

*the engine(idling*

***Issue 1***  
***Wild Abandon***





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Issue 1: Wild Abandon  
December 2023

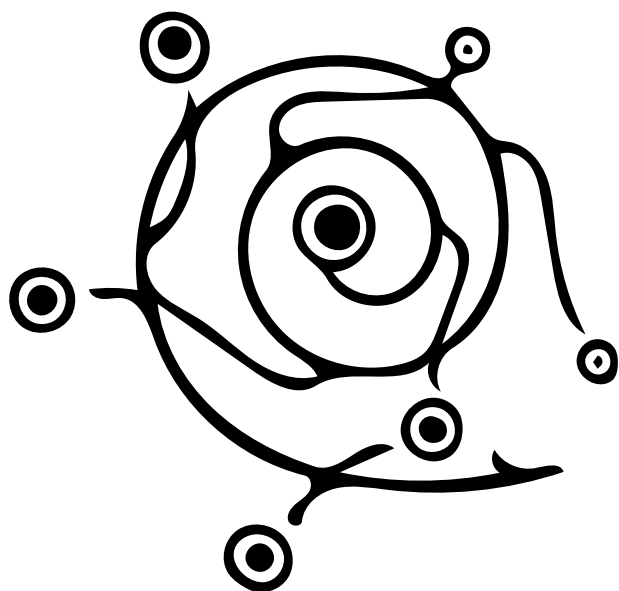
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*Ann Privateer* ( **The Wild Canyon**

Or the chest of drawers  
of the universe  
dances for you  
where engines cease  
to roar and you behold  
a world that beckons.

*Judi Mae Huck* ( **LAVENDER MIST**

cowboy, shaman, mystic, drunk  
through low-voiced legends is conjured up  
tumbles in the wind so he's city-slicked  
then bankrolled by an heiress and the feds

propaganda melts into rhythmic dances  
entrails spew onto thirsty canvas  
but clumsily our cowboy crashes  
kneels for Old Man Tortoise, asks him,

*is this the end of all my magic?*







*Howie Good* ( **Electro Lux Imbroglio** )

Early humans made nutritious meals out of one another. The birds had a bad feeling even then that it would only get worse. To the north, there are wildfires capable of creating their own weather, while here God's face appears and then disappears and then reappears among drifting clouds, playing peek-a-boo with the newly orphaned babies howling on the ground. Homes have been looted of furniture and paintings and synagogues of prayer books and Torah scrolls. When I open my mouth to speak, it's like I've raised the lid of a music box. I can never be sure just how much of what I say anyone understands.

*Elizabeth Porter ( My Daughter is a Shapeshifter*

I see her face spying through cracked doors and floorboards, she peers at adulthood while concealing a pocket filled with candies and inside jokes. At night, I hear the rustling in the attic where she sleeps. No, where she casts wide her circle and paces through the spells of fading childhood. *Spilled beads. Dirty Comb. Half cup. Bralette.* She tiptoes slender-footed on crooked feet out of footed pajamas and into torn jeans. A longer stretch of ankle shows from unfolded hems these days. Before discarding girlhood, her friends descend from minivans and sidewalks toting glittering backpacks to avoid sleep and giggle until the hours stretch thin. YouTube playlists and choruses of the restless young not-yet-women. Not yet tomorrow, she'll gaze with bloodshot eyes in the mirror while friends doze, tangled with cats and sleeping bags. A reflection, only recognizable to herself, blinks back.



*Ann Privateer* ( **The Unforeseen**

We try to plan our day  
Make sense of the weather  
Hope it will go our way so we  
Can play, laze and discover  
Mystery in nature, dress  
Pensively to be just right  
Then trifles of wind become  
Intense, upscaling trees  
You fall on your knees  
The unexpected comes  
Whether or not.

*Jean Janicke* ( **The Whole Restaurant Leaned In To Listen**

*“If you can’t trust a porn star, who can you trust?”*

all conversation around us stopped, forks  
mid-air, as M tie-dyed each tall tale  
with a new twist, hurtled headlong  
without a paddle, chased cancer  
through chutes, created his own  
counter current, like bending  
balloons before they deflate,  
swinging high over revelers  
on a trapeze, and then

  someone slipped

him a mickey, stripped shirts  
in a speakeasy, whispered  
backstreet poker passwords.  
He propelled each story  
to make you look, like  
fireworks’ sparkle before  
the smoke,

  what we remember

are the bright streaks.

*William Doreski* ( **Adventure of the Beard** )

Overnight my beard has grown  
as long as Rip van Winkle's,  
A waste of intelligent protein.

When you snip it with pruning shears  
it writhes out the door and wriggles  
down the driveway, pausing only

to snuff out the hornet's nest  
hanging from the cherry tree.  
The cloud of angry hornets

prevents us from chasing the beard.  
Clever thing, it heads toward town.  
By the time the hornets have calmed

the beard has scourged the village,  
whisking and teasing children  
dipping into coffee cups

to paint graffiti on the town house.  
You want to sneak up on it  
while it rinses in the river,

but I want to see it fluff out  
in the autumn sun and dust away  
a hot summer's worth of grime.

You claim it's evil. You forget  
I grew it, unconsciously,  
and endowed it with whatever

morality it has. Police  
arrive with their guns pointed  
in every direction at once.

The beard laughs its wiry laugh  
and flicks across their faces,  
tickling them into a better mood.



Finally the beard meets a big dog,  
a Great Pyrenees, and attaches  
itself to the creature's scruff,

melding into that mat of fur  
with a sigh I could never achieve,  
even if smothered by love.

*Colin James* ( **Erosion**

It had been happening all day.  
Naked, statuesque women  
arms tightly held at the sides,  
falling face down into the sand.  
An artist photographed the event.  
Something was bound to go wrong.





