

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

An anthology of poetry
celebrating the wonders of the evening sky.

Paul Gilliland
Editor-in-Chief

Southern Arizona Press

Southern Arizona Press



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James Thomas Fletcher is native to Oklahoma but has steamed down the Amazon and up the Nile, hiked the Sonoran Desert, climbed the Great Pyramid, sailed the Atlantic, skydived Oklahoma, scuba-dived the Pacific, and snowshoed in Canada. He has lived in a tenth-century Cistercian Monastery in Belgium, the Piedmont of the Carolinas, a protected heron rookery beside the Great Lakes, the Acadian bayous of Louisiana, the

shortgrass prairie of the Great Plains, and on the side of a volcano in the rain and cloud forests of the Republic of Panamá.

He has picked cotton, made fiberglass and, in hazmat suit, cleaned filters inside a nuclear laundry. He was a combat infantryman in Vietnam, company clerk at Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe, (NATO/SHAPE), bartender in South Carolina, bricklayer in Oklahoma, oil field chain hand in Louisiana, roustabout in the Gulf of Mexico, English instructor in North Carolina, and Director of Computer-Aided Instruction at the University of Illinois in Chicago.

Academically, he holds a Master of Arts in English degree in Creative Writing–Poetry and has seventeen poetry collections in print.

For more information
visit: <https://linktr.ee/jamesthomasfletcher>

Halley's Comet

When the moon is red as satin
and larger than the myth of Halley's comet
when silhouettes of elms meld

into the night

at the edge of its circumference
and our earth becomes black
and empties itself into me

I smile in the crimson dark
and search my pocket
for a penny to rub,
 a wish
and throw

(Previously published in the author's poetry collections *Poems from Terra*
and *Nature: New and Selected Poems*)

Stargazing

When the clouds part to a moon bright
cleaving the dusk of day and night
I peer close with artificial eye
admiring those unearthly formulae.

The colors of night wash the skies
filling the pinpricks of my eyes
I turn in awe and in thought aspire
to dwell among those globes of fire

as they splatter celestial art
across the heavens epic chart.
Staring until my soul is seared
from gazing upon this sight revered.

While streaking comets become a chain
within the peripherals of my brain
where frantic neurons attempt to grasp
the meaning which to my iris clasp

like rays of gold or iron spears
producing embers hot as tears.
And so when clouds enclose that bright
light revealing the lack that is night

I turn inside and in my mind
envision perfect symmetry aligned.

(Previously published in the author's poetry collections *Roses for the Canyon* and *Nature: New and Selected Poems*)

The Lyrids

Stars fell like rain from the Chinese
sky twenty-seven hundred years ago.
I watch those stars fall
lying on the plains below
the Glass Mountains
centuries later.

Those falling stars are flecks
from a dirty snowball.
A comet ensnared within our system
spinning with us around the sun in long orbit.
So long that Caesar invaded Briton
a mere five orbits ago.

We lope along through the blackness
with only a flimsy membrane of atmosphere
to protect us. And we do this at sixty-seven
thousand miles an hour. We travel
through the neighborhood admiring
the lights beyond in this City of the Universe.

Yet sailing through cosmic debris, dust
and rocks and ice prick that atmosphere
with holes of fire
where the Vulture holds the Lyre
for, to us, the debris
falls from the Constellation Lyra.

The Lyric rocks pummel Terra in April
when poets meet, when Earth Day blooms.
The cosmos sets fire to stones and tosses
them like liquid light into the night
creating shadows and smoke
in stratospheric streaks across the heavens.

(Previously published in the author's poetry collection *Wild Seeds*)

Post Card to the Moon

Dear Sabine,

I now expect post cards from all
the planetary bodies in the solar system:
a breathless visit to Mercury, lustful
longings on Venus, tempestuous encounters
on Mars, slow cruises
through the Asteroid Belt,
showing your ass on Uranus,
the splendor of Saturn, close encounters
on Neptune, huddling beneath blankets
for warmth on Pluto, jocularly on Jupiter.
Which have I forgotten? Send me your cards,
send me your cards. Blazing purity
as you traverse the sun, crystallizing
as you depart into the black void.

Griffin

(Previously published in the author's poetry collections *Cairn*
and *The Visual Spectrum of Desire*)

Griffins and Hydras

Dear Sabine,

Got your post card from Uranus. Curious that it's both our sun-sign planet. Its rings are so subtle and thin. Did you draw them on as effect or do they really look like that? Elliptical and wispy, curving off into the black velvet of the solar system. And is it true what they say about the music of the spheres? I've heard that it's positively hypnotic on Uranus. That whales surface during the lunar cycle that produces them to gaze starward until they diminish.

Does your hue, your skin colour turn a soft golden as the travel agents whisper, does an aura visibate silvery around you and tinkle when the spheres begin their chime? Yes, I have longed to visit myself, but the trip is so long and venturous and, ultimately, costly (on many levels). Will you return? Can you return? When time as you once knew it on Terra slides askew on such interplanetary island-hopping junkets.

Dare you return, I ask. And if you land will your feelings retain your thoughts, your thoughts your feelings. Will age and aspect return to the proper canisters in your mind. Do you gravitate to the centripetal or the centrifugal? And will you always hear chimes in the silence of a room.

Send snapshots.

Griffin

(Previously published in the author's poetry collections *Cairn* and *The Visual Spectrum of Desire*)

Letter to Griffin from Beyond

Dear Griffin,

Darkness is almost absolute here. Absolute zero, too. Pluto is vast behind us in the nether. I have ventured into the world of Trans-Neptunian Objects, what you call plutoids or plutinos. A world of silence, of darkness, of never-endingness. But of spectacular remote vistas. I've seen Trojans and Centaurs beyond the Kuiper Belt.

You wouldn't still consider Pluto a planet if you saw it close up. So tiny. With its rag tag following of jagged moons. Unspectacular. Except Charon, which is lunular and reminds of Earth's own satellite.

Ceres and Sedna far in the distance. Too far to visit. Coronaed blips on the horizon, red and pearly starbursts of faint color spinning madly away in the distance.

Thorin atmospheres color the cosmos as we whiz past. Eris and others offer magma plumes just as Terra but, for me, the cryovolcanos are the objects beautiful. Past the solar system's snow line, cryomagma is magnificent. When frozen methane and ammonia spew against a solar backdrop, the planets stand still for me.

Space is a curious term for a place so completely filled. Every planetoid carries a moon or two. Some moons cavort with multiple moons of their own. Salacia and Actaea are favorites. Somehow, I taste saltwater when I gaze at them. I feel the pull of tides that I know do not exist. They are well named. I hear the songs of the nereids and see, or think I see, on the surface, their colors: red coral, white silk, and gold. No oceans found here, but everything beautiful of the sea enters me

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

when I gaze at their retreating forms as they drift
into the depths of solar haze.

Curious to be on display for none to see.
Such is the feeling of being enveloped in light
staring out into utter black. Mostly black, with all
those colors of stars and planets beyond. All so distant,
unless passing close, everything is faint and twinkly
as Terra on a pristine morning long before Sol
has mounted his chariot to race across the sky.

My letters become longer as I traverse universes
far from you. Necessity of light-time-communication.
I shall share a thought with you, a feeling I have had.
When next we speak.

Vastly and closely,

Sabine

(Previously published in the author's poetry collections *Émigré: Poems
From Another Land* and *The Visual Spectrum of Desire*)

To Griffin From Centauri

Dear Griffin,

My trip has been extended. I have found a vessel going to other star systems and talked my way aboard. Unless you venture away from home, I fear we may never connect. I am bound for Proxima Centauri. You can almost see me in the night sky I am so close as I travel out. I am told to expect the sun to flare dramatically as we near. These astral lights can be amazing. I wish you could see them with me. True, this is a small star, invisible in your night sky though so near, but it can be spectacular close up.

Your moon is in eclipse tonight, but galaxies may eclipse on this trip when we pass through the solar dust cloud. The Centauri star cluster is supposed to be unique I'll take a wave-scan for you.

We stop at Proxima B before leaving this triple star system. Long days, short year, almost equal in duration. And forever twilight for the stars are cold and dim compared to Sol. We look for a missing StarChip, one of the nano-space ships sent to explore the cosmos decades ago.

But I want to sail its surface ocean. You know how I am about water. Between the stellar wind, the magnetics, and the thin atmosphere, I expect the flare star above to light up this exoplanet like a Chinese New Year. Imagine the colors against the dense blackness,

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

Roman candles shooting miles with a flare
burst erupting amid the plasma particles
in the colors of every twinkling star
in the heavens.

Yes, I have yet to arrive but my head spins
with the possibility. Come find me,
Griffin—I am worth it—before I have gone
too far.

Endlessly,

Sabine

(Previously published in the author's poetry collections *Mercury & Moonlight* and *The Visual Spectrum of Desire*)

To Griffin from Uranus

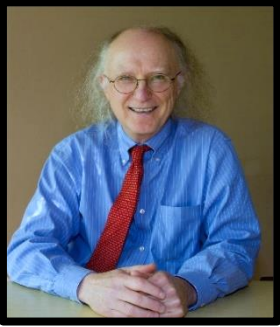
Dear Griffin,

The planets align and so I write.
Uranus is golden in the daylight
of that ever-so-far star Sol.
The night is blacker than anything
Poe ever imagined and the galaxies
twinkle red and blue in the distance.
The rings, both above and on nearby Saturn
vibrate with silver and luminosity.
Terra, the tiny, casts no shadow
or light upon this sphere and I am saddened
at our required separation. Then the sun
sets and I watch the atmosphere freeze
and fall to "earth" like snow on Terra.
Sometimes I can see eruptions on Jupiter
and I recall us leaping with the soft
gravity of the Moon. There goes Titania
or is it Ariel, overhead as if to say hello
and reminds me that meteors here are dull,
not like the fireballs of Terra. Real
atmosphere is convenient in so many
ways. Find my next clue in this note and
I will reward you with another.

Sabine

(Previously published in the author's poetry collections *Émigré: Poems from Another Land* and *The Visual Spectrum of Desire*)

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky



Kevin Ahern is a Professor Emeritus of biochemistry from Oregon State University who is enjoying the spare time he has gained in retirement to write verses, limericks, and other creative items.

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Above the Clouds

What's out beyond the clouds we see?
Way up so far above?
Does outer space have heaven's grace
With ancestors that we love?

Or could our reality be
A different fact to face
That what's out there devoid of air
Is only empty space?

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The Speed of Light

The speed of light's a limiting thing
Important for every planet
And they give astronomical fines
For going faster than it

On the Darkening Moon

The moon is darkening
And with it love
Which depends upon
The heavens above

That means, my darling
To unpurse your lips
Because we're having
A total eclipse

Lunarcy

If there's a place where I could be
'Twould be the Sea of Tranquility

Right there in the tracks I'd follow
The ones who landed with Apollo

I'd photograph their dusty prints
Cuz no one's ever been there since

Next, in nearby outer space
I'd help construct a lunar base

Then after it becomes erected
And living there becomes perfected

Children will be born up there
And want to go out everywhere

When "moonies" travel, bear in mind
They'll take giant leaps for all moonkind

Other Worlds

Distant planets 'round other suns
Medium, large, and small sized
Do they have people there like us
Or are they civilized?

Moon Dreams

Half a moon I spy tonight
And half a moon I don't
The side of it we cannot see
Was once the big unknown't

But the Chinese put a rover there
That drove inside a crater
And rumor has it they will have
A wok upon it later

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky



Lorraine Caputo is a documentary poet, translator and travel writer. Her works appear in over 300 journals on six continents, such as *Prairie Schooner* (US), *Revista Máquina Combinatoria* (Ecuador), *StepAway* (UK), *Erothanatos* (India), *Cordite Poetry Review* (Australia) and *Bakwa* (Cameroon); and 20 collections of poetry – including *On Galápagos Shores* (dancing girl press, 2019) and *Caribbean Interludes* (Origami Poems Project, 2022). She also pens travel pieces, with narratives appearing in the anthologies *Drive: Women's True Stories from the Open Road* (Seal Press) and *Far Flung and Foreign* (Lowestoft Chronicle Press), and articles and guidebooks.

Her writing has been honored by the Parliamentary Poet Laureate of Canada (2011) and nominated for the Best of the Net. She has done over 200 literary readings, from Alaska to the Patagonia. Ms Caputo journeys through Latin America, listening to the voices of the pueblos and Earth.

Follow her travels at:

www.facebook.com/lorraineaputo.wanderer or
<https://latinamericawanderer.wordpress.com>.

Eclipse

That volcano, and that one and the
third are clear in the light of
this full moon. Lake Atitlán glows in
deep night colors. *La luna* turns silver,
to copper, bronze, to cast iron as
the earthen shadow falls across her face.
This world now is washed in black.

(Previously published in the journal *Drumvoices Revue* (n° 12, 2004))

This Night's Rising Tide

*Who will draw a ring
around the moon*

A coppery halo 'round *la luna*
foretells a rain to come

*Who will draw a line
from star to star*

Venus shines above the already-set sun
Nebulous blankets smother Mars

Scant stars are visible through
the cracks of thickening clouds

*Who will sing a penny's
worth of song*

and I shall sing that song
carried on the briny breeze

of this night's rising tide
beneath the moon and stars

Entwine

The moon conjunct
Neptune

scalesia

green, the fragrance
blossoming beneath

in Pisces

green, a fulling moon
the bay's water
shimmering green

In the shadows of
espino & acacia
a huaque stands still
and I still my Self
the yellow band
above its eye
bright beneath the light
of the moon mosaicked
by clouds scuttling

around Venus brilliant
in Scorpio

conjunct with Mercury with Saturn

green ... green ... red ... red
like sesuvium twining
across bleached coral washed
upon white sands and wave-
worn black lava

The planets twining, twining

across the sky, between clouds
sesuvium twining ...

(Previously published in the author's chapbook *On Galápagos Shores*
(dancing girl press, 2019))

Respite From the Rains

For the first time in
these many nights, through a tear
in the clouds, I see

stars – the horns and the
Pleiades of Taurus, red-
orange Mars looming

Skygazing

In the depths of a
near-moonless night, the clouds of
yesterday's rain shorn,
I search this unfamiliar
sky for a hazy comet.

Atop the shadow
of the high garden wall, a
cat crosses the night.



Marianne Tefft is a poet, teacher, lyricist, and voiceover artist. She was born in the United States, raised in Canada, and has lived on the Caribbean island of Sint Maarten since 2002. Her work appears in the poetry anthologies *Where I See the Sun* (House of Nehesi/2013) and *Captured by Corona* (Beyond Kultura/2021).

Her first poetry collection, *Full Moon Fire* (Tellwell, Victoria, BC Canada) is slated for publication in Summer 2022.

Her work is available on Facebook (Marianne Tefft - Poet & Wordsmith)

<https://www.facebook.com/MarianneTefftPoetWordsmith>

and YouTube (Marianne Tefft)

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCALiRAX7idctDYEZOUhy-eQ>

Buck Moon

Silver rains from heaven
Tinseling quiet palms
In daguerreotype light
Beneath a bruised sky
Moon crouches atop a hill
Wreathed in blonde clouds
I reach for you
Breathless in the night fire
You look at me that way you do
Your lips name me lunatic
But moonstruck eyes speak for your heart
I wake early and sleep late these summer nights
You are always the first to know

Moon

You cannot always see me
I hide in your light
Cool and steady
Friend confidante guide
Do not let my phases confuse you
For I reflect the golden gift you are
I wear many faces to amuse you
I journey beside you
Making no step of my own
I am your moon

Moon Haiku

Still midnight lagoon
Holds up a placid mirror
To the silver moon

Solstice 2020 (12/20 20:12)

Wonder if your heart will notice
When you're gazing at the solstice
All I'm seeing in my sky
Is the starlight in your eyes

As the age becomes Aquarius
We'll leave behind our ancient fears
Inviting all the Universe has for us
Making love through months and years

Beneath Jupiter and Saturn
Cap-L Love can't take a bad turn
We'll be feeling no compunction
Tonight we toast our own Conjunction

Sun and Moon and starry mist
Hold secrets we can't know
But we'll share ours from kiss to kiss
Through this night indigo

(Previously published in the author's collection *Full Moon Fire*
(Tellwell Talent, Victoria BC Canada, 2022))

True

Winter sand is cool by moonlight
Warm rain dapples the bay in silver leaf
Our blanket yearns to billow
Straining beneath sandals that tether our nest to shore
Your wings shelter me from the night wind
Waves nuzzle our feet if we let them
Orion's belt cinches us close
The Dipper leans down to lift us to Venus
But we have already gone where lovers go
Wrapped in stardust from the dawn of time
Like Aldebaran and Rigel
We fly side by side
Arcing across all the bright worlds
In all the shining galaxies
You say this night will never end
It must be true
Some things must be true
Because Love is

(Previously published in the author's collection *Full Moon Fire*
(Tellwell Talent, Victoria BC Canada, 2022))



Kathryn Sadakierski is a 22-year-old writer whose work has been published in anthologies, magazines, and literary journals around the world, including *Critical Read*, *Halfway Down the Stairs*, *Literature Today*, *NewPages Blog*, *seashores: an international journal to share the spirit of haiku*, *Silkworm*, *Songs of Eretz*, *The Abstract Elephant Magazine*, *Toyon Literary Magazine*, *Yellow Arrow Journal*, and elsewhere. Her micro-chapbook, *Travels through New York*, was published by Origami Poems Project (2020). In 2020, she was awarded the C. Warren Hollister Non-Fiction Prize. She graduated summa cum laude with a B.A. and M.S. from Bay Path University in Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

Night Walks

Comets caught in the basket of the Big Dipper,
Silver-spotted minnows in a net,
Are met by the trees nodding sympathetically
Under the sharp-eyed gaze of the full moon
Shining like a glowing pearl
Newly shined.

