SONIC BOOM

...for writing that explodes

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August 2020
(Poetry, Prose, & Art)
SONIC BOOM

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Issue Eighteen

August 2020

(Poetry, Prose, & Art)

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## CONTENTS

### THE POETRY SHACK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Great Minds and I by Bruce McRae</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rubble by Ellen Sander</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Popcorn Leaves a Salty Taste by Emma Lee</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rites by GTimothy Gordon</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>although the closet poet by Henry Bladon</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>from Leap Day by Joe Milazzo</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Café Brasileira, Lisbon by Matthew James Friday</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Groups Simply Trying by Nate Hoil</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Moths by Sayan Aich Bhowmik</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Man Named Rabbit by Vivekanand Selvaraj</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### PAPER LANTERNS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sixth Annual Senryu Contest</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johannes S. H. Bjerg</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marcus Liljedahl</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rebecca Lilly</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ashish Narain</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alan Summers</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marcus Liljedahl</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rebecca Lilly</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Kala Ramesh 23
Rashmi VeSa
Marcus Liljedahl
Beate Conrad 24

Marcus Liljedahl
Tiffany Shaw-Diaz
Alan Summers 25

Ron Scully
Susan Beth Furst
Rashmi VeSa 26

Debarshi Mitra
Rebecca Lilly
Adrian Bouter 27

Susan Burch
Dave Read 28

Tim Cremin
Christian Garduno
Matthew Moffett 29

Melissa Frederick
Beate Conrad
Kyle Hemmings 30

Rich Schilling
Kat Lehmann 31
PROSE 32 – 39

There Are Currents in the Sea and in the Sky by Cathy Ulrich 33
Mi’kmaq Woodcuts by Geoffrey Miller 34-35
The Juggler by Kala Ramesh 36
In Another Lifetime by Priti Aisola 37-38
Wrapping Australia around My Neck by Yvonne Amey 39

VISUAL ART 40 – 58

Tributary by Stephen Nelson 41
Galleons at Sea #1 by Alex Nodopaka 42
not always by David J Kelly 43
Who knows what’s waiting for you there? by Sharon Gayen 44
in remembrance of Tibor Hajas by József Bíró 45
Lily Leaves by Rachel Singel 46
ataraxia by Debbie Strange 47
Kafka Nightmare #1 by Alex Nodopaka 48
no rhyme, no reason by Mark Meyer 49
Letters of Approval #3 & Letters of Approval #8 by Svein H. Skavern 50-51
amore by Luc Fierens 52
imaginary numbers by Debbie Strange 53
cobwebs swirl by Christine L. Villa 54
They could make… by Andrew Topel & Kristine Snodgrass 55
Stones by Rachel Singel 56
magnificent houses by Andrew Topel & Kristine Snodgrass 57
verde by Angela Caporaso 58

CONTRIBUTORS 59 – 66
THE POETRY SHACK
Great Minds and I

By Bruce McRae

Good and evil, said Locke,
are nothing but pleasure and pain.
Reading this I reach for a pimento.
I study the lines of my palm.
Dust motes are swirling.

Give me a place to stand,
said Archimedes,
and I will move the Earth.
Of course, Archie. And give a man
a compass and straight edge
and he would rule the world.
Or some small part of it.

Reason must remain restless
and unquiet, Hume declared.
And I, too, am restless and unquiet.
I peel a grape and try to seem bemused.
I organize folders alphabetically.
The cat and I hold conversations.

Are there mice on the moon? she asks,
after playing with a length of string.
And I have to wonder.
Rubble

By Ellen Sander

Istanbul workers
replace mosaics fragmented in war
below ground, sentences of the earliest language
translate to:

“read the words to what I say, listen
to what in agony I crave”

it is not meant for lips or eyes
but to be underfoot
when things above
come apart
When Popcorn Leaves a Salty Taste

(after Illuminer by Steve McQueen, Tate Modern, March 2020)

By Emma Lee

Gunfire. A man lies
on a hotel bed. The lilac
light and white sheets
silhouette him. The only visible
feature is his watch, insufficiently
focused to tell if it’s fake.
Off screen, a documentary
of US Navy Seals in Iraq
plays. The man grins
as more gunfire is heard.
He could be munching
popcorn. Are you comfortable?
Rites

By GTimothy Gordon

Who can see but just
a little bit of sea
when the whole of it
pours over you
at dawn, skin glistening
with dreamy foam,
gulls’ eyes pulsing,
fixated, like Joha’s,
on faraway bone-dry
Mount Osaka.

