



DELUGE JOURNAL

ISSUE: FALL / WINTER 2022

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deLuge is an online literary and arts journal devoted to the wealth of creativity that arises from dreams - directly or indirectly - and from the deeply felt/experienced life.

We present works that catches the breath, that resonates like the low hum of a bass cello. Work that dazzles slant or straight on, that brings us to epiphany, to the cliff's edge or that rises through quiet presence.

However each piece sings, we hope that it leaves you feeling the reverb long after each note finishes.

deLuge publishes strong, passionate pieces that excite and challenge. We accept work from new, emerging and established writers. Please see our submissions guidelines on our website at www.delugejournal.com before sending us your work.

Cover Art: Marcia Brauer (Heatwave)

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Co-founder, Editor

Karla Van Vliet

Co-founder, Editor

Sue Scavo

Website Design

Karla Van Vliet

Publisher

Sue Scavo, Karla Van Vliet

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FROM THE EDITOR 2022

Editor: Sue Scavo

Inside *language* is *tongue*. Inside *gesture* are entire stories. Inside *memory* is *mourn* and *memorize*, which is what we do when [*if*] we mourn. Inside *pleasure* is *will*. Inside *shout* is *throw*. Not everything bears a word, precisely. Or [better], precise words. Inside *precise* is *cut*. Inside *speaking* is our own tongue [*dialect*] full of our own will [*chosen*], carved from what we call memory [*our share*]. Sometimes what wants [*needs*] to be spoken must be cut [*away*] from *language*.

Editor: Karla Van Vliet

I pray: *Let our hearts be saturated in gold pollen.*





E Pluribus Unum No: 1007

Asemic by Andrew Furst

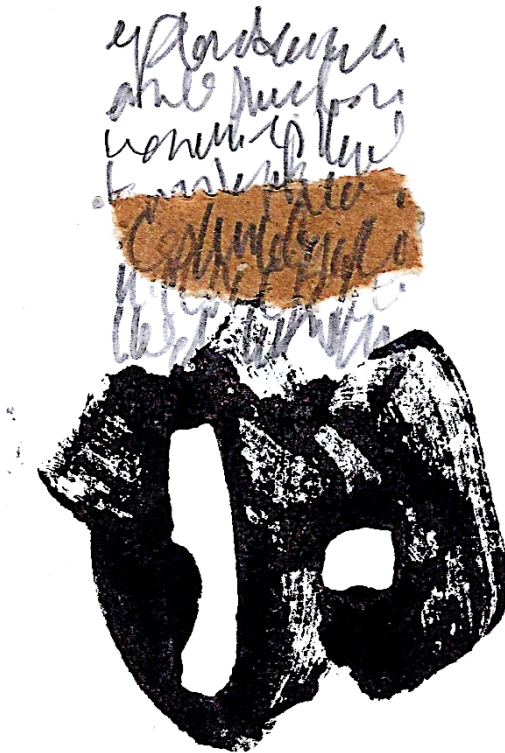


e pluribus unum
unus est
unus est
unus est
unus est
unus est

Amf 4/20
CVP

E Pluribus Unum No: 1020

Asemic by Andrew Furst



Afurst $\frac{4}{20}$
CVP

E Pluribus Unum No: 1427

Asemic by Andrew Furst



Relief

Poetry by Stephen Cramer

Every day the atoms
of my body

are a little closer

to being atoms
of something that is

not my body.

Soon enough
they'll learn to sing

from something other

than my throat.

So today, my prayer

goes like this: please,

manifold tribe
that makes me up,

help me,

while you can,
to relieve my mouth

of this song.

15 ways to stay alive

Poetry by BEE LB
after Daphne Gottlieb

1. when the urge to drown resumes, remind your lungs of simple air. remind your arms to tread. remind your gasping mouth to stay above the waterline.
2. convince your body it did in fact learn to walk, then walk to the kitchen and grab one of the dozen cold waters you keep in the fridge. drink it with a palmful of advil.
3. find something beautiful to hold. stare at it until it begins to reflect.
4. start a new show. find something interesting enough to keep your attention and easy enough to take no effort. watch a dozen episodes, then watch a dozen more.
5. cover all sources of reflection. allow hiding to soothe for a while.
6. write a letter. forget to send it. no one will know to be disappointed.
7. make a deal with yourself. if you can last the next five minutes, you can do what it is you want to do. if you last five minutes, surely you could last another ten. at least one more. just one more.
8. shape yourself like clay in your hands. add water to add ease.

9. if all you can stomach is sour cream and onion chips, eat the whole bag. no one is watching your waist but you. no one is counting your food stamps but you.

10. flip your pillow around. the lack of support for your neck is half the reason you want to die right now. you'll have at least an hour of relief before you forget again.

11. if you can't manage to water the plants, at least refill the propagation water. if you can't manage to refill, at least pour a little more in. don't bother to wipe up where it spills.

12. hold your breath.

13. open the door to the balcony. close the blinds if you can't be seen. leave at least a sliver of light to sit in. breathe. wait.

14. turn the shower on. let the water get warm before you step in. you don't have to pay the water bill. if it takes four hundred and eighty seconds for you to get in, lose count. get in.

15. look down at the world from the greatest height. don't jump. remember, you've always been scared to fall.

Dreamscape

Visual Art by Bridget Rawding



Offerings

Poetry by Bridget Rawding

Hand outstretched, she offers me my birth certificate.
From the document's edge dangles a dime-sized brown spider
on a filament of web. I hesitate.

Yet the gray-striped kitten pounces without fear, chasing the spider
into my childhood bedroom. The spider swells as it retreats,
splotches of deep garnet, emerald, and amethyst erupting on its engorged abdomen.

Encrusted in jewels, plump as a ball of yarn,
the spider perches on my pillow, glittering
eyes beckoning me to come closer.

In the other room, my mother knits an endless sock.
It trails off the needles, umbilical. Behind her
head, black and yellow wasps swarm in through the hole in the wall.

The air is thick with the thrum of their buzz.
How can she not hear them? How can she not hear?

I look beyond her to the lilac bush outside the window, boughs dripping with color,
their beauty as fleeting and necessary as the lies we tell each other.

Untitled I

Visual Art by Ira Joel Haber



Untitled II

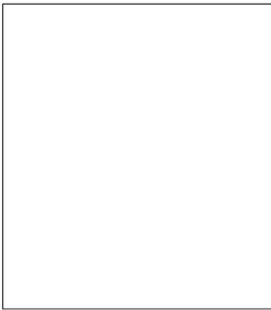
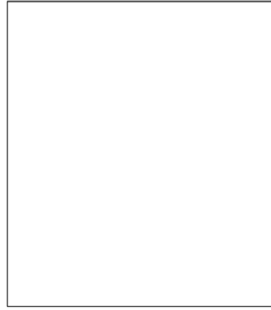
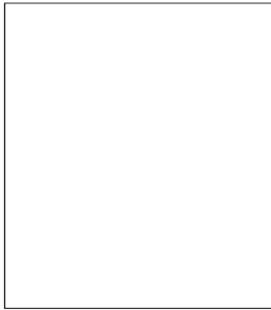
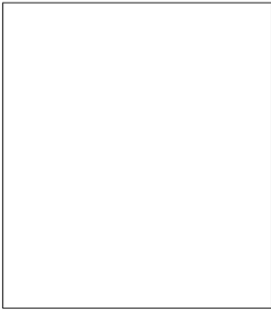
Visual Art by Ira Joel Haber



On the Second Week of Lockdown, Baby Dyke Cruises Shabbat Service on Zoom

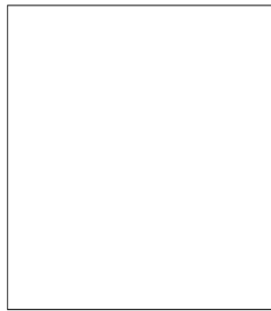
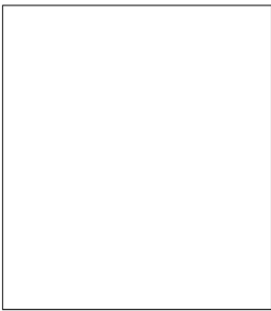
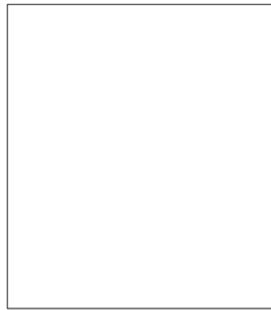
VISPO by Sarah Kaplan Gould

