



NMJ V.9

Editor | J Worthen

Night Music Journal | nightmusicjournal.com

Submissions | nightmusicjournal@gmail.com

Cover | J Worthen

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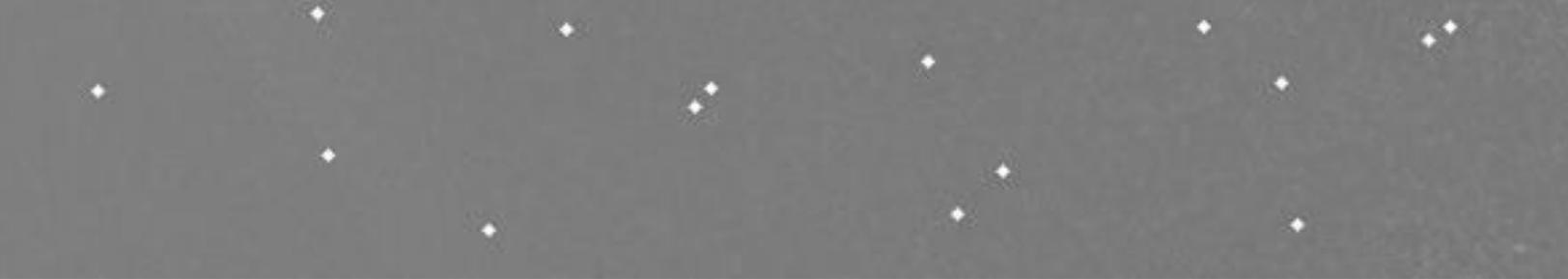
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Shannon Cuthbert

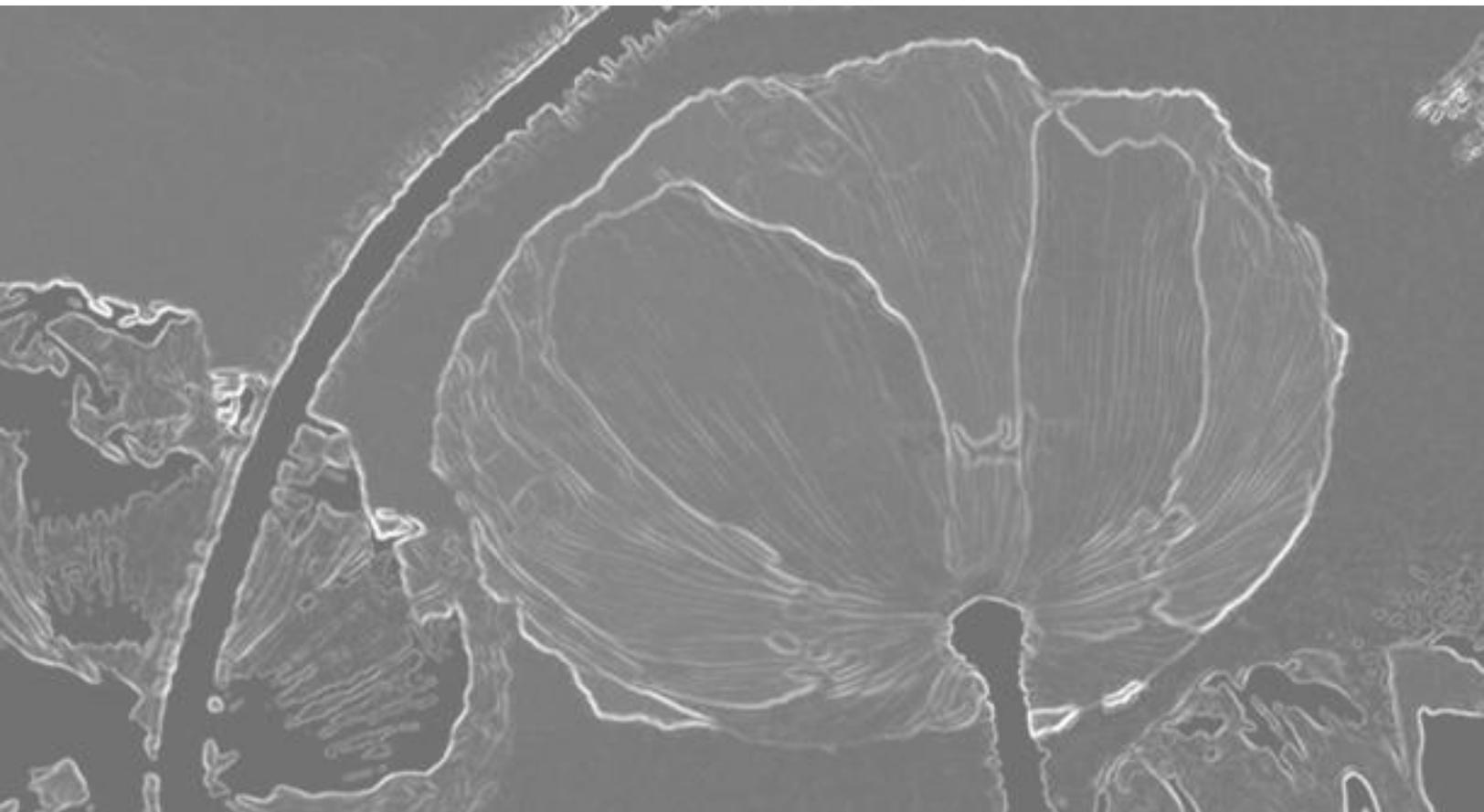
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Contributor Bios

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Michael Paramo (M.AZE)



MindRoam

I wait for when things will be different
I wonder when different will be me
Or if I'll just tear open another world
And things will be the same

I am a cycle of thinking
About what scares me more
An obsession of the worst
Attraction to the unknown

Sometimes it feels like my dreams are dying
So I tell myself my dreams are dying
I tell myself to quit everything I signed up for
So I can take myself out of the equation

Before the fall becomes inevitable
And the ground twists into the sky
I worry if the weight of a realization
Could make my body break

It seems a simulation theory arises
In the chaos of our thoughts
From the war between brain and body
I tell you I'm 28 and I feel like my dreams are dying

Alienation

what
it means
being
entered
removed
beginning
time is
part of
a species
imagination
to digest
the slaughter
of human
the pursued
destroyed
caged
animal
shaped by
modernity
hands on
a race
end the
endless
waste
rotting
the lies of
an old life
unearths
brittle
bones
left behind
run away
we took
acceptance
suffering
in the halls
circuitry
dissolve
yourself
digits
carved
post-apocalyptic
the land
prevented
decomposition
exposing
the body
is not
your worth

Graffiti

persecution of expression
whitewashed holy facade
like missions built on blood and bone
'guardians of the sacred'
they paint the heathens
in shadowed shades
their vandalism legalized through genocide
what ruins did they leave us
history whispers in a silent tongue
while a declaration on the sanctity of property
echoes through walls
stained in stolen emptiness
free of evidence
does it relax the mind
make it easier somehow
to convince yourself

Lunar Notes: An Interview with Michael Paramo (M.AZE)



Why writing? What pulls you into the page? What writers and/or artists first inspired you?

I was introduced to writing through the carceral logics embedded in Western colonial institutions, which teach students to write primarily *for* evaluation. The constant presence of a judgmental overseer (teacher) made writing feel limited, static, and restrictive. I was never writing for myself, but for someone else's approval. So, you could say that my relationship to writing was 'tainted.'

I did not realize until later that writing, like visual art, could be whatever I wanted it to be. Although I have not published many poems and was not formally schooled or introduced to poetry in educational institutions, I have written poetry from a young age because I am drawn to its freedom. When I feel the need to express myself in words, I find that it comes out most naturally for me in poetic language.

My mother is a huge influence on me, both as an artist and as a guide for navigating this space we call reality. Being in relationship with a person who cares deeply for you and is not afraid to demonstrate that care is always a benefit in this life. My grandmother is a poet, and I would not be surprised if this 'passed on' to me generationally. Artists in general are integral to my survival (I include the Earth as an artist in that statement). In the most difficult times, art and artmaking have helped motivate me to continue living.

What are you currently working on, and do you have anything coming up that readers should know about?

I am in the process of writing a book for Unbound publishers entitled *Ending the Pursuit: Asexuality, Aromanticism, and Agender Identity*. The book is currently available for pre-order via the Unbound website. One of the book's central purposes

is to analyze how mainstream conceptualizations of identity are historically rooted in colonialism and the subsequent imposition of medical discourses which pathologized various aspects of human experience as ‘abnormal.’ The book will also cover how asexuality, aromanticism, and agenderness can function as concepts which destabilize certain assumptions about human experience that are held up or assumed to be “truth.” It will therefore consider how we can disentangle our understandings of self and humanity from the Western colonial imagination, particularly through an asexual, aromantic, and agender lens.

What was the first thing you had published? How has your writing or focus changed since then?

The first thing I had published that I can remember was an essay entitled “Hypermasculinity and LGBTQ+ Identity Erasure in Communities of Color” for an online publication known as *The Queerness*. The essay covered issues of historical trauma and the effects of hypermasculinity on queer people in non-white communities. Being a queer Mexican-American myself and growing up in the constant presence of machismo, I wrote the essay while reflecting on the effects of cisheteropatriarchal performance and policing in my life. My writing has continued to focus on how historically rooted processes, such as colonialism, have inherently shaped the contours of our reality and our imaginations. My writing also continues to stem from personal experience even if it seems caught up in abstract theoretical language at times.

What would you say is the center of your work? What inspires you?

