw, no one heard—so they swore.

A woman lives all by herself,  
her ma and her pa long gone,  
out where the crawdads sing their song  
in a swamp she calls her home.

# Confessions of a Cyborg Birthed Through Alcoholism and Type 1 Diabetes >> Sean Dever

I.

The Tarzan soundtrack plays on two loops  
as my Uber drives from the Boston Common

to my Fenway apartment. Normally fifteen minutes,  
but I need an extra twenty to puke

outside the garden where I used to walk  
late at night when my blood sugar was too high.

Kind enough to wait,  
kinder to ask if I am fucked up or sick.

I told him 40-60. A month later my doctor  
says my liver is under too much stress from liquor

and diabetes. She recommends a CGM and I say no.  
I'll shoot her an email when I'm ready to kneel

Over and submit my body to science. Tell her I don't drink  
to enjoy but to forget. My disease. My sins. My past. All the above

33-33-33. She asks if I'm high and I tell her I smoked  
a joint before I left my place, I can't take hospital visits sober.

She thinks I'm joking so she laughs.  
The kind of laugh my parents laugh

while they hope I'm joking. I don't quite like myself anymore  
but the coffee warms my lungs and I swear I feel my stomach flip.



II.

I can feel the insulin pod  
constantly dripping into me.

When it's cold it's either  
working really well

or the canula is out of my body,  
resting on skin, pouring down.

I punched my 7th grade best friend  
square in the face

broke his nose  
when he asked if I needed help.

Said his mom told him I was diseased  
wouldn't live past 40

if I was lucky enough to even make it till then.  
Last week I saw him filling his gas,

he waved, and I'm not sure if I flipped him off accidentally  
or instinctually. Regardless,

I meant no harm by it, neither did he, or his mom.  
I guess we all struggle with health.

You're either born well enough so it's never a concern  
or you first wake to the sounds of doctors,

nurses wondering how long you'll stay. I was birthed between –  
enough life to know what I'm missing. It's not all bad though.

I've made three friends within the past month, all EMT's.  
We now play Call of Duty on Thursday nights.

My tattoos and self-help articles attempt  
to tell me about perspective

you're welcome to try as well.

III.

Nobody told me that I had a problem,  
wasn't like the movies,

no intervention. Except  
if you count the video

of me soaked in whiskey  
asleep on the floor,

upon a box of Dunkin Donuts.  
Now the CGM lets me know

if I'm too high or too low.  
I swear insulin's one motherfucker.

Kinda makes sense why I spend  
half my paycheck

filling up my fridge worth of the shit.  
Kinda makes me want to kiss

the supply chain manager right on her lips  
let her know a job well done.

The first person I "talked to" suggested  
I come back twice a week

until I was "ok."  
I faked sick the first week,

rode my bike up the street to the cranberry bog  
sat with my feet hovering the berries,

watching the snakes at the bottom  
wrap themselves around branches.

I came back a month later  
after I found myself,

was practicing self-love.  
I looked happier.

I was cross-faded and the nip  
in my pocket leaked down my jeans.

I played it off well,  
told him I pissed myself.

# The Owl >> Shana Montrose

The first time the owl came  
it was my August birthday, 29  
on the face of the card  
the owl's wings were finely jeweled.

We went to the mountains together  
walked among the wild flowers.  
Washing down pizza with root beer,  
we laughed and we cried,  
knowing soon you would die.

The owl came again the next September.  
She sat high in the treetops,  
landing just as our prayers stopped.  
In the backyard, surrounded by friends,  
they cried with us and then went home.

When I was finally alone,  
I reread the card on my nightstand  
Your handwriting read:  
*"I will always be with you."*

The owl came again in July  
among gems and pearls, finely culled  
through the glass in the jewelry store  
appeared a delicate owl in silver bejeweled  
feminine and wise  
your apparition no longer a surprise

The owl came again in August  
she sat in the crevasse  
at the cross of two red rock giants

The owl came again in October  
when I was out with a traveling artist  
at the Sapphire Lounge, a bar, a dive  
where you used to go  
when you were young and alive

On the waitress's ring  
the owl bejeweled in silver and jade  
and you said:

*"Glad to see you're making friends with gypsies.  
"Listen, and you will sail around the seas."*

The owl came again in January

when the stars were out  
and I heard you say

*"Remember when you were small  
and I found a way to make you see  
the way I felt about the bond between you and me:*

