



# SONIC BOOM

*...for writing that explodes*

इस्युए नइनेटन

December 2020

(Poetry, Prose, & Art)

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*...for writing that explodes*

## Issue Nineteen

December 2020

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### Associate Editors:

Grix  
Shobhana Kumar

**Poetry Reader:** Tuhin Bhowal

**Proofreader:** Geoff Pope

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# THE POETRY SHACK

# A Title Struggles to Get Out

*By Alan Summers*

there are three guns  
and a bullet  
in this dream

I am barely remembered  
but age brings echoes  
and my title reaches out  
to touch something concrete

only to contract  
leaving just me, and alone  
for the next wave, not of the plague  
but the loss of another innocent day

if that title gets out  
I might find my name  
and get out

there are three guns  
and a bullet  
they are only metaphorical

# Three Years Ago

By *Amanda Schroeder*

I'm breaking bones with the weight in my throws  
& searching for bruises in the shape of a heart.  
I navigate tar-effusing heat,  
scabbed heels bleeding through white converse,  
a vestige to the growing pains of childhood.

Memorial reads:

“Here she stands, before the words she used  
to define herself fell out of her pockets &  
onto the floor into an order she  
couldn't make sense of.”

Stick & oil (for tools). Head Sickness.  
Resolved there was nothing left to do but let  
the campus shuttle take me where it wants,  
& search for the pattern,

(the hospital where I visited my mother,  
the dining hall where I eat  
sticky Chow Mein noodles alone,  
the courtyard outside the class  
I never attend, & around again:  
this is how small we really are)

thoughts running a cold sweat while palpitating a copy of an unread magazine,  
holding it up towards the world like:  
bait.

Waiting for the things we can never give to each other.



## Third-Persona Poem

*By Isaac Stackhouse Wheeler*

I have this one friend who only sees shadows  
—a peaceful person, not temperamentally  
interested in positions of power, but he still  
has to navigate these streets, and inferring

objects' presence solely by their influence  
on light makes every last one a hegemon:  
the angular autocracy of stop signs, the black ranks  
of fluted sycophants under democratic columns.

I'm a little worried about him; he's very careful  
never to collide with anything,  
so much so it's become a kind of hygiene  
that makes him fragile. I recall that French king

who believed he was made of glass and stayed swaddled  
on his throne for days—but my friend would never  
sit somewhere with such a long shadow, so he grows  
thin in air like a flat saint in a cathedral window.

## the hammer & the nail

(An erasure poem after Charles Eisenstein's essay *Coronation*)

By *Katie Jenkins*

imagine a hammer  
looking for a nail  
pounding a worldview

a nail might suspect it matters

maybe a nail resembles an opportunity  
to doubt it is a nail

the hammer  
and the principle of the hammer  
will persist  
monstrous  
crusading  
ignoring deliberately  
the wind

## Ant farm

By *Lavanya Arora*

I pluck metaphors from phantom branches  
of trees from my childhood:  
jamun, shehtoot, and gulmohar  
—all now cut down.

My teeth forget what restraint means  
when they meet their succulent skin.  
The juice drips on the floor.

It is the season of ants.

They come in single sentences,  
punch their mandibles into the surface  
tension. Suck it all clean.

They feed it to the colony  
and hatch a million syllables.  
I watch it all happen

as I pour in liquid metals.  
This heat needs no tempering  
to turn the nest into a treasure  
of a hundred thousand identities

buried in that tiny space.  
I cramp them in my body.  
I take it all in.

## Perspective

*By Michael J. Galco*

The shipyard scrap heap  
watches the tankers sail off

to Marseilles, Houston, Gdansk...  
The scrap heap settles,

wistfully, for a domestic  
repose, through the heat

of summer and the sleet  
of winter, when the dockyard

cranes creak and groan  
in the thick grey mist,

topped with hungry  
nondescript shorebirds.

Years later, the shipyard  
itself slowly regards

the service economy  
sailing off, its hold empty...

## Friction

*By Prashant Parvatneni*

The word Sha-Ri-Ri-Ka, meaning bo-di-ly,  
has enough friction to burn the best of ideas to ashes

Ri and Ri sit dangerously close to each other,  
they'll start quarrelling anytime now—

sweet-sweet Sha, coarse-coarse Ka—  
if you have ever lived outside your body,  
you know what it means to live with  
such afflictions

two incompatible cells or sounds or organs or breaths,  
two divided stresses locked in a battle somewhere  
—in a pulled muscle or a tired shoulder—  
each claiming to be the native occupant,  
each calling the other an alien inhabitant

the skin that covers it all,  
like letters over language  
and words over meaning,  
can neither be too taut  
nor too saggy

agile like a reptile it must glide over this nuisance  
like grass growing unrepentant over mountains

# The Transfiguring Night

By *Richard Fox*

*Eine alte orrery beleuchtet durch opulente Lungen*

There are certain things that never work in dreams,  
like clocks or light switches.

