

Kitchen Sink Magazine



Issue I

Fall 2020

Editor's Note

I am excited to announce the inaugural issue of Kitchen Sink Magazine. In the past few months, Kitchen Sink Magazine has had the privilege to review many submissions from talented authors and artists across the global. And we are incredibly grateful for this opportunity.

During this time of solitude and isolation, I would like people to find comfort in writing. Hopefully, a person stumbles across this magazine and feels the warmth and community that fill the following pages. I hope the writing allows them to step into new worlds and read inspiring pieces.

As a community, we are continuing to preserve humanity and communication in a time of separation. We can use writing and art to vocalize for issues in our world and to benefit our community.

Please, enjoy the following work. You may find yourself connected to a world of possibility through stories, art, beauty, and emotion. We can all feel united through the sharing of expression on paper.

Be well and stay safe,

Isabella Dail

Editor-in-Chief

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what a peculiar
wreck of a man. like broken boats
gone too long
without maintenance,
hauling their cargo
toward desiccated
shores.

the wheat and plough – the beach
and tide
of fisheries. his habit –
to take a shaving mirror
and shine reflections
as far as he can
get. a game – make everything
illuminate. but there are

so many angles,
crowds of objects
left about. the light
goes on directly.
this home has no
straight lines.

Haymarket ~ John Grey

I stand in the shadow of the city.
Its silhouette pats my head.
Around me, stalls and pushcarts
sell the wares I smell.

It's almost dusk.
The choicest of the choice are gone.
The rest have been picked over.
What's not green is red or yellow.

But for the fish,
their gray scales topped with ice,
forlorn faces gazing up
at the darkening sky.

For five bucks, I have myself
a box of mangoes,
immigrants far from their homeland,
a taste of the tropics in Boston.

The vendors are packing up.
Customers drift away.
Nearby, Quincey Market
is about to shake off its history,

become night-life.

A desire for something fresh
vacates the shuttered stands,
is taken up by bars and restaurants.

Red River ~ Miriam Sagan

water white in the gorge
hail and rain on our picnic lunch

beneath our umbrella
we crossed the open bridge

upstream, a large man was fishing
we clapped as he caught a very small fish

even with my lame right leg
I strode out on the trail among aspens

and later wanted to eat ice cream
from the Taos Cow stand in Seco

children wore chocolate mustaches
as weather cleared for the day

I was so happy we were together
I forgot I was growing old

Far in the East ~ Eadbhard McGowan

Crows, ducks and curlew sandpipers glide over small greenish waves. On the opposite side of the river willow trees reach down to the water and throw intricate shadow nets. A trail leads through the moon shadows of bare trees along the bank. On the right, a slope with the mane of a forest waving up the hill. A white raven sits on a crippled birch tree. An unreal contrast against the snowy background; the white seems blacker than the night.

A group of wooden houses raise their heads, scattered over the area in front of the horizon, glued to the edge of the sky. Not a soul to be seen. Piles of misery. The white of the snow and on top of it the black of fences and bushes like Chinese characters. Cut off from the world; nothing and nobody goes here. The snowdrift comes in short, ragged waves. At the entrance to the settlement stretch two posts with a roof of rotten shingles. Blackthorn and the grey-green, smooth trunks of ash trees form a wild hedge.

Behind the snow flurry flashes a dimly lit window. Dogs do not bark at intruders; they bark at the time.

The sky is not blue like yesterday, not pink like this morning, it has the colour of dirty frozen water: The only proof of the passage of time.

A long white band, heading to the east, moves to the left in the powdery flat snow and ice crusts under feet, crunching lightly. In a

white that is gripping one wades through cotton candy, an icy steam bath. The silhouettes of the trees seem as if waiting for company.

Some red berries are left on a bush, nourishment for late birds. An evergreen ilex braves the low temperatures and leans against the freezing east wind. Just like a hard-wearing fabric in different colours and patterns.

warp and weft

chance and chaos

merciless

A Study in Blue ~ Mickie Kennedy

The artist peels images from his past
to frame an arrangement that shifts in and out of focus
to reveal a deeper perspective:

an orange that has grown hard in the refrigerator drawer,
a bottle of wine on the counter,
a series of diagonal lines on his calendar.

He is running low on blue oils so his landscapes
take on skies of yellows and reds, something he says
he can correct on the first of the month.

He paints the sea using only greens and purples,
his only defense a mere suggestion of shadow
where the horizon might lie.