The center of my work is transformation and survival. I transform myself through my work in order to continue to find a purpose to survive. I also consider this when thinking about how my work will affect a potential audience. I am motivated to use my work as a tool to inspire people to transform themselves and find motivation to survive in this world. I have been told my work creating *AZE* journal (azejournal.com), a space for ace, aro, and agender people to publish their writing and artwork, has helped people think about identity differently and motivated others to survive during difficult times in their lives, which has been encouraging.

What space does or should art and writing occupy right now?

The space that encourages people to look inside themselves and think critically about the living community they are a part of (not disconnected from). For some people, this is an uncomfortable space to be and takes some time getting used to, so writing and art should also be there to help comfort people while they are on their journey.

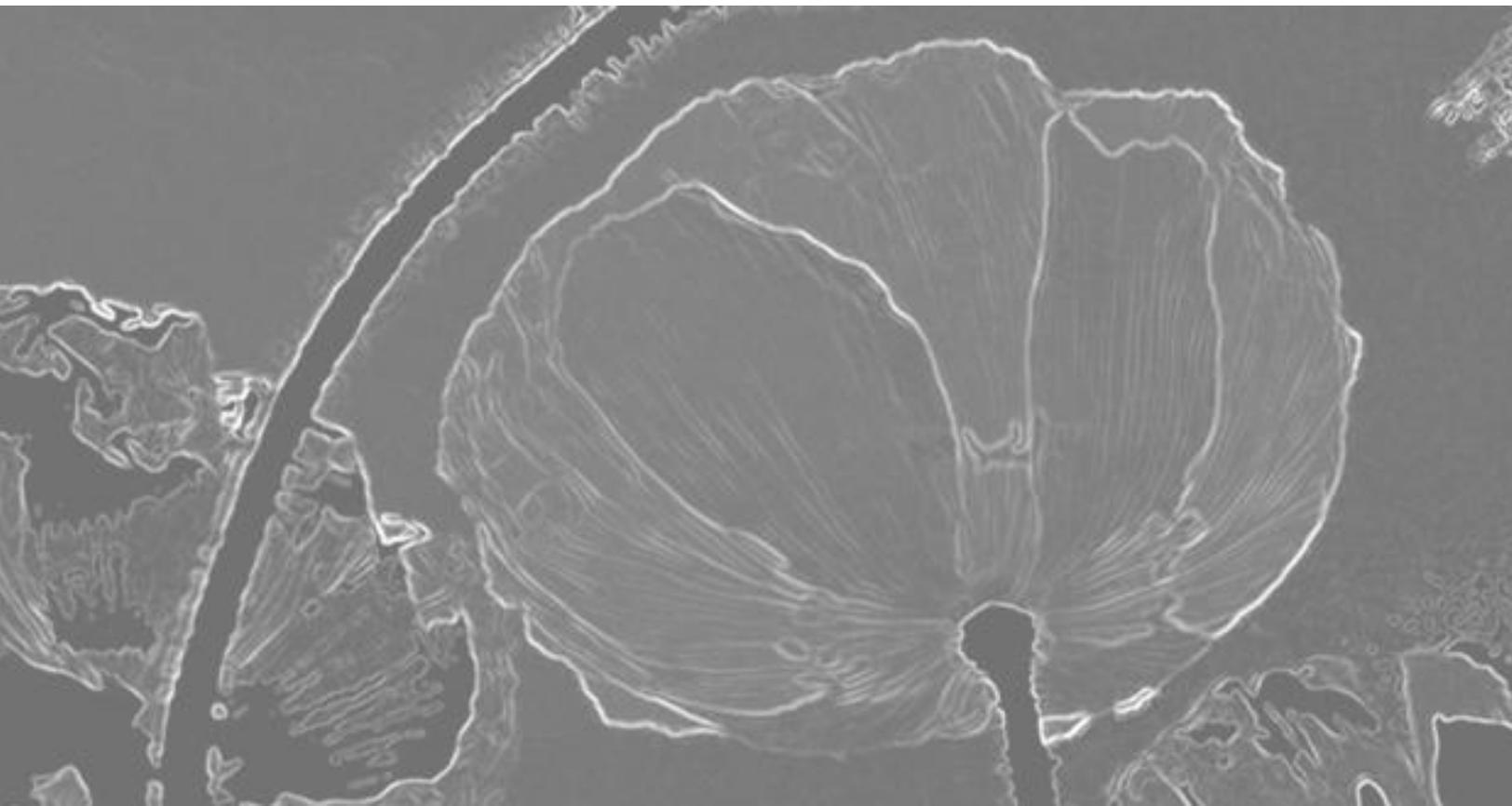
What advice would you give to a writer just starting out? If you could go back and tell your younger self one thing, what would it be?

Do not expect anyone to care and do not desire approval. I would give myself the same advice. It is the *desire of* approval, acceptance, or appreciation for your work that risks trapping you in a cycle of disappointment. You can enjoy approval, acceptance, and appreciation so long as you do not desire it (and especially so long as you do not create solely for that purpose).

If you were the last person on earth, and you pulled the last book from a pile of ash, what do you hope it would be? Why?

A book on foraging, so I could increase my chances of eating something and not dying.

Jarid McCarthy



From *Meadow*

Place

The place is a field razed away for the season of fire. The place is an empty lot between two streets claimed as *Private Property* for nothing. The place is a rough, wild patch of scrap along the railroad. It is not a room, but it is almost a room. What's missing is a throughline. One other than dark brush and dust, injury-made-cyclical. What is yearned for is a fabled figure, a fox, always unseen, neither threat nor friend. What the Fox is, is closer to *psychopomp*. The Fox is hidden everywhere, lingering to take you to the place. The place is a world just a step away. The place is a waiting shaped like anything. It's made to hold you.

*

Not far from here, is another *here* that you can reach by walking or driving. Any journey is like this. *Here* and *here* and more *here*. What is lost in distance is gained in continuity: the view of blurring wood as the train lurches through morning, the riders all filled with gray sleep. Little notes to note. Not far from here, there is another *other* imagining the same, thinking of the here not far from their own here, the journeys and trains they must blur through to reach it. What they're imagining is what you see in the flicker of your eyelids, the same light burning against every face, every *other* just beyond the frame. What is this, anyway, but an equation of desire? The Fox might see this, all this wandering, and blink.

*

The Fox has travelled here, through its lean year, to touch you in the place most tender. The touch is nothing more than a nuzzle against your sleep, the Fox's footsteps less-than-silent in the midnight hush of your bedroom. You hear the Fox's ears flicking in dark air as the click of a turntable's arm. The Fox slides past your dream into the crook of your elbow, and there, where the nerves wane, it leaves a note of its own. In the morning you won't be able to read it, but you'll hold it so close. By then, the Fox will be invisible in the torn-away meadow. The other side only a moment away.

*

The place is also a city. Also a gossamer screen between you and anybody. Stranger and lover. The place is a bruise yellowing in the bath, your eyes narrowed in steam. The Fox cautiously drinking from your rainfilled hands. The place is where it returns every night to tend its ruin of prey. To tend the kingdom of brush seconds from the blaze. What you yearn for is an angle of light, a clearing peopled by these unseen guides, their animal compasses tuned toward you. Your trampling contemplation.

*

The place only a stop away. You hear the announcement as the *other* rides in the opposite direction, their bag held tight at their side. Their face always faces the other station. In the waiting, you see tents being pitched in the dense slough; other others desperate with distance gather their bikes and suitcases to find someplace safe before night. If you could see it, the Fox would be doing the same. Leaving notes as it weaves through the vagrants' field. You and your *other* almost meet in passing here, but the glare of sunset slices through. The place is a station filled with fox-notes. The Fox will always have its carcasses to gnaw and gnaw.

Notes

Whatever the Fox has to say, it always leaves as heaps in the world:

I wanted you to see me for me truly me truly what I am

I left this here so you could find it and in the finding you feel proud

It's not that I'm wise I'm a psychopomp I'm a thing the dead turn toward

And the living

You see me and in the seeing you feel lost or I am lost in your seeing of me

I see you all the time I'm always alinger always lingering always always

My distraction is just different shades of hunger

I hoped in your hunger you would be like me

I left this with you so I could practice leaving

And in the leaving I feel alone again but not for long not for real

I always have my souls to ferry

And the living

You read these but see only my scratching only my shape

Station

Your day is stuttered with waiting in both directions. Somewhere the Fox is just beyond the rail. The off-duty nurse cycles the perimeter of the station parking lot over and over. She follows each yield of the bending curb like a mapmaker. A traffic cop across the street straddles his bike, hidden in the chain link cove of the cemetery driveway. Under his helmet the distance turns him faceless. All the headstones atooth. He doesn't know beneath him a single fist is surely, slowly closing around his name. Somewhere the Fox is just beyond the rail.

*

Even in waking your sleep rattles inside. Beyond the station, beyond the chain link border, beyond each line. Beyond the gravel, beyond the wild *Private* slope, the shelter torn asunder in the field. Beyond the Christmas Star in June, beyond the parallel quiet of the rails, the shock of garden snakes split apart upon them, doses of those old, ecstatic rites. Beyond the snow of chap on the backs of your hands. Beyond *work*. The Fox is waiting there inside that *here*. You don't know a fist is closing around your name.

*

Another *other* waits stuttering like you. There, the Fox curls, lingering in the warmth of the underground station. Elevator wires creak silver in the stale-sweet air. A foil balloon floats up to the ceiling, pinned there like a lung between whale bones. The *other's* sleep rattles in their jacket pockets, too, their back pressed to the dim subway tile. '*Astonishment*' is the word, they're thinking. Your *other* imagines themselves writing it down. *Astonishment*. Each letter curling shut. Their ink darkening the shapes.

