

# *Young Ravens Literary Review*



Issue 1



# *Young Ravens Literary Review*

*Issue 1*

*Fall 2014*

Editorial Staff:

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Elizabeth Pinborough

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*Cover art by Ira Joel Haber*

Notebook drawing 2014. (Girl with Bouquet) mixed on notebook paper

*Raven image by Elizabeth Pinborough*

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## *Introduction*

The genesis of *Young Ravens Literary Review* began with an insatiable hunger for new ink and the belief that creativity is inherently cyclical in nature. To create a work of art, one must also consume art with equal verve. The goal of our journal is not only to provide a canvas to showcase the verdant fantasias of diverse writers and artists, but also to nourish the imaginative mote in each other—even, flare scintilla.

Bon appétit!

Sincerely,  
Sarah Page & Elizabeth Pinborough, Co-editors



## **Hearing**

Sometimes she hears them right,  
Sometimes the opposite.  
I think, Kate, she hears what  
Suits her predetermined mind.

As we speak, I hear her  
Say, from far behind in  
Our one room flat, *Rain came.*  
*At last, rain.* Kate, you know,

we still have no rain here,  
In this side of the stream.  
Our mother hears the hushed  
Rows and columns of the ants

Scurrying away their eggs  
From the harm's way. Because  
She hears this, she hears rain,  
On our cornices, yard,  
Cemented swings.



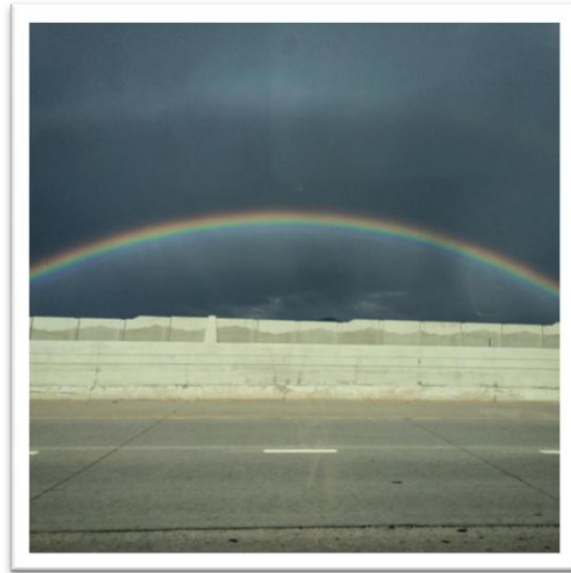
*Sheri L. Wright*

**Tiger Nebula**



*Jennifer Frodsham*

## **Touch of Rainbow**



*Dayna Patterson*

## **Sharing the Shower with 2 Kids**

is a 6-legged beige monster  
a game of Twister in the nude  
suddenly a shark tank  
or a mermaid lagoon

it's a foamy Cirque de Soleil  
part Tai Chi, part Taekwondo  
2/3 minstrelsy,  
1/3 waterfall

it's the squeeze of a gumball machine  
Shiva in the rain  
the shady laundromat  
where the wash might come out clean.



*Sarah E. Chandri*

**Santuario Saliente**



Sea Ice

*After "Life in the Poles: Waiting for the Ice to Break Up" by Christopher Ulivo*

Sand and rocks sink  
beneath their feet,  
a silence only the sea  
can understand.  
Snow islands  
speak in code  
of knocking bones  
against sediment cliffs.  
*Did they dare  
venture out in their  
small, wooden boat—  
the sail in tatters?*

Paleoindian child  
climbs into the boat,  
watches the sea  
split into puzzle pieces.  
Ocean black  
cracks and breaks.  
Her burnt bones hold  
a handle covered  
in seal skin.

She strikes  
the driftwood rim  
of caribou skin  
drum and sings an ayaya,  
*Spring sun, come soon  
Sail away  
under first full moon.*  
The woman sings—

*Bloom fireweed,  
Monkshood, Larkspur,  
Arctic lupine from seed.*

Biting wind  
capsizes the fishing boat,  
once a place of cast gillnets,  
haunted salmon.

## **Toad Hunting**

My sister & I walk along the gravel path,  
dressed in dripping bathing suits

clutching plastic buckets & walking sticks.  
We return from the lake.

August dew drips off the ivy  
& dusk settles on the woods,

the light falls purple on the brush  
as we scan the ground

for little gold eyes & little brown feet.  
*Toads are tricky.*

They hide in dry leaves  
& hunt earthworms at dusk.

I spot a toad wriggling  
into the ivy & waiting for a mouthful to creep by.

Startled by the click of our flip flops  
he jumps.

Hops out onto the path  
& I grab him.

He squirms under my pink painted fingers,  
you give him a kiss on the head

& we release him into the ivy.

*Christiana Pinborough*

**Moon over Venice**





*Marian Redglass*

### **Longboat Key Beach**

Behold the Coquinas.

The jewels that bury themselves

Fleeing the sparkling whip

Into the wet sand below.

Gazing up from gold

They watch,

The foam rushes in like cloud cover

And leaves with the tinkling

Of shells.

