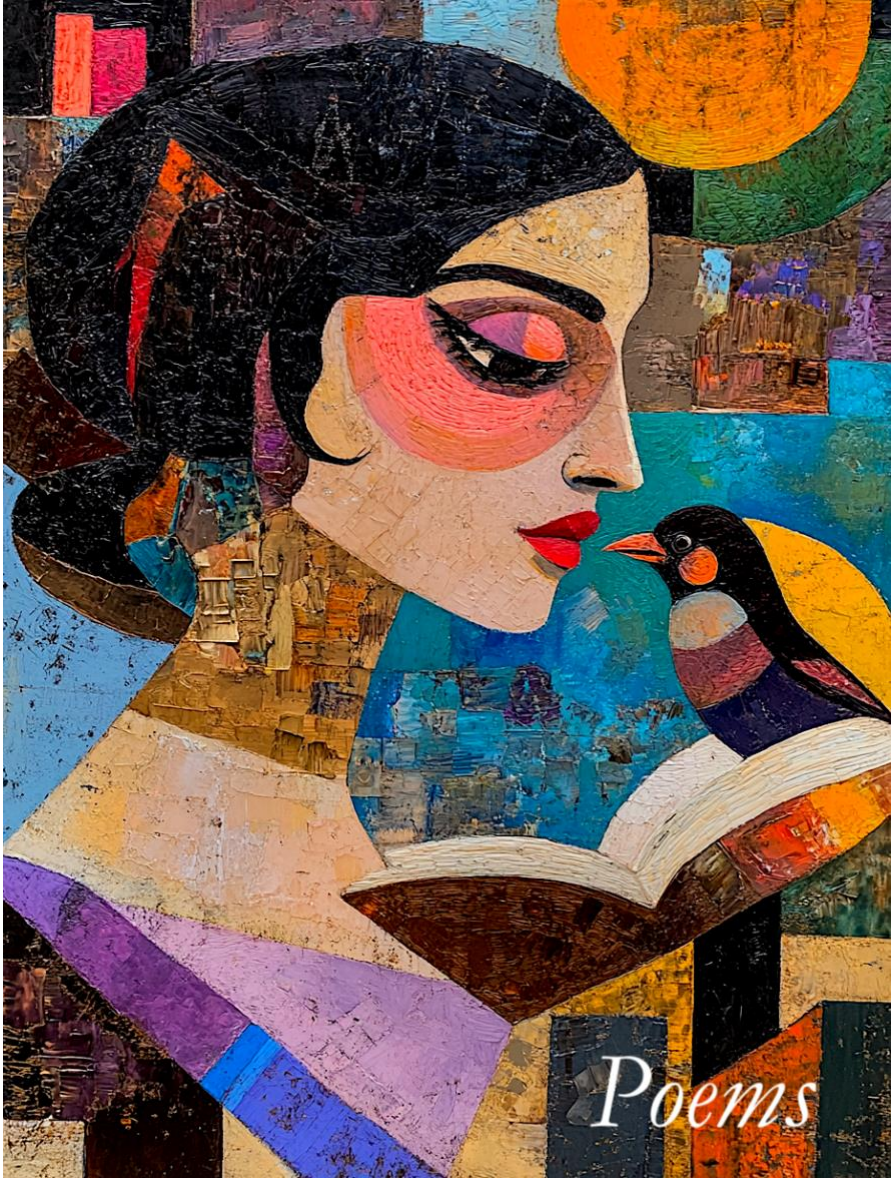

THE 2025 O:JA&L CHAPBOOK SERIES
A Writer's Portfolio

THE OUTRUN



JULIE ALDEN CULLINANE

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THE OUTRUN

Poems

JULIE ALDEN CULLINANE

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THE PENNY DAWN

In December comes the poetry
The examination of the year's bruises
Veins punctured just below the skin
Threads of green and blue ready for appraisal and disposal
Against the promise of a new year
If human suffrage was a month of the calendar
All the late-night dog walks down cold sidewalks
Mornings spent chipping ice
While car exhaust plumes clouds into the sky
Holiday anxiety
Forced indoors
Wrapping our bones in down and layers
It is December
And I am no longer 17
My son is 17
Which puts me further and further away from it
He is 17 in the glorious ways
he doesn't understand the power of his youth
How it surrounds him like a halo, delicious and pompous
How I would devour it, take it from him if offered
I watch him shovel the snow on the deck
Gangly, irritated and tall
He throws a snowball at his little brother
He smiles
December's gift
Is waking restless in the penny dawn
porch door open inches to fit your nose and eyes through
Breathing in the just-post snowstorm
Air in the sacred silence of an early purple New England morning
Crackling cold is the lens bringing the glass covered lawn into sharp focus
the secret smell of new fallen snow
That only we know

