

KISSING DYNAMITE: A JOURNAL OF POETRY

ISSUE 27 MARCH 2021: "PLOUGH"

Welcome to Issue 27 "Plough," in which our poets dig through the muck to find a sense of wholeness.

This month's featured poet is Joan Kwon Glass.

Issue 27 includes work by Miriam Alex, Amy Baskin, Benjamin Blackhurst, Sarah Cavar, Sage Curtis, Joan Kwon Glass, Judith Kingston, Dayna Hodge Lynch, Natalie Marino, Victory O. Okoyomoh, Sunny Vuong, and Issam Zineh. And caliche fields is featured in "Roots" to make it a baker's dozen.

Featured Artist—KJ Hannah Greenberg

KJ Hannah Greenberg tilts at social ills and encourages personal evolutions via poetry, prose, and visual art. Her images have appeared in various places, including in: *Bewildering Stories*, *Les Femmes Folles*, *Mused*, *Tuck*, *vox poetica*, and *Yellow Mama*. She uses her trusty point-and-shoot camera to capture the order of G-d's universe, and Paint 3D to capture the chaos of her universe.

"PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE" by Miriam Alex
is the absence of begging.

One, establishment.

The definition of your body is everything
it is not. Faces in the stucco north
of the parking lot. Black & white newspaper
clippings in your desk or in their driveways,
rained into pulp. Auditorium memorials
or trophy shelves. The rotting of nickel.
You are at the gas station when you realize
the road marker for your grave is being shipped
soon. The worth it must take, you think,
to be preserved gently.

Two, an affair with your limits. Unscrewing the arms
from the speed dials. Discontinuities & sweat against

the dashboard. The notes in the margins
of the script describe how you will brace: gently,
with your hands over your head. Like tornado
drills at 8:30 AM, when you were small & drowsy
& you stared at the linoleum for fifteen silent minutes
so afraid to blink in case you'd miss zero hour.
When you arrive at the site of the accident
yet to happen, you practice fracturing
your skull against your mother's
steering wheel.

Three, the crash or heart failure.
There is no storm, only the velocity of a body
in a skidding car. Cracked window pane
or the green line on the monitor flattening
into a beaten horizon. Bloody pulp
or empty Sunkist bottles. A schedule
crumpled in the back of your shoe. You lie
still for the moving shot. Everything is
too abstract. Where did you try to go,
in that car you left smoking in the desert?
Did you imagine you'd make it?

["see saws and other perils" by Amy Baskin](#)

kick and push spin
as fast as we can, we laugh
we're never getting off

we're always getting off
on the cuts, the scrapes
our rough and tumble play

wandering alone, unsupervised
hanging our heads over the sides
our knuckles scrape asphalt

we pull bark chips from our hair
find new ways to scrape our knees
we laugh ourselves silly until

our sides cramp and then we laugh
some more— we will never stop the ride

only fools jump off

and stay off
what causes dizziness in adults
why could we once spin for hours
now we huddle in the middle

so we won't get as sick— is it more
neurological or psychological,
this fear of being harmed

this going round in circles hurts
more than the broken arms, the cuts
the late nights out with music

under the spinning stars
replaced by the reassurance
of steady early bird specials

when the tall metal slides
are replaced with short plastic and
see saws and other perils

are removed
it's the end of
10 foot-high jungle gyms

we will refuse
to let them take
our merry-go-round
we will stay on

when do some lose
their ability to spin endlessly—
Eustachian tubes

gape open from swallowing
and holding back tears
we equalize the pressure

we hold hands across the divide
refusing to jump
bodies pulled outwards

away from each other
centrifugal force goads us
to separate

get off in opposing directions
is it stubborn or resilient to refuse
to let go

again
let's do it again
only fools stay on
and still get off

“Out of the Mouth of Frankenstein’s Monster (I)” by Benjamin Blackhurst

a cento

I have my mouth (two-thirds of
a laughing mouth, that won't
drown) to try to tell you
how odd I look: like a man, flesh-
figured, impregnable of eye
(gibbous, mirrored), the ample
side-round of the chest; majestic
antediluvian jaw, belly
(slashed, bleeds pinkly),
a bouquet

of limbs—I've tried to wear
my sheddings so gracefull-
ly, but bulk, pure matter
is an aberration I have taught
myself to accept.
(The soul is a jot
of moonlight, knotted
smoke, of weeping silver.)
It is the burden of life.
My thoughts are all

a case of knives, waiting to be
shaken open by some feelings
(bitter sweet ligatures finally breaking).
To be borrowed, to be assembled
again—no one is more afraid

of this than me.
To be part
of the treetops and the blueness—
that is all in the backwaters, the safeties
of the past—imitating a god.