When the art gallery owner drops by, he offers to buy
the whole series with a 25 percent premium,
a check hastily written and left on a paint-splattered desk.

The artist realizes poverty and art accelerate
at the far curve of necessity as his thoughts drift cobalt.

Tears of the Desert ~ Wayne Russell

Out where the tears seldom flow,
but the wind is constant, and the
land is blistered by the sun.

The orange clay and stones forming
nooks and crannies, innocent clouds
drift on past, not a care in the world.

There's cactus sparsely littered upon
this nomadic tapestry, reptiles bask
upon rocks, worshiping the sun.

This is the place where spirits of the
dead roam, locked within loneliness
and shadow like purgatory.

Their bones are white as freshly
formed pearls, and their tears
flood the floors of the desert,
from time to time.

To The Very Sweet End ~ Patricia Walsh

This standard accent, laying waste the tea,
of another hurtling ball curved into nothing,
accepted as one's own problem, where none is,
discarded clothing remains hanging,
in the gracious balance of harder times.

Resisting temptation to unlock the doors,
cardboard laughter at expense of exploration
taken home latterly after much persuasion
difficultly and opportunity redefine standards
troubles never over while the local girl sings.

Looking through stained glass, associative pain,
simple explosion complicating cosy times,
cleaning the apartment since it is a necessity,
drunken speeches pave way for repetition
walking up to corridors of diffident concern.

This video camera, recording various stances,
radiation sickness longs for the din,
the next door's pipe band legislating for space,
the cleanest type for decades, kissed like betrayal
watching the gardaí detectives follow suit.

A hard to follow lover, money siphoned off,
mere recognition a cause for immediate concern,

sleeping like the faultless, debt recollecting,
it only being money, replaced awhile,
regurgitating housework in a virtuous life.

Plowkey ~ Mike Knowles



Cloud ~ David Spicer

Somewhere a cloud is wafting above me.
Some days, it's a castle. Others, a sports car.

Some days, a sports car driving to a castle.
I see the cloud each day. It laughs. I want it.

I want this cloud each day: no laughing matter.
Its opaque promise tantalizes me.

Different clouds tantalize my peers.
I gaze up, chase the castle and the car.

At times, the castle and car aren't in the sky.
I won't stop seeking my elusive cloud.

To stop seeking that cloud? Anathema.
I may not capture the castle and the car.

Besides, the castle and car are just a cloud.
A cloud that wafts above me, a cloud I crave.

Down Holt Road ~ William Doreski

A narrow strip of asphalt
hemmed by the season's new leaves.
"Dead End" doesn't describe it.
A break in the trees exposes
a neatly graveled paddock

with a wide view down the slope.
I've never seen a horse prancing
in this manicured place, but often
pause to admire the panorama
featuring Grand Monadnock framed

by the open, white-enameled gate.
The way this lonely spot maintains
this expensive view impresses me
with a grasp of bold abstraction
only a painter as brilliant,

drunk, and crazy as Jackson Pollock
could capture and hang on a wall.
I wish I didn't love clarity
and could render this perspective
in a slew of unlikely angles,

working language like a blowtorch.
What if I lie in the gravel long enough

for a ghost horse to trample me?
Would I have to suffer my injuries
all night until dawn refreshed

the scene in slightly altered colors?
Then would I rise completely healed
and walk home with confidence
I haven't felt in a lifetime?
A couple of warblers chirp

in the foliage to my left.
A flicker of white fur reveals
a deer in the trees to the right.
Straight ahead the mountain slumps
in its deeply weathered posture.

It has haunted me all my life;
but in this carefully framed moment
it embodies the form and content
I sought in flesh and intellect
but never fully possessed.

Outlast ~ Edward Lee

The end is there
for all of us. We all
get there eventually,
so please, you
at the back,
stop pushing,
and you, directly behind me,
stop standing on my heels,
these shoes are new
and meant to last me for years.

Stop, all of you,
you'll get there,
in the end, when it is
the end, possibly before me,
possibly after, possibly
while my new shoes still shine,
possibly when they are long
past their prime,

but you will get there,
no matter where you stand
in this line.

College ~ Con Chapman

The boy was a man now, his mother told him, and he could start earning his own money. He liked that, but he was afraid of going out in the world; away from home, away from the workshop where he'd learned to follow orders, and sit still for a long time, and make things with his hands.