THE OUTRUN

D

eath is wearing her heavy boots,
being showy, stomping around, jigging and laughing, hiking up her red
flamenco skirt as if God moves in her
Her secret is she visits all births
Celebrates in the corner
Looking over the shoulders of newly minted grandparents
Another of her children after all
If I was a dog or a fox or a mouse, I would bite her ankle
Brightly and loudly
Scream for Horus
My secret is relief
That it's over, that I'm alive, that we are alive
She's just visiting
I'm a guest, the witness
Postpartum but strong
A steed, no, a stallion
Happy knowing
One day I will run fast again
Done my duty
Got my ticket punched
For casting youth from my loins
Forever told that was the point
As if the mountains needed reason to exist
Despite my awesomeness my boredom is the Taj Mahal
The sun on her towers
Hope, My future
I'm still sitting in the shade of the mausoleum
Coolin off
I'm in the outrun
Pulling a selkie
Tearing off my skin every midnight
The word revival is having a moment

All the svelt z'ers are
Using it like they thought of it
Trapped
Here is a terrifying stranger
I will not accept their hand

THE SUMMER THAT THE HAWKS CAME

The hot, sick heat descended fast
Too early, with no Spring.
It was the summer that the hawks came
And made themselves known to me.
It was then we took notice
Of how little
We looked up
At the sky
It came just as we had enough money
To buy the expensive shampoo
In the green bottle.
It was instantaneous.
My youth sealed up,
Stamped in red wax.
The babies that we made
So that we wouldn't leave this Earth
Never knowing true love
Beat their wings despite.
They are already gone.
Beware of the doors;
The windows are all locked.
We are told to hold still
Until further notice.
The sun and air now take sips of your strength:
The price of admission.
Just when we started using the shampoo
In the green bottle.

MIS-GENTRIFICATION

My father talks to me about gentrification
But he is confused
He talks about being a poor white kid from a bad city
And he honestly thinks that is what that word means
I don't correct him, that is a whole other conversation
That would result in a fight
We have a really complicated tense relationship
I should correct him
He tells me when he moved to the new good city
On the back of his grandparent's money, and after the war
That the kids here were different, not like the Brockton blocks
That he was the same age as them but light years apart in education
He didn't know Faulkner or Hemingway – Shakespeare - he still doesn't
Not like I do.
This conversation starts because someone at the party said
Education has gone down the shitter in America since COVID
I said, "I read that kids now who are seniors are reading on an eighth-grade level."
He was a small, freckled ginger from a tough neighborhood
Abandoned by his parents, now surrounded by shiny rich kids
He is 70 years old today
I am here at his birthday party
At our old house in the new shiny town
He is so uncomfortable with the memory
It's almost a confession
I will stay exactly fifty-six minutes
Before I give my husband the signal
He folds his hands in his lap and sighs
I can see he is far away, I almost pity him
It still bothers me
The kids made me feel bad
I didn't have the nice clothes, I didn't know the work

I wasn't on their level

But.....

And he throws up his hands

Here are my daughters, teachers, writers and professors

WHAT WE HOLD

It falls to the wanderer
To place a wreath upon a threshold
Check the names on the place cards
Wipe the nameless footstones
A woman to hold elegance in refusal
Mothers to win invisible medals for thrift
A child to fail in his grace
Preacher in words of power
The last full measure of the dying

Shall We Fight?
I ask the garden
Thick stems that have become
My little team of words
I bow to them in my striped pajamas and dirt knuckles
Whistle as I pulled weeds in bare feet
Get on with it then
I whisper as I sip my tea
Luxuriant in a morning alone
Seated in bronzed iron
Kimono knees and ego
Inspire the nation in me
I plead now
And baptize them
With a last night's wine bottle
Only now full of water

FOUR LITTLE BIRDS

Memory is a tricky thing.
Its like that tree in the woods
If you didn't see it fall
Did it even happen?
Is there a word for choosing not to remember?
Suppressed memory?
Denial? No, not that.
People don't like to name things
They are trying to forget
Or pretend never happened at all.