Rooms teach us about jails, institutions, & death.

Now, two people, independent of each other,  
turn about-face,

& walk back to where they started.

You can't take a photo in a dream—when you do,  
it changes whenever you look at it.

Rain-speak—speech in forked tongues—  
or a chandelier; an old orrery

lit inside by its opulent lungs.

## silence

*By Roy Herndon Smith*



An ekphrastic response to the above painting by Marlene Vine.

breezes ruffle leaves  
the shadow of a bird flies  
on the grey pavement

a gutter bends on  
the newly painted red house  
with the olive roof

waste water trickles  
then flushes down the drain pipe  
behind the wall

of the study where i  
tap these marks about silence  
into a blank space

sometimes i forget  
a word; the neurologist says,  
*not to worry*

*just the usual  
time cleaning up what was  
to make space for what is*

something i don't have  
a name for fills the world  
with whirring, then stops



# PAPER LANTERNS

chronicling a drop of rain :: but first, guess the wind's age

– Rebecca Lilly

through permeable skin what is and is not

– Ashish Narain

under river water black-ochre stones verging into thusness

– Rebecca Lilly

amber light  
approaching god  
with a backward glance

– Gregory Longenecker

fumbling the years a turnstile of regret

– Peter Jastermsky

scent of death the sky leaking stars

– Beate Conrad

pale morning  
an ambulance blooms  
eyes of god

– Rich Schilling\*

They're all dead  
and we still can't find  
the good scissors

– Patrick Sweeney

\*A found poem from *Poppies in October*, by Sylvia Plath.

madding  
crowd  
i  
am  
added  
&  
subtracted

– Vijay Prasad

I must admit I am no longer my friend

– Jackie Fox\*

\*A found monoku from p. 20 of *Jurassic Park*, by Michael Crichton

PROSE

## Glossolalia

*By Adrian S. Potter*

Autumn still aches in her joints. Filters through her flesh like the scent of spoiled leftovers. She's a miscast spell, an exit wound, a blind curve. Near the jukebox, she leans too close to strangers who are highly suspect, lip-syncs tequila's cliched hymn. Sometimes the night sharpens itself against her edges. Evokes a restlessness that rises beneath her ribs like bread. The flowers on her dress, tiny blooms culled in a field of pale blue, could trigger a revelation, a reluctant sermon of desire hiding under her tongue. She's trying to locate salvation amid the sheets by feel, by guessing. The mattress swollen with hallelujahs and regrets.



## What would Paddington Bear think about it?

By *Andrew C Brown*

They say I must not shout or swear at strangers who visit during the weekend then leave early Monday or late Sunday night once they have sampled the *country ways* bought by their battered, bartered euros and pounds. Funny, I do not remember them at my little school or playing hopscotch along the village lanes. Where have they all come from? Those people that only visit briefly and will not stay in the pretty cottages my dead Da built, repaired, and renovated? How is it those homes stay empty during the week and I get arrested when I break-in to get out of the cold? I am sure some of them are the spit of couples who collected foster money payments for so-say *looking* after me then kicking me out once their gravy train dried up. How can I compete for a home when I've no fixed abode and no address other than cold damp pavements or cardboard pillows that are comfort blankets?

I do not even have the suitcase I secured with a piece of string. It was taken from me, I can't even remember how many days ago it happened; the bruises are changing colour now and I begin to remember the words she wrote to me in those prison letters. Bastards stole her picture along with my papers; the only dreams I now dare have are for winter and smashing windows to get a bed in the cop shop or the nick but even that isn't guaranteed what with all that overcrowding.

There was one thing that made me smile and do not get me wrong, I wasn't glad that the man died but that bloke, one who wrote that book called Paddington Bear, well, nowadays he would be laughed at, his book deemed utter nonsense and science fiction—a foreigner, complete with warm coat and suitcase receiving a home?

# A

*By David Capps*

I try to remember how I sounded out the words when I learned to read, what it felt like. How the ‘O’ always seemed to calm, while the ‘A’ seemed so anxious, so antagonizing, an older brother.

How the silent sounds in words seemed special hiding places—a pillow pile stuffed in the closet, the ravine across the street by the lake, shimmied high up in a tree.

Far from thunderous piano chords of the family Bosendorfer, silent letters whose pronunciation lit like dry lighting crisscrossing Michigan skies in the summer.

Silence the tired red Lego window I had to squint out of as the eye of the storm whose boundaries were our walls.

Silence even now I expect to see something final and astonishing in it, something that ties together all the loose threads of my existence.

*By Hriday G S*

We make a curious pair—Saibaba and I. For the past three years, we have spent most of our lives in the library at JNU illegally.

Saibaba is a homeless vagrant who reads evolutionary biology and social anthropology in the night from books he scrounges from students. I am a vagrant in exile who has defined his identity by the line: “I am preparing for the civil services.” One that inspires as much patronising encouragement as did the line “I am preparing for an MBA” a decade ago.

