



# JANUARY REVIEW

A Journal of Poetry

ISSUE 01



Poetry

Patty Dickson Pieczka	David Bart	Alan Britt	Jonel Abellanosa	Alicia Mathias
Andrea Moorhead	A.Molotkov	John Sibley Williams	Silvia Schiebli	
Matt Duggan	Ace Boggess	Daniel Edward Moore	Debasis Mukhopadhyay	
Sam Roxas-Chua	Sean Thomas Dougherty	Rob Cook	<sup>Art</sup> Robert Moorhead	



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*Patty Dickson Pieczka*

## SEPTEMBER AT THE BEACH

Summer's dream left its sandy footprint,  
slight and pronged as a bird's. I lift

its song, fragile as glass, but it falls,  
breaking into minutes in the sibilant

sounds of surf and shell. I am lost  
somewhere between faith and time's desire

to sacrifice what it loves. A couple  
walks by and their kiss drifts, leaving

a trail, their touch chilled  
by the breeze. The afternoon becomes thin

and gray, its shadow gathering.  
A wave licks the wing from a sand angel.

## TURBULENCE

The streets are hungry.  
They shake and bend  
with fractured footsteps.

When the red dirt road falls  
to its knees in blood  
and sweet flaming poisons,

my eyes reflect  
ghosts of steam rising  
from the farm-pond.

My voice is the wind  
rasping through  
dried stalks of corn.

## WORDS SPOKEN TO THE WIND'S EAR

Some say there is no storm  
drumming charcoal bullets of rain  
against the broken cross,  
no jackal-shaped cloud  
cloaked in black, waiting.

Some walk star-stone paths  
through confusions  
of wild plums, peer into  
the gum-thick lake and see  
their own blank faces.

I speak to them, and my breath  
evaporates. Time melts into smoke  
and rises in its twisted dance until  
the moon ashes into a gray smudge  
and disappears.

## BEYOND THE OWL'S CALL

Sometimes at night I hear  
the moon's heartbeat,  
warm and soft. It sleeps,

unaware of earth's weeping  
glaciers, her heavy breath,  
the hunger in her roots. An oak,

in the ancient glow, scatters truth  
like acorns, weaves darkness into  
words, threads the sky with tales

of loss – of balance and bees  
and sorrow, while a branch's  
finger scratches my window.

## ELECTION YEAR

begins as it always does,  
like a mosquito, its tiny buzz  
assaulting the ear, the agility  
of acrobatic tongues:

words broken and glued back together,  
words scooped empty, hollow  
and ringing, words cracked open  
and drained of their juice.

Breezes brewed of shattered sounds  
melt sun into gold that slips  
into pockets, melt hatred  
into sweet dark wine.

Reason peels like birch bark,  
sifts to the wind, as voices  
of the lost and seeking hiss  
and steam through spirals of mist.



## ONE THOUSAND FRIENDS

Warm green witchgrass patches  
a green slope where two boys roll  
down, one in muddy swim trunks,  
one in a pull-up and red galoshes.  
They crash into their big sister  
sunning herself, lips synced to a song  
as she settles into the lipid crystal  
of her iphone. When she was as young  
as her brothers, she believed little people  
lived inside their mom's radio  
but she could never find them  
which made her sad. The same odd  
sadness she just felt looking at her phone  
and a web page's silent assurance  
that she has accrued one thousand friends,  
but not even one who will come over  
to dish or admire her tan. Her little brothers  
will soon be called inside because the east  
end of the sky has begun to crackle  
and turn black, the west is a smoldering  
carotene dusk and she's ending another  
summer day with a handful of tiny people  
inside a screen who entreat her to touch  
and follow.

## THERE WAS A MAN

"Give it to me."

The quivering thief  
was awakened by a charnel  
growl and chalky phalanges  
probing his bedclothes  
for the gold ring he pinched.  
With fingers crimped into a pink.  
claw, my son reads me the tale.  
Flashlight grazes his cheekbones.

It's the kind of story told  
by those near life's mysterious ends:  
grandmother and boys.  
The kind Shakespeare's Prince Mamilius  
would have told the queen.  
After a few words the child was interrupted.  
Soon after, he died.  
But my young son already knows the tale  
from the prince's one and only line.

