

**‘192’**

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**Harpy**  
**Georgia Hilton**

Her body might be  
in a provincial town,  
yet some part of her even now  
is in the North Atlantic,  
where she likes to imagine  
the spirits of her ancestors  
inhabit the sea foam.

The stone-coloured water  
ripping through her cells,  
reshapes them until she is  
no longer a human woman  
with a pouch on her belly  
where her babies grew,

but instead a herring gull -  
quizzical, fearsome, raucous -  
plunging into the riptide  
like a furious earthbound comet -  
turning the cold black penny  
of her eye upon the world  
as if to say - 'what of it?'

## Driving over the Snake Pass under a Shed with a Goldfish on my Lap Ruth Taaffe

These were the final items to repatriate  
taken over the hills to my first home  
-the cats had gone ahead two weeks before.  
Young enough to still depend on parents  
we knew the baggage that we did not take  
could be left at their door and kept for us.  
Tied to the roof rack like a tortoise shell  
the shed, unconstructed, was just boards of wood.  
I peered skyward as you drove, for any shift  
in light foreshadowing some avalanche  
of splinters. We kept the radio off,  
tuned in to creaking and the steady slosh  
of fish water that I was powerless to stop.  
We had no idea how our life would be  
rebuilt a thousand miles away or why fish,  
when moved into some larger water, grow.

## St Brigid's Day Trelawney

*Bride, Bride, Come in; thy bed is ready*  
With a rush and a pushchair, *Brídeóg*  
born forth by wrenboys, strawboys, bunting and  
belief. They pray for health, walk sunwise round  
the well; to deity or demagogue - split  
milk for Imbolc. A day for divination.  
You have found home, bridged the long division  
where the heart-nut cracked, where the hearth-fire burns,  
the warmth returns with this libation.

Get you to your arrival, my long lost  
days begin. Too soon to spring, to sweep webs  
and leave our union. This bed of snow-  
drops, of maid's blood, hides the root-rot beneath borders.  
For Bride's bloom may yet meet Beira's frost.  
The darkest night's not over.

## **We Few Deified We Few Sue Finch**

Wanting us to feast differently  
I filled a basket with fiddlehead ferns  
right to the brim for you:  
ostrich fern, lady fern, bracken.  
Tossing their bitterness  
with garlic and rock salt.

*Look, I tell you, I have foraged  
this taste for you.*

I let lemon zest fall on  
those curled caterpillars  
amongst the charred green-brown leaves.

We do not mention  
that vague muddiness on our tongues.  
We do not mention,  
amongst the charred green-brown leaves,  
those curled caterpillars.

I let lemon zest fall on  
this taste for you.

*Look, I tell you, I have foraged.*

With garlic and rock salt  
tossing their bitterness;  
ostrich fern, lady fern, bracken.

Right to the brim for you  
I filled a basket with fiddlehead ferns;  
wanting us to feast differently.

## Cardboard Castles

Claire Hughes

We build a castle from cardboard  
and adorn it with cotton wool clouds,  
plastic jewels and a tissue paper  
rainbow. The drawbridge refuses  
to lower and it sinks on one side, but it's yours,  
your kingdom. Built with our fair hands,  
it protects knights of the realm, houses  
heroes and monsters and travels through  
space and time. But one day the jewels  
will fall, the rainbow will fade and I will see  
your head emerge above the turrets and witness  
the world they want you to see.

## **Red Kite Reel**

### **Laurence Morris**

What cresting the radiant final skyline  
of a high and snowbound mountain  
and the dancing of midwinter candlelight  
hold in common is their dilation of time,  
the woodsmoke and blue ridge moments  
which proffer glimpses of eternity  
while holding no true significance  
for even the next footstep, let alone  
the eventual denouement of the tale  
for if time does fly

    on mountain ledge or table-top  
then its passage is like that of a red kite,  
all reeling twists against a pure blue sky  
the dihedral wings and carrion eyes  
of a grace which should know better

    although, in truth  
the elegance is not in those wings at all  
    but in the motion,  
in the sail across the heavens  
and the flow of action without thought  
for it is only in such movement  
that we might be freed from sin

**Serrano and Manchego**  
**Philip Miller**

Your favourite café has closed down, I saw today,  
passing by on the bus, the flashing windows white  
with paint, the sale sign up, and inside the spray  
of dust on tables where we sat and ate that time

when you said, smiling, there was little more  
that could be done. Strange drugs, a new diet,  
surgery maybe. It was the good of goodbye,  
cast back always in ever forward time.