*Ira Joel Haber*

**Seashells**



# A Fruitful Tale

By

S. L. Woodford

*Illustrations by Jenny Blair*

Toupee von Pear was glad. He and his clan lived a charmed life, hanging from the sturdy branches of Mr. Schleiermacher's prized pear tree. There, sheltered by its wide leaves, they did not fear the beak of the hungry bird or the gusts of the trundling wind. And every night, Owl visited them. Sitting on his usual branch, straight and unmoving, he would tell to them stories of their fate.

"You are lucky," he would hoot. "You are the pears Mr. Schleiermacher makes into ambrosia."

"How? How will he make us into ambrosia, Owl?" Even though Toupee and his clan knew, it was always lovely to hear the story once more.

"If you listen," replied the Owl, "I shall tell you: When the nights become cold and your skin is green and soft, Mr. Schleiermacher will come to you with his ladder and basket. With the same large hands he uses to test your ripeness, he will pluck you from your branch and put you in his basket. Then, he will put his basket in his truck and drive to the town's Juicery — renowned for its delicious juices, beloved by the King."

"And then what happens?" the pears would ask, for this was their favorite part.

"And then, Mr. Schleiermacher will put you in a press and squeeze you, your yellow-green skin parting and your juices becoming one. You will be ambrosia, the sweetest of liquids, the sole breakfast drink of the King."

His story now done, the Owl would ruffle his feathers and fly away. His dinner would not catch itself. For a few moments, the pears would keep silent, imagining what it would be like to become one with each other, to become something only fit for the lips of a King. Toupee, nestled in his patch of leaves, would let the memory of the Owl's words enfold him: "You will be the sweetest of liquids, the sole breakfast drink of the King."

What a pleasant thought to fall asleep to.

\*\*\*

One evening, just as the nights began to grow colder, a soft sigh awakened Toupee from his sleep.

"Oh, you will do very nicely," a gentle voice said.

A calloused hand reached out and began to pull Toupee from his branch, his stem snapping away, without much effort.

"Toupee! Toupee! Toupee!" his clan called. "Where are you going? That is not Mr. Schleiermacher. We aren't ready for the harvest."

"I don't know," Toupee called back. "But I don't want..."



Whatever Toupee had not wanted was lost to his clan; the wind took away his words as the woman climbed down the tree. At the bottom, his kidnapper stopped, cocked her head, and ran her fingers around him. Toupee trembled, her touch, though light, scraped across his skin. He couldn't afford bruising. He must be perfect for the harvest. The women leaned over him — and her breath, warm and heavy from the climb, blew across him.

“Lovely,” she said, “absolutely lovely.”

She put Toupee into her coat pocket and began to run.

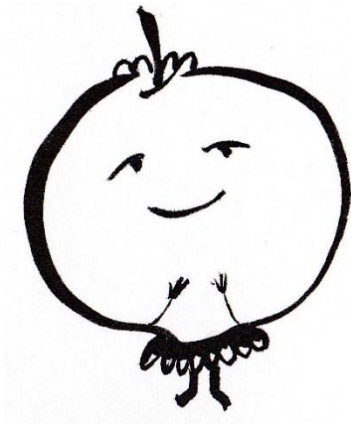
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“Where was he?”

Toupee opened his eyes. Despite his fears, he had gotten sleep in the woman’s dark pocket. He was on a window sill, opened to the outside world. Toupee felt the hot sunlight, tumbling from the sun overhead, directly on his skin. Always shaded by branches and leaves, he had never felt the sun so intensely before. He looked out the window. Standing on a distant hill was Mr. Schliermacher’s pear tree, tall and full. Toupee closed his eyes and tried not to be sad.

“The sun feels nice, doesn’t it? But by the by, I do hope that she puts us back in the icebox soon. I’m far too young to prune.”

Toupee looked to his left. He wasn’t alone on the window sill. There, a few feet away sat a sumptuous, purple plum.



The plum smiled. “Oh forgive me, where are my manners? I’m Peabody von Plum. And, on behalf of the other fruits, I would like to welcome you to the bowl.”

“The bowl?” Toupee looked around him more closely. Yes, he was on a window sill, but, also in a bowl, a bowl of deep cobalt blue, bluer than the summer sky.

As Peabody’s surname suggests, he came from a high pedigree of fruits and knew how to be the perfect of hosts. “Would you like me to introduce you to the others?” he asked.



Toupee did not want to be introduced to the others. He wanted to be back up in the pear tree. Yet, Peabody was being kind, and he didn't want to seem rude.

"If you would like. I would not object."

Toupee saw that a group of creatures was beginning to cluster around Peabody, colorful and bright in the high noon sun. An apple, small and pink, rolled over to meet him.

"Hello," she said, "I am Alice the Apple."

He then saw a great, green prickled thing, looming behind Peabody. "Greetings," it shyly said, "I'm Alasdair the Artichoke."



"Hello!" chorused a bunch of purple grapes. "We are the Sextuplets."

"All of you are fruit?" Toupee was used to only being around pears.

"Yes," sang the Sextuplets, "and who are you?"