"There was a man dwelt by a churchyard."

*Allan Britt*

## DOWN MEMORY LANE

All those ancestors in the way  
of rebirth,  
clogging the pores  
of evolution.

Damn them & me.

Damn them & me,  
well, well, well, well—  
love eyelines a moonlit canoe,  
her mother-of-pearl atoms  
popping like piranha hunting  
for heartaches.

Well, I saw a sign made  
of mercury & on that sign  
your voice over & over  
dusted like crabapple petals  
littering a tiger-striped school  
bus's wooly caterpillar head.

Where have you been  
all these years?

## PERFECTION

The poet seeks excellence  
like a feathery sunrise  
sweeping sawdust from  
the creases of iguana eyes  
hugging volcanic rocks  
off the Sea of Cortez,  
that is to say, effortlessly.

## FAITH

Sling blue.

Wishful.

Ludwig's "Great Fugue,"  
like it was written for his mother.

Teddy bear, cotton rag  
beyond fascination  
but requiring APA response—  
nothing but APA sizzles  
upper thighs into stainless affairs  
across executive desks—neckties  
askew, crumpled cotton, top button  
AWOL, bussing lips scorpions—  
tomorrow's another day.

## EVOLUTION

Tax imaginations—as one expects  
to gain from such folly—but there's  
a dark side.

Always dark when lost in the Black  
Forest of neurons minding someone  
else's business, someone else's in the  
prime of life—orchids saints enjoying  
oral sex with nuns, plus philosophers  
on the fringes of intelligence,  
intelligence, I say, suspenders, fine,  
but quasi-divine support of whatever  
Existentialist notion bobs its nose  
like a Peruvian turtle with banana stripes  
from onyx cheek to feral neck that says  
this swamp, this earthly heaven is all  
I know. . . true, I haven't launched  
satellites, & I haven't stretched cables  
port to port, but there's one thing,  
god, known by many as evolution,  
DNA, survival—he/she/it goes by  
many names— but one thing's certain,  
my shell, this thing that protects me  
from you & worships a frog in estrous  
shielding ten quadrillion ampules  
of eggs from her one trillion lovers  
if nothing else has taught me,  
in short, to grow the fuck up!

## YELLOW MOON

The large yellow moon  
slouches in her chair,  
a tall rattan  
scallop shell chair,  
at the foot of the horizon.

This dysfunctional moon untangles  
strands of straw hair  
with one hand,  
while reaching  
through thick January darkness  
with her other  
to wipe dead frost  
from my windowsill.

## BANYON TREES

In waking dream I saw Beethoven walking through a field, dragging the Sixth Symphony behind him. I expected to see William Blake in the vicinity; instead he was doing laundry in a strip shopping mall somewhere near Parsipanny, New Jersey.

I felt like a child, oddly, as Beethoven approached, looking at me as he passed. It was a playground, from childhood perhaps, in Florida. There were banyon trees scattered around. All of which would explain my childlike wonder.

He had a look in his eye...intense...a triangle of darkness. Yet I sensed there was a polite smile as he fixed his penetrating glance in my direction.

There was so much I wanted to say...so many questions. Emotions like waves rolled across the playground...in between the fairy tale roots of the banyons. I wanted to stop him for one moment. Slow down his eternal stroll for a few seconds. But I knew this was impossible. Among other things, in his left hand was a small bag of clean laundry.

—First published in *The Bitter Oleander*



## Flight of the Bumblebee

Only upon listening closely  
To find the flower of silence  
Does seeing break as water  
And I somehow know  
Without rocks and pebbles  
There are no ripples  
And without ripples  
There are no echoes  
And the flow is only  
The light heartache  
For reflections  
That are not there

## The Old Room

The first time I noticed the room  
it spoke of restlessness  
and though it spoke to itself  
I wasn't an eavesdropper.

I wondered how many years  
had fled for its comforts.  
Days left no traces  
as if days were travelers.

Now I notice the room again  
and it describes absence to  
the mirror watching the bed.  
Silence makes its words audible.

I wonder if years have become  
fewer, returning one by one as  
the last days, as if moonlight  
is about to become visible.