*I said I love you more  
than all the stars in the sky,  
than all the blades of grass in the meadow,  
than all the sand on the beach*

*And now that you're big,  
each day when you see stars, grass, or sand,  
even if you can't take my hand,  
you'll know how much I love you"*

The owl came again March  
reminding me of when you said:

*"Remember when you first left home  
and I said, if you ever feel alone,  
look at the moon, full and bright  
and know wherever in the world you are*

*I see the very same moon, the very same stars,  
And I am loving you in the same light"*

The owl came again on a spring day in May  
when wrapped in a pink blanket  
you first cried  
I looked into your eyes  
and told you about the moon  
sand, stars and grass -

Looking out the window  
I saw the owl fly past

I held your tiny hand  
I told you again and again  
about the stars, grass, and sand  
And one day you'll understand when I say:  
*"I will always be with you"*

# Orbit >> Isaac Rankin

Again lights flash:

red on red off.

An arm extends,

commanding stillness

in all directions.

Air brakes muffle

the caravan's collective sigh.

Only one disembarks

where the unmarked drive

funnels down

into the highway's matronly curve.

The earth

may never be so still

for her little blonde head again.

For years we press

feet to floor

and usher them safely

across these gravel thresholds

into friendly confines

of their cul-de-sacs,

fading out of sight

and down into our imaginations,

pulling back our own

ivy-covered childhoods

to remember the daily rhythms

of becoming ourselves.

One day the world

will stop stopping

for her,

pursue her,

sink teeth into her,

and yet these delicate hopes

freckle every avenue and way

at day's beginning and end.

Some mother's golden satellite

boomerangs out into dawn's uncertainty,

returns whole and enlightened

by all she can absorb.

At the kitchen table

she solves math problems

under lamp light,

then brushes teeth

she will soon loose

and makes ready

for the watering can

of night's still sleep.

# New Rules >> Caroline Maun

If you are going to write a poem these days  
make it hurt

tamp the words down hard  
into argument grenades

sling them over the dogma fence  
splinter the quietude

blast the shallows  
rupture how things are

spin lines from the chaos  
into revolutionary force

form poems of pressure  
lines of leverage





# Words of Roses >> Kelsey Claudius

I plucked petals from my chest  
to build you a soft  
home  
we would lay upon the soil  
and water our roots  
winding  
around,  
intertwining our bodies  
shadowing over the fields  
of grass and dirt  
welcoming our falling leaves  
twirling and dancing  
toward the ground

When I was left  
in the drought  
aching for water  
begging  
for something,  
anything  
for my drying  
crying roots  
you were surprised when  
I started to droop  
and fall  
wilt amongst the breeze

A vicious cycle  
we endured  
for our seeds  
and petals,  
the soil  
is now fresh  
clean  
and watered  
I am re-potted,  
bright colours  
soft  
curling leaves  
a home I built  
for fresh grown  
version of me

# and valleys >> Ronald Anahaw

Here is the truth I've won  
from feasting on swamp water and spoiled fish for so long  
that I might consider apples and honey:

rather than man or boy, sun or storm,  
tongue or tooth, I am shadow.  
A sliver of mimesis cleaved clean from

its host body, borne of the light it stumbles away from.  
Shadow to my brother who surges forward and washes his back  
so that his wings might properly blossom. Shadow to the best

friends I've clung to these years of mine, all of them full-bodied  
and of blood. Me, seeking symbiosis, snacking on their light.  
As they conquered mountains, I followed in their wake, carried

by the tailwinds their paths created. Shadow to stranger. To lover.  
Shadow to the sun I claimed. To the storms I swallowed.  
Shadow to the teachers who offered berries and jam,

and in the throes of my delight, I painted my lips  
with blueberries and dewberries and planted  
the jam, waiting for my garden. Shadow to you.

There you are. Back to the light, the next page curled between  
your fingers so that you might not be trapped  
here. Don't worry. I won't keep you.

I only ask you tuck me in gently when you are done.  
A kiss is not necessary, but appreciated.  
Shadow to you, who could not kiss me,

but at most find your shape in this. Yes, that will do.  
I offer a bouquet of silhouettes, every shape  
I twisted my body to fit: carabao, kanding,

rice, lover, dancer, child. I could not fit the buaya  
or pare. Could not fit glacier or lechon. I fitted  
a swarm of syllabugs in my mouth;

they molted faster than I could speak, Taglish  
shuttering from my lips in wingbeats,  
forming a pulsing shadow in my shape.