Saibaba and I share a strange relationship—like two strangers in a group of kinsmen or old boys. While they are uncomfortable in their loneliness, they also recognize the other as a stranger by the group’s lack of familiarity with them as individuals. They instinctively want to talk to each other but something primordial prevents them.

Often Saibaba would curl up in a corner of the library and sleep. And I, too, would gently doze off at my table. In his incessant snoring, I would feel sorry for him. A lonely middle-aged man who was probably schizophrenic, abandoned to his devices in an antique library.

One January morning, I offered Saibaba a cigarette. He recoiled like an old self-loading rifle from the World War days.

Over time we have come to acknowledge each other’s presence by making way for the other. Many civil services aspirants have come and gone, but Saibaba and I have remained here in this library for many years.

This November, I will leave the library. My mission has not been accomplished. And perhaps it will never be. But I know I will never return to these halls of the library's reading room. Saibaba will continue reading Aristotelian ethics and Pythagorean geometry during the night and asking inane questions at the conferences that occur at JNU every day.

I will drift away from his life like any other civil services aspirant who has passed through this library. But there will be a difference.

Saibaba shall know that like him, I, too, was a stranger in these parts who was by nature a vagrant. And like him, I will never find peace and always be a drifter. Saibaba shall know my reality. And I, his. This oblong chamber to which I shall never return, where I have seen so much, shall recall our friendship on its walls, windows, and broken chairs.

## Blurbs for the Book I Have Not Yet Written

By *Keith Polette*

“A LITERARY MASTERPIECE...flawlessly written...a pure gem...honest...full of life...it swerves!”

—*The Atlantic Monthly*

“DELIGHTFUL...full of subtle variety...rich with texture...its vigor cannot be contained. The title should read: Danger—Wild Wicked Words Ahead!”

—*The New Yorker*

“Pure power bristles with every word...it packs a one-two punch...an aesthetic knockout!”

—*Fancy Fowl Review*

“FRIGHTENINGLY GOOD...brilliant...the best thing I’ve read in twenty years.”

—*Cranes Today Digest*

“FULL OF WHIMSY...a TOUR DE FORCE...monumental...staggering...highly illuminating...ingenious...epic...rare...the Incredible Hulk of literature...a shock to the sensibilities...it will leave you desperate for more!”

—*The Croquet Gazette*

“THE BEST...MESMERIZING...This latest work is simply another in a long line of towering achievements. It is all hoof and speed and barely manages to keep the bit in its mouth—which is the thrill of reading this work!”

—*The Potato Review*

“RHAPSODIC...This work is like a 100,000 watt bulb turned inside-out! It blazes with a richness that defies the imagination. It is like watching a supernova through a microscope. Beware: when reading this work, wear welder’s goggles!”

—*Emu Today & Tomorrow Review*

“A LANDSLIDE OF LANGUAGE...an earthquake of signs...the shattering semiotics of seismic activity...this work erupts with primal power. At the epicenter of this work is the frenzied quantum field of unknowing beyond anything Schrodinger (and his cat) ever imagined!”

—*Lighthouse Digest*

“A POST-MODERN HANDBOOK TO LIFE...SHEER AUDACITY ...différence...If only Derrida had read this first!”

—*Parallel Parking Review*

## Range of Attachment

By *Laura Ring*

The Range of Attachment is a chain of fold mountains in the center of a crowded continent. Known to the ancients as “The Lovers,” its peaks face countless claims to sovereignty. States. Microstates. Kingdoms. Principalities.

How much we make of small differences. Every kilometer another name, language, another house wine. Picnickers in the national equivalent of lederhosen engaged in the national pastime. Hard lines on a map, but no physical borders. We would rather be enemies than neighbors, such is our longing.

Every fold mountain’s a love story. Two bodies, afloat on fiery seas. They touch each other only where they are broken—under the mantle, this good, dry earth. When equals meet, there is no bow, no cover; they can only fold, each into the other—& in the folding rise. All love is rearrangement in a shear zone. Ions dissolved in water. Sinistral assemblages.

This love is old. Eocene. The laying down of granite, gneiss—the “g” silent, relic of a previous union, for we cannot unlearn what joining does to language. Pressure acts on the consonants, pushes them closer together. Rosanine, ancient poet & author of the first grammar, once wrote: “I have removed the vowels that we may be closer. Let there be no breath between us. Lvr. Lvr. Our tongues, may they fold.”

## La Celebración

By Linda Ferguson

Between Sally and Rodrigo—  
an overturned box covered with a lace cloth,  
a plate of squash and lime quesadillas,  
Rainwater Madeira in mugs.

Sally stretches her legs across the rug so that the soles of her Chinese slippers press the soles of Rodrigo's worn boots.