"I," said Toupee, "I am Toupee von Pear of Mr. Schilermacher's tree." He looked out the window again.

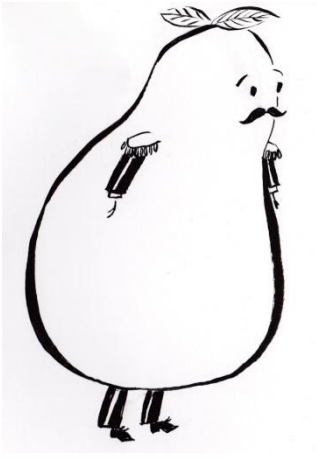
"You can see it over there."

"What a fine tree," said Alice.

"Yes it is. A tree that I hope to go back to in time for the harvest." He proudly looked at his strange audience. "I am to be made into the King's ambrosia!"

The fruits were silent.

Peabody cleared his throat. "Toupee," he said as gently as he could, "I fear that you will not be going back."



"What?" Toupee felt dread welling up in his core. "Why?"

"The Artist, the woman who took you from the tree, requires you."

Peabody glanced fondly at the others. "She requires all of us."

"She wants to paint us!" cried the Sextuplets.

"I don't want to be painted. I must become ambrosia for the King!"

"But you cannot go back," Peabody said as Toupee felt the plum's bulging form near him.

"None of us can."

Toupee leaned against the plum's fleshy side. How he wished that the soft purple-black of Peabody's skin was a clear summer night in the pear tree.

"But none of this seems fair!" Toupee sputtered.

"You are right," replied Peabody. "It isn't."

"But you are also wrong," said Alice.

"Artists," chorused the Sextuplets, "are never fair."

It seemed to Toupee that artists were rather cruel.

\*\*\*

But, if artists were rather cruel and had a penchant for unfairness, they also seemed to be rather efficient. As the month unfolded, Toupee noticed that his days in the bowl stretched out before him with a simple rhythm and regularity. Every morning, the artist came into the room where the fruit waited in the ice box. She would open the door and take them out, one by one, and gently position them in the large, cobalt bowl.

After putting the bowl by the open window, she would begin to sketch: first in pencil, then in

charcoal, finally, in colored chalk.

When the fruits felt the afternoon sun warm their skin, she switched to paintbrush and canvas. The Artist would peer at the fruits with furrowed brow and paint until the sun went down. Then, smiling, she would cover the canvas with a white cloth, open the icebox, and gently put the fruits onto the top shelf—one by one—next to the marmalade and eggs. In the cool darkness of the icebox, the fruits would speak about their day.

“Ah, another day well done,” Peabody would chuckle.

“Goodness, I think she’s making us sit longer and longer,” complained Alice.

“If she keeps us in the sun too long, we’ll get all shriveled!” moaned the Sextuplets.

Alasdair would usually say nothing.

It was then the fruits would turn their conversation to other matters. Like Toupee’s clan, the icebox fruits enjoyed a good story. But unlike Toupee’s clan, the icebox fruits did not have the stories of Owl on those cold evenings, next to the eggs and marmalade. They only had their stories to tell each other, tales and memories of what they were before the bowl. In Toupee’s opinion, he thought Peabody’s story of his life before the bowl the most interesting, and the most puzzling.

“Please tell us again about your life before the bowl, Peabody,” Toupee would plead, when he thought enough time and stories had passed among the fruits since the plum had last shared his tale.

“Of course, Toupee, I shall do anything for you.”

Peabody closed his eyes and scrunched them, as if trying to remember the details of something long, long ago. The other fruits gathered around Peabody, except for Alasdair, on account of his spikes, but even he would lean in with interest. Peabody had a way with words.

“Once,” he’d begin, “once, I lived in the tree of the Lady Weaver, the finest creator of yarn and

fabric in all the land. Every day, she would tend to me and my brothers and sisters, turning us over, checking the color of our skin, touching us with her fine long, fingers.”

Toupee closed his eyes, imagining the lady’s delicate touch. Sometimes, Mr. Schliermacher came to the pear tree and gave him and all of his clan a gentle squeeze, just to see that the sun was ripening them properly.

“The lady grew us for our skin, a key pigment for her purple dye, the one that colored the robes of the King. I, like my siblings, was destined to be skinned, squashed, and woven into a ceremonial cape—but the Artist changed that. One night, she climbed up the plum tree, picked me with her calloused hands, and ran home, carrying me in her coat pocket.”

Toupee thought of his clan, of Owl, of warm summer nights in Mr. Schleiermacher’s tree. “You will be the sweetest of liquids, the sole breakfast drink of the King,” he mumbled to himself. So much for Owl’s stories.

“Toupee? Do you have something to say? You’re mumbling to yourself again.”

“Forgive me, Peabody, I was thinking of my past. Your story always makes me think of my past.”

“I’m sorry that it does.”

“Please, don’t be. But, Peabody?”

“Yes?”

“Don’t you miss it?”

