

KISSING DYNAMITE: A JOURNAL OF POETRY

ISSUE 3 MARCH 2019: "FUNHOUSE MIRROR"

The "ides of March"--when things are not as they seem. In our third issue "Funhouse Mirror," poets explore tricks of memory, lies, confusion, distortion, miscommunication, and magic. Join us on this journey to find clarity through the haze.

This month's featured poet is Madison Fay.

Issue 3 includes work by Paul David Adkins, M Amory, E. Kristin Anderson, Stephen Briseño, Ameer Nassrene Broumand, Alexandre Ferrere, Madison Fay, Kate Garrett, Jude Marr, Daniela Neira, Lannie Stabile, and Tyson West. Please visit "The Gallery" below! And Marissa Glover is featured in "Eyes Wide" to make it a baker's dozen.

Featured Artist

This month's featured artist is Jim Zola, a poet and photographer living in North Carolina. He has worked in a warehouse, as a security guard, in a bookstore, as a teacher for Deaf children, as a toy designer for Fisher Price, and currently as a children's librarian. Published in many journals through the years, his publications include a chapbook -- *The One Hundred Bones of Weather* (Blue Pitcher Press) -- and a full-length poetry collection -- *What Glorious Possibilities* (Aldrich Press).

["Official Michigan State Prison Inmate Details for McCurtis, Daryl, Who Pled Guilty to Second Degree Murder in the Death of Krikor "George" Messerlian During the 1967 Detroit Uprising" by Paul David Adkins](#)

Photograph

MDOC Number

SID Number

Name:

Daryl McCurtis

Alias:

Clever Homes

Two Star

Date of Offense:

07/23/1967

County:

Wayne

Date of Sentence:

01/22/1969

*This is a matter of public record.
An old man now
killed an old man then.
He disappeared
for fifty years
into prison.*

Life

Life

Maximum Sentence

*He killed an old man.
He disappeared.
An old man now,
an old man then.
He pled.*

Convict

Parole

Supervision Begin Date:

08/04/2015

Alias:

Clever Homes

Two Star

Darryl McCurtis

*Two Rs, sir.
Two stars, sir.
Clever, clever.
Homes, homes.*

*Two men,
two stars,
sparked and fell*

outside the ransacked jewelry store.

*Two men,
Two Star.*

What's up?

“Love Is [. . .] 1 Corinthians 13:4-5:” by M Amory

Love is patient[ly untangling laundry,
sorting its black shirts from your black shirts]
love is kind
It does not envy [anything but
your words with friends high score],
it does not boast [so you will do it
for them]
it is not proud [of some of the things
they have done so you open your own
dark and there is a quiet *me too*, and
there is still our hands reaching for
each other in our sleep].
it keeps no record of wrongs [and this is
how you learn letting go: the first time
there is no shadow on someone's forgiveness]
it is not easily angered [but still, when it is
bloody knuckles or pillow-muffle yell,
love is mindful of your soft startle,
re-learns a more patient burn
and the first time a glass breaks
you don't even jump],
it is not self-serving [it is grocery shopping,
and the forced 9am gym; it is nap on the
long car ride home so they turn the music
off and you both can still hear it.]

“Look Closely and I Will Fold Myself into a Coat Pocket (after The X-Files)” by E. Kristin Anderson

Today I separate the head from the body pull myself apart as if
I haven't tried before. This is an illusion of my own making—
I tie my shoelaces around my ankles as if they are made of your

breath. I write myself into the cliff side where I find dandelions
bright even in long December— a spot of yellow to pull me away
from home. A moment in which I can vanish. Behold:

I am not here. Even dandelions must get cold. Light falls
through the clouds and through me. Yes, Agent Scully knows murder
from performance art. But we aren't meant to know how magic works.

The doves just are— a little song and a wing beat. Dana Scully
does not grace you with a smile. You aren't owed one. The day
is a performance and possibly a crime. I will smile for no one

because it only ever begets some small violence and the dandelions
close like little mouths and I separate my head from my body
and nobody notices. I dress myself in black and ask you to observe

this little mutiny (a trick I will never explain) (a final act for
a keen audience). So Scully rotates her wrist again and again
and I hand her my fingers on fire and leave the manmade stage.