The damp chill of the wind
Whispers something of October into August's ear,
As constellations of rain puddles on the sidewalk
Cushion my footfalls,
While the scent of autumn,
Singed leaves, smoke, and petrichor,
Normally heralded by September,
Pervades.

Twigs crunch under my shoes,
Bringing the sound of rocks,
Chomping their gravelly jaws,
And the tall grasses,
Baptized by the showers today,
Sound like the dry rustle of cornstalks
Pulsating with life.

Through the sinews of the senses,
Everything is infinitely connected.

Maple Moon

The syrupy sugar candy moon,
A crescent of toffee
Pressed into its mold of sky,
Still edged with a misty memory of the gloaming,
Swirled with cinnamon and autumn-tinged maple
Leaf colors, as though the fall
Touched each tree with a wand, foliage awash
In orange, red, gold embers.
When the wind stirs them, it is like a forest of butterflies
Rose in phoenix-esque flight,
Wings enkindled, struck like a match
With uncontainable light.

The evening sun, a star no less dim
For being close to dark,
The hue of wisdom, age, has richened it now.
There's a comforting spark in the glow it sheds.

Like sleighs on wooded trails,
Gathering sap from pails
Tree-to-tree, back and forth,
Levying pulleys,
Plastic piping running through the canopies,
Seeking to make something sweet
From a bitter night,
This winter of life.

We school ourselves and collect
Ideas, hoping to be lifted
From the trenches, on the strength
Of our own wings,
The purity of a mind cultivated
On the graceful beauty of nature,
Buckets of fresh air crisp as the sharp smell of metal,

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What's simple, true, and real
As gold tapped from a tree.

Soon, the soft shades of dawn
Will be just a blink away,
And, as the day runs its course,
Threading through the wiring of hours,
The complex pipelines, tubes,
That intersect and bend, interminably,
The maple moon will again rise,
Nothing sweeter than its light.

Sempervirent

I am not the first,
Nor will I be the last,
To wonder at the stars,
To wander among this stellar dust from the past,
Charting the course of our future.

Pepper flecks
Stubbling the sky,
Piercing the depths of ink
In silver daubs
Scattered like a broken necklace,
Beads tumbling across the floor,
Uncollected.

One is never alone
When among these sparkling gemstones,
There always,
Like a freckled face,
A starry sky is a sempervirent place,
Eternal and irrepressible,
A firefly-filled vessel
Whose shine never quite dims
In the light of new days.

Snow Moon Tableau

shadows of the grazing deer
shimmer in the snow
swept over my backyard
like the train of a wedding dress,
sprawling like the ocean
to that point glimmering as far as you can see,
streetlamps incandescing the roads beyond the trees
like stars
that hover, ever so briefly,
on the deer,
mother and fawn,
elegant as barn owls
swooping through carpets of moonlit night,
quieter than an empty church
on this snow-silenced night
when the simplest joy,
the simplest peace,
is achieved,
absorbing all the radiance
of winter's folds,
as though it were a wool coat
that makes you shiver slightly less
in the frost-glittered chill.



Brittany Anne Forster grew up in a small beach town in Florida. She has gone through life events of graduating with her Doctorate in Physical Therapy, married her beautiful wife Stephanie Forster, and recently moved to the suburbs of Charlotte, North Carolina. She finds inspiration in the changing clouds, earthy formations, and landscapes, and satisfying word plays and

rhymes.

Upcoming publications: *The Mocking Owl Roost* and *drifting-sands-haibun*

Website: <https://embraceandendure.com/>

Hidden Moons

She keeps a side of herself hidden in the dark
but the tides will change,
allowing me to finally embark
Curiosity and intention looms
I am in constant search
of her many hidden moons

Moon Waves

awakening during twilight
darkness gives my mind sight
thoughts freely flow
emotions come and go
revealing what my heart truly craves
crashing through me in moon waves

Black Hole

There must be a connection between the spiraling essence
of the soul
and the deepest depth of a black hole
Theoretically when you are pulled in,
you will continue to be pulled apart for boundless infinity
Somehow, I fell into the hole of your soul
and continue to be pulled through infinite serenity

Keep it Hidden in the Stars

an out of body experience is how it can be described
I could breathe easily, my soul was revived
you filed the world with chromatic scenes that were so
foreign
now these painted memories have blurred as my feelings
stay closed in
the sky that was so full of stars now seems dead and cold
a place once so magical has dulled
since my love for you remains untold



Mark A. Fisher is a writer, poet, and playwright living in Tehachapi, California. His poetry has appeared in: *Reliquiae*, *Silver Blade*, *Trouvaille Review*, and many other places. His first chapbook, *drifter*, is available from Amazon. His poem “there are fossils” (originally published in *Silver Blade*) came in second in the 2020 Dwarf Stars Speculative Poetry Competition. His plays have appeared on California stages in Pine Mountain Club, Tehachapi, Bakersfield, and Hayward. He has also won cooking ribbons at the Kern County Fair.

Light Year

twinkle
like little stars
up in a blue-black sky
devoid of all human meaning
unseen

Wings of Dream

I'm passing through on my way to the moon
on past a slim crescent just of this Earth
soft brown and gentle blue, white cloud festooned
all earthly riches did this world give birth

now it is time for me to leave the nest
and to see beyond this imperfect sky
as this cracked celestial dome will attest
no answers can there be above to why

yet now I ride upon the wings of dream
to see my lovely home to grow so small
and tiny in a starry sky, I deem
that there now upon that little blue ball

was all I loved, with my dream now tattered
there was everything that really mattered

The Ruins of Arecibo

oh, my stars now what secrets can't you tell
what beauty your radio rainbow lost
when Arecibo's storm damaged dish fell

no more last secrets from that poor star crossed
monument to understand our sky
and all the wise lessons we have been taught

such wisdom hidden now from our eye
so many answers remain still unknown
and all the mysteries with which we vie

anti-science fools did really disown
having fallen so deep under the spell
so, all of scholarship must they dethrone

our hard-earned knowledge will fade as well
oh, my stars now what secrets can't you tell



Carol Edwards is a northern California native transplanted to southern Arizona. She lives and works in relative seclusion with her books, plants, and pets (+ husband). She enjoys a coffee addiction and raising her succulent army.

Her work has most recently appeared in *Open Skies Quarterly*, *The Mocking Owl Roost* blog, gyroscopereview.com, and

Where Flowers Bloom from Red Penguin Books.

Passing Shapes

Floating islands over the sunset creep
rays painting stone sides pink,
like inverted volcanoes,
while the trees and castle spires
enshroud in mist, and sink
beneath their own shadows.

The world below
as if on fire
brightly glows
til sky and clouds and ground meet,
united in a single black,
huddled close until the sun comes back.

Stars watch over the moon asleep,
whisper prayers distantly,
their tender feet on darkest paths
dance gracefully.

Desert Moon

I don't know what woke me at four
in the morning, when I stepped out my room,
dogs tangling at my feet in their race
for the sliding door.

Opened, the moon's
gentle hues seeped in, shining full,
her fingers and hands brushing
flagstone, cinderblock, stucco.

Her magic fools the sun's angry heat,
relieves laden air,
bestows tiny kernels of peace
in deep heart secrets,
her beauty a balm for sore eyes, broken dreams –

the world a silver basin filled,
sky the tensioned surface,
clouds billowing waves,
the earth below a sea floor.

Small Song to a Spring Supermoon

Midnight's lustrous pearl
more than iridescent sheen tonight:
radiant disc,
Nyx's crown jewel,
adornment for her dusky mantle.
Envious Earth turns her eye
wane and pale
under your incandescent gaze.

Precious argent nacre,
for you the desert crickets
sing their chorus,
of you the oyster
dreams, crafting your likeness
deep within his secret cell.

You cast the world in purest
virgin silver,
the maiden's metal,
with which she forges
a sword of freedom
to war and win her fate.

Silent sail on,
regal mistress of tides.
In celestial sapphire sea
you glide your barge of royalty,
brilliant splendor out-shining
cold glittering stars.

Solitude

So many nights I sit alone,
Abandoned to the chill,
Imagination free to roam
As dusk sits on the hill.

I'm watching for the Moon to rise,
Her face's eerie glow
To bathe the world in silver tones,
To peer through my window.

She's too distant to call a friend,
Though such I wish I could.
No, I but gaze and she admire,
And wait where others stood

Before me, their spirits also
Hoping her light to feel,
Sink down into their bodies' bones
Their wounds once more to heal.

I'm not sure what it is that makes
My eyes feel more at ease –
Perhaps it is the way she blunts
Sharp edges and smooths griefs.

Does she know the kindness she gives
As she glides the black sky?
Perhaps to her we're a pretty
Bauble floating nearby

A sapphire in the sea of space,
Stars a glittering frame.
No other planets can she see,
No telescope to aim;

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

Only the sun's rays does she know
While dark fills up her gaze,
And once a night she looks for us,
The blue jewel ablaze.



LaVern Spencer McCarthy has written and published nine books, five of poetry and four of fiction.

Her work has appeared in *Writers and Readers Magazine*, *Meadowlark Reader*, *Agape Review*, *Fenechty Publications Anthologies Of Short Stories*, *From The Shadows*, *An Anthology Of Short Stories*, *Visions International*, and others. She is a life member of The Poetry Society Of Texas and National Federation of State Poetry Societies, Inc.

She resides in Blair, Oklahoma where she is currently writing her fifth book of short stories.

Dear Moon

Hello, dear moon. Where did you go last night?
I thought I saw you far across the bay.
My sky was desolate without your light.
I only had the stars to show the way.

I thought I saw you far across the bay.
Perhaps it was a comet's afterglow.
I only had the stars to show the way.
A trail may lead where stars can never go.

Perhaps it was a comet's afterglow.
Such imitative things are often found.
A trail may lead where stars can never go.
I saw no beams of gold where I was bound.

Such imitative things are often found.
Although I searched the dusky atmosphere,
I saw no beams of gold where I was bound.
I only had the darkness and my fear.

Although I searched the dusky atmosphere,
I saw no galaxy where you might be.
I only had the darkness and my fear.
You hid your face somewhere I could not see.

I saw no galaxy where you might be.
My sky was desolate without your light.
You hid your face somewhere I could not see.
Hello, dear moon. Where did you go last night?

Gazing Upward

What worlds are there beyond familiar sky?
Exotic wonders wait for those who dare.
I would explore the very stars if I
could only find a trail to take me there,
but merely to the mighty edge of space
that rims the universe. My aim would be
perhaps, to see the shadow of God's face
before He barred me from eternity,
or sit upon Uranus for a day
to hear an angel sing of love and light.
But though I long for kingdoms far away
with upward reaching dreams that blaze the night,

and pray for comet wings to help me soar,
this world will hold me here forevermore.

Stars And Wishes

Upon a bridge just north of town,
after the evening sun went down
I saw a shooting star—it sped
south of Orion's sparkled head,
became a blaze with form most odd
like a white breath exhaled from God.
I made a wish for wondrous things,

fine mansions, yachts and diamond rings.
My wish came true. Riches untold,
ingots of silver, kegs of gold
were given me. The world was mine.
Thus, I proclaimed myself divine.
But, as I lived in vanity,
these treasures failed to comfort me.

Not one could ever take the place
of laughter on a loved one's face,
or cheer me when my nights were sad.
In spite of all the wealth I had,
greed's degradation took its toll,
making a pauper of my soul.
I often wander north of town

after the evening sun goes down,
to gaze on heaven shining fair
with countless wishes waiting there.
There comes a blaze with form most odd
like a white breath exhaled from God,
but wiser than before am I,
who watch the shooting stars go by.



Lynn White lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places, and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy, and reality. She was shortlisted in the Theatre Cloud 'War Poetry for Today' competition and has been

nominated for a Pushcart Prize, Best of the Net, and a Rhysling Award. Her poetry has appeared in many publications including: *Apogee*, *Firewords*, *Capsule Stories*, *Gyroscope Review*, and *So It Goes*.

Find Lynn at: <https://lynnwhitepoetry.blogspot.com> and <https://www.facebook.com/Lynn-White-Poetry-1603675983213077/>

Voice of an Angel

Once I thought love
would be enough
to fly us away
spinning
past planets and stars
reaching up to them
breaking through
the atmosphere
to grasp that moment
and put it in a glass,
our own shining orb
that would stay forever
gleaming and shimmering
and singing at my touch
with the pure notes of
the voice of an angel
breaking through
the atmosphere,
your voice
a voice so pure
it will never shatter
the glass.

It's lustre has faded now
but it will stay forever
a still shining sphere
in my memories
and dreams.

(Previously published in *Ekphrastic Review*, Cornell Challenge,
September 2021)

Dead Poets

Outside the night was filled with stars,
a sky full of dead poets
if van Gogh is to be believed.
But he was inside now
and all he remembered
was the red curtain
coming down over his eyes.
Red first and then black.
So black it turned everything black.
They told him that
he had died
for a few seconds,
or was it a few minutes.
Then he was back
looking out
on the starry night.
He wondered how long it took
for a dead poet to become a star.
Was a few seconds,
or even a few minutes,
sufficient.
And now,
now that he was back,
was he still shining
undead, living
up there with all the dead poets.
Unless the raising of the curtain
put out his light.

(Previously published in *Scrittura*, Summer 2019)

Joining The Dots

She saw the night sky as a join the dots puzzle.
She was an expert
far better than the adults
who could never work them out.
They told her that these formed a plough
and those a bear, well two bears,
Great and Little.
She couldn't see it.
They were quite wrong
she knew
the stars
were glittering cairns
pin point sharp
marking the pathway to the moon,
to Venus,
to the sun
and beyond.
You just had to join the dots
and follow the paths
to find your way
to paradise.

(Previously published in *Scrittura*, Summer 2019)



John C. Mannone is a retired physics professor living in Knoxville, Tennessee. He has poems in speculative journals such as *Space & Time Magazine*, *Elixir*, *Nebo*, *Eye to the Telescope*, and speculative poems in literary journals *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Foreign Literary Review*, *Le Menteur*, *Poetry South*, *New England Journal of Medicine*, and others. He won the Dwarf Stars Award (2020) and the HWA Scholarship (2017). Some literary distinctions

include Impressions of Appalachia Creative Arts Contest poetry prize (2020), the Carol Oen Memorial Fiction Prize (2020), and the Joy Margrave Award in nonfiction (2015, 2017). He was awarded a Jean Ritchie Fellowship (2017) in Appalachian literature, Weymouth writing residencies (2016, 2017), and served as the celebrity judge for the National Federation of State Poetry Societies (2018). His latest forthcoming collections are *Flux Lines: The Intersection of Science, Love, and Poetry* (Linnet's Wings Press, 2021), *Sacred Flute* (Iris Press, 2022), and *Song of the Mountains* (Middle Creek Publications, 2023). He edits poetry for *Abyss & Apex*, *Silver Blade*, *Liquid Imagination*, and *American Diversity Report*.

<http://jcmannone.wordpress.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/jcmannone>

Beyond the Stars

*Standing alone in the silent hills,
hands folded on the controls
of a great radio telescope, I pray
to hear what the heavens declare.*

My ear, lifted in reticulations of steel,
presses its aluminum timpani
to her bosom, the soft hiss
of her breath like a kiss in the night.

I touch her face, every smooth
piece of sky, every wrinkle
of starlight. I cannot see with my eyes
but feel the Braille of her, with the tips

of my fingers telescoping the dark,
read her contours with oscilloscopes —
every jot and tittle
that fabrics the heavens.

I do not know how to hear
her susurrations, but I cup my ear,
point the antenna-stethoscope
towards her heart. For a moment,

I understood why Robert Frost
would choose something like a star,
but I plead beyond the stars.