Once, I saw a bee drown in honey,
and I understood:
all beasts are happy.
Just speak
as plainly as you can: say
I will not praise your body;
no one is on your side; no one
doubts who owns the heavens.
I say, what is there in all this clutter
that loves you?

*Many thanks to Mary Szybist, Elizabeth Arnold, Kara van de Graaf, Karen An-Hwei Lee, Lance Larsen, Karen Volkman, Emily Dickinson, John Ashbery, Walt Whitman, dawn lonsinger, Adam Scheffler, Afshan Shafi, Zach Savich, Lisa Williams, Lisel Mueller, Claudia Emerson, Rita Dove, Safiya Sinclair, Jim Harrison, George Herbert, Keetje Kuipers, Louise Gluck, Elaine Equi, Kimberly Grey, Diana Marie Delgado, Frank O’Hara, Tina Schumann, Maya Catherine Popa, Carl Phillips, Nikos Kazantzakis, Christopher Marlowe, Michael Lavers, Erin Belieu, Fleur Adcock, Marjorie Stelmach, and Jay Hopler.

“Downtown: Night Falls” by Sarah Cavar

light on you. A small woman
& smaller dog make ice cream
tracks behind a biking litany.
Childless, the play-park calls for change
gathering votes.
My witness tunes golden
and amber, tawn, pink
as mask-matching lovers
parade from some unseen platform
together, alight.

“Root Flare—A History” by Sage Curtis

- I. 1933
In Georgia sun, peach groves proceed peach fuzz.

My grandmother, just a girl, took a boy's hand--
a second grade love so juiced, it lasts 66 years,
pours out two children they can't afford.
In this family, forever means from before
we can even remember. Maybe *it's-in-our-blood*,
maybe it's the road--opened like the eye of storm,
our nerves, the knowing of not taking it. The women
in this family know all too well what happens
when you let go of cookie-sticky fingers.

II. 1953

Maybe it's just that leaving was his love
language and being a launch pad was hers.
A girl born to childhood sweethearts doesn't develop
a sweet tooth until both her parents are long gone.
She looks for forever in the habitual loosening
of her bolts, the greasing of her throat.
When the road called for her, she brought
a whole damn state west with her,
only leaving god behind. Her skin tells
the story of two sunshine states, two husbands,
two daughters alive, and two dead. She keeps
having chunks of herself cut out.

III. 2019

I never call the man I love my childhood sweetheart,
never tell him I use food long after
the expiration date. I dig my roots so deep
that the eye of a storm only tickles my teeth.
In a little yellow house, I grow a garden full
of things that can't die because forever
means before I can remember and before
I can remember, my body learned
that habitual loving means the road is always
there. I keep cutting chunks of this story out.
I am lucky to be alive.

[“Pantoum for My Father” by Joan Kwon Glass, March’s Featured Poet](#)

In his goodbye note, my father blamed his parents for his inability to love us.
At his bump shop on 14 Mile Road, he lowered cars on a platform.
I loved to watch their steel bodies, dented or cracked, disappear,
the shaft where the platform had been.

At his bump shop on 14 Mile Road, he lowered cars on a platform.
Sometimes I'd stand too close to the edge and hover over
the shaft where the platform had been.
I imagined him pulling me back to safety.

Sometimes I'd stand too close to the edge and hover over.
I stood at precipices and dared gravity to take me.
I imagined him pulling me back to safety.
My father and I are not unlike.

I stood at precipices and dared gravity to take me.
I've met a version of myself who doesn't need anyone.
My father and I are not unlike.
In his goodbye note, my father blamed his parents for his inability to love us.

Joan's Commentary on "Pantoum for My Father":

I generally write free-verse, narrative or confessional poems. This is the only pantoum I've ever written, and I found that the formal structure helped me to write a poem that I would have struggled to write otherwise due to the emotional labor it required.

Louise Gluck said, "We look at the world once, in childhood. The rest is memory." I've thought about memory so much as a writer, and how it clouds or colors the way that I see the world, others and myself. When a child experiences abandonment or neglect, how does this shape their lives? Of course the answer is different for everyone. In my case, I find myself now as a 44 year old woman, reconciling with my own pain, reflecting not just on the ways that I survived my own traumas and how they have affected me, but also on the versions of myself I catch glimpses of in those who hurt me so terribly. When I've lingered on the precipice, am I not in some way like my father who could not beat his demons, could not manage the life and family he'd created as an adult? And if the demons in you are not so different from the demons in me, doesn't that open the door for me to also meet my better angels?