*Alicia Mathias*

## SEASHELL IN A CORNER OF A SHOEBOX IN GRANADA

*For Federico Garcia Lorca*

Does it long for Lorca's touch?  
Scented with ink—  
petals from his wrists.

A field of castanets rattle.  
Poems roll upon his fingertips—  
ready to tidal wave the page.

Seashell murmurs  
as Lorca writes an ocean  
cupped in his pen.

Concerto of waves  
lead him to follow  
their fish silver map.

Where caverns of words  
and flamenco moons await  
his voice held up to their ears.

*Andrea Moorhead*

## Earth Fires

people look the other way  
tripping stuttering floundering  
under the glowing screens  
held so closely  
while the muscles of heart atrophy  
asymmetrically  
preferring to weight the eastern side of  
the body with greater force  
while the west continues to burn  
each eye glowing glaring  
reigniting  
what lies just outside the heart.

## While Reading

next to the woodshed  
and your mind slides  
fires caught in the leaves still attached  
wavering while the pages turn  
removing any doubt as to the coming  
disappearance of these words  
the saturated burden of stone  
falling  
from the roof  
from the jaws of sleeping tigers  
from the print of ink  
drying in the desert wind.

## On the coast

the axis of rain shifts

when you swim too far out

when the sand shrinks from heavy tides

water flowing backwards against the rocks

another way of exposing the land

the flat sheered surface of rock

moving mauve under the pungent rind

of an early sun.

## Falling from

an enormous height, only wings to save you and the appearance of feathers is still locked in your mind, hidden in the folds of dreaming slumber, in the still, stark forgiveness of matter recrystallized as a silken lining to thought, vibrations around the eyes, a swelling at the mouth of the river, water moves against the light, and you can't fall any farther, the light is molten, the light is silent, and your wings cover the space, shielding your heart, while your body burns from above.

## Branches at Night

Are you still sleeping in snow, without anticipating the cobalt darkness, the crystalline skies that deceive speech, render the pattern of sounds otherworldly? Are you still swimming out to sea in the green dark, the heaviness you had not anticipated? Or while the mist rises have you finally left without reminding anyone of your departure, turning the pages too quickly, the burr of paper rustling, slipping, and gliding against your fingers? This comes as no surprise; this is nothing unusual for you, leaving abruptly as if the last comment were to be suspended for an indefinite time, unmarked by the passage of daily events, the dull whirr of tires on dirt roads. We haven't gone out to inspect the snow. There still might be traces, even though the snow pack has shifted and the wind is high tonight, disturbing the windows, rattling against the outside lights, filtering slowly through the pores of your skin.



*A. Malotkov*

## Final Report

It's safer with a heart in bubble wrap. Do I  
still have a license? This rusty

handle opens my head. Forgive me: I haven't  
had a chance to clean up. Would you

hold my skeleton's hand? I don't have all  
my bones to show at the checkpoint. I falsified

my fingers and my fingertips. I made  
omissions on my entry form. I forgot

to say I love you.

## Ghostliness

Is your body corporeal or  
remembered? You left a silence,  
an apple core, me in the corner, staring

at a spiderweb. You hung  
a light ray across the river

valley beneath the mountain, then  
removed the river. What  
do you say to those who still

have hope? What about a heart  
on a wire, a brain with cutouts? Literal

wire, literal things I won't mention. I  
dive under an iceberg, deeper,  
deeper, waiting for it

to begin.

## Commitment

i take a fast boat down your blood stream to see  
what you're about because i want to love  
you when i return i will hold your hand for  
months ask new questions i'll seep through cracks  
in your skin where you need me

*John Sibley Williams*

## Lineage

This field is always a bullet  
away from emptied, so maybe

it makes sense horses

are measured in hands, bourbon in fingers, the earth

by how much of it we own.

Rail tracks are only as good as  
the countries blurring by,

the mountains collapsed to make room for passage.

The only rainbows

independent of the weather leak  
from punctured gas lines.

Crows, murders of them. Roots what we plant to replace

the roots we've pulled up.

Once they find another earth  
to replace ours,

how long will it wild in our hands before we close them

into fists?

and my children keep fireflies in bell jars  
as if life is some failing experiment.