I feel her pulse,
sense the cosmic echoes there,
listening with my own heart.
... I hear the small still whispers.

(Previous published in *Mystic Nebula Magazine*)

Paper Moon

*Willow Brook Elementary School Star Party,
Oak Ridge, Tennessee*

Starlight couldn't clear the clouds outside,
but light was thick inside the classroom,
Kris' classroom of discovery wasn't polluted

by the dark. Its walls, as real as make-believe,
cornered part of the universe: plastered pieces
of heaven hung with plastic stars & cardboard comets.

A field of telescopes edged the tiled floor
on just the right squares. Children came from
everywhere with eyes opened, minds & hearts, too.

They wished upon a twinkling star and winked
at the man in the moon, then giggled when
I said that he had smiled back.

These future astronauts, teachers, poets, lovers
of nature, looked inside their world—a mirror
in a tube—reflecting & inverting the crescent moon.

I watched them ponder and wonder; I could
almost hear their thoughts, the loud whisper of mystery:

*Don't the cows know they're upside down,
and that their milk will spill the Milky Way
—a paper trail of white confetti stars?*

And on invisible strings I pointed to,
an origami spaceship folded space and time,
holding in its seams the scribbling of equations
yet to be imagined. I said to follow it. Quest

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

the North Star that's compassing the black-board of space, but I warned them to try not

to squint along the path, for light is fragile on paper canvas with its paper moon and paper dreams, like hearts, tear too easily.

(Previous published in *Punch Drunk Press*)

Listening to the Relics of Our Galaxy

Astrophysicists from the University of Birmingham have captured the sounds of some of the oldest stars in our galaxy, the Milky Way, according to research published today in the Royal Astronomical Society journal Monthly Notices.

—June 7, 2016

When the stars sing
 it is not a pathetic
 fallacy, but the heart
of the universe.

 They sing as soon as born.
 Our own Sun whispered
to me in its helio-seismic
 percussions—the gong
 of a multi-tonal bell.

The combined orchestra
 of stars intoning
 a symphony—a masterpiece
in M4—a group of musician
 stars singing their hearts
 out. And in their death

I can still hear the B-flat thrum
 57 octaves down from the grave,
 from the black hole blues,
their timpani accompany
 the cosmic hiss—
 the creator applauding.

M4 is a beautiful globular cluster in Scorpius

(Previous published in *Altered Reality Magazine*)

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky



Linda Imbler's poetry collections include six published paperbacks: *Big Questions*, *Little Sleep*, *Big Questions*, *Little Sleep* second edition (expanded with 66 additional poems), *Lost and Found*, *Red Is The Sunrise*, *Bus Lights*, *Travel Sights*, and *Spica's Frequency*. Soma Publishing has published her four e-book collections, *The Sea's Secret Song*, *Pairings*, a hybrid of short fiction and poetry, and *That Fifth*

Element, and *Per Quindecim*. Her new book, *Spica's Frequency*, will be published on December 1, 2021.

Examples of Linda's poetry and a listing of publications can be found at lindaspotryblog.blogspot.com.

In addition to writing, she helps her husband, a Luthier, build acoustic guitars and steel strings in Wichita, Kansas. They are currently working on number 10.

The Ma'am in the Moon

When I walk through that final door,
I long to step onto the surface
of a blood red moon,
where all the Earth's new days' promises
and passing days' done deeds
can only be observed
by those who still breathe.
This declaration of humanity's best intents,
even unto the last sliver of light.

May I romp on for all time,
floating joyfully from peak to peak,
exploring the nethermost depths of each crater,
polishing rocks as I go.
My smile, paramount to the light given off
by this celestial orb of night,
to be seen by the children of all places,
for these are the souls that must be inspired.

And someday, young stargazers
might look upon this spectacular rock,
their hearts swelling with brighter promises,
prompting a genesis of future, earnest purpose
for healing the world,
And call to mom, call to dad,
come and look, come and see,
the beautiful lady on the beautiful blood red moon tonight.

(Previously published in the author's first collection, *Big Questions, Little Sleep*)

A Wash of Stars

There was a great tremble
in the sky.
What could terror rend?
A wash of stars fell.
Pieces echoing foul tones as they bounced,
but we were too decisively assailed upon
to hold still
and listen
to the calculated atonal hammering
that assaulted
even the ears of the deaf.

And the new stars gleamed.

(Previously published in *Lothlorien Poetry Journal*,
Editor Strider Marcus Jones)

Lord of the Sky

Celestial orbs spin blue, red, yellow,
seemingly hung from invisible strings.

The Lord of the Sky
weaves among them,
replacing those spun out of control,
a storekeeper restocking shelves in his shop.

Vast expanses of empty space
where vacuums and black holes exist.

The Lord of the Sky
marches across these empyreal fields,
removing matter that does not belong,
a farmer weeding his gardens.

Stars and asteroids explode
with grand energy and brilliant light.

The Lord of the Sky
tiptoes through constellations,
picking up pieces of shattered mass,
gossamer thread and bits of galaxies,
the hausfrau sweeping and straightening her home.

He did not create the universes.
They are his dominions
only so far as he has been employed to care for them.
He continues without rest,
rearranging, directing, demolishing,
in order to syncopate the heavens.

(Previously published in the author's first collection *Big Questions, Little Sleep* and in the now defunct poetry site *Bunbury Magazine*.)



Jane Rosenberg LaForge is the author of *Medusa's Daughter* (Animal Heart Press 2021) her third full-length poetry collection. She has also published four chapbooks of poems; a memoir; and two novels. She has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and the Best of the Net compilation for poetry. She reads poetry for *COUNTERCLOCK* magazine and reviews books for *American Book Review*.

In Defense Of

We write about the moon
because it is ice white and desolate,
as if the embodiment of the disapproving
god who is the limit of our cognizance
coaxed into us since we could speak
a contraband alphabet. The stars, we
were taught, would burn if you held one,
the skin of the palm blistering as if
you had reached for the coal rather
than the diamonds, then put your fingers
to your tongue to share in the shock
and punishment. When I look at the moon,
I wonder when exactly my grandparents
stopped believing in their religion,
the bowing and chanting; the rendering
of fat from skinflint birds that are
merely trying to save their own lives
although everything is devoured in
the end by the same heat and friction.
Perhaps they lost it one night when
the moon failed to make an appearance,

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

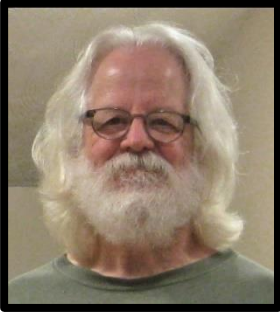
their escape through forest, field,
and sea became that much more perilous;
maybe it was a far more pedestrian
matter, one of smuggling moonshine
over the American border; or melancholic,
as when the doctors said it would
take a moonshot to fix a cracked
heart valve, or a pancreas gone blind
to grease and sugar. Sometimes I think
it might have been the tides, the tables,
the nights you have to light the candles
in spite of the blackout; or when some
solo mathematician calculated just
how impossible it was for the Red Sea
to part precisely as Moses commanded.
The numbers didn't work, for one thing,
and for another, there was a pagan
explanation: the wind. A force that
burnishes the night so the moon can
shine again, a second chance for
a floating rock to get it right.

R. Gene Turchin writes short stories in sci-fi, horror and toe dipping in other genres along with occasional poems. He is currently attempting to finish a science fiction novel. Recent published works can be found in *Oyster River Pages*, *The Sirens Call*, *Sunshine Superhighway Anthology*, *Cosmic Horror Monthly*, and *99 Tiny Terrors Anthology*.

Website: <https://rgeneturchin.com>

Moon Dust

The moon tilted one night knocked askew by an errant solar
wind
and spilled her gray dust down on us,
Like a puff of dry make-up powder used to delete the glare
from our shiny noses
But instead it upturned, sprinkled the floor
Making the earth slippery, hard to stand
We slid about.
Laughing.
When she was done, it shriveled to a single dark raisin
hanging
above the mountains.



Gerry S. Wojtowicz has a proclivity for producing poetry that ponders the profound. He has been published in a Poetic Voices of America Anthology, and has recently been published in Connecticut Bards *Poetry Review 2022*. He has had two short stories published in two separate anthologies by Zimbell House Publishers.

He lives in his cozy corner of Connecticut with his lovely wife, Bonnie.

Confluence of Titans

My perfect proof of God I find
when earth and moon and sun align.
In that matchless mixture of space and size
I gaze at the haloed moon with shielded eyes
and say, "You have done well."
In the endless expansion of shrinking space
can there be another place
where one such as I
might look to the sky
and see his proof of God as well?
There, on some pressurized planet in the dark distant night
circling a tiny pinpoint of light
might a confluence of titans he also see?
or something of equal or greater majesty?
Something that speaks to him of God.
If not, then not. So, it must be.
Still, I would wonder, naturally,
what it is in about us
that we must balance on our round blue ball
in the cold, silent blackness of space quite alone.
If only there was someone I could ask about this.
If only God had a phone.



Evie Groch, Ed.D. lives in northern California and enjoys writing poetry, short stories, memoirs, opinion pieces and letters to the editor. She cannot live without humor and has learned to hone hers in presentations and writing. She also enjoys recipes, cooking, word challenges, and puzzles she completes or creates for others. Some of these challenges have been published in Games Magazine.

Her work has appeared in the New York Times, The San Francisco Chronicle, The Contra Costa Times, The Journal, and many online venues. Many of her poems are found in published anthologies such as: *Soul Poet Society – Quintessence Anthology*, *My Robot & Me Anthology*, and *My Father Taught Me Anthology*, *Carry the Light Anthology*, and *Touching, Poems of Love Anthology*. Some magazines, journals, and reviews that carry her poems are: *The Wild Word Magazine*, *Whimsical Poet: A Journal of Contemporary Poetry*, *Necroproductions*, *The Pangolin Review*, *Sage Soup Literary Magazine*, *Open Door Poetry Magazine*, *Dyst literary Journal*, *Slant, a Journal of Poetry*, *Borders and Boundaries*, *Poems by Finalists*, and *Women’s Federation for World Peace in Canada*.

She is the author of *What Do You Bring to the Table* and a poetry book titled *Half the Hurricanes*.

Spheres of Influence

*Don't miss them, said the weatherman
on the 11:00 pm news. Just to the right
of the moon.*

Too late, I thought, to go out now.
TV off, I readied for sleep.
Once in bed, I saw a sharp focused orb
of light where the window slats parted.

Here's my chance; I opened the slats.
Just to the right of the moon was Jupiter,
the god of light and sky,
and between Jupiter and the moon was Saturn,
its rings feathery boas wrapping it opaquely.

Last night I saw them clearly
for the first time.
Jupiter, Saturn, the moon,
a trio of spheres with pull,
suspended in my window on a Sunday
night in August,
watching over me as I cede my
consciousness to these sentinels
among the stars.

(visible on Aug.2, 2020)



Elizabeth Harmatys Park is a sociologist, teacher, prison volunteer, and a poet. She is a past recipient of the First Place Jade Ring Poetry Prize awarded by the Wisconsin Writers Association and the New Feathers 2020 Award. Her poetry has been published in numerous journals and in anthologies such as *Bards Against Hunger*, *Ariel*, *From the Ashes*, and *The Milwaukee Anthology*. She writes with Authors Echo in Burlington, WI and is a regular contributor to

the Wisconsin Poets' Calendar. Elizabeth Harmatys Park has published three chapbooks: *The Sun Exists to Love the Earth*, *Traces*, and *Theater of Seasons*.

Mid Night

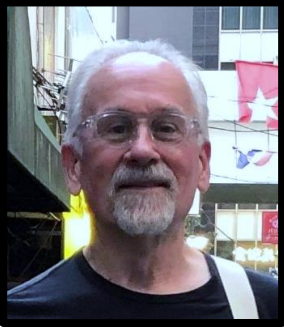
a shell-white moon button
fastens the rhinestone studded
black robe of night to the sky

long wet grass bends
swooning over worms hidden
damp in the warming dirt

baby creatures sigh
asleep in the sweet sugar
smell of balmy lilac air

resting geese rumple the lake
their coarse calls counting
and naming their numbers

(Previously published by the author in her 2021 chapbook *Theater of Seasons*)



Jeffrey Johnson is a native of Minnesota and a professor of comparative literature at Sophia University in Tokyo and a long-time resident of Japan. He is a U-dub Seattle Ph.D. and has lived in Salt Lake City, Flagstaff, Barcelona, and Granada. His poetry collection *Conjurers Dream of Voyage* is published by the poetry journal he co-founded with Barbara Summerhawk

which is in its 7th year of exploring Japanese and Japan related poetry and poetics. He is also the author of two books of comparative literary criticism, numerous articles, a translator of a volume of contemporary Japanese poetry, and a spoken word performer in Tokyo.

Moonlight

Darkness
all is black
across your sleeping body
moonbeams give birth
to new light
your celestial body
reflects the moon
as the moon
the sun
the light of day
makes you both
disappear

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

and me empty
curvaceous
you radiate, glow
light giving
folded darkness
lit orbs rise
above dark recesses
the illumination of curved forms
luminous rupture darkness
you absorb and reflect
illuminate
rise and fall
with breath
sink into depth
Copernicus at the window
bathed and glowing
at the center of my vision
you gather all light from the room
and give it all back
back to moon
and sun
and day
fold into dark
and curve into light
your celestial body
divides the night
skin emanates
radiates, reflects
a heaven of earth
in whom desire rises
and falls
till dawn



Scott Russell Morris is a Writing and Rhetoric professor at the University of Utah. He holds an MFA & PhD in creative writing. His essays and poetry have been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and other awards, listed as a Notable Essay in Best American Essays, and been published in several literary journals, including *Brevity*, *Chattahoochee Review*, and *Superstition Review*. He is the editor of *Magpie Zines*,

which has recently kickstarted its second series.

Find his work online at www.skoticus.com.

You Can Have the Moon

Each night before bed, we curl
into the chair at the window,
humming lullabies and looking at lights
above and below.

The haze of high-rise apartments
and smog obscure the stars
but we count the few who shine through
—one, two, four, ten—

until She appears.

Look at my moon! you say.
Is that *your* moon? I ask.

Yes. *My* moon.
You can have the moon, I concede,

joining generations of fathers
who would give the moon and stars
knowing full well that was you have claimed
the world has already taken
and it does not willingly share,
not with you,
a girl so small.



Jeanette Willert retired as Director of the Western New York Writing Project at Canisius College in Buffalo, New York. A recent Vice-President of the Alabama State Poetry Society, she was chosen as their 2018 Poet of the Year. Her chapbook *Appalachia, Amour* won the Morris Chapbook Award (2017). Her poems have appeared in many journals and anthologies. Negative Capability Press has just released her first book of poetry, *it was never Eden* (available on Amazon and Barnes & Noble).

Stardust

We look beyond the stars
spangling the night sky,
beyond the mists of ancient time
to fathom our true place in it all,
probing beyond our margins, our walls,

Here,
For a few cosmic moments
we exist on this mottled blue ball
where time is counted
and gravity buckles us in.

There,
stars text the heavens
reaching past planets and nebulae,
black holes and streaking comets.
Out in that dark matter
stars being born and stars losing life.

We, their stardust,
also being born,
living and passing on,
forever and ever
in a multiverse eternal,
light without end.

The Ivy Patch

runs wild.
From time to time
I go at it with clippers
and scissors,
fix my eyes
on trim and form.

While—

behind me/above me
planets, milky ways
and myriad star systems
hum away,
some only light
their matter now gone.

The matter...

Why does the ivy matter?
Why focus there
while the cosmos
carries on its
fine-tuned minuet
just over my shoulder?

The matter,

(Mr. Wordsworth noted)
is too much with us.
Consuming, working,
we have lost our way
having given our hearts
and minds to today.

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

“Straighten

and turn to the sun,”
I say to myself,
the ivy
will outlast you
will have
its wild way.

Turn

While you can
this evening
to the cosmos
and love it.
For you and
its vastness
are one.



Angela Acosta is a bilingual Latina poet and scholar from Florida. She won the 2015 Rhina P. Espaillat Award from West Chester University for her Spanish poem “El espejo”. Her work has appeared in *Eye to the Telescope*, *MacroMicroCosm*, *Pluma*, and *The Stratford Quarterly*. She is currently completing her Ph.D. in Iberian Studies at

The Ohio State University where she studies the lives and works of early twentieth century Spanish women writers.

Link to Professional

Website: <https://sppo.osu.edu/people/acosta.81>

Worldwide Nightlight

The light of the moon, la Luna
guides me home
on walks short and journeys long,
through cloud cover and harvest moons.