His mother went with him the first day, down to the train station at the bottom of the hill. She introduced herself to the conductor and rode with him into town, where they found the van parked outside the terminal that would take him to his first job. Before he got in she grasped him by the arms and told him she was proud of him, then she kissed him goodbye and they parted, he teary-eyed, she with a lump in her throat. She took the next train back to the suburbs and found herself staring out the window after a few stops. She was a practical woman and tried to keep busy at all times, but she had fallen into a sad reverie, unable to get her mind off the uncertainty of her son's future, fearing what would become of him once she and her husband were dead.

When she went down to the station to pick him up at the end of the day she was surprised and pleased to see him get off the train with a big smile on his face. The conductor—a different one than on the morning train—had apparently befriended him, and he spoke to her briefly before the train departed.

“The man on the morning train told me about him,” the conductor said. “Don't worry—we'll look out for him.”

“Thank you very much, you don't know what this means to me,” she said with much grace and gratitude.

“No problem, ma’am,” the conductor said to her, and then to the young man: “We’re working men—right buster?”

The boy snapped off a sort of salute at the conductor and said “Right!”

“You want to give the signal?” the conductor asked the boy.

“Yes!” he replied eagerly.

“When I stick my hand in the air and say ‘All clear,’ you relay the signal down to the rear conductor, okay?”

“Okay,” the boy said seriously, then turned his head to see if he could see the conductor in the last car.

“Here we go,” the conductor said as he raised his hand. “All clear! Now you do it.”

The young man turned, raised his hand, and shouted “All clear!” down to the conductor at the end of the train, who raised her hand and waved back at him.

“We good to go?” the front conductor asked him.

“All clear!” the young man said, and the train began to roll westward, towards the further suburbs.

“It looks like you made a lot of friends your first day,” his mother said.

“I did!” he said, his round face beaming. “The work isn’t hard, but riding the train is more fun.”

“Well, that will be something for you to look forward to each day.”

They walked to the parking lot where the other commuters gave the mother and son affectionate nods and smiles, letting them go first as if they were visiting dignitaries. The mother didn’t

mind. She would have preferred to go unnoticed, but her life had turned out differently, and she was used to it. The young man was oblivious to the attention of the others and chattered on, at times almost out of breath, his tongue hanging out with excitement as he spoke, like a dog's.

The train crews grew familiar with the young man, and they all played along with the routine that so pleased him, pretending he was one of them and empowered to hold the train up if something was wrong. Each night he would hop off the iron lattice steps from his car and turn towards the rear of the train, where the woman conductor would wait until all the passengers had exited, then wave her hand in the air. The young man didn't understand the sequence—that the two conductors signaled to indicate that everyone who wanted to had gotten off—but he grasped that this meant the train could move again, and he liked the feeling that by a wave of his hand he could set a gigantic machine rolling down the long steel tracks that brought him home each night.

The young man's status as an unofficial conductor made his life something more than mere drudgery. Each day he would take items out of five bins, and place one from each into a succession of boxes that were then passed down to the next person on the assembly line. It was not as pleasant as the school he had graduated from in the spring, where he was free to move around more, and where the activities were more fun; coloring, building with blocks, making things out of clay. He sometimes wished he was still in school, but then he would think about how much fun it was to be a conductor, and he didn't miss it as much.

When he first started riding the train there were three conductors; one in the front, one in the middle, and one in the rear, but when summer came and the number of riders fell as students left town and people went on vacation, the third conductor was eliminated until the fall. The young man almost didn't get off the train in time one night because he had sat in one of the middle cars, and had to run half the length of the train to the front car; you were only allowed to exit from the front and rear cars. He told his mother how he almost didn't make it, his eyes welling up with tears, and she told him if that ever happened she would drive to the next station and meet him. She would miss him, and she would know what happened.

From that night on he made a point of sitting in the front car so he would never miss his station. He could sit in the back car and be just as sure, he thought, but he liked the order that had been established his first day on the train; man conductor in front, woman in the rear. The man conductor would raise his hand, the young man would wave to the woman, and she would wave back to him. It wouldn't be the same if he sat in the back, he thought, because then it would be the man who waved to him, not the woman.

One day after the train rolled to a stop at his station he got off and waited for the man conductor to give him the sign, but there was a delay.

“What's the matter?” the young man asked the conductor.

“College kids are starting to come back,” the man conductor said. “They don’t know you can only get off in the front and the rear.”

There was a commotion on the train as some boys started to move towards the rear of the car and, thinking they wouldn’t make it, they opened a door in the middle of the train.