<p>I scroll / I sift / I sieve</p>	<p>and find a slope of collarbone, a blurred bookshelf,</p>	<p>the edge of a jawline softened by the amorphous heat of my hopefulness.</p>
<p>Maybe it is you:</p>	<p>your impeccable patience,</p>	<p>the gentle, jagged pixilation of</p>
<p>a song to soothe our child to sleep.</p>	<p>Come, beloved I have been for you all week</p>	<p>waiting</p>



omg the queen is hot
and she is coming for
me and I am facing the
door in an empty apt

and g-d is
 very good
and I am
 very alone



<p>For centuries, it was</p> <p>the fast-waxed candles, it was</p> <p>the wife who lit them, who blessed what is separate</p>		
<p>I am no wife.</p>	<p>I bless the screnglow, draw its mulled light towards me</p>	<p>three times ()</p>
		<p>to welcome my becoming</p> <p>to bless my separateness</p>

me		my whole entire body ¹

¹ Don't worry,
I have always
been this far
from myself

<p>Even at midnight,</p>	<p>I devour the news, devour our frail dead</p>	<p>devour the meat freezers outside the hospital for overflow, devour</p>
<p>the subway, its dangerous intimacy</p>	<p>But still, somehow, I bend towards the tender rot of want</p>	<p>what keeps me tethered,</p>
<p>how my feeble snail mouth drags a thin trail of drool across the pillow when I touch myself</p>	<p>unclenched and trembling –</p>	<p>what separates grief from all other wanting; same motion the body makes in its weeping</p>

<p>Oh,</p>	<p>magnificent longing.</p> <p>How you sieve</p>	<p>and sieve</p>
<p>these tiny stones</p>	<p>til all that's left</p>	<p>is silt, the uncontaminated truth -</p>
<p>I bury in the earth and wait</p>	<p>for signs of life.</p>	

Danger

Poetry by Sarah Lilius

She clumps down the grey road, here there is no sidewalk. No chance of weeds surviving. Green box of cigarettes. Bright blue lighter. Hello to strangers on the other side. Danger inside plays danger outside. The man behind her body never sends a greeting. He's nothing real. Melody in her mind, a demented love song tainted. Years of maladies, she contains the virus, the sickness, the way to look at the past like a cactus. You shelf it, no need to water so why does she grasp the watering can tight? Metal cuts her hand. Life blood slides down. She waves but the others never notice, never look close. The reddest part of the pavement, without song, under foot, can hear the man's heartbeat, can feel his supposed heat. She reaches home, takes a cigarette, and lights the end without care. This is the danger of her so-called future. Death is the given, death, the taker.

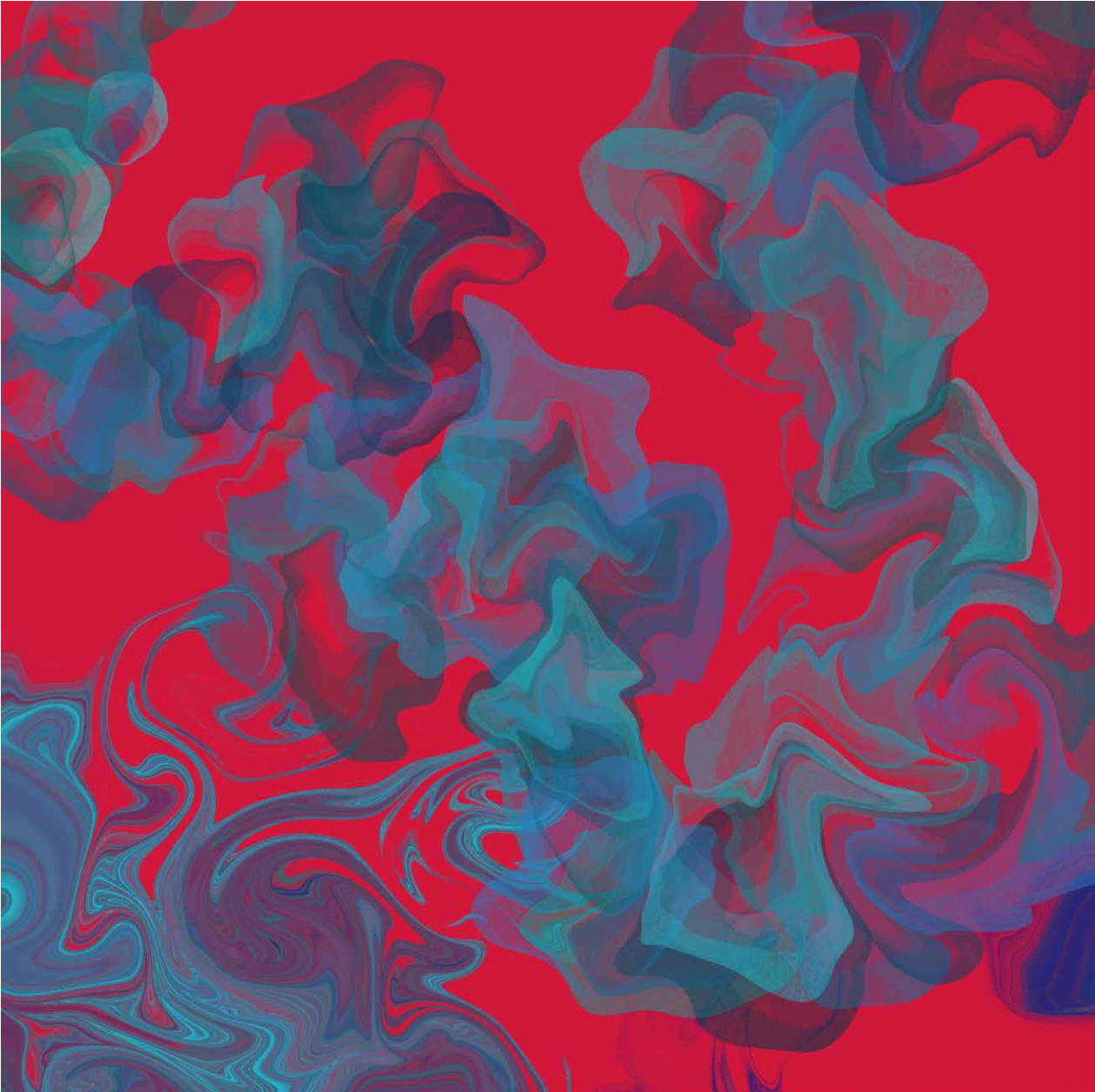
What Do You Hear?

Poetry by Sarah Lilius

A familiar noise like the hush of baking bread takes over the first floor, a sleeping infant breathes out warm happiness under a flannel blanket, her mother's milk sloshes slightly, nourishment keeps her stomach full. If this world were soundless, what would you miss the most? Laughing, cars honking maniacally, kittens meowing into a new existence? Pounding hammers fixing. The constant chatter of ADHD. Video games bolting through the air. Or local news sharing information about death and destruction with advertisements for your shared knowledge? Birds, dogs barking, obscure noises of zoo animals. Countless songs on every radio station everywhere. The melodies that keep us, that explain life to us, whether we want to know or not. Footsteps of people coming back or leaving you. The rumble of the theater. Applause for a job done right. The sleeping infant wakes, looks around for her mother, cries. Instinct makes noise, it has to.

My Breath Became a Hurricane

Visual Art by Carol Lynne Knight



Thrush

Poetry by Carol Lynne Knight

When I wake in slant light,
a half-
dreamt
time when I
am you —
how we
become
magnolia,
or the still
reflection of
ourselves
as
a forest next to a lake,

or, I a thrush
that sings
among your
broad
& waxy leaves,
how you quicken
with each note,

or we bloom at winter's end
& shed our blossoms, a scatter
of white across the lawn.

Heatwave

Asemic by Marcia Brauer





Annie Perkins
Writing and Collage Series

writing and collage series

Poetry by Annie Perkins

If colors are words
I must have a lot to say

Or, is it simply going to ground
A way to disappear
Reappear in a new land

Why a bird – I don't know
Why that shade of blue called Petrol – I don't know
Why such fragile flowers cut from old napkins – I don't know

What power does cut paper hold against a world imploding

Why does he think the roof is on fire
that they bring him cake in the shape of his friend's house
that everyone means him harm

I don't know

On your knees to doctor, to shaman
to god himself
As you pray for answers
and wait, and wait
for the predictable joy of complacency
to return