[“It's True, They Don't” by Stephen Briseño](#)

I announce to my daughter while
we stroll by the elephant enclosure
and she looks at me wide-eyed
and I know the cogs are moving
and I know that she is about to come back at me
with something brilliant
and sweet and tender
and her quip will stir up my heart. I'm sure of it.
And I begin to envy them
because one day I know I will forget
this conversation and forget
the look on her face and how
her smile is a broken piano with two missing keys,
and forget all of the other tiny things
she says that are actually much bigger
than her body and too much for me to absorb,
and how my off-handed announcement
is a sober reminder to
remember as much as we're able
until she finally proposes:
*Is that why elephants are so big? They carry
all their memories inside?*

[“Kitchen Work through the Centuries” by Ameer Broumand](#)

Diamond chips rattle on the fingers of dead women washing dishes

underground. Teeth grasp the room as jaws solidify. I find an eight-eyed

Jack creeping up my bedpost & toss him from the parapet to spin
his web alone. Surface vortex—whirls of snow, hairpin turns

down the mountain. A plough hits the witch's daughter. Eggshells scatter,
sparking new dimensions over the faces of the crowd. The clock growls

above the hearth, revealing blood lions in the wallpaper.
Cutlery scrapes & clatters as the diners chew cold gristle.

Dandelions rush the scythe, leaves pitter patter en pointe
across the street. Old masks escape a bin & rise into the night.

Stooped over the fire, my face flickers as the curtains flap,
reshaping the silence. Pillows are pillows, twill is twill—

one day the goose wakes to a haunted bed.

The household sleeps. Cephalopod Jane weeps in her kitchen lair,
her arms spiraling to Saturn. Old stumps whirl, alive with lizards

slime molds & microscopic bears. *Will my dust return to the stars?*
Luminous, bandaged in burgundy cloth, my grandmother's face

sets into the night ocean. Thunder for the sun is nothing,
but the reeds are stunned.

“(Hom)m(emade) Fragmentation” by Alexandre Ferrere

if
if on
if off
if on
if off
if only maps
could be turned over,
to see, finally,
another land
another sea
& btw: caverns
overflowed
with candid shine
made for no one

instead of light at night,
even
if often
it's on
if off
if on
if off
if on
if off
if on
if off
if once could be noticed
the muffled cries
in the faces encountered:
living mirror leaving
no reflection of who
but of what
but of why,
off-beam in soundless cities
& real at last
if one could,
if off
if on
if off
if on
if off
if
if

[“Look for Rain When the Crow Flies Low” by Madison Fay, March’s Featured Poet](#)

I know what it means to see the fresh
light green and un-maulable underbellies of sycamore leaves.
I speak the language of chair squeaks and
catchy drawers and sticky doors.
My love affair with the pale rising moon gave me
full fluency in divination. I have experienced
the downfall of seagulls and the danger of them on land.
When the crow flies low she whispers in my ear the weather forecast
and I hear her.

But I cannot decipher the language of the wind
as it blows through the holes in my ears,

whistles under my armpits and carries away
grocery lists written on birch bark.

Rain drops itself with a certain predictability-
prepare because it believes it needs to be prepared
affirmation, needs no nursery rhymes. There is no bird

gives me a chance to
for. Wind needs no
willing to lower itself

to become false-prophet and forecast in a language spoken by no-one.
Wind is something my body will hear regardless, unprepared
(disheveled) and never needing assurance of itself or of the way it drips
when i ignore (my) signs.

Madison on "Look for Rain When the Crow Flies Low":

For my poem "Look for Rain when the Crow Flies Low," my main inspiration was, as with many of my poems, my upbringing on the family farm. I grew up among a milieu of sayings, some short little quips aimed at things like misbehaviors and others that were tied to the land and what it might bring. "Look for Rain when the Crow Flies Low" is a form of instructions for divining the next rainfall, all of which I learned while growing up. I found the experience of prediction to be magical; that I could look at my neighborhood trees and guess with relative accuracy when it would rain next was certainly a spiritual moment. I wanted to use the poem to convey this, but also to convey that there are things that have no predictability, such as wind. I often find myself wishing for the divining powers required to understand wind, but it is lost on me. "Look for Rain when the Crow Flies Low" is a poem born out of a simultaneous satisfaction and desire.

EIC Christine Taylor on "Look for Rain When the Crow Flies Low":

When Madison's poem came over the transom, I immediately fell in love with the language and rhythm of the piece: the sense of wonder and natural magic speak strongly here. I love the tension between events that are predictable and those that are unexpected/unannounced and how divination dwells in this tension as we try to make sense of the world.