“HEY!” the woman conductor yelled, running up to where the boys were perched on the top step of the gangway, ready to jump to the platform. “You exit from the front or the rear, not here—understand?”

“Sorry,” one of the boys said, as the others snickered.

“That is VERY dangerous,” the woman said as the boys turned and began to head to the rear of the train.

A frown formed on the young man’s face. He was disturbed by the boys’ misbehavior, and the disruption to his routine. He had never seen the woman conductor so upset—he knew it was a serious matter. He began to follow her back to her end of the train—he wanted to help her.

She was scowling with disgust, and his face took on a look like hers. When they reached the rear exit the young men were coming down the steps, suppressing smiles as they came.

“Don’t ever do that again, guys,” the woman conductor said, a cloud of disapproval shadowing her tanned face and pink-colored lips.

“We won’t,” one of the boys said over his shoulder.

The woman conductor shook her head, then looked up to the front of the train and waved her hand.

There was nothing for the young man to do. He looked at the boys, now heading towards the stairs, and grew angry at them. They didn't seem to care that they had broken the rules, and had made the woman unhappy. They even seemed to be laughing again.

He started to walk towards them, going faster so he could catch up to them. One of the boys turned around and looked at him, then muttered something to his friends.

At last the young man could stand it no longer; the outrage they had committed, and their indifference to the feelings of others, was too much for him.

“HEY,” he yelled at them as the train started to roll away.

“What?” one of the boys replied, but the others pushed him along, not wanting to get into an argument with an apparently crazy man.

“You, you”—the young man had more to say, but he couldn't say it at first.

“C'mon, let's get out of here,” one of the boys said loudly enough so that he could hear.

“You—COLLEGE!”

The incoherence of what was intended as an insult struck the boys as funny, and they began to laugh as they ran up the steps, although there was no need to. The young man was heavy and clumsy, and not about to catch up to them.

“Michael!” his mother called, out of breath from the effort of hurrying down the platform when she hadn't seen him from the parking lot. “What are you doing?”

The young man looked after the boys, who had now climbed the stairs and were visible on the bridge above the tracks, walking into town.

“Those boys,” he said, then began to cry.

“What sweetie?”

“They were . . . college!”

This Page ~ Bruce McRae

This page is blank.

This page is embroidered with snowfall.

It reflects light and contains all colours.

This page is now a linen shirt
made of fine Egyptian cotton.

It's every room behind every door.

It's a tidal pool. A settling pond.

This page is a freshly mown lawn,
a sliver of silver, moonlight glinting.

Look deep within yourself, you'll see
this page is the first feather on Earth.

It's a cancelled cheque, a boarding pass,
the liner notes for the devil's scriptures.

This page is a pristine canvas
in the studio of a purblind artist.

It's a movie screen, the images projected
resembling something akin to imperfection.

As if torn from a diary or family bible.

As if a flag waved in desperation,
and you only have to raise your hands.

You can only concede.

The Patterns ~ Strider Marcus Jones

somewhere
in everywhere
everybody
happens
in the patterns,
like flocks
of rocks
gathered to the lobby
of Saturn's
rings,
graded
and sorted
into ugly and beautiful
useful
things;
all something
out of nothing
but not absolute nothing:
it seems matter
that Mad Hatter
and plectrums of light
make tunes of self similarity settle and fight
repeating this same existence
without remembered resistance.

Rain of Solitude ~ Martina Rimbaldo

I stand in the rain alone,
Under the gloomy sky,
I hear the heartbeat of rain drops falling
creating water mirrors on cracked roads,
reflecting our feet,
dissolving our faces,
leaving no trace
without knowing it, they are calling out the transience of time
in front of which even a brave knight must subjugate.

Serenity ~ Carl Scharwath



Our Sweet Comfort Food Sours ~ Gerard Sarnat

Hungary to
Turkey, we
are victims
to indecency,
impure rulers
now use to cook
democracies into
some wanton soup
of stewing autocracy.

Haiku ~ Cheryl Caesar

Turtles on the beach.
Every one is an island.
Nation to itself.

Author and Artist Bios

DS Maolalai has been nominated four times for Best of the Net and three times for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in two collections, "Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden" (Encircle Press, 2016) and "Sad Havoc Among the Birds" (Turas Press, 2019)

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in Sin Fronteras, Dalhousie Review and Qwerty with work upcoming in West Trade Review, Willard and Maple and Connecticut River Review.