Taking my hand you said don't be sorry, be happy,  
and your veins were blue and rich in that sunshine.  
Every time something happens,  
it happens for the last time.

## How the Land became my father Abigail Flint

That midsummer I moulded myself  
a father of mud and grass  
and swallowed him clod by clod.

Down and down I swallowed him  
pure peristalsis, instinctive and larval  
he creep-crawled into my bones.

From footing to dream  
he spread like a hot frost  
till my voice became earth.

I asked trees how to slow  
be bark-clad, root-bound, show me  
the secret of imperceptible growth.

That longest day,  
so much sun and light  
I let settle in every cell

that when night finally fell  
I blazed like a stubble fire.

## Your Girl Friday

### Alice Foo

You made sure your compliments were esoteric and they always smelt of peppermint. You resolved to crack me like a puzzle, taught me useful words like *hagiography*. You thought intimacy ‘morbid’, disliked ‘fetishised emotion’, didn’t own a television. You said, ‘Osculation is the act of kissing’, but

that’s less than half the story, just a graze, a sideswipe; you forgot to mention all the swilling, chewing over, spitting out. Everyone you ever introduced me to was unambiguously awful. You were often bored: once, at a voguish private view, you drained a glass of warm Champagne and, sweeping back my hair,

discreetly snapped my necklace with your little finger. Then, as fat faux pearls met polished floor in mortifying slo-mo, you – again discreetly – exited and climbed into a cab, alone. I retrieved your hat and jacket from the cloakroom and returned them to you early the next morning. You once spent a whole weekend

in my bed, fast asleep and fully dressed (except for unhitched braces), your arms crossed above your head as if I’d tied you up. You were jet lagged or reacting badly to some borrowed medication. As you slept I took your photograph – the only one of you I kept. When your sister had her baby

you declined to visit her in hospital, citing a phobia of nurses. ‘It’s the way they glide around without their feet touching the floor,’ you said. ‘I’m pretty sure that’s nuns,’ I said, but you just shuddered and went back to reading *The Spectator*. Why did I keep finding sand in all your trouser pockets, when we never once

held hands beside the ocean? To be absolutely clear, it was not my life’s ambition to be your amanuensis. For a start, I couldn’t write your thoughts down fast enough; furthermore, I’d no desire to see your inner workings. As they say, once you’ve been shown around backstage, it’s so much harder to enjoy the show.

**talking philosophy**  
**Michelle Penn**

we were meant to discuss eternal return  
but the fires were blazing again & the riots  
& it all felt —  
the sunshine a bit too bright & the last time  
we said this has to be the last time  
we're all in the same storm but not  
in the same boat, not in the same ghost  
things have to change, we say  
& take to the streets yet again but  
I've heard how sometimes  
firefighters join the flames, how they  
become so entranced, they burn

## Sea Strange

Elizabeth Rimmer

between the salt water and the sea strand  
the ground under your feet quivers wetly  
and there are curls of wet sand sliding  
into the dip of the ribbed shore.

Your heels and instep leave shallow indents  
that smooth themselves level. You pick up  
cockles full of wet sand, mussels scoured  
to shining sharps of nacre, and the long  
scribbled wrecks of razors, broken and empty.

The sky seems far away and empty.

The sea ripples, and says nothing.