My throat, clogged with eggs and shells.  
I couldn't breathe. I stripped my mouth

of syllabugs and squashed every one beneath my feet.

Shadow to what? To tongue? To tooth?  
This body is an incorrect. A misread.  
No shape to settle into.

In the light, an open palm offers apples and honey.  
I take it. As I eat the apple loved by honey  
in armfuls, my yellow teeth aching from the crisp sweetness,

I know this: shadow to the shadow I am tomorrow,  
who is shadow to the shadow I become after that,  
and so on, the darkest of chains, a reverse ouroborous

as out of each shadow's mouth the tail of the new one emerges,  
on and on, this silky phoenix, until the dark veil's hue bursts forth  
with skin: brown, ashen, and red with rashes.

blood dotting the pores. Ah, this body.  
This body will become. It will.  
It will. *Ring.*

# Pendulum >> Katherine Vandermel

I.

A baby blue bowl floating in a sea  
Peony petals rippling the pond  
A bird's nest of freshly kindled eggs.

And this is where sentiment blooms, invigorated in the vein of the pulp. This is where apollen grain can hitherto germinate, in the buds of white trees. White shoots, not white roots, myfather tells me.

II.

Water brimming the blue to drip glitter  
Illuminating the sense of infinity  
For which the ducks follow with doe eyes

And this is where fire raptures, burning the white leaves. Hot, hot are branches on myarms. A scathing incandescence looms like a shadow, burning my hands, my hopes. Little doesFather know the shadow, barricading the children like mice into molten enclaves.

III.

Eggs splattered onto hot flesh  
flailing birds, hanging with dimly lit stars flaming their breasts  
Caves burning holes in chest feathers

And this is where desire's elixir intoxicates veins. White veins gone crimson, painting thestem of the flower. A glossed stone in a puddle of deceit, terrible deceit, unspeakable deceit..

IV.

The bowl is empty.  
Wrenched flowers lick wet lily pads  
Wind-- it sings through the Earth as  
my heartbeat stills

The naked tree bends over the water in hushed silence. Hollow ice cubes floating on thesurface, a crystal lattice in frozen time. The clock shivers with quiet ticking. I look to my coldfather, laying in front of the fire, then back to time. It swings unceasingly.

# 21 Years Old >> Matthew Morrison

He wore rubber bands around his wrists.  
After errors in tennis, he'd snap  
them against his skin.

He wore *etnies* t-shirts, hemp necklaces—  
contorted his slim, muscular body  
on climbing holds.

\*

I visited him on our summer break.  
One morning, he gently shook me:  
*you looked so peaceful sleeping.*

*Good news! We're going to the Cubs.*  
Our friend told me:  
*He just adores you.*

We draped our arms around each other  
in box seats and bought rounds  
of Old Style.

\*

We went for a run: he was shirtless,  
fair, and glistening. I said  
*you used to be cute.*

*Now you're hot.* When he mentioned  
he got a girlfriend, I told him  
*Good for you.*

He kissed me on the neck, promised,  
*but you're my soul mate.*  
I played "Come Pick Me

Up," off the Ryan Adams CD  
he bought me, and mourned  
gloriously.

# Captain Mahony, 28 >> Matthew Morrison

*...the greatest joy I have is team-building  
and then a subcategory of this is event planning...*

*so wild because as a meathead  
that's not supposed to be in my lexicon.*

What's the biggest challenge  
you've had to overcome?

*...definitely my combat deployment  
to Afghanistan. Do you have any life goals?*

*...to make sure that I take the time to enjoy myself,  
especially for those who can't (choked up)...*

*I still plan weekend events, to celebrate people  
for random reasons or no reasons at all....*

# Defy(ned) >> Heather Sanderson

you tell me to cover up  
breasts, buttocks, belly  
fabric billows to drape  
as words cascade  
and I drink them  
into my skin

I become written

pages between bookends  
tilted with illusion  
stories stacked like  
bodies in a morgue  
remnants of once was  
filed away

until I pick up scissors  
slice false layers  
once destroyed no longer  
work to hide  
what was never broken

# Silent >> Heather Sanderson

We carry wounded creation.  
Purged voices from beyond  
caught between multiple realities.

uncertain chunks of energy

Calling out

for the steps of the forbidden to be dismantled

Remove the choking hands from our necks  
so we can scream  
(whisper when needed)  
that wild nature of truth.