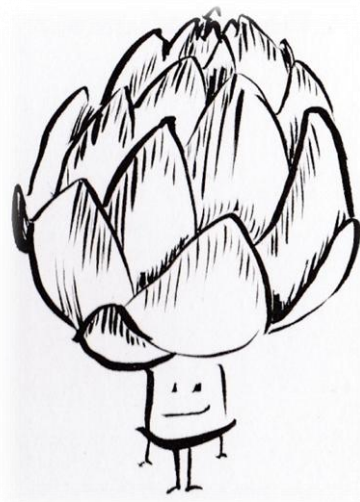
“No.” Peabody paused. “Though the Lady Weaver’s hands were delicate and fine, I never felt any warmth from their touch. I was one of many to her. And yes, the Artist’s hands are rough and smudged with charcoal, but they are warm and gentle. To her, I have always been myself.”

“Yourself?”

“Yes, myself. The Lady Weaver treated me well; but never took the time to see that I had a browner stem than my siblings. The Artist notices things like that.”

“Yes,” added Alice, “the Artist does notice things like that. I was a little too small and a little too pink to be an apple fit for a grocery store display. Yet, she saw my smallness and my pinkness and she chose me for it.”

“And even though we were too sour for wine, she thought we were good enough to paint!” shouted the Sextuplets.



Peabody turned, addressing the large, spiky green thing, which kept its distance but leaned in with interest. “What are you thinking, Alasdair?”

Alasdair, who usually said nothing, smiled. “Even though I kept hidden in the back corner of a market crate, she saw my spikes and thought I was handsome.”

Peabody looked at Toupee, eyes flashing. “My dear boy, because of her, I cannot miss what came before.” The other fruits nodded in agreement. And for a moment, Peabody looked rounder and more purple than usual.

\*\*\*

Towards the end of the month, Toupee noticed that his firm green skin was developing soft brown spots, spots that would ooze clear liquid if he leaned on them too hard. He showed them to the others one night in the icebox.

“Oh,” said Alice.



The Sextuplets simultaneously closed their eyes and Alasdair, said nothing but looked very concerned.

“What is it?” asked Toupee.

Peabody looked grave. “My dear boy, you are dying.”

“Dying? Oh...” Toupee thought of the pear tree and carefully wedged himself between the marmalade and eggs. He didn’t care if the effort made him seep more liquid. He wanted to be alone.

Later, he did not know how much later, Peabody joined him. Again, Toupee leaned against the plum’s fleshy form. Now, Peabody’s purple-black skin was as close as he would ever get to a clear summer night sky.

“It isn’t fair,” moaned Toupee.

“I know, Toupee.”

“I will die alone.”

“No, Toupee, not alone. You are a brother of the bowl, now. Each of us in our own turn will share you fate.”

Toupee wished Peabody’s words comforted him more. Though he had grown fond of the fruits in the bowl, Toupee still felt sad when he saw Mr. Schleiermacher prized pear tree from the window. Even though he didn’t want to, Toupee began to cry, sobbing into Peabody’s soft side. He would never know what it was like to shed his yellow-green skin and mingle with the juices of his clan.

\*\*\*

As Mr. Schleiermacher’s truck rumbled past outside and the winds grew colder, Toupee became softer and softer as his spots grew bigger and bigger. Though the Artist put him and the

others in the icebox, its cool kiss no longer stopped his decay.

Toupee sat in the cobalt bowl, propped up by Alice and Peabody. To keep his spots from showing, the Artist had to be creative: a strategically placed Sextuplet here and a dab of oil paint there.

Toupee sighed. He was so very tired these days. The sun, whose heat was once pleasing to him, now felt oppressive and intense.

“Peabody,” he murmured, “Peabody old boy, I think my time has come. Could you and Alice help me out of the bowl?”

Peabody stared at him. “My dear boy...”

“No, it’s all right, I would just like to see Mr. Schleiermacher’s pear tree one last time. I’d like to see it from the outside of the bowl.”

Peabody scrunched his eyes, as if he was trying to keep out something very, very sad. “As you wish, Toupee, I shall do anything for you.”

At Peabody’s command, the fruits of the bowl clustered around Toupee, pushing him up and out of the cobalt bowl, bluer than the summer sky. But, they pushed him too hard. Amidst the cries of Peabody and Alice, Toupee fell out of the bowl, rolled off the window sill, and landed with a moist splat on the Artist’s floor.

Toupee felt his juices seeping out of him. “Ah,” he thought, “this feels better than being in the sun.” It was then he noticed something near him.

“Oh dear,” the Artist whispered.

She lightly scooped him up with both of her hands. Though caked with oil paint and calloused, her touch was light. Toupee exhaled, Peabody had been right. She did have warm hands.

They stood in front of the uncovered canvas. “Look, beautiful one. Look at what you have helped me to create. Soon, this will hang in the hall of the King.” Her voice softened. “In fact, it will hang in the hall of many Kings.”

Toupee looked. There, on the canvas was a bowl of fruit, glistening in the afternoon sun. In the center of the bowl was a pear, situated between a voluptuous plum and a small pink apple. The green spikes of an artichoke and the purple clusters of a bunch of grapes added interesting contrast in the background.