## **Out of Africa**

### **Annick Yerem**

God knows I threw everything at you,  
letters, feelings, my self-esteem,  
the less you wanted me, the more  
I was invested

My excuse is that I was 16  
and had really bad role models,  
so I thought this was what love  
was supposed to be,  
unreciprocated,  
unbalanced,  
unreal

Robert Redford washing  
Meryl Streep's hair pushed me  
over the edge,  
so when after the film, we sat  
on a cold, dirty bench in a  
cold, dirty station and you  
kissed me, I thought, this is it,  
it's a done deal, off we go,  
in and out of Africa, washing  
each other's hair, surrounded  
by lions and sunsets and tasteful  
picnic tables

You broke up with me or so it felt,  
after this one, groundbreaking date,  
but when I see this movie, I still think  
of you, how you called me years later,  
telling me you kept all my letters, thanking  
me for being brave and crazy

I was over it by then, living with a boy  
who had two different- coloured eyes  
like David Bowie, I was over your  
outlandish lack of love for me,  
but it was nice, nonetheless  
and for a second there, I felt  
your hand in my hair (still a thing)  
and that long-anticipated, lingering  
kiss

**Portal**  
**Sarah Wallis**

Spinning joyful in bad weather  
seven kids on a bright red and yellow  
roundabout are drawing delirious

circles in the playground, they don't see  
me march past, I've got to walk the eldritch  
world yet, the black forest

sprawling the fat, field mushroom  
flesh, all a jostle, all of a rustle, creeping  
for cover, the dark forest floor, canopies open

where they umbrella themselves,  
so fruitful, so many, so safety  
in numbers, so, oh we're fine and plenty.

Drawn to the dance to watch the fly agarics  
flounce a full toxic petticoat, like skaters, floating  
double axels through air, while the ceps are sheer

delicacy, a pale bonnet cry on a young maid's  
head, they describe a slow circle, form a fairy ring,  
everyone holds their breath, waits to begin...

## Autobiography Ben Morgan

I was quick-eyed, practical Lazarus,  
wall-mender, roof-weaver,  
rough-handed, delicate Lazarus,  
friend to the order of things.

I kept my eyes to the earth,  
the white stone - the moon-stone - of Bethany.  
Not even the sea saw me passing,  
soft-featured man of the morning,  
up before anyone, like a good fisherman.

Once, there was Rachel with her hair in blossom,  
the warm wet night of Simon's wedding,  
when Bethany danced in the rain.  
On her head, a crest of white roses,  
a bow of stars that kept that dark wave from falling.

Light in the eyes, speechless prayers,  
a temple to desecrate in secret.  
We left the banquet to creep through the meadow,  
scarring the flax and the daisies  
with our feet like the rumour of war.

## The Goldfinch

Kitty Donnelly

It died quietly on my palm,  
externally unruffled -  
its body just beyond  
a living warmth. I fought the dual  
tragedy & privilege of holding it,  
unsure at first which bird it was  
on the turn of becoming:  
a jag of lemon lightening  
across each wing, red-masked -  
I recalled the Fabritius painting:  
wall-fixed perch, chain clasped  
like an iron rosary to a claw-foot  
sore from the wings'  
insistent rising, the expression  
marked by an uptilt of the chin  
like a child suppressing, with pride,  
their furious griefs.

## Disjointed Memories

Hazel Urquhart

I can still remember the wallpaper  
from the bathroom in our old house  
back when I was eight or nine.  
It was decorated with tropical fish,  
angels, I think. Pretty to look at but annoying  
because whoever hung the wallpaper  
did not take care; the edges didn't match up  
leaving severed bodies and floating fish-heads.  
It's strange what you remember.

I can't recall what my face looked like.  
There are no family photographs to remind me,  
no catalogue of years leading up to puberty  
only those disjointed fishes remain.  
So much potential to be beautiful  
only to be let down by careless hands  
who couldn't be bothered to take their time  
and do things right.

## Border

Arun Jeetoo

Tiptoeing on the grey area the shallow end is my mother's  
silken embrace d'Or aroma, Fusion jazz, kissing inches, sun-smiling chlorine waves  
smack my face. Turning back means leaving the stones unturned and all its treasures. You  
beckon to me from across the deep south chlorine waves kiss your neck, the deep end is  
like swimming through the sky to fall or fly in each lane the clouds either  
front stroke or back stroke your body is a strong rip current my feet off the  
ground hauling me to you. Brain and heart play crossword. *1 Across (8) A  
line which marks the limits of an area. 9 Down (12) Anxiety or fear of what is to come based  
on your actions.* There is no going back in this new reality we created.

