

Welcome to Issue 12 of Antiphon

Summer 2014

Three years of *Antiphon*! Celebrate with us by enjoying some excellent poetry.



Issue 12, Summer 2014

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Issue 12 Editorial Note

Three years. Twelve issues. Around 300 poems. Are you surprised? We are. We weren't sure that we'd manage more than a couple of issues. Yet *Antiphon* seems alive, kicking and making, in its gentle way, an impression, too. We're pleased to see the magazine cited in an increasing number of collections, and to find poetry sites we respect giving us a helpful 'thumbs up', too.

But, as always, it's the readers and the contributors who make the magazine a success. So keep your poems coming. Without the quality work of poets like Jane Røken and Jean Kreiling (both in this issue, both favourites of ours), weird and wonderful pieces like Anthony Wilson's 'S' and Betram Mullin's 'Evolution', or the succinct lyrical observation of poems like Tess Farnham's 'Dragonfly on a Sidewalk', *Antiphon* would simply be twenty four blank pages and an apologetic editorial.

For me, any poem built around Led Zeppelin is going to have an unfair chance of acceptance, but Jayne Stanton's 'Love in Led Zeppelin Album Covers' needs no such advantage, being a riff on rock imagery canned in a sort-of sonnet (and enhanced, perhaps, with an unconscious allusion to Tangerine Dream, too). We asked for sonnets for this issue, and have been pleased to receive some particularly good ones. The half rhymes in 'Metastases' are clever and subtle. 'Postpartum' eschews rhyme but manages to squeeze a sonnet into a single sentence. Both deal with difficult subjects. Sarah White's 'Dying Trade' is a more traditional, Shakespearian sonnet with strong rhymes and love as the subject, but expresses itself in a nicely conversational voice that the Bard himself might have approved of.

But all the poems we've picked are good ones. They all have virtues, some of novelty and some of classic value. Some have strangeness as their *raison d'être*, whilst others offer near-perfect craft. We're pleased with this issue – but then, we've been pleased with all twelve so far. No doubt we'll be just as happy after another twelve issues, another three years.

Noel

Pictures for this edition are taken from 'The natural history of Carolina, Florida and the Bahama Islands' by Mark Catesby, London 1731-1743. Wellcome Library, London.



The Smallest Bones

1. Anvil

Under glass in the museum
you are small and white, a baby

tooth no fairy collects, and far
from the ear out of which you were

extracted. Incus, your Latin
name – the hard bones

you, keeps your roots pointed
down, sharp as a fingernail

in a dark glove, in a dark
canal, vibrating.

2. Stirrup

The horses have gone off
without you, unsaddled, unbridled,

hooves like hollow mugs of wood.
If one could shrink and stand

beneath your tiny roman arch,
one might hear them, how they

echo across the cobbles, past
the high walls, as if the palace

were destination. The drum
distant and somewhere else.

And you, with your history,
your languages unrecoverable.

3. Hammer

You make audible the whisper,
the hush, whatever false phrases

linger behind fingers that eclipse
the mouth. What hesitates

to enter the coiled corridors
of the cochlea, arrives.

With your furious fang you stare
down romantics who metamorphose

knives into flutes, boulders into songs.
What isn't heard clearly the first time

you repeat, you repeat, you repeat
until what has come through one ear

is nailed, cannot come out the other.

Marilyn Annucci

Love in Led Zeppelin Album Covers

In 1979, we framed Old Father Time,
nailed his birched back to a red brick wall
the demolition gang had left for dead.
We stripped its lurid Shand Kydd flowers,
scattered them before a concrete phoenix rising
over passé back-to-backs in smokeless zones given up
to rampant willow herb and grass in clover.

We pissed lyrical in pseudo-psychedelic dreams;
dawns bled tangerine, our zeppelins crashed
manila skies with hummingbirds and butterflies
whose roundel-painted wings we glued
in grounded chips of china blue.

The towers on Dudley Road are long gone;
you and I, my rock, my song, still ramble on.

