
THE O:JA&L 2026 CHAPBOOK SERIES
COWBOY POETRY: A Writer's Portfolio

poems

THE HORSE
KNOWS THE WAY
HOME

Ann Fulleros

DALLY POST PRESS

An imprint of OPEN: Journal of Arts & Letters

Copyright © 2026 by DALLY POST PRESS
An imprint of OPEN: *Journal of Arts & Letters* (O:JA&L)

All rights reserved on behalf of OJAL Art Incorporated, O:JA&L/BHP/HBP^{CA}/HBP^{CA} and Ann Fulleros.
Publishing since 2017 as OPEN: *Journal of Arts & Letters* (O:JA&L) and its imprints
Buttonhook Press, HOT BUTTON PRESS *Contemporary Issues*, and HIGH BUTTON PRESS *Contemporary Art*
OJAL Art Incorporated is headquartered in Montana.



Formatted in Create Space.
Set in Garamond and GARAMOND ALLCAPS.

Made available online and/or printed in the USA and elsewhere as a novelty and commemorative document
celebrating the publication of Ann Fulleros's chapbook.

This project was made possible, in part, through support from
[Grayling and Wraith](#), a growth marketing company.



Image: *Partner of the Stars and Sun* (AI-assisted digital image) by O:JA&L staff creative. 2026. Public domain via
Midjourney AI

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY HOME
Poems

ANN FULLEROS

CONTENTS

SADDLE 5

The Woman at the Hitching Post
Cowboy Boots
Before the Sun Gets Up
A Horse Does Not Ask Why
The Empty Stall

WEATHER 16

When the Storm Comes
Dust
The Horse in the Rain
A Fence Between Two Fields
No Man Owns the Sky

THE LONG ROAD 27

Leaving Without a Gun
The Last Campfire
Some Roads Remember
What I Carried West
A Woman Learns to Ride Alone

HOME 38

Prayer at the Corral
What Survives Winter
Morning in the Pasture
The Hands That Mend Fences
The Horse Knows the Way Home

SADDLE

THE WOMAN AT THE HITCHING POST

She was never the girl
who waited at the window.

Windows make poor promises.

So she stood beside the hitching post,
one hand wrapped around the rope,
one boot sunk into the dust,
watching the road
empty itself into evening.

Men came through.

Some wore good hats.
Some wore silver buckles.
Some spoke of forever
as though forever
were a town
they had already seen.

She listened.

She learned the weight
of a man's footsteps
before she learned his name.

She learned that horses
can sense a stranger
before a woman can.

She learned, too,
that a man may say
I'm staying
while already looking
toward the horizon.

So she stopped asking
the road to keep anyone.

She stopped mistaking
arrival for permanence.

Years later,
she would know the difference
between a man who says
he loves you

and a man
who takes the time
to unsaddle his horse.

The first one talks.

The second
puts a hand against
the animal's neck

and says,

Easy.

I'm here.

COWBOY BOOTS

My boots have learned
the language of leaving.

They know what dust does
to polished leather.

They know a road
doesn't have to be beautiful
to take you somewhere.

I bought these boots
when I still believed
love was a place
a person could arrive at—

a porch light,
a door left open,
someone saying
you've come home.

I know better now.

A boot is made
for walking.

A spur is made
for urging.

And a road—

a road does not care
who broke your heart.

It keeps going.

So do I.

Every morning
I pull the leather tight,
tie my hair back,
step outside,

and let the first dust
settle over me.

There are things
I cannot take with me.

A name.

A photograph.

A promise
that turned out
to belong only
to one person.

I leave them
where the road begins.

The earth keeps
what I cannot.

And somehow
that feels like mercy.

BEFORE THE SUN GETS UP

Before the sun gets up,
the ranch belongs
to the quiet.

Horses breathe
into the cold.

Leather creaks.

Somewhere beyond the barn,
a rooster mistakes darkness
for morning.

This is when a cowboy
learns the truth:

you cannot bully daylight
into arriving.

You can only
prepare for it.

So I saddle the mare.

Check the cinch.

Check the gate.

Check my own heart
for anything still loose.

There are things
I cannot repair today.

There are names
I will not say.

There are roads
I will not take again.

Still—

the sky is turning.

A thin blade of gold
appears above the hills.

And the horse beneath me
does not ask
whether I am ready.

She simply walks.

A HORSE DOES NOT ASK WHY

A horse does not ask
why you came back crying.

It does not ask
who left.