Stranger

In the field beyond the rails, a stranger shears his hair with a loose blade. It doesn't matter that winter is already pining through the brush, or that the Fox is crouching there, ready, because the stranger's urge for change is near-metamorphic. The wind rattles him and his tent. His hair the color of dust as it leaves him in jagged strands. The stranger's catalog of things is winnowed with survival: duffle bag, knife set, bicycle, bottle, fleece blanket, box of matches, windbreaker, water. The shearing, he might say, is a way to be set free, a cycle of growing and gnawing, like the trees as they bare. He reaches up to touch his scalp, and smiles at the work of this.

*

The stranger has a favorite question: *Have you seen them, the other ones who stay here, they aren't too talkative but they have a set of heavy oars, a handful of bottles between them?* You have a favorite answer, maybe: a simple *Sorry, no, I don't.* before the stranger wheels on with his asking, with his catalog of apologies. The stranger's strangers are each called *Charon*, the name claimed like a boon, their spot in the field newly wet with the dew of their absence. The stranger shivers as you weave through the station again. Your train a matter of proximity. His name a matter of breath.

*

Your list of strangers is winnowed with absence. If you kept track, notes darkening your pocketbook, the coming-and-going of names would be tidal in its gesture. In waiting, your station is a sea, and the train each way a satellite compelling strangers and others *to* and *from*. Your quiet parallel with theirs. Two silences make a sound like erosion, and any more— any clamor of sight— would chime like an elevator does, naming all the undiscovered digits of the dead. In waiting, your station is a way-point. Your hair the color of brush in the dark.

*

All the strangers shine back at you like foxes. In sleep, the vagrants in the field leave shapes in one another's dreams. The pining wind draws them together, their found-shelters all tarp and particle board, warm. Moonlight, as it falls through dust to touch them, is neither friend nor threat, neither *psychopomp* nor wisdom-granting luminary. The shorn stranger stands upright all night, his scalp the color of star maps, his blade still loose in his right hand. The station glows like distance. The rails singing in their endless sleep.

*

Before you know your *other*, you'd think them a stranger, too. Their name a matter of chance. A winnowing gaze, your sun-singed glance as you ride your last train, heavy with work, toward home. The unseen Fox isn't the only *psychopomp* trailing through this story; not all the notes it scatters are its own. There are others the dead turn toward. Other singings, bodies, other gleaming doorways to the place a step away. The Fox has only one thing to say about all this: *The living turn, too.* And you do.

Lover

Your lover rides his bus from out of town. You picture him moving toward you like a sparrow fluttering in through a chimney. At home, the day falls like *work* into a corner of your room. You shrug off your uniform as neatly as another skin. In the bathroom mirror, your face softens at the sight of itself, and you run the water, hot, to feel your hands again. Your lover texts you as his bus lirts from stop to stop, collecting soot in his worn-away, imaginary wings. *Another stop*, his messages say, *Another. Another.* His chimes pile neatly in a corner, too, each dazzled with flight.

*

You want to fill your bedroom with plants. A dream of vanishing, maybe. By now, the Fox is sidling along the rail, head low, filling its mouth with split-open snakes. If the snakes could speak, they would tell the Fox to *keep away from the exit, stand still, don't even flinch.* The Fox goes on, quietly accepting the piecemeal of its duty. Your *other* has a lover, somewhere, too. Always in-transit. You imagine so many fronds dappling the dusk-light here. The sun crouches as an embarrassment at your feet: a frame for something lovely to bask in, just as the dark sinks in. A dream about *becoming one*, about becoming nothing at all.

*

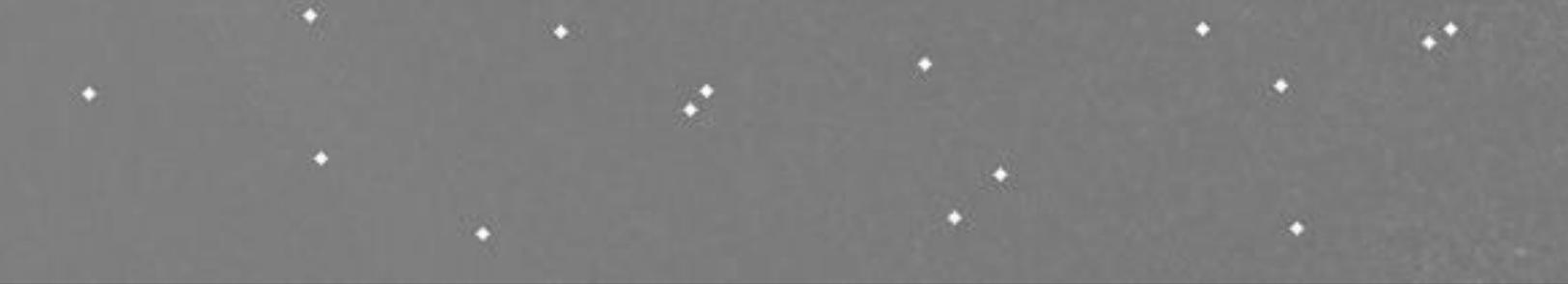
As the city rambles around him, your lover tallies strangers and fields along his way. Together, all your stations shimmer back in bleak chrome, a mirror; a field-guide of movement, of work, of all the in-between wildernesses that puncture the city's endless, electrified line. Your lover counts the strangers as they pass close by him, asking for the time. He fills his head with their temporary tidemarks, and worries he might smudge them with his nervous fingers. He listens to their phone calls under the quiet of his mask, for answers. Your *other* listens, too. Waiting, luminous.

*

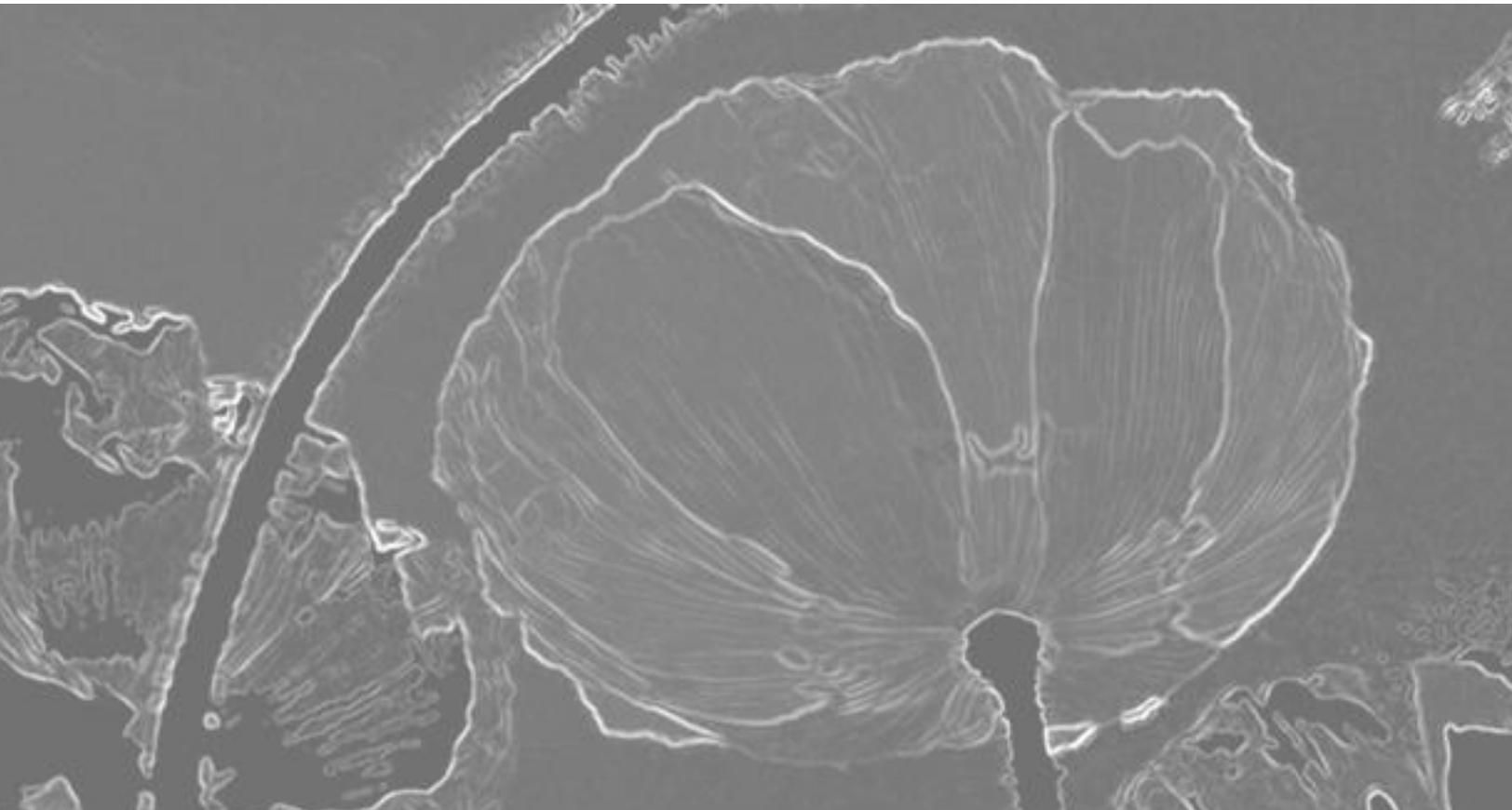
Your lover slips past the Fox as it kneels in your apartment's stairwell. Under the slick of violet hour, it is willing another one of its notes invisibly toward you. Your lover bounds up the flight, eager and buzzing, dragging all the notes unknowingly along. They cling to him and his clothes as tiny, bright deliveries, secret with the variable weight of the day. In your lover's arrival, they clatter from him and tune themselves toward you. The Fox silvers into sleep as your lover reaches to kiss your eyelids. You lock the door behind him with a tilted thud, an echo that disappears inside of you, still fluttering.