*Kait Quinn ( **Somewhere, We Bare Our Breasts and Live**  
after Danez Smith's "summer, somewhere"*

They arrive carved from soap, here,  
on the ocean's salt and bicarbonate

tongue. Where there is no blood to lick  
from bottom lip, no uninvited sweat, spit,

semen to scrub cerise raw from thighs,  
collar bones, belly button chasms.

Here, where a girl doesn't have to toss  
her favorite marigold and sunflower

dress, oil smeared by adulterous grooms  
with tentacle hands. Here, the dress doesn't

even exist. And O, we love the sun! Love to lie bare  
backs against emerald shores, middle of New

York City's naked concrete in July heat.  
Mostly, we come out at night. We dance blind

down alleys. We shortcut through cemeteries  
and Powderhorn Park, Sasha Fierce

and Taylor Swift feral on our ear drums. We take  
the city back wearing nothing but blue jean

cut offs, black bikini tops. Stain our pink  
lips red—Hot Mama, Dragon Girl, Obsessed!—

then wrap them around sweating  
cherry bombs without the hairs on our necks

rising to attention. We are no longer  
an invitation. Our tongues aren't tied down

in scarlet tape, and boyfriends can't grind us  
into yellow mattresses and get away with it.

We are not the rag dolls who shouldn't have  
drunk so many vodkas, crashed the bachelor  
*the engine(idling*

party at the Holiday Inn where best  
men groped us defenseless in our sleep.

We are full moons, mango ripe and dripping.  
We bare our breasts to London,

asses to Los Angeles, labia to Aegean Sea.  
Here, we are Eve, before Adam, before God.

We tend to our sycamore, swallow figs  
whole from the serpent's mouth.

*Ben Nardolilli ( Aqua Profonda*

Ugh, I wish I didn't have to send this email, but the giant  
of Ljubljana has woken up again,  
he's already angry, and asking about what top careers  
he can apply for, yes, even ogres want to feel useful

We thought we could entice him with a frontier or two,  
one that might be oceanic, or philosophical,  
neither worked, he slept in the railyard last night  
and now is intent on commuting and breaking our roads

If you want, convince him he's a live chat assistant,  
talking to you as you pretend to be a customer  
bobbing on the sea, suffering just beyond his horizon,  
claim you need him to come in person, maybe he'll drown

Corey Mesler ( **Wild Alone Man**

“Love is a burning thing.”  
Johnny Cash

I sat beside the fire.  
The night was blow  
and coldly.  
I write myself upon  
a stick  
and cast it starward  
or higher.  
I love you, darling  
eelshit, I pottled  
at the moon.  
The crickets sang a  
mournful dirge.  
And the morning turned  
away. I writhed  
again, the lightning  
flashed.  
The dark stood all around.  
To miss you  
and be my own hell,  
excuse my France.  
And as the fire dawdled  
I put your  
name inside.  
It burned a blue unlike the  
blue God made  
on day 3 or 4.  
Sadness leaked from me.  
I wildernessly  
lingered then, as awful as  
a tree.







William Doreski ( **Riding the Ghost Train**

In weeds behind the old folks' home  
a poured concrete Buddha squats.  
While he thinks about whatever  
needs thinking, a ghost train arrives  
on the old railbed where trains  
haven't passed for eighty years.

Without consulting Buddha  
I board the train and shake  
hands with the conductor. No fare  
required. The plush seats offer  
comforts I've never enjoyed.  
A woman sits beside me. Her face

is a plate of fresh vegetables.  
Her smile is a corkscrew poised  
over a bottle of red Bordeaux.  
Despite the lack of rails and ties  
the train rushes at terrible speed.  
The woman and I become one

person, our many organs mating  
while our skins learn to overlap.  
The train enters a tunnel.  
After a few obscurities it pours  
into a grinning Alpine landscape  
of red and blue villages braced

against occasional avalanche.  
My new male and female self  
feels at home. The train pauses  
at a station where I alight  
and split into distinct entities  
again, the woman inviting me

to climb a cobblestone walkway  
to her villa overlooking worlds  
I've never seen on a map.  
I want to merge with her again,  
but keep a gentleman's distance.  
As soon as we arrive we sprawl

on her massive eight-poster bed,  
tingling with spirituality.  
Between us, the concrete Buddha  
smirks, patched with graveyard lichen.  
Yes, I'm lying in the weeds while  
the rumble of the ghost train passes.

Why didn't I leap aboard when  
I had the chance? The old folks' home  
groans as lunchtime arrives  
and I go inside and take my place  
in a line of coughs and wheezes  
friendly enough to comfort me.

*Corey Mesler ( Just*

He was lost.  
Just the word skirt  
could wring him  
like a tangelo  
for its juice.  
Just the memory  
of her cheek,  
just the light  
he recalled in her  
living room.  
Just the way we  
were back then,  
the way we all were.  
Just us. Just  
thinking about us.  
The way we  
were, and we are.  
We're the end,  
aren't we the end?