The Artist’s breath, gentle and near, flowed over Toupee’s oozing skin. “Lovely,” she whispered, “absolutely lovely. I’m so glad that I chose you.”

And, for the first time—with his eyes still fixed on his likeness, forever painted in oils—Toupee was glad.

Glad that the Artist had chosen him, too.



*Sheri L. Wright*

**Barnacles**



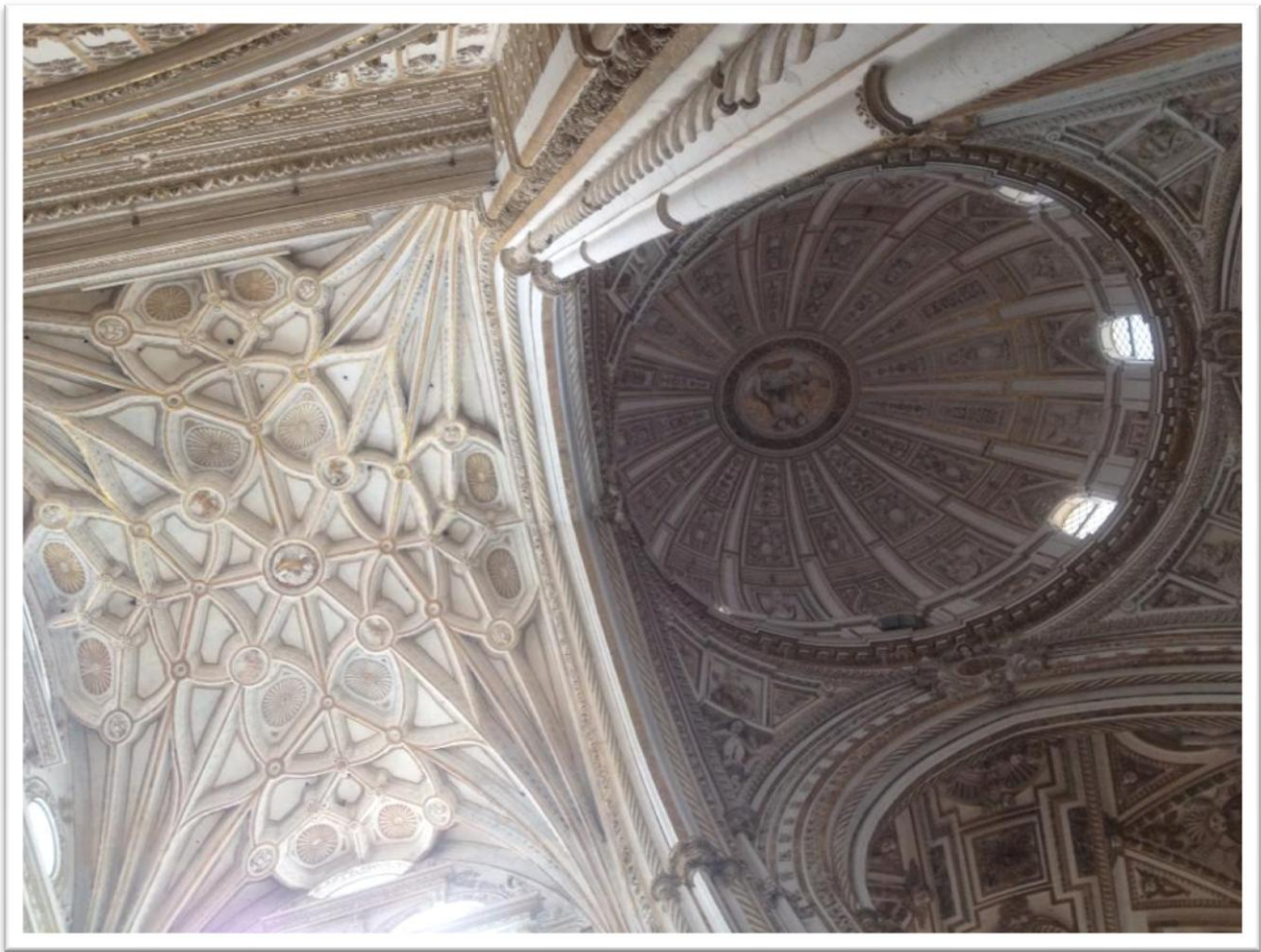
## **Migraine**

I love waking up in the morning  
and finding it gone, its heavy bags packed,  
the guestroom empty, the bed slightly rumpled,  
but made. The lovely grey light filters in  
through the blinds, the kettle is on and will soon  
yield hot water in which to steep a sachet  
of peppermint tea. There will be oatmeal  
with whole milk, cinnamon, raisins, pecans,  
and all the goodness a fresh start gives.  
Maybe there is some spilled juice,  
sticky and purple on the breakfast table,  
nothing that can't be wiped away.  
The intrusive guest is gone—for today.



*Sarah E. Chandri*

**La Mesquita Maravillosa**



**Driving Home from the Bar with Frankie, *Winter***

Frankie and I are half drunk and laughing,  
trying to keep count of snowflakes driving into the storm.