What if a monster
Lived in a house
With four little girls
And only two remember it?
Is it a half-memory?
Does it lose some power?
You can't pay for vindication,
For truth, for freedom.
You can pay for 20 years of therapy
And even then
Your evidence comes to you
In an unlikely medicine.
A drunken text
Saturday night
Little sister
Suddenly.....
Thirty years late
Unable to deal with the memory of it
Weight of it, All of it,
Children, work, husband, job,
..... laundry...

Memory.
Redemption in Arial font.
“I remember.
I was there.
All of the times.
Every time.
Even when it wasn’t my turn.”
The youngest bird.
The protected one.
Assumed ignorant of violence.
Turned out to be the memory keeper
After all.

Sneaking out of the nest,
Peering around corners
In feety-pajamas
Like a secret camera
Recording it all
Peeing her pants in fear
For the older, stronger ravens.
What now?
With proof of words
Free little birds
Caged for too long.
Forget, and fly away.

MICHAEL'S POEM

I was no good when you were a child
Loving you wholly, but feeling too much
All I had was love back then, not sanity or time
I worry about the dark parts of me
That might have seeped into those little, beautiful, chubby hands
I am 40 now
Thank fucking christ
The road most traveled is riddled with bombs
I don't recommend it
I am ok now with the God that is or isn't
There's nothing I can do about it, any of us can do
Any of us can do
There are days now when I almost love myself
..... a magic I have only recently known
I see all my good intentions in your mirrored face
I see all who came before you
I worry so much about all that you've seen and felt
Did I tell you our family history too many times?
Did it scare you when I spoke spells at full moons
Made salt circles and saged the house – only to protect you
I worry that you didn't see.....
Me sitting by your bed silently all night, on your tiny blue plastic stool
watching your eggshell rib cage
Rise and fall as fevers ravaged you
Me, just praying to anything, helpless
As the green neon universe circled above us
From your star beam night light.
I was never the same after you came
No one tells you that parenthood
Is actually walking around permanently
with a giant, gaping, aching wound in
Your chest wide open chin to sternum

Just sucking in all the world's ache
You feel the world's evil
You hear it breathing, just a hair's breadth away
You have your father's eyes
But you were blessed with that bright yellow
slash - through blue
Amber in your right iris a gift from your grandmother
The witches kiss
Will you remember our hawk?
She lives in our woods or we in hers
When one of us spots her hunting
We yell for each other to "come as quick as you can!"
To the driveway, like the call of the wild
We fumble for our phones trying to capture her, never succeeding
We stand together as a family and watch her swoop full cyclone circles
Above us, our grace, fierceness, pride, protection
She as big as a human four-year-old
Our goddess
On a very rare, perfect day she will land on our deck
and stare and twitch her regal robot head at us with predator severity.

HISTORY WITHOUT PAIN

Like a field heavy with too many souls
I will bury and bathe my head in pillow and sorry hands
Heating pads and silk eye coverings
Praying I will alchemize
It's becoming too much
More than a few days a month now, a few weeks, closer to every day
I'm manic and try and do as much as I can before I disappear. On the days I
can see out of my eyes, no white fog or piercing purgatory
As if I already know my sentence
I prepare
Keep the compress in the freezer / keep the heated compress in the
microwave / never ever run out of Motrin or Xanax / keep the lights out/
learn the navigation of my bed corners and bedroom walls with my eyes
closed, learn to shower in darkness without falling / plead, barter, converse
with my skull bones and the evil ache that I will sacrifice my wonder and
curiosity, years of my life's total if it will just release me from its clutches.
Give me back to my family. I feel guilt at the silent door closes, the light
touches of comfort to my hands and shoulders. The footsteps I hear above
me, laughing, all of them up there living life, giving me my space to burn.
As I lay for days holding my own hand, I try to convince myself there is no
tumor, no meningitis.
I wonder if I am manifesting this physical pain, wonder if it is some almighty
trying to point me in the right direction
Is it my ancestor's sins using my flesh as a sieve?
Is it karma for a family history of colonialism?
Have I been eating too much-refined food and white sugar?
Just live until I can make it to the white tube machine that will peek inside my
insides
And reveal the devil or deformity
As if one existed
As if it was that simple of an explanation.
A treatment plan
A fix
A future or history without pain

