

S/9: FALL 2019



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Introduction

Poets can't be choosers. Is there ever too much? Frivolous, a generosity after fortresses and grain fields solidified. Something done after a long day, sipping a warm something. Getting warm inside and out. Instead of chess.

All those sunrises and sunsets, all those droughts and floods, all those things we've signed away.

But here is a quiet river that trickles far away, unrelenting. A necessity.

clawing at the grounded moon #64

the oxen started a gang nobody wants to figure out nature is aligning with nature
the predators are only attacking the weak animals there are a lot of humans acting
out weakness in front of the moon the animals are leaving them to crumple
against the cold rock we are always vaguely pathetic when a piece of the
firmament falls without lightning first marking the ground we really do want gods
don't we i'm beginning to think i should try to join the oxen their is strength is
actual strength

Darren Demaree

clawing at the grounded moon #65

there are other children now there are children conceived on the moon next to
the moon within sight of the moon in defiance of the moon there are men
courting the moon all sex is requiem for the orchard there are so many little
bodies named after stars now

Darren Demaree

clawing at the grounded moon #66

what years what later the giant has been wrestled to the ground is bathing in the
great lakes living in the present what always a thing now it's the only thing let's
swim in the rivers until the sun chases its old girlfriend and destroys us all

Darren Demaree

THE PARAKEET

She sits on my shoulder like
A defiant parakeet

She reads the words I already wrote
Stops at stanza three, line two and waits

As though then and there
She acquired some deep patience

Her deep blue-green eyes hold a steady stare/
For what pops up next

She preens her feathers, breathes heavy
Rereads stanza one and two

I look into her piercing seven-year eyes
And say, next line.

Rachel Tramonte

ADVANCES

Invisible ink, tablets. A psychotropic writes
inside the body on deep fuchsia walls

Bright white fireworks
A chemical alphabet

There's life outside the mind.
There's life outside the body.

Eleven light-years away a dim red dwarf
orbits a quiet star, ross 128b.

There is almost nothing
Not money, not skin

Not beauty, not sex separating us
From the next great place to live.

Rachel Tramonte

TIC-TAC-TOE

I paid her to call me #s & names
she would never speak to me

There were too many meta-dialogues
And no good grammar

Hello Good-bye
Problem statement

I was not waving
Communication broke down

Letters fell off the lines
Images blocked images

Coding cannot capture
The sound of a human soul.

She flailed about, waved an eyelash
And I flailed about too

She was the-rapist
My rapist, capitalist, goddess

Treatment is cave talk
Dialect DSM-ICD-IDUNNO

The sexy stabbing in the daylight
Couldn't go on forever

DMS

XX0

0X0

00X

Was I crazy to procure your love

No never no

Rachel Tramonte

ABSTRACTION OF A MEMORY

The plucking of a lone, slender
Silver hair—a fair postponement
Of th' aging process ? Deep lines
Will ever score the dry, shrunken

Brow of the crumbling facade of
The temple once called *Beautiful*—
Inscribe grotesquery (mockingly)
On youthfulness & longevity

Th' elongating shadows of
Small-leaved linden in full bloom blot
The thoroughfare like splashes of
Spilt ink on a lace table mat

As threadbare floral print dresses
And the sullied cotton slips strewn
Over splintered dining room chairs
And witch's bric-a-brac dream dreams

As rouge, oils & lipsticks in their
Painterly ardor dream dreamers
And as fruit flies with fructose eyes
Dream dreaming in shrinking spirals

Tracings of the noon *samsara*
Awaiting the dawning of dreams
Like the golem awaits motion
Chanting "*Ana Nisi Masa*"

Th' Assassins creep from crevice
To cleft with a delicacy
Belying their reputation
For arbitrary retribution

Indecent annunciations

To impressionable teenagers
And awkward avowals to fraught, ripe-
But-vestal innkeeper's daughters

*All phantasmagorical Prague
is dancing high on the crown
Sephirah of a tree of life
in process of metamorphosing
into any number of the most
unpleasant of eventualities*