["I am the poltergeist who haunts us both" by Kate Garrett](#)

I am splintered by the impossible—

two inches sliced from my thighs
three inches snapped from my femur

trying to tack the missing pieces
to my hips, to my spine

I insist my thoughts are too complex
I insist my thoughts are lacking depth

and my voice paints the air with the same old roll call of reasons for this recurring mosaic /
lightbulbs pop into darkness and the bits that are never enough pull away from me and make a
semblance of herself as whole – thin as mist but stronger than bone /she finds the force to knock
on the door and we hide from her shrieks / her fists pounding, her broken rhythm missing a beat
then picking up three thumps where one should be / she wears a mask of my failings, covets the
oxygen bloom of my lungs / I put my head under the pillows, cover the mirrors / if you see us in
the glass it will split and shatter / you retreat into the fleecy black of the sleeping kitchen, find
crockery stacked and swaying in ways I would not have left it, towers of bowls I threaten to
break every twenty-five days but never do / when you step through the doorway they are a
landslide at your feet / with blood and bruises she claims you / the sliver of me sent wandering
wants to smash the world / she begins with my part in it

“I Tell Myself that Mammals May Give Birth to Birds” by Jude Marr

mouth me your fears: I will swallow them, ravenous like a raven snatching
fright, I hoard my belly ululates, filled with dread- worms
hardwired, I channel you / dread (we are earth: we are flight)

whisper your antipathies who do you gut? whose flesh gobbets do you label
before banishment? if, stopping by snowy woods, you find a raven’s wing
will you / I mourn?

leaf-drift, snow-drift, ash-heap: what lies beneath? a creature
shot and bleeding: if I / you shovel drifts whose wounds
will we expose?

I lie beneath leaf-drift, snow-drift, ash-heap a creature
deep-sleeping: if I struggle to rise might I free
our self?

I am earth: fear my umbilical anchors me untethered, I am flight.

“Go and Stay” by Daniela Neira

1. safe, take cover
because I am ticking unstable
and tipping towards sharp
edges and I don’t

know where the end is
or if the end is empty,
and I'm the only one left
pushing against the
shadows that want to
quiet the world back
to hushed waters and
night. Go and stay

2. with your granny
who is mature and tidy
and knows how to juggle
plates without letting them
pile up dirty and chipped
and sour. Her lavender
hair and yellowing teeth
will teach you 'home' and
if you die of apathy
at least you will die
clean and your grave will have
stained glass blessings.
Go and –
3. rest because you're bored
with me and my conversation
ran dry weeks ago.
I've been wandering sand-mouthed
while silence washes over
you, eroding your peace.
Don't feel bad; rest
in the waves of chat
with real people who know
real things. Go
4. in from the rain –
you're soaked and sad
and I see you – I'll send someone
with hot tea and blankets
to stumble through your
errands, but you –
go home. Go and stay.

“When Depression Talks Over Me” by Lannie Stabile

When I said I was just beginning to heal,
I meant pieces of my past have been breaking off
in painful, messy ways,
and I thought the cobbles and pebbles
would bind together to form neat stepping stones
so, I would know where the hell I'm going
But they've washed away in a flood of self-deprecation

I am honestly rubble at this point
A body pile that was once shelter,
was once woman
with a doorbell and hands and Imposter Syndrome
Don't waste your time rifling through this chaos
If you're looking for a way in,
just know, the door did not survive the storm

When I said I could breathe again,
I meant my body has unwedged itself from beneath a boulder
It is damaged and flatter than any tone I can dredge up
when I tell you, “I'm just taking it day by day”

I am salt and flour and sugar
I am built from three levels
of a special kind of perdition,
rolled into my own stubborn boulder
with a self-centered center
Then stretched from one end of the earth to the other,
my skin thinning every time I realize I'm not a perfect anything,
until you can finally see through me

When I said I recently learned how to cry,
I meant my emotions tried to drown me in my own fucking sea
I was not born a social animal,
and I've never learned to talk to boats or fish or sirens
Anything that might carry me to the gasping shore
So, here I am, choking on a petty memory,
as the tide rushes down my throat

I remember the first time I unhinged my jaw,
vomiting the swollen stories,

watching them gurgle in the open air
I wanted to swallow them down again, like eggs,
whole and white and weak
I thought, if I was lucky, maybe they would lodge there,
in that perfect space between mind and gut,
and I would finally have a physical reason to collapse

When I said I was starting to feel like myself again,
I meant in the night, I met a monster who looked so much like me
that when she offered up some rest,
it felt natural for her to slip into these dark, weary veins