*Jeff Burt* ( **Catfish Gumbo** )

Throw shadow in the murk  
and the spoon spins a side  
of wild smoke above the boil

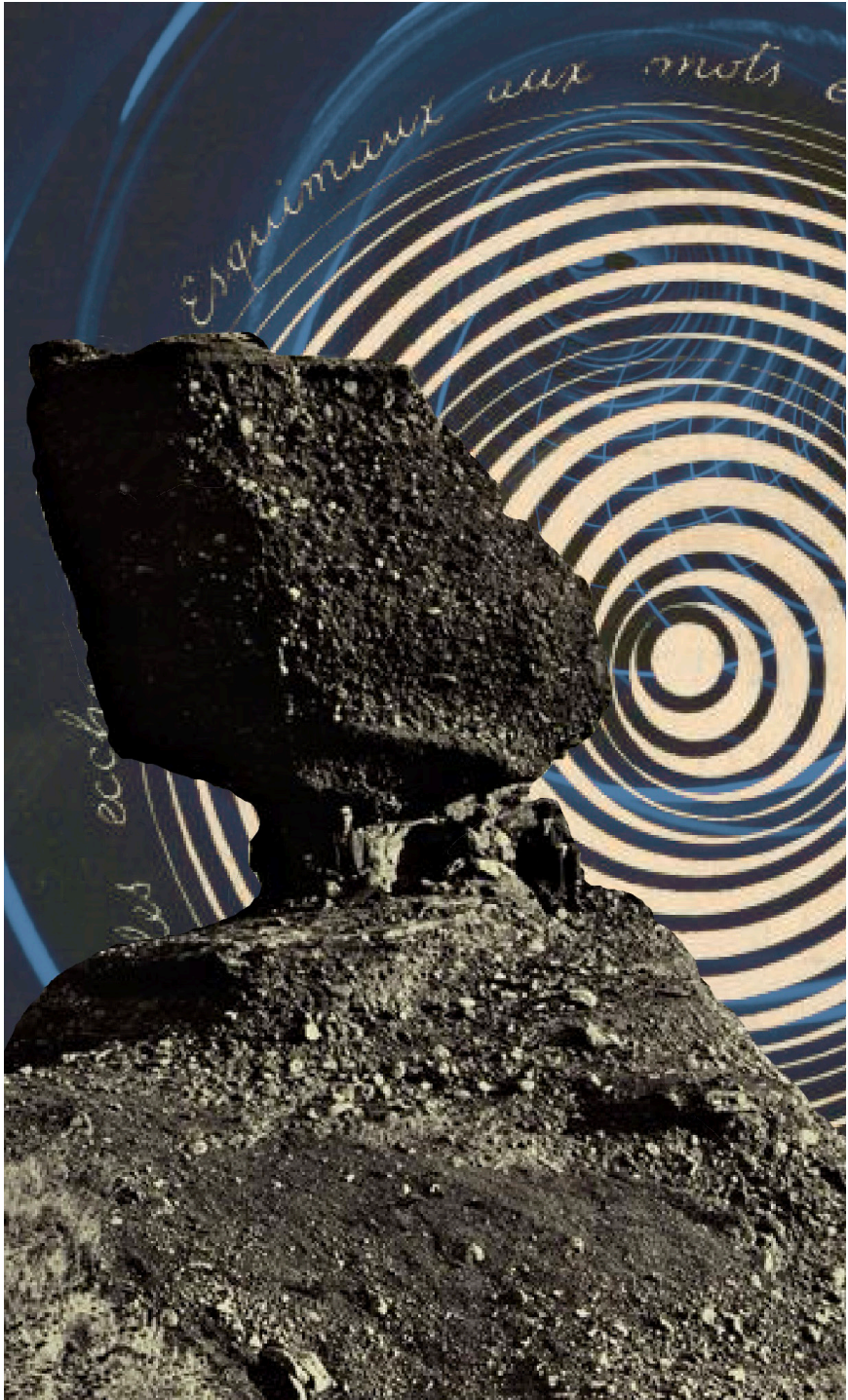
and the fork hooks a darkness  
so deep that mouths fill  
with lore and exaggeration,

dusk forces a glimmer from steel  
and makes a knife idle  
and napkin to the ready.

Let the old electric burners throb,  
turn red as lava, the smell of onion  
spread like a forest fire

as bread hums and buttered throats  
croak, we with legs flattened  
like frogs to the floor.







Donald Zirilli ( **Diagnosis** )

My number one problem is that something's wrong with me.  
I can't do a damn thing. The house is burning right now,  
in the wall somewhere,  
and all I can think about is pop tarts.  
I have hell fingers. Always have.  
It's just not linear anymore,  
it's like you're in the middle of a joke  
but you're not sure you're the one telling it.  
I've heard them say it's schizophrenia,  
well that's ridiculous. I'm only me and no one else.  
I've always been just me and maybe  
that's my problem. Maybe I've put your finger right on it.

The tide's not waiting, I suppose. Time gets unzipped  
and is that a skeleton peeking through?  
I'm all politics and downcast.  
My vacation is inflamed.  
I packed too many sobbing elephants  
and there's nothing to be done.  
It's my serrated cerebellum.  
Cerebellum means War of Wheat, did you know that?  
I'm a Stage IV auto-empath.  
All along a *bon mot* was lodged in my ellipsis.  
It's a severe case of cosmophobia.  
I read about it in Interview Magazine.  
It makes your fresh mowed lawn smell like sardine oil.  
I'm sorry if I'm going on  
but I have situational deafness in my right ear.  
It's inevitable, really. I come from a long line of mouth eaters.  
I hope I've answered your question and I really really  
hope you asked one.

*R. Gerry Fabian ( **Time After Time***

On a dare,  
she makes love to time.  
We beg her not to.  
Too late-  
she flirts with seconds,  
teases the minutes,  
and gives seductive looks  
to the hours.

A few days later,  
she sleeps with weeks.  
Incapable of hindsight,  
she gives herself completely  
to the months.

We warn her,  
again, and again.

Now,  
no one has seen her  
in years.

*Dominic James* ( **By Royal Fort**

Silence charged with menace marks  
electric cars which mutter past  
the Royal Fort's white spring top  
and mathematics campus.

After rainfall yesterday I walk  
on higher ground. Leaves crackle  
by the railway cuttings,  
low villas faced with stone.