Editor in Chief Christine Taylor's Commentary on "Pantoum for My Father":

One of the notions in Joan's poem that resonated with me is that of seeing the self in others, particularly close family members. My father died when I was ten years old, and now living in the house that he bought for our family so many years ago, I often wonder if the footsteps in which I am walking are mine or his. I learned a lot about my father after he died, some of the vices that I now have too: "My father and I are not unlike." And I'm still wrestling with whether or not that's okay.

["New Year's Eve" by Judith Kingston](#)

She still perches on the countertops
although the jokes I tell as I cook
are for you now, your smiles more like the
flour that billows up when I drop the fillet in
the bowl and less like the knife I used to fillet
the fish - you are you and I see you,
I value every part of you, more like the comical chime
of the utensils and less of the chilli
I should not have rubbed in my eyes -
I still smell her perfume in the next aisle and my heart
still skips a beat and I have to grip
your hand more tightly, blink the film
from my eyes again and once more,
I still have to turn away every day
but I am choosing, I choose to turn to you.

[“Power of Blood” by Dayna Hodge Lynch](#)

Wine-breathed and lonely
She rests along with her bones
She presses her teeth to the inside
Of her cheek harder than expected
She has learned to measure time in pain
One problem spilling into another
Before the familiar taste of copper

The first time she bled
A sadness surrounded her
along with her mama playing telephone
Calling all her “aunties”
handing her a pad
saying she’d get used to it

Shifting thighs cut with denim and rough hands
When she first learned the power of her blood
Holy--the heavy liquid made everyone stop
Just like when the blood snaked from her nose to
her new shirt in the 5th grade after the monkey bars
Just like when her former lover made the gooey substance
rush to the surface of her skin, wading in her body for release

Just like when she held her friend [redacted's] bloody hands
after filling out the police report naming her attacker
Watching her friend [redacted] bury herself
Before we would have to

The catcalls of men who wanted to kink out her body
Gods made homes in all my niggas that bleed
On streets, in hospital beds, in her bed
Bootleg tumbleweeds rolling inside her body
Upset at the state of the world
she never wants to reproduce
So she bleeds

“disappeared years” by Natalie Marino

some objects not in view—
sycamore trees hide blue stars
outside the window
a donkey hovers over a foal
who knows his mother
by the shapes her hooves
make in the dirt
my grandmother
lost her house
when she forgot
who lived there
generations of women
ground corn
and stories
in night bowls
she can't remember
the disappeared years

“of intangible things” by Victory O. Okoyomoh

when an intangible thing breaks//its
shards get lodged in your chest. it is sharp

& every breath feels like oxygen is a surgical knife
and the doctor forgot to give you anaesthesia//your screams

are a melody because// when an intangible thing breaks,
you are the doctor and the patient. your body is rolled in

on a bed of resurrected trauma//a voice
says you must perform surgery//or an autopsy

but how do you save yourself when you're the dying
//dead thing too. when an intangible thing breaks, you

are the undead. mother wakes you at 3am for a
conversation//banal banter//errant exorcism.

she shrieks and shudders//asks what *juju* you have consumed
and your lips possessed with the witchcraft of depression

will confess: "*all the kinds I could find to eat*"
when an intangible thing breaks//you become

a bull fighter at a pacifist rally
but you are also the bull//bully//bullied

whatever way, your presence is an inconvenience
and you don't know a thing about bullfighting. so

you keep crashing into yourself//you walking accident.
once, in a conversation with a friend about something

mundane and moral//my maladjusted
mouth went out of sequence and spurted: *my*

body is an orchestra of grief but I am not the
conductor//& silence peered into the conversation

like a third wheel at a first date//wrapped itself
around us uninvited and something broke.