NEXT SLAUGHTER

O ur bruises from last month have not healed
It feels more like a first time broken-heart
Or when you kill an innocent deer on the highway
Paralyzed,
Please wait.
Just let us process.
Or was it last week?
The red, deep gash has turned to white soapy paralytic skin:
Blue bruises sink lower into the skin and are reabsorbed by the body
Like blood clots
Like placenta
Like pain
Pops in a parade
On this fourth day of the sweetheart of summer
But it is
Everyday
“Wait, wasn't it last month in Texas with 19 or was it 20?” I hear from the
official BBQ master.
Hard to keep track
The violence now marks occasions, creates confusing remembrances. Too
many “days of.”
“Is that Chicago? Someone turn on CNN right now!”
There is a big cake on the picnic on the backyard picnic table
It is an American flag
Red strawberry sweetness and blueberry stripes, the fruited plain
Cool whip clouds and mountains' majesty
There is a sparkler in each corner of the cake, lit like a birthday candle as it is
presented to the masses. Children eager for it's sweetness.
I could buy an AK at the Walmart down the street if I wanted to right now. I
have two abortion pills saved in my top drawer. I was supposed to take them
to open my cerviz when geting my IUD out, but I preferred to feel the pain.
We got a huge trunk load of fireworks this year, more than last year even
though it's illegal.

We are white and the cops only show up if body parts get blown off.
Pop pop pop
Blasts are beautiful in the sky, the moms cover the babies' ears with their palms. Pull their stomachs in. Cover their uterus' with full spread hands without realizing it. Don't tread on me.
The dogs in the neighborhood are anxious and barking,
Scratching at glass windows to get out and patrol
Unsure why their world is shaking
Where are the humans when the boom booms go off?
No
Time
In between now
To process
We just
move on
to
The
next slaughter.

HERSELF

While you were working on the way to entering her body
She was remembering behind her eyes
Once when she had money, her money once
she bought a dress
She smiles
Not for you
For a memory of herself
And the sound of the fabric whipping against the wind and skin
called the angels
And that thick pull against her hips
Like wet heavy fabric from an unintentional baptism
Holding you down to the earth
Made her fearless and sharp
That dress gave just enough peak and just enough cover
Changed color with her moods
And never before
Was she more herself

SCORPIO

PART 1

I have forgotten
How governed I am
By water
How frequently I retreat
To her arms
When I can't breathe
When it's too loud behind my eyes/forehead
I turn up the steam/stream
Until my skin beats
Beets bright red
And screams
Heart slowing
In the thick humid air
The weight of soaked hair
Pulling my body down
Anchored
Crumpled
In fetal position
Tub floor
Chin to knees
Surrendering to the glorious
Pressure
Right now I am safe

PART 2

I am ten
In my red bathing suit
Hamstrings tight
Tender sapling body

Ready to be shot from a bow
Chin to chest
Bowing to my queen
Waiting for the gunshot
Arms bent in prayer/adoration?
Respect.
Tracy next door is trembling
I am stone
It's a race
Please don't let me win
I am just dying
To be alone
To disappear
She beckons me
BANG!
My body
Is the cracked whip
Catapulted
From air to liquid
Glorious pressure
An embrace
Lips curl into smile
In the thick silence
There is sugar in my veins
She seals my ears
Slice's my father's voice
Cleaved
My sight is gone
Yet I see
I am free
Embracing holy quiet
Uterine pressure

Seconds
Freedom
My fingers first
Break the surface
In Amen position

CLEOPATRA NOT GIVING ONE FUCK AT THE END OF HER LIFE

I am already
Bitumen and straw
I will speak no more
But to say my own name
To the annals of HIStory
I will die a woman,
Once a queen of queens
The Goddess
A mother besides
The Whore they say
They hunt my children now
As I sigh in a prison of my own building.
The pinnacle of the sun
The planets spoke to me, chose me, crowned me
And I fall. I have fallen.
From the only poison that ever can really fell an invincible woman.
I have betrayed my people and my sex
For nothing.
They will scrape my names off the walls with chisels
A eunuch should have been the ruler
From the beginning of human time
They can at least remove from threat
The embarrassment of the weakness
Of the flesh
Or heart
Or familial line
And have more noble reasons for savagery, murder and war.
Like revenge.
Stupid, stupidity not vanity
How careless. How basic.
I lowered myself to this

She who is the God.
I thought us the moon and the sun aligned.
The best of our species, how could there ever be another?