Note: This poem is an attempt at ending a death-poem line begun, but never sung,
by Satomura Joha, a 16th century Japanese renga-poet.
although the closet poet

By Henry Bladon

is an expert in the art of non-existence
he tries to remain insouciant to the potential for perpetual scrutiny

and although he claims to be a devotee of the New York School
and has posted incomplete pieces of his work online
he performs a daily dance with his subterranean misery

and although he writes exquisite imagery about a secret love
with the help of words from internet search results
he sometimes wonders whether disintegrating may have its advantages

and although he knows the relentless quest for perfection
is the imperfect science of the fragile, there is some comfort
in the unfathomable echo of a distant hum


*from* Leap Day

*By Joe Milazzo*

Folding paper is tantamount to pushing a button. It exercises a one-size-fits-all will.

It’s a proven method of centering a clueless labyrinth’s edges. It’s the surest way to crush out the butt just lit and prevent another flashbulb from simulating postponement.
In Café Brasileira, Lisbon

By Matthew James Friday

He studies the newspaper, neatly folded, slowly circling words, phrases, pinpointing paragraphs sometimes with a surgical pen, the eyes flicker to witness someone sit near him, squeezed on tiny hexagonal tables. His white, precise hair-line receding, the pages decreasing, more circling, small shots of coffee, knuckle pastry, a tiny nod when someone leaves; just enough to acknowledge they existed next to him—tourists mostly, like me, looking for Fernando Pessoa, as he looks out of every pair of eyes.
Groups Simply Trying

By Nate Hoil

You don’t need a gas mask
in order to gut yourself.

These alien instruments play
by the rules
by hacking cursed reptiles
against the pink wrinkles
of your brain.

I acupuncture my cortex
with needles dipped in afterbirth.

It’s the secret to living forever.

The year is 2020 and every death
occurs on camera.

Everybody is fooled by gravity’s chain.
The Moths

*By Sayan Aich Bhowmik*

Calcutta returns home  
inside me.  
I count the cars  
with their seatbelts around my tongue.  
My eyelashes sweep the streets;  
a storm from another time  
and whatever remains of the day  
stays back like crematorium ash,  
the dead having already escaped.  
All the available pin codes  
sit with missing storytellers,  
listening to ships returning  
to empty harbours.  
My Janus city has two names—  
both quiet like people  
who have already removed themselves  
from telephone directories.  
At night,  
moths travel between Calcutta and Kolkata  
planning a trip to the moon.
It was well before the family feud and the partition that followed when the man we called Muyal—Tamizh for rabbit—went up the Casuarina to bring down the coucal periappa had shot from across the road in a rare sober moment. Eyes as red as a man drunk for the village séance, a big black bird with orange wings, it lay on the huge table in the kitchen, near the line of skinned rabbits. Muyal roasted the dead bird. I got the right leg for sighting it. It was much later that he fell from the jackfruit tree, still holding on to the fruit I had pointed to. He lost his hearing in the fall and could no longer tell the difference between Muyal and Muhil, his birth name that meant cloud, which my grandma would not utter without skinning first.
PAPER LANTERNS
SIXTH ANNUAL SENRYU CONTEST