"insects & windows into the future" by Sunny Vuong

i want to ask the woman i will be in five years if she managed to be brave, / or at least
hold her hand / as if to say, look, / if no one else forgives you for failing to do so, / then i
will still wait. / i would draw up the paintings of the yellow-bellied crickets i used to

collect in the spring, / when the soil of my neighborhood's garden was rainwater-damp and / i
marvelled at how brave they were to sing. / hold them to her as if to say, look, / they think
they are flying. / if no one else lets you believe this, / then i will still keep them, / then i

will never fault them, / only wish i could, too, / and i wonder if she would stand steel-faced, her mouth pressed into a disbelieving line, / as if to ask, why, / why didn't you? / in the time between you and me, i ask, / why couldn't you? / i remember it all, but i remember this most: / you never let the crickets go,

and then the story shifts, mostly because / she's calling me a hypocrite. / i had said before that i would hold her hand, / and this wasn't a lie: / i know that the woman i will be in five years needs it most, so / i wonder if she'd let me hold her in my arms and / ask her what else she remembers, / ask her if she

remembers how my mother held me the way one would a ladybug, / clasped so tightly as if to say, look, my lucky girl, i could never let you go, / as if to say, / i love you baby, as if to / say, i'm sorry, baby, / as if to say, / say it, / say that i was the one that split you open / and demanded that you be brave, / and

i'll ask her if she remembers how my father wanted a son and / how i looked to him, pinched dragonfly wings between my fingers / as if to say, look, / i am a man, / i am a man, / i traced the shape of your feet, / and i did as you did. / and he turned away from me as if to say, look, / all you did was leave.

and i wonder if she would remember that. / how hard i tried to be brave, / how often i told myself i could make it to the next week so long as i sang like / the crickets and said i was flying instead of falling, / falling as if to say, look, / there's a terminal velocity to fear. / and i wonder if she would remember

that i am just a girl and she is / still something like one, too, / so how can she fault me for what i never did? / how can she blame me when i'm the one / that forgives her for the very same, how can she? / in the time between me and her, i ask, / when did you become so unapologetic? / when did you stop

believing you could fly, / when did you start feeling angry at me for it, when did you remember the / worst without me having to tell you? / and i wonder if she would stay quiet. / not answer, but hold up cricket legs, / torn from their bodies, / as if to ask, look, / how could i, when you never tried?

[“Letters to Go Unmailed Until After the Upcoming Exhibition” by Issam Zineh](#)

I can't stop thinking about horses.

The one in particular.

My uncle Victor's – *Zebulon*.

One time Uncle Vic rode Zeb down
to my grandparents' house at the foothills
of the Santa Susana mountains.

He must have taken the freeway
to get there. The animal was
blood bay, maybe chestnut.

I can't know for sure, it was so long
ago. I do remember the diamond star
on his forehead and how he would lather

at the thighs when he ran. I picture you
at the Met taking in a granite relief.
Two Horses. Skittish little ghosts.

Zeb's been dead for decades.
My grandparents are dead, too.
There is the vestige of a citrus grove.

*

My parents still don't know what I do for a living.
They have a general sense—*scientist* or *he tries
to understand the body*—but couldn't necessarily
explain it to a stranger on the train.

Do you think I'm not trying hard enough?
Do you think it's possible to have a sense
for the total morphemes of a given language?

I've lost my passion. You can only interrogate
the genome for so long before it becomes
abuse. Label its base pairs, flowers and such.

Our old metaphors, *flesh and bone*, begin
to fall apart. The body, heavy with motive,
is no longer surprising, but you still excite

me with your devotion. Did you know paintings
of European women dressed in Japanese costumes
were exceedingly popular at one point? Human desire

can be so atrocious, right? I wonder if Monet got off
on taking Camille from behind and throwing a kimono
on her, telling her to smile, but not too much.

Luminaries in the field are now saying much
of what we believed was wrong. You cut my hair
once in the kitchen. Almost put the scissors

through the cartilage of my ear. Almost
took my ear off. Almost did it more than once.
I love how I can always count on you.

*

In a far Florida, a magnolia grows out of a sinkhole
like natural propaganda.

The folks in the rural foothills of western
North Carolina have something to be happy about.

Thanks to the Library of Congress, they will
soon have high-speed internet. The center

of Algeria has been burning all morning, and we
are getting a little antsy in our own downtowns—

to find the right metaphor is too much work. One
resorts to describing body parts: I love mine more

than I love yours. But don't misunderstand me, I do
love yours. Your body reminds me of a naked

boy wrestling swans. Or a woman
in a Japanese robe, sitting on a carousel ostrich.

*

I want to paint you as *Still Life with Monkey, Fruits, and Flowers*.

Something stirs outside. It's the monkey again.

I put out an epergne full of fruit and sweep a spot for the flowers.

A slice of melon drips in technicolor. I put the figs out next.

I ask you to undress and do the thing where you lie there and pretend to sleep:

Imagine you have forgotten the names of the animals. Imagine I am gone. Imagine your mouth
hints of the taste of limes.