Now I hear them coming
Those droles who fear the next life!
Idiots, armies made of muscle and lies
My mind is deeper than the sand
They would never let me live
Without suffering their own embarrassment
Men with small minds and big swords
Stomping stone in their straight lines.
I will laugh as they enter my tomb
My death was seen in the stars
I've always known how my death would come to me
That it would never be anyone else's but mine
Even though many would try
I was taught very young
Practicing poisons with doctors and priests
On prisoners and criminals
Harnessing my knowledge
Befriending the asps.
A backup plan.
I hear them now
I laugh harder and harder
They assume my humiliation
I stand tall and brave
As I raise my future
Up to my painted smiling lips.

THE CHIMERA

W omen made of pieces
Monsters made of flesh
Medea's opposite
The Yin
The Yang
Now, especially is the time of Cancer rising
Leaving Gemini on my knees
Untrusting of a season that bears monsters
Hungover or
Dirty sober
Summer makes me uneasy
It's too easy in the sunlight
I feel unhinged
Without the pressure of cold weather
To survive
Over-heated cars
And bodies
Machines
Don't just stop and be still
The flesh-metal has to settle
Tinker and ring
Deliciously crack when releasing from the hood
Little songs sung as its muscles soften
Like when I ask for both edges of the blade
But get none
Of the pre-ordered violence
That lives in all of us deep
Rioted cellular
And honest

SEASICK

I watch your beautiful mouth make vowels at me in erotic slow motion
From across the beach, as if my radar will pick up our secret language from
this distance
Your eyes dance like diesels as you point at a lifeguard with your hand in the
shape of a gun over your fly
I smile at the mutual incomprehension
you await my hilarity like a silent letter
You turn your head back to the lifeguard
You clap him on the shoulder
And I stand here like a bag of holding.
I feel the dread and heat
The bad spirits woke me in the blue hours
breathing hot worry down my neck
you sleep peacefully surrounded by better angels
Knowing the ocean will break a fever
I swim at dawn when the water carries a knife
An afternoon dip is more like a bologna sandwich offering,
it has no balls

You are all wet comb
Burgers and fries
Stunning unexpected blue
I am hunger, and woodsmoke
Anxiety and low-level anguish
I seek safety in machines not bodies
The hard, warm febrile straddle
Of an angry American engine.
I stake myself where the beach curves into a ponytail
Reaching to meet the sea with touching earnestness
I gnaw the meat of an old *Cosmopolitan* magazine
It tastes too coppery, like licking blood from a mosquito bite
Looking forward to the night
When I hide in the scent of your dusky chai skin

Pause the awful hope that has been peeling from my palms
In the constant sunlight, yet pale like Lestat
Like tissue paper moths
kissed by fire.

DEATH IS BEIGE

Did I tell you that I died recently?
Unexpectedly of course.
Right there in the kitchen on the yellow linoleum
That I hate.
That I have been meaning to get tiled over since forever.
I only came back because my husband pounded
So hard and so fast on my chest
And screamed my name so loud
Out into the great beyond that I heard him
And came back to the sound of it
It was too distracting to let me go any farther.
Do you know the first thing I felt when I opened my eyes?
Disappointment.
I lay in the arms of my love
Alive and pumping, a fish back in water
And I was fuming; all I could say was
Death was beige.
I was so mad that I traveled
Maybe to the doorstep of eternity
Expecting St. Peter with a half-smile and crisscrossed arms
And maybe some golden scales or a halo,
Or a dinghy made for two to bring me across the Styx,
But no.
Only beige and a sense that there was only black after the beige.
My husband said I only passed out from COVID and
Most likely I saw the inside of my eyelids.
This was no comfort.
He's so rational it kills me.
Cheating death once felt violent, and alive
Once at 17, so small and young and hurt and confused by the world that
I drove my mustang down 95 at 1am going 120mph

ANOTHER PURPLE MUSCLE

My mind still in Last night your hands were in my hair Your
shoulder in my mouth
A hole in my chest now you can see through
I patted myself down
Checked my pockets
immediately checked the seams and hem of my soul— it was luckily still
attached
I picked my heart up off the kitchen floor this morning with a soup ladle
The only clean utensil
I just looked at it sitting there all purple and belly and muscly and sad
I didn't even want to put it back
Now thoracically empty and happy
I would just pour my coffee into my mouth and it would come out the hole in
my chest.
So I sipped and turned to watch it beat like a right fist on the cold beige tile.