Twisting weeds sprout through the floorboards
Of a dismal ghetto cottage
Between whose paper membranes struts,
Linden blossoms set in her hair,

A naked, glowing peasant girl
Immodest in vainglory's garb
Of dreams & th' obsession of
Its coal eyes on her diamond flesh

(A vivid recent memory)
Meanwhile falling heavy against
A crumbling brick & mortar wall
East of th' Old New Synagogue

An ancient woman carries on
A flight more ancient still—the past
Drag'd screaming through th' *Altschulgasse*
A cartel of automatons

Th' Assassins
Come to collect

James Bradley

Beyond Our Arable Orb

Polished chrome voices angled
rather than curved,

the sound like a word
with a typo in it that turns
 out to be
the number eight—

next the word tertiary
but as an antonym,
the prize articulately tuned in
to what it took
to wreck you here... 'Ever get the feeling
you've been cheated?'

The brain is all exteriors now
caught in a space too expertly

(perfectly) measured out in
 a jungle of
 vocabularies full
of floating
 signifiers like

the moon

David Wyman

Whiskey.

he liked it
better than I did. I like
white wine
but there they didn't drink
much wine. so we
drank whiskey. he was
my girlfriend's uncle. we were staying
in his house. and he poured
two glasses of whiskey
and put in
these balls of ice
like dropping
full moons
in the ocean. I sipped it - it was good. though the ice
quickly got it down
from boozy. people like
to buy expensive things
even though they don't understand them
and to visit
their girlfriends' families
even though they don't understand them. we struggled;
our conversation
half chinese
and half in english
and, though he made an effort,
as the whiskey took him
his grasp began to sink. and I
knew only two or three chinese words anyway,
and those
not very well. eventually
we settled
like the moon
into the ocean - making faces
at each-other and tasting
different whiskeys. I was there
for two weeks

and I think
that was the only night
he liked me.

DS Maolalai

Rumor

There are also extensive studies of human saccadic behaviors during different real-world tasks, such as making a sandwich, fixing a cup of tea, or learning and matching a shape; most studies indicate that eye movements are probably made to collect task-relevant information. Each pair of needle-linked dragonfly lovers is shaped like a blue goalpost, broken, slightly tilted, or a country mailbox filled with outgoing messages, its flag-arm raised, quivering in every breeze. Eyes pulling spine, which draws torso, head, up through electric night, until, come level with a mirror, eyes stare into eyes bright with burning, set in a face distorted by its scream, that red hole. A hill still rises out there; a river must still wind around pastures; all of it untouched, just the way.

Joel Chace

Scree 8

A disruption along the single
Corridor
A plea of shadows in writhe mode
A gravitational an endogamy
(I hear you. The beat of wings
An incessant ocean undressed)

Once a colloquy below the
Escarpment
A fire a chanting an
Abolition of frozen

I am come from a
Churn of distance
I wear the lexicon
Of the disenchanting
My blood in the urn
Of lostness

Bring the fractures
The single orb
Signifying.

Doug Bolling

Back Then

before color tv, before tv
the color of the ocean
the sound of rain on thatch, on bubbling tar
when the clouds lowered to visit
when the rain could go anywhere
but some chose to be slow, to look around
some rain avoided other rain that smelled odd
that refracted light others couldn't see
strings of rain, bows of rain orchestrating the reeds
before asphalt, before multiple stories
when you plugged leaks but no one plugged in

what in tune could have meant

when collision took months
hear them coming from under the hill
the sun hesitates so briefly before setting
honing the earth's edge, sharp daggers of stars
penetrating water but never fields
dive in, to die in
to come out the color of birth but not blood
when blood came in various colors

while rounding a corner in a vast open plain
seeds of sand, plowing with petrified bones,
if we'd had enough fingers, other eyes,
if the food here knew our songs

dan raphael

After After

Everything sun through
when nothing right is left
i look out what used to be a window
how am i standing on a third floor
 with a tide of thick wind pouring under through
not lost, not wandering, numb & hungry
finding the 30 year old inside the 61 years of
 packaging, notes, pressure-gems, seeds
 of which 1 per cent might sprout