Rodrigo says he once dreamt his grandmother sat in a velvet armchair, grumbling:

*Today I am inside a tangerine.  
How my pinched feet crave  
to point and flex,  
to spark tiny arias in tendons—*

*Oh tangerine, I have relished your scent,  
but inside of you I'm rolled up tight, a snail  
that never travels past its first leaf,  
an embryo with my nose pressed to spongy knees—*

*Back in the womb today when I was just beginning to relish  
the length and acuity of my bones (navicular, cuboid, talus!)  
and the blossoming of heart and ribs  
as storms of salt and hail  
christened my skin.*



Rodrigo rubs the burn of stubble on his chin. That doesn't sound much like my grandmother, he says, but who knows?

Sally nods and says she barely remembers her grandmother. She pictures her in a pillared cardigan, a shimmering fleck of onion skin stuck to the sleeve. Head bent, always re-sewing buttons on thick wool shirts and canvas pants frayed at the hem. Or eternally at the stove, face moist from the steam of a beige pudding.

Sally shudders. She thinks her grandmother skimmed on the honey and the cinnamon.

\*

Lightning and a wisp of candle smoke. Sally pinches a flake of empanada that's settled in the folds of her burgundy skirt then licks it from her finger.

Rodrigo nudges her knee with his and points to the window, the storm outside.

Which one is your grandmother? he asks. The lightning or the rain?

Sally: I couldn't say. She thinks the whole sky—clouds and stars and scattered light—is made of ancestors.

She listens to the rain tap on the rawboned rhododendron that grows beneath their window. Hard drops land on the green and brown and yellow-spotted leaves alike before softening into the skirt of earth at the shrub's feet.

She considers the idea of transmutation and imagines herself and Rodrigo as a pair of mallards. Sometimes, she thinks, she'll be the dun-colored female foraging beside a pond while Rodrigo, the drake, stands watch. Other times he'll be the one to hunt for bugs and berries and bits of damp grass while she holds her gleaming head high to listen and to guard all they love.

## Vanessa

*By Linda Levitt*

There you are, Vanessa, with the pile of things you will cut, cut and craft, cut and color, cut and paste the old fashioned way, with your scissors and your razor blade and your X-Acto knife. All those paintbrushes. All those colors. The bookcase you made, like the one in the living room in the house where you grew up before your parents got divorced and you moved to Santa Monica to collect sand in very small vessels, but your mother still made you empty out your pockets when you got home. Scavenger of the shoreline, scavenger of memory. The tiny bookcase with the tiny books, replicas of the classics and the artbooks on your own shelves now. One about Greta Garbo, one about Hunter S. Thompson. You always said if you can't be eclectic you're just not trying very hard. There you are, Vanessa, gazing into the tiny bar you made with the pearl-sized lamps and glasses as small as my thumbnail. How did you decide which spirits to place on those shelves, the bottles carved out in imitation of the array at the Roosevelt Room, whatever food coloring you had available to drip from the eye-dropper into the finely rendered glass?

# Hiraeth

*By Tapan Mozumdar*

Words. I make them. They make me. One after the other, and another—flowers of the times strung together with my desperation to be heard. They dry with every new morning. I throw them away lest they rot and stink. New ones, in all their glitz, take their place. Addicted, I see them getting coupled in such throes of passion, just to lose their meaning and be abandoned.

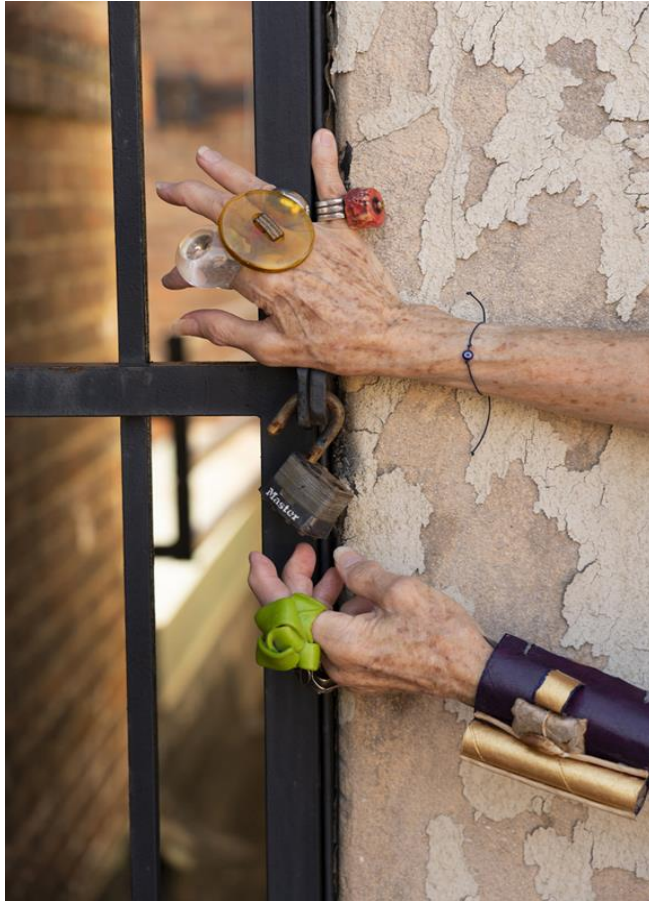
hiraeth  
is it the flute at midnight  
or its seller?