Summer parched the trees;  
sticky lime and copper beech  
fixed in suburban terraces.  
Their roots gulp underground's

fermented, deeper water. Thought  
follows like the gliding hand  
on a stretch of thigh, a stroke  
of fjord light in shadow.

Far down the spilling waters reach  
through mist and rock, wet bark,  
to shallows on the mute, dark brink  
of aquifers below. I draw a breath.

This tawny season, upper air  
puts me in the round of life and death,  
rebirth – if it comes to that –  
desire, less the scent encountered –

not remembered right – than a pull  
beyond the self, the will, cut in  
to reedy years of blindly borne  
imperative: a going-with-the-flow.

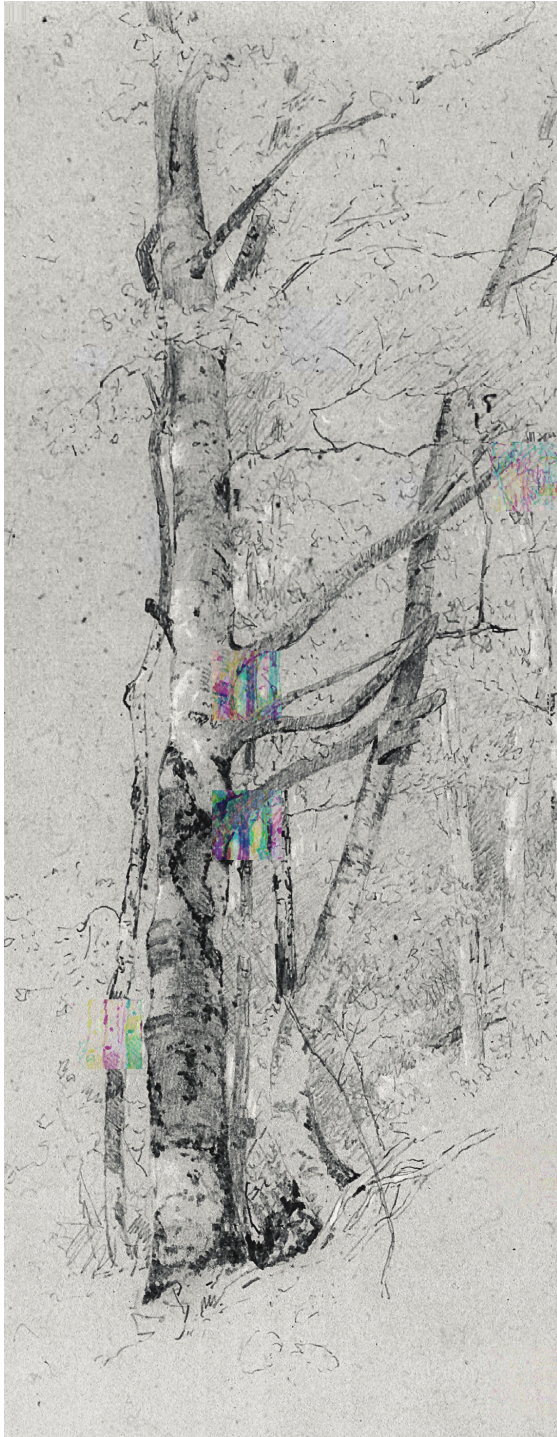
To hell with that. In bygone rule  
of Bristol's quiet, lofty squares  
my pace picks up – move on, move on,  
I have no grip on privilege.

A whiff of leaf-mould penetrates  
the open doors and windows, clings  
*the engine(idling*

to clothes hung on washing lines,  
fabrics of a faded linen.

Tear them down. Throw them out,  
like water-damaged, basement carpets  
be done, be at your ease. Up here,  
*tap-tap*, life is a breeze.





*Sheila E. Murphy* ( **Nine Birch Trees** )

On Zoom, a talkative man foregrounds himself  
before a painting showing nine birch trees  
arranged in grayness with mild brown sticks and weeds.  
The faint-hued bark blends into the atmosphere.

The man fills most of the screen. His voice  
fills the virtual room. He looks seasoned  
but retains a certain longhand bounce about him.  
He seems to want to be eternal

in at least two dimensions. When others speak,  
he continues talking; each one tries  
to claim what little silence she can imagine.  
The rendered graceful birch trees

made to last remain a gift to me. I tender  
the image in my soul, recalling a scene  
from childhood when trees so young  
inspired me as they do now,

free of fate, perhaps, as growth occurs  
naturally and slowly (but still too fast),  
so I am looking again at birches, feeling  
at one with them across the species.

*Denise Bossarte ( The River*

Like children  
on a summer's day  
who run pell-mell  
across the dusty ground  
to fling themselves  
out into the air

wrapping their arms tightly  
around tucked legs,  
plummeting down  
through the air,  
as gravity keeps  
her promise,

to carve a hole  
in the river,  
the water surging up  
toward the sky  
around their small  
solid bodies.

The leaves from the trees  
one by one, sometimes  
in straggling groups,  
release themselves,  
challenging each other  
to see who can make it  
to the water,

cheered as they twist  
their way down,  
flitted by the whims  
of the breeze,  
most of them snagged  
on bushes or smaller trees.

An echo of "oohs"  
announces each capture,  
but still they are undeterred  
and with joyful shouts,

They Leap,  
40



and They Leap.



*Ben Nardolilli ( End of the Romance*

Vagabonds in a neon wonderland, we have to keep  
moving because of an incident on the edge of town,  
scenic byways or not, if the path is clear and cheap,  
we take it, looking for a doorway to plant our lotuses

Minimalist chrome people trafficking in automobiles  
mean more dreams for us to share, we take theirs  
and try to close the concrete loops on the outskirts,  
but every time we awake, lost in another deep field

Generosity comes in the form of visiting students  
who swarm to help us, in their eager hands, a garden  
blooms against the mountains of cinderblock walls,  
we bless them and eat, waiting for their cities to fade

*Donald Zirilli (* **Denver Big Blue Bear**

Every stupid idea comes from the wilderness,  
staring hugely at us through a window.  
It's the wrong color but the color is from the wilderness,  
where Styrofoam smells us through bean-strangled coffee  
and jungles approve each misinformed compromise.