I licked a shattered mirror once,
searching for the flavor of pieces
that could no longer recognize
their misanthropic edges
She, rather I, tasted like teeth and knees
I've tried washing my mouth out with carbonated therapy,
but her, rather my, desperation lingers

When I said the future looked brighter,
I meant I've been hurling toward an angry star, combusting all along

["American Legion Silent Night" by Tyson West](#)

I cannot spiral past the American Legion nee The Metals Building
These four decades down the wrinkling gyre of my brain chemistry
Without admiring its awnings and pseudo star sticked windows
Geometric stepped patterned roof steeply defining
Its dormers lipsticked during each remodel
Above the ever changing bars inebriating its street level.
Inevitably as well I return to the question
Of a baby who or may not have been
But definitely is not now.
The Belleau Wood marine turned garbage man dyeing tan
The polyester curtains of my rental house during the fall of Saigon
With the incessant flow of bare assed Chesterfield smoke
Heard his wife, an old nurse
After stubbing out her Kool pause,
Raise her fine plucked eyebrow, and spin her tale
Of young people during the 1918 flu epidemic dropping dead
In doctors' waiting rooms at the massif of the Paulsen Building.
The old man hacked, scratched his crotch and glanced at his woman
Applauded by my wonder

Then raised her the tale of he and his bud
Gleaning galvanized cans one Christmas Eve
At The Metals Building where they found the soft pink
Of the newborn cold and stiff inside a can
They had unsheathed from its lid.
Grateful for work during the Great Depression
They nodded to one another and dumped the can and corpse into their barge exhaling its
tetraethyl lead exhaust
Charon and Hermes silently in red felt trimmed with white fur
Psychopomped the child seen alive only by his mother to the landfill.
The not baby Jesus as his body dissolved,
Rose to life over draft beer, coffee and eggnog
Into a tale often repeated into blue carcinogenic haze
Purified by the old man's lungs and lips
And the applause of his listeners' gasps.

"Eyes Wide"

From EIC Christine Taylor: Attacks on sexual and reproductive freedom continue, and we're caught in the tension between our personal beliefs and the rights of others. In her poem "The Worst Thing to Have is a Vagina," **Marissa Glover** explores the dangers of restricting people's freedom.

"The Worst Thing to Have Is a Vagina" by Marissa Glover

You would snuff us out in the name of something holy,
controlling women's bodies like they belong to you
like you own them like you paid for them like I am my beloved's
but he is not mine—he is Solomon, King of the kingdom

and I am not wise enough to choose
so a judge rules that doctors can keep cutting
women's bodies, even the young girls who were tricked
into visiting the clinic—young girls too young to vote,

young girls too young to know men
will lie with their eyes wide open, with their hand over their heart
and on the Bible, will lie about anything—to win elections,
to make a deal, to get you to let down your guard

or your pants or this sacred dress you wear to honor the god
who men say made you wrong, made you to burn white-hot
and that is wrong, made you to swim with pleasure and that is wrong—

don't worry they will fix it, they will fix you

but they won't fix pregnant even if a man made you lie there
and take him, made you say thank you—pregnant is not a problem
you are the problem your vagina is the problem you need to say you're sorry
apologize for this body, apologize for wanting, apologize.

Marissa's Commentary on "The Worst Thing to Have is a Vagina":

I'm grateful to Christine as editor for including my poem "The Worst Thing to Have Is a Vagina" in this issue of *Kissing Dynamite*. I usually name poems after I've finished a draft, knowing that I'll likely change the title several times before publication. As I toyed with different titles for this particular piece, I knew I wanted something to express a recurring feeling: It doesn't matter your age, how pretty you are, or how rich, or your nationality, skin color, or status—the worst thing in the world anyone could possibly be is a woman. Unless you're fortunate enough to live with Diana on Themyscira, but even that doesn't end well.

As a white woman, I have learned that the common "stain" of womanhood is compounded by other markers, and the baseline mistreatment of women increases exponentially with each additional identity. Ultimately, I settled on "vagina" instead of "woman" for several reasons. For starters, the poem deals with abortion and female genital mutilation and without the vagina neither issue would exist as it does now.

I wrote this poem when I was feeling particularly impotent and full of rage. I intentionally use the word "impotent" here because so much of the recent news that makes me angry is caused by an abuse of male power—often sexual power—and perhaps could be abated if more men were *literally* impotent.

Many women feel this sense of powerlessness mixed with anger, even though we have more power now than at any other time in history. It bears noting that women in America are especially powerful when compared with other nations. Yet, even in America, it seems men still have the power to decide a woman's destiny. To tell us what we can and cannot do with our body. And this ought not be.