Jayne Stanton

Plotting the Path of a Seasonal Constellation

We find our fathers in different places,
upturned myths having hidden us
on hillsides scattered with shepherds.
Once I said: *Take this slice of moon,*
these fingerprint seas. Their slick surfaces
marred with oily traces, then wiped clean.
Or did I say: *Take this little beam of light –*
thin as paper, floppy, fragile – *I made it*
for you. I unpacked this string of stars,
strung them up for paths & plans,
winter constellations. I thought to tell
you: *Take this dipper, these tangled*
midway lights. I spun them around
their center point, placed them in your sky.
(Our fathers surprise us in the evenings:
charioted, angry, taking up the whole road.)
I thought I said it loud enough:
Twinkle when you see me. Take these
starry words & spin them like a mobile –
hang them overhead, twisted wires & fishline
swinging in the breeze. Omen-less, our fathers
curtain their windows, leaning out of sight,
as we travel on the roadside, covered in dust.

Emma Aprile

Dying Trade

Another speculative morning shows
itself in thrown-on clothes, with budding eyes;
it won't liaise with me because it knows
I've shuttered up my love before sunrise.
In case it catches my pre-coffee mood,
I'll barricade my face in printed walls;
that's not because I'm ignorant or rude
but hesitant to deal and you're the cause.
You force my understanding to mature,
reminding me that love makes no demands
but it's a quiet smiting I endure
pre-emptively, from self-embarrassed hands.
It's not a healthy business, loving you;
the assets are intangible and few.

Sarah White

The Guest Room

She'd painted this room yellow; sunny cheer
lit every nook. Her husband had inquired,
lip curled, "Is it a little bright in here?" –

but she'd pronounced it "fresh." She'd been inspired
by daffodils and lemons, and she'd planned
a room that sparkled. When her guests retired,

they'd find a welcome warm as summer sand
(the carpet shade) and vibrant as the prints
of tulips that she'd framed. She'd found a hand-

embroidered quilt in shades of peach and quince,
its pattern linking perfect wedding rings,
and curtains made of daisy-speckled chintz.

She'd splurged, despite her husband's mutterings,
on pillows stitched with dandelions and wheat
and lampshades dyed to match canaries' wings.

At last the brilliant project was complete:
a radiantly cozy sanctuary,
just as she'd hoped. She couldn't wait to treat

some guests, who would appreciate its airy,
fair-weather ambiance, its tasteful shine –
or so she'd thought. Her husband's commentary

on brightness hadn't fazed her, but that line
seemed prescient now, a hint of gloom ahead,
their disagreement petty, but a sign

of their dim future. Minor quarrels led
to major discord, and soon they were fighting
so much they could no longer share a bed.

She took the guest room, secretly delighting
in her retreat to butter-colored peace –
but found the room was not quite as inviting

as she'd expected. It brought no release
from disenchantment's chilly steel-gray snare
or from the murk of tears that wouldn't cease.

She learned that light could leave one cold: the glare
of yellow lit up failures, loneliness,
and grief. The sunny sparkle of this lair

uncovered what she'd thought she could suppress,
illuminating utter emptiness.

Jean L Kreiling

Picture yourself in a boat on a river

Merge with the dappled shade around you.
Rumours tell of hidden folk that will roam
the riverbank on flickering evenings, leaving
ambiguous love letters and small heaps of bones
that crackle and glow like campfires in the dusk.

The marsh is rife with scuttlebugs; timber moss
sprouts fly agaric, wild orchids, cypress,
boreal cottonwood. Long skid tracks, paved
with logs like corduroy, musk and restless
cords of lichen, brackish ties hanging loose.

Now the river runs low, warm and slow:
faire-zhingo water, follow-me water, inky blue,
copper, purple. Sedges sing of barbwire reflections.
Green sturgeons are grazing the riverbed,
bitterns and cranes loom in the darkling haze.

Mushkish the Muckringer is back, sharky maw
full of truth, whalebones, pokeweed, propellers
and vetch, hemlock, mandrake, lordly nightshade
bittersweet or deadly. Here grows the mushroom
the women in the village call Preacher's Pecker.

Keep faith with the masked owl and its hymnals,
peat-diggers' game of naming the transluminaries.
Staking out in the ninth circle of hell tonight?
In spite of the great eclipse, the shambolic dark
beyond the pale, you can get there by candlelight.

