

Sage Cigarettes Magazine

Summer Mix-tape Edition



Issue #7

**Cover Art By
Allie Bartmess**

 **@izzyexe**

Set List

Summer Mixtape **2021**

3. From Sage, With Love

4. J. Archer Avary

Smile like you mean it

5. Ashley Bao

Ode to Careless Bodies

6. Robert Beveridge

All these children babbling in the sun

8. Robert Beveridge

Explication of Fred Chappell's Poem "Bee" in a stagnant room with beautiful women and many close friends

9. Robert Beveridge

Object Oriented // Pelmeni

10. Robert Beveridge

Shining // Synastry

11. A.J. Fife

Ear Tonic

13. A.J. Fife

Crescendo

15. Shannon Frost Greenstein

Probably Never See You Again
in this Life

16. Ceinwen E. Cariad Haydon

lament

18. Corey Mesler

Young Man Blues

19. Corey Mesler

Loosed, In Love // We Were Friends

20. Corey Mesler

In High School //

The Beatles, the light, the jigsaw

22. Russell Nichols

Satin in Your Panties

23. Andre F. Peltier

The Last Stand of the Intergalactic
Doo-Doo Heads

24. Kenneth Pobo

Summer 1969 //

Boop. Boop, ba, boop, boop

26. Kenneth Pobo

It's raining, but I'm going out

27. Rickey Rivers Jr.

Jazzy Horns Burnin // Next Track

28. Mousumi Sen

Song of Woo and Fancy

30. Mel Sherrer

Queer Fantasy '95

31. Judith Skillman

Forty Years

32. Kit Terrell

Glossy // A Better Place //

Cast Me Away

34. Kit Terrell

Phantom // Haunted // Loopy

35. Kit Terrell

Explosion // Skeleton

37. Meet the Contributors



From Sage, With Love

2021 has been a difficult year for this magazine. That's a sentiment that rings true with many of you, surely. Another truth is that you have made it this far, and for that we're proud. The fact that you're here sharing this moment with us, and the lovely people whose hearts live within these pages, makes us joyful. We are also hopeful that you enjoy these works as much as we've loved bringing them to life. We're deeply humbled by the support shown to our team, and vow to always return it in every way.

Summer may be over, but the lit community is forever. We bring you poetry, fairy vibes and everlasting art.

*****All photos in this issue were taken by EIC Stef Nuñez on a fairy trail in Cassadaga, Florida. It's a place filled with the kind of magic we need every day and inspired the album Cassadaga by Bright Eyes.**

Smile Like You Mean It

she uses cruise-control
when she drives her almost-paid-off Jeep
on the interstate

pumping her fist along
to that mid-tempo alt-rock anthem
at top volume

from an old CD mix-tape
made just for her by an ex-boyfriend
the one she won't forget

Ode to Careless Bodies

after Townie by Mitski

My careless hands in Carolina heat;
We're catching firefly lights in summer mist.
Corner my breath and still my heart keeps beat.

We waltz to nineties rock three steps offbeat,
Sing-song along to a mockingbird's kiss.
My careless hands in Carolina heat.

Warm mornings die too quick, sly sunsets cheat.
Body folds, so I slip my lungs in his.
Corner my breath and still my heart keeps beat.

Crashing through our hometown's silent side streets
with stifled desires breaking in brand new ribs.
My careless hands in Carolina heat.

Dreamt conversations cycle on repeat:
All the truths we crystallize ourselves in.
Corner my breath and still my heart keeps beat.

The horizon I pretend not to see:
the fractures freckling our intertwined limbs.
Your careful hands in Carolina heat
corner my breath; my heart cannot keep beat.

Robert Beveridge

“All these children babbling in the sun.”¹

They've trampled the field to mud,
kicked the cows out for a weekend
getaway. They pulled out the bikes,
headed for the country, shoplifted
their ways from every direction
until they found the perfect meadow,
large enough for everyone but, they
thought, the living dead. Did anyone
think to dig latrines, bring food?
Acoustic guitars by the gross,
but not a trace of calamari, elk jerky,
cauliflower in sight. Why was
anyone surprised that a hungry
Tobias Lemmingswill sank his choppers
into the thigh of a biker strumming
“Wonderwall”? Well, they shouldn't
have been. “Eat greedily”, they said.