**For Frederick C. Pratt and the horses**  
**Mark Grainger**

A portrait hangs in my mother's hall.  
No bigger than a postcard.  
It shows a young man in uniform  
sitting straight-backed on a horse.

That's your great granddad, mum says,  
he died before you were born.  
He never talked about the war, mum says,  
except to praise the horses.

How he let the reins drop,  
how he let the horse take charge  
to pick a path across the mud  
to the front on narrow boards.

A feat no man could muster,  
the boards too small, too wet.  
How one misstep into the mud  
would leave you stuck, and dead.

How the only way to stay alive  
was to give your horse his head.  
To trust him under shellfire.  
To bet on his sure feet.

Great granddad lived, got married,  
had children after the war,  
and it's strange to think of now,  
how we all owe our lives to the horse.

## The Nightwatchman

Lynn Valentine

I worked night-shift as a child,  
guided my sister back to bed.  
I slept lightly, always on the job,  
scared to sleep in case I missed her toy owl's  
floor thump, the soft sigh of springs  
as Diane raised herself like Lazarus,  
rolled forward into the night, feet  
feathering the floor. I watched her  
blank stare fix upon the midnight window.  
My whisper sliced the air,  
*Diane come back to me.*

Some nights she'd head for the stairs,  
nightdress trailing like angel's wings.  
I'd guide her from her flight, lead her  
past the sharp contours of the cabinet  
that perched in the hall, corners  
primed to catch a too-fast child  
or those that did not care if cut.  
*Diane come back to your bed.*

As an adult I slept soundly,  
work over, sister in another town.  
Too far away when others saved her  
with a blue light's flash in the black.  
There will be future nights  
when she turns to the dark,  
when sleep-walking will seem  
like a good idea. I will my thoughts  
southwards, tack my heart to her door.  
Night-shift begins again,  
*sister I'm here.*

**Mrs Harper, three paces behind the yew tree**  
**Abi Loughnane**

Gloves smacked on / foam mat down / shins rested  
Ah, yes, I remember Mrs Harper from last year's clean, Halloween I think  
Soapy water / no peroxide / boar bristle brush  
The kiddies were playing hide and seek by the Forbennets in the back-left corner  
Clean water from the tap / re-position knees / rinse thoroughly  
Mrs Forbennet is irritated by careless footsteps - I put a border up for her and her husband  
next door too  
Microfiber cloth / clockwise only / reduces streaks  
Mrs Harper lies three paces behind the yew tree to watch the hawfinches eat the seeds  
Cotton buds for excavation / reading glasses placed / S's are my favourite  
Mr Harper dawdled to meet her, he called yews the Trees of Death  
Gloves peeled off / palm over granite / scrape unseen debris  
They've no kiddies, not by circumstance but by choice, plus it gets me out the armchair  
Dry white cloth / nagging back / buff buff buff  
I hope someone will do the same for my gravestone someday,  
Not yet though,  
Please not yet.

## Do Féinmharú

Attracta Fahy

We could see your heart wasn't here  
Watched your spirit fade, afraid for you  
Knew it was only a matter of time

She knew its imminence  
Spéirglan, harbinger, predicting future  
Bán Fíonn Sí of sky

After we heard the news  
I understood

Five days before your death  
When a picture fell from the wall  
I was afraid of what it foretold

I was afraid of what it foretold  
When a picture fell from the wall  
Five days before your death.

I understood  
After we heard the news

Bán Fíonn Sí of sky,  
Spéirglan, harbinger, foretelling future  
She knew its imminence

Knew it was only a matter of time  
Watched your spirit fade, afraid for you  
We could see your heart wasn't here

\*Do Féinmharú - Your suicide  
Spéirglan - Sky light  
Bán Fíonn Sí - Banshee

## A Painting Conor Kelly

Caspar David Friedrich never painted  
“The Bench of Desolation”. If he did  
would I appear before the surging tide,  
waves splashing past the low retaining wall  
and sweeping up the concrete esplanade  
to where my patent leather shoes, a daub  
of brown with heels a smudge of black,  
are seen below black trousers and a wooden bench,  
a darker shade of weather-beaten brown,  
and all beneath the horizontal line.