You probably aren't looking at its robust face,
the deep contours of the lunar seas,
the shimmering light from a star millions of miles away,
but perhaps look upward to this light brightening both our
faces.

A thousand miles away,
surrounded by trees, houses, or country roads,
the moon shines on us both,
a beacon of communication crossing time and space.

Look up and we'll see each other,
waving like passing clouds gently floating away.
Smile knowing that you can always find me,
up there in a sky full of stars.



AE Reiff is one seamless garment of belief, double weaving, both sides.

The Bright Extensive Will

For Beatrice

As starry seas are caught up into clouds
To whirl Earth's sphere throughout all time,
Through space and out, where rising in a shroud
They roll the bright extensive will to find
Their will to fall again in showers, so crowds
Descending off the wheel give misty signs
Of life, and sons of Elohim who bow
From out the sky, concentrated and blind
In all their beams, then enter creation.
As though one could with the word written
In earth's center in the matter of its making,
As earth's heart was into pieces breaking,
Come into the body. Then wars should cease,
And earth, all surface, sky, and core, find peace.



Victoria Larriva is a lifelong poet and a graduate student at Texas Tech University. She writes about myth, memory, and landscapes from her childhood in Mexico and her present in West Texas. Her poetry has appeared on Autofocus Lit, E-Verse Radio, and her grandparent's fridge.

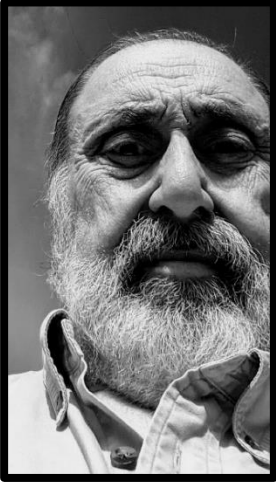
What We Know About the Moon

We know the moon is full of liquid light.
We know the world has died and been reborn
in water, fire, air, the moon. Despite
divinity she is a vessel, borne

upon the aching shoulder of the night
collecting rain for drier seasons. When
it rains the sacred light comes pouring out
and settles into children, mothers, men

who then become infected with desire
to see the moon, to touch her ragged face,
to map her barren body like a lover,
breathe in her powdered bones, behold her space.

This is the moon's disastrous final wish:
to know, be known, and thus destroy her myth.



Joseph A. Farina is a retired lawyer in Sarnia, Ontario, Canada. An internationally award-winning poet. Several of his poems have been published in *Quills Canadian Poetry Magazine*, *The Wild Word*, *The Chamber Magazine*, *Lothlorian Poetry Journal*, *Ascent*, *Subterranean Blue*, *The Tower Poetry Magazine*, *Inscribed*, *The Windsor Review*, *Boxcar Poetry Revue*, and appear in many anthologies including: *Sweet Lemons: Writings with a Sicilian Accent*, *Canadian Italians at Table*, *Witness from Serengeti Press*, and

Tamaracks: Canadian Poetry for the 21st Century. He has had poems published in the U.S. magazines *Mobius*, *Pyramid Arts*, *Arabesques*, *Fiele-Festa*, and *Philedelphia Poets*. He has had two books of poetry published, *The Cancer Chronicles* and *The Ghosts of Water Street* .

Moonscapes

the moon as our witness
knows the struggles of night
the insecurity of starlight
against its fullness and
our struggle in its grasp
our bodies like tides
flowing to its song
revealing our dreams
naked, our covers dissolved
wearing only moonlight, like
seafoam caressing silent shores

Star Light Star Bright

succumbed to the seduction of starlight
I felt its fire in the dark of night
danced to its celestial symphony
conducted by the physics of the heavens
orchestrated by philosophers and lovers
each star its own mythos and history
a guide navigating to freedom
sisters dancing in their constellation
their filaments entwined with our souls
shaping fates and whispering portents
to accept or decline their invitations
under the guidance of our mirrored moon



Laura Whelton is a 45-year-old woman living in Cork City, Ireland. She has over 45 poems published. She studied Fine Art, English, Sociology, and History of Art and Literature. She is a trained chef in Fine Dining and enjoys wine, food and movies.

Lone Star

I borrow pieces of you, you don't know about
and I spin them into some kind of dream,
a lone star shines in this dark sky
with the same unawareness
if I could magic the moon, in all its glory
I would feverishly wish upon a beam
a ray of peace amidst the troubled night
and somehow weave these strings
into a bow of sorts
a symbol of hope,
a new day.
a new beginning



Catherine Brogdon is the pen name of an author who grew up under the scrub oaks of California's Sierra Nevada foothills. A late bloomer who couldn't read until the fifth grade, her first passions were drawing and building elaborate worlds in her imagination.

While most of her work consisted of college writing center articles and training handbook procedures for various jobs, her love of fantasy and horror produced a writer of horror stories taking place in California's Central Valley, high fantasy epics, and the lore to go with it. She currently works in a place that doesn't interfere with her daydreams.

Stella Mortua

The wheel in the sky
keeps mercilessly turning
without my consent.

I want to stop it;
the falling star of our love
is fizzling out.

By the time it falls,
love is a speck of stardust
too small to be grasped.

Our time has come.
We don't twinkle anymore,
and you're fine with that.

Just more to clean up.
Stardust is nothing special.
No better than dirt.

Our star has collapsed.
Your angry darkness is dense.
No light will come back.

I can't reach for you
without getting crushed to death
by your dead star heart.

Our scattered debris
is unrecognizable
even to us now.



Binod Dawadi is from Purano Naikap 13, Kathmandu, Nepal. He has completed his master's degree from Tribhuvan University in English and enjoys reading and writing in literary forms, creating many poems and stories. His hobbies include reading, writing, singing, watching movies, traveling, and gardening as well as spending time with his pets. He is a creative person

who does not spend his time by doing nothing; always helping those less fortunate. He believes that through writing and art it is possible to change the knowledge and perspectives of the people towards anything. He loves his country Nepal and has experienced the many cultures of his country as well as those of foreign countries.

His stories and poems have appeared in many anthologies and has published his own poetry books: *The Power Of Words, Love and Life's Difficulties*, and *Nature, Animals and Human Beings* in Prodigy Published.

The Night

The nighttime is full of dark,
There are city lights,
Which glows,
If we can observe in the sky,
There we can see the stars which are,
Twinkling with its lights,
It is far from us but,
From its lights and movements,
We thought they are near to us,
We can wish by looking in the stars,

Which are moving sometimes,
There we can also see the moon,
Which is sometimes full moon and half-moon,
We can see the yellow lights of moon,
We can feel wonderful view of nature,
So, we can forget ourselves at the night,
Night has its own,
Importance like the day,
When animals sleep, stars and moon wakes,
In the sky to show its presence.



Lynne Viti was born and raised in Baltimore and educated at Barnard College, Teachers College, Columbia University, and Boston College. She has taught English and writing in public schools in Stamford, Connecticut and Brookline, Massachusetts and at several colleges and universities. She is the author of three published poetry collections: *Dancing at Lake*

Montebello (2020), *Baltimore Girls* (2017)

and *The Glamorganshire Bible* (2018). Her fourth collection, *The Walk to Cefalù*, is forthcoming in September 2022 from Cornerstone Press/Portage Poetry Series, University of Wisconsin Stevens Point. She has won honorable mentions in the Paterson Poetry Prize Contest (2015), the WOMR-FM/Joe Gouveia Poetry Contest (2018, 2019, 2020, 2022) and the Fish Publishing Poetry Contest (2020), and was recently a finalist the poetry category of the 2022 Tucson Festival of Books Literary Awards competition.

Dr. Viti has also published academic articles on the pedagogy of writing, legal studies, and media studies, including her critical essay, "I Got the Shotgun, You got the Briefcase: Judging, Lawyering, and Ethics" in *The Wire: Urban Decay and American Television* (2005). A lecturer emerita at Wellesley College, she currently teaches in community programs and leads poetry workshops in New England and directs a poets-in-the-schools program in Massachusetts.

Blood Moon

We tried to see it from the soccer field
at the school people want
torn down, no way to rehabilitate it,

poor drainage, asbestos lurking in the walls,
wrapped around pipes, Eisenhower era
construction, additions stuck on when

school aged children cropped up everywhere.
It's dark, it's cold for September, the moon
a bright white orb. We wait and watch.

a sliver of shadow appears at the moon's side,
slowly creeps, almost imperceptibly, across the white.
It's not happening fast enough for us,

we want to see the pink moon, the blood moon.
Huddled in this playground we wonder
why no one else is here. Are they watching

the blood moon on their televisions,
getting a clearer, sharper, super pink image?
I pull my sweater snug around me.

The night feels like winter's breathing
down our backs. The shadow drags across the moon.
An hour later the moon is pink.

Salmon pink, smaller than the white moon we saw
at first tonight. Out on the grass this night
six of us, in a tight knot, breathe in the cold air.

There won't be another blood moon for years.
Will we be alive then, and if so, care enough
to step outside to the porch wherever we live,
tilt our heads back, marvel at the sky?

(Previously published in *BlazeVox*)

Super Moon

Yellow as a lemon Necco wafer. Somebody sliced the edge off with a steel knife honed to perfection.

The butter moon hesitates above the empty golf course.

We drive by slowly
wanting to stop, lie down on the green,
watch the glowing disk make its way into
the November sky, turn white, as if
shocked by the goings-on down here.

We want to clock the moment when
it glides high in the night sky, becomes
an ordinary moon over our ordinary night.

(Previously published in *Lost Sparrow*)

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky



Eileen Sateriale is a freelance writer living in Massachusetts with her husband. She retired from the Federal Government after working many years as an analyst. Her poetry has appeared in *Capsule Stories*, *Fumble Magazine*, *Peeking Cat Anthology*, *Poets are Heroes Magazine*, *Mused Literary Review*, *Helen Magazine*, *Blue Heron Review*, *The Show-Me Doctrine*, *Sol Magazine*, *Amaze Cinquain Journal*, *Bonsai Magazine*, and *Flora Fiction*. She has had short stories published in *Let Us Not Forget anthology*, *Forget Me Knots anthology*, and *P.O.E. Fast Fiction*. She was publicity liaison for her daughters' school and for one year, she wrote a column for the *Prince George's Sentinel* as well as contributing to *Washington Post*. She has had travel articles accepted on *We Said Go Travel* as well as non-fiction pieces in the *Online Biographical Dictionary of the Woman Suffrage Movement in the United States* to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the passage of the nineteenth amendment.

Night Vision

Super Pink Moon lights up the sky.
Common folk quarantined during
the pandemic marvel at the magnetic
super pink moon illuminating the
sidereal carbon sky.

Sky gazers from all over the world delight in this natural wonder.
Astronomers observe the moon's curves lumps and bumps in sharp detail.
Photographers scramble to take breathtaking photos.

A meditative moment for all caught up in the Corona crisis.

Constellations

Up in the dark sky so far
a group of stars forming
a sparkling of lights.
An imaginary outline of
animals, mythological figures,
or inanimate objects.
Seasoned constellations of the zodiac;
sun, moon and planets all traverse
these tiny diamonds.
Prehistoric people
used constellations
to tell stories of their
beliefs and mythology.
Now common folk
are still fascinated by these formations.
In awe, we wonder.
Twinkle, twinkle little star.

Bruce McRae is a Canadian musician and multiple Pushcart nominee with poems published in hundreds of magazines such as *Poetry*, *Rattle*, and the *North American Review*. His books are *The So-Called Sonnets* (Silenced Press), *An Unbecoming Fit Of Frenzy* (Cawing Crow Press), *Like As If* (Pski's Porch), and *Hearsay* (The Poet's Haven).

Faraway Suns

*“And at night I love to listen to the stars. It is like
five hundred million little bells.”*

Antoine de Saint Exupery, The Little Prince

More stars than toads or moths or damselflies.
More stars than knots or wedding rings or roses.

From under my pillow, I can hear the stars reflect
upon the hideous triumphs of function and form.
They influence my moods and fads in furniture.
The tears of the stars are what water our vegetable gardens.

Black stars. Furnaces of indigo. Of indefinite colour.
Stars that creak in the wind. That create weather.
Fallen stars I collect like acorns or raspberries.
Aloof stars, haughty and remaining at a distance.
Copper stars on silver wires, suspended from the impossible.
Flowers of wordless fragrances gathered at the river’s bend.
Little explosions taking forever to divulge their secrets
to the sleepy child, the fox, the worm, the hare.

A star-quelled night in a curious village.
I’m awake and listening to stories of epic proportions.
Tales of gods and animals, of eternal love and despair.
Saints wailing on a lush sward in Capricorn.
Souls in Aquarius singing an epoch-long *mal aria*.
Faraway suns, their arms burdened with purple planets.
Bright wells serving the will of the people, the strangest people,
who are very like us, and very much different,
who wish upon stars, studying their bones, and who wonder –
outlandish questions for which no answers exist.
Countless sums beyond number.



Judge Santiago Burdon began his Odyssey in the City of Big Shoulders, as Sandburg called it in his poem "Chicago". He was born during Mayor Richard Daley's first days in office and Eisenhower's first term as President.

His father named him Judge, hoping he would pursue a career in law. He had no idea his son would end up appearing in front of so many. He attended several universities in the United States and abroad, focusing his studies on

Victorian Literature and Author.

Judge Santiago Burdon's short stories and poems have been featured in over 150 magazines, on-line literary journals, podcasts, and anthologies. He was recognized in *Who's Who of Emerging Writers 2020* and again in 2021.

His first book, *Stray Dogs and Deuces Wild Cautionary Tales*, was published in January 2020 by Arthur Graham Editor Horror Sleaze Trash Press. His next book is a collection of poems, *Not Real Poetry* was published in July 2021 by Steve Cawte, Editor of Impspired Press, Lincolnshire, England. Arthur Graham, Editor of Horror Sleaze Trash Press launched Santiago's third book, *Quicksand Highway*, with more short stories of expeditions into irresistible mayhem in September 2021. Steve Cawte Editor/Publisher Impspired Press, will publish ***Fingers In The Fan***, the fourth book by Santiago, in the fall of 2022.

Another collection of short stories with the same gritty dialogue, dark humor and cautionary tales Santiago has popularized in his other books.

He is presently engaged in completing a nonfiction novel *Imitation of Myself* a story of his experiences while working as a Drug Runner for a Mexican Cartel. This novel of adventurous mayhem is due to be published in the Summer 2023.

Santiago turned 68 last July and lives modestly in Costa Rica

Face of a New Moon on a Sunlit Night

We walk together arm in arm,
her head resting on my shoulder,
the Sun decides to call it a day,
permitting the night to spill darkness into a jealous sky,
pouting over the star's sparkle
obscured by clouds that bullied their way
into the empty space left by the Sun,
the moon grows larger and brighter
as the Earth turns,
spinning night's beacon of light
into a brilliant shining white,
the scent of magnolia blossoms
travel on every breeze,
the sweet gum and oak trees
appear taller and seem to scratch the sky
with their fingered branches,
the light from street lamps
dance on her brown skin,
highlighting the minute
almost invisible hairs on her arms,
her hair smells of lavender
and her skin is soft like the fur of a sable,
she possesses a celestial angelic air about her,
it draws me to her with a hypnotic charm,
there's a distance in her eyes,
and if I gaze into them,
I become mesmerized
as though she had cast a spell,
I'd be in a trance,
drifting off to a place
where the night comes to rest,
the dawn tucks in the moon,
and the stars go to dream.



Kay Lesley Reeves is a retired British ex-pat living in Spain. She is spending her retirement exploring her creative side and has had paintings, poetry, and short stories published.

The Artist

The artist sets up his easel
To depict the glories
Of the evening light.
Reflected in the still waters
Brush strokes of colour from the setting sun.
Golden fire merges into crimson
Then fades
Into shades of pink.
The clouds take up the theme.
A dark wash of purple
Spreads like ink on wet paper.
As darkness falls, he is content
To pack away his paints.
Tomorrow he will return
To capture the new day's light.



Don Pomerantz lives in New York City and Peekskill, New York where he is a retired software developer and educator. His poems have appeared in *Washington Square*, *Consequence*, *Tar River*, *Eclectica*, *Conium Review*, *Kestrel*, *SAND*, *Adirondack Review*, and many other journals. His poetry collection, *The Moose of Felicity* is forthcoming.

Constant as the Tides

The asteroid missed Earth but
staggered the moon's orbit—
we watched it drift further away
in every circuit.

Now all we can say is we lived
in the times of diminishing tides
before the seas settled into place—
the new constancy,
no more comings and goings,
what life may be if life continues
when the full moon's the size of a star
cannot be known.

We prepared to leave you what we could,
hard knowledges of the road,
caring finally for all that needed care.