They aren't wrong, exactly. Just not right. & I watch them watch the lights

spark brilliantly, awe-struck, briefly, dimming.

## A Safe Distance

Matted fur. Bared teeth. A few stray  
howls skip out over a moonless field  
like stones. Ripples lessen as the song  
extends beyond itself. I'm lucky to be  
close enough to ruin to hear what it is  
the ruined request yet a few yards too  
far for it to hurt.

×

Torn skin, bloodied. Pulled from the body,  
clouds of wool tumble & snag  
on a fence meant to keep things out.  
Though it's my job to scrub the earth  
clean of itself, my heart is filled with  
distant hoof beats. Not tears, the intimacy  
of tears.

×

Stay a safe distance,  
my grandfather says; let the world in,  
up to a point. Though nothing can be  
denied entrance forever, I try to remain  
unmoved: by the dogs & what dogs do:  
the bees dying off: all his nightly prayers  
drained of heaven. I try to forget the fire

×

& in trying to forget the spreads.

## Something has to be put in the foreground

for scale, lest the landscape extend forever.  
Hay bale. Just one unbroken horse. A barn,  
even burning; the smoke enough to trace  
a trajectory to sky. I cannot tell if that's my  
father out there or a storm-stripped sycamore.  
If my mother is with him, or a mound  
of mown grass. & so on. If life is art & art  
is perspective, give me one good reason  
not to doubt what I'm seeing. Brushstrokes  
vague into horizon. Horizon a wrung-out  
sheet without taut lines to hang from. Not  
enough distance to say if what I'm feeling is  
intimacy.

## In the New World

Fallen kingdom, overtaken first by rot  
then weeds then construction of the new  
face that reflects the same sun at exactly  
the same angle as the first. Everything  
the color of lightning zigzagging down  
to touch, so gently, burning, a crown  
of trees. Park trees: the kind enclosed  
by streets, just enough wildness to take  
photos of & say *wish you were here*.

We've always been here. Vandalized  
& vandalizing. So submissive as to call  
our genuflecting dominance. This is our  
domain: baptism of glass, altar of glass.  
All things holding our images: holy.  
Every morning the same unshared bed,  
same well-lit view of a newly christened city.  
Of the thousand & one ways we pardon  
ourselves, none of them stay the night.  
We never even learn their first names.

## Incidental Light

It's not that wounded dogs are easier to love  
or that we see ourselves in them buried  
in their masters' whip-like shadow.

It's not so much that we own or are owned  
by the dead that return each night to teach  
us something about the frailty of eternity  
& breath; how it's not all at once, as assumed,  
the light takes time leaving us, bird by bird.

Not for lack of trying, but it's damn near impossible  
to kill two birds with one stone or to wash ourselves  
in another's blood. Perhaps we expect too much  
of guilt, mercy, prayer, hindsight.

It's not that we're all orphans in the end. In the end,  
our memories are all body & our bodies are trees  
that will burn for as long as we let them.



*Silvia Scheibli*

## Meditation 3

How absurd

following

a blue-etched jaguar

carrying

aubergine light

in dragon flight buckets

while moments ago

asleep

on the back of

your hand

words appeared

pointing out lightning bugs

in the backyard

years ago

## Meditation 4

This morning

palm fronds  
encoded

by last night's storm  
release

the wind's  
lavender waist

and while  
the affirmative chatter of orioles  
glide among fibers

my coffee mug musings  
return

to last night's  
binocular script

hand-held for me  
by an icy, slivered moon

in a fearful  
burning sky

## Meditation 5

The golden-etched  
shadow  
of a solemn screech owl  
winked  
at a red planet  
in a blurry sky

Solitary  
bleached stones  
mumbled  
words  
only  
willow leaves  
understood  
painted  
in Japanese hues  
on paper-thin  
tea cups

Blue-throated lizards  
dozed  
on varnished sand  
ever alert  
for  
a sworn friendship

*Matt Duggan*

## Autumn

It was between two September moons  
that I saw her breath drift among the autumn debris  
lightness of day wrapped on wet broadsheets

where I hear jostling winds like small children  
playing in gardens of floating shipwrecks.

The morning as dark as star anise;  
air shows cubes of rain falling under  
spotlights waking from sleep.