A horizontal canvas takes on paint.  
The figure on the bench is one third up.  
The rest is landscape, a panoramic view  
of sea, of rocks, of clouds, of distant hills  
and all obscured by early morning fog,  
a scumbling of light blues and lighter greys.  
A palette of dark blues depicts the sea  
and in the upper clouds a hint of pink.  
Although original, it’s painted like  
“The Wanderer above the Sea of Fog.”

The tragedy of landscape dissipates  
and I am sitting on a bench, alone,  
facing the sea, the sky, the looming fog.  
A ruckänfigur (your view is my back)  
I’m facing what I face without a face.  
A few light brushstrokes show my thinning hair.  
A dark green smudge, bisected by the bench,  
depicts the heavy morning coat I wear  
while you and I are staring far beyond  
the pleasant limits of the picturesque.

Caspar David Friedrich never painted  
“The Bench of Desolation”. If he did...

**Maginot Line**  
**Gillian Craig**

When insecurity makes me unsure  
that I can make a stand as things unfold,  
I build this wall to make me feel secure  
Although I know it never seems to hold.  
A Maginot line just to ease my mind  
in times of conflict when the flags are raised.  
It always seems I'm fighting from behind  
entrenched objections to our warring ways.  
A battle of attrition's how we fight:  
determined not to lose an inch of ground.  
But I know when I give you line of sight  
that you don't hesitate to take me down.  
Yet I restore this ineffective line  
whose weakness you uncover every time.

## The Boys of Summer

Zoe Mitchell

*For Edward 'Ted' Tedman*

They weren't boys to me, then, but men.  
It's only looking back I see what they really were –  
and yet I still remember that time

as a perpetual summer and those boys, drinking  
in pub gardens, talking about bands I'd never  
heard of, playing their guitars. Home town

rock stars, that's what they were – and I was in awe  
of their confidence, the music inside them.  
Standing in dark pubs with sticky floors, long nights

and exhausting mornings. Heartbreak, too, how quickly  
the thin veneer tarnished under salt water.  
When I moved on, I filed only the shining moments.

For example, I remember every word he said  
against a backdrop of fireworks, the sea air cooling  
my sunburnt skin, a band in the distance playing

one last song. Even though most days I know better,  
there's a part of me that still wants to believe he meant it.  
I know I believed it then, for a while at least.

Those rock stars became middle aged men  
while I wasn't looking and it's a shock to see their hair  
thinning, their own children not that far from the time

we had together. I thought that was the worst of it;  
the heavy tread of the real world, diminished wonder.  
It's sobering to discover that their fire

was nothing but a last burst of colour and light  
before they settled into grey days and the cowardice  
of mortgages and career plans, of toeing the line.

One of those boys died today. Him. His final age  
is as much a shock as his absence from the earth.  
I will keep him in the same place as all those boys,

before the quiet autumn of their suburban lives, as if  
time never caught us and never could because I know  
even lost souls could be found in such a summer.

## Grandmother's Winter

Niall Oliver

As if searching for a key in the dark  
she fumbles around in her mind  
for my name, but like chimney smoke  
it has slipped away again. Instead,  
from a pocket of her winter coat  
she pulls out two lumps of coal,

strays gathered on the stroll home  
past the fuel yard. I say nothing  
as she places them carefully among  
the embers of the fire, and watch  
as she blows black dust from her fingers  
before hitching up her skirt hem,  
just enough to warm the backs of her legs.

I see no point in reminding her again  
that the old cast iron fireplace is now  
an electric faux coal & flame effect,  
but instead allow her the moment  
to savour. And then like a door snib  
that's just been released, she snaps,

“For Christ's sake Niall, don't just sit there,  
go and fill the scuttle”.