*

The Fox might dream of shattering. Might dream of creeping ever-toward. Might dream of you. In the heat of visitation, you and your lover dream in fitful shifts. He dreams of a night he stood in a field, taking catalog: rabbit droppings, cat skull, trash bag full of nightgowns, torn mattress, blankets, a shorn plot of thistle, yellow-sharp with severance. You dream of a long afternoon in a State Park, sweat and film. He dreams of fox-holes, of rain cupped in hands, your hands. The Fox dreams of you. Your lover wakes. You dream of meadows. He watches.



Nicolette Elzie



The Graves of Truth

I grew up in a country scared of truth
But Mama whispered it to me at night

My teachers were silenced from truth
But Mama taught me Maya Angelou

She taught me to be wary of all men
She taught me what my teachers wouldn't or couldn't

Mama didn't want me to walk into the world and get raped by it

Because that's the reality
1 in 5 women are

Mama tried to make sure I wouldn't be another statistic
So she taught me about hypocrisy
She taught me victim shaming
She taught me how to listen to my gut
She told me to run and run fast

Like our ancestors before her
She told me stories of the women who came before me

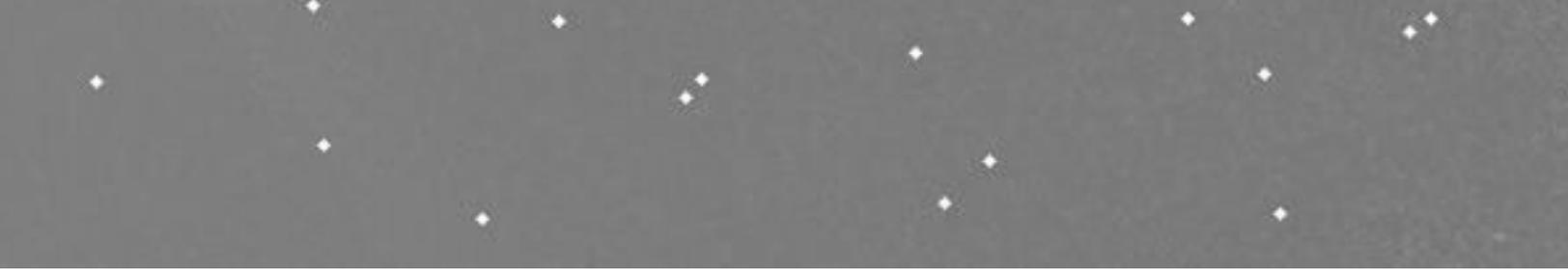
Tales of caution and tales of woe
Tales to warn me and teach me about the world
Tales of pain and hurt and blood and sweat and tears

Mama taught me the lessons my teachers were too scared to teach

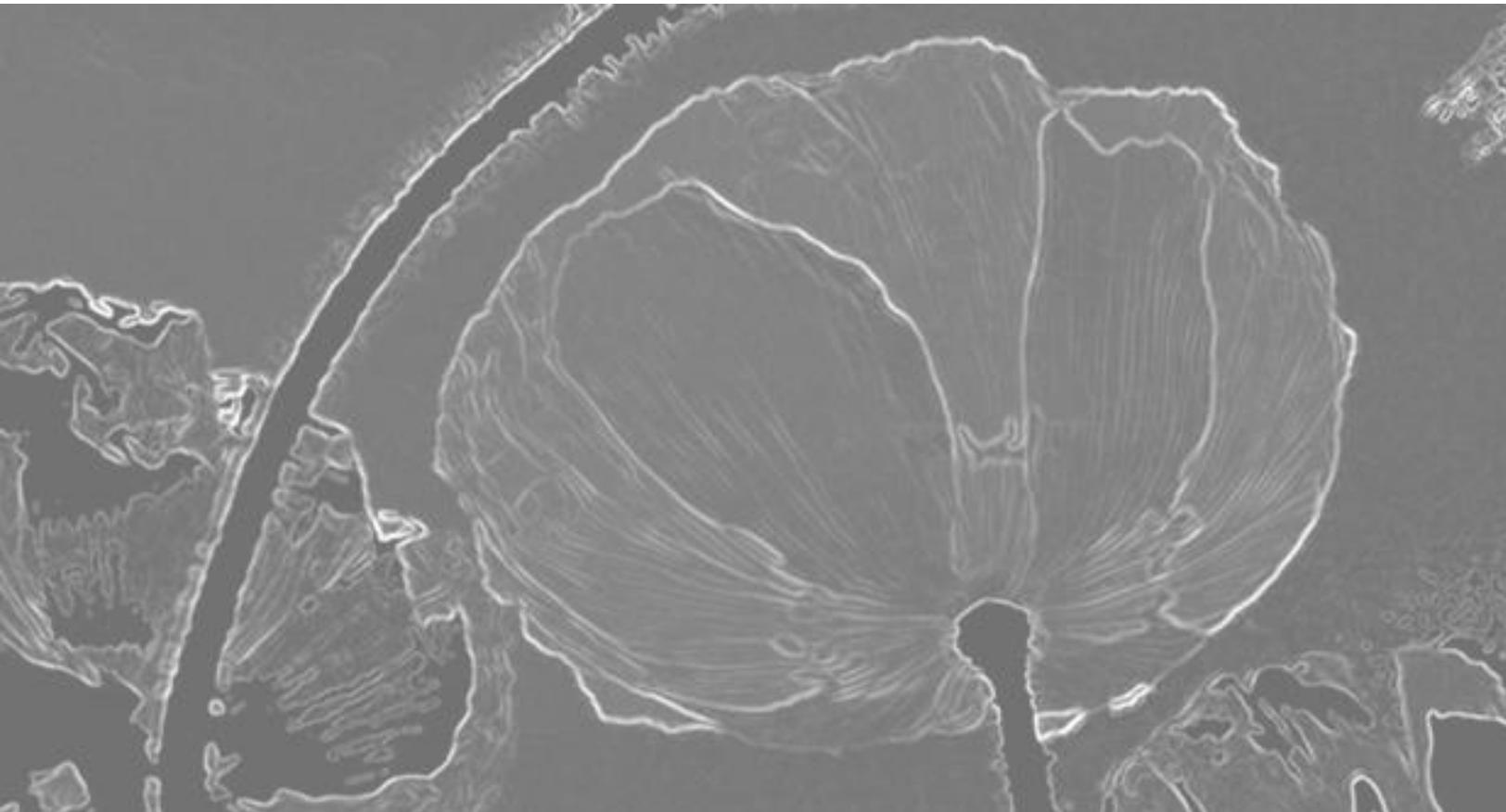
Because I grew up in a country afraid of the truth
Because the truth was too harsh

In the country I grew up in
We don't talk about the truth

We cover it up
And bury it
On top of the graves
We've already built



Joe Balaz



TRAVEL TIP

I'm just having wun great time

physically visiting
all of dese constellations

and connecting myself
to all of dese heavenly dots

dat da ancient people
saw up in da sky.

Look at dat!

Following da mythological tradition
wit anadah grouping of fixed stars

wen you guys acquire
your latest new telescope

you'll see wheah I'm now trekking
through wun big giant squid

dat's moa menacing and yet captivating
den Scorpius.

It's wun endless adventure in space

and I'm just enjoying
and adding to da folklore.

How do you like my cape?

I had it designed
in wun little bungalow shop

on da edge of da Milky Way.

Wen I spread it
to its fullest extent

it helps me to defy gravity.

Dis allows me to cut down
on da drag of da universe

as I travel
and compile some unreal mileage.

I no can give you da exact figures.

You wouldn't be able
to grasp it anyway.

It's in da gazillions.

Wandering around dough

I found out
dat dere's dis great bar and grill

in da vicinity of da Crab Nebula

dat has two-for-one deals
on Thursdays.

I tink I'll pop in

and let dem access
my cosmic bitcoin account.

Dey always like it wen I splurge
and eat like wun pig.

You can really work up
wun pretty good appetite

going from one vast starry divide
to da next one.

I have to admit

dat my side gig
as wun tourist consultant

keeps me motivated
to learn more about new places.

Wen your technology
catches up wit me

I'll recommend
some fascinating destinations.

And since your species
is right on da verge of exploring it

I'll cue you in
so you don't have to waste any time

searching and searching—

Dere are no rest stops,
shopping malls,
or fast food restaurants,

in da place
dat you plan on visiting

cause dere are no
familiar heartbeats at all

to be found anywheah
on da red planet of Mars.

IF I COULD TALK TO PI

On wun island
full of meerkats

you viewed destiny
in da deepening pool

before drifting to dat beach
to be found and rescued.

Da earth is like wun zoo
and it really does include you

wit all of its fascinations,

expectations,
and limitations.

Da purpose in dis journey,
if deah is wun purpose,

is to just live it.

No regrets.
No ultimate goals.