Imagine you will be full forever.

*Poem Note: This poem alludes to artistic works by Charles Ray, Claude Monet, Philip
Pearlstein, and Jean-Baptiste Oudry.

Roots

In their work, caliche fields explores the question: "how does it feel to know where you come from?"

«en que busque una respuesta entre les antigües y les contemporánees» by caliche fields

how does it feel to know where you come from?
 my parents, my grandma, my grandpa,
 mi abuela, mi tía chele, les adoro.
 but my biological mother gifted me three things:
 a tribe, a confusion,
 and three spotted wolves.

my grandfather was an orphan,
 adopted by a family and taken in
 with all the love of the world
 in spite of what my father says.

but, how does it feel to know *whom* you come from?
 because with him i felt that.
 he and my father told me education:
 learn about where you come from,
 read all the knowledge,
 access all the info and i heard that.

mais, quand j'étudiais le français,
 un français m'a dit «les indiennes n'existent...»
 and i couldn't draw up the strength
 to tell him that i may be legendary
 but i am not a myth.
 i was courageless and naïve
 to remind him that the only word
 i have for myself is a misinterpretation,
 a misendeavor of frenchmen playing
 adán naming all they see.
 so i ask you again,
 how does it feel to know where you come from?

we took a deep dive into el castellano
 donde sí existen les poblaciones indígenas
 pero these were not names for myself
 but una aproximación de una lengua indígena,
 "le barbarie elegante".
 how does it feel to know oneself
 when only the victorious colonizers describe?

¡ROAD-TRIP!
 let's go to a museum.
 there's documentation of things long past,
 named before the time of christ.
 hopeful
 i went to my section identified by blood quantum.
 and do you know what i found?

the most beautiful bead work,
 animal skin dresses,
 and the crafts of hunting -
 spoiled with war...

and, beneath everything they printed:
 «artist unknown». splendid specimen.
 even le bonne sauvage was left
 renamed, unnamed.

in tears, i walked,
 wandered galleries,
 and so let me ask you again,
 how does it feel to know where you come from?

caliche's commentary on «en que busque una respuesta entre les antigües y les contemporánees»

i started writing this piece while wandering the galleries of the joslyn art museum in omaha, nebraska. not meaning to drop any eaves, i overheard a fellow museum goer call a pair of moccasins "cute." they mentioned how they had to have some. i immediately choked up and bee-lined behind a statue for a quick cry. there i came up with the question, «how does it feel to know where you came from?»

however, my question isn't really directed towards the culture. i could care less about people's 'percentages' because the government has been patiently waiting for first nation and indigenous peoples to reach less than an octoroon status. our treaties, already disrespected, are legally bound to this blood quantum.

i am more invested in knowing how it feels to be unashamedly indigenous – yes, i possess tribal enrollment, but displacement is a complex experience. the only word i have for myself is sioux. and thus i reclaim the serpent of eve, the serpent conquered by apollo, and quetzacoatl. i reject the fetishization of savage beauty.

Poet Biographies

Miriam Alex is a seventeen-year-old from southern New Hampshire. Her work is forthcoming in *Gigantic Sequins*, *Gone Lawn*, and *Uncanny Magazine*. At the moment, she is probably playing word games on her phone while re-watching her favorite sitcoms. She hopes you have a lovely day.

Twitter @miriamcore_.

Amy Baskin (she/her) has work featured in *Bear Review*, *River Heron Review*, *Kai Coggin's Wednesday Night Poetry*, and forthcoming in *Pirene's Fountain*. She is a former Oregon Literary Arts Fellow, a Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee, and an Oregon Poetry Association prize winner. When not writing, she matches international students at Lewis & Clark College with local residents to help them feel welcome and at home during their time in Oregon.

Twitter: @AmyBaskin
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Benjamin Blackhurst (he/him) is a second-year PhD student at the University of Utah, where he lives with CFS/ME and (almost as pitifully) zero cats. You can find his work in *letters, elsewhere*, *Western Humanities Review*, and elsewhere.

Sarah Cavar (they/them) is a PhD student, writer, and critically Mad transgender-about-town, and serves as Managing Editor at Stone of Madness Press. Author of two chapbooks, *A HOLE WALKED IN* (Sword & Kettle Press) and *THE DREAM JOURNALS* (giallo lit), they have also had work in *Electric Literature*, *The Offing*, *Luna Luna Magazine*, *Bitch Magazine*, and elsewhere. Cavar navel-gazes at cavar.club and tweets @cavarsarah.

