

# 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 Ronny Ford.

Issue 3 includes work by Paul David Adkins, M Amory, E. Kristin Anderson, Stephen Briseño, Ameer Nassrene Broumand, Alexandre Ferrere, Ronny Ford, 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 Nassreene 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  
overflown  
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

[“Look for Rain When the Crow Flies Low” by Ronny Ford, 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.

### **Ronny 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 Ronny'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 stuck 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** (she/her) is, like glitter, an intangible light effect made physical, mostly plastic, and often from New Jersey. Her work has recently been published with Ink & Nebula and Crooked Arrow Press. She 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 scorpions.

**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

**Ameé 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 @AmeéBroumand.

**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

**Ronny Ford** is beginning his first year as a PhD student studying Medieval Literature at Michigan State University. He obtained his Bachelor's from the same university in the subject of creative writing. He has one poem published in Sagebrush Review XII ("God can't always be

God”), and one in Vagabond City (“on my gender being illegal”). He has another forthcoming in Cerurove Press Issue 4 (“On Being Baptized in a Drought”), one in Junk Drawer of Trans Voices Issue 3 (“Christmas Snow”), one in OCEANS AND TIME BLOG (“laundry room surgery”), and one in Picaroon's web journal (“I've Killed Things”). He is transgender and uses he/him pronouns.

**Kate Garrett** is the founding editor of *Three Drops from a Cauldron*, *Picaroon 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](http://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-Heroic 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](http://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”.

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