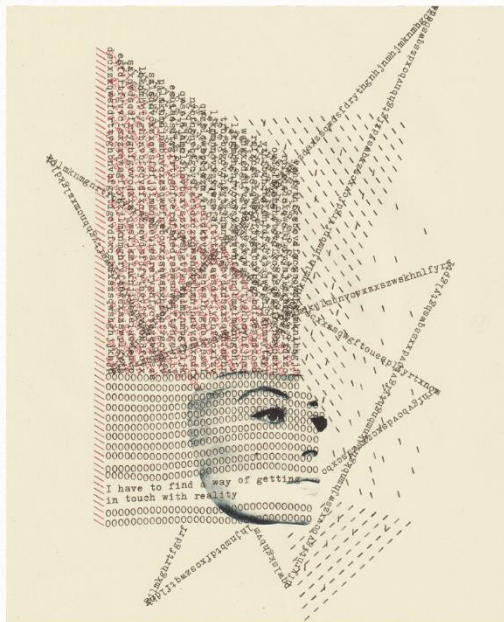


# SONIC BOOM

*...for writing that explodes*



July 2025

# SONIC BOOM

*...for writing that explodes*

July 2025

**Founder & Editor-in-chief:**

Shloka Shankar

**Associate Editor:**

Raghav Prashant Sundar

**Cover Art:** “Back to Reality” by Robin Tomens

Copyright © Sonic Boom 2025

All rights revert to the artist upon publication. Works may not be reproduced in any manner or form without prior consent from the individual artists.

<http://sonicboomjournal.wixsite.com/sonicboom>

# Glitch Visual Poetry #5

*Alexander Limarev*



sunrise pinpoint on the cusp of irregardless

— Robert Moyer

# And what we get is what we bring\*

*Eric Allen Yankee*

*after Phillip Levine*

wake up, mouth crusted over, and  
this could be it. My heart is what

tells me that we all do this, that we  
climb out of bed in pieces, and get

a firefly caught inside of us & it is  
how we put ourselves back. What

were you whispering in my ear? We  
could be Gods, If I knew what to bring.

\*A Golden Shovel poem using this line from Phillip Levine's "A New Day"

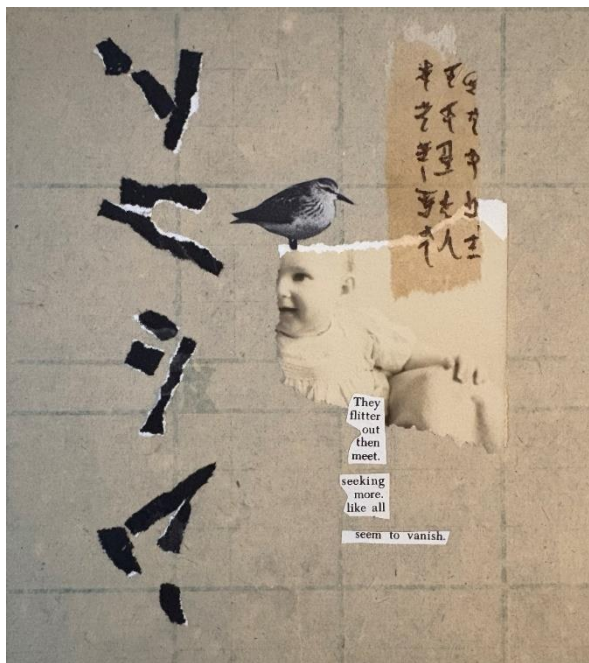
## Every Sunday

*Ivan Peledov*

The totems used to live here  
without humans for centuries.  
Now the dreams of the owls  
make the air heavy,  
and the snowflakes float  
toward the forgotten cities in the mountains.  
Gas stations, churches, and parking lots  
abound with the void that has a new name  
every Sunday.

# they flutter

Jean LeBlanc



stifled in the oligarch's coat pocket the songbird

— Robert Moyer



devil's ivy  
the dying spruce  
does its best faust

*scholar's rock*

— Shane Coppage & *Jerome Berglund*

in the foreground of decadence  
please may I listen to your belly

— Mark Gilbert

worry bone the sperm whale clicking inside my jaw

— Debbie Strange

[trapped in a dream the insomniac's whistle]