# Mandela Effect >> Robert Galavan

We are shadows  
in the infinitesimal  
corridors of time,  
alive in one room,  
doomed in another,  
cross over during momentary rifts  
we can sense,  
but not yet measure,  
ride gravity through diaphanous  
branes for only an instant.  
then back to our own world  
to find it utterly changed.

# What My Hands Remember >> Stephanie Glass

1. Being tucked into the notches of my elbows. Skin prickling under a blanket of air conditioning. My mother taught me—this was how we prayed.
2. Writing in journals with pink sparkle gel pens. Ink that smelled like strawberries.
3. Turning over a snow globe with the smallest carousel horse inside. Pink flowers on her bridle. The glass always cold. The birthmother who gave this to me, before she gave me away. Twisting the metal knob at the bottom, next to a gold sticker that read “made in China”. My fingers remember music.
4. Burning my fingertips with sparklers on the beach that was my grandma’s backyard on the fourth of July. The relief of dunking them directly in the ocean. My hands remember salt.
5. Music. Eight years old, I conduct a choir in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time. The triangle of rhythm still comes when I call.
6. Strumming air guitar along with N\*sync. Reaching through a layer of static to touch Justin Timberlake on the screen of the clunky black TV. “There are sparks between us,” I tell my sister, “We’re meant to be.” I cackle and fall to the carpet, and my hands remember the tightness of the weave.
7. The grout of an RV park’s bathroom floor on the night I didn’t kill myself.
8. The first time I touched a boy.
9. The first time I touched a girl.
10. Turning the page of my favorite book.
11. Rubbing salve into my mother’s broken feet.
12. My father’s cheek on my open palm. The sting of stubble.
13. Unloading a box of dishes into the cupboard of my first apartment.
14. Testing Milo’s bottle on the inside of my wrist.
15. The warm dribble of baby spit up.
16. A spatula scraping along the bottom of a pan.
17. A ladle moving through a river of soup.
18. The ache of carrying too many textbooks.
19. How to feed myself and study at the same time.
20. Forgetting the weight of my wedding ring.
21. Piecing together the poles of a tent.
22. Building a fire.
23. Falling against the polished stones of a creek bed.
24. Milo reaching toward me at the edge of the curb. “Mama,” He says, looking up at me, “hold my hand and I’ll keep you safe. The cars won’t squish us.”
25. Holding his hand.
26. Tracing the velvet frame of a truck window in time with Zane’s radio. My fingers losing their way as we travel down a pitted Nebraska road.
27. The dirt of Lanelle’s garden trapped beneath my fingernails. Becoming her hands as we plant flower after flower in the waiting earth.
28. Holding Ashtyn’s hand in the darkness of a thunder storm.
29. Running over clover, sheaves of prairie grass—the pages of a thousand books.
30. Filtering river water through parted fingers. I am teaching my son: this is how we pray.

# Microchimerism >> Shannon Burnette

I used to wish I was

a witch;  
not the petty, wicked-stepmother,  
but the forest hag  
with a chicken-legged hut  
& arcane senses  
& a morality all her own.  
how would it feel  
to be the wind that guides the storm?

Or

a siren;  
not a woman with fins,  
and a seductive disposition,  
but rather one with wings  
& talons & a song  
so fierce it could drive  
men into the sea.  
how would it feel  
to be the fury of a squall?

I was neither;  
too anemic to pursue  
any greater self.  
I couldn't face the possibility  
that I could descend into the abyss  
and find nothing in return.

But while I'm not  
a siren, nor a witch,  
you've made me something else

a chimera:  
with not one set of DNA  
but two,  
yours the eternal flame  
the beacon  
inviting me into the unknown.

Is it unfair to hope  
you can bestow  
that sovereignty & mystic wisdom  
I could never find alone?

# Recovery 101 >> Rachel Landrum Crumble

## I. *Light Pollution*

This party doesn't love me. The mirage of a friendly neighborhood falls away, a light show of strobe gossip from neon backyard fences ignites land mines in the streets. I am a stranger, running for cover. Rewind. Repeat.

## II. *Cocoon*

Filling the void with NPR, cooking dinner, binging on Netflix, waiting until I am too bone weary and the glass of wine has done its work, so the whizzing bombs seem distant. I am not at home in my heart. Mercifully, sleep partitions day from day.