Her summer eyes are lost in the darkness  
that even the roses in the park look grey;

This season unlocks timid streams of sun and frost  
onto the falling leaves that camouflage a young fox  
gathering scraps from the remains of Sunday Tea;

rarely do we see any light in the break of autumn  
just that black and white celluloid glow  
slowly preparing us for the cold stay of Winter.

## Revolution

We are crab claws bones scattered on the sand  
washed up from the beach returned to the master of sea;  
detached by the beauty that resonates from the deepest  
surface of ocean. Where they throw us back onto dry land  
believe that they can give us just enough of what we want –  
a veneer like salt to lassitude and distractions.  
Though the sea is not our ruler who scribes out the future –  
They ask that revolution will never raise a glass to those comrades  
as they've given us just enough of what we want -  
no longer do we think while we're mainlined into *google chrome*.

## Questioning the Space between Drones

Answers we seek are sometimes hidden  
beneath the skin of wood and soil –  
we must reveal ourselves to the world a little  
before we can question the future and past;

Though this journey will bring hope and madness  
in mirrors that won't reflect the true version of the self,

we must scale the battlements of our deepest  
convictions; control the truth before the truth  
stimulates us. Dare the wind of spying drones  
catch our shadow now citizens are suspected thieves;

let the rainbow blind the path of buzzing eye-lids  
where lies are doctored in black and white screens;  
Now confusion is the weapon of choice  
hysteria – the oxygen they spread with outrageous spite;

We once believed our voices could make a change;  
Though the frightened one convinced the many  
that everything will remain the same.

## A Good Meal Is a Happy Death

Anxiety plates piled with loneliness,  
magnets attracting & reflecting  
  
in the harmony of uncertainty.  
A few minutes more, & we will sit to eat  
  
as though normal folks in an old-world clan.  
Scent heightens my solemn passage.  
  
It sobs, rages, sighs. I hear sauce burble  
like a codex in the verbal cooker,  
  
like footsteps of a stranger in this restaurant  
where staff are distant, dreaming grocers,  
  
each performing Lady Macbeth unravelling  
the fabric to bare her undoing. At least  
  
as we celebrate our rosy coronation  
there will be banquets in the early acts.

## Ant Versus Spider

Tug of war beneath the planter.

Ant is stronger—Mr. Universe

among the crawling things—

but spider has a tighter grip on rope.

Back & forth, a battle,

narrowing the gap.

It's like Heracles against the hydra,

minus fire. Spider's

milky beige descends

from shadow underneath the rim:

hero fleeing enemies

out the highest window in a film.

Ant bucks stallion-like, tumbles,

nearing its end in a sudden world:

one's either feasting or the feast,

warring whether victim or a beast.



## Post Op

poison in her blood  
drains into a bulb

she reaches for a jug of water  
moans  
gives up

too much effort to be helpless  
she doesn't want help  
she wants water

a walk to the restroom

not to feel flushed &  
ailing

she thinks she would not come here  
to save her life  
although she did

the machine feeding her antibiotics  
through an IV line  
pings its steady pattern  
announcing it is empty too

## Calendar Boy

It's not easy being Calendar Boy  
strung out on waiting for numbers to change

men into monsters & monsters to men  
the alchemy found when confessions are heard

by those who gather to grieve their body's  
sad appointments with lies

supposedly these days like us  
crushed by the simple mention of night

by midnight's jazzing arrhythmia pulse  
beat us down to morning's last breaths

where supposedly the world ended exactly as it should  
arriving on time staying late talking to Calendar Boy

## Ballad for Bathsheba

*"I have found David son of Jesse a man after my own heart;  
he will do everything I want him to do." Acts 13:22*

At the end of the out breath,  
the end of the world.

They found your name missing your body,  
missing it like an unwritten psalm

would find you dreaming of singing,  
find you under his fingernails

as he plucked your blood  
with his murderous harp,

at the end of his out breath,  
the end of your world.

# For the Sake of New Worlds Undiscovered

When the bent, rusty, flesh bound nail,  
twice pounded, twice pulled, from a driftwood corpse

took refuge in my foot's calloused flotilla  
grounding became a diabolical thought.