Eclipse or pizza? Every blood-spattered molecule  
one ping from hyena, hungry for schedules,  
picks apart the splayed appointments  
to build a nest like a sleep disordered dream.  
Answer it. Or it will answer you.





*Amy Jannotti* ( **NIGHT AGAINST DAYBREAK, CRYING IN  
PROTEST**

*after undercover tgraphics*

I'M TELLING U I DON'T WANT TO SLEEP ALONE AND OR DO NOT  
WANT TO GET OUT OF MY TINY GIRLSIZED BED: THAT WE R A  
PAIR OF DOVES IN TWO DIFFERENT COLOR TEMPERATURES:  
THAT MY FEET R GRAYSCALE & THE REST OF ME IS TUNGSTEN  
LIGHT. I'M TELLING U MY MINX COAT HAS A HOLE CUT FOR THE  
TITTIES: THAT I AM CHECKERED & SPOTTED & THE DEVIL'S ON MY  
BACK. THAT I AM SO STARKRAVING APPLEBONKERS: I AM SPREAD  
FOR U LIKE TOAST: EAT ME DEADLY! I'M HARD SPOREFRUIT.  
I AM LINED UP TO PRAY LIKE THE RISK IS HOLY. I HAVE BEEN  
KEPT AT SUCH DISTANCE FROM UNCANNY GRACE. HELLO MY  
RULER! I AM CALLING FR U OVER THE TEDDYBEAR RADIO. I AM  
UR LITTLEBIRD MARIONETTE. WEIRD BARBIE CAN'T GET HER  
ANTENNAS OUT OF THE SPLITS. I AM THINKING SO LOUDLY IN  
MY GIRLTEXT BUBBLETHOUGHT. I AM HOLDING MY HAIRBRUSH  
LIKE A MICROPHONE SCREAMING *GENERATION HANDGUNNER:  
BE MY LOVER MAGNET HEART.*

Stephen Grant ( 10 LAGNIAPPES

#1

She was a curious person  
    who eventually disappeared.  
There was no justice in the world,  
    at least none for her.

#2

She keeps forgetting exactly  
    what she's forgetting,  
and now she's forgotten everything  
    she's ever forgotten.

#3

Too many acquisitions, most with no meaning,  
    so that when her credit expired,  
so did she. That there can be so much  
    stuff of no value is ever a mystery.

#4

She dressed herself well; only  
    she knew how well she dressed,  
but it did the trick. She found herself always  
    sartorially *de rigueur*.

#5

If I were as lazy as I know I am,  
    I wouldn't be writing these lagniappes,  
demonstrating, once and for all,  
    that I am only as lazy as I think I am.

#6

I sit in the sun and stare  
    as the sun dapples my



sun-dappled, sun-screened screen,  
completely unaware of its own presence.

#7

Anytime is the right time,  
if there is such a thing  
as anytime or the right time  
or no time at all.

#8

Picking up the pieces warrants  
that there is a whole,  
but what if, just what if there is,  
as here, a hole in the whole?

#9

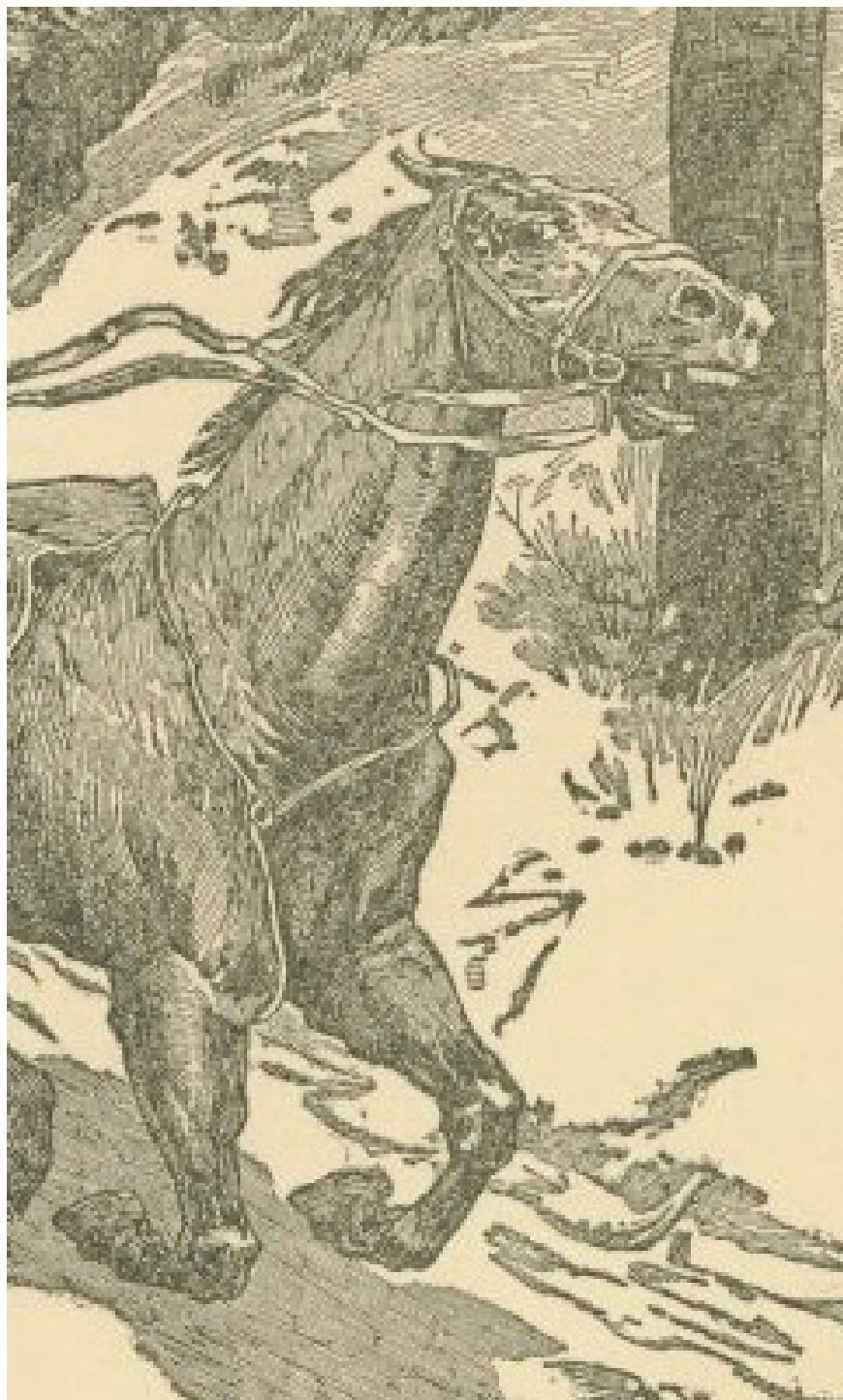
How to shepherd a pie,  
like the shepherds did?  
Though not the pies,  
they were immutable.