Do I write to get home? Do I home to get written? Mentioned honourably in some online magazine in the alleys of obsolescence, walkways where just the pained travel? Or, the left alones? Do I trust them too much to take me home?

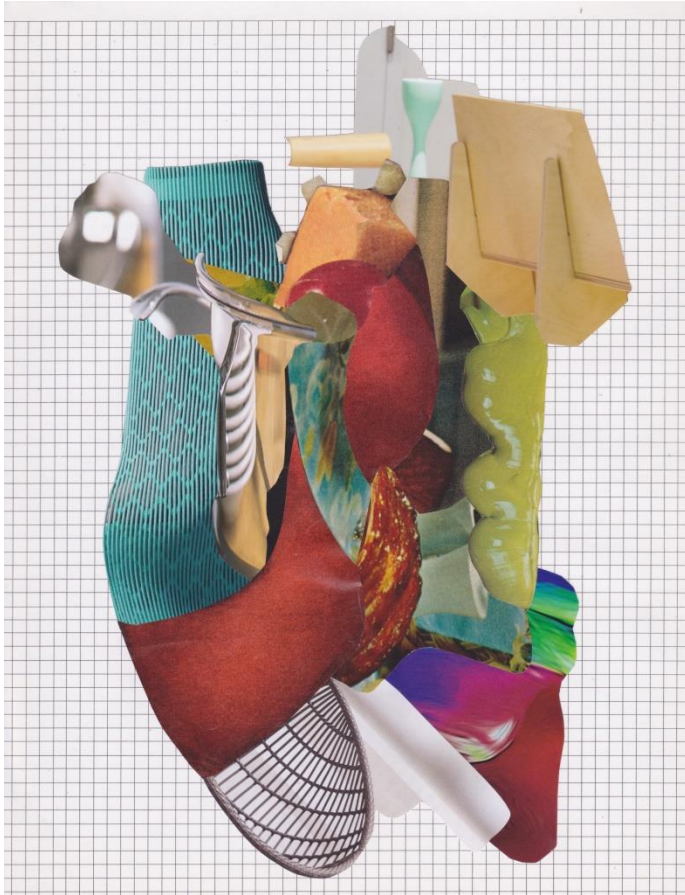
riding on the rapids  
a tree's shadow

VISUAL ART

*Artist's Hands* by Natalia L Rudychev



*Scrap Color Study 2020 #4* by Ben DiNino



*Regal* by Natalia L Rudychev



*Ancient Voices #6* by Carole Guthrie





*Codes, Whispers* by Giridhar Khasnis



*I'm not paranoid* by T.W. Selvey




*mind sequences* by Dave Read




evaporating mind sequences



sequences evaporating mind



mind sequences evaporating



*bubbling over* by Christine L. Villa

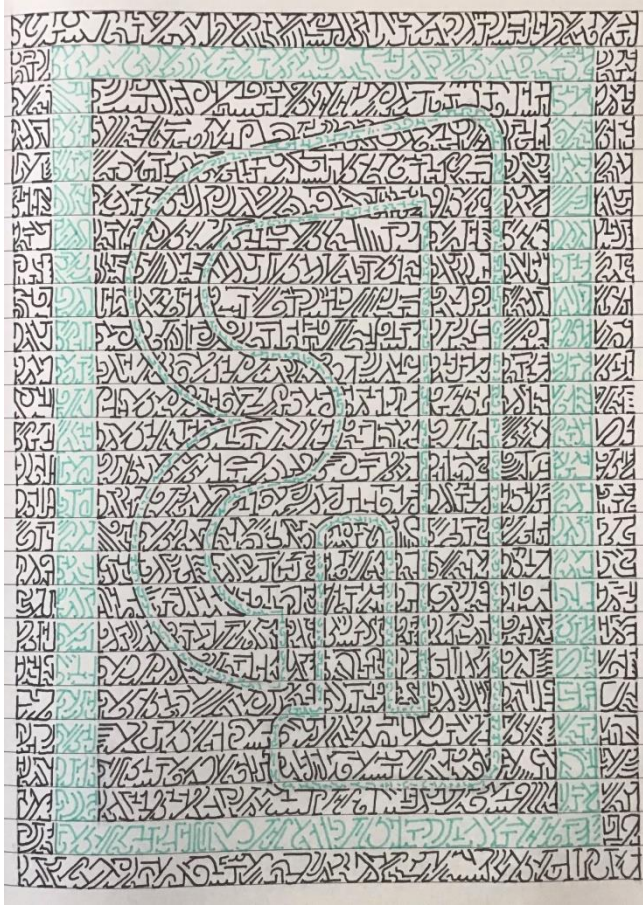


bubbling over with enthusiasm

these different versions  
of myself

am I good enough?  
am I good enough?  
am I good enough?