We talk about the years, how they used to drag on  
like phone poles, or exit signs on the roadside,  
you can see them come and go the whole way,  
until time starts to come up on you quicker,  
like fence rails that blur together the faster you drive,  
till more years have passed than you care to count,

but I still think we should try and follow just one flake,  
from as far off as we can see, until the moment  
it hits the windshield, explodes like rocket glare

in flood lights, sits as water for one more second,  
pleading, till the wiper comes down like a scythe,  
sweeps it away.

*Ira Joel Haber*

**Colored Grove**



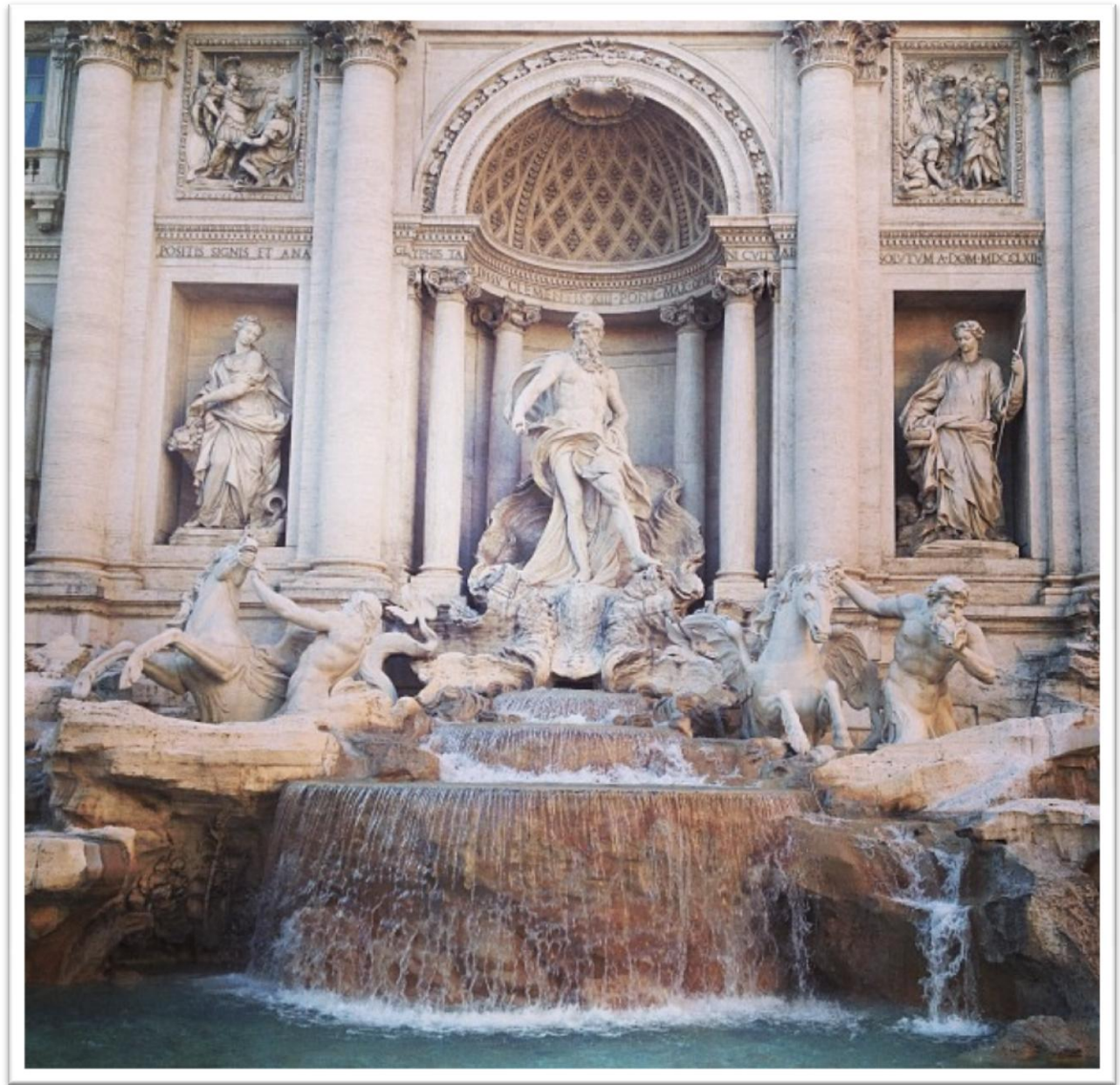
**You are the Vision**

You are the witness to a universe  
vaster than you and your eye within.  
  
All the rhythm and motion you see  
and contain (as the fruit holds the seed,  
plump as a wish or a tumor),  
you carry forward,  
shape and taste it all  
until you give what you've learned  
or learning shuts.  
  
You are responsible for what this seed  
becomes, what blooms or withers.  
  
Petals will melt into dirt  
before you are done.