FIRST PLACE

stillborn
silence slips
. . . into silence

- Vinay Leo R., India

SECOND PLACE

social media even there I wear a mask

- Susan Beth Furst, USA

THIRD PLACE

alone at the viewing lilies

- Kat Lehmann, USA

HONOURABLE MENTIONS

midnight rain
not yet used to
motherhood

- Pragya Vishnoi, India

anniversary
of mother’s death
i set two tea cups

- Pamela A. Babusci, USA
reading in water to find a cure for being human

gathering
darkness

tomorrow

I prepare
to stay
and run

a betrayal

from
the garden

that ends in light

- Johannes S. H. Bjerg
something in you unlocks a metaphorical garden

- Marcus Liljedahl

the false self’s virtual amnesia of instants

- Rebecca Lilly
slowly out of darkness where the roots are

- Ashish Narain

single breath how long for the human to reach a cloud

- Alan Summers
in any given context God dashing a seed capsule

- Marcus Liljedahl

pebbles broken off stones in the river I was born old

- Rebecca Lilly
I am

*the city*

twice born

*imprisoned*

with no key
to return

*a nonchalant moon*

passes through

- Kala Ramesh
a simulacrum of togetherness viral haze

- Rashmi VeSa

infected by a house of dreamers

- Marcus Liljedahl

returning time a poppy seed drops the sun

- Beate Conrad
the wall of sound hits me and opens a port of doves

- Marcus Liljedahl

because you wanted to talk split atoms

- Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

in jars our tongues instruct us as rain and birds

- Alan Summers
shattered glass as something happened

- Ron Scully

suburban marigolds preparing for anarchy

- Susan Beth Furst

plotting the deh

- Rashmi VeSa
osmosis—
the vapour trail
of language

- Debarshi Mitra

rearranging a body of words raindrops in the river

- Rebecca Lilly

light upon light lifting stones

- Adrian Bouter
guidebook the wind far from home*

- Susan Burch

what can I offer this Coke bottle world? the hollowed out song of a breeze

- Dave Read

*A found monoku erased from pages 14-15 of *Jurassic Park*, by Michael Crichton.*
yellow accordion
the dream making sense
while I’m in it

- Tim Cremin

blue shamrocks—
the stars always single us out

- Christian Garduno

examining a bone scan for signs of spring

- Matthew Moffett
a thumbtack through the map of my body

- Melissa Frederick

the walls i am no longer asking

- Beate Conrad

what killed us:
non-random cracks

- Kyle Hemmings
leaving the house of prayer in your hands

- Rich Schilling

if it still exists a star naming day

- Kat Lehmann
PROSE
There Are Currents in the Sea and in the Sky

By Cathy Ulrich

Your brother falls out of an airplane and is gone.

_Gone where?_ says your mother, phone pressed to her ear.

_Just gone_, they tell her.

You are doing social studies homework at the kitchen table when they call, pencil scratching along your worksheet paper. Your brother is older than you and your brother wanted adventure and your brother went in an airplane and your brother is gone, gone, gone.

Your mother needs something to hold, clutches the phone cord in her hand, still uses a phone with a cord, and you think of the word _tethered_, write it in the margins of your homework next to _gone_.

_Nobody just vanishes_, your mother says, but they do, you want to tell her, they _do_, like Hennie Rides Horse who was in your grade and no one has seen her in three weeks and now her name is like an unspoken curse. Or famous people, you think, famous people in planes and on planes, and you write in your homework margins _Amelia Earhart_, you write _D.B. Cooper_, you write _HRH_ because you are afraid of the curse of her name.

_Nobody just vanishes_, your mother says again, and you think of the swirl of autumn leaves in curling wind, the round and round of them, and you think of your brother and Amelia Earhart and D.B. Cooper, and even Hennie Rides Horse with her dark eyes and pretty braids, curled like caterpillars, caught in the wind, caught in the sky, floating and floating for always.
“… governments are bypassing statistically diverse overpopulation trajectories through the development of bouncing telepathic ostriches …”

Tsuneo feels the basal localization fingering his addiction – “Not to be too political but the people of Mu didn’t know Urdu.”

“… abstract structural circulation complexity occurs occasionally though it is less dangerous in degree the younger the cat …”

Hikari is emotional about numbers, “I left when I was young and acacia.”

“… average radioactive gravity bushels clearly function in absolute centimetres …”

“Typically, the Viking flashback generated deep, thin second synaptic babysitters.”

“… illiterate fish range limbicly, less in quality than the more popular paper beasts …”

Thinking him persistent, she asks, “Tranquilizer fingernails or tapestry variations can be agonizing or plentiful?”

“… computer organ frequency correlation alleviated the epoch of random mass and tone …”
“You are reminiscing less about nonhuman pathways when your speech is devoted to either organs or boats.”

“… component processing systems contend that block mammals are elementary mothers …”

Hikari looks at Tsuneo’s teeth, “Occasional aesthetic villainy can’t pass the skin of far-sighted adolescence.”

“… acculturation or at least radio storage dominate you by degree and quality contention …”

Tsuneo’s attention turns back to the speaker as Hikari leaves.