Making me Captain of one steel soul,  
setting our course on the Tetanus Sea,

no dreamer wakes to find fever as friend,  
adrift on the surf of electrolytes lost.

Red, bold, and wider each minute  
was the map being drawn on the side of my leg.

Disease and love came with directions,  
with breath being wind, blood being rain,

a sustainable guide in any translation,  
as long as hope for a cure are abandoned

for sake of new worlds, undiscovered.

*Debasis Mukhopadhyay*

Ismaelillo what is blue to such ephemera

is your inviolate jazz that tosses off petals

behind my closed eyelids

a decrescendo

making imprints of

crows feet

all over my death

atop a white horse

this blue

gorges on a distilled blue of cries

hanging in the noumena

& never shrinks

always falling far from the dark window i press

i thought songs always unfold outward to images

that claim my roots as their own wings

yet everything is so still

one death just get another

what is this blue

to such stillness

to all that blood washed out

& has not become

## What survives

herein hold my bones a light  
a wisp of circling lines of your jazz chorus  
between dark permanence & bright escaping  
i no longer know  
Ismaelillo what you would make of the variations of time  
between the dashed air of your trumpet & holes of my flesh  
a blue rush to coil like rainbows torn from all the abandoned dead

*Sam Roxas-Chua*

## SEASIDE

Out here wild sunflowers drink from the small hands of salt. A little girl visits my hotel window and points to leviathans on the beach spelling my name on the surf with their tongues. I pound on the window where she falls five chapters down—disappears. I close the curtains. Out here mornings move the kelp and my tea tastes like diamonds.

*Sean Thomas Dougherty*

## Portrait of Townes Van Zant as a Murder

of crows, black suited ministers  
on the telephone wire,  
his guitar strings,  
cawing for the coroner

to come as he picked  
slow as a dirt road  
leading to a rooming house  
where someone fingered

a bullet into a revolver,  
to shoot his best friend  
in bed with his lover,  
he sang like the hollow

chamber rings—



*Rob Cook*

## MAGELLAN

I grew up with a map of kindergarten

God wandering outside speech  
where his wings hurt the water

Someone wrote in apple colored crayon:

*Stay away from the slaves hauling Legos  
to the first grade cities of Mrs. Iskra*

A baseball card torn in half killed me once, then  
we were friends

I grew up following the clumps of chewed gum  
stuck to the sky

It's taken thirty-six years  
to reach the shore of this one drop of rain

## IN THE DEEP WOODS

The boy takes out  
his prayer map

and gives thanks

to the trail maker,  
smear of white  
blood on a tree.

The rocks breathe  
and fail here  
because their fathers

took the same abandoned  
path to the mountain

and ran out of mountain light.

There are circles  
in the grass where grasses hide,

and search parties of rain

leading the cold  
the hard to find city.

The trees keep bending and shushing  
the dandelions  
breathing for other dandelions  
this far at night.

The boy stands in a meadow that follows  
the wind, someone  
out there birthing katydids—

deep katydids without a proven summer—

and scattering them  
across the leaves, or some  
unknowable thing's fallen,  
leaf-sized shrouds.

Visual Art

*Robert Moorhead*



Arabic Lesson X



Arabic Lesson XX

Patty Dickson Pieczka's second book of poetry, *Painting the Egret's Echo*, won the Library of Poetry Book Award for 2012 from The Bitter Oleander Press. Other books are *Lacing Through Time* (Bellowing Ark Press, 2011), and a chapbook, *Word Paintings* (Snark Publishing, 2002). In both the 2012 ISPS contest and the Maria W. Faust Sonnet Contest, she placed first and has had writing contributions in more than fifty literary journals. She graduated from the creative writing program at Southern Illinois University. Her short play won first prize from the Paradise Alley Players, and she received first place in the fiction contest at John A. Logan College.

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David A. Bart ([DavidABart.com](http://DavidABart.com)) is a writer from Arlington, Texas. His poetry appears in *I-70 Review*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Poet Lore*, *Slipstream*, *Sixfold*, *Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review*, *Margie*, *Cider Press Review*, *San Pedro River Review*, *Illya's Honey* and *Red River Review* and three anthologies from Mutabilis Press: *The Weight of Addition*, *Untameable City* and *The Enchantment of the Ordinary*. He conducts creative writing workshops and teaches music on the elementary level.