It does not ask
whether you were loved
properly.

It lowers its head
when you approach.

Warm breath.

Dark eyes.

The patient silence
of an animal
that understands distance
better than people do.

Once,
I told a horse
everything I could not tell a man.

She listened.

Or maybe she didn't.

Maybe that is the miracle.

She did not need
to understand my story
to carry me through it.

There are people
who demand every chapter
before they believe
your pain.

There are horses
who simply move
when you say,

Take me home.

I learned something
from that.

Love does not always
arrive as an answer.

Sometimes it arrives
as something living
beside you,

breathing,

waiting,

willing to carry
what you cannot
carry alone.

THE EMPTY STALL

There is an empty stall
in every old barn.

You can sweep it.

Replace the straw.

Oil the hinges.

Still,
the absence remains.

I used to think
an empty place
meant somebody
had failed to stay.

Now I think
some spaces
are supposed to become empty.

A horse leaves.

A rider dies.

A daughter grows up.

A lover takes
another road.

The stall remains.

That is not tragedy.

That is architecture.

The barn was built
with enough room
for leaving.

Perhaps the heart
should be built the same way.

Not every empty space
is waiting to be filled.

Some are simply
proof

that something lived here
once.

WEATHER

WHEN THE STORM COMES

When the storm comes,
the horses know first.

Their bodies turn
toward the wind.

Their ears sharpen.

The cattle grow quiet.

Even the trees
seem to hold their breath.

People are different.

We keep pretending
the roof will hold.

We call the clouds temporary.

We pour another cup of coffee
while the sky
darkens above us.

I have done this.

Stayed at tables
after the meal was over.

Stayed in rooms
where nobody was speaking.

Stayed beside someone
who had already left
in every way
that mattered.

I told myself
the weather would change.

Then the storm arrived.

Not with thunder.

Not with warning.

Only the sudden knowledge
that I could no longer
pretend.

The horses were already
facing the wind.

I opened the gate.

And for the first time
I understood:

survival is not always
holding the door shut.

Sometimes
it is knowing
when to open it.

DUST

Dust remembers.

It settles on saddles,
window ledges,
old photographs,
the brim of a hat
left hanging on a nail.

Sweep it away.

It returns.

That is what memory does.

You think you have crossed
a thousand miles,

and suddenly
one afternoon rises
from nowhere—

whole as a horse
standing in the road.

I used to fight this.

I wanted forgetting
to be proof
that I had healed.

But the heart
does not work like that.

So now
I let the dust come.

Let it settle.

Let it tell me:

You were there.

You loved.

You trusted.

You lost.

You survived.

The road did not erase you.

It only covered your tracks
long enough
for you to become
someone new.

THE HORSE IN THE RAIN

The horse stands in the rain
without complaint.

Water darkens
her mane.

Mud climbs
her legs.

She could run
to the barn.

She doesn't.

There are storms
you cannot outrun.

There are nights
when the best thing
you can do

is stand.

I learned this
from watching her.

Not every battle
requires a weapon.

Not every wound
requires an answer.

Sometimes courage
looks like staying upright
while the whole sky
falls apart.

By morning
the rain has stopped.

The horse shakes
once.

Then twice.

Water flies from her coat.

She walks toward me
as if nothing happened.

I reach for her face.

She lets me.

A FENCE BETWEEN TWO FIELDS

There is a fence
between two fields.

Nothing dramatic.

No locked gate.

No warning sign.

Just wire
strung between posts.

On one side,
horses graze.

On the other,
the grass is greener.

Or so it looks.

I have spent years
looking over fences.

At lives I thought
were better.

At people I thought
were happier.

At roads I thought
I should have taken.

Then I learned
what every rancher knows:

grass looks greener
from a distance.

Up close,
it is just grass.

Sometimes the fence
is not keeping you out.

Sometimes it is
keeping you
where you are meant
to grow.

NO MAN OWNS THE SKY

A cowboy may own
his horse.

His saddle.

His boots.

A hundred acres
of dry country.

But no man
owns the sky.

That belongs
to everyone.

The storm rolls
over rich land
and poor land.

The sun rises
over cowboys
and thieves.

Rain falls
on the faithful
and the foolish.

The sky does not
keep score.

Perhaps that is why
I pray beneath it.

Not because
I expect answers.

But because
standing beneath something
larger than myself
makes my grief
feel properly small.

I take off my hat.

I look up.

And for a moment,

I do not need
to know

what happens next.