¹ *The title is a line from Joseph Trumbull Stickney's poem “Oneiropolis”.*

Hello, beautiful soul,
You woke up today,
♡ You got out of
bed. You did your
best. I know you are
tired, I know its hard
but remember you are
braver than you look,
stronger than you think
and loved more than
you know. If no one
else is... I'm proud of you
I love you, and I accept
everything you are ♡



Love

FIRE
WITH

Robert Beveridge

Explication of Fred Chappell's Poem "Bee" in a stagnant room with beautiful women and many close friends

Barefoot walk through clover patch
muggy summer day

on shore, the dead watch barefoot
from the holly tree in delight
as you spread your towel beside
the rose bush, lie down to tan

as inside we hibernate, hibernate,
hibernate until we no longer
have to swim to the convenience
store between classes

stop at the chapel on the way
to English, shake every
proffered hand, *make a promise
to no one, wondering if
you've been worthwhile* ¹

Tie your hair so the back
of your neck tans, a dab
of honey behind each ear.

¹ *"Make a promise to no one, wondering if you've been worthwhile" is a quote from the Toad the Wet Sprocket song "Way Away" (Bread and Circus, 1987)*

Robert Beveridge

Object Oriented

you don't have
to be able
to sing

in order
to be able
to dance

Pelmeni

The jukebox skips, the same
tenth of a second of wah-wah
porn guitar on infinite repeat,
but no one goes over to give
it a whack. It fits, somehow,
with the décor, the shots,
the customers at the bar—
human from floor to waist,
catfish above. They drink
with moustaches, eat
the refuse from the city's
other bars. Everyone
happy. Even the jukebox.

Robert Beveridge

Shining

razor parts waters
light pulses, blazes
forth, lights the path
to the next piece
of overstuffed
furniture. Thorns
against the concrete,
blood in the eye,
the spleen, the dim
microphone

Synastry

We thought we were on land
but the bar has a roll to it,
like we're in the horse latitudes
of liquor, with a jukebox
that pitches and ywas, stretches
a three-minute song to play
all night but burns
through In-a-Gadda-da-Vida
in the time it takes
to down a pickleback.
Still, Velastro makes great
liverwurst sandwiches,
and you can't beat
the happy hour prices.

Ear Tonic

It's no sin to sing
when chrome wheels spin;
a melodious tonic
to open-country gin.

Phenomenal frequencies
are funnelled with verve
through speakers as black
rubber tires take curves.

Mesmerising memories
bleed through circuit chips,
causing audible emotions
to vibrate gear sticks.

Passengers of highways,
as well as sine waves,
hear distorted guitars
as songs of the brave.

For the journey's internal,
not only outside,
and each strum, rev and hum
turns a stone in the mind.



THIS IS A
GOOD
SIGN

WELCOME

Amy
1981
Sadie
1981
Sadie
1981
Sadie
1981

July 2007
Don't forget
any cancer
trucks
See you
later
Love
Liz

Christina
1981
Sadie
1981
Sadie
1981

July 2007
Don't forget
any cancer
trucks
See you
later
Love
Liz

Crescendo

kick
snare

melodies rolling over hills
tires screeching over staves

kick
snare
tss tss tss

symphony of cymbals
triangular signs
with falling rock symbols

enter the bass:
sine wave tarmac oscillating through nature reserves

babbling brook
leading into the bridge

here comes the breakdown: drop the snares

kick
kick
kick
windmilling in the hard shoulder
for an encore of motion

drumstick thumb
beating on air

we strike a chord heat distortion on the horizon

just fillin' in time

tom
tom
tom

this next line's my favourite
just wait for it...
just wait for it...

yellow
gap

yellow
gap
yellow
gap
kick
snare

crescendo

Shannon Frost Greenstein

Probably Never See You Again in This Life

after The Mountain Goats

*Jenny calls from Montana/she's only passing through
Probably never see her again in this life I guess/not sure what I'm gonna do*

How many times is it the last time;
an unintentional farewell, a symbiotic swan song,
before there will never again be a stage to share?

How many times do we fail to realize
we impact as we are impacted,
Truth in Phenomenology and Escher's doodling hands;
the butterfly effect holding sway over all.
Do we ever know we've missed the last chance
to say what hasn't been said?

How many times does that light go out,
the flame of human intimacy extinguished,
for every communal experience that can never be relived
because the last time together has come and gone
without anyone being aware?