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Alan Britt has published over 3,000 poems nationally and internationally in such place as *Agni*, *The Bitter Oleander*, *Bloomsbury Review*, *Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Confrontation*, *English Journal*, *Epoch*, *Flint Hills Review*, *Gallerie International (India)*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *Letras (Chile)*, *Magyar Naplo (Hungary)*, *Minnesota Review*, *Missouri Review*, *New Letters*, *Northwest Review*, *Pedrada Zurda (Ecuador)*, *Poet's Market*, *Queen's Quarterly (Canada)*, *Revista/Review Interamericana (Puerto Rico)*, *Revista Solar (Mexico)*, *Roanoke Review*, *Steaua (Romania)*, *Sunstone*, *Tulane Review*, and *The Writer's Journal*. His interview at The Library of Congress for the Poet and the Poem aired on Pacifica Radio, January 2013. He has published 17 books of poetry. A graduate of the Johns Hopkins Writing Seminars, he teaches English/Creative Writing at Towson University.

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Jonel Abellanos resides in Cebu City, the Philippines. His poetry has appeared in numerous journals, including *Rattle*, *Poetry Kanto*, *Pedestal Magazine*, *Mojave River Review*, and *Star\*Line*. His poetry has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize, Best of the Net and Dwarf Stars award. His fourth chapbook, "Songs from My Mind's Tree," has been published in early 2018 by Clare Songbirds Publishing House (New York), which will also publish his full-length collection, "Multiverse," in late 2018. His poetry collection, "Sounds in Grasses Parting," is forthcoming from Moran Press.

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Alicia Mathias is a writer, photographer, and singer. Her poems have appeared in *Unlikely Stories*, *The Bitter Oleander*, and *The Canopy Review*. She lives and writes in New York, with her favorite muse, Zeppelin the Wonder Cat.

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Andrea Moorhead, born in Buffalo, New York, is the publisher of the prestigious international magazine, Osiris. Her most recent book is *The Carver's Dream* (Red Dragon Fly Press). Her poems have appeared in journals such as *Abraxas*, *Great River Review*, *The Bitter Oleander*, *Phoenix*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, and elsewhere.

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Born in Russia, A. Molotkov moved to the US in 1990 and switched to writing in English in 1993. His poetry collections are *The Catalog of Broken Things*, *Application of Shadows and Synonyms for Silence* (Acre Books/Cincinnati Review, 2019). Published by Kenyon, Iowa, Antioch, Massachusetts, Atlanta, Bennington, and Tampa Reviews, *Pif*, *Volt*, *2 River View* and many more, Molotkov is winner of various fiction and poetry contests and an Oregon Literary Fellowship. His translation of a Chekhov story was included by Knopf in their *Everyman Series*; his prose is represented by Laura Strachan at *Strachan lit*. He co-edits *The Inflectionist Review*. Please visit him at [AMolotkov.com](http://AMolotkov.com).

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John Sibley Williams is the author of *As One Fire Consumes Another* (Orison Poetry Prize, 2019), *Skin Memory* (Blackwaters Prize, 2019), *Disinheritance*, and *Controlled Hallucinations*. An eleven-time Pushcart nominee, John is the winner of numerous awards, including the Philip Booth Award, American Literary Review Poetry Contest, Phyllis Smart- Young Prize, The 46er Prize, Nancy D. Hargrove Editors' Prize, Confrontation Poetry Prize, and Laux/Millar Prize. He serves as editor of *The Inflectionist Review* and works as a literary agent. Previous publishing credits include: *The Yale Review*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Sycamore Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Saranac Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *TriQuarterly*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Third Coast*, and various anthologies. He lives in Portland, Oregon.

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Silvia Scheibli lives on her finca, near the borderlands in south-east Arizona - a hot-spot for photographers and birders alike. And as long as there is no border wall, wildlife will be able to move freely along his unique Sky Islands Corridor, home of jaguars, bobcats, coatimundi, white-tailed deer and javelin. This exceptional landscape is very valuable for forming fresh Immanentist perceptions or way of seeing, that which Heidegger called 'Dasein.'