“… modest language with the addition of vigorous moral nature processing doesn’t middle …”

Author’s note:

Mi’kmag Woodcuts is a conversation between Tsuneo and Hikari, taking place during a lecture they are both attending. An individual word is not stored in a reader’s mind in isolation but rather exists as part of a webbed group. The strength of the discrete relationships between the different words making up a group is naturally unique for everyone, but the degree of strength is controlled by a combination of emotional memory and frequency of paired access. The application of this method to the setting of a conversation within a lecture is an attempt to represent the randomness with which different people focus in on what they are listening to even though they are all listening to the same words. The story is not asking to be decoded; let the words slip into your vocabulary clusters through the backdoor, and see where they take you.
The Juggler

By Kala Ramesh

when I was a little girl
I used to believe
that sacks and sacks of money
were tied to horses
and they were made to run
– run for their lives

idea-bopping
I buzzed around
wanting to know all the whys

a baby inside her stomach
amma didn’t know
if it was a boy or a girl

wouldn’t I know
a chocolate from an apple
if I rolled my tongue over them?

I banked on becoming
a singer like Kumar Gandharva
or a brown Picasso

… my books filled
with portraits of women
whose eyes were never
in one straight line

the spaces
between swaying leaves
notes
and lyrics
find their song

Sonic Boom
In Another Lifetime

By Priti Aisola

This time my husband and I have planned a longish stay in Tiruvannamalai. The Sri Ramanasramam guesthouse room is comfortable, but the pillows are hard and high.

Three nights in a row I sleep badly and complain to my husband. He suggests, “Roll up a bed sheet and use it as a pillow.”

I whine again. Half-playful, half-serious, he says, “Let me tell you a story as told by Ramana Maharshi.”

He begins: “A great sage lived as an ordinary sadhu in the forest under a tree. He had a sheet and three stones; while sleeping, he would place one stone under his head, the second under his waist, and the third under his legs.

One day when a king was out hunting, he chanced upon the sadhu. Eager to give him some comfort, the king asked his soldiers to bring the sadhu to the palace. The sadhu agreed reluctantly. Bundling his meagre belongings into his sheet, he took them along with him. At the palace he was offered a comfortable bed to sleep through the night. Arranging the three stones on the silk-cotton mattress, the sadhu went to sleep.

Upon learning of the sadhu’s strange behaviour in the morning, the puzzled king questioned him. The sadhu explained, “The bed that was there in the
forest is here, too. I have the same happiness everywhere. Nothing can add to it or take away from it.”

Heading back to the guesthouse after our post-dinner walk, I pick up three small pebbles from the mud path. Before we retire for the night, I place the small pebbles under my pillow, turn to my husband and ask, “Sage enough?”

night fragrance
the nagalingam* uncoils
my doubt

*nagalingam – the flower of the cannonball tree
Wrapping Australia around My Neck

By Yvonne Amey

Uncle’s hand is in mine as we amble down the stairwell. Skin to skin. Youth to dust. I am surrogate steel for one who refuses a cane. Some days my bony shoulder proxies support. I fuss with heavy suitcases once we reach Randwick Street. Up and over the concrete curb. Sydney, barely awake. Haze and faint rain greet us. A beach breeze snaps at the air, but could it be a chill from the global pandemic? He says, let’s visit Japan next! A few cars grumble to work. We wait for Cab13. I wear the Pacific-green scarf I bought yesterday; when I’m home, I’ll wrap Australia around my neck. To our left is 22 Grams, my favorite espresso café. I imagine filling out an employment application to work their front register. To our right, just above Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Catholic Church, is where uncle ate breakfast every morning for a month. The scent of farewell lingers. Uncle is my favorite human. In twenty-four hours, he will arrive in Chicago, and, I, in Orlando. In twenty-four hours, we will burrow into warm beds tucking our bodies into new skin.

silver gulls—
a lone tramcar appears
human
VISUAL ART
Tributary by Stephen Nelson
Galleons at Sea #1 by Alex Nodopaka
not always
for
getting
lost
in
finity

not always by David J Kelly
Who knows what’s waiting for you there? by Sharon Gayen
in remembrance of Tibor Hajas by József Bíró
Lily Leaves by Rachel Singel
ataraxia by Debbie Strange
Kafka Nightmare #1 by Alex Nodopaka
no rhyme, no reason by Mark Meyer
Letters of Approval #3 by Svein H. Skavern
Letters of Approval #8 by Svein H. Skavern
amore by Luc Fierens
imaginary numbers by Debbie Strange

imaginary numbers I can’t understand the thingness of you
cobwebs swirl
into melting clocks
it was easier
not knowing
the need to touch
your wounds

Source: A cherita remixed from pages 36 and 40 of Raindrops Chasing Raindrops: Haibun and Hybrid Poems, by Paresh Tiwari.
They could make a good story out of anything
by Andrew Topel & Kristine Snodgrass
Stones by Rachel Singel
magnificent houses by Andrew Topel & Kristine Snodgrass
verde by Angela Caporaso
CONTRIBUTORS

Adrian Bouter lives in Holland and has two children. He’s a caregiver and a poet, and likes to ride his bike besides many other things. Go deep, but travel light—life is (often) wonderful.