Spells of silence are floating like maple leaves
blown from an ancient iron foundry in the hills.
Theirs are the names you hear when you hold
a big seashell close to your ear. Theirs is a mission
that requires more precision than power. Tra la la la.

Jane Røken

Act Two



Metastases

The floorboards in the room were bare. She said,
I may not live to see it done. No doubt,
her irritation, the awkward fact of death,
an awkward pair, for me. Around her mouth,
the thin black lines had been tapped in by months
of chemo. *He wants to bring them up,*
she said, *and close the gaps.* Not long
ago she'd danced, her dress had flared and sung
with butterflies. I saw, after she'd gone,
the dress still in the cupboard – but her lungs,
her skull, her spine, her liver, they were gone.
The kitchen was a mess as well, the dust
she'd had no choice about, bare wires. She bore
it all, our rage, our fear, the gutted hall.

Natalie Shaw

Serra de Tramuntana, Mallorca

We have passed through southern rains on this trail
into the mountains, through holm oak
and olive drenched in moss ripe as verdigris.

Sheep bells are echo sounders in a hushed world
where water holds its own weight
and sheathes us in the coarse linen of pilgrims,

keeps us from seeing further
than the next bend ahead,
from making sense of map or boundary.

A brushstroke is all that lies
between us and a plunge over blackened
rocks to the looping road below.

To balance here, I need foliate wings,
dark-leaved and viridescent,
to lift and swirl in the leaden air
and carry me, carry me down.

Jessica Penrose

Postpartum

Sitting up in bed nursing my son at night
the nothingness of it would sweep me away
following the distant whistle of the train –
clearer on winter nights, unmuffled by leaves –
passing through town as the milk passed through me,
impersonal as my son's averted eyes,
his hand pulling my hair taut to hold me there,
trickle and swallow, filling me with black thoughts,
our unity nothing but unity
with all the other times we've done this,
the bleakness of waiting to go back to sleep
reminding me of standing at the door
waiting for you to come in from out back,
listening for your jingle in the night's cold rain.

Rebecca Starks

Young John Milton on Bread Street

High in the house I read until my eyes
no longer register the swimming page.
The hubbub's packed away, the daily cries
recede, and London creeps into its cage.
There are some miscreants. In light or dark
the Mermaid draws a motley crowd, like him
I call the pirate, or his friend the clerk:
one squat, thuggish and low; the other prim
and buttoned, as though keeping much within
had smoothed his face and leached into his bones.
I hear him later, in the whirling din,
apostrophise the stars in country tones
and scamper like a manumitted clown,
a rustic Ovid with a shining crown.

David Callin

Evolution

Ah. Grr. Um. Ya-ya. Ouch. Hot. SPINY.
Wheel. Cold. Air.
His. Hers. Mine.
Yes? No! Maybe.
Ours. We. Hi.
Hitherto. Ominous. Rhythmically.
Ostentatious. Alliteration. Beautiful.
Zenith. Catastrophic. Albeit.
Cogitate. Svelte. Tenuous.
Literature. Tuxedo. Effulgent.
Therefore. However. Although.
Desire. Vocabulary. Lieutenant.
Photograph. Text. Book.
So. You. Your.
There. Then. That.
Brutal. Epic. Harsh.
Awesome. Cool. Wow.
Gen. Lt. Limo.
Want. Mine. Huh?
Fuck. Fcuk. Freck.
Tight. Ouch. Ratchet.
Duh. Sup. Yolo.
Eng. Ur. U. Selfie.
Texted. Wurdz. Naw.
Lol. Erm. Omg.
SHINY. Ouch. Hot. Ya-ya. Um. Grr. Ah.

Bertram Mullin

Scarecrow

The light is growing scarce
these days. Soon frosts will sear
our cropped and sleepy acres.
I play my act, give what's due to the sower,
the reaper, and the rest of the crew.
I'm weary of my straw-stuffed arse.
God, I wish I were a crow. My throat is sore
with silence. Birds fly free without a care,
the sky is theirs; they know their score –
I dream of wings to soar, to wear
the air, fly high. Caw caw caw.