The fault lay not in ourselves
after all, but in the stars.

For whatever may come on the other side
of the coming of a tideless world
we are not to blame,
we cannot be held to account.

Even Shakespeare who was never wrong,
was wrong just this once. He
never could have known. No, never.

Rain, Twilight

The solar lanterns on the porch and outside light early
in a false twilight, too soon for this time of year.

Each rain drop wacks the grayed skylight, quick blooms to a
circle
that lasts an instant. Rain that signifies nothing but rain.

The false twilight bleeds into twilight
like the rainwater running into rainwater

of a moment ago. No one can see
when the one ends, when the other begins.

Silhouettes of the trees overhead
precede the silhouettes of trees.

On the glass each blossoming drop fills clarity
one after another, an incantation of sight.

There is only the one sound—

from the false through the real,
it's the sound of ourselves, or not.

In a radiance of their own, the silhouettes
hold fast in the quickened darkness

and the sound of rain ending its fall
on the roof, on the glass, the ground.



Brandi Clark is a 29-year-old female from Cincinnati, Ohio. She has had a passion for writing since she was 14 but has only recently built up the courage and desire for her voice to be heard and is excited to see where this journey will take her! She is a full-time paraprofessional in an elementary school and former circus performer. It was performing with the circus that helped her build up the confidence to start reading her poetry at open mic nights. When COVID-19 started, it became impossible to find open mic nights to read at and so she began looking into different avenues to get her writing out there. She also enjoys drawing, painting, and wood burning. She loves to create pictures that go along with her poetry.

Lysimachia Borealis

And in the still of the night
When there was not a soul around
I plucked each of my tears
As they fell to the ground.

And I parted the dark curtains
That hung over the night sky
And sewn each one into the fabric
That held together our time.

And when the clock struck midnight
I floated back down
And I tried my best
Not to make a sound.

Sometimes I return
To see if there is a bloom
But it's just me sitting alone
In a dark and empty room.

But stars are not known
To blossom overnight
And even when they wither
You can still feel their light.

So, I take comfort in the thought
That maybe even years from now
You will be drawn to look upward
It may not be clear why or how.

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

But if you ever find yourself
Feeling pulled in by a star
You may see my eyes reflected
No matter if I am near or far.

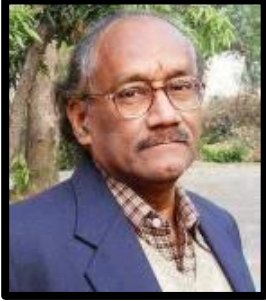
And maybe it won't matter
Because so much time had passed
A full cycle of blooming and withering
Before it could find your gaze at last.

But we all have a choice
And I will always stand by mine
When you're crying a river in isolation
You start to swim toward a very thin line.

And you can let your scorching tears hit you
And leave you with the scars
Or you can plant them in the sky
And hope they grow into stars.

But when they finally bloom
The tears I've sewn maybe long gone
But that's the thing about stars and love
The light will always live on.

Southern Arizona Press



Ram Krishna Singh was born, brought up, and educated in Varanasi. He is an Indian English poet, who has been writing for over four decades. He is widely published, anthologized, and translated into several languages. He has authored over 160 academic articles, 175 book reviews, and 52 books. His recent poetry collections include

You Can't Scent Me and Other Selected Poems (New Delhi: Authors Press, 2016), *God Too Awaits Light* (Joshua Tree, CA: Cholla Needles, 2017), *Growing Within/Desăvârşire lăuntrică* (English/Romanian. Constanta: Anticus Press, 2017), *There's No Paradise and Other Selected Poems Tanka & Haiku* (Latvia: Editions Muse, 2019), *Tainted With Prayers: Contaminado con Oraciones* (English/Spanish. Colombia: Editorial Ave Viajera SAS, 2020), *A Lone Sparrow* (English/Arabic. ebook.

<https://en.calameo.com/read/0035528310acd5f93da63>, 2021), *Silencio: Blanca Desconfianza/Silence: White Distrust* (Spanish/English. Kindle edition. Colombia: Editorial Ave Viajera SAS, 2021), *Against the Waves: Selected Poems* (New Delhi: Authors Press, 2021) *Changing Seasons: Selected Tanka and Haiku* (English/Arabic, ebook.2021), *Covid-19 And Surge of Silence/Kovid-19 Hem Sessizlik Tolkînî* (English/Tatar, Constanta: Anticus Press, 2021), and *白濁: SILENCE: A WHITE DISTRUST* (English/Japanese, Kindle Edition/Paperback, 2022). He retired in 2015 as Professor (HAG) at IIT-ISM, Dhanbad. More at https://pennyspoetry.fandom.com/wiki/R.K._Singh.

Shadow of Age

A Free Form Haiku Sequence

enveloping
all of the moon at night—
white chrysanthemums

the half moon
on her neck reminds of love
before departure

the sun not yet set
but the full moon rises
as if in a hurry

a star shines bright
beside the crescent moon
she fakes a smile

shadow of age
on the wall—
second full moon

whiteness of the moon
and rocks howl with the wind
December in the veins

after the party
empty chairs in the lawn—
new moon and I

the sky couldn't retain
all of the moon now entering
my house through the window

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

setting moon
leaves behind sparkle
on the waves

noisy birds
don't let me sleep:
midnight moon

cold moon
shadowless—
folding laundry

mind's cave—
face fears all night
waning moon

on the terrace
facing the moon
an empty chair

(The poem in its pre-revised form is included in: R.K.Singh. *Sense and Silence: Collected Poems*. Jaipur: Yking Books, 2010.)

Southern Arizona Press



Maid Corbic is a 22-year-old poet from Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina. In his spare time he writes poetry that has been repeatedly praised as well as rewarded. He selflessly helps others around him and he is moderator of the World Literature Forum WLFPH (World Literature Forum Peace and Humanity) for humanity and peace in the world in Bhutan. He serves as the editor of the First Virtual Art portal led by Dijana Uherek Stevanovic, and the selector of the competition at a page of the same name that aims to bring together all poets around the world. Many of his works have been published in anthologies.

Gray Moon, The View is Closer

The view is closer, my grey moon.
It grows stronger and stronger every day.
Shining, the brightest in the living world
And I really look forward to it every day.
More than ever before

I know that Moon is very admirable.
And in the eyes of honest people in the world
A great joy for me is the Moon.
It's getting closer to my eyes every day.
Well, like I can touch it with my bare finger.

I know it's just fiction in my head.
But my Moon is growing more and more.
From the crescent, new stars are born
It will continue to be the brightest in the world.
My love is full of everything.

Because I believe in the astrology of life
I don't consider myself a weirdo.
Because my dream and my vision is
Only that love grows more and more.
It is a part of my life and destiny.

I know that the moon and the stars all planets
They rejoice when they see me.
And I almost got a chance to see the big moon.
And around him the Northman shines brightest.
It's a part of life and my sweet destiny.

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

My wish is for the Moon to be so strong.
I like to believe in my stars.
I am a Scorpio and I believe in dreams.
Because my dream is to believe only
From what I see, what I want and know

And my job is to watch the moon.
How there are more and more holes every day
But I don't mind that at all.
Because I live for just one moment
To be in NASA's research department
Where I have the resources to look at all that
What I wanted and dreamed of
And my dream is the biggest of all
May the Moon recover from hell
Craters and other asteroids!



Vanessa Lima is an undergraduate student at the University of Miami majoring in Marine Biology and Ecology. As an avid reader of fiction, she took a creative writing course there, where she learned she liked writing poetry. When not reading or writing, she enjoys philosophy, feminist theory, kayaking, volunteering in beach cleanups, and learning more about marine conservation efforts. She was born and raised in Miami, Florida where she still remains. She is an eighteen-year-old, who is half Ecuadorian and Brazilian.

Lua, My Lover

Face up toward the night sky

Stars shine

A luz da lua mei beija.

My tears are comets

streaming down and landing flush,

burning at my skin.

My mascara swirls like *universos*

blending through the sky;

a supernova of eyeshadow remains behind.

Eyes open as dawn breaks through *o mundo*.

Warmth amerges and sets upon its golden hue

As I whisper one last time to the moon

Estou com saudade de você

Chloé Latessa is a current undergrad student at the University of Miami pursuing a degree in psychology. She enjoys writing poetry and music to explore her emotions, connect to others, and put words to unspoken truth. In her freetime she enjoys journaling, picking up trash on the beach, reading tarot cards, and cooking vegan meals.

Dreams of Bliss

I once had a dream
I was swimming in strawberry ice cream,
as confetti sprinkles trickled down
from fluffy cotton candy clouds.

I floated on a red licorice raft
riding the waves of creamy pink
as dolphins danced around me
and the sky cleared.

When the evening came,
I looked up for a split second
and saw a face on the moon.
He softly whispered me truth.

My eyes wandered off in the glittery stars
and I saw a constellation
spelling my name.
The worries of tomorrow
washed away.

The sweetness of serenity,
knowing what's meant to be will be.
I am at peace,
immersed in daydreams of bliss
and strawberry ice cream.



Julia Wisell is an aspiring writer, poet, and anthropologist. Brought up in White Plains, New York, she is currently an undergraduate student at the University of Miami, earning a degree in English Literature and Anthropology. She was the 2021 recipient of the University of Miami's Robert M. Healy Award and is pursuing a senior thesis in literature. Her passions include remote biobehavioral research on

chimpanzees, a fanatical moon obsession, reading folklore and mythology, environmental conservation, and her chubby dog. Above all else, she loves to learn.

Past Midnight, on the Terrace

there is a sermon
I attend alone
seated on the terrace
listening
for the still of silent stars
and shineless night.
there is a choir
in the wind chimes
and it soothes into me,
the psalms in the shadows,
the solidarity with sleepy leaves
silhouetting, like me,
cross the walls.

the wind shushes cars,
their startling brakes
and unseen high beams,
while the chimes praise
the shuddering palms,
rustling like gentle waves.

soles of my feet sway
smooth and sinful
from walking all this way
searching for night —
this night
of the still
and shineless
chiming stars.
searching all day for this sermon.



Mark Fleisher recently published his fourth book of poetry – *Incidental Moments: New and Selected Poems*. His poetry and prose have been published in online and print anthologies in the United States, Canada, United Kingdom, Nigeria, Kenya, and India. He received a journalism degree from Ohio University and worked as a reporter and editor at newspapers in upstate

New York and Washington, D.C. His time in the United States Air Force included a year in Vietnam as a combat news reporter. He was awarded a Bronze Star for meritorious service. The native of Brooklyn, New York is based in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Moon Shot

She shakes me at midnight,
her words overflowing
with youthful excitement
She leads me out the door
where the humidity hangs
heavily under the black sky
There, she points, toward
the circle of faded yellow
framed by silhouetted
branches of cottonwood
Stand here, she beckons,
and I obey, striding
a step or two onto
gravel biting into feet
protected only by thin socks
Like a painting, she exclaims,
my blurred eyes, starving
for sleep, manage to agree
My fingers fumble for
the camera icon of the phone
she thrusts into my hands
I dutifully aim and shoot
before returning to the sanctity
of my interrupted slumber
Watching the picture emerge
from my printer the next day
she is thrilled, I am surprised
by the quality of the image
destined for her good news board
yearning for company
these dark days

(Previously published in the author's poetry collection *Incidental Moments – New and Selected Poems* (MercuryHeartlink 2022))

The Great Conjunction

The Great Conjunction
they call this meeting
I, Saturn, say it is Jupiter,
my prodigal son,
returning for the Saturnalia,
the mid-December festival
of too much drinking,
too much eating, singing,
and general carousing

My son Jupiter
grew to be the
biggest boy on
the block they call
our solar system, sporting
an impressive resume
as the god of the sky,
the god of thunder,
even the King of the gods

I, his father,
a not-so-simple farmer,
for by careful and wise
plantings, I have
amassed great wealth

And though I am older,
slower than you, dear Jupiter,
I can still run rings
around you any day of the week

(Previously published in the author's poetry collection *Incidental Moments – New and Selected Poems* (MercuryHeartlink 2022))

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky



Srinjay Chakravarti is a writer, editor and translator based in Salt Lake City, Calcutta, India. He was educated at St. Xavier's College, Calcutta and at universities based in Calcutta and New Delhi. University degrees: B.Sc. (Economics honors) and M.A. (English). He has also been offered admission to the University of Chicago, the London School of Economics and Political Science, and elsewhere. A former journalist with The *Financial Times* Group, he has

worked on the editorial staff of an international online financial news service. He has also worked on the editorial staff of an Indian daily newspaper.

His creative writing, including poetry, short fiction, and translations, has appeared in over 150 publications in over 30 countries. These include journals and reviews of 25 colleges and universities. His first book of poems *Occam's Razor* (Writers Workshop, Calcutta: 1994) received the Salt Literary Award in 1995 from John Kinsella, the Australian writer and academic. He has won one of the top prizes in the Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Memorial Poetry Competition 2007–08.

Black Tarpaulin

black tarpaulin
pricked with holes...
summer night

(First published in *Fasihi Magazine* (Kampala, Uganda).

Full Moon

full moon—
a nightingale
sings alone

(First published in *Fasihi Magazine* (Kampala, Uganda).



Ceth Isle is a young Filipino literary artist from Manila, Philippines. He is currently an undergraduate majoring in Literature and minoring in Language. He has published English and Tagalog poems and fiction as a student journalist in his home country. Internationally, his works have appeared in India, Canada, and the United States of America.

A Letter to a Goddess

To the woman named Tala, the goddess of the stars,

We became children of the night
Without the sight of the rising morning sun,
Long before we knew the woman
Who sheltered us within her.
We had eyes that knew darkness has long been god,
That later learned that dawn never arrives.

Until our lullabies, sung for the infants in nighttime,
Have silenced the flaunting howls
Of the alpha male of the pack.
Until Urduja, who fought in the masculine night,
Proved the existence of the feminine stars.
Until Gabriela Silang, who chose the sword over the
tapestry,
Performed in the night of bravery than please the carnal
flesh of men.

We have heard our sisters, mothers, aunts, and
grandmothers,
With trembling fingers,
Recited poems of hope amid the frightening evening.
You shine and rule the glistening heavens.
The citizens must look up to you now more than ever.
Their eyes deserve your ray of light
In the middle of the night.
We must escape from closed eyes without hesitation if
opening them
Would still reveal a pitch-dark Motherland

From your people.



Oindri Sengupta is a published poet based out of Kolkata, India. Her works have appeared in a few online and print journals like *Muse India*, *Kritya*, *Ethos Literary Journal*, *Istanbul Literary Review*, *Poetry Quarterly*, USA, *Contemporary Literary Review*, India, *Penwood Review*, USA, and *Usawa Literary Review* and in a couple of poetry anthologies. Apart from writing poetry, she also teaches English in a Government Higher Secondary School in

Kolkata. Her maiden book of poetry, *After the Fall of a Cloud*, was released by Hawakal Publishers in February 2022.

Inside the Stillness

Inside the stillness of all evenings,
when light passes through my fingers
towards the night
I hear a voice.
It falls from the sky as music on water.
Like the last drop of dew on grass,
it builds a hunger inside
and unbinds the residence of my heart.

I follow till my feet touches the horizon

Evening bells come with the sadness of sea,
and leaves flutter in agony as the twilight
sinks beneath the soil.
Inside all that stillness grows a dream,
that the voice leaves for me
somewhere inside the scent of an evening.

I follow till I know how to rise like falling leaves



Howard Pell is a writer, videographer, Flamenco promoter, Rotarian, and a world traveler. He retired in 2014 and lives with his wife Rosemary in Kitchener, Ontario, Canada.

He has written and self-published two books: *Retire Fit, Fit and Fit* and co-authored and self-published *Retire Fit with S.A.F.E.*

Workouts. He has written many short stories and poems and is completing his first novel due out summer 2022.

Star Stuff

A billion photons warm my face
Something I can't control
I soak them up, willing or not
Absorbed into my soul

It takes five hundred seconds
From our sun's face to mine
A hundred-fifty million kilometres
A feat that's so sublime

Looking at the midnight sky
Stars twinkle, little tears
Their photons traveled unimpeded
For billions of our years

I can't feel the stars but see their light
Photons just the same
The thought just overwhelms me
I'm in awe and must exclaim

Day and night, I'm caressed by photons
If I may make so bold
They become me, or I become them
I am billions of years old



Kenneth Pobo is the author of 21 chapbooks and 9 full-length collections. Recent books include *Bend of Quiet* (Blue Light Press), *Loplop in a Red City* (Circling Rivers), and *Lilac And Sawdust* (Meadowlark Press). His work has appeared in *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Asheville Literary Review*, *Nimrod*, *Washington Square Review*, *Mudfish*, *Hawaii Review*, and elsewhere.