Miriam Sagan is the author of over thirty books of poetry, fiction, and memoir. Her most recent include Bluebeard's Castle (Red Mountain, 2019) and A Hundred Cups of Coffee (Tres Chicas, 2019). She is a two-time winner of the New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards as well as a recipient of the City of Santa Fe Mayor's Award for Excellence in the Arts and a New Mexico Literary Arts Gratitude Award. She has been a writer in residence in four national parks, Yaddo, MacDowell, Gullkistan in Iceland, Kura Studio in Japan, and a dozen more remote and interesting places. She works with text and sculptural installation as part of the creative team Maternal Mitochondria in venues ranging from RV Parks to galleries. She founded and directed the creative writing program at Santa Fe Community College until her retirement. Her poetry was set to music for the Santa Fe Women's

Chorus, incised on stoneware for a haiku pathway, and projected as video inside an abandoned grain silo in rural Itoshima. Her blog is Miriam's Well--<http://miriamswell.wordpress.com>

Eduard Schmidt-Zorner is a translator and writer of poetry, haibun, haiku and short stories. He writes in four languages: English, French, Spanish and German and holds workshops on Japanese and Chinese style poetry and prose. Member of four writer groups in Ireland and lives in County Kerry, Ireland, for more than 25 years and is a proud Irish citizen, born in Germany. Published in 106 anthologies, literary journals and broadsheets in USA, UK, Ireland, Japan, Sweden, Italy, Bangladesh, India, France, Mauritius, Nigeria and Canada. Writes also under his pen name: **Eadbhard McGowan**

Mickie Kennedy is an American poet who resides in Baltimore County, Maryland with his family and two feuding cats. He enjoys British science fiction and the idea of long hikes in nature. His work has appeared in American Letters & Commentary, Artword Magazine, Conduit, Portland Review, Rockhurst Review, and Wisconsin Review. He earned an MFA from George Mason University.

Wayne Russell is a creative writer, and amateur photographer from Florida, in late 2018, the editors at Ariel Chart nominated Wayne for his first Pushcart Prize for the poem Stranger in a

Strange Town. "Where Angels Fear" is his debut poetry book published by Guerrilla Genesis Press.

Patricia Walsh was born and raised in the parish of Mourneabbey, Co Cork, Ireland, and was educated in University College Cork, graduating with an MA in Archaeology in 2000. Previously she has published one collection of poetry, titled *Continuity Errors*, with Lapwing Publications in 2010, and have since been published in a variety of print and online journals. In addition, she has also published a novel, titled *The Quest for Lost Eire*, in 2014.

Mike Knowles: I've spent over 40 years working mainly in comics, along with contributions to TV, Radio, animation, gonzo-style journalism for a "top-of-the-shelf" magazine and odd spells as a digital artist. Not to mention three gruesome years writing gags for comedians (even though they begged me not to. But what did THEY know about humour?

David Spicer has published poems in *The American Poetry Review*, *CircleStreet*, *Gargoyle*, *Moria*, *Oyster River Pages*, *Ploughshares*, *Remington Review*, *Santa Clara Review*, *The Sheepshead Review*, *Steam Ticket*, *Synaeresis*, *Third Wednesday*, and elsewhere. Nominated for a Best of the Net three times and a Pushcart twice, he is author of six chapbooks, the latest being *Tribe of Two* (Seven CirclePress). His third and fourth full-length collections, *American Maniac* (Hekate

Publishing) and Confessional (Cyberwit.net) are now available. He lives in Memphis.

William Doreski has published three critical studies and several collections of poetry. His work has appeared in many print and online journals. He has taught at Emerson College, Goddard College, Boston University, and Keene State College. His most recent book is *Stirring the Soup*. williamdoreski.blogspot.com

Edward Lee's poetry, short stories, non-fiction and photography have been published in magazines in Ireland, England and America, including *The Stinging Fly*, *Skylight 47*, *Acumen* and *Smiths Knoll*. His debut poetry collection "Playing Poohsticks On Ha'Penny Bridge" was published in 2010. He is currently working towards a second collection.

He also makes musical noise under the names *Ayahuasca Collective*, *Lewis Milne*, *Orson Carroll*, *Blinded Architect*, *Lego Figures Fighting*, and *Pale Blond Boy*.