Jane Røken

Act Three



S

Making a smile,
my lips open,
making you.

You are the sexiest consonant,
enacting its yearning,
persuasive, insistent, superb
at wet grass,
poolside sizzle,
and mist rising from rivers.

You slink and slide off my tongue.

You are sprint and start and sudden,
coeval with snap but also
surefooted.

S, you slip through me
surreptitiously,
– not a snore, more like
a shore upon which new waves
crash and embellish
silvering shingle.

You surprise me,
the first sniff
in sorry, the final shout
in yes.

Anthony Wilson

Dragonfly on a Sidewalk

It lies there like a Rorschach along the curb,
the pond eye's passing
Or a nymph affixed with flying buttresses

the heaving cathedral
of a body brought down
and the ink of its unwritten history
in the sand on either side

Tess Farnham

Toxoplasmosis

"Toxo can find its way into the human nervous system as well... [There's] evidence of a connection between Toxo and changes in mood or personality, and perhaps even conditions such as schizophrenia or bipolar disorder." --Alan Boyle, NBC News, 6/22/13

The brain's a delicacy, after all.
Why else would creatures' strongest armor shield it,
resisting talon, pincer, tentacle,
and beak? Still, certain tactics have unsealed it.

Zombie ants, spiders, crickets, caterpillars,
ladybugs, birds, fish, crabs, will make a beeline,
subsisting to obey whatever slithers
through entrails to their brain. Then there's the feline,

in which this *Toxoplasma gondii*
has found a way to cultivate and bring
crazed mice to court its hostess amorously.
They lose. Her droppings launch another fling.

So, if you own a cat and are bipolar,
consider whether kitty's your controller.

Claudia Gary

Bouquet

My quiet rage of flowers
bloomed as I stood by

and gave it nothing but
the weak blue of my eye,

and how I cursed to see
those vain stems reach so high.

The day it hung its heads
I begged it not to die:

I fed it all my dirt
and took it to my bed

but woke at dawn and grieved
to find its essence spread

across my pillowcase
in clots of petal-red.

Jacqueline Saphra

L'Histoire

Sometimes Parisian air coughs out windows at you.
Ones that weren't there before; framed in firewood
that burned for centuries before sobering to the line
that it is not ideas that need holding up but visions.

Visions of Lafayette in the nine, clementines built high
in the Aligre or the Sacre-Coeur's syringe awaiting
the impatient flick of the masses. Rows of bouquinistes
who know that some words are too vital to buy new,

dot the banks of the Seine, gild the Parc de la Villette.
If we look down, heaven is rows of chimney pots,
catching smoke in the throat of the city. And we look,
this morning with our cigarettes for breakfast,
through windows, glass outfits worn by the sun.

Rebecca Bird

The Nest

For the first time last summer
my father paints sunflowers,
a cluster of hibiscus, fingers
of bananas. My canvas is filled
with so much snow, the trees
are invisible, the sky absent.

He wants to let jasmine thrive on ice,
fit one hemisphere into another
like Indian steel nesting containers,
mix ochre with blue, rhyme
his word with mine,

unlike his father who draped
the empire around him so tight
he didn't notice the son hungry,
waiting, always wanting more
than the songs his mother fed him
out of her emptiness.

He decides that his sunflowers
will be teal. Grapes, coconuts,
the road leading to his house,
mango leaves are as water
and sky, elemental.

Pramila Venkateswaran

To the Savages

We will number you and we will name you
Probe the fatty snail-curls of your brain
Pick your dreams apart on some zinc slab
and give to your disease a Christian name

It is we who make you noble or annul you
Even when we take your side, you drown
We paint your knuckles from the desert that destroyed you
We chip you from the ice still screaming without sound
We the people we will name what we will name you
We will write you into pages and then fold you
Your arrowheads shoeboxed in our garage
You may speak, but you will speak what we have told you
Your flaying-stones now silent under glass
(This too will oxidize into the past)

Ray Nayler

Act Four



Surviving Childhood

Some of us were happier recalling
how lady slippers poked up from forest
floors in early spring, like testicular
sacks on stems, even the youngest among
us aware picking them was against the
law, just like the other acts we refrained
from committing, conscious that even when
we were alone, someone was watching. That's
the current joke: lonely surrounded by
thousands, though we know each of the many
has his own endangered flower in a
wood somewhere, wanting to be noticed, for
memory is in the way you laugh now compared
to how you did so then with all you have
discovered in between, reluctantly
resisting or eagerly obeying.
Either way, any of us could have been
pulled from the bicycle that lay pitched to
the side of the road, its back wheel spinning.