THE LONG ROAD

LEAVING WITHOUT A GUN

I left without a gun.

Without revenge.

Without a speech
prepared for the man
who would never hear it.

I took only
what could fit
inside my saddlebags:

my name,

my faith,

two clean shirts,

a photograph,

and enough courage
to make the first mile.

People think leaving
must be loud.

Doors slam.

Horses rear.

Someone shouts
into the night.

Mine wasn't.

I simply
untied the reins.

Opened the gate.

Mounted.

And went.

The road did not ask
why I was leaving.

The sky did not ask
who was wrong.

The horse did not ask
whether I would turn back.

That was the mercy
of the open country.

Nobody needed
my explanation.

For once,
I did not need
to prove my pain
to anyone.

THE LAST CAMPFIRE

At the last campfire
before dawn,

we speak less.

The coffee tastes
like smoke.

The horses sleep.

Beyond the circle of light,
the dark country waits.

This is when people
tell the truth.

Not because
they intend to.

Because darkness
makes confession easier.

I remember a man
who once told me
he loved me.

I believed him.

Perhaps he meant it.

Perhaps he didn't.

There are questions
that grow smaller
with distance.

I used to think
healing meant
finding the answer.

Now I think
sometimes healing
means no longer
needing one.

The fire is dying.

Morning is coming.

I pour the last coffee
onto the dirt.

Some things
should be returned
to the earth.

I stand.

The horses are waiting.

SOME ROADS REMEMBER

Some roads remember
every horse
that passed over them.

Every wagon wheel.

Every pair of boots.

Every woman
who cried beneath
the cottonwoods.

You can return
years later

and the road
will not recognize
your face.

But your feet will.

That is the strange thing
about leaving.

The body remembers
what the heart
tries to forget.

The curve
where you once turned around.

The hill
where you stopped.

The tree
beneath which
someone kissed you.

The gate
you promised
never to open again.

Some roads
are not meant
to be traveled twice.

Not because they are dangerous.

Because you are no longer
the person
who needed to go there.

WHAT I CARRIED WEST

I carried west
a heart full of weather.

A photograph
creased four times.

A letter
I never sent.

A rosary
wrapped around
my wrist.

Three coins.

A red scarf.

And the foolish hope
that distance
could make everything
make sense.

The horse carried
the heavier things.

The saddle.

The blanket.

The water.

My grief.

By the third week
I had thrown away
the letter.

By the fourth,
the photograph.

By winter,
the foolish hope.

The rosary remained.

Not because
I understood God.

Because I didn't.

But faith is sometimes
what remains
after understanding
has left the saddle
and ridden away.

A WOMAN LEARNS TO RIDE ALONE

The first time
I rode alone,

I was afraid.

Not of the horse.

Of the silence.

There was nobody beside me
to tell me which way
to turn.

No hand
on the reins.

No voice
saying,

Easy.

I almost went back.

Then the mare
looked over her shoulder
as if to say,

Well?

I laughed.

That was the beginning.

I learned the trail
by making mistakes.

I learned balance
by losing it.

I learned that falling
does not mean
the journey is over.

Sometimes
it only means
you have to stand,

brush the dirt
from your knees,

and climb back up.

Years later
people asked me,

Who taught you to ride?

I tell them:

The horse.

The road.

And the woman
I became

when I finally understood
that nobody was coming.

HOME

PRAYER AT THE CORRAL

Lord,

I have asked You
for answers.

You gave me mornings.

I asked You
for justice.

You gave me distance.

I asked You
to bring back
what I lost.

You gave me
both hands,

empty,

so I could finally see
what else they might hold.

I did not understand
at first.

I thought empty hands
were punishment.

I thought silence
meant You had forgotten me.

But tonight
the horses are quiet.

The moon hangs
over the corral.

The fence casts
a long shadow
across the grass.

And my heart,
for the first time
in a long time,

is not begging
for someone to return.

I am not asking
You to change the past.

I am asking only
for the strength
to keep walking
when I cannot see
the whole road.

Maybe that is faith:

not knowing
where the trail ends,

but trusting
the One who sees
beyond the bend.

Tomorrow,

I will saddle the mare.

And I will go.

WHAT SURVIVES WINTER

Winter takes
what it can.

Grass.

Leaves.

Flowers.

Warmth.

It makes the pasture
look dead.

But beneath the ground
the roots are working.

Quietly.

Without applause.

Without proof.

This is how survival
often looks.

Nothing happening.

No dramatic transformation.

Just a woman
getting out of bed.