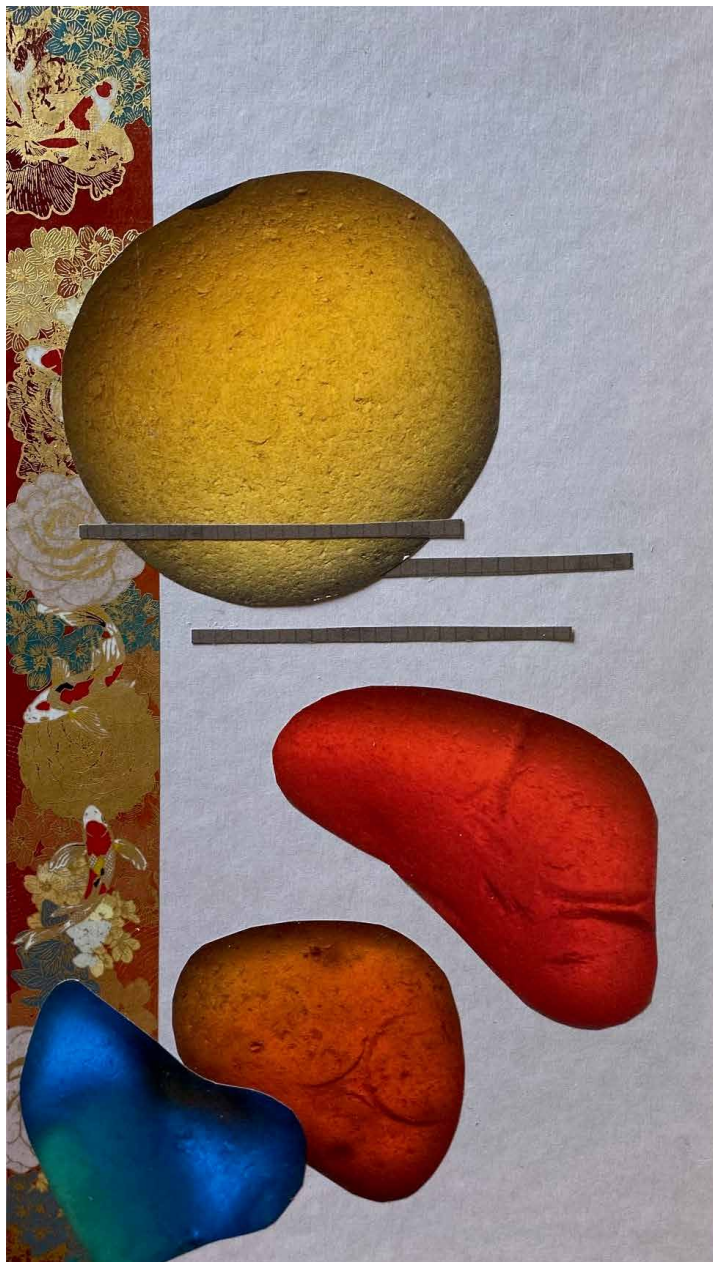
Will it ever

I don't know

but perhaps waiting has its own palette
Unexpectedly vibrant
colored by dreams
and heart
and remembering
Filled with devotion
to whatever comes next.