#10

I lied, yes, I lied.  
There are not 10 lagniappes,  
But only 9 of them.  
This one is a fake.

*Damon Hubbs* ( **Green Night**

In the green chapel  
I face the animal.  
Flies drink the fluid at the corner of my eyes.  
I am rooted  
and light does not bounce off my fur—  
I am no Gryngolet, by the rood  
who runs ten miles without tiring;  
here the surging green is as merciless  
as forceps and the eyeworm;  
horse flies, horn flies  
flyspecks —I scringe and stomp loose shoes.  
It's a test of mettle  
a blow-for-blow exchange  
and like a skeleton  
in a cage at a crossroads  
the big moment has already passed;  
I am corbies' fee  
and as the animal faces me  
stars pull back the vale  
and cut a stoma out of thee.



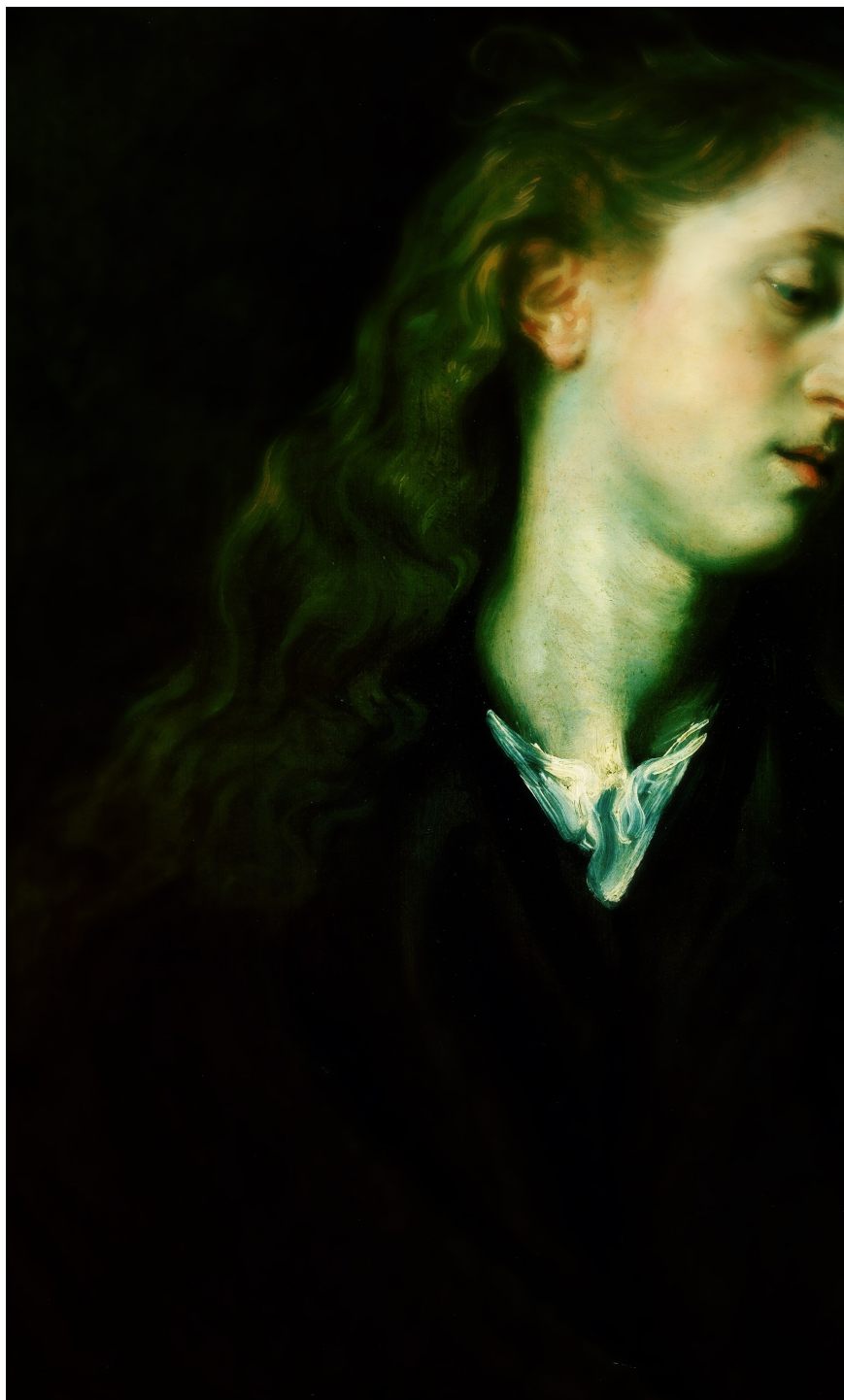
*Colin James* ( **Dam Those Alligator Babies, Lower Me  
Down Into The Nest!** )