Wats deah to be shown
and known in wun life

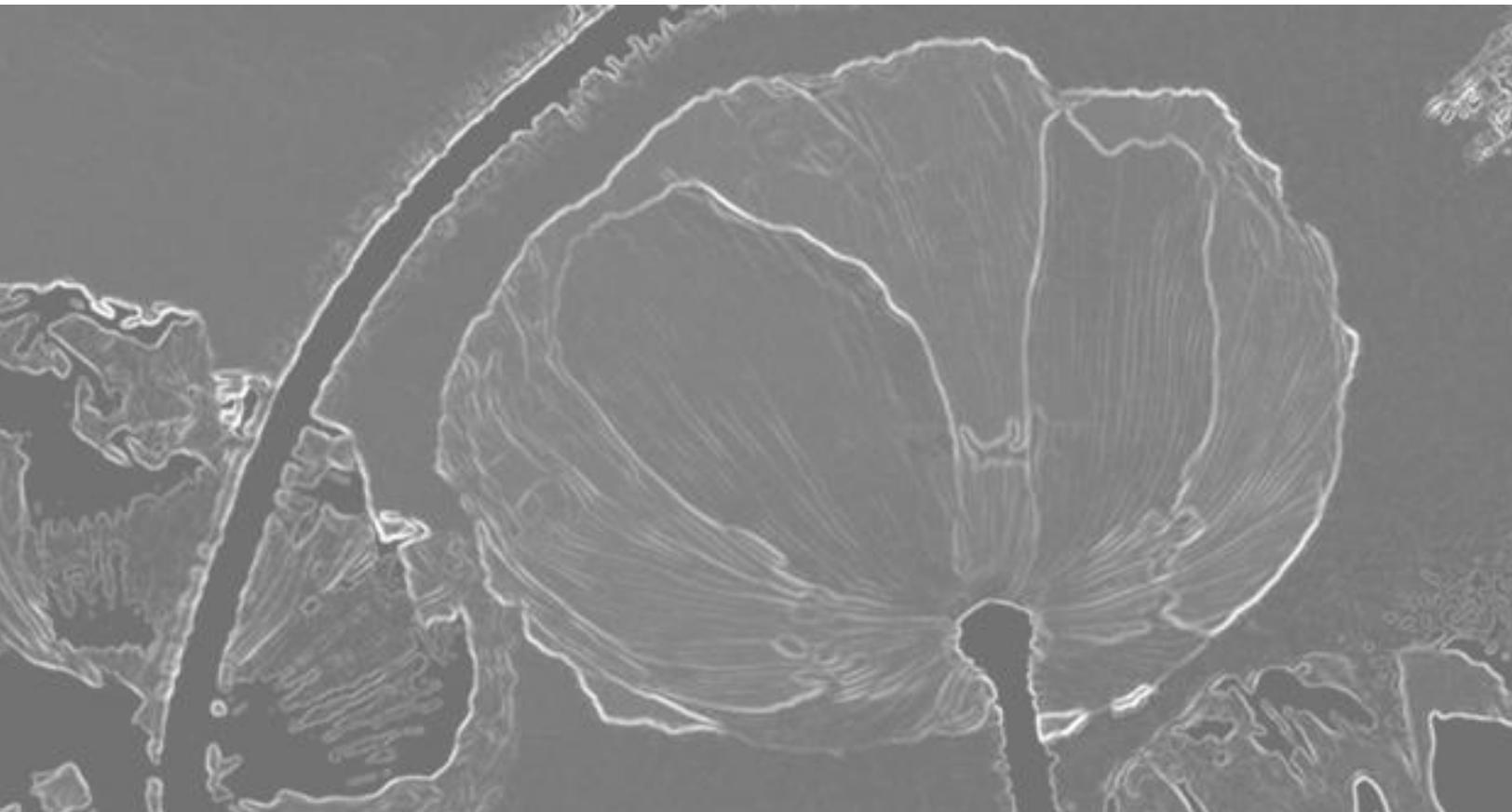
on wun lifeboat
wit wun tigah?

Pi equals da eyes
of wun fixed stare

eternally squared.



Lisa Brunner



Beethoven's Symphony 5 in C Minor, Op. 67

I. Allegro con brio

is how I live in motion ever forward in wanting
more
loving is power I want
everyone to know it's mine

II. Andante con moto

sunrise has a song to share
welcome
with fanfare
here is certitude in loving
power in partners

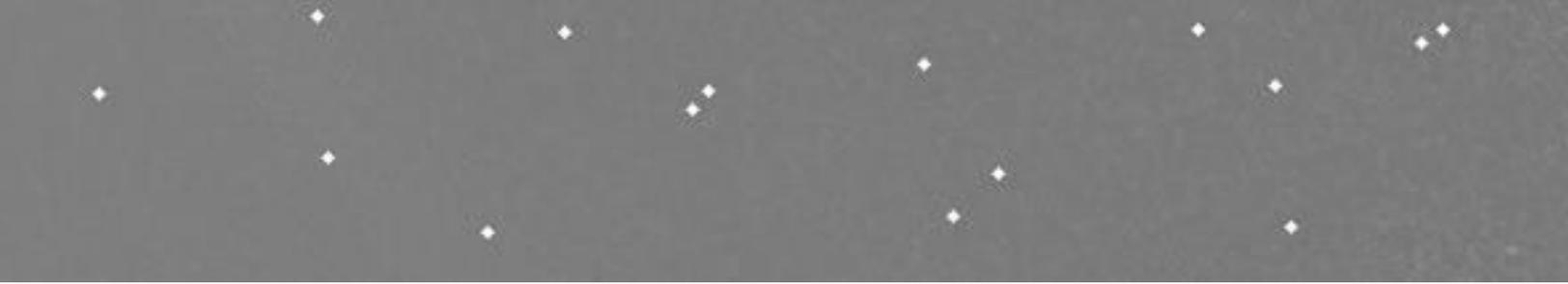
III. Allegro

unhinged and uncertain I will unpartner
decisionmaking makesdizzy
but getting
away
is the
only
way
forwardforwardforward

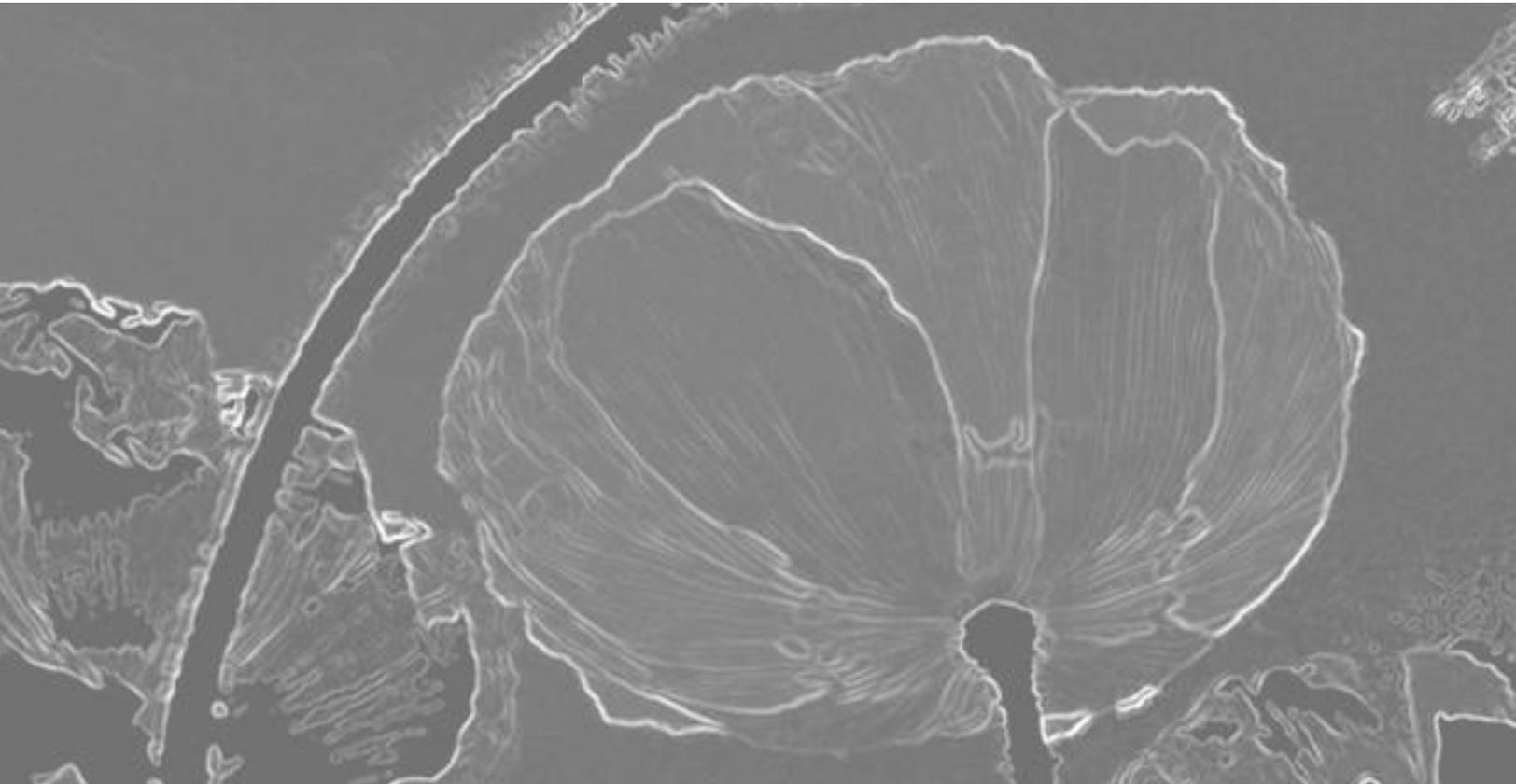
IV. Allegro

escape is a celebration of
cinematicreclamation
I am
I already told you
My Hero

*This poem appears in *Symphony No. 1*, available from Aloud Press at
LisaWritingStudio.com.