The rain is my dibble, my confessor, my cookbook
the sun is an alarm clock, revealing shadows
my thermostat stays one step ahead
the difference between a paved field and very large intersection
dry surfing, dry silence
even when the windows open no one tries to get in
crows checking on squirrels, possum planning tomorrows menu,
songs it never gets quiet enough to hear

dan raphael

Lottery

We paper people flock to the arena, in
plastic suits and pliable expressions. Inside we
perceive the present preliminary, Rows of tables,
gatekeepers in pleasant façade. We pretenders poised
patiently for the chance at the pulpit, to prattle on
practice and personality. Finally,
pass a parcel to preface a possible promotion.
But for what purpose, proliferation of pride or
promise of prize? More likely the pile of pennies.
For most paper people, a perception of ponderous
prosperity is prominently pleasing, so
they pine for prosperousness and plead
for positions. The proprietors ponder
possible petitioners, purging partly seeking
their profit. Finding perfect pairing, they dispose
past participants, leaving them
to peek at petty positions, after all
 Only one winner in this lottery.

George Wesley

Jonathan Gold Snaps the Lace of His Shoe

It's been lately that he's been late to catch the bus. He's always walking either too far ahead to the crosswalk – the correct, upstanding citizen following minutely the laws of traffic, of car-abiding, of painted white bricks on the pavement – or else he's running behind it, maddash across the street between traffic, one trope harried businessman, camera jumping puddle-potholes, tie a-flapping to catch hell and he's all out of shape, and he must make the bus to make the train... and yes, it's been giving him some trouble at work. His wife has tried to understand just what it is that's causing such a slow down, but he's unable, when pressed, to give specifics, to give examples. How could he ever fix the blame on just one thing? One thing and then another, he supposes. Jeanie worries it's become a way of life.

They have a car, too, and so he doesn't strictly need to take the bus, but for him it is too inconvenient to drive in the city. He gets uncomfortable in terrific pits in his stomach to back the five-door hatchback out of the steeply sloping driveway onto the busy road at eight fourteen, terrified, as there's busses and walkers and bikers and other cars going by. He would not have bought the car at all but for the weekend trips up to old-aging parents in Vermont and down to New York to visit the little sister and almost in-law, and even for that they ought to take the train anyway, for who wants to park in the boroughs, or even on Long Island, and who ever wants to drive anyway, although the car sure is shiny and red. (Red and can you believe they wanted to charge an extra fifty a month on insurance just for the color?) As advertised, the red was electromagnetically protected from dirt and roadsalts and the tamer classes of careless parallel-parkers. He'd thought long and hard about the car, about their needs, and read reviews before purchase, although it was his wife who'd decided he'd wrung his hands enough and brought them to the dealers'. Impregnable ton-o-steel red, the color. A model featuring a leather-wrapped steering wheel and American-made mold-injected laser-measured floormats. He once drove that very car by the factory that makes the mats in one of those middle western states, feeling mixed feelings for the cost, for the labor.

Jeanie, instead, is practical and prefers creature comforts and heated seats in the Winter. And dear lord is it going to be cold this morning! According to the right-swipe app on their phones, the mercury's dropped right out the bottom glass of the thermometer, and is now pooling between treeroots and sidewalk cracks and roadsalt from the last big snow. Jeanie will press the button that'll heat the car up in due time, and she'll be greeted with a warm seat to carry her onward to her day, sealed in a heated bubble of metals and glass and plastics that

represents, for her, one of mankind's greatest innovations, so far as the inevitable commute is concerned.