The first draft of this poem was more explicitly tied to the news articles that inspired it. In later revisions, I took out the hyperlinks and the direct mentions because I didn't want to anchor the poem to a time or place or single event. What happens in the poem happens all over, and has for centuries, so I wanted to free the poem from a specific setting.

[With a vote of 60 to 35](#), you would snuff us out
in the name of something holy, controlling women's bodies
like they belong to you like you own them like you paid for them
like I am my beloved's but he is not mine—he is Solomon,
King of the kingdom, and I am not wise enough to choose

in Ohio or [Michigan, where a male judge rules](#) that doctors can keep cutting women's bodies, even the young girls who were tricked into visiting the clinic. Young girls too young to vote in Michigan or Ohio or anywhere in America—

Personally, I believe that every human holds intrinsic value—from the preborn to the elderly, from the disabled to the inmate on death row. I also believe that because humans possess their own dignity and are due our respect, we should recognize their autonomy and power of choice. This magazine space is not large enough to debate all the nuances and complexities of such volatile topics like abortion, free will, and human dignity or discuss how to regulate individual choice in a civilized society. I'm not an expert on any of these topics and would not dare act like one. I'm merely stating that while I believe in Life, I also believe there is a danger in any government having the right or the power to police women's bodies. Or men's bodies, for that matter, though I don't know any politicians who would conceive such an idea.

Confession: I almost kept this poem to myself. I was afraid to send it out. I'm still wary of its publication. *Why?* Because I'm not one of the many women affected by either of these laws. I don't want to be accused of cultural appropriation, of speaking out of turn; I don't want to be told to stay in my lane.

I don't reckon myself a savior or the only one with a voice. Nor do I presume to think that without me, women in Ohio and young girls in Michigan have no hope. But what kind of person am I if I stay quiet? I've never been abused by a priest or molested by Michael Jackson, but I bet those young boys wish *someone* would have spoken up on their behalf—would have said *anything* at all.

I'm often reminded of Pastor Martin Niemoeller's famous quote:
*First they came for the socialists, and I did not speak out—because I was not a socialist.
Then they came for the trade unionists, and I did not speak out—because I was not a trade unionist.
Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out—because I was not a Jew.
Then they came for me—and there was no one left to speak for me.*

We can say we're for freedom of religion; we can say we're for free speech; we can say we respect other cultures and beliefs. And all of that is well and good and to be commended. Until religion or speech or cultural beliefs harm another human being—for being gay, for being black, for being disabled, for having a vagina. When we say we're for women's rights and yet allow these laws to continue oppressing and harming women through violence, we make hypocrites and liars of ourselves. And this, too, ought not be.

[Poet Biographies](#)

Paul David Adkins lives in NY. In 2018, Lit Riot published his collection *Dispatches from the FOB*. Journal publications include *Pleiades*, *River Styx*, *Rattle*, *Diode*, *Baltimore Review*, *Crab Creek*, and *Whiskey Island*. He has received five Pushcart nominations and two finalist nominations from the Central NY Book Awards.

M Amory (they/them) is, like glitter, an intangible light effect made physical, mostly plastic, and often from New Jersey. Their work has recently been published with *Ink & Nebula* and Crooked Arrow Press. They can be found on Twitter @queerparaethal or Instagram @paraethalleftist or, in real life, under a pile of blankets watching Chris Fleming's Showpig and thinking about how they're both aquarius suns with her two cats, both scorpios.

E. Kristin Anderson is a poet, Starbucks connoisseur, and glitter enthusiast living in Austin, Texas. She is the editor of *Come as You Are*, an anthology of writing on 90s pop culture (Anomalous Press), and *Hysteria: Writing the female body* (Sable Books, forthcoming). Kristin is the author of nine chapbooks of poetry including *A Guide for the Practical Abductee* (Red Bird Chapbooks), *Pray, Pray, Pray: Poems I wrote to Prince in the middle of the night* (Porkbelly Press), *Fire in the Sky* (Grey Book Press), *17 seventeen XVII* (Grey Book Press), and *Behind, All You've Got* (Semiperfect Press, forthcoming). Kristin is an assistant poetry editor at *The Boiler* and an editorial assistant at *Sugared Water*. Once upon a time she worked nights at *The New Yorker*. Find her online at EKristinAnderson.com and on twitter at @ek_anderson.