Matthew, the alcoholic ex-boyfriend who was my first experience with love;
Jacqueline, the childhood best friend who inhabits my earliest memories;
Amanda, the frenemy against whom I once measured every facet of my being;
Lawrence, the first older man on whom I developed an agonizing crush;
Generic Frat Boy, who plied me with beer and took my virginity;
Kate, the roommate who lives in Europe, because who honestly wants to return to the USA
now?
Daniel, who came out as Queer to me for the first time while I was studying in Australia;

How many times would we give anything to know
when it is the end, before it is the end;
when that cousin or neighbor or star-crossed lover
will no longer be in our lives
for the entirety of the rest of our lives?

How many times would we know what to say?
I'll probably never see you again in this life
"So please know...I love you."

Except for Generic Frat Boy. I would kick him in the balls instead.

Ceinwen E. Cariad Haydon

lament

earth keens
in wind in waves
over-ground in dead trees
underground in fracked seams
earth keens

earth keens
in scorched soil
flooded plains tornados
hurricanes tsunamis ruined air
earth keens

earth keens
chokes on dead fish
in plastic seas oil slicks
melted ice floes sick oceans
earth keens

earth keens
in failed crops
forced migrations humans
animals flee from home-habitats
earth keens

earth keens
in blood-spilt wars
hungry children's tears
tears tears tears tears years
earth keens

can we find a way to save
our earth our only home

Love Find Will you always find me? You will always find love

Luai
2011
fine girl



Young Man Blues

*"The young man ain't got nothing
in the world these days."--Mose Allison*

I was a young man
in an old country
and the folks who came
before me left
little guidance. I wore a
rose in my hatband
when it wasn't in. I
wrote poems to young
women as lost as I. I
drove cars too fast and
I drank and ate things
which gave me daymares.
I still fear. I was a
young man in a young
time but I didn't know
the right names of things
nor what to say to
Susie, Betty and Jan.
I was a young man.
Perhaps you knew me then.
Perhaps I owe you an
apology. I am sorry.
Tell me again what I
meant to you, or to anyone.

Loosed, in love

You said
 The Beatles are
overrated.
 I undid
the buttons
 on your shirt.

We were friends

We were friends.
We drove to Nashville
 together
to see Elvis Costello.
 We slept at a
friend's house, she in a
 bedroom, and I
 took the couch.
All night I thought she
 might come to me,
 slip her warm
flesh next to mine.
 I could not sleep
but I dreamt the sound
 of her undressing
through the wall that
 separated us.
A soft breeze sougled
 through like a kiss.

In High School

Weekend nights were for dates, or
sometimes one-on-one friends,
driving the backroads, listening to
Joe Cocker or Jefferson Airplane
on the radio. If I had a girlfriend
I was with her; my clan could
object. It was a time of win or
lose, sometimes win and lose. Nights
I remember, with Vicki or Robin or
Brooxie or Susan, with Cindy or
Sandra or Gloria, where all I would
wish was to hold and be held, feel
their fingers as close to my scrotum
as bravery allowed; feel their nipples
get hard through blouse and bra. I
wouldn't be a teen again on a bet—
but, man, those lips and that first
kiss, there are few things sweeter.
And all I can do is sing about them,
here in the final pages of the hymnal.

The Beatles, the Light, the Jigsaw

The Beatles are singing "Taxman."
The light coming in the window
is old light, yellowed with age.
On the floor I have spread the puzzle
of my middle age, splintered now,
seemingly lost to sense. Little hands
busy themselves with the words
which make up my splintered middle
age. They come up with small odes.
These odes may or may not be the
way out. The light lessens. It's
the color of dishwater and the
song now playing is "Nowhere Man."

A decorative wooden post stands in a wooded area. At the top, a butterfly-shaped structure is made of mesh and fabric, with spiral patterns and small green and blue beads. A wooden sign is attached to the post, reading: "HAPPINESS, Not in another place but this place... not for another hour, but this hour." The post is decorated with orange braided rope and blue beads. A small teddy bear is visible on the ground to the right.

HAPPINESS, Not in another place
but this place... not for another
hour, but this hour.

Satin on Your Panties

R.I.P. Shock G

...back to the beginning
of this time loop bed
head spinning round and round
a carousel out-of-order
in the dark custom-made hands
leave marks like stamped
passports at every border from
france to kenya to mexico to india
we keep the heat in carry-ons
and need no wings to reach the sun
candles turn icarus
as frankincense burns like words
on tips of tongues
bearings become elusive
all-inclusive trips to higher planes
bang membranes like skins of drums
and the strums
of a spanish guitar finger
the nylon strings of our shadows
we are summer's puppets
doing a magic dance in a circular
labyrinth stealing away from real
life like vigilantes beyond the fabric
of spacetime but still woven together like
the satin on your panties
and blackout curtains that come
in handy in hostel environments
where the scenery may change
and the language may change
and the rooms may change
and the food may change
and the sheets may change
but the freaks stay the same
round and round around we go
on a never-ending ride
that takes us...