And yet: he prefers the bus. He prefers to be seated and carried along without worry, prefers to have the option (rarely taken) of reading a book. He prefers the bounce of the backseats to the shock-balanced bounce of the driver's, prefers to be perhaps a bit late if it means he is not responsible for the traffic, prefers to risk additional delays once he makes the train, and prefers to risk the knowing look the guard gives him at reception and the oppressive clock reflected in the elevator doors and how he must sneak by the boss's office and avoid the eye-rolling of his teammates and the note that perhaps will be taped, though a sticky, to the top of his monitor reading, "Please come see me whenever you finally make it in." Anything at all, but to drive.

There's the community aspect of it, too, he reasons. So many the same mornings, the missings, and everyone huddle-hunching shoulders and jockey-knees back and forth in the little line-dance shuffle, counting in time the ten minutes between missed busses. Bus Number *n*: the imagined nation. An old joke he knows has lost its imperial punch. Instead he imagines kinship. A sort of relation. Relatively. Save perhaps when they're pretty women or have particularly fine beards. Like mercury, like a fluid. And in a way everything relates; it all comes down to instincts and humanity and biology and sex, and sex, and *sex*. Still, you can't be kin and —

He finds himself most days waking up just before the sounding of alarms, then hitting snooze, then snooze, then listening to Jeanie rolling over, also in the bed, and then maybe they have a cuddle a little in the middle of the king-size from their respective sides, their divided sleepdoms atop the fitted sheet that's ever so mis-matched with the sheet on top. (There's laundry irregularities and that mercurial stain from the liquid soap detergent and also the other night and who has time to do laundry well?) Cuddling is all, of course, only-if the cat isn't there between them and maybe-if it's not too hot, which it is in their house even in midwinter because the radiator's working on overdrive, which is incidentally the name of the e-library system which Jeanie frequents on her how-is-it-so-impossibly-cheap tablet, which works very well.

Most mornings are inauspicious.
And still —

Now that it's after the eyes have fluttered up, the snoozing in, the cuddling closer, the pushing off, the turning over, the sighing, and the sighing, the closing eyes, the wrinkle feeling, groaning up, the swinging legs, toeing floor, the aching back, walking potwards, the pissing, the pissing, the missing of a

little, the wiping up, flushing down, washing hands, flossing ‘twixed, brushing yellows, spitting, the greenstuff gurgling, spitting, the warming shower, calling ready, and, Jeanine naked, “Together or?” looking at her shin, at her knee, at thighs, in between — she turns —her rear end, the cupping ass, and her hand slapping him away, the giggle, the looking bashful, the curtain close, and him offing bedwards, sliding sheet-between, snoozing, checking time, snoozing, checking bus schedules, and *Oh shit, I really am behind*, and Jeanie back, showered off, smiling, the water running (yet!), and him dropping trousers, showering self, back naked too, and Jeanie stocking nylons, the swinging ding-dong, the laughing, the semi-scolding *gonna be* late for work, all-smiles, the button dress-back, the closet run, the briefing, the ballcup, the re-tucking of junk, the shirt-drape, the tie-drape, the pants drape along bed, the sitting down, socks pulling up, the walking closetways, sliding feet, the choice of shoes, forefinger-thumbng shoeheels back to bed, returning bounce-sit, arch-backed, the shoehorning of leftfoot, the heeling in of right, and now pulling the lace, beginning to loop (will it be bunny ears? the rabbit-through-hole? the double or triple and why is it never the same with him and how strong are subsequent knots and do the multiply or divide or what so far as strength?) and so momentously, without warning:

His left lace snaps.

All the while, Jeanie is fully clothed and walking back and forth between the kitchen and bathroom, mending eye makeup and schmearing bagels, packing lunch for herself since he’ll eat out like always (like last night, she thinks, a snort), a little bit of extra chocolate tucked into the meshpouch for her, just in case it ends up one of *those* afternoons. Jeanie wipes down points of interest on the table, consults the whiteboard calendar on the other wall. She plans, aches, and circles yoga for next Tuesday.

Jeanie, who is rarely if ever late.