**Lime Kiln Close**  
**Harriet Truscott**

I live on the borderline of chalk  
and clay, where chalk crumbles in the soil,  
gives way beneath the spade.  
The signs of chalk are this:  
what's green becomes gold. A hot summer  
holds no reservoir of rain. White roots  
meet white chalk and fail.  
It's seen in what doesn't grow;  
in what, transplanted, fails;  
in what plants, passed on by family,  
die; what green gifts cannot be accepted.  
At the very end of my road are cliffs  
(occasionally I think I should head that way)  
from the old chalk workings.  
How can I be such a fool  
as to ignore that bowl of flaking white  
with all its sometime flowers?

## Contributors:

**Kitty Donnelly's** first collection, *The Impact of Limited Time*, was published in 2020 by Indigo Dreams. She has had poetry published in journals including *Acumen*, *Mslexia*, *Quadrant* and the *New Welsh Review*. She won a Creative Future Award in 2019. She has recent been published as part of the 'Write Where We Are Now' pandemic poetry project for Manchester Writing School. She lives in Yorkshire where she's writing her second collection.

**Attracta Fahy's** background is Nursing/Social Care. She lives in Co.Galway, works as a Psychotherapist, and mother to three children. She completed her MA in Writing NUIG '17. She was October winner in *Irish Times*; *New Irish Writing* 2019, *Pushcart*, and *Best of Web* nominee, included in *Anthologies*, shortlisted for 2018 *Over The Edge* *New Writer of the year*, and longlisted in 2019. Shortlisted for *Allingham Poetry* competition both 2019&2020. She was a featured reader at the January OTE Open Reading in Galway City Library. *Fly on the Wall Poetry* published her debut chapbook collection *Dinner in the Fields*, in March'20.

**Sue Finch** lives with her wife in North Wales. Her first published poem appeared in *A New Manchester Alphabet* in 2015 whilst studying for her MA with Manchester Metropolitan University. Her work has also appeared in *The Interpreter's House*, *Ink*, *Sweat and Tears*, *Poetry Bus Magazine* and *One Hand Clapping*. Her debut collection, *'Magnifying Glass'*, was published in October 2020 with *Black Eyes Publishing UK* and she has been described as having a "fiercely original vision of the world". Twitter link: @soopoftheday

**Abigail Flint** is an archaeological researcher from Yorkshire. Her poems have appeared in *Popshot Quarterly*, *Consilience*, *About Larkin*, and *Route 57*. In 2019, her poem 'Coasting' was placed second in the *East Riding Festival of Words Poetry Competition*.

**Alice Foo** is a full time parent and lives on the outskirts of York. She has degrees in Theology & Religious Studies and Computer Science, neither of which have ever come in useful. She is good at cooking and bad at driving. With regards to poetry she sticks to one golden rule: always read more than you write. Her work has been commended in the *Poetry London Competition 2017* and the *York Literature Festival Competition 2019*.

**Mark Grainger** is from the south of England but now lives in Germany, where he writes, translates, and walks the dog with his fiancée. He recently won the *Austrian Cultural Forum London's translation prize* and was commended in the *Stephen Spender Prize 2020* for poetry in translation. His own poems have appeared in *Green Ink Poetry*, *The Minison Project*, *Daily Drunk Mag*, *Dream Journal*, and *Acid Bath Publishing's WAGE SLAVES* anthology. During the pandemic, he started sharing 'lockdown poetry' on Twitter @marktgrainger.

**Georgia Hilton** is a poet and fiction writer, originally from Ireland, now living in Winchester, England. She has a pamphlet 'I went up the lane quite cheerful', and a collection, 'Swing', both published by *Dempsey and Windle*. Her short fiction has appeared in *Lunate Fiction*, *Fictive Dream*, and the *Didcot Writers Anthology*. Georgia lives with her husband, three children, and various four-legged friends. She tweets sometimes at @GGeorgiahilton.

**Claire Hughes** is a Birmingham born writer now living in Staffordshire. She achieved her MA in Creative Writing from Lancaster University and has published in online magazines One Hand Clapping and Rainbow Poems as well as the anthologies Poetic Vision (Dream Well Publishing) and 'My teeth don't chew on shrapnel' (Oxford Brookes University).