*Christiana Pinborough*

**Fontana di Trevi**



*Nicole Yurcaba*

The Embroidery (Vyshyvanka)

—*for Stevan*

Untamed emotion  
residing in each intricate,  
minute black or red “x”:

a pattern of red roses  
and black leaves  
planted on white backing  
that identified the region  
of a foreign grandfather’s village.

She wore hers around her small wrist,  
but the embroidery she crafted for you  
was too small for yours,  
so you carefully stitched it  
to your black leather motorcycle vest  
in between the P.O.W.M.I.A. patch  
and the Harley HOG member one.



## **Safe, Sound**

It is a subterranean melody,  
The scent of skin after roaming  
Foothills of late summer,  
His voice invoking myself as a child  
Feigning sleep after bedtime tales.

The lyric I ask him for, now at 29,  
Bathes my eyelids through the phone.  
Tonight, the remedy is Max stories,  
Told as I lie in bed  
Squeezing stones  
For some kind of rescue.

So he arrives.  
Max, the black cocker spaniel  
I still believe talks.  
He chases a mountain lion into the gully,  
Into the thin place, which  
My young father (now my old father's voice)  
Inhabits. Here —  
The distance between heaven  
And earth collapses  
And we are unmasked.

I hear his voice as from another room  
In a cottage at the center of the world,  
A cottage never before divined.  
For the first time I move out  
Out from under its name, and see  
The sputtering fire, the eternal return.

*Sarah E. Chandri*

**Alcazaba**



*Cindy Rinne*

## **Touch the Sun**

The Feather Keeper scraped

His way

Onto raven's head.

Protected by The White Buffalo Woman's

Feather from the brilliance

Of the sun,

The Feather Keeper recalled

Owl magic sealing

His skin

And hawk chick

Proclaiming him

Light as a newborn.

He held the sun in his outstretched arms.

## **Migration**

It's in their genes, as a need for God  
is in ours. Birds spill across the white sky,  
moving with urgency, sewn with invisible stitches,

thousands of years of instinct  
tugging. A sash of wings whip  
across cloud. Their brains

house compasses, all calibrated.  
They link to form a pattern  
of black tildes on cotton. The runnel of ink

channels our eyes. Minutes pass. We look  
until the last fleck is gone.  
Without them, above is a paint-poor canvas.

## *Contributor Biographies*

### **Jenny Blair**

Jenny Blair earns a living writing and editing, but her shelves are spilling over with picture books and stacks of drawings. She admires the work of Richard Scarry, Tomie dePaola, David Roberts, Trina Schart Hyman, Shaun Tan, Chip Kidd, Alison Bechdel, and Mary Blocksma. Jenny lives in Michigan and has had a long and strange affinity for anthropomorphic fruits and vegetables.

### **Sarah E. Chandri**

Sarah E. Chandri graduated from BYU in 2009 with a BA in Psychology. Since then she has been traveling and teaching English in various countries. Her most recent adventure was in Spain where she lived for a year teaching, exploring, and of course eating. She enjoys getting lost in foreign places so that she can relish the unique things she finds in photographs.

### **Jennifer Frodsham**

Jennifer Frodsham graduated from BYU in Landscape Management. She currently teaches kids how to love nature. She also loves travel and ate gelato every day when she was in Italy. Her dream is to take a long walk on the Annapurna Circuit in Nepal. She lives in downtown Salt Lake City. Her favorite word is "conundrum."

### **Christopher Grillo**

Christopher Eugene Grillo is an education professional and recent graduate of Southern Connecticut State University's MFA program. He has published both fiction and poetry in various national magazines including *Extracts*, *Up the River*, *Indian Short Fiction*, *Drunk Monkeys*, *The Noctua Review*, *Lunch Ticket Press*, *Referential*, *The Elm City Review*, *Aethlon*, and more. Christopher is *Noctua Review's* Connecticut State University's Poetry Prize runner up and a 2014 Best of Net nominee. He moonlights as a high school football coach at his alma mater, North Haven.

### **Ira Joel Haber**

Ira Joel Haber was born and lives in Brooklyn. He is a sculptor, painter, writer, book dealer, photographer and teacher. His work has been seen in numerous group shows both in the USA and Europe and he has had 9 one-man shows including several retrospectives of his sculpture. His work is in the collections of The Whitney Museum Of American Art, New York University, The Guggenheim Museum, The Hirshhorn Museum & The Albright-Knox Art Gallery. Since 2007 his paintings, drawings, photographs and collages have been published in over 184 on line and print magazines. He has received three National Endowment for the Arts Fellowships, two Pollock-Krasner grants, the Adolph Gottlieb Foundation grant and, in 2010, he received a grant from Artists'

Fellowship Inc. He currently teaches art to retired public school teachers at The United Federation of Teachers program in Brooklyn.

## **JB Mulligan**

JB Mulligan has had poems and stories in several hundred magazines over the past 35 years. He has had two chapbooks published — *The Stations of the Cross* and *THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS*—and an e-book, *The City Of Now And Then*. He has appeared in several anthologies, including *Inside/Out: A Gathering Of Poets*; *The Irreal Reader (Cafe Irreal)*; and multiple volumes of *Reflections on a Blue Planet*.