But of his shoes! The thing is that they’re his favorites, the pair whose laces snapped. Beautiful brown fair-trade leather oxfords with the welt lightstitched to the dark-tan-dark sole of the shoe, the faux-wood heel epoxied to the rubber-top-piece-meets-the-road, with, of course, a brogued toe-cap (echoing a half-claimed Irish descent on his wife’s father’s side), and he tries to wear them every Friday since they go well with the dark jeans Jeanie picked out for him the last time he’d been with her to the mall. He polishes these brown shoes regularly and with care, always rushing the heel polish but lovingly tucking the horsehair bristles of the brush into each individual divot and dot of the leather brogue.

And the snapped lace? Well, that'll be the last fuckin' time he buys replacements from Walgreens, is what that'll be. Perhaps he'll just have to order a new pair from the Internet. But he then thinks of the shipping costs – both dollar and environmental – and what does that do to the world, what does that say about him and his class and society and the larger economic condition? But then also how much does it really cost to ship x pounds (though they must only be ounces) from a warehouse in Kansas City or Irontown or Albuquerque if the plane or truck or bus is going anyway? Between there and here, but only a letter. There's logistics, though, and perhaps electrical current costs (electricity powered by coal) for the tapping and tracking and paystubs for the people who must wear back-braces (further cost!) sweating in the big shipment warehouses dotted here and there across the map he keeps tenuously and likely inaccurately in his head. He wonders: are they happy, the sweaters? Is it the kind of masculine (or feminine, he supposes,) feeling one has when once works with the body, with the hands? With the totality of human force? But moving boxes is not building train tracks and is this thought too not merely an affectation? Hard to rationalize that romanticization given the exposé published last-last fall on one of the Big Ones, on those conditions. But perhaps he would prefer to work with his hands. But perhaps this is guilt and nostalgia and —

But here he ought to be trying to get to work. Get to work at his desk in the comfortable faux-leather chair (which matches, conveniently, his shoes) at the desk that buttons up or buttons down to stand or sit or change his ever-ergonomically questionable wrist-angles at the keyboard, but he is instead thinking about ping-ponging around the United States in a box the side of Jeanie's hand when it's around his—ah, but he fondly remembers Pong.

He then thinks he may swing by a store that sells suitable replacements on his lunch break or on his way home, but the particular store that sold him this particular pair of shoes is no longer, or at least no longer at that location, and who could be bothered to look up where there's another one, with the store-locator on their website looking so gawdamnawful on a mobile phone? And how can he get to work with a shoe missing its lace?

He begins to check the site just to see, begins to check up on train schedules and delays and comments on those delays and gets lost, loses time, but stops himself shorter than it could have gone and so back to the closet.

He opens the doors both wide and looks down at the two neat rows of Jeanie's shoes and at the haphazard box of his. He could always go with the black oxford pair, but there's no brogueing and it's a casual Friday and he has already put on his dark blue jeans. They just don't look as good with black shoes as they do with the brown ones. Jeanie says so. Black and blue. A vetoed color scheme

for their wedding, and also the name of the last album he can remember buying on cassette tape: I'll show you the shape of my —

Chuck Taylors are out because though it's casual, he's a manager, and some things simply won't do at the office, although he loves the street-smear green, once bright and primary, now delectably dull and careworn, and the laces too are more puddle-gray than blinding white; the canvas, once stiff, now pliable and the sole bendable and when he was a would-be-punk-rock teenager he'd sharpie the missing places where the black elastic piece ringing the shoebottom ought to have been, but he is older and feels he ought to dress better to fit the part.

Running shoes present a similar problem in terms of taste, and are suspiciously new-looking (as they are, by and large, unused). Jeanie's tried him with yoga and with running and it never takes with him, but he knows it makes her butt look so damn good and *those yoga pants* of hers and he could probably lose his little but growing beer and takeout gut if only he tried and he wonders why she still wants him sweaty and getting fat on top of her all the time. (She says it's 'cause he gives good head and has a handsome face with eyebrows that are simply *to die for* down there.)