## III. *Molting*

At dusk I drive through a dark curtain of rain. On the other side, I am home, a safe place. Night's breath cools like Gabriel Faure's Requiem in D minor. I bend to switch on the lamp in the dim living room, thinking of my 19 year old son, and suddenly realize everyone carries light in a cellphone these days, and leave the dark unanswered, where dreams flower in a deeper silence.

# Winter's Two Step: An Argument >> Rachel Landrum Crumble

Blue, blue, blue is the famished winter sky.  
I am swallowed in its inverted abyss.

*This late winter sky absorbs every color  
but blue, reflects back blue as a gift called Day.*

Bare trees bereft of summer's sun  
shiver in goose flesh lichen bark.

*No: Under a kaleidoscope sky they sway  
like lovers against the North wind.*

My heart is a barren cornfield before Spring's plowing:  
colorless ruts of corn stubble and snow: frozen, frozen...

*My heart is a closed camellia blossom. Sleet candies the cold,  
encases me in light, where flower is a verb.*

# Who's Who >> Meet the Poets

**Julia Bilek** is currently a student in the MFA in Creative Writing and Environment program at Iowa State University. She holds degrees in anthropology and religious studies and writes about geography, culture, and world religions.

**Lynn Hoggard** received her Ph.D. in comparative literature from the University of Southern California and taught at Midwestern State University, where she was professor of English and French and the coordinator of humanities. In 2003, the Texas Institute of Letters awarded her the Soeurette Diehl Fraser award for best translation. Her poem "Love in the Desert" has been nominated for the 2017 Pushcart Prize by Word Fountain, and her latest book, *Bushwhacking Home* (TCU Press, 2017), has won the 2018 Press Women of Texas award for best book of poetry. Her poem "In the Garden" has been nominated for the 2018 Sundress Best of the Net award.

For several years, she was an arts writer for the Times Record News in Wichita Falls and wrote more than six hundred articles, features, and reviews. She has published six books: three French translations, a biography, a memoir, and a poetry collection (*Bushwhacking Home*, TCU Press, 2017). Her poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *13th Moon*, *After Happy Hour Review*, *The Alembic*, *Atlanta Review*, *Bitterzoet Magazine*, *Bluestem*, *The Broken Plate*, *Chaffin Journal*, *Clackamas Literary Review*, *Concho River Review*, *Crack the Spine*, *The Delmarva Review*, *descant*, *Door is A Jar Magazine*, *Euphony Journal*, *Evening Street Review*, *Forge*, *Edison Literary Review*, *FRIgg*, *Gloom Cupboard*, *GNU Journal*, *The Healing Muse*, *Licking River Review*, *The MacGuffin*, *Manhattanville Review*, *Mezzo Cammin*, *New Ohio Review*, *Pisgah Review*, *Sanskrit*, *Slab*, *Soundings East*, *Summerset Review*, *Schuykill Valley Journal*, *Voices de la Luna*, *Tower Journal*, *Weber: The Contemporary West*, *Westview*, *WestWard Quarterly*, *Wild Violet*, and *Xavier Review*, among others.

**Sean William Dever** is a Boston-based poet, educator, and editor with a MFA in Creative Writing with a focus in Poetry from Emerson College. He teaches College Writing at Emerson College and Poetry at Boston Architectural College. In addition, he also works as a Professional ESL Tutor at Northeastern University. He has recently been published or is forthcoming from *HOOT*, *Stickers*, *Unearthed Literary Magazine*, *Coffin Bell Journal*, and *Fearsome Critters Literary Magazine* among others. Sean is the Poetry Editor of *Coffin Bell Journal* and the author of the chapbook, *I've Been Cancelling Appointments with My Psychiatrist for Two Years* Now published by *Swimming with Elephants Publications*.

**Shana Montrose** has a BA from Smith College in Government, an MA from Georgetown in Latin American Studies and an MPH from Harvard in Public Health. She is a Denver native and has lived on the east coast as well as abroad in Oxford, England; Oaxaca, Mexico; and Montevideo, Uruguay. She has taken various courses at Lighthouse Writers Workshop in Denver, Colorado. Her work appears in *Horseshoes & Hand Grenades*. In addition to writing poetry, she dances Argentine tango with her husband.