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Matt Duggan's poems have appeared in many journals such as *Osiris* poetry journal, *A Restricted View* from *Under the Hedge*, *Ghost City Review*, *The Journal*, *Dodging the Rain*, *Rising Phoenix Review*, *Into the Void*, *Picaron Poetry Journal*, *Mutability Literature*, *The High Window*,.... Winner of the Erbacce Prize in 2015 and the *Into the Void* Prize (2016) Matt has his second full collection *Woodworm* due to be published by *Hedgehog Press* in March 2019.

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Ace Boggess is author of four books of poetry, most recently *I Have Lost the Art of Dreaming It So* (Unsolicited Press, 2018) and *Ultra Deep Field* (Brick Road Poetry Press, 2017). His poetry has appeared in *North Dakota Quarterly*, *River Styx*, *Cream City Review*, and *American Literary Review*, among others. He received a fellowship from the West Virginia Commission on the Arts and spent five years in a West Virginia prison. He lives in Charleston, West Virginia.

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Daniel Edward Moore lives in Washington on Whidbey Island. His poems have been found at *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Rattle*, *Columbia Journal*, *Western Humanities Review*, and others.

His poems are forthcoming in *The Museum of Americana*, *Glass Mountain Magazine*, *The McKinley Review*, *Into the Void Magazine*, *Isthmus Review*, *Magnolia Review*, *The Inflectionist Review*, *New Limestone Review*, *Duende Literary Journal*, *AJI Magazine*, *West Trade Review*, and *Military Experience and the Arts*.

His books, *"This New Breed: Gents, Bad Boys, and Barbarians Anthology"* and *"Confessions of a Pentecostal Buddhist,"* can be found on Amazon. His work has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Visit Daniel at [DanielEdwardMoore.com](http://DanielEdwardMoore.com).

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Debasis Mukhopadhyay is the author of the chapbook *kyrie eleison or all robins taken out of context* (Finishing Line Press, 2017). His poems have appeared in *Erbacce Journal*, *The Curly Mind*, *Posit*, *Words Dance*, *Yellow Chair Review*, *I am not a silent poet*, *New Verse News*, *Anapest Journal*, *Thirteen Myna Birds*, *Better than Starbucks*, *Scarlet Leaf Review*, *Whale Road Review*, and elsewhere. His work has been nominated for the Best of the Net. Debasis lives & writes in Montreal, Canada.

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Sam Roxas-Chua is a poet and multi-disciplinary artist from Eugene, Oregon. His recent book, *Saying Your Name Three Times Underwater* is published by Lithic Press. His publications include *Fawn Language* (Tebot Bach), and *Echolalia in Script -- A Collection of Asemic Writing* (Orison Books). His poems and visual art portfolios have appeared in various journals including *Narrative*, *december Magazine*, *Cream City Review*, and *basalt Magazine*; and his collection of poems, *Diary of Collected Summers*, won the first place award in the 7th Annual Missouri Review Audio Competition in poetry. Roxas-Chua has received four Pushcart nominations and has been invited to read at local government events for the Oregon State Legislature.

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Sean Thomas Dougherty was born in New York City and grew up in Brooklyn, Ohio, and New Hampshire. Dorianne Laux has called him "the gypsy punk heart of American poetry." Dougherty is the author of 13 books, including *The Second O of Sorrow* (BOA Editions, 2018), *All You Ask for is Longing: Poems 1994-2014* (BOA Editions, 2014), *Scything Grace* (Etruscan Press, 2013), and *Sasha Sings the Laundry on the Line* (BOA Editions, 2010), which was a finalist for Binghamton University's Milton Kessler Poetry Book Award. He has received fellowships from the Fulbright Foundation and the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, and his work appeared in *Best American Poetry 2014*.

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Rob Cook lives in New York City's East Village. He is the author of a few books. Work has appeared or will appear in *Sugar House Review*, *Versal*, *Bomb*, *Rhino*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *Caliban*, *Fifth Wednesday Journal*, *Toad Suck Review*, *Dalhousie Review*, *Verse*, *Quiddity*, *Redactions*, *Phantom Drift*, *The Antioch Review*, etc.



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