He could always wear his snow boots, but against only the half-inch of slush-ice left over from the weekend, it would be embarrassing, and they ride too high above his creaky and unreliable ankles and will be far too hot once he arrives at the office. But perhaps he could bring an extra pair of socks, could change them over at lunch...?

But at the bottom of the barrel, the Container Store box: what-have-we-now this could work!

Tucked under a pair of too-big Keens from an attempt at hiking and the detached-thong Caribbean-flag flip flops from a holiday last summer and (perilously) under a tin of black shoe polish that really should not be there, he's found his uncle's post-funeral closet-clean get-rid-of-things-in-grieving hand-me-down leather Red Wings, and wouldn't you know they're brown (to boot)!

Yes, he can feel the weight of their wisdom as he dangle-carries them by the electric blue laces away from the closet and down the hall and onto the kitchen mudrug to pull the more respectable (or at least congruent) workboot yellow-brown laces from the pair for snow. Ah, but if only he could pull off the blue laces. He's too serious for a splash of color, even if he doesn't think himself serious, though isn't style pretty relative all the same to begin with? But, relatively speaking, he would rather not have to compete with the electric *green* laces that the new Creative Director prefers to wear. Why they ever thought it would be good to hire someone in from Advertising—

He heads back towards the edge of the bed to re-lace the boots.

Jeanie, instead, comes out of the bathroom post final make-up and touch-up and sees him waddling back to the bedroom in greysocked feet swinging the boots by their laces and shouts after him, “Aren’t you going to be late for work?”

“I love you,” the reply.

Closed-eyes and high-eyebrows, Jeanie shakes her head and breathes in deep her Ujjayi breath (today’s “practice,” as there’s no other time and an inconvenient class schedule at their gym on Fridays) and she pulls her coat on off the back of a kitchen chair and checks again the coat pocket for her keys.

An extrashouted goodbye for love, a pick up this and that in the store on your way home, please, a don’t forget to leave water for the cat, a loveyoubye, and she’s off, down the steps, out the backdoor, bag and purse in the passenger seat, then around the nose of the car and into the pre-heated front seat, down the so-called-by-husband treacherous drive (however treacherous) and she’s off to the races again.

Jonathan Gold has now taken the laces out of the old brown boots and just now realizes he doesn’t remember which way they had been laced before, and as a somewhat younger man in college he’d had lots of ideas about how a shoe or a boot should be laced, and as slightly older (and perhaps: adult) man he can’t think of what those ideas had been.

Ought he go under-out or over-under, after beginning the lace (obviously) with the toe-laces over-in, over-in? Ought he consult a proper work boot, so as to match the laces to their expected style? Is there much form to the lacing of a boot, much meaning in its arrangement? Should he go and look up a catalogue of flowers and their meaning, derive his pattern from poppies for pleasure, violets for faith? Ought he go after work to buy a dozen and one roses for his love?

Over-under, over-under it is. He laces the first boot without much fanfare, aside from fighting the cat for the lace-tips and shooing her away and then again shooing her away and then getting up to close the door because he is *really* late now and he didn’t mean to, he didn’t really. But it is halfway up the other boot, the left boot, that he begins to be unsure: he has laced them both left-right from the toe, each left-up-to-right slash of the X per quadrant of metal eyelets coming over the right-up-to-left slash, and should they be opposite-facing? He thinks, perhaps, they should. But as he untangles and unthreads his work so far he wonders if this isn’t the right way to do it for the left boot so that, when reversed, when he’s being looked at by an outside observer and planted firmly in their gaze, it appears his bootlaces spring out from the inside of his legspace?

Or is it perhaps more secure to have it going in from the outside of his foot?

Was this the reason his other shoelace snapped?

There must be a right way to do it.

There must be a single, best way.