**Arun Jeetoo** is a poet and educator from Enfield, North London. He is a wanderer and a compassionate soul, known for his dirty realism style, provocative imagery, and dark humour. His work appears in The London Reader and LUMIN Journal amongst numerous print and online magazines across the world. His poetry received second place in the John Hopkins Prize (2016) and was shortlisted for the Erbacce Prize (2020). His debut pamphlet I Want to Be the One You Think About at Night published from Waterloo Press is on sale right now. He tweets @G2poetry and Instagrams @g2poetry.

**Conor Kelly** is an Irish writer living in a rural area of West Clare in Ireland. He has had poems printed in Irish, British, American and Mexican magazines. He runs the twitter account @poemtoday which prints short poems, classic and contemporary, on a daily basis.

**Abi Loughnane** was born and raised in the New Forest and now resides in South London. She is currently studying writing with the London School of Journalism and is collating her first collection. She was first published at 11 years old in the book Hidden Treasures, an anthology of poetry to encourage young voices. She is influenced by the beat poets and her poem, I think I'm in love with Allen, has been published in The Honest Ulsterman. She has three poems due to be published in early 2021.

**Philip Miller** is a writer who lives in Edinburgh. He has published two novels, The Blue Horse (2015) and All The Galaxies (2017) and his poems have been published online and in print. He received a Robert Louis Stevenson Fellowship in 2019 and has recently completed another novel. @philipjemiller

**Zoe Mitchell** is a widely-published poet whose work has been featured in a number of magazines including The Rialto, The London Magazine and The Moth. She graduated from the University of Chichester with an MA in Creative Writing and was awarded a Distinction and the Kate Betts Memorial Prize. She is currently studying for a PhD in Creative Writing at the University of Chichester, examining witches in women's poetry. In 2018, she was joint winner of the IndigoFirst Collection Competition and her first collection, Hag, is published by Indigo Dreams Publishing.

**Ben Morgan** is a writer and academic based in Oxford, UK, where he teaches English. His first poetry pamphlet, Medea in Corinth: Poems, Prayers, Letters, and a Curse, was published by Poetry Salzburg in 2018. It retold the famous myth through poems, spells and songs. He has since published poems at The Sunday Tribune, The High Window and One Hand Clapping, and has work forthcoming in Alchemy Spoon.

**Laurence Morris** is an Academic Librarian and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. He is a keen mountaineer, with his poetry exploring connections between people and place. When

not away in the hills, he lives and works in the north of England. Related images: [shorturl.at/mtDX4](http://shorturl.at/mtDX4). Sporadic twitter: @ld\_morris"

**Niall M Oliver** is an Irish writer who lives in Co. Derry with his wife and three sons. He has just released a pamphlet called 'My Boss', published by Hedgehog Poetry Press, and his poems have previously featured in The Honest Ulsterman, 192 Magazine, Fly On The Wall Press, Ink Sweat & Tears, Black Bough Poetry and others. He occasionally tweets, but mostly only about poetry and can be found at @NMOliverPoetry.

**Michelle Penn's** pamphlet, Self-portrait as a diviner, failing, won the 2018 Paper Swans Prize. Her work has appeared in journals worldwide, including The Rialto, Poetry Birmingham, Nimrod, B O D Y and Popshot. Michelle co-hosts innovative performance evenings in London as part of the collective, Corrupted Poetry, which recently guest-edited Finished Creatures, issue 4: Stranger. Michelle grew up in the US and lived in Paris for many years before moving to London in 2005. She works as a freelance interpretation consultant for museums around the world. [michellepennwriter.com](http://michellepennwriter.com)

**Elizabeth Rimmer** (@haggardherbs) is a poet, poetry editor for Red Squirrel Press and occasional translator. She has published three collections of poetry with Red Squirrel Press, Wherever We Live Now, in 2011, The Territory of Rain, in September 2015, and, Haggards (2018) She has also published a translation of the Anglo-Saxon Charm of Nine Herbs and is currently on her next collection, dealing with questions about place, memory and community, which is due out sometime in 2021. Her website is [www.burnedthumb.com](http://www.burnedthumb.com)

**Ruth Taaffe** is from Manchester, England. She has lived across the Pennines in Sheffield, in the South of England and ventured further afield to live in Thailand, Australia and Singapore. She writes about the experience of living overseas, the idea of home and how the natural environment finds its way into our identity. As an English teacher Ruth has taught in the UK and in international schools for over twenty years. She has a Masters degree in Creative Writing from Lancaster University and her poems have been published in online journals and in print in the UK and internationally.