*Notebook Page #2 by Dave Read*



*Room & Board #4* by Ben DiNino



*Sparks of Connection* by Vicky Helms



*Early Winter: a sudo-ku* by Kat Lehmann

childhood	how much of	screaming	sounds like	singing
firestorms	her protest	hands	fighting	through thunder
her greening	March is	pinned down	again	and pruned
burnt down to	last year's leaves	—new branches holding	the cherry buds	of possibility
forest bones	to wade through	a sky	dormant	in a scribble of leaves



*a world of hurt* by Anannya Dasgupta



*after Issa*

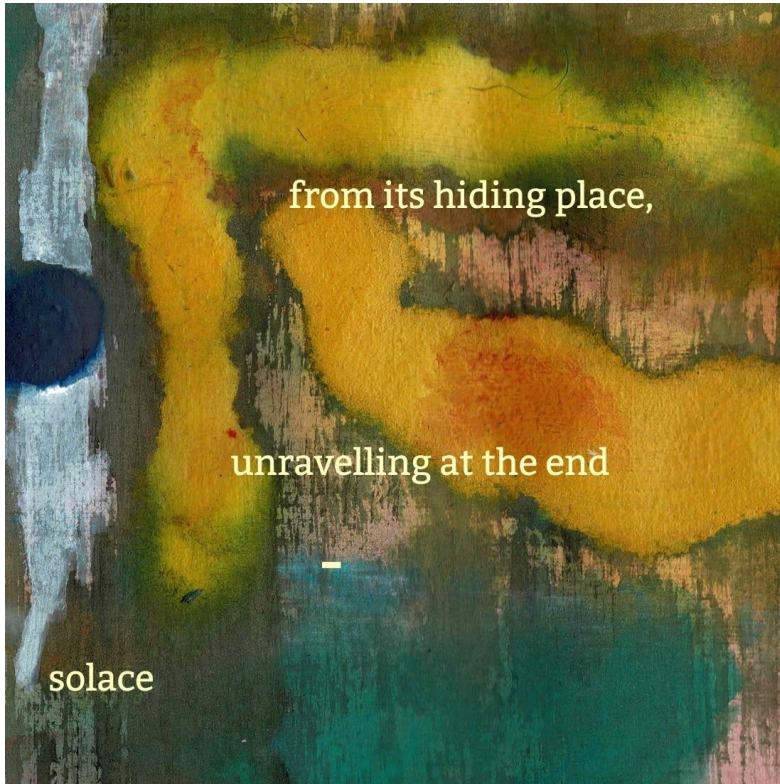
a world of hurt  
in every hurt  
a world to remake

Anannya Dasgupta

*wet streets* by Keith Polette



*solace* by Vandana Parashar



**Source:** An erasure culled out from p. 91 of *The Silent Patient* by Alex Michaelides.

*Bach Fluidity* by Chidambar Navalgund



# CONTRIBUTORS

**Adrian S. Potter** writes poetry and prose in Minnesota. He is the author of the poetry collection *Everything Wrong Feels Right* and the short fiction chapbook, *Survival Notes*. Some publication credits include *North American Review*, *Obsidian*, *Jet Fuel Review*, and *Kansas City Voices*. Website: [www.adrianspotter.com](http://www.adrianspotter.com)

**Alan Summers** runs The Area 17 Profile Poet Series, and is co-founder of Call of the Page. He's a Pushcart Prize nominated poet for haiku and haibun, as well as Best Small Fictions nominated for haibun. Despite being a dog lover, he's constantly adopted by neighbourhood cats!

**Amanda Schroeder** is from Utah but is currently based in San Francisco, California. She has a B. A. in English Literature from the University of Utah, and her work has appeared in Cathexis Northwest Press, *The Crack the Spine 2019 Anthology*, and others. She currently serves as the web editor for *Split Lip Magazine*.

**Anannya Dasgupta** is a poet and visual artist who lives in Chennai, India. You can read a set of her haibun currently on display [here](#).

**Andrew C Brown**'s words draw on experiences as an addict, a prisoner, and living on one of the most deprived estates in the UK. He achieved a community regeneration award for his work with offenders and families in South Bristol as well as winning a Highly Commended Award in the national Koestler competition. His poems have appeared in publications on three continents, including: *The International Times*; *Magma*; *Ink, Sweat and Tears*; and *Sentinel Literary Quarterly*.

**Ashish Narain** is an economist by profession and a haiku poet by choice. His work has been published in online journals like *Human/Kind Journal*, *Otata*, *Prune Juice*, *Modern Haiku*, and *Frogpond*. He lives with his wife and two sons in Manila, Philippines, and has almost got them to agree his poems make sense.

**Beate Conrad** lives and works in Germany. Since 2012, she has been serving as editor-in-chief of the international haiku magazine *Chrysanthemum*.