That's a cool hat.  
The earrings are dangerous,  
hanging contortions.  
When traveling incognito,  
the locals rarely acknowledge eccentricity.  
Cruelty is not without mannerisms.  
I see you walking to the river  
sticking your head in deeper.  
Not quite a formal baptism,  
that comes later  
on the hotel pillow.  
Acoustic splotches of blood,  
lovely cartilage, boneless.

*M F Drummy* ( **Dusty Apples** )

well, actually, crabapples,  
which is the same family,  
like pears & oranges,  
or wolves & chipmunks,  
like canyons on the moon &  
the rings of Saturn, freedom &  
lust, tap shoes & bathrobes,  
yoga & mist, a mango-berry  
smoothie with a lemon twist,  
it all comes back to this: Squirrels  
dropping chunks of half-gnawed  
fruit from the backyard crabapple tree,  
like the bold idea of 1973, swaying  
to Keith & Mick, swinging in  
the summer rain following illicit  
lovemaking in their apartment, behind  
his back, screen door locked, her  
sweat-dappled milkwhite breasts, dusty  
apples in a bowl on the kitchen table, long  
before I, tumescent adolescent, ever saw  
the dust jacket on a Cormac McCarthy novel,  
or rode my bike west past miles of  
wild sunflowers & acres of sea green alfalfa,  
or listened to Lana Del Rey's version of "Stand By Your Man",  
or drove through a sandstorm in Chihuahua,  
or swam with Tony Soprano in his pool,  
or fixed the garage door just  
the other day, wondering,

*Whatever became of her?*



# Contributing Authors

**Denise Bossarte** is an award-winning author, poet, photographer, and artist whose passion is inspiring others. Her daytime job in IT helps to keep the household running. She enjoys writing, exploring new art forms, and teaching contemplative photography workshops. She lives in Texas with her husband and literary cat, Za' Ji.

**Jeff Burt** lives in Santa Cruz County, California, and has become adept at coping with fire evacuations, earthquakes, floods, and droughts.

**William Doreski** lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire. He has taught at several colleges and universities. His most recent book of poetry is *Venus, Jupiter* (2023). His essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews have appeared in various journals.

**M F Drummy** holds a PhD in historical theology from Fordham University. He is the author of numerous haiku, articles, essays, reviews, poems, and a monograph on religion and ecology (*Being and Earth*). His work has appeared, or will appear, in *Allium*, *Amethyst Review*, *Anti-Heroin Chic*, *the engine(idling)*, *Feral*, *Frogpond*, *Main Street Rag*, *The Viridian Door*, and many others. He and his wife of nearly 20 years enjoy splitting their time between the Colorado Rockies and the rest of the planet. He can be found at: X @mdrummy56 / Instagram @miguelito. drummalino / Website <https://bespoke-poet.com>.

**R. Gerry Fabian** is a published poet and novelist. He has published five books of poetry: *Parallels*, *Coming Out Of The Atlantic*, *Electronic Forecasts*, *Wildflower Women* as well as his poetry baseball book, *Ball On The Mound*. In addition, he has published five novels: *Getting Lucky (The Story)*, *Memphis Masquerade*, *Seventh Sense*, *Ghost Girl*, and *Just Out Of Reach*.

**Howie Good's** newest book, *Frowny Face*, a synergistic mix of his prose poetry and handmade collages, is forthcoming from Redhawk Publications.



**Stephen Grant** is a Toronto writer and poet, recently emerging from a long career in law.

**Damon Hubbs:** art lover / pie bird collector / lapsed tennis player / author of four poetry collections: *Rimbaud's Lighthouse* (Naked Cat Publishing), *Fly Creek* (Naked Cat Publishing), *Coin Doors & Empires* (Alien Buddha Press) and *The Day Sharks Walk on Land* (Alien Buddha Press). His most recent work appears/is forthcoming in *Apocalypse Confidential*, *Lothlorien Poetry Journal*, *Acropolis Journal*, *DarkWinter Literary Magazine*, *CUTBOW Quarterly*, and elsewhere. Twitter @damon\_hubbs

**Judi Mae “JM” Huck** is an arts administrator currently based in Las Vegas, Nevada. She is the Clark County Poet Laureate coordinator and a teaching artist for both literary and visual arts. Follow her on Instagram @bandittrl.

**Colin James** used to live in Chester. Now over here in the good USA.

**Dominic James** (UK) lives near Seven Springs in Glos, near the source of the River Thames and follows poetry meetings up and down the M4 corridor. With poems recently accepted by *Ofi Press*, *The Crank* and *Stand Magazine*, his work is described as well-crafted, warm and humane. James' second collection, *Smudge*, was published by Littoral Press, 2022.

**Jean Janicke** is an economist and executive coach living in Washington, DC. Dancing and writing are her outlets for wild abandon. Her work has appeared in *FERAL*, *Creation*, and *Out There*.