Sandra Kolankiewicz

The Need for Clouds

The best fair skies are smudged with clouds, the kind
whose pure white amplifies and flatters blue,
the composition expertly designed
by airy impulse or a godly cue.
We need those puffy shapes, their boundaries
defining otherwise unsculpted space,
imposing onto its enormities
some finite contours that the eye can trace.
A hard blue bowl of sky boasts endlessness
too broadly, but grows soft and affable
if graced with scoops of sugary confection
that satisfy our lowborn faithlessness:
the smudges make skies comprehensible
to grounded mortals who mistrust perfection.

Jean L Kreiling

Revision

The manifest word on the page,
innocuous to the eyes,
can break on the teeth over
and over again, can leave
the incisors chipped
and mandible aching from
grinding through that one
word, that one treacherous line
in my sleep. (Can *pyromorphite*
live inside a poem? Can
substantive?) Then. Aloud.
Again. My voice takes
on the tone of a scolding squirrel.

Trina Gaynon

Child You Half Know

You see she has her older brother's
smile, lifts her face to someone
she loves, there outside the frame.

They've told her to show
how she's learning to write,
to hold up the pen she won't use
to trace the short story
of her death, the long story
of her life on occasional tables
under the reverent evening lamps
with Oma and Pappi pictured left,
their skin irrecoverably creased
with loss even of who she once was.

You want to know more but
beg her to lower her eyes, please
not to hope or trust overmuch.

All night in the quiet box bed
you're chasing a child you half know
to the far end of a pot-holed road.
But you can't lay hold of the curls
quirking down her shoulders.

Then morning sounds
and you're mouthing her name.

Jenny Hockey

The Constant Gardener

Bent, furrowed, unlikely in her orange dress
in the grey front yard at the side
of what used to be a main road.

The sunshine is watery but persistent;
the radio irrelevant, a foreign language

as she tidies the beds for an absence,
cuts back rose bushes for loss,

feeling the dryness of the soil,
the stillness of evening,
keeping a journal of the plague year.

Joe Caldwell

War Photographs

A chapel man my father was, at least
that's how he started out, in fear of God.
He joined the Navy, brought back photographs;
one of them's a mystery from Africa.
A black boy sitting on his knee, one more
behind his shoulder, staring at the lens.
He never talked about the war to us.
I don't know if he took his god to sea
or went to sea to run from God; if not
God was, I think, abandoned with the ship,

as were we all, left drifting like Noah.
I don't remember sitting on his knee.
There's no photograph to show it happened.
I'd be the one standing, looking for land.

Roddy Williams

Issue Twelve Contributors



Marilyn Annucci is the author of two chapbooks: 'Waiting Room', which won the 2012 Sunken Garden Poetry Prize (Hill-Stead Museum, 2012), and 'Luck' (Parallel Press, 2000). Her poems have appeared in various journals online and in print as well as in community projects involving visual art. She is an associate professor in the Department of Languages and Literatures at the University of Wisconsin–Whitewater.

Emma Aprile holds an MFA from George Mason University.

Rebecca Bird is a 22 year old poet from Devon. She has been published in journals including the *Rialto*, *The Interpreter's House*, *The New Writer* and *Envoi*. She is currently living and working in Guildford, Surrey.

Joe Caldwell is a teacher from Sheffield. He has read his work at the Off The Shelf Festival, the Sheffield Poetry Festival and the Buxton Festival. His poems have appeared in various places, including *The North*, *The Rialto* and *South Bank Poetry*.