## **Dayna Patterson**

Dayna Patterson's chapbooks, *Loose Threads* and *Mothering*, are available from Flutter Press. Her poetry has appeared in *North American Review*, *Weave*, *Clover*, and *REAL*, among others. She is the Poetry Editor for *Psaltery & Lyre*.

## **Christiana Pinborough**

Christiana Pinborough is a vocalist and aspiring photographer. She graduated from Brigham Young University with a bachelor's degree in exercise and wellness. Christiana sings and plays the guitar in a contemporary folk duo, and she enjoys traveling the world.

## **Kushal Poddar**

A native of Kolkata, India, Kushal Poddar (1977) writes poetry, scripts and prose and is published worldwide. He authored "All Our Fictional Dreams," published in several anthologies in the Continent and in America. The forthcoming book is *Kafka Dreamed Of Paprika*. Find more at:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Kushal-The-Poet/166552613396144>.

## **Marian Redglass**

Marian Redglass graduated with a degree in Biology and a Minor in Chemistry from Southern Connecticut State University in the Spring of 2011. It was in the fall/winter of that same year that she interned at the MOTE Aquarium and Laboratory in Sarasota, Florida, to assist in the study of *Karenia brevis*, a dinoflagellate responsible for what is commonly referred to as "Red Tide." She often frequented the Long Boat Key public beach after her work for sunset walks in the waves. It was during these peregrinations that she was bitten by the poetry bug and composed the poem published in this issue.

## **Cindy Rinne**

Cindy Rinne is an experimental storyteller and record-keeper of many cultures. Cindy creates art and writes in San Bernardino, CA. She is an author with Michael Thomas Cooper of *Speaking Through Sediment* (forthcoming). Cindy is a founding member of PoetrIE. Her work appeared or is



forthcoming in *The MOON Magazine*, *Dual Coast Magazine*, *Artemis Journal*, *Meat for Tea: The Valley Review*, *Pirene's Fountain*, *The Poetry Bus (Ireland)*, *The Wayfarer*, *Extinguished*, *Extinct Anthology* by Twelve Winters Press, *The Lake (England)*, *Revolution House*, *Soundings Review*, *The Gap Toothed Madness*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *The Prose-Poem Project*, and others. Follow her at: [www.fiberverse.com](http://www.fiberverse.com).

## **Kathryn Sonntag**

Kathryn Sonntag graduated from the University of Utah with a BS in environmental studies and a BA in English. She has published various poems in its undergraduate literary magazine *Shades* and in the Wilderness Interface Zone. She recently finished a master's degree in landscape architecture from Utah State University.

## **Christina M. Sparks**

Christina M. Sparks is a recent graduate of Carlow University, where she studied poetry under Jan Beatty. She was awarded the 2012 Award for Excellence in Creative Writing, and was awarded the Marilyn P. Donnelly poetry award Honorable Mention. Christina has had work published in *Chapter & Verse* a section in the City Paper online and in an anthology by Waid Books. She is currently earning her MFA in poetry from Pacific Lutheran University, where she participates in the Mount Rainier Writers Workshop.

## **S. L. Woodford**

A graduate of Yale Divinity School, S. L. Woodford spends the majority of her time surrounded by stories. By day, she runs a small, Yale affiliated library, tending to the intellectual offspring of thinkers and mystics. By night, she creates her own stories: fiction and non-fiction about the mundane, the frivolous, the spiritual, and the magical. She is a regular contributor to *The Living Church*, *Hartford Faith & Values*, and *Lillian Goes Vintage: The Tumbler*. Follow her blog at: [poetryandpushpins.com](http://poetryandpushpins.com).

## **Sheri L. Wright**

Two-time Pushcart Prize and Kentucky Poet Laureate nominee, Sheri L. Wright is the author of six books of poetry, including the most recent, *The Feast of Erasure*.

Wright's visual work has appeared in numerous journals, including *Blood Orange Review*, *Prick of the Spindle*, *Blood Lotus Journal* and *Subliminal Interiors*. In 2012, Ms. Wright was a contributor to the Sister Cities Project Lvlds: Creatively Linking Leeds and Louisville. Her photography has been shown across the Ohio Valley region and abroad. Currently, she is working on her first documentary film, *Tracking Fire*.

## **Nicole Yurcaba**

Nicole Yurcaba hails from a long line of coal miners, Ukrainian immigrants and West Virginian mountain folk. She is a Developmental Education Coordinator at Eastern WV Community and

Technical College. She recently completed her Master of Humanities in English at Tiffin University. Her work has appeared in print and online journals such as *VoxPoetica*, *Referential Magazine*, *Rolling Thunder Quarterly*, *Decompression*, *Hobo Camp Review*, *The Camel Saloon*, *Jellyfish Whispers*, *Napalm* and *Novocaine*, *Floyd County Moonshine* and many others. In life, she enjoys taking the unbeaten path, and usually exits the scene pursued by bear. Her first collection of poetry, *Backwoods and Back Words*, is available at [www.unboundcontent.com](http://www.unboundcontent.com).