Alan Summers is currently involved with the UK’s Big Butterfly Count, with the help of Gatekeepers, Large Cabbages, and Cinnabar fledglings, and his wife Karen Hoy. Alan is co-founder, with Karen Hoy, of Call of the Page that focuses on all things haikai.

Alex Nodopaka originated immaculately in Ukraine in 1940. He Speaks San Franciscan, Parisian, Kievan, and Muscovite. Mumbles in English and Espanol, and sings in tongues after Vodka. He studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Casablanca, Morocco. Presently, Alex is a full-time author and visual artist living in USA.

Andrew Topel is currently editing RENEGADE, an anthology of international visual poetry and language arts. He resides in Illinois.

Angela Caporaso is an Italian artist focusing on artist books and visual poetry, working in the realms of collage, trash-art and, more recently, digital formats. Since her first exhibitions, she has revealed a constant strain towards new expressive languages. This research led Angela to contaminate sign with colour, font with image, literature with painting, as though one single medium is not sufficient to express her complex imaginative world. Website: www.angelacaporaso.com

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, Bones, 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 is editor-in-chief of the international haiku magazine Chrysanthemum.
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 include 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).

Cathy Ulrich wants to know where the “B” came from in the “Dan Cooper” pseudonym. Her work has been published in various journals, including Adroit, Citron Review, and Truffle.

Christian Garduno edited the writing compilation Evolver and his own solo poetry collection, Face, while a History undergraduate at the University of California, Berkeley. His work can also be read at Spillwords, Corpus Christi Writers 2020, and Riza Press, where he was a Finalist in their 2019 Multimedia Poetry and Art Contest. Garduno’s latest manuscript is a chapbook, Love Above the Armstrong Limit.

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. She is also the new editor of Ribbons. Website: www.christinevilla.com

Dave Read is a Canadian poet living in Calgary. His poetry and asemic writing has appeared in many journals. You can find his work at davereadpoetry.blogspot.ca.

David J Kelly is an ecologist living in Dublin, Ireland. He has a fascination with words and the music of language. His current writing is mostly short-form poetry, which has been published widely. His second collection of haiku and related forms is Small Hadron Divider (Red Moon Press, 2020). Twitter: @motto_sakura

Debarshi Mitra is a 25-year-old poet from New Delhi, India. His debut book of poems, Eternal Migrant, was published in 2016 by Writers Workshop. His works have previously appeared in journals and anthologies such as Thumbprint, The Pangolin Review, The Sunflower Collective, Coldnoon, Kaafiyana, Wifi for Breakfast, and Best Indian Poetry 2018. He was the recipient of the The Wingword Poetry Prize 2017, The Srinivas Rayaprol Poetry Prize 2017, and was long listed for the TFA Prize 2019.
**Debbie Strange** is a short-form poet/haiga artist whose work has been published in 15 countries and translated into 11 languages. She recently won the Sable Books Women’s Haiku Contest for her manuscript, *The Language of Loss: Haiku and Tanka Conversations*. Website: [https://debbiemstrange.blogspot.com](https://debbiemstrange.blogspot.com)

**Ellen Sander** lives with a blue-eyed cat in Belfast, Maine, where she was Poet Laureate for a couple of years in the preceding decade. Poetry is the parsley in her pasta. A woodpecker outside her work window coaches her in rhythm, meter, and staccato. Tempus fugit.

**Emma Lee**’s publications include *The Significance of a Dress* (Arachne, 2020) and *Ghosts in the Desert* (IDP, 2015). She co-edited *Over Land, Over Sea* (Five Leaves, 2015) and is Poetry Reviews Editor for *The Blue Nib*. Blog: [emmalee1.wordpress.com](http://emmalee1.wordpress.com)

**Geoffrey Miller** is a writer of flash and science fiction by early morning, some of which has appeared in *PANK*, *Juked*, and *The Ilanot Review*. Along the way, he earned an MFA from City U in Hong Kong and received various nominations for the Pushcart and the Best of the Net awards. By night he is the editor of *NUNUM* and a very slow jogger.