The Last Stand of the Intergalactic Doo-Doo Heads

*"Everybody's got a little light under the sun"
— "Flashlight" by G. Clinton, B. Worrell, & B. Collins*

Yeah
Here they come
Laser beams and bass lines
Here they come

Never before
Has the galaxy seen
Such strength
Such Magnanimity
Such Bad Ass Mother Fuckers,
With keen eyes and straight shots,
That's them, a posse of straight shooting
Mother Fuckers

The Doo-Doo Heads
Starry eyes and starry pens
Huge egos and huge cocks
Into the sunset walk the Doo-Doo Heads

No Julius Lester wannabes
No half ass Stagger Lees
No pussy-ass Earth hot-air
And no fire

The real deal
The one and only
Doo-Doo Heads

Into the sunset walk
the Doo-Doo Heads

Summer 1969

When we listen to men
land on the moon, I yawn.
Technology does all sorts of things
yet the moon remains aloof.
On the radio,
"Crystal Blue Persuasion" —
peace and good/brotherhood,
a soft response to gunfire
I can't hear in Viet Nam.
I eat music like dessert.

Astronauts will be home soon,
going to the grocery store,
gassing up the car,
the moon sleeping
on their roofs.

Boop. Boop, ba, boop, boop

Even now "Hot Fun in the Summertime"
by Sly and the Family Stone takes me
back to early whiffs of desire, a climb
out the window to meet my friend to be
naked together in a prairie that
became a golf course years later, hot fun
and 7-Up, touches, a ball and bat,
both of us too scared to tell anyone.



AT EVERY MOMENT IN OUR LIVES
WE ALL HAVE ONE FOOT IN A FAIRY
TALES AND THE OTHER IN THE ABYSS

It's raining, but I'm going out

High school, a hallway
that shrank until it enclosed you
completely—a coffin.
No hallway pass could save you.
Only a tree could. Any tree.
They broke through the coffin
to lift you out.

No wonder to this day I hug trees.
In "Draggin' The Line," Tommy James
suggested doing that. They hug back,
leaf kiss you,
a little forward, yes,
as shade soothes.

Since high school I keep
trees close by. If I get lost, a birch
finds and sends me
in the right direction. Today

it's raining, but I'm going out
to visit some trees. I need a hug.
They do too.

Jazzy Horns Burning

Blazing horns
Scorn to the son with songs in his head
Oh, we see each other in this brilliant light
Difference is we behave much different
Oh, I know truths indeed

Yes!
Wind instruments are friends
And strings become foes when they're used to control

Lift me, great horns, lift me high
The clouds can't contain the music in our brains
We don't deny influence of the read books

We cry at night for peace, sirens offer a similar blaze
Unlike the horns they are unfriendly
Cuffs like strings contain you

Work to get green
Babies need food and clothes
"Why care of this? You're too young for children"
Yet here they are indeed.

Next Track

A new relationship
Different lyrics, same song
This duet won't last for long

Gone are the days of a record scratch running,
Tripping over bumps in the road

I'm a runner
You're a runner
We're in the same discography

How long can we say no to distortion?
Play me
Please put me in ears

We've avoided fear for too long
B side me. Divide me. Ride me like a loop.

"Tried on, as a hoop; spin on, go on!"
Finally she goes "Next track, please."

Song of Woo and Fancy

Her eyes were adrift, awaiting
Sun imprinted burns as of father's wrath
On her, it's breezing
Eventually drizzling, sprinkling, down pouring
Misty languid clueing
Her lover's homecoming.
Replenishments of heart and mind,
Wooed, reddened, murky arid
Beloved flickering fire,
Drab. Destitute.
He hugs fondles, germinates, impregnates
She feels ticklish sensation,
Her naked soul dances
In peacockly manner.
A romantic rendezvous
An eternal fancy stamping,
Unfathomed lushful green glory.
Drenching pains away unveiling
An aberrant tale of sentiments.



Queer Fantasy '95

The first song I remember hearing
is Mariah Carey's Fantasy.

