

# SONIC BOOM

*...for writing that explodes*



January 2026

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before     life  
we        times  
could     as  
see        a  
our        garden  
breath

— Michelle Tennison

buried in yellow a stork casts the day into seven

— Rowan Beckett Minor

## Sky

*for John Phillips*

*John Lery*

The turkey buzzard that circled above me twice this morning  
had beautiful white on the underside of its black wings  
and a vividly red beak and if it had been me up there, I know  
I would've loved gliding like that, not having to move  
my wings and not caring about the old man below me  
looking up as if in the church without a roof that I'd  
never enter.

## **Lead Me**

*Dan Schwerin*

I'm dangerous when I'm certain  
as scripture. Give me lightness.

Look at floors. Some need a broom.  
Some a mop. Some need toast crumbs.

We all need. All of us are sheep  
moving where the light says, 'grass.'

how (should we live so long) will i know

— Sondra Byrnes

## **When**

*Bill Rector*

is longer, thinner, and more  
maroon than the howl  
of a wolf or the call of a loon.

Soon.

No

echoes.

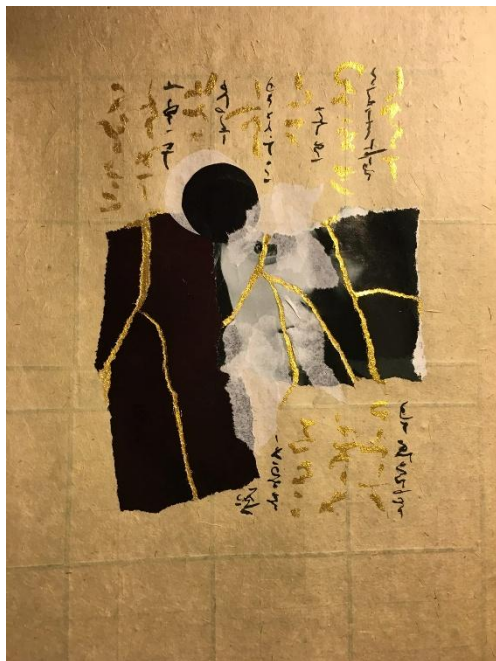
You are wise to visit Mt. Fuji once,  
say the Japanese, but a fool to visit twice.

Or something  
of that nature.



# eclipse

*Jean LeBlanc*

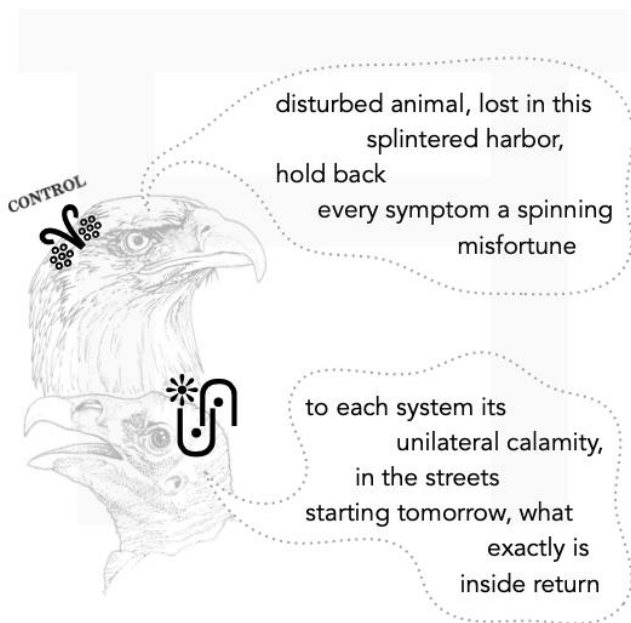


dawn crows taking the why does everything take so so long pill

— our thomas

# Operation Bird Heads: Soft Capture

*Bill Marsh*



the frequency of blue dying fly

— Mark Gilbert

# Disperse

*Dawnia Darkstone*



booting the wrong sky nightfall.exe

— Vidya Premkumar

undying hydra where is tomorrow

— Chidambar Navalgund

after entire seldoms cantilever

— John Levy



# separation anxiety

*Debbie Strange*



## Ending I

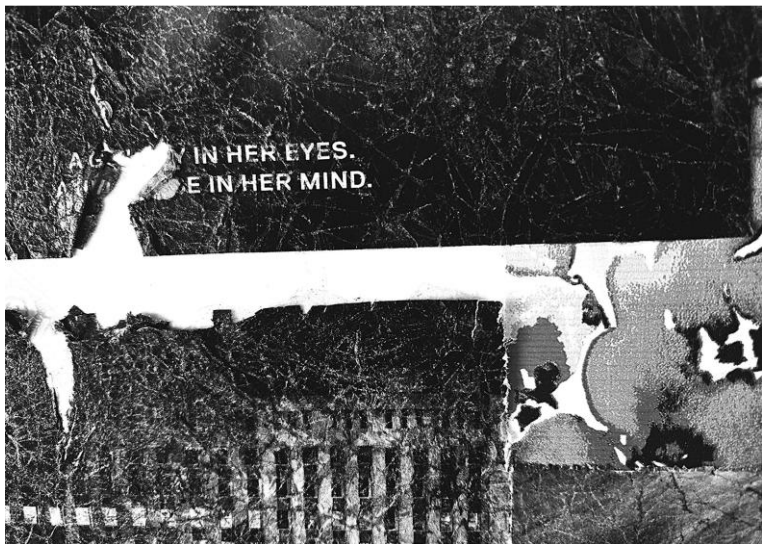
*Jenn Koiter*

I missed you, I say after our month apart.  
You say, *I didn't stop to take stock.*