David Callin lives, if not quite at the back of beyond, certainly within hailing distance of it, on one of Britain's offshore islands. Dabbles in poetry when he can. Seems to spend most of his spare time in the garden, whether he likes it not, where he is trusted with a few menial tasks, but occasionally slips away to the pub. He has had poems in *erbacce*, *The Journal*, *Iota*, *Other Poetry* and *Orbis*, and also online in *Snakeskin* and *Lucid Rhythms*.

Tess Farnham teaches English and Creative Writing at Southwestern Illinois College. She earned her MFA from Washington University in St. Louis and was a recipient of a Bucknell Younger Poets Fellowship. Her works have appeared in various publications including *Natural Bridge* and *Midwest Quarterly*.

Claudia Gary was a 2014 finalist for the Howard Nemerov Sonnet Award and 2013 semifinalist for the Anthony Hecht Poetry Prize. She writes, edits, sings, and composes tonal chamber music and art songs. She is author of 'Humor Me' (David Robert Books 2006) and several chapbooks. Her poems appear in anthologies such as 'Forgetting Home' (Barefoot Muse Press 2013) and 'Villanelles' (Everyman Press 2012), as well as in journals internationally. Her articles on health appear in *The VVA Veteran* and other magazines. For more information, see http://www.pw.org/content/claudia_gary.

Trina Gaynon was born into a military family and spent many years on the move. She began her college education in San Diego, then headed north. She later returned to southern California when her husband took a job in Los Angeles. She volunteers for an Orange County family literary program. After all her travels, she is surprised to have become a poet of suburban life in southern California. She has poems in the anthologies 'Saint Peter's B-list: Contemporary Poems Inspired by the Saints', 'Obsession: Sestinas for the 21st Century', 'A Ritual to Read Together: Poems in Conversation with William Stafford', 'Phoenix Rising from the Ashes: Anthology of Sonnets of the Early Third Millennium', 'Bombshells' and 'Knocking at the Door', as well as numerous journals including *Natural Bridge*, *Reed* and the final issue of *Runes*. Her chapbook, 'An Alphabet of Romance', is available from Finishing Line Press.

Jenny Hockey won a 2013 New Poets Bursary from New Writing North, is a member of Sheffield's Tuesday Poets and Broomspring Writers, and publishes her work in magazines such as *Magma*, *The North*, *Iota*, *Dreamcatcher* and *Orbis*. She recently retired from academic life to make more time for writing and lives with her partner in Sheffield.

Sandra Kolankiewicz's poems and stories have appeared most recently in *New World Writing*, *Gargoyle*, *Fifth Wednesday*, *Prick of the Spindle*, *Per Contra*, and *Pif*. 'Turning Inside Out' won the Black River Prize at Black Lawrence Press. Finishing Line Press will soon be publishing 'The Way You Will Go'.

Jean L. Kreiling is the author of the recently published collection, 'The Truth in Dissonance'. Her work has appeared widely in print and online journals, including *American Arts Quarterly*, *Angle*, *The Evansville Review*, *Measure*, and *Mezzo Cammin*, and in several anthologies. Kreiling is a past winner of the String Poet Prize and the Able Muse Write Prize, and she has been a finalist for the Frost Farm Prize, the Howard Nemerov Sonnet Award, and the Richard Wilbur Poetry Award.

Bertram Mullin Inspirations include Manga, Shakespeare, Dickinson, and Vonnegut. Publications: a

newspaper from 2004-05, a blog called TTTYSK (2005-06), had 50-thousand readers, Chill Magazine, LLC published columns of TTTYSK. A poem: Life at 25, published at HCC. He has a BA in English with concentration in creative writing from U of H and is a founder of Writers' ReVision, which helped young writers find publication.

Ray Nayler has published poetry in the *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Weave*, *Juked*, *Able Muse*, *Phantom Limb*, *Sentence*, and many other magazines. His novel 'American Graveyards' was published in the UK by Third Alternative Press. His cross-genre short stories have been published in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* and *the Berkeley Fiction Review*, among others, and have twice been mentioned in Best American Mystery Stories annual collections. He is a Cultural Affairs Officer with the Department of State, currently posted to Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan. You can follow him and find links to his work at <http://raynaylor.net>

Jessica Penrose is learning to love the big skies of Cambridgeshire having moved south from the Yorkshire hills. Her poems appear in the 'Images of Women' anthology (Arrowhead Press) as well as online and in journals such as *The Rialto*, *Staple*, *Orbis* and *Mslexia*.