within

Visual Art by Annie Perkins



desire

Visual Art by Annie Perkins



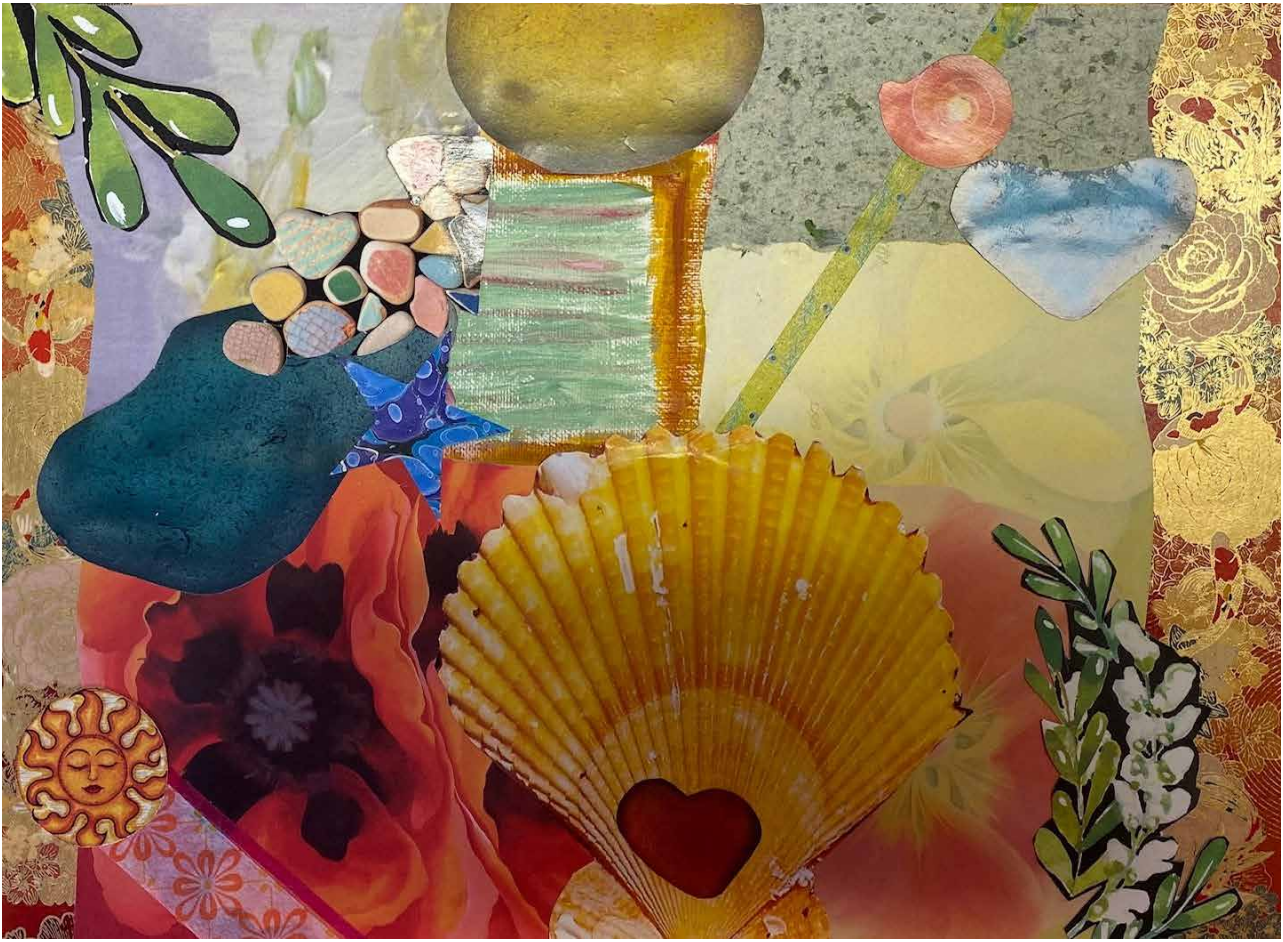
allure of isolation

Visual Art by Annie Perkins



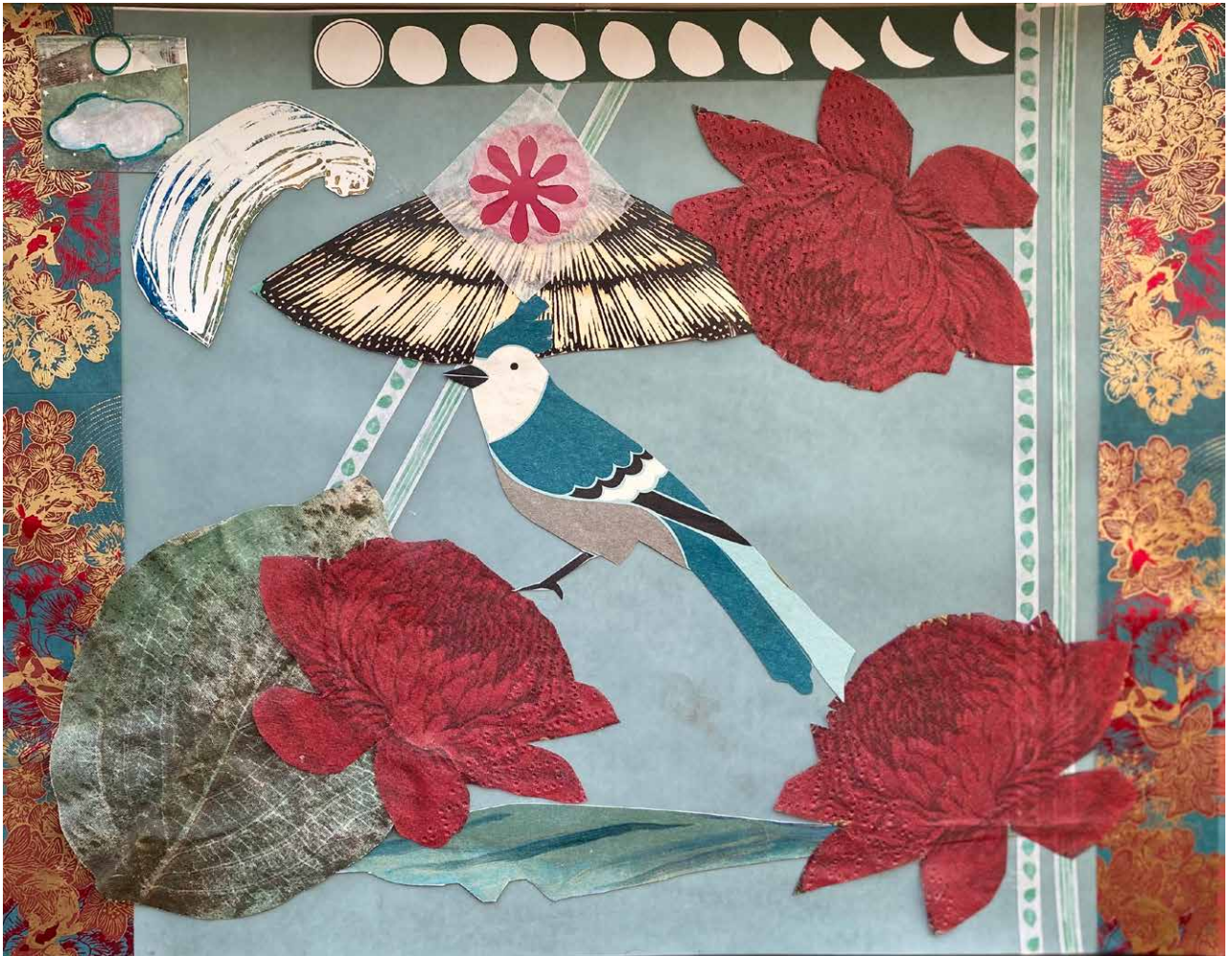
sea dreams

Visual Art by Annie Perkins



oiseau

Visual Art by Annie Perkins



journey

Visual Art by Annie Perkins



waking

Visual Art by Annie Perkins





A Letter to Slowboat

Poetry by Akshat Khare

This letter begins in the deep dark of an unwritten Dostoevsky novel. There are Russians huddled up in a room, debating god, man, atheism, socialism, the local madman, and other things that usually find room in such a setting. I flick my cigarette and leave the men to their squabbles. The moonlit streets of the unnamed village are silent now. The occasional yawning cat moves slowly in front of the people still out at these hours, taking care to bless the walkers with poor luck. I see out of time and place as I turn a corner, Kierkegaard throwing lines to a couple of lovesick prostitutes. The scene shifts to a nameless Mediterranean port town. A silhouette moves across the brightly coloured walls. A dagger falls and the blood sprays out in a fine mist before vanishing in the dead of night. Or perhaps it is a Caribbean port town. In other news, the camera that was used by Benjamin to capture dialectical images was exposed to light, The film has been ruined now. Chet Baker adjusts his false teeth, selects an embouchure and starts playing a cool tune. The streets turn to neon, old Windows 95 style graphics start taking over the landscape. 'Oh No Pooh! That's not honey you're eating, That's **v a p o r w a v e**' /musicplays. Neon palm trees melt into sludge, a ladle turns the bubbling cauldron. 'Why are the Wolves White?' the Samurai wonders to herself as she sheaths her katana. A hot red Cadillac passes her, the Travelling Jazz Salesman looks at her in his rear-view mirror, Looks back at his Vinyls and lets out a deep tired SIGH. KERSPLAT! The silverfish on the wall dead in one swift movement, the slipper returns back to its place on the right foot. The tiny ship in the glass bottle is frozen in its place in front of a rather dull volume of Plato's Selected Works. Out of all the volumes in my room penned by Lakshmi Nidhi Khare, 'Roop ke Nupur' has the best cover. It is an aged shade of blue that features a naiad on the cover with her feet on a lotus petal and a peacock

feather in her hair. It is also the most dull in terms of its contents. The entire thing is one big love poem to his wife, who frankly from what I've seen of her in old yellowed photos, didn't warrant this voluminous a literary output. 'Jeevan ke Gaate Swar' has a shit cover, faded green with red text on it, at least the poems inside are nice. Is there central heating in Hell? In old stories in the Poetic Edda, Grimnir is wiser and Loki is duller than what they are today. Should I call the word Kafkaesque, If I cannot find a better word for it? What do Lovecraft's cat and Huckleberry's friend Jim have in common? One drag from this North Eastern (made in Delhi) clay pipe and your lungs won't stop burning. Why is the pipe empty? Hey! It isn't empty. Didn't you know the state has just legislated the existence of aether back into the physics textbooks. It is an established fact that Wittgenstein jacked off to Quadratic Equations at the war front. If someone had grafittied the solution to P/NP on the walls across from his windows, It wouldn't be conjectural to say then that he would have died instantly in a state of orgasmic bliss. I don't like to step inside the pages of anything De Sade has written without my shoes on. Who wants to slip in blood, semen and pussy juice? The sunglasses that I acquired in Goa are missing the lens on the left hand side. But I like them this way. The constructive and the destructive interference of the incoming light cancels out the world. The streets are empty now. I think the pandemic is here to stay. If Nietzsche was to fall down in fits outside right now, Would I break curfew to go hold his Hand? Winter cools indifferently the sidewalks of Beirut, of Delhi, of Chicago, Of your heart and Of mine. Spring is ending now, but the vines are covering my car more fearlessly everyday now that the Gardner's rusty shears aren't troubling them. In an empty comedy club, A stand up rolls back his sleeves, adjusts the mic at an angle to his mouth, and holds the mic stand with his other hand: 'What's the deal with Time?' Hey Hey, Come now, Why would you say something so brave yet so controversial? And why would you say something so widely accepted yet so boring? Everyday I have the Blues. 'Time and Space died Yesterday!' Well then, All I can say is: ' May you rest In Jazz'. The film you're about to see has been entirely handpainted by a team of over 100 artists. (moody pop song playing) Do not throw your cigarette butts on the ground. We've caught the dogs smoking and we're trying

to get them to quit. The letter is a train ride now from one unknown Norwegian town to another. Korean Indie Pop plays softly in the background. The train weaves through modernist glass buildings and come onto pastoral greens, with clean blue lakes and soft morning blue skies that meet on the horizon on small hills. Come and have a dream in Technicolor with me. The lakes green now, and the tracks diverging and converging on intersections through the soft green landscape. Someone else is on here with me, Wouldn't it be fantastic to get off with her now and be lost under the sunlight. And my heart might melt like fire on ice, and the inner city lights would fall on her face, Wouldn't it be nice, But such a cliché . . . The train is going around the rim of a wine glass now a single mother is looking at the silent world outside through her window, the 4am wind soft on her face, and the stars shining on her glass. On the sidewalk an unused cigarette pack, The warning reads 'Death is the most certain possibility (M.Heidegger)' Knock Knock Knocking on Heaven's door. It's 2021, Jesus! Get a doorbell. If we all have to eat from the trashcan of ideology, then I pick the one behind the five star hotel for anorexics. They will call me,

The Van Gogh of Memes. Why are the Kapibaras taking a yuzu hot bath? Because they want to be lemoney fresh. Kill your Darlings ! But remember to cryo-preserve them, in case science becomes sufficiently advanced in the future. A monkey on a typewriter hitting keys at random for an infinite amount of time will almost surely (Probability = 1) type out any given text, such as the texts of William Shakespeare. How many more lines do I have to type before this text turns into Hamlet before returning back to Gibberish again? On my cup, A portrait of Portugal, In black and sepia. No matter how hard I squint at it, I can't see Pessoa's statue sitting outside his café. Bill Withers just died. Ain't no sunshine when he's gone. The baddest motherfucker to ever put on an orange turtleneck. Gone. Only Darkness everyday. Editing space and time is a bitch. Where is the Ant colony that I found living inside my Hermes 3000 when I got it? Oh that's right, they are dead. Modern problems require Modern solutions. Postmodern problems require Postmodern solutions. Postpostmodern problems require Postpostmodern solutions. In Fragments, Truth, Found, Lost in the spaces between words. In March 1942, Cocteau wrote 'Tous les jours, je me disais : c'est inutile

d'écrire un journal maintenant. J'ai vécu plusieurs existences. Je n'ai pas écrit'. I too have lived many lives that I never wrote down. And I still don't see the need to keep a Journal even as his sit on my desk, smelling of old dank libraries and death. Lying down in a jail cell, On the floor Bob Kaufman poking a pen into the air trying to write words on the trapped winds. On the moon, would you rather watch an earthrise or an earthset? This world has little use for old poets, better to die young. Leave them wanting more, instead of overstaying your welcome. I think I am losing too many hair. Everyday I see them on the ground, I am more aware now because there isn't much to do all day. How long before I seize upon a pair of scissors and do the deed myself? Sun Wukong could summon clones by pulling out his hair, If I shared the monkey king's power how many of my clones die idly everyday? Why are cupcakes not eaten out of cups? In an old diner, somewhere in the backstreets of Tokyo a man looks despondently ahead hunched over a bowl of ramen. On the empty streets outside, Deer wander under the neon. How many Scandinavian metal bands are lost in the woods shooting album covers? Despair is not indifference. Even in despair there are things that are protected. Cool Bossa Novan sounds layered over the Latin Jazz arrangements by Cuban bands. Smith Corona Corsair Deluxe/ Made in England. Flick flick flick late 70s clean sound. I'm Russian, I romanticise things. In six months of waking up early in the cold, Descartes died. Unwise to give up habits formed over a lifetime for princesses. I do not attempt to capture impressions of nature. The poor poet rots in his room. And the room rots with him. Inconsequentially some things or somethings were dismissed out of hand. Each passing day adds to dread and to indifference. Time to play postrock beats to chill/ cry to. . . . That I am here now and living this life has always felt surreal. Not because of any mystical or metaphysical reason, but because on some level it is unacceptable to me that my father is dead. It creates a layer of reality over the one that's here now, One where he is in fact alive, and all of this is a dream. Where does the dream begin? Where does the sky end? I feel a resting warmth on the bottom of my stomach as I write these things. Not a comfortable warmth. A wornout shoegaze track is playing in the background, an empty glass is resting next to me. The sand is all in the bottom of the

hourglass, stuck, unmoving. Unmovable. It is easier to think now of all the ways in which I am disappointing the ones around me. Vintage Misery. If put in a podcast these sentences could at least get me some views. What songs did I fill my playlist with before I found the ones that are on there now? This letter finds itself lost in the everydayness of my life. There are too many hours and too little life to fill them with. How many connections to the old world have we lost. How many possible futures lost? We are haunted by our lost futures. *cue canned sitcom laughter* If Alice was here what youtube rabbit hole would she fall down? How big a leap is it to go from Kandinsky to Malevich? An inadvertent Jump-Cut due to removing excessive or unwanted film can be covered up by cutting to the close-up of a bystander. * cut away to close-up of bystander * And then she wrote to me 'sending virtual hugs', So naturally I had to write back 'Shall I send you a virtual stabbing' and then she . . . The bystander stops suddenly and breaks the fourth wall, Looking at the audience through the lens, and beyond them at the writer through the paper. This outline is subordinated to the stylized rhythms of Jazz. I had wisdom. In order to give proof of it, I sought to remember. To forge it into knowledge, and in so doing, Lost it. Time is an Illusion. Only backpain is real. Coffin Dance but it's Jazz. Terror. A door opens in the narrative, a hand with blackened nails slowly turns the doors on its hinges that squeak out sending shivers through the sentences next to them in the text, An unshaven stranger looks around at the text, noting the events and the passage of time. He takes out a watch, turns the dial clockwise and anti-clockwise until he is satisfied with the results, after which he goes back to his place in the narrative which is the future.