I heard it the year it was released, late summer
in the backseat of my mother's Monte Carlo.

The upholstery in the car smelled like
Piña Colada car-wash spray and leather oil.

I was daydreaming myself into the scene,
when Mariah declared that her boy was—

"walkin' by every night, talkin' sweet and lookin' fine"
that boy was me.

Forty Years

We foundered in and out of love,
hated one another, buttered toast,
raised three children,
lost two fathers, got a new knee,
fused two vertebrae, in sickness
lying mostly alone sometimes
together, watched concussion
come and go, the dilated pupil
of our son's eye lit at night
by your flashlight,
the first daughter's marriage
a fête of magnificent proportions,
the second daughter's quick one
in the courtroom
shortly before our third grandchild.
Our forty years came and went
through grounds fragrant
with lilac and wisteria
even though one summer
when a tree fell flat over with a loud crack
for no reason either of us
could fathom you came up
with a scientific explanation.

Glossy

Oh, like it's the end of the night
Lights come with hums
Like it's the most breathtaking time come to life
OH, MY LOVE, My darling, my lungs

I just want to sound like this
Something glossy to slide over your wrist
Something I've never seen before
I'll never be the same again

A Better Place

You've got a fast car
The faster I go the more gas I waste
I've got a runner in my chest
The light reflects off of our sad shit

We've got a place
The longer we're here the more we dig
You've got to get a better place
The time is adding up like dust on the wall

Cast Me Away

I've got the desire, you could see the heat
I couldn't notice, you had me on a string

I can hear the muses, I was by your side
I've got the step, you cast me away

Now all I've is this, the music in the night
I could hear it then, I think you could too

Again I call out to nothing, the music is poisonous
A siren on the water, a stagnant puddle calls out to no one

WHEN WE WERE
VERY YOUNG

A. A. NE



Phantom EP

Kit Terrell

Phantom

I feel like a starved bumblebee
Drawing flowers feels repetitive
The sunlight is nice but it's not food
Drawing sunlight is like becoming invisible

I feel like a phantom
Perception only helps if you've got the stomach
The sunlight roasts my skin and I feel alive
Perception is a beautiful building on stilts

Haunted

I feel stretched, floating, hurtling, falling
A bowling ball in a silent path
Paper mache
A ghost haunted by you

"OOH" I howl but the sky is empty
My feelings are smoke dissipating endlessly
Caricature, misspelled, edited
My chest feels ill but I'm fine, as fine as I have been

Loopy

I feel like there's a door in my head
I'm losing focus
I feel like I'm close to walking through but it's not over
I'm losing focus-call out so I can hear

I'm sorry my love I ask a lot
I'm sorry my love it isn't you
I'm sorry my love it's a game, disorder, addiction
I'm sorry my love I'm stuck in a loop

Explosion

I must start with I AM
Without I am there is no home, no conduit
I must start somewhere
Can't I start with myself, or is it selfish?
I beg of you, I pray of thee do tell me

I must start with the same thing
This is my space song
I feel like a cluster of stars or nerves
Behold my destructive glory
Behold me I am magnificently beautifully ugly

Skeleton

I've never been good with paint
A stutter is a landslide, my quiver is a clock
You weren't great with words
A ball of energy chained down within your chest

I am a skeleton falling over in an eternal scream
There is rust lining the edges of your head
You love the water because it isn't specific
All things grow old somehow, a weathered ship sinking, ceaselessly

Handwritten text in black ink on a red wall, possibly a name or date, partially obscured by a card.



THIS IS A
GOOD
SIGN

ALEX

Meet the Contributors

J. Archer Avary

J. Archer Avary (he/him) is a former TV weatherman who ran out of sunny days. He's the founder and EIC of Sledgehammer Lit and published his debut novella this summer. He lives in the Northeast of England with his wife.

Ashley Bao

Ashley Bao is a Chinese-Canadian-American high school senior. Her poetry and short fiction have appeared in *Liminality*, *Strange Horizons*, *Cast of Wonders*, and elsewhere. She may sometimes be found looking at cute cats on Twitter @ashleybaozi.

Robert Beveridge

Robert Beveridge (he/him) makes noise (xterminal.bandcamp.com) and writes poetry in Akron, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in *London Grip*, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, and *Sin Fronteras*, among others.

A. J. Fife

A. J. Fife is a short fiction writer and poet. Originally from the UK, he now lives and teaches in Thailand. His hobbies include: diving in waterfalls, rummaging in second-hand bookshops and sampling dusty vinyl records. He has work forthcoming in *Sylvia Magazine*.