THE MOMENT I REALIZED I FOUND WOMEN ATTRACTIVE (AGE 7)

You were stark
in focus
So clear
Against the panoramic
countryside
And the dawn light
Standing so still
next to
This wild tree
Its branches twisted and leaning
As if it was reaching for you
Your raven hair
Defied it with wind
Blowing hard
In the opposite direction
Your back was to me
Just a sharp shape in black
A stoic statue
Wide leg stance
Smoking a cigarette
I liked the cut of your
Black coat
A-line
Knee Length/Back slit

You looked over your shoulder
A curl fell from your tight black hat
I wanted to eat it, its glossy candy blonde
You could probably feel me watching
You took a long drag and magically surrounded me in
The delicious smell of real tobacco

Then turned back to face the mountains
As if returning to an interrupted conversation

So still
So clean and severe
Against the horizon
You were more than alive
Against the grey, orange morning

BONE

Some pretty hand
Fingers a
Bone handled knife
Trying to
Break good
In the dying seconds
Eating up
Her span of control
Heavy petal
Code of practice
What a beautiful thing to be a soul
In the mercy seat
With coyote heart
I want to walk and fall into it
The night
See the bones in the road
Glow violet
Under pregnant moon.

SATURDAY JULY

I hree years equals one plague year
Now
In memory
I'm not worried
The birds will let us know
when the tap end comes
I'm in the land of heaven
Where the gods must have come to
First or last
Leaving or finding magnificence
Maybe on a Saturday
The July of the week
Wailing into the night
The sadness of a summer wasted in worry
Not missing the Saturday of my youth
Saturday
The July of the week
Now I'm in the Sunday of my youth
Next year is the year I've been waiting for
My year of 2s and 4s and all the music in between
It's back to when I began
Leave it with me
Lay hands on me
Nothing is written
I have failed in grace
Had a glancing relationship
with perpendicular
Leaning forever
on a sweet word

THE BEAR

I miss you days when you were a bear
Black and shiny and a holy terror
All young knees and shiny white teeth
You made me doubt my mothering skills
More than my human children
You refused to be caged to be bathed
Only fed and fed and fed
We both made it to an honorable age.
The stories we could tell.
We used to race down the trail,
up for any adventure
At the end, we would sit on the deck under the umbrella
and watch the bunnies.
It took you years to become aloof around us,
never sure if you had been abused
or were simply a wild animal
and it was your nature to always be wary.
We loved you hard regardless.
You still flinched at our touch
after 13 years until the very end.
I'm not sure my soul will ever get over it.
Now you are out in the backyard of the blue house we chose to raise our boys
in, forever.
Under the oak tree where you will grow grow grow again.

MARFA

I've already lived and died a few times
Had my heart ripped out
Tasted concrete
I'm currently in between
Iterations and resurrection
So, I went out to where the earth is old
Where no human or machine has known
Your Time the only acceptable currency
Your map is a needlepoint blanket of stars
Charged neurons that flicker
their secrets in morse code
It was terrifying in its brutality
Disrespectful in its beauty
Which is not nearly the right word
If there is a word for
The truth of myself I found there
The ease with which it would swallow me
Spit me back out as sand.
I thought of my old dog back in Boston
Struggling a little more each day to get up
And be my vigilance
Barking at cars and the constant sirens,
Guarding our home
While I am here amongst the dinosaurs
I will return
A changed animal

NIGHT'S BLUE FRUIT

N ow that the air is safe to breathe
We must breathe it while we can
So I have been told
I ran the moment I could
I answered to a farfalling
Came to study the blue
The hungry ghost
It is always day here yet it is my night
I miss you in the music
In the blue cruel distance
Im trying to keep the truth in song
The summer sunlight lasts too long
All savage azures
I am just a wanting mare
I yearn for cold and mossy limestone, wet and aching in the rain
Umbrellas and green rainboots
I peel an orange in the dark
My heart clock stopped
Watch ghosts dance on the ceiling
The bells are my sirens
Bouncing from ancient towers
To anchor me here
How far did this fragrant globe travel
To meet me here on this island?
I write an apology to my future
In my head.
Suck the sweet orange.
The night's blue fruit.