The Line

Poetry by Akshat Khare

So when you think of Kierkegaard on the corner of some street in Delhi, throwing out lines to lovesick women going about their business I would tell you about Nietzsche dying in some street next to the ghoda gaadi and you have to know it isn't one of those well-bred mares that I'd be on about but the feedbag strapped white and sickly thin with the Band Baja banner on the back and your mind would immediately go to the black gondola on the black gutter bearing Wagner across which would immediately make me think of the women who would fall over themselves on seeing Lizst who fell down a stairway to his death which would then take you to Schopenhauer pushing his mother off a staircase and I might then think of dead mothers and crashes that would lead to Camus' wrecked car on the DND expressway which leads to the unimaginative streets of suburbia walked by Kant in the evenings which would make you remember cooler evenings in the Himalayas where on his way to his morning lessons Descartes' lungs are ticking to the hour of his demise which would remind me that you hate the mountains and the hills and are in love with beaches like the ones in Panjim peopled by Pessoa and all his other heteronyms that walk through the city in self avoiding random walks tracing out the forgotten paths to memories in the labyrinth which would make you think of endless mazes and how Borges would enjoy the people here which would remind me of how Hedayat found his way to our shores washing up in Manto's Mumbai sometime after he had left it headed to oblivion which would make me remember Muktibodh on his deathbed waiting for his first book to come out which would remind you of Ginsberg in Kolkata as he wandered the streets befriending monkeys and the Hungry poets out and about the ghats with the dead and the dying and I would wonder if Burroughs's wife really had to die for the word hoard to be realised and you'd

remind me of Hrabal and instead I'd remember Verma in Prague writing in Hindi what Kundera wouldn't do in Czech for a couple of years which for you really goes back to the letters Kafka wrote to the little girl who had lost her doll in that park that day all those years ago but for me it is another reminder of what Mekas said about the little things and the people and the countries that are forgotten or was it Choukri and this uncertainty would make you point out how Calvino showed that it's often unclear what or who it was that said or wrote or remembered or confirmed or erased something and I would verbally agree and nod and hint that the conclusion is on the horizon except that my mind would be on the suicides the slit wrists Keats or the hanged men Fisher/Wallace or maybe on Kawabata who gassed himself after being tormented by the spectre of Mishima of the katana in belly death which always gives me that faraway look which makes you pull me back into something lighter like the time Wittgenstein advanced on a philosopher with a Poker and left after Russell's reprimand and I look at you and smile a little and wonder if someday you too will get tired of waiting and leave me like that girl did Spinoza and if I should learn how to polish lenses instead and I'd say something about the decade long silent vow that Kaufman took and I would be a little taken aback when you'd mention that a woman set herself on fire in something Nagarkar wrote but then I'd see the Buddhist connection of protest by immolation and grow quiet before pointing out that the escapees who killed the bodhisattvas last month or perhaps a long time ago were from a Pirandello text and you would inexorably say that it sounds like there is an epidemic of such crimes which would remind me of the people who died in the last one and you would express impatience with the way my mind makes the nearest and quickest connections when Nirala lost all of his

family in the influenza a century before or maybe more causing me some annoyance that I would expertly hide and looking sincerely morose would point out the gradual collapse of all communication that was dreamt of by Dostoevsky in a fever dream in the cold of Siberian winter and a part of me knows that you would take issue by raising Tolstoy and the need for gentleness with oneself above all in such times and a part of me wants to agree unreservedly only that what comes to my mind slips out before I have a chance to consider the consequences and I have already mentioned Cioran or Baudelaire or someone that has made you shake your head in disagreement and sigh out some sentence that has Marquez's name thrown in which makes me lose the thread and wonder about Rushdie and how lucky he has been to not be shot dead in the street unceremoniously like Mahfouz and I see that your eyes had darkened and realise that in my old inscrutable habit of mumbling my thoughts out loud I have said what I thought was private and now inflicted the gloom and doom generally isolated to the antipodes of my mind onto you and would almost begin an apology before say something about how Baudelaire would drop glass panes down from the third story hoping to freeze that infinitesimally small moment of joy into a small eternity which should make me appreciate the everyday but would only serve to drive my mind to Yeats

and his flattened circle of time and to be sensitive to you I would instead mention how Rimbaud had once bombarded pretentious old coots in Chennai before racing off with his co-conspirators and disappearing into the night and after what would feel like a self-similar recursive folding in of time into an infinity when you would so innocently inquire why we never mention any women, I would bow down my head and become uncharacteristically silent.