Washing her face.

Making coffee.

Opening the curtains.

Writing one page.

Saying one prayer.

Then another.

The world may call this
a small life.

It is not.

There is nothing small
about surviving
the season
that tried to bury you.

Spring does not arrive
with an announcement.

It simply begins.

MORNING IN THE PASTURE

Morning comes
without asking
whether yesterday
was fair.

The cattle rise.

The horses stretch.

The grass shines
with what little dew
the night could spare.

I step outside
with my coffee.

For once
I am not waiting
for a message.

Not checking
the road.

Not listening
for a truck.

The world has become
mercifully ordinary.

A bird lands
on the fence.

A horse swishes
her tail.

Somewhere a child
is laughing.

I think this is what healing
must be:

not forgetting
the storm,

but waking one morning
and realizing

you were listening
to the rain

when you could have been
listening
to the birds.

THE HANDS THAT MEND FENCES

The hands that mend fences
are rarely beautiful.

They carry cuts.

Dirt.

Old scars.

The nails bend.

The wire fights back.

Still, somebody
has to repair
what the weather breaks.

I know a woman
like that.

She does not speak
about strength.

She simply gets up.

Feeds the animals.

Sweeps the porch.

Prays.

Writes.

Keeps going.

People call this ordinary.

Maybe it is.

But I have watched
extraordinary people
wait for miracles
while ordinary women
quietly build them.

Post by post.

Nail by nail.

Morning by morning.

A fence does not need
to be perfect.

It only needs
to stand.

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY HOME

I once thought
home was a house.

A door.

A bed.

Someone waiting
beneath a porch light.

Then I lost
the person I thought
was home.

For a while
I wandered.

Every road
looked wrong.

Every sunset
felt borrowed.

I kept looking behind me
as though the past
might change its mind.

Then one evening
I loosened the reins.

The horse turned
without instruction.

North.

Past the creek.

Between the two hills.

Toward the barn.

I had forgotten
the way.

She had not.

That is when I learned:

sometimes your heart
does not know
where home is.

Sometimes your feet
do not know.

Sometimes your prayers
do not know.

But keep riding.

The horse
may remember.

The night deepened.

The stars came out.

The road became
nothing more
than a pale line
beneath us.

And for the first time
I stopped asking
who would come back.

I stopped asking
who would regret leaving.

I stopped asking
whether the past
had been fair.

The horse kept walking.

I let her.

When the barn appeared
in the distance,

a small square of light
against the dark,

I understood.

Home was never
the person
who stayed or left.

Home was the woman
who stayed with herself.

The woman
who survived the storm.

The woman
who learned
to ride alone.

The woman
who carried her own name
through the wilderness
and did not lose it.

She dismounted.

Untied the reins.

Placed one hand
against the horse's neck.

"Good girl."

Then she walked
toward the light.

No one was waiting
on the porch.

She did not need
anyone to be.

The door opened.

She stepped inside.

Behind her,

beneath the patient stars,

the horse stood quietly
in the dark.

And for the first time,

neither of them
was going anywhere.

ABOUT THE WRITER:

ANN FULLEROS is a writer and educator whose work explores love, loss, faith, memory, and the quiet work of becoming whole again. She is the author of *Every Bit of My Heart* (2021) and continues to write poetry and creative nonfiction drawn from personal experience and observation. Her writing often centers on emotional truth, resilience, and the small moments through which people find their way home.

2020

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)

2023

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:J&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

Letting the Light Work

Poetry by Larry D. Thomas

Dawns On Me: A Country

(Americana) Poetry by Lynn Potts

2025

One More Thing Without You

Haibun and Tanka Prose by Joshua Michael Stewart

little prose

Prose poetry and flash fiction by David Person

AS IF THIS LIGHT

Experimental fiction by John Repp

Antiphony/Anti-Phoney

Oulipo Poetry by Ben Egerton

More Titles In-Press

O:JA&L Free Presses Serials

Edgar Allen Poe

A series of academic essays by Anne Whitehouse

Part 3: The Imp of the Perverse: Edgar Allan Poe's Misplaces Youth

Issues of Aesthetics and Meaning: Academic nonfiction by Anne Whitehouse (2021)

Part 4: Soldier, Sailor: Edgar Allen Poe and His Brother Henry

Issues of Aesthetics and Meaning: Academic nonfiction by Anne Whitehouse (2023)

Part 5: Edgar Allen Poe: A Gentleman's Education

Issues of Aesthetics and Meaning: Academic nonfiction by Anne Whitehouse (2025)