Carol Casey

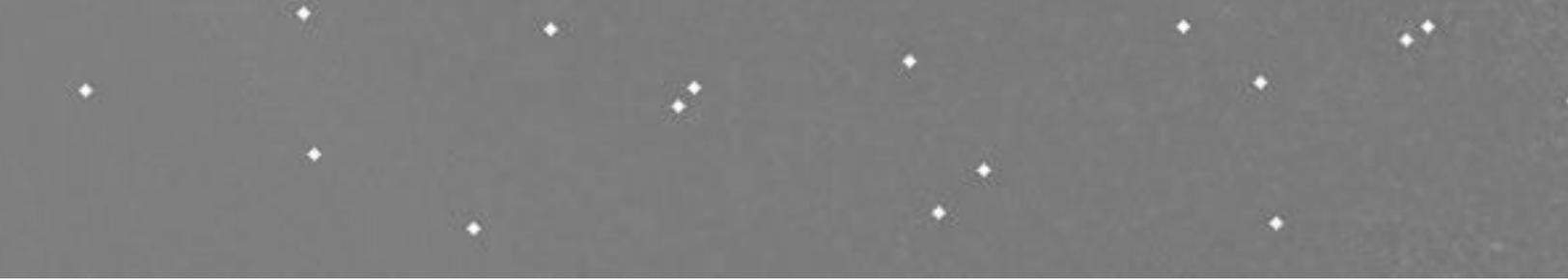


Chorus

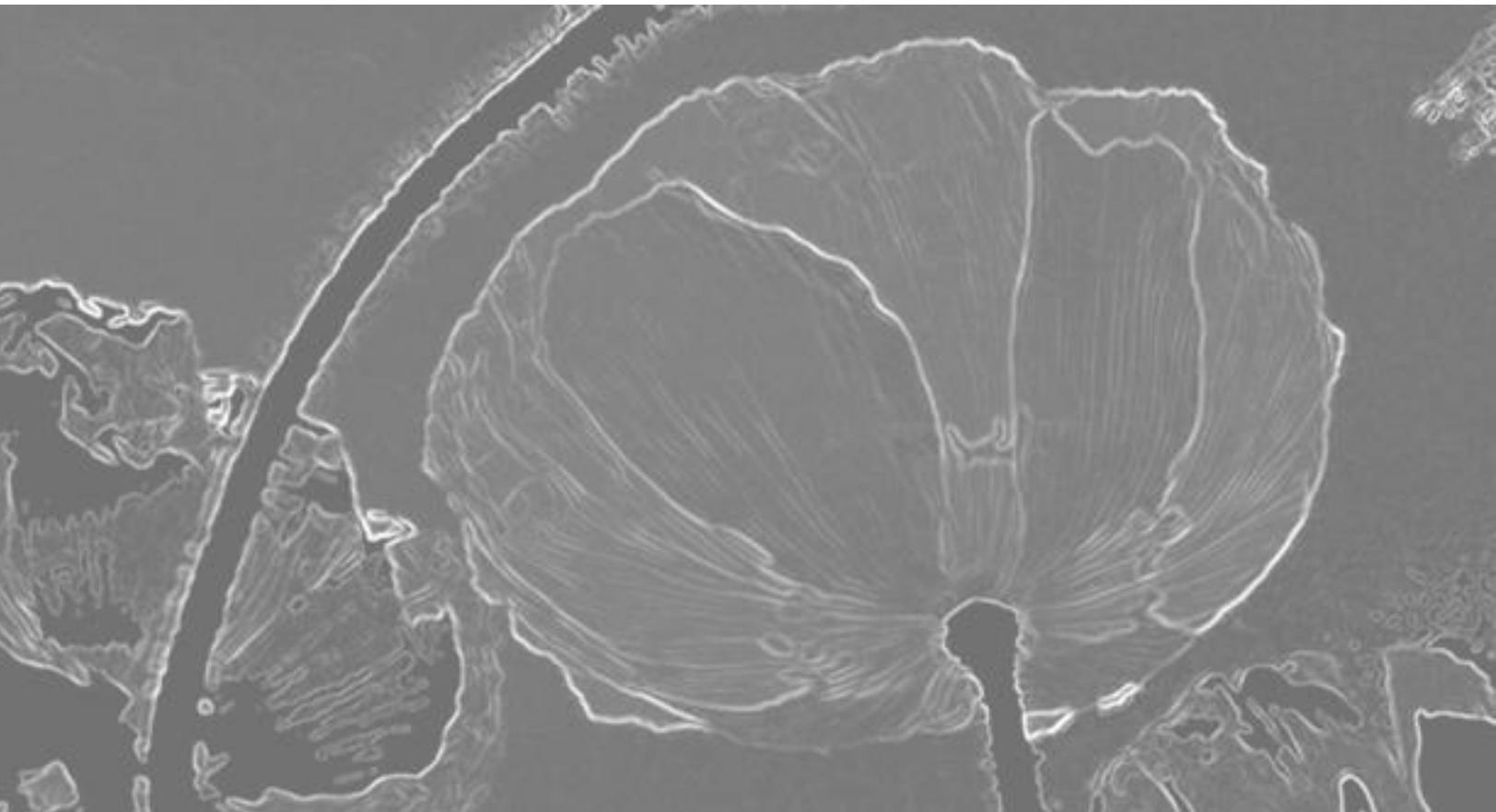
Bass of cricket, soprano of cicada,
a dream symphony of chirps and buzzes.
I'm back in a first summer night,
first firefly, first flame, first
marshmallow trickling

white out of black crust.
Mother, father young again,
alive and tending.
So much not born,
so much not lost.

The crickets string a medley
of summer nights in chorus with my heart
and oh, the moon and stars, faithful,
unfathomable, so unreachable by
little me, feet in damp grass
swatting mosquitos.



Eddie Kim



Hypnagogia

The smoke detector in my bedroom
blazes like a jetliner soothing through night sky.
Its silence lends my room erudition of the grandiose.
This ceiling holds nothing in or out at all,
just a blend of spackle into starspace.

—A vacuum of stories imagining themselves into particles—

I become autostereogram. I am here forever.
A schooner, a spaceship, a statue.
In this bed between astral slumber
and waking dead, I watch a demon
of deliverance deemed *actual* fucking me ragged.

—I lost my particle pair, and apart we cease out of existence—

Each cell sizzles like Pop Rocks stuck in a can of coke.
My body grows gargantuan. The flickering,
so close I could pick it like a firefly
with two fingers. My eyes are wide open.
My body flaccid and raging. I want to believe in silence.

On the Usage of Time and Articles

Used this way, "time" is accountable.

That time my mother's face greeted me with a bowl
of baby back ribs stewed in kimchi,
the wrinkles in each piece of pork
held her worries, piquant and uncountable

like the abstract platitude of *time after time*.
Its reality is the distance between
unicorn and horse, determining which came first.
I engage the mechanism, time-travel to always.

It sounds strange to say, "A time is on my side."

Time slows down for children and flies, but always in the same direction.
Flies excel at instant decisions. Children are infinite insinuations of Pluto.
Curiosity is the span between planet and dwarf planet.
But children know *once upon a time* is the only god worth praying to.

So what about the noun, "time"?

This song owns four minutes and one second of this stanza.
Four minutes and one second to hold onto.
Four minutes and one second before time is no longer on my side.
Four minutes and one second of silence for Pluto.

One second to convert time into matter, to bring back a planet, is a lifetime.

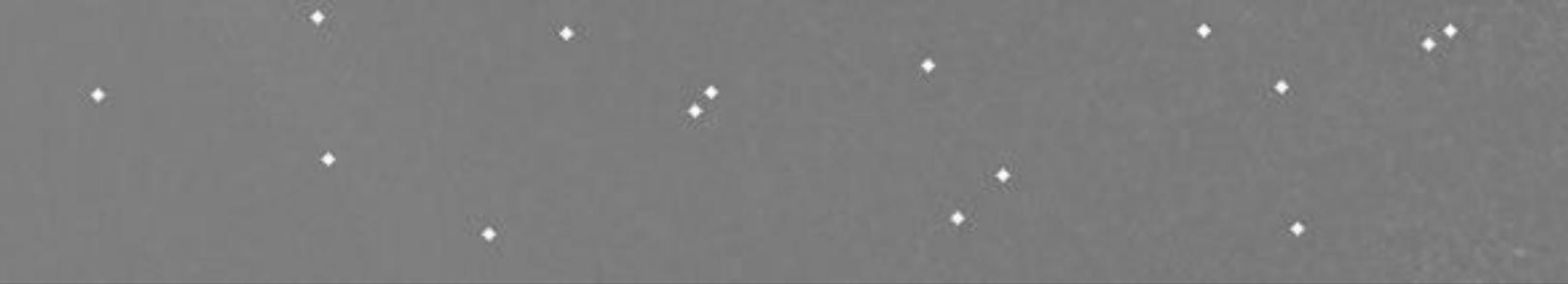
"The" is called the definite article.

Dwarf planet or perspiring pork?
Is it so important to distinguish things?