Believe In Forever

Asemic by GJ Gillespie



Shelter From the Storm

Asemic by GJ Gillespie



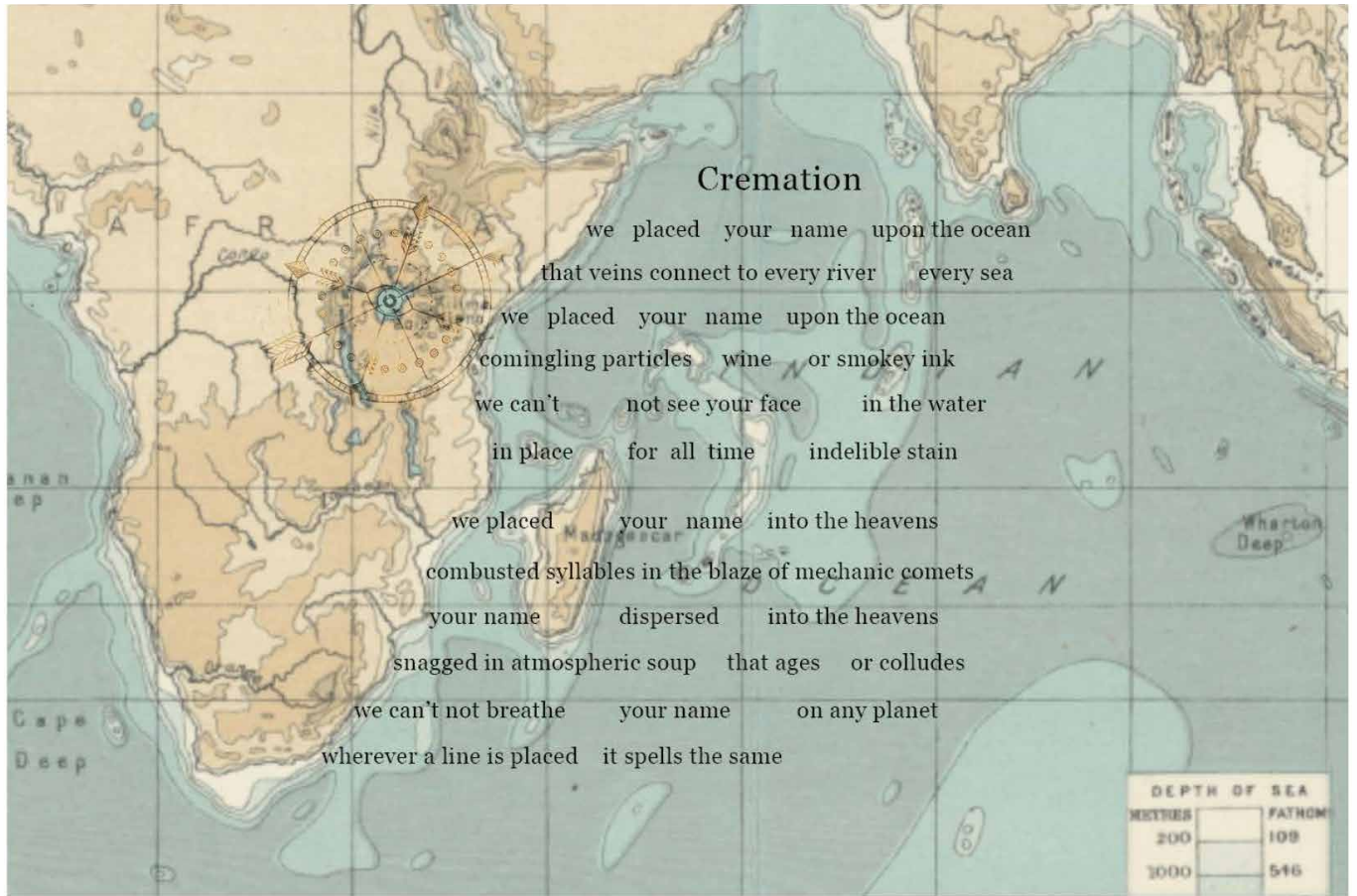
Angel

VISPO by Michael Favala Goldman

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Cremation

VISPO by Jane Berg



Of Things Worn Away By Water

VISPO by Jane Berg

Of water, more blue or less blue
sometimes sharp sometimes acid

Of the veins which spread their branches

Of the sea filling the earth with *vene d'agua*

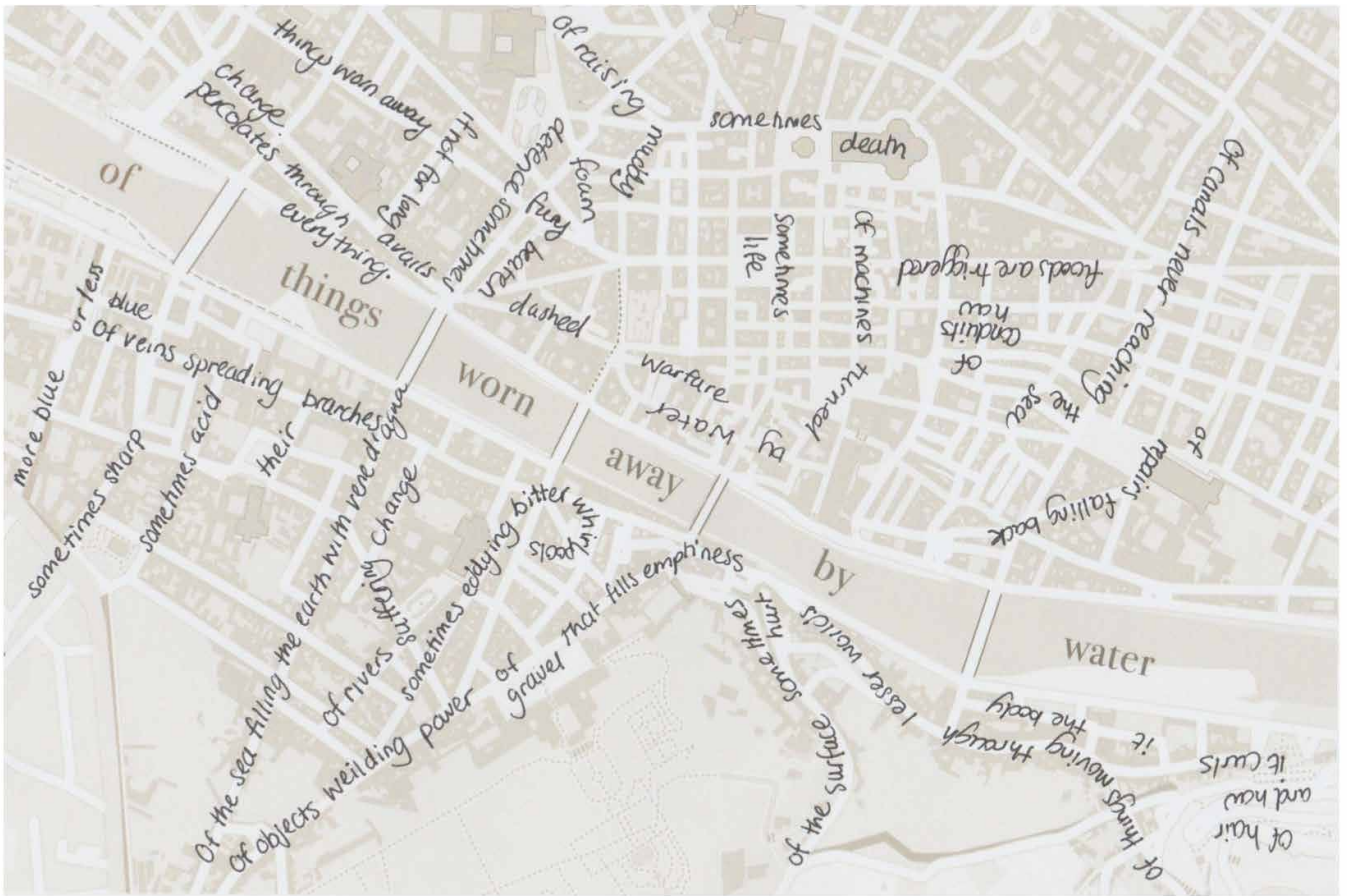
Of rivers suffering change
sometimes eddying bitter whirlpools

Of objects wielding power
experience before reasoning

Of gravel that fills emptiness

Of the surface that fills emptiness

Of things moving through the body
lesser worlds



Of hair and how it curls

Of repairs falling back

Of canals never reaching the sea

Of conduits how floods are triggered

Of machines turned by water warfare

sometimes life sometimes death

Of raising muddy foam fury beaten dashed

defence sometimes avails if not for long

Of things worn away

change percolates through everyting

PSA Block 86 Is Dangerous

Poetry by Emma Grey Rose

there is a green blanket that's big that we lay on + sweetly. soft, it buckles under your skin. don't go to block 86 at night because last time you went, you came back a different person. give me your phone + now or I will threaten you. still different, your face is tinged gray & you haven't laughed much. in fact, you think nothing is funny now. I put on all the good sitcoms & comedy shows & comedians, but you just sit there. you did laugh at an online video of a bunny dying + I'm still wondering why + you love bunnies, or you used to. what's happened to you? you sift around in the kitchen like a cat slinking for prey but eat nothing. I will weigh you on the scale + tomorrow. all day you've been on this green blanket, flipping through channels like I used to flip through boyfriends + not talking + staring at me. you know what I look like, what are you staring for? strange. you haven't gone to work or brushed your hair or changed clothes in too long. I will force you in the shower because it's for your own good, then call your mother and rat your ass out. that is true love. hot, hot showers that will steam fresh water into you like a bag of orange carrots in the microwave. you used to like strawberries & chocolate but when I showed you a plate, you cringed + asked me what the fuck is this + looked in disgust. who's at block 86? trust + lack of trust is driving me nuts. I saw you wrote down one sentence over and over and over. you wrote it 86 times and that sentence made no fucking sense to me because it said aliens + aliens + aliens

Macabre

Poetry by Emma Grey Rose

blue
pink
orange
neon
gray
white
dark
brown
light
black
fuchsia
red
pastel
yellow
lime
green
purple
I'm
sad

The Nature of I

Poetry by Bruce McRae

The bees of the heart
make a honey in the head.

The forest of the soul
is a natural garden.

Bones are stones.

The mouth is a bird's nest.

Flowers for eyes,
they open in the morning

The self as an isthmus.
The mind a beach.
Ideas are raindrops.

In the vale of the mind
are many vines and blossoms.

Our billowing dreams.
Labours of iron.
The magma of emotion.

Hair of spiders' webs.

Iteration's tempest.

The winterbourne heart,
love a sea fog and low tide.

A spine is a white tree
on the great hills of Helicon.

Many birds are singing
in the hedgerow of the hands.
They hold the light
and fruits of our design.
They touch sleep's water.

Veins of gold and silver.
On the shores of dis-ease, many
are lost, many are shipwrecked.

Breaths are continents.
Oceans are ideals.

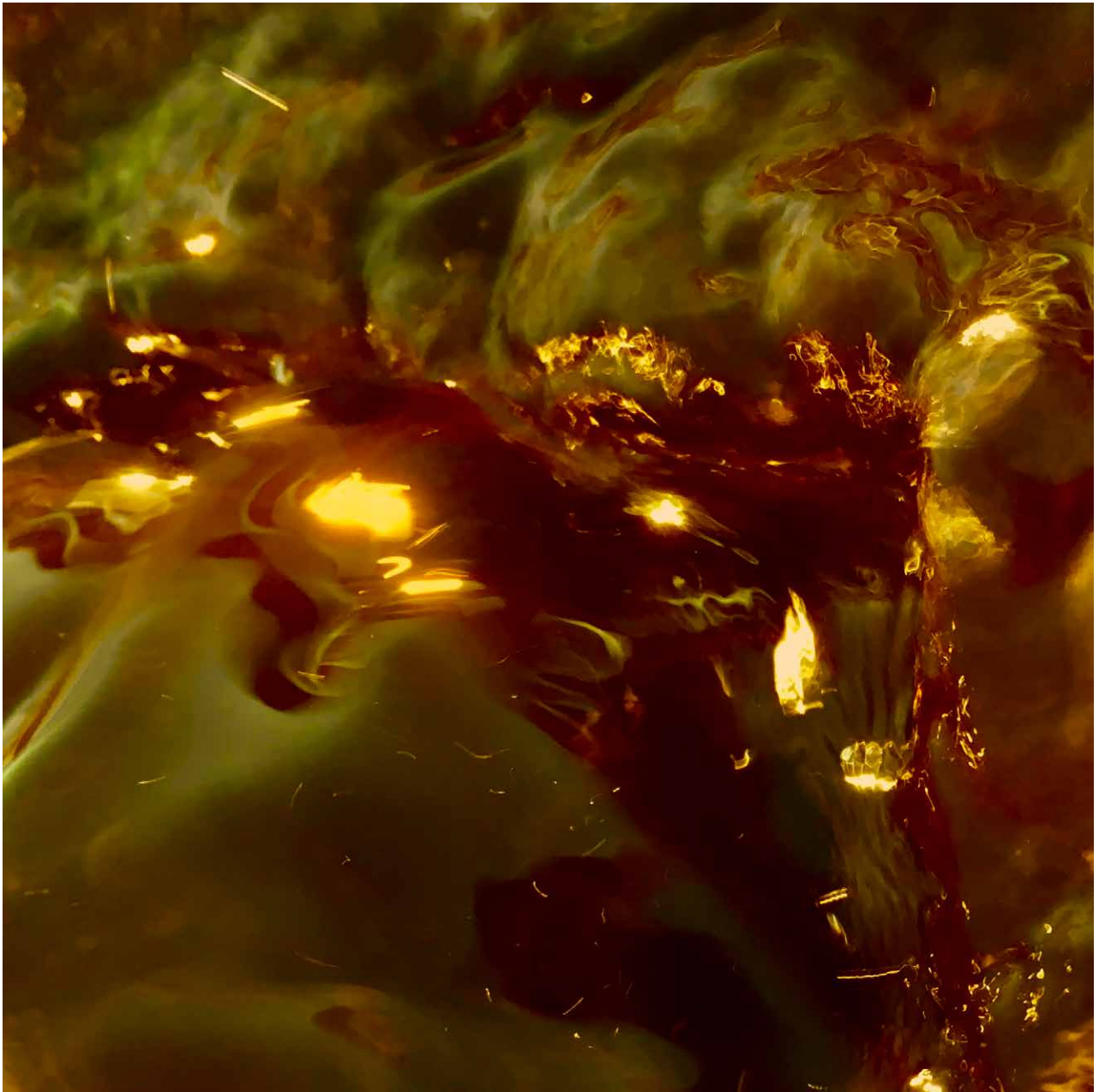
Tears as deep roots.
Tears as seeds.
As boysenberries.