Shannon Frost Greenstein

Shannon Frost Greenstein (she/her) resides in Philadelphia with her children, soulmate, and persnickety cats. She is the author of "Correspondence to Nowhere," (Nonfiction, Bone & Ink Press, 2022), "Pray for Us Sinners," (Fiction, Alien Buddha Press, 2020), and "More.," (Poetry, Wild Pressed Books, 2020). Shannon is a former Ph.D. candidate in Continental Philosophy and a multi-time Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee. Her work has appeared in *McSweeney's Internet Tendency*, *Pithead Chapel*, *Bending Genres*, *X-R-A-Y Lit Mag*, and elsewhere. Follow her at shannonfrostgreenstein.com or on Twitter at @ShannonFrostGre.

Ceinwen E. Cariad Haydon

Ceinwen [MA Creative Writing, Newcastle 2017] lives in Newcastle upon Tyne, UK, and writes short stories and poetry. She has been widely published in web magazines and in print anthologies. Her first chapbook was published in July 2019: 'Cerddi Bach' [Little Poems], Hedgehog Press. Her first pamphlet is due to be published in 2021. She is a Pushcart Prize (2019 & 2020) and Forward Prize (2019) nominee. She believes everyone's voice counts.

Corey Mesler

Corey Mesler has been published in numerous anthologies and journals including Poetry, Gargoyle, Five Points, Good Poems American Places, and New Stories from the South. He has published over 20 books of fiction and poetry. His newest novel, The Diminishment of Charlie Cain, is from Livingston Press. 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.

Russell Nichols

Russell Nichols is a speculative fiction writer and endangered journalist. Raised in Richmond, California, he got rid of all his stuff in 2011 to live out of a backpack with his wife, vagabonding around the world ever since. Look for him at russellnichols.com.

Andre F. Peltier

Andre F. Peltier (he/him) is a Lecturer III at Eastern Michigan University where he teaches literature and writing. He lives in Ypsilanti, MI, with his wife and children. His poetry has recently appeared in various publications like CP Quarterly, Lothlorien Poetry Journal, Novus, About Place, and Fahmidan Journal, and most recently he has had a poem accepted by Lavender and Lime Literary. In his free time, he obsesses over soccer and comic books. @aandrefpeltier

Kenneth Pobo

Kenneth Pobo is the author of twenty-one chapbooks and nine full-length collections. Recent books include Bend of Quiet (Blue Light Press), Loplop in a Red City (Circling Rivers), and Uneven Steven (Assure Press). Opening is forthcoming from Rectos Y Versos Editions. Lavender Fire, Lavender Rose is forthcoming from Brick/House Books.

Rickey Rivers Jr.

Rickey Rivers Jr was born and raised in Alabama. He is a writer and cancer survivor. His work has appeared in Brave Voices, Hell Hued Zine, Coven Poetry (among other publications). Find his interactive fiction at <https://rrj.itch.io/notable-neighborhood-garbage>. His mini chapbooks are available at <https://payhip.com/StoriesYouMightLike>.

Mousumi Sen

Mousumi Sen is a Doctoral Scholar from West Bengal, India. She is engaged in creative writing and scribbling poetry.

Mel Sherrer

Mel Sherrer (She/Her) is a poet and performer. She received her B.F.A. from Hollins University in Roanoke, Virginia, and her M.F.A. from Converse College in Spartanburg, South Carolina. Mel teaches and conducts Creative Writing and Performance Literature workshops. Her work is/will be featured in Storm Cellar, Variety Pack, Platform Review, SWWIM, Interim Poetics, Santa Fe Writer's Project, The Racket Journal, Limp Wrist Magazine and others. She currently resides in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Judith Skillman

Judith Skillman lives in Newcastle, Washington, and is a dual citizen of Canada and the US. Her work has appeared in Cimarron Review, Threepenny Review, Zyzzyva, and many other journals. She is the recipient of awards from Academy of American Poets and Artist Trust. Her new collection is A Landscaped Garden for the Addict, Shanti Arts Press, 2021. Judith teaches at Hugo House in Seattle. Visit www.judithskillman.com

Kit Terrell

Kit Terrell (he/him) is a poet who has been featured in Melbourne Culture Corner and Cerasus Magazine. He is currently bouncing around the east coast with his girlfriend, their daughter, and their two cats. He really wants a dog.