He consults his phone. He googles the best way to lace a boot. He consults the *Art of Manliness* He consults the *Times*. He checks again for train warnings on Twitter. He falls down a hole. The cat meows and headbutts the other side of the door. He's really in it now: reading about Syria, about vegan cupcakes, thumbing photosets of frozen lakes. He thinks for a half second if he's got time to look at porn, but stops, thumbs down to scroll up to reveal the bars and the carrier and the time and the battery and good god look at the time!

He hastily laces up crossing right-left and left-right without pattern and he tells his phone to remind him at ten fifteen — after the morning meeting, after his coffee, after the shit that necessarily comes after his coffee, after he gets back to his desk, after he sees the note about a sale from last week and goes and sees his boss, after he is sighed away, after everyone else will have settled down into their work and so he'd finally have a moment to sit — to remember to re-lace his boots, and he opens the door and almost kicks the cat and grabs his coat and pockets his keys and finds his backpack and hammers the steps (and back up to check the lock) and comes around the corner wall of his drive—

And of course, he has again missed his bus.

Daniel Elfanbaum

Contributors

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Darren Demaree is the author of eleven poetry collections, most recently *Emily as Sometimes the Forest Wants the Fire* (June 2019), which was published by Harpoon Books. He is the Managing Editor of the *Best of the Net Anthology* and *Ovenbird Poetry*. He is currently living and writing in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

Rachel Tramonte lives in Cleveland, OH. Her work has appeared in *Bluestem Magazine*, *The Broken Plate*, *Carbon Culture Review*, *Common Ground Review*, *Door is a Jar*, *Green Hills Literary Lantern*, *Hobart*, *Jelly Bucket*, *Slab*, *These Fragile Lilacs*, and *Third Wednesday*. She received her MA in English and Creative Writing from Binghamton University. She lives and writes in Cleveland, OH with her partner and their two daughters.

James Bradley is an artist and writer living in Portland, Oregon. His paintings have been exhibited at the Berkeley Art Museum, the Verge Art Fair, and elsewhere. He co-edits *Hexagon Press* with his wife, Brittany. He received an MFA in painting from the California College of the Arts in 2009. <https://jamesdanielbradley.com/>

David Wyman's first book, *Proletariat Sunrise*, was published by Kelsay Books in 2017. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *BlazeVOX*, *Dissident Voice*, *Clockwise Cat*, *Picaron Poetry*, *The Voices Project*, *Squawk Back*, *Tuck Magazine*, *Zombie Logic*, *The Aureorean*, *A Certain Slant*, *The Wallace Stevens Journal*, *Old Crow Review*, *Spout and Green Hills Literary Lantern*, among other publications. He's a fan of Noam Chomsky, jazz guitar and the visionary poetry of William Blake. He lives in Massachusetts where he teaches American Literature and Composition at Mount Wachusett Community College.

DS Maolalai has been nominated for Best of the Web and twice for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in two collections, *Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden* (Encircle Press, 2016) and *Sad Havoc Among the Birds* (Turas Press, 2019).

Joel Chace has published work in print and electronic magazines such as *The Tip of the Knife*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *Eratio*, *Otoliths*, *Infinity's Kitchen*, and *Jacket*. Most recent collections include *Kansoz*, from Knives, Forks, and Spoons Press, *Web Too*, from Tonerworks, *War, and After*, from BlazeVOX [books], *Scorpions*, from Unlikely Books, and *Humors*, from Paloma Press.

Doug Bolling's poems have appeared in *Posit*, *BlazeVOX*, *Indefinite Space*, *Swamp Ape*, *The Missing Slate* (with interview), and *Juked*, among others. His writing has received Best of the Net and Pushcart nominations and several awards. He is working on a collection of poems and lives in the greater Chicago area.

Anything, dan raphael's 21st book, was published in September by Unlikely Books; *The Closer You Get to Nowhere* will come out early 2020 from Last Word Press. Most Wednesdays dan writes and records a current events poem for the KBOO Evening News.

George Wesley graduated from Michigan Technological University with a B.S. in Chemical Engineering. He currently lives in Green Bay, WI. He enjoys drinks with friends, literature, and D&D in his free time.

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