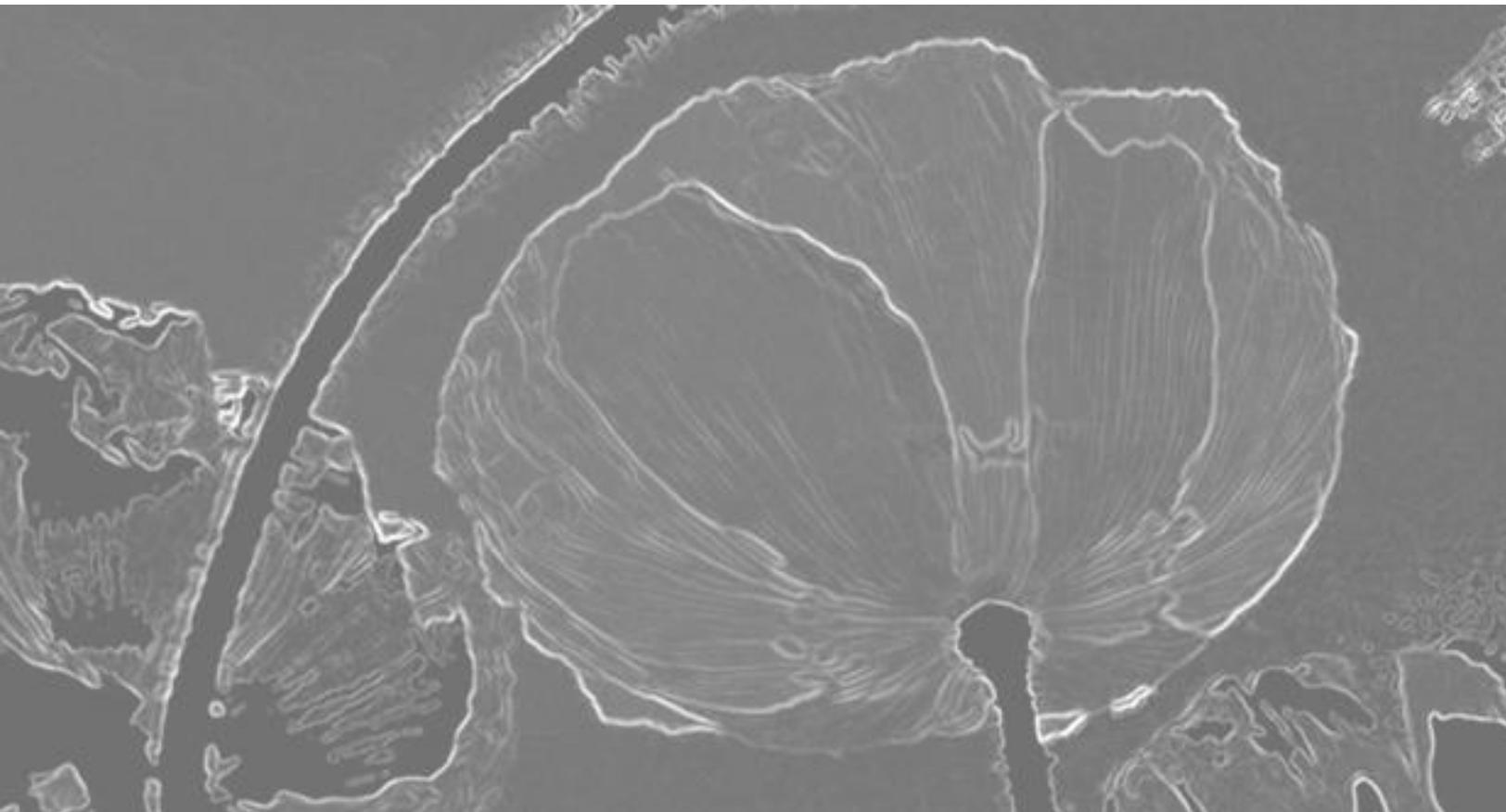
The music turns ominous and certain,
the candles flicker against walls of their own making.

I am animated wax, almost as real as the memory of imagination.
I travel time for my favorite meals, the second taste never quite as good.

The is the *me*, *I*, and *only you*. A thin, constant singularity.
It's only a matter of time before I lose the.



Barbara Daniels



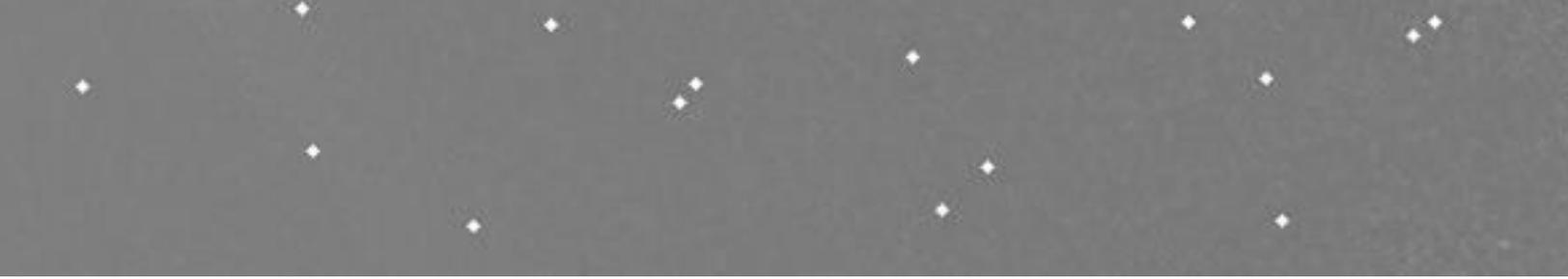
Frayed

By August, leaves are ragged
testaments. I walk to trees
and stand beside them.
Now that my hair has grown in
again, I almost look well.

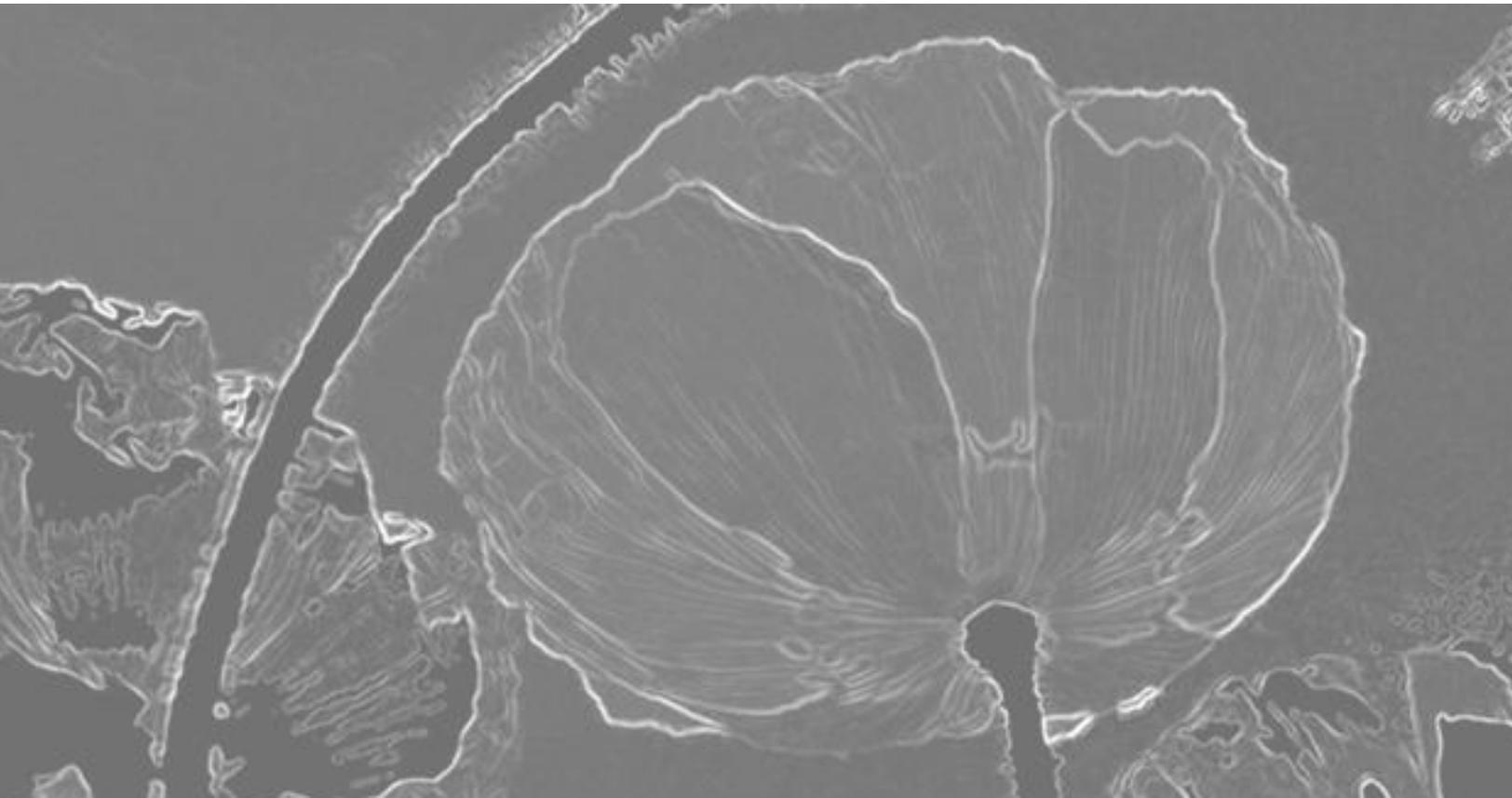
I tap my belly—dull sounds
would signal new tumors. I know
what rides my boats of blood—
flag, atom smasher, long gun.
Sometimes the circus surrounds me.

In a moment I'm off a wire
into air, flying, not flying. Here
where a farmhouse capsized,
board into board, green weeds
mount an empty doorway. I wait

on a high hill, tattered,
fearful. My left eye tears.
A pigeon jumps, flaps hard,
thrashes. In the right kind of light,
even the weeds are shining.