**Ben DiNino** is a collage and book artist who reinterprets the neglected paper ephemera that has fallen to the wayside during our rush into the digital age. He is a founding member of the Twin Cities Collage Collective. His work has been exhibited worldwide and in print, such as *Kolaj Magazine*, *Cut Me Up Magazine*, and *The Gronler*. He lives in Minneapolis with his partner and two children.

**Carole Guthrie's** influences include Picasso's constructions, Georgia O'Keefe's curved forms, Diebenkorn's expressionist abstractions, Tapiés' textures, and Eva Hesse's poetic shapes that take one's breath away. Painting is for Carole a sensuous encounter with brush into paint, paint onto canvas, finding her way to completion. Like Matisse, when asked if he believed in God, answered, "Only when I paint." This is why she paints.

**Chidambar Navalgund** is a graduate in Criminology and is presently pursuing his Masters in Sociology. He has presented several research papers in national and international criminology/victimology conferences. His collages and visual poems have appeared in *Human/Kind Journal* and *UnLost Journal*. Chidambar aspires to be a civil servant in the days to come.

**Christine L. Villa** is an award-winning tanka and haiku poet published in numerous respected online and print journals. Her collection of Japanese short-form poetry is entitled *The Bluebird's Cry*. She is the founding editor of *Frameless Sky* and its imprint Velvet Dusk Publishing. Website: [www.christinevilla.com](http://www.christinevilla.com)

**Dave Read** is a Canadian poet living in Calgary. His poetry and asemic writing have appeared in many journals. Website: [davereadpoetry.blogspot.ca](http://davereadpoetry.blogspot.ca).

**David Capps** is a philosophy professor at Western Connecticut State University. He is the author of three chapbooks: *Poems from the First Voyage* (The Nasiona Press, 2019), *A Non-Grecian Non-Urn* (Yavanika Press, 2019), and *Colossi* (Kelsay Books, forthcoming). He lives in New Haven, CT.

**Giridhar Khasnis** is a Bangalore-based visual artist, writer, curator, and photographer. In COVID times, he can be seen feeding crows and pigeons on the terrace of his apartment block – and shooting them (with his camera).

**Gregory Longenecker**, a writer in Pasadena, California, writes primarily short-form Japanese poetry, including tanka. A member of several haiku and tanka groups, he has been widely published and received numerous awards for his work, including a Touchstone Award.

**Hriday G S** hails from an army family and has travelled across India. He holds an MBA from the Faculty of Management Studies, University of Delhi. He was an Assistant Commissioner in the EPFO. His literary influences include Borges, Sholokhov, Okri, Rushdie, and O.V. Vijayan.

**Isaac Stackhouse Wheeler** is a poet and translator best known for his work on novels by contemporary Ukrainian author Serhiy Zhadan, including *Voroshilovgrad*, published by Deep Vellum, and *Mesopotamia*, published by Yale University Press. Wheeler's poetry has appeared in journals, including *Apofenie*, *Big Windows Review*, and *Peacock Journal*.

**Jackie Fox** lives in Nebraska with her husband and two rescue cats. Her work has appeared in *Rattle*, *The Bellevue Literary Review*, *Tar River Poetry*, *the Fem*, *Ted Kooser's American Life in Poetry*, *The Untidy Season: An Anthology of Nebraska Women Poets*, and other journals and anthologies.

**Kat Lehmann** is a scientist-poet captivated by the process of personal transformation. A Best of the Net nominee, her poems have appeared in *Frogpond*, *Mayfly*, *Human/Kind Journal*, *The Heron's Nest*, and elsewhere. Her third book, *Stumbling Toward Happiness: Haibun and Hybrid Poems* (2019), shares her meditative notes of self-exploration. Twitter/Instagram: @SongsOfKat

**Katie Jenkins** lives in Gloucestershire, England. She has work in print with *The Everyman Library* in their *Pocket Poets* series, and forthcoming with *Poetry Bus* and *Acid Bath Publishing*. She has poems online with *Floodlight Editions* and *Twist in Time*. She has a creative writing diploma with distinction from Oxford University, England.

**Keith Polette's** book of haiku, *The New World*, was published by Red Moon Press in 2017. He lives and writes in El Paso, Texas.

**Laura Ring** is a poet, short story writer, anthropologist, and librarian. Her work has appeared in *RHINO*, *Stirring*, *Rogue Agent*, and *Rise Up Review*, among other places. A native Vermonter, she lives in Chicago.

**Lavanya Arora** (he/they) is a budding mixture of several things – researcher, poet, and illustrator at the forefront of it all. A PhD candidate in Bioscience, they find joy in paying attention to the smallest of things around them. They are currently based in Jodhpur and can be reached out on Instagram at @lavaurora.

**Linda Ferguson** has won awards for her poetry and lyrical nonfiction, and been nominated for a Pushcart Prize for both poetry and fiction. Her poetry chapbook *Baila Conmigo* was published by Dancing Girl Press. As a writing teacher, she has a passion for helping students find their voice and explore new territory. Website: <https://bylindaferguson.blogspot.com>

**Linda Levitt** lives in Deep East Texas, where she teaches communication and media studies. She reviews books for *PopMatters* and *Spectrum Culture*. Her first book, *Culture, Celebrity, and the Cemetery: Hollywood Forever*, was published in 2018.