**Isaac Rankin** lives in Asheville, NC. He works at an all-boys boarding school, Christ School, where he serves as Associate Director of Advancement. Isaac has worn many hats in education, including administrator, teacher, coach, and bus driver. He and his wife, Rebecca, have a son, James Isaac. Working in schools is Isaac's calling, but he also enjoys traveling near and far, following sports obsessively, reading and writing across genres, and chasing his son in the backyard. His poems will appear in upcoming editions of *Apeiron Review* and *Sky Island Journal*.

**Caroline Maun** is an associate professor and Chair of English at Wayne State University in Detroit, Michigan, where she teaches creative writing and American literature. Her poetry books include *The Sleeping* (Marick Press, 2006), *What Remains* (Main Street Rag, 2013), and two chapbooks, *Cures and Poisons* and *Greatest Hits*, both published by Pudding House Press. She has also been published in *The Bear River Review*, *Crack the Spine*, *Delmarva Review*, *Failbetter*, *The MacGuffin*, *The Main Street Rag*, *Mount Hope Magazine*, *Third Wednesday*, *Peninsula Poets*, *Waving Hands Review*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, and *Eleven Eleven*, among others. She has studied with Peter Meinke and Sterling Watson, and has attended the Bear River Writers' Conference for more than ten years. A new chapbook, titled *Accident*, is forthcoming with Alice Greene & Co. in the fall.

**Kelsey Claudius** is a young emerging writer from Melbourne, Australia. She is currently undertaking a double degree in Human biology and Professional and Creative writing. She has previously been published in 'Verandah Journal' for her poetry piece 'Bisexuality'.

**Ron Anahaw** is a playwright, poet, and multimedia creator with a focus on community and collaboration between artists of underrepresented backgrounds. He is a recent graduate of Bennington College, where he studied under Sherry Kramer, Phillip B. Williams, and Natalie Scenters-Zapico. He is currently based in NYC, where he works at Upstart Co-Lab as a Program Assistant.

**Katherine Vandermel** strives to treat the world like her canvas, and to paint it, with words. When she is not writing, she is listening to classical music, swimming, or eating. She is from New York and attends school in the metropolitan area. Katherine has won numerous accolades, such as achieving gold recognition in the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards for poetry, prose, and journalism, and has had her work published by over a dozen literary magazines. As a young creator, Katherine aims to use her work for reflection and impact. Katherine's recent endeavors have included participation in a local writing mentorship program and founding a creative writing group of her own in her town district for elementary and middle school students. Katherine enjoys helping writers and finds editing and mentoring others just as rewarding as writing. She plans to expand her organization to reach into underserved communities in New Jersey and New York.

**Matthew Morrison** teaches at the University of Massachusetts Boston, where he graduated with his MFA in Creative Writing in 2015. He has worked as a journalist at The Hull Times and as an instructor through Ivy International at Concord Academy. He earned his BA in English and History at Colby College in 2006, and received a Masters in Education through UMass Boston in 2012. His work has appeared in 'Write on the Dot' and is forthcoming in 'Constellations.'

**Heather Sanderson** is a healer and yoga teacher focussing on reclaiming the sacred feminine and invisible wounds. Originally from Canada by way of Brooklyn, she has lived nomadically since 2016. Writing is her medicine

**Robert René Galván**, born in San Antonio, resides in New York City where he works as a professional musician and poet. His last collection of poems is entitled, *Meteors*, published by Lux Nova Press. His poetry was recently featured in *Adelaide Literary Magazine*, *Gyroscope*, *Hawaii Review*, *Stillwater Review*, *West Texas Literary Review*, and the Winter 2018 issue of *UU World*. He is a Shortlist Winner Nominee in the 2018 Adelaide Literary Award for Best Poem.

**Stephanie Glass** recently graduated from Chadron State College with a degree in English Literature. She is now working toward her MFA in Creative Writing with Southern Illinois University.

**Shannon Burnette** is a flatlander writer residing in Southern Vermont. She is currently working on her first novel.

**Rachel Landrum Crumble** (MFA from Vermont College) has published poems in various journals, recently, *Typishly* and *Porter House Review*. Her first poetry manuscript *Sister Sorrow* was finalist for Blue Light Press Poetry Prize in 2018. She lives in Chattanooga, TN with her jazz drummer husband, having launched her three grown children. She has taught kindergarten through college and is currently an Inclusion teacher.