— Kelly Moyer

thunder selfies on a clear day

— Roberta Beach Jacobson

screen time us screening out rages

— Ross Moore

# wildflower turf

*Robin Smith*



floating butterflies  
I take my hands off  
the neck of the world

— M. R. Pelletier



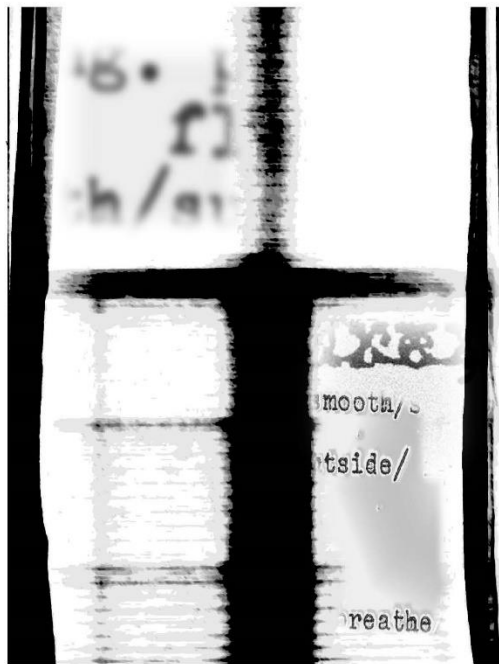
## **A Dog Could See it**

*Dan Schwerin*

A thousand grasses bend with dew  
just to hide the far from home.  
My dog was Han Shan in a past  
life. He sees the hidden.  
He wrote this: we need the dew,  
or people will fear their shadows.

# Our Bones Are Showing

*Carol Schoder*



slipping moorings in mist we once were

— John Hawkhead

**noted**

*John Levy*

not silently  
noted

noted  
with silences

noting

the word noting is close  
to the word *nothing*, they  
are like neighbors, one  
who talks to the other  
who doesn't

parentheses (the whole of our conversation)

— Mona Bedi

in the cathedral of between slant rhyme reigns

— dan smith

## Fading

*Carol Schoder*



vestibule

nothing begins here  
nothing really ends

we sit,  
disintegrating slowly  
like paper in water

— Vidya Premkumar



hard to stand out violets  
— Marie-Louise Montignot

not not the held note of a cello dusk

— Michele Root-Bernstein

pearl moon drops from my eyes into bokeh

— Robin Smith

migrating preterm stars through the body heat

— Rowan Beckett Minor

# Forgive

*John Levy*

The word *give* is in there. What  
to

live

for.

May bee some good will come out

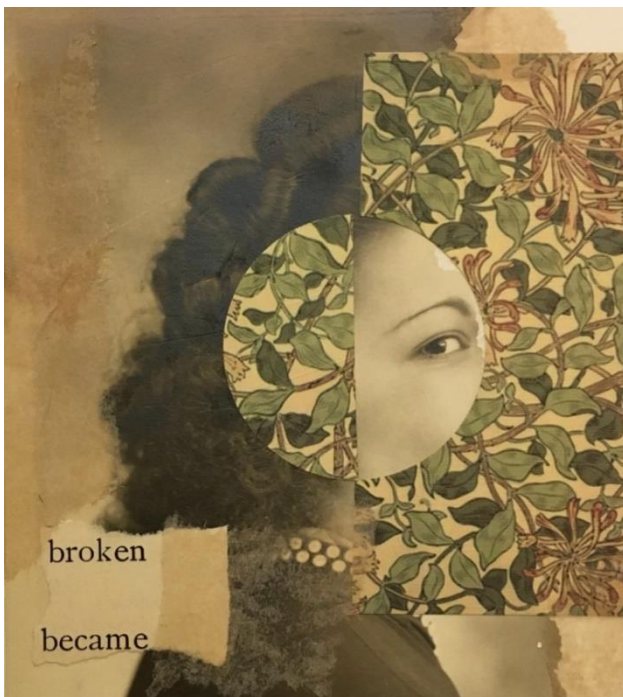
— Marie-Louise Montignot

at a slight remove from the Virgin's statue      wild teasel

— Maeve O'Sullivan

**broken became**

*Jean LeBlanc*





EVE

ry le  
af de SE RVES

MEnti  
on s  
o it b  
eGINs

— Peter Jastermsky

## oddit(t)y

*Anil Pradhan*

i had once tried learning to love  
to be in the know, to get it correct  
but as every autumn took its leave(s)  
late evenings murmured an old ditty:  
love is not a lesson, it is a practice  
like taking chances with switches  
in a new house, it is patience too  
and learning everything but love  
until the ceiling lamp finally glows  
and glows some more, all night long

one for the everyone in everyone

— Tim Murphy

violet-green swallows the proof that I am a Mersenne Prime

— Joshua St. Claire



*FINIS.*