Mars Changing Her Name

I got named after a war god.
People should call themselves
war gods as they specialize
in war. I'm sanguine,
my two moons,
Phobos and Deimos,
like a trowel and a spade,
dig the garden of space.

I get angry. How would you
like an asteroid to bop you on
the ass? I'd prefer
a gender neutral name
like Chris. Planet Chris.
Someone you could call
when a storm leaps out
and you're scared.

Gossip from Uranus
says people want to colonize me.
I'd rather not be
a dinner table
with strangers deciding how
to turn me into cash. That might

make me a war god after all,
freezing out these visitors
who think I'm property,
who have signed deeds for hearts.

(Previously published in *Syzygy Poetry Journal*).



Alan Bern is a retired children's librarian, photographer, and storywriter with three books of poetry. In 1974 he cofounded, with artist/printer Robert Woods, the illustrated poetry broadside press/publisher *Lines & Faces* (linesandfaces.com). Alan brings into his writing, publishing, and photography his love for, and obsessions with his hometown, Berkeley, California, and with Italia, where he lived in the mid-1960s. At Boston University in the early 1970s, he attended their Creative Writing program and worked closely with the classicist, Donald Carne-Ross, both translating and producing 'imitations' of diverse works. Recent awards include: honorable mention for *Littoral Press Poetry Prize* (2021); flash fiction finalist for *Ekphrastic Sex* (2021); first runner-up for Raw Art Review's *Mirabai Prize for Poetry* (2020); medal from *SouthWest Writers* for a WWII story set in Assisi (2019). Alan performs with dancer/choreographer Lucinda Weaver and with musicians and light artists as *PACES: dance & poetry fit to the space* and with musicians from *Composing Together*. Recent/upcoming writing and photo work: a hybrid-memoir from *Raw Art Review*; *HAUNTED WATERS PRESS*; *Aletheia Literary Quarterly*; *CERASUS*; *Feral*; *Unearthed*; *Please See Me*; *Artemis Journal*; and *Mercurius*.

He can be followed on:

<https://www.instagram.com/abobern/>

<https://twitter.com/AlanBern1/>

<https://www.facebook.com/alan.bern.1>

linesandfaces.com

composingtogether.org/index.php/sample-poetry-from-our-musical-storytime-performances/

Fullest Moon

fullest moon
after evening's lunar eclipse—
let us speak again

(Previously published in a different version in
Brass Bell: A Haiku Journal, November 1, 2015)

To the Moon

Oh moon, beautiful moon, I remember now
that as the days count down a year, up, up this hill
I came, in my misery, to gaze at you again:
and you hung over those woods then,
as you do now, brightening everything.
But tears came and spilled over my lashes
blurring your face and making it flicker
in my open eyes, so tormented I was
in my life, and am still, the way does not change,
oh my dearest moon. And yet, recollecting
and recounting the times of my grief
comforts me. Oh, how pleasant is the pain
in youthful times, when hope has such a long stretch
ahead and memory such a short span,
the remembrance of things past, although sad,
and though the agony will endure!

Translated into English by Alan Berm
"Alla luna" by Giacomo Leopardi
In public domain

Alla Luna

O graziosa luna, io mi rammento
che, or volge l'anno, sovra questo colle
io venia pien d'angoscia a rimirarti:
e tu pendevi allor su quella selva
siccome or fai, che tutta la rischiari.
Ma nebuloso e tremulo dal pianto
che mi sorgea sul ciglio, alle mie luci
il tuo volto apparìa, che travagliosa
era mia vita: ed è, né cangia stile,
o mia diletta luna. E pur mi giova
la ricordanza, e il noverar l'etate
del mio dolore. Oh come grato occorre
nel tempo giovanil, quando ancor lungo
la speme e breve ha la memoria il corso,
il rimembrar delle passate cose,
ancor che triste, e che l'affanno duri!

Giacomo Leopardi

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky



Jennifer O'Shea lives in beautiful Minnesota, a place of changing beauty through which she is inspired to write and paint. Writing has always been a way of expression, but in recent years her poetry has taken on a new creative energy. She particularly loves writing Ekphrastic poetry. Her other writing interests include a novel and working on writing for children. Jennifer's poems reflect the observations

between the synergy of her eternal spirit and the experiences she accumulates with nature and art.

Full Moon Bath

The day had been filled with busyness, with distractions and stress. Moments of clarity and wittiness no doubt were had, but all the while I felt a pull, a longing to be in the quiet with nature and feeling the freedom of the outdoors. The day grew late and dark, and my partner called me to bed. I stayed there in the silent next to the one I love breathing gently and peacefully, yet I was alive with anticipation. A voice calling to my heart and soul saying I must come and take an important hour, a divine appointment to fill my cup, to help me find balance and the peace I could not quite grasp in my day.

Tenderly, I removed the covers and soundlessly my feet felt the cool tile beneath them like a balm. Pulling my gown over my head I felt the silk cool and smooth as it cascaded over my curves. Slowly turning the handle on the French door, I felt like I was stealing away on a romantic rendezvous as I gazed back hoping not to awaken my love.

I pulled the door shut behind me with a click and let out the breath I had been holding.

When I turned around, a sight of magnificent incandescence caused a sharp intake of breath. Hands to my chest as in a gesture of, "Darling I've missed you," I took one step and then another. I walked to the edge of the veranda as tears gathered in my grateful eyes. I took in the view of the cypress trees that appeared to stand in reverence at the sight near the water's edge. The rippling waves on the lake made the moonlight move as if it had a life its own, the moon's reflection like a path saying, "Come my love, come this way, let's unite our souls in this moment together."

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

I raised my hands in communion, as if this holy moment were for the moon and I alone. I felt the energy of the moon's pull. My inner being was filled up in the places that were empty and longing. Soaking up the magic of that moment was what I had yearned for all day, and I was cleansed from within by the full moon bath that glorious summer night.



Drawing Down the Moon – George Rochegrosse



Rp Verlaine lives in New York City. He has an MFA in creative writing from City College. He taught in New York Public schools for many years. His first volume of poetry, *Damaged by Dames & Drinking*, was published in 2017 and another, *Femme Fatales Movie Starlets & Rockers*, in 2018. A set of three e-books, *Lies From The Autobiography vol 1-3*, were published from 2018 to 2020. His newest book, *Imagined Indecencies*, was published in February of 2022

Rp Verlaine's poetry has appeared in *Atlas Poetica*, *The Linnet's Wings*, *Moving Images*, *Scissortail Quarterly*, *Chrysanthemum Literary Anthology*, *Last Stanza Poetry Journal*, *Booze Cocktails*, *Wales Haiku Journal* *The Mainichi*, *Splintered Disorder Press*, *Rigorous*, *The South Shore Review*, *The Local Train*, *Proletaria*, *Haikuniverse*, *Scry of Lust 2 Anthology*, *Rudderless Mariner*, *Humankind Journal*, *The Wild Word*, *Under The Basho*, *Plum Tree Tavern*, *Fresh Out Magazine*, *Scissortail Quarterly*, *Prune Juice*, *Incense Dreams*, *Last Leaves*, *Blazevox*, *Buk 100*, *Pikers Press*, *Poems' bout Love & Hate anthology*, *Stardust Haiku*, *Heart of Flesh*, *Upwrite Mag*, *Cajun Mutt Press*, *Runcible Spoon*, *The South Shore Review*, *Lothlorien Press*, *Dumpster Fire Press*, *The Dope Fiend Daily*, *Mad Swirl*, *Fleas On The Dog*, *Yellow Mamma*, *Otoliths*, *Alien Buddha*, *Ygdrasil*, *Ink Pantry*, *Dirty Kids Press*, *Flights*, *Dreich*, *Pop The Culture Pill*, *Trouville Review*, *Better Than Starbucks*, *Failed Haiku*, *The Rye Whiskey Review*, and *Autumn Moon Journal*.

Beyond Hallucinations

Venus was only an obstacle
that never seemed solid
through mescaline visions...

You showed me all the stars
and I felt their fine glow
inside me when we kissed...

In dreams of beautiful
hallucinations where clandestine
words promised nothing...

And you were the drug
I lost myself inside, never wanting
to come out.

Jean Hackett lives and writes in San Antonio and the Texas Hill Country. Her most recent work has appeared in journals *Plants and Poetry* and *Voices de la Luna*, anthologies *Purifying Wind*, *No Season for Silence*, *Easing the Edges*, and *Yellow Flag*, as well as *Arts Alive San Antonio*. Her chapbook *Masked/Unmuted* was published in March 2022.

Celestial Symphony

Between the time of snow and budding,
on nights when ultramarine light
conceals mud's dreary, dank season,
Dogwood recollects jewel tone chords
reverberating in ripples across Lake Minnetonka,
and raises bare conductor's branches
to call the heavens into harmony.

Come sugarplum stars,
chime across the stratosphere
with celesta voices dewdropping
strains of Strauss, Schubert, and Tchaikovsky
through the still-frozen cathedral of early March skies.

Send notes downward
to vibrate through heartwood and roots,
summoning sap to rise-up
and frolic Northland forests into spring.



Jude Hopkins was one of the runners-up in Proximity Magazine’s 2018 Personal Essay Contest, judged by Hanif Abdurraqib, for her essay “The Diagnosis.” She has been published in *The Los Angeles Times* and has had poems published in *Timber Creek Review*, *California Quarterly*, *Grey Sparrow Journal*, and most recently in *The Gyroscope Review*.

Her work is available at:
<https://www.judehopkinswriting.net/>
and her Twitter handle @HeyJudeNotJudy.

Lunar Eclipse

The young see the moon as a planchette
spelling out their fates on stars. They watch
as it glides from one part of the sky

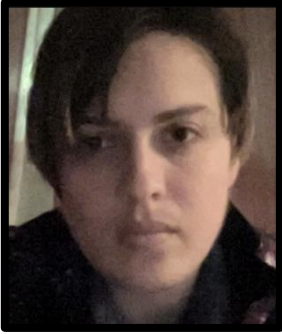
to another, divining through dust and clouds
as sure as it tugs at resistant tides.

The moon's phases hover over each date
a luminous reminder
that even a waning crescent has pull
from over two hundred thousand miles away.

Reason enough to deify on every continent:
steering sailors to safety,
triggering the wolf within.

Still it dazzles with light once removed
turning flesh-and-blood boys into shadows
and girls into dreamers bent on finding
some way to make it burn.

(Previously published in *California Quarterly*, Volume 43, Number 4)



March Penn is a queer poet and founder of the Self-Educating Poets Network, a literary group providing free resources and meeting space to writers. Penn's poetry is published in *What Are Birds*, *The Offing*, *The Fem*, and other literary magazines. Penn has featured in Boston at the Cantab Poetry Lounge and Stone Soup.

Social handles: Instagram: @pennapril

Website: <https://selfeducatingpoetsnetwork.org/>

Ringer Park

I can't find the Neowise comet in the sky
as a circle of people talk like stars
of the stars that vanish in their bellies.

I sit on a rock behind them
wagging the littered brush with my fidgets
and wondering why wanting can be so faint.

The ability to relate to myself drains out
and I begin to doubt the phantoms that fold
into tinier and tinier accordions.

I wish away a theft of familiarity.
Instead an unfolding of non-experiences
merges with a constant eeriness.



Ojo Victoria Ilemobayo is a Sickle Cell Warrior, Poet, Student, Video Editor, Stickers Creator, Literary Contest Linker, Smile Therapist, Smart Phone Photographer, Babysitter, and a Guitarist-to-be.

Some of her works are in *Colourism Healing Writing Contest, Firebrand Magazine, Sledgehammer, Nnoko, GEMP, Prawns Paper, Mixed Mag, Agape Review, Mad Swirl, The Beautiful Mind, Enceladus Magazine, The New Man Gospel Movement Fringe Poetry Magazine*, and somewhere else.

She can be followed on:

Facebook: Ojo Ilemobayo.

Instagram: @Ojo Ilemobayo

Stars

The hallowed moon is smiling —
sipping the flavours of the horizon.

The stars speak of Mama Alakara busy with sales,
cheer at the sight of children throwing stones.
They giggle at the teens as they play love games,
frown at Papa Uche sitting in company of bottles
crying for help. The stars shudder at him bitterly
till they wane out of life only to return tomorrow.

Blink your eyes sweetly and you
shall see the stars in clusters,
whispering in happiness.

The stars sends springs of aura that summons
granny to feed us with late wits.
In constellation, they beat one another to twinkle.

(First published in *Upwrite Magazine*, 30 July 2021)



Stephanie Daich began the usual way, putting thoughts on paper. Soon the flame ignited as her words scorched the pages with imagination. Examples of magazines and books you will find her work in are *Making Connections*, *Youth Imaginations*, *Chicken Noodle Soup for the Soul: Kindness Matters*, and others.

Celestial Arizona Night

Stars shine brighter above Havasupai.
Washed out is the heavens in the cities,
Skies devoid of life beyond.
Yet the Arizona desert doth capture the eye.

Behold the stillness of the Arizona night,
As toads croak their melody
And creatures scuttle in the sand.
Above, the stars twinkle in brilliant light.

No place on earth can compare,
As shooting stars streak the sky,
And darkness moves in shadowy crags
-To the splendor of the celestial Arizona night air.



Donna Kathryn Kelly is a poet, playwright, novelist, and attorney. Kelly practiced law for more than two decades, primarily in the Illinois criminal justice system. Kelly is currently devoting her time to creative writing. She is the author of a self-published murder mystery, *COP EYES*, which is available for purchase on Amazon.com, and she is currently penning its sequel. Her short fictional story, *IN THE PINK*, was recently published in the Discovery issue of *The Mocking Owl Roost*. Her poetry has been published in various literary journals, and her poem, *ASSUMPSIT*, was the first-place entry in the 2018 South Dakota State Poetry Society's annual contest (portrait category).

You can find Kelly on:
Instagram @donnakathrynkelly.

Kelly's author page on Amazon.com can be found at:
<https://www.amazon.com/Donna-Kelly/e/B09NQH3J9B/>

Three Lost Technicolor Seconds

A Sonnet to Louise Brooks (1906-1985)

androgynous Kansas, taut earth stretching
toward pomegranate sky; grace goes the girl
from fields to stage; dust-bowl far fetching
gossamer-laced sprite in summer-down swirl

seductive soil births dreams, twirling dance,
gamine ventriloquist-self without chords
cool-draped wrists, softest flight, red-curtain chance,
winking gem, twister soul's unspoken words

flapper stars falling; reckless nights hold her
bare-midriff fields, fade takes the glimmer
lost-cardigan world, soft goes the shoulder:
time, the sultry smile seizes dimmer.

American Venus, draped in velvet,
the world's Pandora, girl in black helmet.



Heidi Schneider lost a diary of original poetry as a child and is still seeking to recover those lost words. Her writing has been published in *Grown and Flown*, *Months to Years*, *Parentwise Austin*, *The Sun Magazine Readers Write*, *Sleet Literary Magazine*, *TC Jewfolk*, *The Together We Carry Project*, *West Trade Review*, and the *Minneapolis Star Tribune* newspaper. Her

essay “Immersion” is included in the anthology *Choosing Judaism: 36 Stories*, edited by Bradley Caro Cook and Diana Phillips, Growth Exponential Publishing 2020, and her essay “Kintsugi” is part of the anthology *Her Path Forward: Stories of Transformation and Inspiration*, edited by Chris Olson and Julie Burton, PublishHer Press 2021. She has a certificate in Creative Nonfiction from the Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis. She is working on a memoir about becoming Jewish and becoming a mother.

She can be followed at:
www.heidi-schneider.com.

Pleiades: Night Vision

Wide awake at 3 a.m.
the sky calls out to me
on an August summer night.
I leave my bed,
Head outdoors to the deck
between the house and the gazebo.
And nestle between two blankets.

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

They say you need thirty minutes for your eyes to obtain
good night vision.

I wait with the little lawn creatures.
They try to make sense of me,
this new presence, a warm mass
of acrid human breath.
My musky smell
inspires their tiny fears
that ripple along the rhythmic buzz
of insect chatter.

My sight obscured
by light pollution,
by the roofs of the house and the gazebo,
by my limited eyesight
After ninety minutes,
I spied
one satellite and one meteor,
Or perhaps
one airplane and a UFO.

Snuggled in fleece,
I wait for something more
And wonder:

 Is one satellite enough?
 Are these old eyes enough?
 Is this sliver of sky enough?
 Is one night enough?
 Is one life enough?

And even, in my impatience: is one God enough?