His blog/website can be found at <https://edwardmlee.wordpress.com>

Con Chapman is a Boston-area writer, author most recently of *Rabbit's Blues: The Life and Music of Johnny Hodges* (Oxford University Press), winner of the 2019 Book of the Year Award from Hot Club de France. His work has appeared in *The Atlantic*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *The Boston Globe*, and a number

of literary magazines. He is the author of two novels, Making Partner and CannaCorn, both Joshua Tree Press.

Bruce McRae, a Canadian musician currently residing on Salt Spring Island BC, is a multiple Pushcart nominee with over 1,600 poems published internationally in 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); ‘Hearsay’ (The Poet’s Haven).

Strider Marcus Jones - is a poet, law graduate and ex civil servant from Salford, England with proud Celtic roots in Ireland and Wales. A member of The Poetry Society, his five published books of poetry <https://stridermarcusjonespoetry.wordpress.com/> reveal a maverick, moving between forests, mountains, cities and coasts playing his saxophone and clarinet in warm solitude.

Martina Rimbaldo was born 29 years ago and lives and works in Croatia, a small country placed in central Europe. She enjoys reading, writing and painting. She is a cat person, her desire for the world is that people live according to the Golden rule. She thinks it would make the world a better place for everybody to live in.

Carl Scharwath, has appeared globally with 150+ journals selecting his poetry, short stories, interviews, essays, plays or art photography (His photography was featured on the cover of 6

journals.) Two poetry books 'Journey To Become Forgotten' (Kind of a Hurricane Press).and 'Abandoned' (ScarsTv) have been published. His first photography book was recently published by Praxis. Carl is the art editor for Minute Magazine, a competitive runner and 2nd degree black- belt in Taekwondo.

Gerard Sarnat won San Francisco Poetry's 2020 Contest, the Poetry in the Arts First Place Award plus the Dorfman Prize, and has been nominated for a handful of recent Pushcarts plus Best of the Net Awards. Gerry is widely published in academic-related journals (e.g., Universities of Chicago/ Maine/ San Francisco/Toronto, Stanford, Oberlin, Brown, Columbia, Harvard, Pomona, Johns Hopkins, Wesleyan, Penn, Dartmouth, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Baltimore) plus national (e.g., Gargoyle, Main Street Rag, New Delta Review, Northampton Poetry Review, Peauxdunque Review, MiPOesias, American Journal Of Poetry, Kurt Vonnegut Museum and Library Literary Journal, South Broadway Press, Parhelion, Clementine, pamplemousse, Red Wheelbarrow, Deluge, Poetry Quarterly, poetica, Tipton Journal, Hypnopomp, Free State Review, Poetry Circle, Buddhist Poetry Review, Poets And War, Thank You For Your Service Anthology, Wordpeace, Lowestoft Chronicle, 2020 International Human Rights Art Festival, Cliterature, Qommunicate, Indolent Books, Snapdragon, Pandemonium Press, Boston Literary Magazine, Montana Mouthful, Arkansas Review, Texas Review, San Antonio Review, Open: Journal of Arts & Letters, Brooklyn Review, pacificREVIEW, San Francisco

Magazine, The Los Angeles Review, Fiction Southeast and The New York Times) and international publications (e.g., Review Berlin, London Reader, Voices Israel, Foreign Lit, New Ulster, Oslo Griffel, Transnational, Southbank, Wellington Street Review, Rome Lotus-Eaters). He's authored the collections Homeless Chronicles: From Abraham to Burning Man (2010), Disputes (2012), 17s (2014), Melting the Ice King (2016). Gerry is a physician who's built and staffed clinics for the marginalized as well as a Stanford professor and healthcare CEO. Currently he is devoting energy/ resources to deal with climate change justice. Gerry's been married since 1969 with three kids plus six grandsons, and is looking forward to future granddaughters.

Cheryl Caesar lived in Paris, Tuscany and Sligo for 25 years; she earned her doctorate in comparative literature at the Sorbonne and taught literature and phonetics. She now teaches writing at Michigan State University. She gives poetry readings locally and serves on the board of the Lansing Poetry Club. Last year she published over a hundred poems in the U.S., Germany, India, Bangladesh, Yemen and Zimbabwe, and won third prize in the Singapore Poetry Contest for her poem on global warming. She also won a scholarship to the Social Justice workshop at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Mass., awarded by Indolent Books. Her work is currently appearing in anthologies of Reo Town readers from Lansing and of the East Lansing Art Festival. She has been swimming with wild dolphins, and it is one of the

high points of her life. Her chapbook *Flatman: Poems of Protest in the Trump Era* is now available from Amazon and Goodreads.