**Henry Bladon** is a writer, poet, and mental health essayist based in Somerset in the UK. He has a PhD in literature and creative writing from the University of Birmingham. He is the author of several poetry collections and his work can be read in *Poetica Review*, *Pure Slush*, and *Lunate*, among other places.

**Joe Milazzo** is the author of the novel *Crepuscule W/ Nellie*, two volumes of poetry *The Habiliments* and *Of All Places In This Place Of All Places*, as well as several chapbooks. His writings have appeared in *Black Warrior Review*, *BOMB*, *Texas Review*, and elsewhere. He is an Associate Editor for *Southwest Review* and the proprietor of Imipolex Press. Joe lives and works in Dallas, TX. Website: [www.joe-milazzo.com](http://www.joe-milazzo.com)
**Johannes S. H. Bjerg** is a Dane who writes in Danish and English simultaneously, and mainly writes haiku and its related forms. He is the editor of *Bones: journal for the short verse, The Other Bunny*, and also serves as one of the editors for *Under the Basho*. A list of his published books can be found [here](#).

**John Bolster** is an award-winning abstract artist and designer based in New York. His works in an expressive manner, capturing the energy and feelings of the moment, and describes his technique as “a traditional and digital collaboration.” His choice of media may vary but they always end up on the computer to be produced as giclée prints. The result is textured, unconventional images that merge art and design.

**József Bíró** is a poet, visual artist, and performer living in Budapest, Hungary. He has published close to three dozen books and has participated in nine individual exhibitions and more than 700 group exhibitions around the world.

**Kala Ramesh**, poet, editor, anthologist, and festival director, has been a foremost advocate and practitioner of haiku and allied Japanese poetry forms in India. Kala’s initiatives culminated in founding INhaiku in 2013, to bring Indian haikai poets together.

**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, Human/Kind, Mayfly*, the Red Moon Anthology, and elsewhere. Her third book, *Stumbling Toward Happiness: Haibun and Hybrid Poems* (2019), shares her meditative notes of self-exploration. Twitter/Instagram: @SongsOfKat

**Kristine Snodgrass**’s asemic and vispo work have been published in *Utsanga, Slow Forward*, and *Asemic Front 2* (AF2). Snodgrass has collaborated extensively with De Villo Sloan and they have a book, *Whistle*, forthcoming from Asemic Front Series.

**Kyle Hemmings** is a retired healthcare worker living in New Jersey. A Pushcart nominee, his work has been published in over 400 venues, including *Otoliths, White Knuckle Press, Bones, The Other Bunny, is/let, and Unbroken Journal*. Kyle’s latest chapbook, *House of Three Corners*, was published earlier this year by Yavanika Press.
**Luc Fierens** is a networked collagist since the mid-‘80s, working with mail art, visual poems, and collages. A monograph and retrospective exhibition was dedicated to him last year at Fondazione Berardelli in Brescia, Italy. His visual poetry collection in collaboration with Jim Leftwich, *Collateral Realities*, was recently published by Redfoxpress.

**Marcus Liljedahl**’s poetry has appeared in *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond*, *The Heron’s Nest*, *Atlas Poetica*, *is/let*, *Under the Basbo*, *Otoliths*, and others. His poetry was included in the anthologies *Haiku 2015*, *Haiku 2016*, and *A New Resonance 10*. He is the author of the e-chapbooks *War Zone* and *Isolation Street*.

**Mark Meyer** is a contemporary visual artist, poet, and retired educator, currently living in the middle of a lake in the Seattle, WA area. His poetry has been widely published online and in print, and his artwork has been shown and collected nationally and internationally. He recently published *neo-Notbyngge*, a selection of his poetry and art.

**Matthew James Friday** has had poems published in numerous international magazines and journals, including, recently: *All the Sins*, *The Blue Nib*, *Acta Victoriana*, and *Into the Void*. The mini-chapbooks *All the Ways to Love*, *Waters of Oregon*, and *The Words Unsaid* were published by the Origami Poems Project.

**Matthew Moffett** teaches writing at a community college in rural Michigan and lives in a house full of children and animals. His poems have also appeared or are set to appear in *Bones: journal for the short verse* and *Contemporary Haibun Online*.