Diane Sahms-Guarnieri is a native Philadelphia poet and author of four full-length poetry collections and most recently a chapbook, *COVID-19 2020 A Poetic Journal* (Moonstone Press, 2021). She has been published in *North American Review*, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Sequestrum Journal of Literature & Arts*, *Chiron Review*, *The Pennsylvania Literary Journal*, and *Brushfire Literature & Arts Journal*, among others. She holds a B.S. from East Stroudsburg University, with graduate courses and an English secondary education teaching certification from Holy Family University. She has taught high school English. She is poetry editor at *North of Oxford's* online literary journal and currently teleworks full-time for the government.

She can be followed at:

<http://www.dianesahms-guarnieri.com/>

<https://dianesahmsguarnieri.wordpress.com/about/>

Strawberry Moon Choka

Once upon a time
a moonlit mixture occurred.
Falling through castle's
window onto a bowl filled
with berries & this
the right inventiveness for
Cardinal Wolsey's:
strawberries & cream in the
Hampton Court of King Henry.

(Cardinal Wolsey is the man credited with inventing
the strawberries and cream combo
and was a powerful figure in the court of King Henry VIII.)

Waterwheel

Controlling	high tides	low tides
ocean waves	clashingly	calling
endlessly	waving to	you, <i>Mother?</i>

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky



Sophie Jupillat Posey is a French Venezuelan who wrote a poem about spring in the 4th grade and started a mystery series a year later. She's been hooked to creating stories ever since. She studied writing and music at Rollins College. She's had numerous short stories and poetry published in literary magazines since 2014.

She enjoys reading and writing anything from science fiction and fantasy, to paranormal and mystery novels. When she isn't writing, she is composing music, creating albums, and teaching students in France. She is the author of "The Four Suitors" and the short story collection "The Inside Out Worlds: Visions of Strange."

She can be reached on Twitter, Facebook, and her website <http://www.sophiejposey.com>

Champagne Glory

A toast,
To an awkward, timid teen in a crowd of black,
No stars, no gay comets to alleviate her gloomy shyness.
Just her sallow face, blemished acne sooty gray,
Hiding her true feelings.
Flimsy skirt of wispy hems, champagne yellow
Flutters in the churning expanse of the evening.
Her full sorrowful face veers into another shade of pallid
liquor
As she starts her new journey
Of striding onwards, despite the silence surrounding her.
A toast, to an awkward timid teen pursuing true friends, in a
crowd of emptiness,
No milky way, no meteors to bolster her flagging spirit.
Just her sense of worth.

Yellow Moon

The moon, rimmed in deepest black and navy,
Sat in its cloud of gauzy obsidian,
Its pale wavering girth exposed to all to see.
Wide, full moon,
Fat moon, plump, obese moon,
With the sickly shade of jaundice.
Wide full moon shimmering,
With the unhealthy cast of a tungsten lamp.
The moon, stiff and haughty,
Glowed with the milky light akin to the golden eye of a cat
going blind.
The moon, surrounded by clouds grazing by slowly,
Like cows meandering in a pasture,
Gleamed softly, the wan yellow color of a rose,
Before it shrivels up like a spider.
The moon arrogant with its swelling belly, encased in a surly
glaze,
Shone with the dull radiance of a newt's pale yellow
underside,
Creeping and sneaking through the pathways of the soil.
The moon, ailing marble on the tip of the night's nose,
Brooding, settled on its overweight haunches.
It glowed, smoldered, it glared yellow.

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky



Carolyn Adams' poetry and art have appeared in *Steam Ticket*, *Cimarron Review*, *Dissident Voice*, *Evening Street Review*, and *Blueline Magazine*, among others. Having authored four chapbooks, her full-length volume is forthcoming from Fernwood Press. She has been twice nominated for both Best of the Net and a Pushcart prize.

I Want to Live on the Lavender Moon,

plumb craters by earth-glow.
Jumble moon-rocks into
crude shelter in the Sea of Clouds.
Learn the sun's cursive
against the walls of my house.

I go there for a reason.
I want you to forget about me.

And when I am done with pastels
on that bright dome,
I will sleep rough,
curled within The Sea of Crises.
A palette of ash and shadow
will name for me
a troubled plain.

And in my new position,
I'll plot poles, hemispheres,
strange seas of discovery:
The Sea of Why I Am,
The Sea Where Nothing is Remembered.

Planetary Memory

In a night of unmarred skies,
light waves have no place
to scatter. In all that sacred black,
stars too many to count
stud deep velvet.
In this thorough dark,
a comet's shining breath
wanders to the gravity
of a nearby planet,
one with an eye, or
haloed with rings,
or warmed with red dust rivers.
Then she bounces
to another body,
on and on.
And you realize distance
is a fallacy,
in the long time
of planetary memory.

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky



Cai Quirk is a trans and genderqueer multi-disciplinary artist who focuses on the intersection of gender diversity throughout history, its erasure, and contemporary reclamation and re-story-ation. Cai's poetry and photography series, *Beyond Pink and Blue*, uses metaphors of color to explore aspects of gender beyond binaries. Their self-portrait photography series and upcoming book, *Transcendence*, engages with connections between gender, mythology, and nature-based spirituality. Recent talks include *Myths of Gender*, *The Power of Restoryation*, and *Gender Diversity and Spirituality*, given in conferences across America. In the spring of 2022 Cai received the Minnie Jane Scholarship and a four-month artist residency from the Pendle Hill Quaker Retreat Center. Recent exhibitions include *Queering the Cream City* (Alice Wilds Gallery), *The New Now 2021 Washington* (Forsberg Art Gallery), and *Print +* (Hunterdon Art Museum). They received bachelor's degrees in music and photography from Indiana University.

They can be followed on:
caiquirk.com
Instagram: @caiquirk

Gold and Indigo

golden strands woven in indigo darkness
the smooth cool night a warm embrace
balancing lustrous gleaming filaments

metal and silk settle against my skin
tonight I am the world, the sky and stars,
flowers and fish, sun and twilight

stars sparking a nighttime glow
meteors darting like needles through
the supple blanket encircling earth

gold and indigo walk hand in hand
through beds of citrine and amethyst
through oceans laced with glittering fish

as the sky turns towards twilight
asters and goldenrod twine together
glowing in the fading sun

like roiling clouds with rippling lightning
I am indigo with touches of gold
dancing in my depths

(First published in *Spark Journal of New York Yearly Meeting (Quaker)*,
May 2022)

Dee Allen is an African-Italian performance poet based in Oakland, California. Active on creative writing & Spoken Word since the early 1990s. Author of 7 books: *Boneyard*, *Unwritten Law*, *Stormwater*, *Skeletal Black* (all from POOR Press), *Elohi Unitsi* (Conviction 2 Change Publishing) and his 2 newest, *Rusty Gallows* (Vagabond Books) and *Plans* (Nomadic Press) and 53 anthology appearances under his figurative belt so far.

Moonshadow

Round shadow
Covers pale moon. Big
Night sky show.

Missing Moon

Sky, more obsidian than usual—No stars.
Field flowers' petals closed—No bloom.
Body of water still—No tide.
Someone ran through the floral field
Horror-struck, picking up speed by the second—

The only thing
That gave light
On that night
Was the forest
Flaming behind them.

Due to incinerating trees,
Billowing black smoke,
The pearly moon
And sparkly stars we adore
Were missing in action.

W: Arbour Day 2021
[For A.L. Shilling and Kristi Petersen-Schoonover.]



Victoria Elizabeth Ruwi is the author of *Eye Whispers*, a book of poetry. She earned an MFA in Creative Writing from San Diego State University. Her writing has been published in journals and anthologies all over the states, including the *North Dakota Review*, *Pegasus*, *Thin Air*, and *Consequences*. Her hobby is being

kind to animals.

Stars Arise

In pure twilight desert sky
the first stars arise calmly,
kneading the new dark,
before distant stars bloom
and pop, to saturate the night.

Sky is a spring orchard full
of twinkling white blossoms
promising apples, plums, berries.
Night is a canopy of roots reaching
down to us, floating on our earth.

Gazing up we see the past in light
years, serenely rising east, watch
waxing moon chaperon westward
stars that settle into dawn's embrace;
daylight a cornucopia awaiting.



Tom Cleary was born in a time most of you would consider ancient history in Wisconsin. He was attracted to writing, specifically poetry, while he was a freshman in high school. Although he graduated from the U of W with a degree in English with designs to teach literature and creative writing in high school, he soon discovered that upon graduating there were more potential English teachers nationally than there were positions. He went back to university and got a second major in accounting, a profession that sustained him for almost forty years until he retired. Now free from 9 to 5 life he has returned to literature and writing poetry with renewed zest.

The Paradox of Outer Space

Pensively positioned
a Shakyamuni Buddha
in quiet praise of starry night
my bedroom as my mind
self contained
and yet
floating as a spirit
through the rich indigo
a sky of potential
where nothing is something
to be learned, absorbed
and the immense weight
of empty space
becomes the foundation
for transformation

Southern Arizona Press

Time Stands Still

As the black holes of life's universe
Pull in everything around them
Never allowing substance to depart
Except in the flash of transformation
So too is the eye of my memory of you

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky



Chelsea Keen is a tired college graduate with two English degrees under her belt and a knack of poetry. She's been published in several university magazines, won a few writing contests, and was featured in the 70th Issue of *Polaris Literarily Magazine*. She can be found nose deep in multiple types of literature at once or her head up in the clouds.

Spaceman

Some nights are easier when
my spaceman comes to
kiss my cracked lips
smearing comet dust
and tells me how the world will end
millions of years from now

He brings me moon rocks and
places stars in my eyes
ones that have yet to die
of unkempt wishes

He leaves my curtains open to
bring in muted nighttime light
so my sleep paralysis demons can't
hide in the darkened corners of my room

There's no gravity in his hold
he is made up of endlessness and
flickers of light as if the
universe swallowed him up and
claimed him as its own

I am made from the earth
of energy and milk and love
only able to watch as solar systems
are made inside of him

He kisses me goodbye each night
the taste of him and comet dust
lingers long after he is gone
with the setting moon

Astrophile in the Stars

I want to inhale every shooting
star and taste on my tongue
each wish they carried across the galaxy

Let me sleep on the crescent moon
comforted by winking stars away
from all of the noisy human bugs
crawling and breeding on earth

Let Sirius nip at my heels
as I slow dance with the milky way and
we'll say we love to watch the earth
spin but only from all the way up here

The imaginary people on Mars will
tell me I am loved because
I love and I am love

All the buzzing boys tell me I am pretty
but only the sun kisses me each morning for
I have no use for insects in my sheets

The spinning earth and noisy bugs on it
may have my weightless body to eat
but only when I am done with it.



Leanne Webber is from the South Wales Valleys, UK and is a mother of a boy, a girl, and four cats. Her work is inspired by her interest in the esoteric, her life experiences, her rich inner world, and her interest in the human mind and soul. She has had an eclectic career path, including research, adult teaching, trainee

psychotherapy, and various roles in the safeguarding sector. However, she now works as a senior children / young people's advocate, an on-call rape crisis worker, and as a self-employed cartomancer, which she does her best to fit around her family, writing, and the pandemic. Leanne wrote her first poem at seven, but has only been writing regularly since 2016, with a fair few pieces now published, in various formats; online, in local and international anthologies, and lifestyle magazines. She also had a piece of flash fiction published in *Moonchild Mag*, a US based literary journal, in 2021. Furthermore, Leanne does 'spoken' poetry performance, both online and in ticketed local arts events. She is currently working on three poetry collections, one of which will be self-published and two with an independent horror publisher. Leanne identifies as neurodiverse and as a solitary moon witch.

Umbra

When the earth
Turns Her back on Him.
Dark night descends and
Turns all black and dim.

No sun in sight,
Yet there She shines,
Full and vibrant,
Basking in the reflection
Of His light.

Then in timely, cyclic,
Rare event,
Orbits crossed
Have now procured;
Through mother earths'
Full shadow,
His light
Is temporarily obscured.

No sun in sight,
Yet there She shines,
Full and vibrant,
Basking in the reflection
Of His light.

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

Her guiding radiance,
Relied upon
Instinctively,
By earthbound dwellers,
Now faded into russet
And deepest ochre.
Plotted by prophets, seers
And storytellers.

Yet She stays solid
In her knowing,
That this ominous rufescence
Is just a fleeting, passing phase,
That will return to luminescence.

No sun in sight,
Yet there She shines,
Full and vibrant,
Basking in the reflection
Of His light.

Though for now
He can't be seen,
Means not that
He will not return,
And She will
Once again be lit,
Whilst He will
Never cease to burn.

Then once again
No sun in sight,
Yet there She shines,
Full and vibrant,
Basking in the
Presence of His light.

The Star (Card XVII)

Part I
(Acrostic)

Trust the universe to deliver.

Hope springs

Eternal.

Serendipity in the air.

Time to believe.

Aspirations fulfilled.

Renewal.

Careful of what you wish for.

Ambitions will be achieved.

Radically release

Doubt.

The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky

Part II

(Shakespearean Sonnet)

Card number seventeen is ruled by air.
A q u a r i u s is its zodiac sign.
When reversed it can mean doubt or despair.
Though upright it means faith in the divine.

A woman kneels at the edge of a pond,
Holding two receptacles of water.
One she pours onto the now fecund land.
She ponders on what spirit has taught her.

One foot in the pool, the other on ground,
She can dwell in the astral and on earth.
Naked and pure, yet strength she has found.
This journey of trials has led to rebirth.

Shine with love and hope, sense your power.
Blessed by the stars, your seeds will flower!

Mark Grinyer was born into a military family in the early days of the Cold War and spent most of his childhood and youth following his father, an Air Force officer, to many different stations in the United States and overseas. He went to college at the University of California, Riverside, where he began writing and publishing poetry. After being drafted into the Army in 1969, he returned to the university, and received a PhD in English and American Literature. He spent the next 25 years working as a technical editor and proposal specialist in industry, and as a Lecturer at California State University in Fullerton. After retiring, he continued with his poetry and renewed his attempts to publish it in literary journals and books.

He has published poetry in print and on-line literary magazines across the U. S. and overseas. His poems have been published in: *Rattle*, *The Kansas Quarterly*, *The Literary Review*, *The Spoon River Quarterly*, *The Pacific Review*, *Perigee*, *Cordite*, *Writers Resist*, *Crosswinds Poetry Journal*, *Songs of Eretz Poetry Review*, *Irises: The University of Canberra Vice-Chancellor's International Poetry Prize* annual, and elsewhere. A chapbook, *Approaching Poetry*, was published in 2017 by Finishing Line Press.

He has a particular interest in the ways in which our American history impacts the way we live and understand our life in the USA, and in the roles of poetry and poets in modern society. He frequently uses scientific and natural scenes or images as vehicles for understanding our place on earth and in the modern world. He is currently writing and living on the edge of the Cleveland National Forest in Southern California.

The Moon through a Haze of High Clouds

Halo of light around half-moon, bright--
a rainbow surrounds this sphere's moonrise,
half-lit by sunshine, half lost to sight
in a circle refracted by particles of ice.

Light-blurring cirrus on a moonlit night
hides the heavens, making vision unclear
in the half-moon dark, half-moon light,
of an image obscured by clouds blown here

Where frontiers lost beyond mountain heights
and Pacific depths, beyond the wind we all must share
are hidden tonight behind shrouds of white
obscuring the truth in rainbow rings and glare.

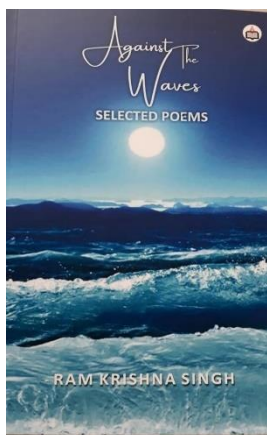
Leaving seers benighted with little to cheer
but the sound of dead dreams—rustling, sere

Published works by
our featured
contributors:



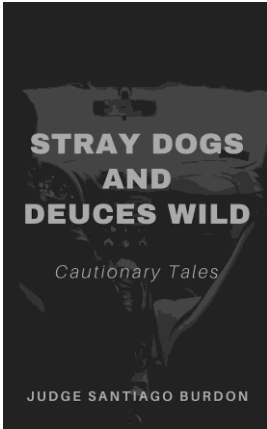
Donna Kelly's **Cop Eyes** is a fast-paced suspense novel about an Illinois public defender, Cheney Manning, whose police officer husband is killed in the line of duty. When Cheney's former client is charged with the first-degree murder of her husband, Cheney undertakes her own dangerous and reckless investigation in order to pursue the truth about what really happened on the night her husband was killed.