**Amy Jannotti** (she/her) is a pile of dust in a trenchcoat living & writing in Philadelphia. She is the author of 3 chapbooks (most recently, *ANGELS & INSECTS ARE CREATURE WITH WINGS* from Kith Books). Her poems can be found in *Olney Magazine*, *Voicemail Poems*, *Carmen et error*, & elsewhere. She tweets @cursetheground

**Corey Mesler** has been published in numerous anthologies and journals including *Poetry*, *Gargoyle*, *Five Points*, *Good Poems American the engine(idling*

*Places*, and *New Stories from the South*. He has published over 45 books of fiction and poetry. His newest novel, *Cock-a-Hoop*, is from Whiskey Tit. He also wrote the screenplay for *We Go On*, which won The Memphis Film Prize in 2017. With his wife he runs Burke's Book Store (est. 1875) in Memphis.

**Sheila E. Murphy's** most recent books are *Permission to Relax* (BlazeVOX Books, 2023), *October Sequence: Sections 1-51* (mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press, 2023), and *Sostenuto* (Luna Bisonte Prods (2023). Murphy is the recipient of the Gertrude Stein Award for her book *Letters to Unfinished J.* (Green Integer Press, 2003). Murphy's book titled *Reporting Live from You Know Where* (2018) won the Hay(na)Ku Poetry Book Prize Competition from Meritage Press (U.S.A.) and xPress(ed) (Finland). Based on a background in music theory and instrumental and vocal performance, her poetry is associated with music. Murphy earns her living as a management consultant and researcher and holds the Ph.D. degree. She has lived in Phoenix, Arizona throughout her adult life. Her Wikipedia page can be found at: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sheila\\_Murphy](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sheila_Murphy).

**Ben Nardolilli** is currently an MFA candidate at Long Island University. His work has appeared in *Perigee Magazine*, *Door Is a Jar*, *Red Fez*, *Danse Macabre*, *The 22 Magazine*, *Quail Bell Magazine*, *Elimae*, *The Northampton Review*, *Slab*, and *The Minetta Review*. Follow his publishing journey at: [mirrorsponge.blogspot.com](http://mirrorsponge.blogspot.com).

**Elizabeth Porter** teaches high school, wanders the woods, and collects toad figurines in south-central Pennsylvania. She is currently an MFA student at Lindenwood University. Her poetry has appeared in *Dunes Review*, *Unbroken Journal*, *MORIA Literary Magazine*, *Ballast*, and elsewhere.

**Ann Privateer** is a poet, artist, and photographer. Some of her recent work has appeared in *Third Wednesday* and *Entering* to name a few.

**Kait Quinn** (she/her) was born with salt in her wounds. She flushes the sting of living by writing poetry. She is the author of four poetry collections, and her work appears in *Reed Magazine*, *Watershed Review*, *Chestnut Review*, and elsewhere. She received first place in the 2022 John Calvin Rezmerski Memorial Grand Prize. Kait is an Editorial

Associate at *Yellow Arrow Publishing* and a poetry reader for *Black Fox Literary Magazine*. She enjoys repetition, coffee shops, tattoos, and vegan breakfast. Kait lives in Minneapolis with her partner, their regal cat, and their very polite Aussie mix. Find her at [kaitquinn.com](http://kaitquinn.com).

**Donald Zirilli** ([zirealism.com](http://zirealism.com)) is the Poetry Adjudicator for the New Jersey Teen Arts Festival. He edits the *Rutherford Red Wheelbarrow* and edited *Now Culture* ([nowculture.com](http://nowculture.com)) for 10 years. His poetry has been published in over 40 periodicals and anthologies and was nominated for the Forward Prize and Best of the Net, and he was a finalist for the James Tate Prize. His chapbook, *Heaven's Not for You*, was published in 2018 by Kelsay Books.

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Hippolyte Bayard, "Three Feathers," 1842-3.

Geoffrey Bevington, Winter Fronds of the Prickly Fern, c. 1862.

R. A. Bonine, Looking over the wilderness, from Point Look-out, on the Bell's Gap R. R., 1850 - 1930 (Approximate).

Frederic Edwin Church, Evening Twilight, 1870.

Selina Dolaro, "Mes amours": poems: passionate and playful, 1888.

Marcel Duchamp, "The little review, Vol. 11, no. 1 (Spring 1925)," 1925.

Arnold Genthe, Unidentified dancers, possibly Elizabeth Duncan dancers, between 1911-1942.

Ellen Harding Baker, "Solar System Quilt," 1883.

Henri-Joseph Harpignies, Landscape, 1900.

Henri-Joseph Harpignies, Landscape at Famars, 1863.

Arthur F. Kales, Dancing Nymph, 1917.

Augustus J. Knapp, "I was in a forest of colossal fungi," 1897.

Asahachi Kono, "Perpetual Motion," 1931.

Gustave Le Gray, Étude de nuages, 1856-57.

Robert Macpherson, Cloaca Maxima, 1858.

Jervis McEntee, Dry Brook, 1888.

Antonio Nesi, "[Detail of window]," about 1870-1880.

Louis Rhead, Out rushed a horse,...flying like the wind, approx. 1900.

George Richmond, Study of a Tree, possibly 1848.

Henry Louis Stephens, "Night Hawk, from The Comic Natural History of the Human Race," 1851.

I. W. Taber, "Glacier Point, 3,201 feet, Yosemite, Cal.," 1887.

Unknown (The Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs: Art & Architecture Collection, The New York Public Library), Abstract design based on tiny leaves on stems, 1900.

Unknown (Italian), "Autumn and Winter: two heads made from flora typical of those seasons," 1580-1620.

Anthony van Dyck, Study Head of a Young Woman, 1618-20.

Elihu Vedder, Study for "The Fates Gathering in the Stars," 1884-1887.

Roman Viesulas, "[Exhibit], 18 February-7 March," 1967.