Sage Curtis (she/her) is a SF Bay Area-based writer working 9-5 as a copywriter and after hours as a poet, performer, mentor and editor. She lives in a little yellow house with her partner of 15 years and the two cutest dogs in the world—totally unbiasedly. Her work centers on generational trauma and repeated patterns, especially passed between mother and daughter.

Her poems and essays have appeared in *Tinderbox*, *Cotton Xenomorph*, *Juked*, *Glass Poetry* and more. Follow her on Twitter: @sagedanielle or Instagram: @sagejustwrites.

@calichefields [they/elle/iel] is a queer sioux tejanx; lives upon the prehistoric ruins of the permian basin; an ma candidate specializing in the poetry of sor juana inés de la cruz. they're rooted in interdisciplinary natures and their work dwells within the kitchen, its sciences and philosophies.

Joan Kwon Glass (she/her) is author of “How to Make Pancakes For a Dead Boy” (Harbor Editions, 2022), was a finalist for the 2021 Subnivean Award, a finalist for the 2021 *Lumiere Review* Writing Contest, & serves as Poet Laureate (2021-2025) for the city of Milford, CT. She is a biracial Korean American who grew up in Michigan & South Korea. Joan holds a B.A. & M.A.T. from Smith College, is Poetry Co-Editor for *West Trestle Review* & Poetry Reader for *Rogue Agent*. Her poems have recently been published or are forthcoming in *Korean Quarterly*, the *Subnivean*, *trampset*, *Rust & Moth*, *Rattle*, *Mom Egg*, *SWWIM*, *Honey Literary*, *Lumiere Review*, *Lantern Review*, *Literary Mama*, *Barnstorm* & others. Since 2018, Joan has been nominated four times for the Pushcart Prize. She tweets @joanpglass & you may read her previously published work at www.joankwonglass.com.

Judith is a Dutch writer living in the UK. She specialises in unhelpful advice, nostalgia and mermaids. Her poetry has previously appeared in magazines such as *Barren Magazine*, *Riggwelter*, *Kissing Dynamite* and *Ghost City Press*. The latter also published her microchap *Mother is the Name for God* in their 2020 Summer Series. Most recently, her poetry has been published in *Crossing Lines: an anthology of immigrant poetry* (Broken Sleep Books). Find her on Instagram @judith_kingston.

Dayna Hodge Lynch (she/they) is a poet from North Carolina. Dayna is a Black queer woman who writes to explore personal histories and expand her own beliefs. Dayna received her B.A. in English and an African and African-American Studies minor from Loyola University of New Orleans and has received her MFA from Queens University of Charlotte. She works at a library, enjoys eating mangoes, and can't wait to get back to New Zealand.

Instagram: @definitelyday

Natalie Marino (she/her) is a poet, physician, and mother. Her work appears in *Barren Magazine*, *Capsule Stories*, *Dust Poetry Magazine*, *Leon Literary Review*, *Literary Mama*, *Moria Online*, *Re-side*, and elsewhere. She also reads poetry submissions for *Bracken Magazine*. She lives in California. Her Twitter handle is @n_marinopoet.

Victory O. Okoyomoh (he/him), also known by the pseudonym Victory Wrights, is a Poet, Content Creator, and Student Optometrist from Edo state, Nigeria. He has published two poetry collections (*Love, Life & Poetry* and *FLOAT*) and shares poetry actively on Instagram. When he is not writing or in school, he spends his time listening to music and existing. He is available on Instagram and Twitter @victory_wrights

Twitter: twitter.com/victory_wrights

Instagram: [instagram.com/victory_wrights](https://www.instagram.com/victory_wrights)

Sunny Vuong (she/her) is a second generation Vietnamese-American writer, and founding EIC of *Interstellar Literary Review*. Her work is featured in *perhappened mag*, *FEED Lit*, and *Eunoia Review*, among others. Find her on Twitter @[sunnyvwrites](https://twitter.com/sunnyvwrites)."

Issam Zineh (he/him) is a Los Angeles-born, Palestinian-American poet and scientist. He is author of the forthcoming chapbook *The Moment of Greatest Alienation* (Ethel Press, 2021). His most recent poems appear or are forthcoming in *Pleiades*, *Tahoma Literary Review*, *Guesthouse*, *Lunch Ticket*, *Bear Review*, *Sporklet*, *Glass (Poets Resist)*, *Poet Lore*, and elsewhere. Find him at issamzineh.com or on Twitter @izineh.

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