<https://www.amazon.com/Cop-Eyes-Donna-Kelly/dp/B09NN55PYV>



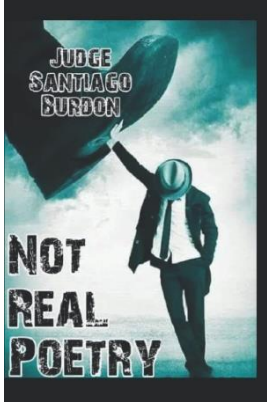
Against the Waves – Selected Poems is a collection of R.K.Singh's 66 poems, including two long, experimental haiku-tanka-haiku sequences, 'God Too Awaits Light' (2017) and 'Silence: A White Distrust' (2021). Most of the poems have also already appeared in both online and print journals, with or without translation in Romanian, Japanese, Spanish, Arabic, French, Crimean Tatar, Italian, and other languages.

<https://www.amazon.in/Against-Waves-Ram-Krishna-Singh/dp/B0953RT4Y1>



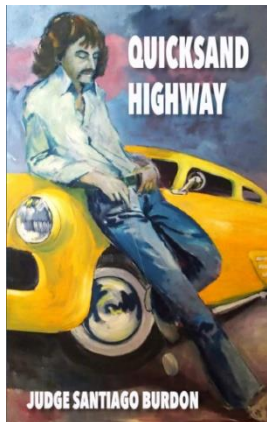
Judge Santiago Burdon's ***Stray Dogs and Deuces Wild*** is a collection of stories that are both beautifully written and capture conclusively the humor, excitement, sadness, and disappointment of a life lived on the edge. He finds literary pearls at the bottom of a dark ocean of smut and sin, propelling us into wild and unhinged terrain in a fashion similar to such luminaries as Charles Bukowski, William S. Burroughs, and Denis Johnson.

<https://www.amazon.com/Stray-Dogs-Deuces-Wild-Cautionary/dp/1655287931>



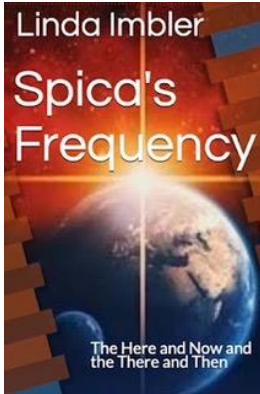
Judge Santiago Burdon's ***Not Real Poetry*** is a sophisticated slap in the face. The imagery induces you to clear your throat and shift your weight from one side to the other. Judge doesn't waste his words in an attempt to make you comfortable. As a poet he delivers defined grit and structured devastation.

<https://www.amazon.com/Not-Real-Poetry-Santiago-Burdon/dp/1914130286>



With tales from skid row, bars, motels and hospitals, Quicksand Highway tells tales of drug running, bullet dodging, drug addiction and broken romance with the insight of someone who knows what he is talking about. This collection of short stories explores life in the fast lane, extremely funny and always gritty.

<https://www.amazon.com/Quicksand-Highway-Judge-Santiago-Burdon/dp/B09KNGJT6T>



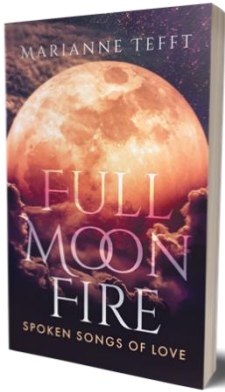
Poet Linda Imbler has assembled a truly remarkable collection of poems for her latest book, ***Spica's Frequency***. This is gorgeous poetry full of hope, connections, and powerful “what-ifs”. This is a book full of splendid images that will inspire and remind you why it is so great to be alive. There are also some sorrowful images to which many can relate.

<https://www.amazon.com/Spicas-Frequency-Here-There-Then/dp/0578303736>



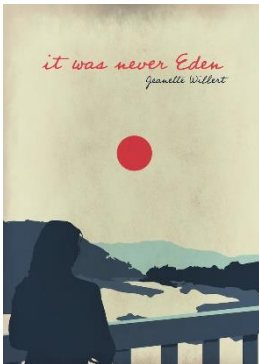
Kenneth Pobo's ***Lilac and Sawdust*** is more than a love story told in verse, it examines two lives whose paths come together, finally, giving space for acceptance that wasn't always there, still isn't certainly taken for granted. Growing up, falling in love, aging as gracefully as the years allow . . . Jeff and Jerry are your neighbors, your friends, your family.

<https://www.amazon.com/Lilac-Sawdust-Kenneth-Pobo/dp/1956578005>



Marianne Tefft takes you on a poetic journey inspired by the phases of the moon -- waxing, full, waning, and new. **Full Moon Fire** traces the trajectory of love from bright to bittersweet and back again. Born under the Caribbean sky, these 40 romantic "spoken songs" will speak to everyone who has ever loved under the full moon.

In July 2022, you'll find **Full Moon Fire** in e-book, paperback and hardcover versions on Amazon and other major distributors.



The poems in Jeanette Willert's **it was never Eden** are what Mary Oliver called "poems of place." They are, for the most part, grounded in the green mountain valleys and rushing streams of Willert's childhood West Virginia. Yet, like Oliver's own work, they contain truths that transcend time and place, that reach across the years and the mountains between poet and reader and give us a good solid shake, or a slap, or, sometimes, a fleeting kiss.

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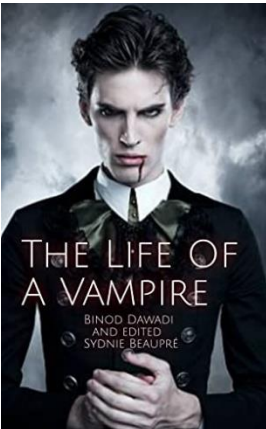
—Dargan Ware, author

<https://www.amazon.com/was-never-Eden-Jeanette-Willert/dp/0578990431>



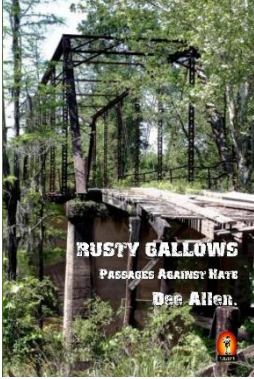
Poetry is magic, weaving tapestries via lilting words, creating a stunning visual of the author's ideas. ***The Power Of Words*** is the debut poetry collection of author Binod Dawadi, edited by bestselling author Sydney Beaupré.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0B3L6VLGG>



Binod Dawadi's ***The Life of a Vampire*** follows Binod, who was not a bad vampire, he worked helping people and doing good things. The vampire kingpin heard of this and sicced evil vampires on him, forcing him to do terrible deeds. He refused because he is a true hero. Go on Binod's journey as he tries to find a woman as good as him, and as he tries to combat evil at every cost.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0B3GNQQFT>



There's an old iron bridge in the town of Shubuta, Mississippi that's more than just a bridge for cars and trucks to cross. It's a scene of past hate crimes – and it still stands today as a symbol of hate, albeit in a corroded, crumbling state. Oakland performance poet Dee Allen guides us through racism, White supremacy, and the unforeseen Coronavirus Pandemic that simultaneously brought people apart and together in his sixth volume of poetry – and his first for Vagabond – ***Rusty Gallows***.

<https://www.vagabondbooks.net/2021/10/rusty-gallows.html>



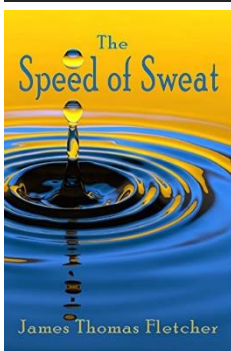
Big business intends to make the earth theirs. In the early 21st Century, corporations have more power over the landscape and its inhabitants than governments do. This power translates into pollution, turning animals into sales items, seizure of traditional First Nations lands, manipulation of the public through media, international free trade agreements negotiated in secret and defense of the corporation as having the same rights as a person. ***Plans*** by Dee Allen examines through verse uncontrolled corporate power and executives' need for more at our Earth's expense.

<https://www.nomadicpress.org/store/p/plans>



James Thomas Fletcher has provided poetry for every reader. **Bibliophile** has three sections. Poems about family fill "The Tie that Binds." Poetry about art is the theme of "A Thousand Words." The book ends with a section of humorous poems, "Flights of Fancy."

<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B09V8F1NP1>



James Thomas Fletcher's work is often about nature but here he speaks out on politics, history, religion, and ecology in a collection of eclectic musings. He writes of discovering an arrowhead and of discovering patience. Of stretched friendships and lost loves. Of unity and division, JFK and FDR, of November 3 and January 6, and about reading and writing poetry.

<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B09GMVYLFQ>

Additional titles by James Thomas Fletcher, all available on Amazon

Wild Seeds: Contemporary Idylls

The Visible Spectrum of Desire: An Interstellar Love Story

War: New and Selected Poems

The Covid Chronicles: Poetry from the Pandemic

Roses for the Canyon

Mercury & Moonlight

Émigré: Poems from Another Land

In a Burst of Recycled Electrons

Cairn

Poems from Terra

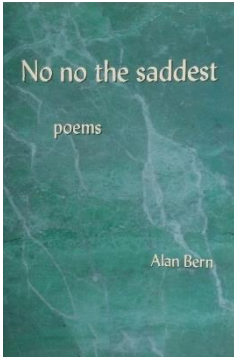
Nature: New and Selected Poems

Love: New and Selected Poems

Death: New and Selected Poems

A Pentateuch Of Poetry: The Complete Collection of the First Five Books

Rue Gît-le-Cœur



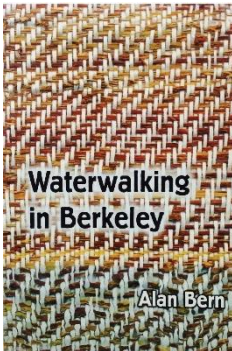
In 1979 Alan Bern's wife gave birth to a healthy son three months after having a ruptured aneurysm that left her permanently brain damaged. She died four years later without ever knowing that she had had a child. **No no the Saddest** is a book about that period. (Fithian Press, 2004)

<https://www.amazon.com/NO-SADDEST-First-Last/dp/1564744337>



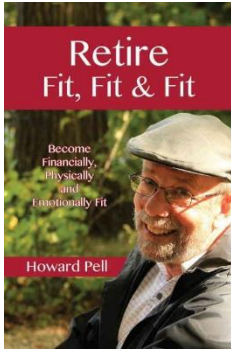
Inviting readers to travel with him in **greater distance**, covering the last years of his parents' lives, poet/translator/performer Alan Bern walks a quiet pathway of observed moments. Also included in this volume: adaptations of two broadsides written by Bern and illustrated by artist/fine printer Robert Woods. (Lines & Faces, 2015)

<https://www.amazon.com/GREATER-DISTANCE-illustrated-Robert-Woods/dp/B084VC13TJ>



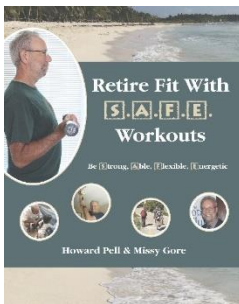
In Alan Bern's second book of poetry, **Waterwalking in Berkeley**, images and dreams start in the home of the author's heart. Born and raised, and still living, in cosmopolitan, international, and, yes, provincial Berkeley, California, Bern recalls his childhood life in the quiet, but dangerous 1950s and then transports the reader abroad in both time and place, especially to Southern Italy. (Fithian Press, 2007)

<https://www.amazon.com/WATERWALKING-BERKELEY-First-Last/dp/1564744647>



Many retirement books deal only with Financial Fitness. That's not enough; in my opinion you need to be fit in three ways: Financially, Physically and Emotionally. Without all three, your retirement may never be everything you want it to be. Learn more - in this book I help you get Fit, Fit and Fit for your retirement. If you are a young adult; on the threshold of retirement; a retiree who is finding that retirement isn't what you thought, or wanted it to be; a financial or retirement advisor looking for another resource to help your clients; then this book is for you. Now is the time to get Fit, Fit and Fit for retirement.

<https://www.amazon.com/Retire-Fit-Howard-Pell/dp/0995043108/>

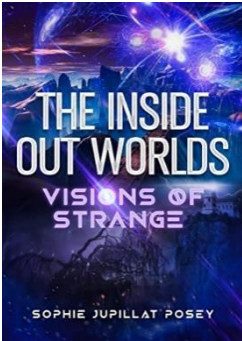


20 workouts for 20 typical Retirement Activities! Condition your body to handle the physical demands of your retirement dreams.

This book is for anyone seeking an improved quality of life through physical fitness. You are:

1. curious about how your body changes with age, and how exercise can mitigate those changes
2. eager to condition your body to address the demands of the specific travel, hobby, lifestyle, or sports that you enjoy
3. wondering how to focus your exercises, for your S.A.F.E. needs
4. looking for effective ways to exercise at home or the gym
5. seeking direction on the proper form and sequence of impactful exercises.

<https://www.amazon.com/Retire-Fit-S-F-Workouts/dp/0995043116>



With an undercurrent of magic and subversion in worlds like our own - emerges a fascinating, twisted, and completely captivating collection of ten stories.

A millennia-old vampire desperate to find a way to feed on humans who've exchanged their flesh for robotic bodies. A little girl who can see the embodiment of Death himself. An antisocial loner has prophetic dreams of an apocalyptic flood. A new social media platform that can leech life right out of you.

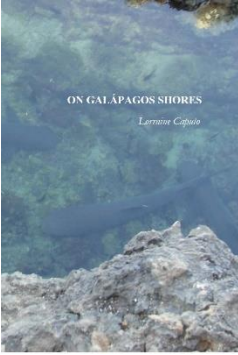
Along with other twisted tales, ***The Inside Out Worlds*** stretches the bounds of our reality.

<https://www.amazon.com/Inside-Out-Worlds-Visions-Strange-ebook/dp/B09S3YWWBS>



In Sophie Jupillat Posey's debut novel, ***The Four Suitors***, quick-witted and confident, Princess Laetitia of Avaritia always gets what she wants—until her 17th nameday ball. The King and Queen, believing marriage will rein in their daughter's rebellious nature, surprise the Princess with not one, but four suitors: a philosopher, an astronomer, an artist, and a necromancer.

<https://www.amazon.com/Four-Suitors-Sophie-Jupillat-Posey-ebook/dp/B07W62533W>



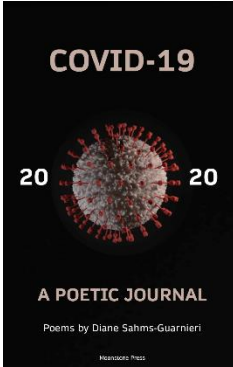
With ***On Galápagos Shores***, Lorraine Caputo invites us to journey to the mythical Galápagos Islands with her. Based on her extended stays in the Enchanted Isles, she leads us into an exploration of the places, wildlife and *colonos* (settlers) of the archipelago. Come, feel the energies of this special place.

<https://dulcetshop.myshopify.com/products/on-galapagos-shores-lorraine-caputo>



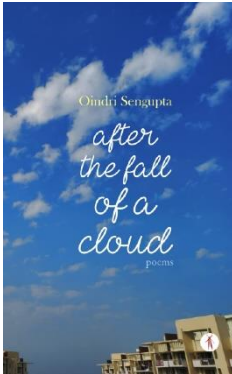
Incidental Moments invites the reader to come along on a literary journey featuring poignant and powerful poems interspersed with generous helpings of humor. Mark Fleisher's narratives weave tales spanning a broad array of subjects while his use of imagery paints pictures both abstract and realistic.

<https://www.amazon.com/Incidental-Moments-New-Selected-Poems/dp/1949652181>



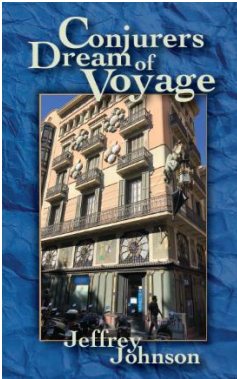
As sobering as Daniel Defoe's, *A Journal of the Plague Year*, when the Bubonic Plague devastated London, Diane Sahms-Guarnieri's ***Covid-19, 2020*** is a grim recounting of the horrible year through which we have just lived.

<https://moonstone-arts-center.square.site/product/sahms-guarnieri-diane-covid-19-2020-a-poetic-journal/294?cs=true&cst=custom>



After the Fall of a Cloud brings out Oindri Sengupta's longing for a lost time while living inside a distorted reality shaped by solitude, dreams, childhood memories, and rain. These poems highlight the journey in time and sometimes beyond time. The concept of death does not appear to be the end of everything but as a new beginning.

<https://www.amazon.in/dp/9391431461>



Jeffrey Johnson's collection, ***Conjurers Dream of Voyage***, is an evocative mélange of poetic expression invoking his experiences in the US, Spain, and Japan, and his engagement with poetry since his discovery of the Symbolists.

The book can be purchased at www.topojo.com and will be available on Amazon in the future.