ABOUT THE WRITER:

JULIE ALDEN CULLINANE is a Boston-based writer and Human Resources executive. Her recently published chapbook *Ghosts Only I Can See* (October 2024) explores womanhood, motherhood, CPTSD, and neurodivergence and sex. Published widely in literary journals, she writes with insight drawn from her roles as a mother, neurodivergent woman, and HR leader in hopes to help and inspire other women. She is currently in the middle of a mid-life crisis. It takes up most of her time.

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Something Else About Mary (Exclusive subscriber content)
(from WIP NOT FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL)
Flash Fiction by Kent Dixon

Flash Fiction: A Primer

A writer's resource by Associate Editor Pamelyn Casto

Poetry: Three Essays on Craft

by O:JA&L Featured Writers

Ray-the Roo

Experimental Discourse by Associate Editor WJP Newnham

Horse: 4 Frames

Haibun by Associate Editor Jeff Streeby

2021

Just Willie Please: Eight Flash Fiction Tales

A flash fiction sequence by Don Robishaw

The Imp of the Perverse: Edgar Allan Poe's Misplaces Youth

An essay from a longer academic WIP by Anne Whitehouse

The First Annual O:JA&L Prize for Flash Discourse

Selected and with an Introduction by Associate Editor Pamelyn Casto
The 10 Best Flash Narratives 2017-2021

Here Comes Herodotus, Again!

Flash Discourse by Wayne Cresser

Where the Thin Winds Worry
Flash Discourse by Carolyn Mikulencak
(No longer available)

2022

Funny You Should Ask

Prose Poetry by Brad Rose

Hunger Pains

Flash Discourse by Mark Blickley

Comedy Hour

Poetry by Bruce Robinson

Delta Notes

Haiku by Jianqing Zheng

Scaring Crow

Haiku by Adjei Agyei-Baah

Dust and Rust

Haibun by Taofeek Ayeyemi

A Sweater for the Tayfel

Irish/English Haiku by Gabriel Rosenstock celebrating the art of Issachar Ber Ryback

Zen and the Art of House Painting

New and selected flash fiction by Wayne Scheer

The Selborne Haibun

Irish/English Haibun by Gabriel Rosenstock, featuring passages from THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE by Gilbert White (1720-1793)

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School Songs

Haiku & Senryu by Hassane Zemmouri

Being Ruth Aswawa

Poetry by Anne Whitehouse

Soldier, Sailor: Edgar Allen Poe and His Brother Henry

Academic Nonfiction by Anne Whitehouse

Tales of the Kite

Haiku by Adjei Agyei-Baah

How the Mayfly Got Its Megaphone

Prose poetry by Hekkei Huotari

Jackhammer Poems

Poetry by Ben Jacques

Six Coffees with a Madman

Experimental Fiction by Blossom Hibbert

Drops of Water

Haiku by Yuko Otomo

Irish translation by Gabriel Rosenstock

Scots translation by John McDonald

Just Looking

Haiku Sequences on the Mississippi Delta region by Jianqing Zheng

Qualm (Before a Storm)

Poetry by Bruce Robinson

Eye of the Fish

Haiga (or EKPHRASTIC HAIKU) with photography by Debiprasad Mukherjee and with Haiku in English and Irish by Gabriel Rosenstock

Experimental Storytelling: A Timeline of Complementary Realities

Experimental Discourse by Jim Meirose with an essay

and with an interview by O:JA&L Associate Editor Warwick Newnham

2024

TATTOO: A Collaboration

Haiga by Hassane Zemmouri (Haiku) and Magali Bretou (Photography)

SEEDS OF STARS

Flash Fiction by Richard Stimac

Topology

Poetry by Richard Stimac

Wolf

Poetry by Bruce McCrae

Pareidolia

Haibun by Paresh Tiwari

There Is a Season

Haibun & Short Poems by Steve Gerson

Everyday Life

Haiku by Hassane Zemmouri

Full Bright Autumn

Haibun & short-form Japanese poetry in English by Erin Castaldi

Overland Geometry

Haibun and tanka prose hybrids by Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Cosmic Crasher

Poetry by Sean G. Meggeson

Optimal or Not

Prose Poetry by Heikki Huotari

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Poetry by Larry D. Thomas

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FLASH FICTION ALIVE IN THE FLICKER

A PORTABLE WORKSHOP

PAMELYN CASTO

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for Pamelyn Castos's *FLASH FICTION: Alive in the Flicker*

Daniel J. Nicholas

Reviewed in the United States on August 26, 2024

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Norman Jensen

Reviewed in the United States on April 2, 2024

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