I hear, *When you plucked the cherry blossom,*  
*the rest of the branch did not shake.*

# In Her Eyes, In Her Mind

*Carol Schoder*



threading my way through the venn diagram of

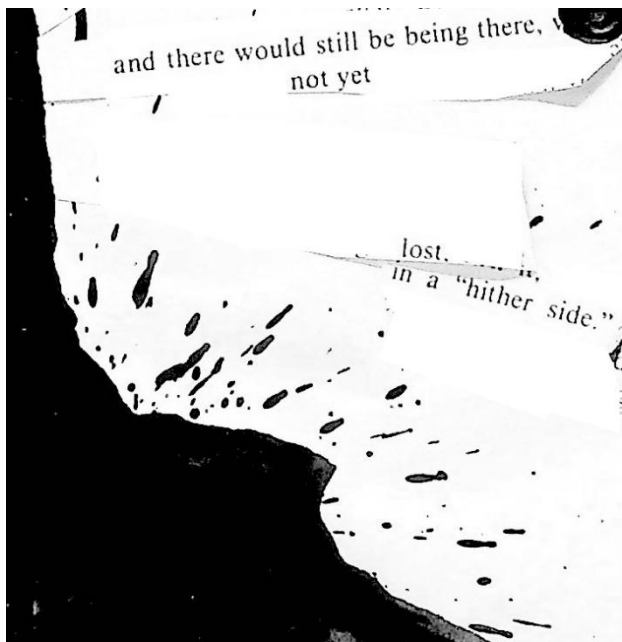
— Tazeen Fatma

t  
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ew it h be c  
omin  
g

— Peter Jastermsky

## hither side #1

*Casey Flynn*



## Early December

*Steve Denehan*

Fallen leaves, dry-curled  
roll across the garden  
catching here and there  
on the long grass

winter  
again

the phone rings  
I let it

a yew from an aril from a yew from all that jazz

— Thomas Powell



open casket sins of omission

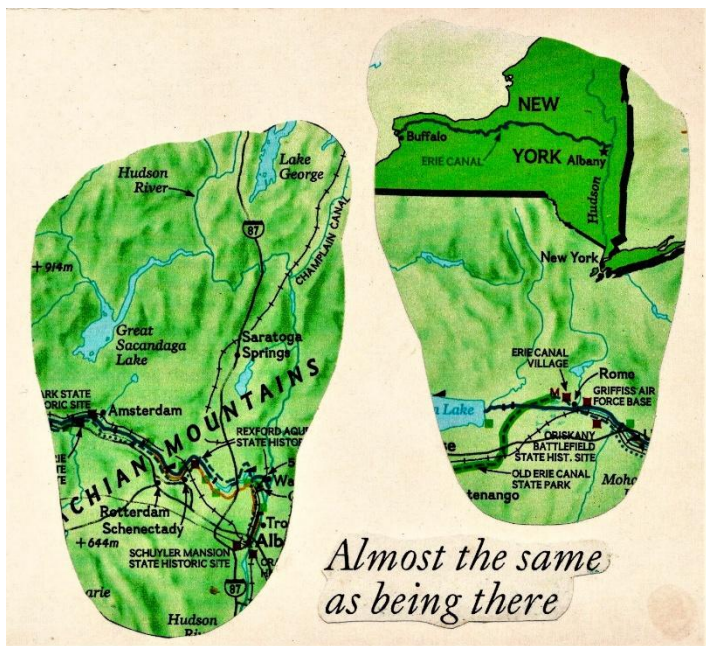
— Cynthia Anderson

how to build an airplane numb rain

— Adrian Bouter

Almost the same as being there. Apparently

*Janina Aza Karpinska*



*Almost the same  
as being there*

next exit going someplace i'm not gathering clouds

— our thomas

wherein the bird flies to unaware

— M. R. Pelletier

**forget, go**

*Jean LeBlanc*



if asked  
to draw a clock  
request an inkstone

— Cherie Hunter Day

unbroken green grows on me

— Helen Buckingham



## What Keeps You Burning?

*Lisa Wiley*

A little jingle, a bell  
when opening or closing

a door of a store  
or elevator or subway

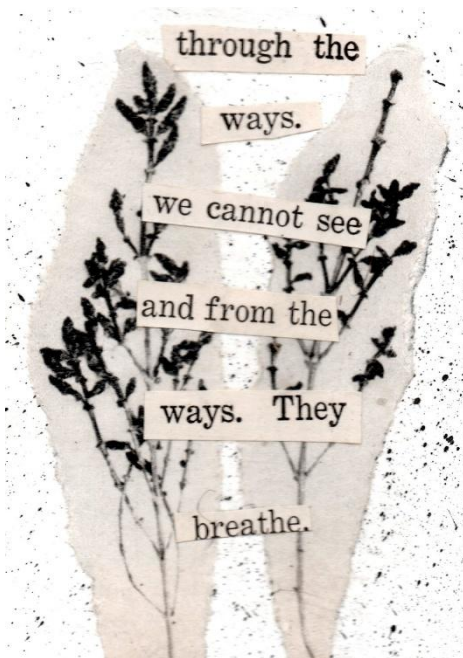
a sleigh bell (can you still hear it ring?),

a single pour coffee with oat milk  
on a coffee table found in the garbage

but with coasters to save it  
from watermarks.

through the ways

*Thomas Terceira*





*FINIS.*