In the desert of the ear
every sound is music.
Every word is the wind.
Every star is our song
and the sun is singing.

When we sleep it's winter.

Fanfare For Cornet, Light, and Blood

Asemic by Martha Nance



The Benefits of Being Dull

Poetry by Jeanne Blum Lesinski

erasure poem from *Cook's Illustrated* [Oct. 2018, p. 31.]

dull and matte from
years of use Lucky
you. put
new sheets in the test
times weren't getting the job done.
pallid and limp, but—
emerged from the

past, we
absorb and transfer more efficiently

you should celebrate, not mourn.

Why We [Cook}

Poetry by Jeanne Blum Lesinski
erasure poem from *Cook's Illustrated* [July & Aug., 2017, p. 1]

the most basic
nourishment
the very beginning
our love, care

to fashion a set
that is

better
solace and

comfort
in difficult times.

Stained Glass Underwater Garden

Visual Art by Cheryl Caesar



wherever you go

Poetry by Eliot Claire

here, and here, again
live all the selves you
thought you could
relinquish, you thought
it would be so easy
to pry open your clenched
fist, as if all those
shameful histories would not
sink in their sharpened
teeth, would allow you
to leave, would not forever
follow your blood-stained
footprints, each waiting for
that glorious moment –
their own resurrection
into violent dreams

Owl Screech In the Night II

Asemic by Edward Supranowicz



Return

Poetry by Cynthia Liepmann

after "3am in New York" by Jean Valentine

I have been standing at the edge
of this ocean all my life
but seeing only the sky mirror of it
the moonlit sparkle of it
the tossed mane of it
throwing itself against impossibility

The lighthouse winks;
it thinks it is dependability
responsible for the world.
Its eye watches all night

A lone car rounds the curve.
Its beams glimpse footsteps
in the sand, holes in the sheen.

The ocean's pulse licks
sucks my feet deeper
an insistence
 a possessiveness
 a reminder.

Legacy

Poetry by Emma Johnson-Rivard

History is all nations killing the smallest among them.
Partitioning. Giving it names, medals.

Remember now. There is blood on us.

Abandoned Landfill

Visual Art by Michael Antone-D'Angelo





Interview with Samantha DeFlitch

Samantha DeFlitch is the author of *Confluence* (Broadstone Books, 2021). She is the recipient of a Carol Brown Goldberg and Henry Goldberg fellowship from the Martha's Vineyard Institute for Creative Writing. She is the recipient of the 2018 Dick Shea Memorial Award for Poetry, as judged by Shelley Girdner. Samantha hails from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She is currently an Assistant Reviews Editor at EcoTheo.

What was a key moment in your stepping into being a poet?

Learning to love the word poet. I used to shy away from the term (the title? the name?) because I did not know how to speak to it. But there's no singular one. There's the deep space of hard and hope we collectively inhabit—this is poet.

Also, publishing my first poem—I hold that memory close. It was “Pittsburgh” in *Appalachian Review*.

Perhaps most of all: a few weeks into my first workshop with Charles Simic, he gestured toward one of my poems. “Yeah, this is a poem,” he said.

Do dreams play a part in your writing or writing process? And if so, how?

Yes, although sometimes I wish I was more intentional with how I use dreams in my process. But does that negate the inherent intuitive potential of the dream? Does the dream really want to be fit into the box of process?

Anyway, when a dream wakes me, I'll write down a couple of words to remind next-day me of the dream. Next-day me is usually delighted to find something like "proud of a round bird" or "Ford Econoline" written down. Dreams are messages between selves. And waking-me is analytical and almost formulaic in my writing, so receiving a message like "juncos doing a man to man vs. zone defense" from nighttime-me is like tapping into something I simply can't in my daytime process.

What are your creative methods? How do your poems develop? How do you work with revision?

My poems almost always start with a word or phrase I've been sitting with for a long time—something I heard or misheard that stuck in my gut. I'm always saying that's a poem! when I encounter certain words or phrases, so I think a poem actually starts in someone else's moment of inspiration or conversation. In terms of development: I sit for so long with that word or phrase (could be months) that often the poem comes in a great rushing. Most of the writing has already been done on a level I can't access until I physically start to type out the words—and then, poem.

Revision for me is a lot of the same waking (and dreaming?) rumination on what I've written. I'm very physical with my revision process, often turning the lines over in my head when I'm doing something rhythmic like washing dishes or walking the dog. I suppose more practically, I work revision in when my job (a good old 9 to 5) and life allow. I work revision in at the edges. Perhaps that's the best place for it.

Name three poets that you think everyone should know about who not everyone knows about yet.

Oh, this is always such a hard question to answer! So often I feel that everyone knows about wonderful poets before me! So I'll answer this as three debut collections I've read this year that have stayed with me—that I plan to read

again very soon: Lily Greenberg's *In the Shape of a Woman*; Sanna Wani's *My Grief, the Sun*; and C.T. Salazar's *Headless John the Baptist Hitchhiking*

What are you reading now? What are you planning to read next?

Currently reading poetry: Tracy K. Smith's *Such Color*. Currently reading fiction: Frank Herbert's *God Emperor of Dune*. On Deck: Diannely Antigua's (the new Poet Laureate of Portsmouth!) *Ugly Music*.

How did you come to the naming of your book, *Confluence*? What does it mean to you and to the book?

Confluence had a number of different names before I decided on *Confluence*. I'm really terrible with naming, and my first instincts are often off (for example, I called my dog Scout for a week before I decided she was a Moose). *Confluence* was first called *Unhearing*, then *Hoarded Birds* when I originally submitted it to Broadstone. But that didn't feel right, either.

As I worked through revisions—and began sinking more deeply into the section titles—*Confluence* rose to the surface. Each of the sections are named for one of Pittsburgh's three rivers: the Allegheny, the Monongahela, and the Ohio. The Allegheny and Monongahela meet at the confluence to form the Ohio. As soon as I typed *Confluence* on the title page, I knew that was it—that was my Moose moment. These poems of place are also poems of accumulated life, and lines—and entire poems—are repeated to resemble merging waters, reforming over time and space. Oh yes, the book is a *Confluence*.

What was the most challenging thing about writing *Confluence*? What was the most surprising thing?

I think the most challenging thing was recognizing that, while *Confluence* is a collection, it also tells a story through its repetition. The poems change the poems as they appear and disappear and reappear. So I think that was the most surprising part, too—understanding that repetition wasn't only a

stylistic choice. It was a way of discovering the poems—them swirling and creating eddies and encountering each other downstream. Hello! They say to each other. You’ve changed, yet I still recognize you.

What are you working on now?

I’ve been working on my second manuscript, *Should the Alleluia Return to Us in Ordinary Time*, for a couple of years now. So that’s one thing, and I love it very much, and I struggle with it very much, and I think that’s it for now. I’m also gently holding the concept for my third manuscript—so gently! I don’t want to scare it off. And I recently joined EcoTheo as an assistant review editor, which I’m so thrilled about—the opportunity to work with Han VanderHart is such a gift, and I’m grateful for the opportunity to sit with poets’ works in this way.



BIOS

Mikhael Antone-D'Angelo is a filmmaker and visual artist. Born 1975 in Rhode Island. She received a BA from Salve Regina University in Studio Art with a concentration in Photography and an MFA in Video & Photography from School of Visual Arts. She make works appealing to our emotionally landscapes. She looks for turbulence as shadow.