**Michael J. Galko** is a poet and scientist based in Houston, TX, USA. Recent poems have appeared or will appear soon in *Prune Juice*, *Failed Haiku*, *Lullwater Review*, *Paterson Literary Review*, *Gargoyle*, *MacQueen's Quinterly*, and *World Haiku Journal*.

**Natalia L. Rudychev** is an award-winning photographer, Fulbright scholar, and Touchstone Distinguished Book Award shortlisted author. Natalia's work is in public and private collections in Japan, UK, Russia, and USA. Her poems have appeared in magazines, journals, and newspapers in the USA, Japan, Australia, Germany, France, UK, Canada, India, and Russia.

**Patrick Sweeney** is a sad-eyed palooka and haiku poet living in Northern Japan. He's married to his editor, Amy, who believes that everything he writes needs a footnote. He has a fondness for rainy sycamore trees, a family of crows, and the blue Mount Hakkodasan. Patrick's goal in life is to become a butterfly.

**Peter Jastermsky** is an award-winning haikai poet. A Best of the Net and Dwarf Stars nominee, his writing has been widely published. Peter's books include *Steel Cut*



*Moon* (Cholla Needles Press, 2019), *No Velcro Here* (Yavanika Press, 2019), *Failed States* (Bones Library, 2020), *The Silence We Came For* (Yavanika Press, 2020), and a collaborative haiga chapbook titled *tyranny of the familiar* (Yavanika Press, 2020). He lives with his family in the high desert of Southern California.

**Prashant Parvatneni** lives in Bangalore, writes poetry, and teaches art and cinema. He won the Srinivas Rayaprol Poetry Prize for 2019. His writings have appeared in *Seminar*, *The Bangalore Review*, and *Nether Quarterly* among others. Prashant works with the Kabir Project and is part of an arts collective called brown-study works.

**Rebecca Lilly** has published several collections of haiku with Red Moon Press, most recently *Walking, Just a Little Water* (2018). She also has a small art photography business and sells notecards and gift enclosures imprinted with her photos, for sale at her [website](#).

**Rich Schilling** is a husband, dad, and award-winning poet. He has been published in *Human/Kind Journal*, *antantantantant, is/let*, *Modern Haiku*, *Otata*, and numerous others.

**Richard Fox** has been a regular contributor to online and print literary journals. He was a recipient of poetry fellowships from the Illinois Arts Council. *Swagger & Remorse*, his first book of poetry, was published in 2007. He holds a BFA in Photography from Temple University, Philadelphia, and lives in Boise, ID.

**Roy Herndon Smith** has been a writer all his adult life, mainly of scholarly papers and articles. Currently he is working on a book-length meditation on religion, entitled *Mourning Serendip*, a number of series of poems. Website: [www.wheredustis.com](http://www.wheredustis.com)

**T.W. Selvey's** work has recently appeared in *The Shore*, *The Wild Literary Journal*, *The Pi Review*, *Feral*, *talking about strawberries all of the time*, and *petrichor*. T.W. tweets sporadically @docu\_dement, and is the proud curator of a haphazardly curated blog, [www.documentdement.com](http://www.documentdement.com)

**Tapan Mozumdar** lives in Bangalore, India. He has been writing short fiction for the past four years and his work has earned publication and literary appreciation.

His foray into haikai poetry happened during the lockdown period. His haiku have been published in *Under the Basho* and has also been selected for publishing in India's first haikai calendar for 2021.

**Teji Sethi**, a nutritionist by profession, transitioned from micro nutrients to micro poetry, and has enjoyed every bit of that journey. Her bilingual poems and artwork have found home in numerous anthologies and journals, including *The Kolkata Review*, *Drifting Sands*, *Ribbons*, and *#FemkuMag* to name a few. Her debut collection of Hindi poems, *Cotton Blooms*, was published in 2019, with The Partition Museum of India awarding one of its creations.

**Vandana Parashar** is a microbiologist, teacher, and a haiku enthusiast. Her work has been published in many national and international journals of repute. Her debut e-chapbook *I Am* was published by Title IX Press and is available in their library.

**Vicky Helms** creates unique, scenic paper collages in a messy workshop dotted with old books, ripped up magazines, and heaps of scraps on the floor. Many are peppered with space and flower images, mountainous landscapes, and vintage photos of humanity, sometimes using acrylic and oil pastels to highlight. It's all about inventing scenarios, then inviting others to join in the drama.

**Vijay Prasad** is a CMA. He is dedicated to exploring gendai haiku. His haiku and senryu have been published in *Under the Basho*, *Failed Haiku*, *The Mamba Journal*, The Haiku Foundation's *Haiku Dialogue*, and elsewhere. He currently resides in Patna, India.

*FINIS.*