**Melissa Frederick** has been working at writing for the past 35 years, through motherhood, chronic illness(es), and societal insanity. Her poetry and prose have appeared in numerous publications, including *Crab Orchard Review*, *DIAGRAM*, *Mid-American Review*, *Moon City Review*, *Muse/A Journal*, and *Oxford Poetry*. Her poetry chapbook, *She*, was published by Finishing Line Press in 2008, and she was nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 2017. Twitter: @msficklereader
Nate Hoil is a poet from Davenport, Iowa. He is currently an MFA candidate at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. He has poems published and forthcoming in *Deluge* and *Word For/Word*.

Priti Aisola is the author of: a novel, *See Paris for Me*; a travelogue, *Beyond the Gopurams*; two collections of poetry, *A Dinner Invitation to God* and *O Shrineless Silence*. Her creative non-fiction, *Letters to Maya*, is likely to be published this year.

Rachel Singel is an Assistant Professor at the University of Louisville. Rachel has participated in residencies at the Penland School of Crafts, the Venice Printmaking Studio, Art Print Residence in Barcelona, Spain, and Wharepuke Print Studios in New Zealand. Her work has been exhibited nationally and internationally and represented in private, public, and museum collections.

Rashmi VeSa has a day job she is passionate about. She is equally drawn to the process of thought and shaping it through words and art.

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*, *Bones: journal for the short verse*, *antantantantant*, *is/let*, *Modern Haiku*, *Otata*, *Heliosparrow*, and numerous other journals.

Ron Scully is a retired bookseller. After 25 years on the road, he has settled in New Hampshire to refashion his field sales notes into a national epic, crown of sonnets, or haiku or two. Two of his chapbooks are forthcoming this summer: *Listening for Thirteen Blackbirds* and *Darlington Braves*. He is also working on a play and an anthology of sports literature.

Sayan Aich Bhowmik is currently Assistant Professor in the Department of English at Shirakole Mahavidyalaya, Kolkata. He is also the co-editor of the blog *Plato’s Caves*, a semi-academic space for discussion on life, culture, and literature.
**Sharon Gayen**, an HR by profession, is a Hyderabad-based artist who takes a keen interest in Pointillism, Kirie, Psychedelic, and Doodle art. She works in a variety of media ranging from ink to watercolors to oils to charcoal. Having spent a lot of her life by the sea, she draws inspiration from crashing waves and crustaceans. She loves translating her favorite pieces of literature into art.

**Stephen Nelson** publishes poetry and exhibits art internationally. He has several books of poems in print, including a Xerolage of visual poetry called *Arcturian Punctuation*, and is currently writing a YA sci-fi/fantasy. He has a cat called Amma and is devoted to the goddess Tara and Guru Rinpoche.

**Susan Beth Furst** is a Touchstone Award-nominated poet and author. She enjoys writing Japanese short-form poetry and children’s picture books. Susan has published three chapbooks: *Souvenir Shop, Road to Utopia*, and *Neon Snow*. Susan’s fourth picture book, *The Hole in My Haiku*, will be released in September 2020. You can find her on Instagram @susanbethfurst.

**Susan Burch** is a good egg.

**Svein H. Skavern** is a Norwegian artist who experiments with processes in sound and image generation, often mixing techniques from the analogue and digital worlds freely. Much of his work is concerned with creating the appearance of meaning in the interpreting mind of the observer, often layering imagined layers of interpretation, as it is his opinion that this is the only place art is made.

**Tiffany Shaw-Diaz** is a Pushcart Prize and Dwarf Stars Award nominee who also works as a professional visual artist. Her poetry has been featured in *Modern Haiku, The Heron’s Nest, Bones: journal for the short verse*, and dozens of other publications. She is the author of two chapbooks: *says the rose* (Yavanika Press, 2019) and *filth* (Proleteria, 2020).

**Tim Cremin** is the author of the poetry chapbook *The Way You Run in Dreams*, published by Finishing Line Press. His work has appeared in several literary journals, including *frogpond, Mayfly, Modern Haiku, Soundings East*, and *Westview*.
Vivekanand Selvaraj likes to think of himself as a poet. He is interested in translation and writing fiction. His works have previously appeared in *The Four Quarters Magazine, The Bombay Literary Magazine*, and *The Freedom Review*. His Tamil poems and translations have appeared in *Manal Veedu* and *Uyir Ezhutbu*.

Yvonne Amey is a poet, Pitbull rescuer, and English professor in Florida. Her poems have appeared in *Tin House, Pleiades, Hobart*, and elsewhere.
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