Boloere Seibidor



Showpiece

I can tell it means a great deal to her, my mother, by the way
 she holds it, like a child. like you can closet your ears to it
 & hear its heartbeat. this little, little glass facsimile of an egg, with

 a small red brushwood inside and a spillway snaking through.
 the allure is in the way she heaves it off the buffet, towels the dust
 off and emplaces it back, beside a plastic gold trophy bagged

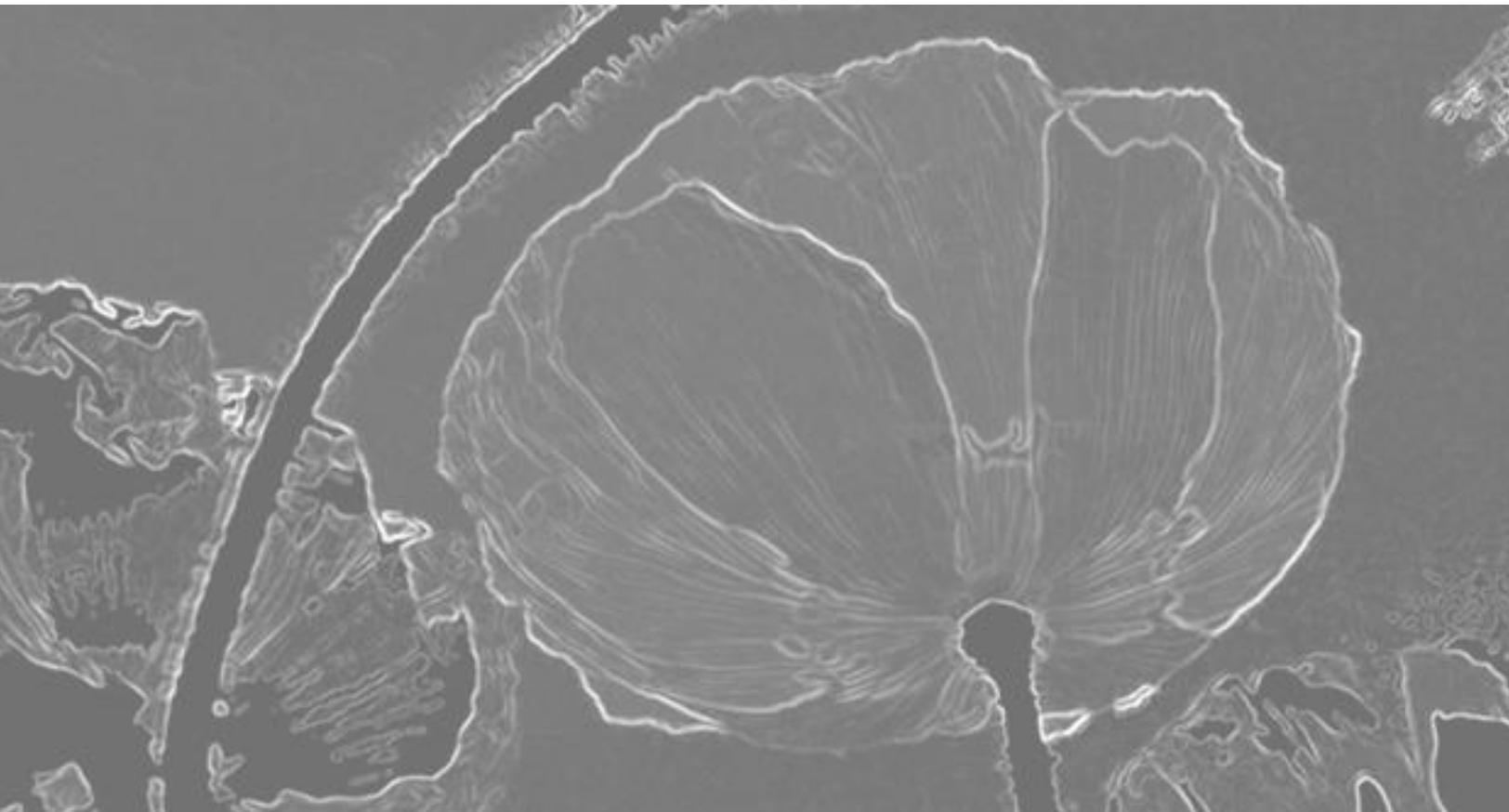
from subadult years, her throat always astir with hums. I don't know
 how she got it 'cause she never speaks of it, but it's decades old.
 each morning, she bathes the vegetable plants in light showers,

 hand-feeds the chickens, fixes breakfast, & pauses to catch
 a glimpse of her egg. she holds it in all its delicacy, like she has done
 for the past twenty years, so it doesn't fall & fragment

 & this is how I love you [I don't really know how to]
 weaving my breath through every second. scared that one day
I'd be the reason you shatter.



Shannon Cuthbert



Wildlife

Stumbling from sleep
I awake on a hill.
Here we sheltered
Once
In the shape of foxes,
Drawing spirits from soil and stone.
You braided my fur
Till it swallowed up sun.
Transformed, yet
Unconvinced.
Forever slipping in and out
Of sleep
And skins so silk the mouths were blood.
Sharpened our senses
On assorted signs,
Reading out letters and counting out clocks.
Scooping mandrake root
For soup
To wallow with its searing mouth
And make us whole.
Escape was inevitable.
Our forked tongues found us
A plummeting wasteland:
The junkyard with wires
Coiled in thorns.
And rows of rabbits
Like newborn bulbs
Huddled
In the beds of Caddies.
Afar, we watched the village
Unfold,
Umbrella with wings.
Girls skip rope as long as limbs.
Endless dogs in elaborate hats
Restless
For their own slithering burrow.

Contributors

Michael Paramo (M.AZE) is a Queer Aze Mexican-American artist and researcher from the suburbs of north Orange County (which occupy the stolen territories of the Tongva/Kizh, Acjachemen, and Payómkawichum). They created *AZE* journal (azejournal.com) in 2016 (originally known as *The Asexual*), where they publish journal issues on topics intersecting with asexuality, aromanticism, and agenderness. They have been creating digital art with a focus on the self-portrait since 2018. Their work has been published in *High Shelf Press* and displayed at the second annual Art + Memory + Justice Symposium at the University of British Columbia. As a PhD student, they are studying the intersections of aesthetics and decoloniality.

Jarid McCarthy is a poet and playwright residing in Southern California. His work has appeared in *Old Youth Magazine* and as a part of The Speakeasy Project's workshop anthology. You can find him wandering out somewhere in the ether.

Nicolette Elzie (she/her) is a poet, essayist, and fantasy author. As a blend between Mexican, Japanese and Polish, she's passionate about diversity in literature. She has been internationally published in *Lucent Dreaming*, has a poetry novella forthcoming in June 2021 from REadLips Press, and is a poetry and nonfiction reader for the *Months To Years* literary journal.

Joe Balaz writes in Hawaiian Islands Pidgin (Hawai'i Creole English) and American English. He is the author of *Pidgin Eye*, a book of poetry. The book was featured in 2019 by NBC News for Asian Pacific American Heritage Month, as one of the best new books to be written by a Pacific Islander. In July, 2020, he was given the Elliot Cades Award for Literature as an Established Writer. It is the most prestigious literary award given in Hawai'i. Balaz presently lives in Cleveland, Ohio.

Lisa Brunner studies poetry in Chatham University's MFA Program and is the recipient of the Robert Hull Mansell Endowed Poetry Fellowship. Lisa received her Ph.B. in History from the University of Pittsburgh and her J.D. from Duquesne University School of Law. Her poetry is influenced by her love of music and her legal career. Lisa also plays and teaches the violin. She lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Her poetry has appeared in *Sampsonia Way Magazine* and will appear in the July 2021 issue of *The Dillydoun Review*. Her first chapbook, *Symphony No. 1*, was released in April 2021 (Aloud Press). Lisa can be reached at www.LisaWritingStudio.com.

Carol Casey lives in Blyth, Ontario, Canada. Her work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and has appeared in *The Prairie Journal*, *The Anti-Langourous Project*, *Please See Me*, *Front Porch Review*, *Cypress*, *Vita Brevis* and others, including a number of anthologies, most recently, *i am what becomes of broken branch* and *We Are One: Poems From the Pandemic*. Social Media: Facebook: @ccaseypoetry; Twitter: @ccasey_carol; Webpage: <https://learnforlifepotential.com/home-2/poetry/>.

Eddie Kim received his MFA in Poetry from the University of Alaska Fairbanks. He is a Kundiman fellow from Seattle. His poems have appeared in *Poetry Northwest*, *The Margins*, *The Collagist*, *Pinwheel*, *Narrative Magazine*, and others. His poem, "Telephone of the Wind," was featured on Tracy K. Smith's show, *The Slowdown*.

Barbara Daniels's *Talk to the Lioness* was published by Casa de Cinco Hermanas Press in 2020. Her poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Lake Effect*, *Cleaver*, *Faultline*, *Small Orange*, *Meridian*, and elsewhere. Barbara Daniels received a 2020 fellowship from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts.

Boloere Seibidor is an African poet & writer. She has works in numerous magazines/journals, which include *IceFloe*, *Crepe and Penn*, and *Neologism*, amongst others. She won the Glassdoor Poetically Written Prose Contest 2020 and honourable mention in the 2019 Kreative Diadem Flash Fiction Contest. She tweets @boloere_sod.

Shannon Cuthbert is a writer and artist living in Brooklyn. Her poems have been nominated for three Pushcarts and have appeared in journals including *Dodging the Rain*, *Hamilton Stone Review*, and *The Oddville Press*. Her work is forthcoming in *Schuykill Valley Journal*, *Sparks of Calliope*, and *Lowestoft Chronicle*.