Stephen Briseño's (he/him/his) writing first appeared in *Memoir Mixtapes*. Since then, his poems have appeared in *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, *L'Éphémère Review*, *formercactus*, *Barren Magazine*, and *Rabid Oak*. He lives in San Antonio with his wife and daughter, teaches middle school English, and drinks far too much coffee. Follow him on Twitter: @stephen_briseno

Ameë Nassrene Broumand (she/her/they/them) is an Iranian-American poet from the Pacific Northwest. Nominated twice for a Pushcart Prize, her work has appeared in *FIVE:2:ONE*, *Sundog Lit*, *A-Minor Magazine*, *Empty Mirror*, *Menacing Hedge*, *Barren Magazine*, & elsewhere. She served as the March 2018 Guest Editor for Burning House Press. Find her on Twitter @AmeëBroumand.

Alexandre Ferrere is 28 and lives in France. After a Master's degree in Library Sciences and a Master's degree in English Literature, he is now working on a PhD. on American poetry. His essays and poems appeared or are forthcoming in *Beatdom*, *Empty Mirror*, *Rust+Moth*, *8 Poems Journal*, *Riggwelter Press*, *Barren Magazine*, *armarolla*, *Lucent Dreaming* and elsewhere.

Twitter: @bluesfolkjazz

Madison Fay is an emerging poet based in Michigan, where they spend their days writing, painting, and shoveling snow. With a Master's in English Literature and a Bachelor's in Creative Writing, Madison Fay has years of writing and workshopping experience, as well as some publications. Madison Fay is the Editor in Chief at *Mycelium Magazine*, a small online indie lit mag that specializes in the weird, absurd, and uncanny, and they are the head narrative writer

and content manager for Trans Folks Walking, an indie video game currently in production at the Amatrix Gaming Studio Lab at the University at Buffalo. Madison Fay finds inspiration in the quotidian and in the spiritual realm to fuel much of their writing. Madison Fay's pronouns are they/them, and they are neurodivergent and disabled.

Kate Garrett is the founding editor of *Three Drops from a Cauldron*, *Picaron Poetry*, and *Bonnie's Crew*, and her own work is widely published. Her first full-length collection, *The saint of milk and flames* (Rhythm & Bones Press), and a seventh chapbook, *To Feed My Woodland Bones [A changeling's tale]* (Animal Heart Press) are forthcoming in April and September 2019. Born in rural southern Ohio, Kate moved to the UK in 1999, where she still lives in Sheffield with her husband, five children, and a sleepy cat. Twitter: @mskateybelle / www.kategarrettwrites.co.uk

Marissa Glover teaches and writes in the United States, where she spends most of her time sweating. Currently the Co-Editor for *Orange Blossom Review* and the Poetry Editor at Barren Press, Marissa was recently nominated for a Pushcart Prize by *The Lascaux Review* for her poem "Some Things Are Decided Before You Are Born." Her poetry has also appeared in *Stoneboat Literary Journal*, *After the Pause*, *Gyroscope Review*, *War, Literature & the Arts*, and *New Verse News*, among others. You can follow Marissa on Twitter @_MarissaGlover_.

Jude Marr (they, their) teaches, and writes poetry, as protest. Their chapbook, *Breakfast for the Birds* (Finishing Line), was published in 2017. Recent credits include *Anti-Heroine Chic*, *Harbor Review*, and *One Magazine*. Jude is currently a PhD candidate at the University of Louisiana at Lafayette. Follow them @JudeMarr1 and find more of their work at www.judemarr.com

Daniela Neira (she/her) is a British-Latina writer currently living in the English countryside. She is passionate about storytelling, travel, and telling the stories she's heard on her travels. You'll find her on Twitter under @DaniAtSea.

Lannie Stabile, a Detroiter, likens the process of creative writing to spanking ketchup: grueling, but necessary. Works can be found, or are forthcoming, in *The Hellebore*, *Rose Quartz Journal*, *Cauldron Anthology*, *Monsterring*, and more. She is penning a novel and chapbook, and recently became Project Manager of *Barren Magazine*.
Twitter handle: @LanniePenland

Tyson West has published a lot of poetry, including haiku, traditional western poetry, free verse and experimental poetry and form verse and had two of his poems were nominated for Pushcart Prizes. His Steampunk short story, "The Wulver", was published in *Voluted Tales* and "The Thirteenth Victim", a vampire short story was included in an anthology called "You Can't Kill Me I'm Already Dead". He received third place for the Second Annual Kalanithi award in 2018 for his rondel "Under the Bridge".