Jane Berg is a writer living in the Bay Area, California. She is reading towards an MFA in Creative Writing at San José State University where she is the Managing Editor of *Reed Magazine*.

Marcia Brauer is a mixed media artist living in Northern California. With a passion for experimenting in various media, she is currently working in acrylic, handmade inks and flower pigments, textiles, cut paper, gold leaf, photography and cyanotypes. Highly influenced by her love of nature in the outdoors, as well as ancient manuscripts, her works are infused with text and elements of the natural world. Marcia has exhibited in Northern California, Minnesota, and Europe, as well as several online shows and collaborations. Email: Marciambrauer@gmail.com, Instagram: [brauermarcia](https://www.instagram.com/brauermarcia).

Cheryl Caesar is an ex-expatriate, having lived, studied and taught in Paris for 25 years before returning to her undergraduate alma mater, Michigan State University. She now teaches writing there, writes poetry and experiments with watercolors and charcoals. Recent art and poetry appear in *Words Across the Water*, published by Fractal Edge Press.

Eliot Claire is a nonbinary South Floridian who works as a therapist in Chicago. She studied poetry at the University of Miami under Maureen Seaton and John Murillo. Their work can be seen in *Mad Hat Literary Magazine*, *Verity La*, *Black Heart Magazine*, *The Cape Rock*, and others.

Stephen Cramer's first book of poems, *Shiva's Drum*, was selected for the National Poetry Series and published by University of Illinois Press. His second, *Tongue e' Groove*, was also published by University of Illinois. *Bone Music* was selected by Kimiko Hahn for the 2015 Louise Bogan Award and published in 2016. His ninth and most recent book is *The Disintegration Loops*, which was a finalist for the Vermont Book Award. He is also the editor of *Turn It Up! Music in Poetry from Jazz to Hip-Hop*. His work has appeared in journals such as *The American Poetry Review*, *African American Review*, *The Yale Review*, *Harvard Review*, and *Hayden's Ferry Review*. An Assistant Poetry Editor at *Green Mountains Review*, he teaches writing and literature at the University of Vermont and lives with his wife and daughter in Burlington.

Samantha DeFlicht is the author of *Confluence* (Broadstone Books, 2021). She is the recipient of a Carol Brown Goldberg and Henry Goldberg fellowship from the Martha's Vineyard Institute for Creative Writing. She is the recipient of the 2018 Dick Shea Memorial Award for Poetry, as judged by Shelley Girdner. Samantha hails from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She is currently an Assistant Reviews Editor at EcoTheo.

Andrew Furst (he/him/his) is a poet, artist, author, Buddhist teacher, photographer, musician, and a technologist. His poetry has appeared in *The Chaffin Journal*, *Superpresent Magazine*, *Dime Show Review*, and *Levee Magazine*. His art has been featured in the *Emerson Review* and *Mud Season Review*. More about Andrew at www.andrewfurst.net.

Emma Grey Rose is a writer and artist based in San Diego, CA. Her poetry has appeared in the *San Diego Poetry Annual*. She can be found on social media @emmagreyrose.

GJ Gillespie is a collage artist living in a 1928 Tutor Revival farmhouse overlooking Oak Harbor on Whidbey Island (north of Seattle). In addition to natural beauty, he is inspired by art history -- especially mid century abstract expressionism. The "Northwest Mystics" who produced haunting images from this region 60 years ago are favorites. Winner of 18 awards, his art has appeared in 56 shows and numerous publications. When he is not making art, he runs his company Leda Art Supply selling the sketchbook that he designed.

Michael Favala Goldman (b.1966) is a poet, jazz clarinetist and translator of Danish literature. Among his seventeen translated books is *Dependency* by Tove Ditlevsen, which made the New York Times Best 10 Books of 2021 as book three of *The Copenhagen Trilogy*. Michael's three books of original poetry include *Who has time for this?*, *Small Sovereign*, and *Slow Phoenix*. His work has appeared in dozens of publications including *The New Yorker*, *Rattle*, and the *Harvard Review*. He lives in Northampton, MA, where he has been running bi-monthly poetry critique groups since 2018. <https://michaelfavalagoldman.com/>

Sarah Kaplan Gould (they/them) is a poet, essayist, and educator living on occupied Ute, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe land in so-called Denver, Colorado. In addition to being a graduate of LIU Brooklyn's MFA Creative Writing program, they are a musician, a ritual enthusiast, and the Best Cool Gay Aunt Ever.

Ira Joel Haber was born and lives in Brooklyn. He is a sculptor, painter, writer, book dealer, photographer and teacher. His work has been seen in numerous group shows both in the USA and Europe and he has had 9 one man shows including several retrospectives of his sculpture. His work is in the collections of The Whitney Museum Of American Art, New York University, The Guggenheim Museum, The Hirshhorn Museum, The Albright-Knox Art Gallery & The Allen Memorial Art Museum. Since 2006 His paintings, drawings, photographs and collages have been published in over 300 on line and print magazines. He has received three National Endowment for the Arts Fellowships, two Creative Artists Public Service Grant (CAPS) two Pollock-Krasner grants, two Adolph Gottlieb Foundation grants and, in 2010, he received a grant from Artists' Fellowship Inc. in 2017 & 2018 he received the Brooklyn Arts Council SU-CASA artist-in-residence grant.

Emma Johnson-Rivard received her masters in creative writing at Hamline University. Her work has appeared in *Tales to Terrify*, *Coffin Bell*, and others. She currently serves as an editor at *The Common Tongue*, a dark fantasy magazine.

Akshat Khare is an Indian novelist and poet whose experiments with writing are directed towards developing a post-postmodern poetics. He is the author of *Delhi Blues and Other Poems* (2020), *The Book of Saudade* (2022), *Truth Be Told: A Tragedy in the Making*, and *Signifying Nothing*.

Carol Lynne Knight is the co-director of Anhinga Press, where she edits and designs books. Artistically, she has worked as a designer and studio potter. She has exhibited digital paintings since the late 1980s. She has three books of poetry: *Quantum Entanglement*, *A Fretted Terrain*, *Like Mars*, and *If I Go Missing*. She lives in Tallahassee, Fla. and is presently writing a series of novels about a teenaged girl coming of age in the early 1960s.

BEE LB is an array of letters, bound to impulse; a writer creating delicate connections. they have called any number of places home; currently, a single yellow wall in Michigan. they have been published in *Revolute Lit*, *After the Pause*, and *Roanoke Review*, among others. they are the 2022 winner of the Bea Gonzalez Prize for Poetry. they are a poetry reader for *Capsule Stories*. their portfolio can be found at twinbrights.carrd.co

Jeanne Blum Lesinski's poems have appeared in *Non-Binary Review*, *Alphanumeric* podcast, *F3LL*, *Midway Journal*, *Plainsongs*, and elsewhere. Her haibun "Embroidery" was a finalist in The Ekphrastic Review Women Artists contest, and her art/poetry hybrids appeared in *Still Point*. When not writing she enjoys biking, gardening, and dreaming.

Ever hungry to reenter the timeless place where poems are born, **Cynthia Liepmann** keeps on writing.

Sarah Lilius is the author of the full-length poetry collection, *Dirty Words* (Indie Blu(e), 2021) and six chapbooks including *GIRL* (dancing girl press, 2017) and *Traffic Girl* (Ghost City Press, 2020). She has published in *Fourteen Hills*, *Boulevard*, *Massachusetts Review* and *New South*. She's been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and a Best of the Net Prize. And lives in Virginia with her husband and two sons. Her website is sarahlilius.com

Bruce McRae, a Canadian musician, is a multiple Pushcart nominee with poems published in hundreds of magazines such as *Poetry*, *Rattle* and the *North American Review*. His books include *The So-Called Sonnets* (Silenced Press); *An Unbecoming Fit Of Frenzy*; (Cawing Crow Press) and *Like As If* (Pski's Porch), *Hearsay* (The Poet's Haven).

Martha Nance is a physician in Minnesota, whose bored iPhone is intrigued by the play of light on water, both moving and frozen. It takes a large number of photographs of such things and chains her to the computer in the evenings until she has cleaned them up, added a little blush and shadow for the viewer's eye, and found names for them.

Annie Perkins has loved poems since she was young. Today she is an Integrative Dreamwork practitioner, a Jungian-based form of dream exploration that supports healing, creativity and relationship. She has particular interest in the intersection between dreams and all forms of creative expression. The rich and sensual landscape of dream imagery informs most everything she brings into the world.

Bridget Rawding is a librarian, photographer, and writer in the greater Boston area. Her work has appeared in *FERAL: A Journal of Poetry and Art*, *Still Point Arts Quarterly*, and *Vita Brevis Poetry Magazine*. She has a Master of Fine Arts in creative nonfiction from the Mountainview Low-Residency MFA program at Southern New Hampshire University, and lives in Lawrence, Massachusetts with two melodramatic cats.

Edward Michael Supranowicz is the grandson of Irish and Russian/Ukrainian immigrants. He grew up on a small farm in Appalachia. Some of his artwork has recently appeared in *Fish Food*, *Streetlight*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, *The Phoenix*, and *The Harvard Advocate*. Edward is also a published poet.