Jane Røken is Norwegian, lives in Denmark, and writes poetry mainly in English. She likes to think of herself as an internationalist. Her writings have been published in many different places, mostly online.

Jacqueline Saphra is a screenwriter, playwright and poet. Her poems have been frequently anthologised and she has won several awards including first prize in The Ledbury Poetry Competition. She teaches poetry at Morley College and The Poetry School. Her pamphlet, 'Rock'n'Roll Mamma' was published by Flarestack and her collection 'The Kitchen of Lovely Contraptions' (flipped eye) was developed with funding from ACE and nominated for the Aldeburgh First Collection Prize. An illustrated book of prose poems, 'If I Lay on my Back I saw Nothing but Naked Women' is forthcoming from The Emma Press in 2014.

Natalie Shaw has an unhealthy interest in sonnets, despite warnings from well-intentioned friends. Two of her sonnets were recently commended in the Ware poetry prize and her work can currently be found at *Fake Poems*, *Ink Sweat & Tears*, *Domestic Cherry* and *Lunar Poetry*. She blogs at www.natalieshawpoems.wordpress.com

Jayne Stanton lives, works and writes in Leicestershire, UK. Her poems appear/are forthcoming in *Under the Radar*, *Southword*, *Popshot*, *Antiphon*, *The Interpreter's House*, *Obsessed with Pipework* and others. Her debut pamphlet is forthcoming from Soundwrite Press in September 2014.

Rebecca Starks is editor-in-chief of *Mud Season Review*, a literary journal run by members of the Burlington Writers Workshop. She has a PhD in English from Stanford University and teaches literature and writing classes part-time for the Osher Institute of Lifelong Learning program at the University of Vermont. Her poems have most recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Slice Magazine*, *The Carolina Quarterly*, *Mezzo Cammin*, *The Raintown Review*, and *Crab Orchard Review*. She lives with her husband and sons in Richmond, Vermont.

Pramila Venkateswaran is the author of 'Thirtha' (Yuganta Press, 2002), 'Behind Dark Waters' (Plain View Press, 2008), 'Draw Me Inmost' (Stockport Flats, 2009) and 'Trace' (Finishing Line Press, 2011). A finalist for the Allen Ginsberg Poetry Award and a first prize winner of the Two Review National Poetry Competition, and String Poets, she has published in *Paterson Literary Review*, *Ariel: A Review of International English Literature*, *Atlanta Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Kavya Bharati*, *Long Island Quarterly*, *Calyx: Journal of Art and Literature by Women*, *Nassau Review*, and other print and electronic journals. Recent anthologies include 'Indivisible: Contemporary South Asian American Poetry' (Univ. of Arkansas Press, 2010), 'A Chorus for Peace' (Univ. of Iowa Press, 2002), 'en(compass)' (Yuganta Press, 2005), 'Long Island Sounds' (The North Scene Poetry Scene Press, 2009), and 'Letters to the World' (Red Hen Press, 2005). She is the Walt Whitman Birthplace Association's 2011 Long Island Poet of the

Year and the current poet laureate of Suffolk County, Long Island.

Sarah White was born in 1986. She read English at the University of Leeds. She grew up in Manchester and still lives there. She has previously published haiku in *Simply Haiku* but is currently concentrating mainly on the sonnet form. She enjoys putting a modern twist on traditional forms.

Roddy Williams is originally from North Wales, but lives and works in London. His poetry has recently appeared in *The Rialto*, *Fourteen*, *South Poetry*, *Obsessed with Pipework*, *Smiths Knoll* and other magazines. He is a keen surrealist photographer and painter.

Anthony Wilson is a poet, blogger and lecturer. His most recent books are 'Riddance' (Worple, 2012) and 'Love for Now' (Impress Books, 2012), a memoir of cancer. He lives and works in Exeter. He can be found online at www.anthonywilsonpoetry.com