**Trelawney** is a food campaigner, environmentalist and new poet living in London, drawing on a past spent as an archaeologist, musician and Cornishman. This is his first published poem.

**Harriet Truscott** is a poet and writer based in the flat expanse of East Anglia. Some of her recent work can be found in Magma Poetry, Butcher's Dog, époque é-zine, and Reliquiae, amongst others. She's part of the King's Place Illicit Poets group and the Romsey Arts Collective, where she's collaborating with ceramic artist Abi Wills on a project exploring breakage. Harriet can be found talking poetry and food on Twitter @HMTruscott.

**Hazel Urquhart** is a poet/writer based in the highlands of Scotland. Her writing reflects everyday life, the importance of compassion towards others and ourselves, and mental health: subjects she believes should be discussed in an open and honest way. Hazel is a mature student in third year studying BA (Hons) Creative Writing. She has been published in [Northwords Now](#) , [Scottish](#)

[Book Trust's](#) 2019 Anthology, *The Blether*, and online with [Poetry in Public](#). Online link: [Twitter](#)

**Lynn Valentine** writes between dog walks on the Black Isle. She is being mentored by Cinnamon Press in 2020 after winning a place on their Pencil Mentoring scheme. She was one of five 'North' poets to be commissioned by the Scottish Poetry Library in 2020 as part of their Champions Project. Her work is widely published and has featured in publications such as *Northwords Now*, *The Blue Nib Atrium*, *Black Bough*, *Ink*, *Sweat & Tears*. You can find her on Twitter [@dizzylynn](#)

**Sarah Wallis** is a poet and playwright based in Scotland, having moved from Yorkshire last year. Poetry this year has appeared [@LunateFiction](#), [@SelcouthStation](#) [@CPQuarterly](#) and [@trampset](#). A chapbook, *Medusa Retold* is published with [@fly\\_press](#) - a long form narrative poem told from Medusa's point of view. *A Stage of One's Own*, a monologue, was streamed by Slackline Cyberstories during lockdown, first performed at Leeds Lit Fest 2019. You can find her [@wordweave](#) on twitter and her website is [sarahwallis.net](http://sarahwallis.net)

**Annick Yerem** is a German/Scottish poet who lives and works in Berlin. In her dreams, she can swim like a manatee. Annick tweets [@missyerem](#) and has, to her utmost delight, been published by *Pendemic*, *Detritus*, [@publicpoetry](#), *RiverMouthReview*, [#PoetRhy](#), *Anti-Heroin-Chic*, *Rejection Letters* and *Dreich*. <https://linktr.ee/annickyerem> Her website is <https://missyerem.wordpress.com>. She is an avid lover of dogs, highland coos and cake.

#### **Editors:**

**Colin Bancroft** currently lives in exile in the North Pennines where he is finishing off a PhD on the Ecopoetics of Robert Frost whilst working as a project manager for a charity. His pamphlet 'Impermanence' is out in October with Maytree Press and he was the winner of the 2016 Poets' and Players' Competition.

**Mary Ford Neal** is a writer and academic based in Glasgow, UK. Her poetry is recently published or forthcoming in *Ink Sweat & Tears*, *perhappened*, *Dust Poetry Magazine*, *Capsule Stories*, *Twist in Time*, *The Winnow*, *Marble*, *IceFloe Press*, *Dodging the Rain*, *One Hand Clapping*, and *Crow and Cross Keys*. Pushcart nominated, 2020. Her debut collection will be published by Indigo Dreams Press in 2021. She tweets about poetry and other things [@maryfordneal](#).