O:JA&L'S BUTTONHOOK PRESS MASTERS SERIES

The Buttonhook Press Masters Series: Brian Clements on Prose Poetry
With an Interview by Associate Editor Pamelyn Casto

The Buttonhook Press Masters Series: Mark Budman on Flash Discourse
With an Interview by Associate Editor Pamelyn Casto

The Buttonhook Press Masters Series: Ray Gonzalez on Prose Poetry
With an Interview by Associate Editor Pamelyn Casto

The Buttonhook Press Master Series: Michael Martone on Flash Fiction
With an Interview by Associate Editor Pamelyn Casto

The Buttonhook Press Master Series: Roberta Allen on Flash Fiction
With an Interview by Associate Editor Pamelyn Casto

The Buttonhook Press Master Series: Peter Connors on Flash Fiction
With an Interview by Associate Editor Pamelyn Casto

The Buttonhook Press Masters Series: Maxine Chernoff on Prose Poetry
With an Interview by Associate Editor Pamelyn Casto

The Buttonhook Press Masters Series: Pedro Ponce on Flash Fiction
With an Interview by Associate Editor Pamelyn Casto

O:JA&L's HOT BUTTON PRESS Serials

2023

THE DEPLORABLE

A novella by Mick McGrath

Installment 1

Installment 2

Installment 3

Installment 4

2025

People with Whom I Am Quite Pissed

Fiction by Mick McGrath

HAVE NOT

Haibun & short works by Steve Gerson

Nuance Singularity Triptych: Appendix III

Experimental fiction by Lukas Wood

The Outrun: Poems

Julie Anne Cullinane

The Apology

Fiction by Samantha Isasi

ANN FULLEROS

Leather & Dust

Poetry by Cory D. Cart

My Life Is a Film I Haven't Yet Watched

Flash Discourse by Colin Dardis

MORE TITLES IN PRESS

O:JA&L'S HIGH BUTTON PRESS ART CHAPBOOKS

2025

rites of calibration: Images & Excerpts

Fine Art Photography by Rex Wilder

new Mexico Deconstructed

Fine Art Photography by Natalie Christensen

imperfect vessel

Painting and drawing by Anne-Marie Brown

by land and by sea: Awakening the Sensual

Sculpture and Installation by Mark Yale Harris

layered light

Painting and drawing by Bette Ridgeway

essence & atmosphere

Painting and drawing by Kathleen Frank

tangent & interplay

Painting and drawing by Catherine Eaton Skinner

Implications of Energy

Artist portfolio of Dr. Ernest Williams III

MORE TITLES IN PRESS

AVAILABLE NOW FROM O:JA&L'S BUTTONHOOK PRESS

OPEN: Journal of Arts & Letters
EXPERIENCE/REFLECT/CELEBRATE



FREE PRESSES

BUTTONHOOK PRESS

HOT BUTTON PRESS:
Contemporary Controversies

HIGH BUTTON PRESS:
Contemporary Art

FLASH FICTION: Alive in the Flicker
A Portable Workshop

PAMELYN CASTO

“Pamelyn Casto’s *Flash Fiction: Alive in the Flicker* is insightful, comprehensive, and brimming with inventive prompts and exercises to make your flash truly leap off the page.”

~ Dinty W. Moore

co-editor of the *Best of Brevity: Twenty Groundbreaking Years of Flash Nonfiction*

“Pamelyn Casto has been the most useful person in flash for years. This “portable workshop” proves it. *Flash Fiction: Alive in the Flicker* is an amazing flash compendium of everything for anyone who is interested the form. It’s also a writers’ workshop from prompts to where to send flashes. What’s not to like?”

~ Robert Shapard

co-editor of many Flash and Sudden Fiction anthologies, the latest are *Sudden Fiction Latina: Short Stories from the United States and Latin America* (2010) and *Flash Fiction International: Very Short Stories from Around the World* (2015)

“Pamelyn Casto’s valuable book *Flash Fiction: Alive in the Flicker* is an astonishing illumination—a total history of the form with essays, strategies and exercises; lessons, examples, how-to’s, markets, marketing, contests, anthologies, prompts, advice from pros, new directions (flash film!), reader psychology even—it is all here, with hundreds of internet links. There will never be a fuller single resource, with a good teacher’s encouraging tone about it, to boot. You can say flash fiction begins with Aesop; with Casto you can begin anew.

~ Kent H. Dixon

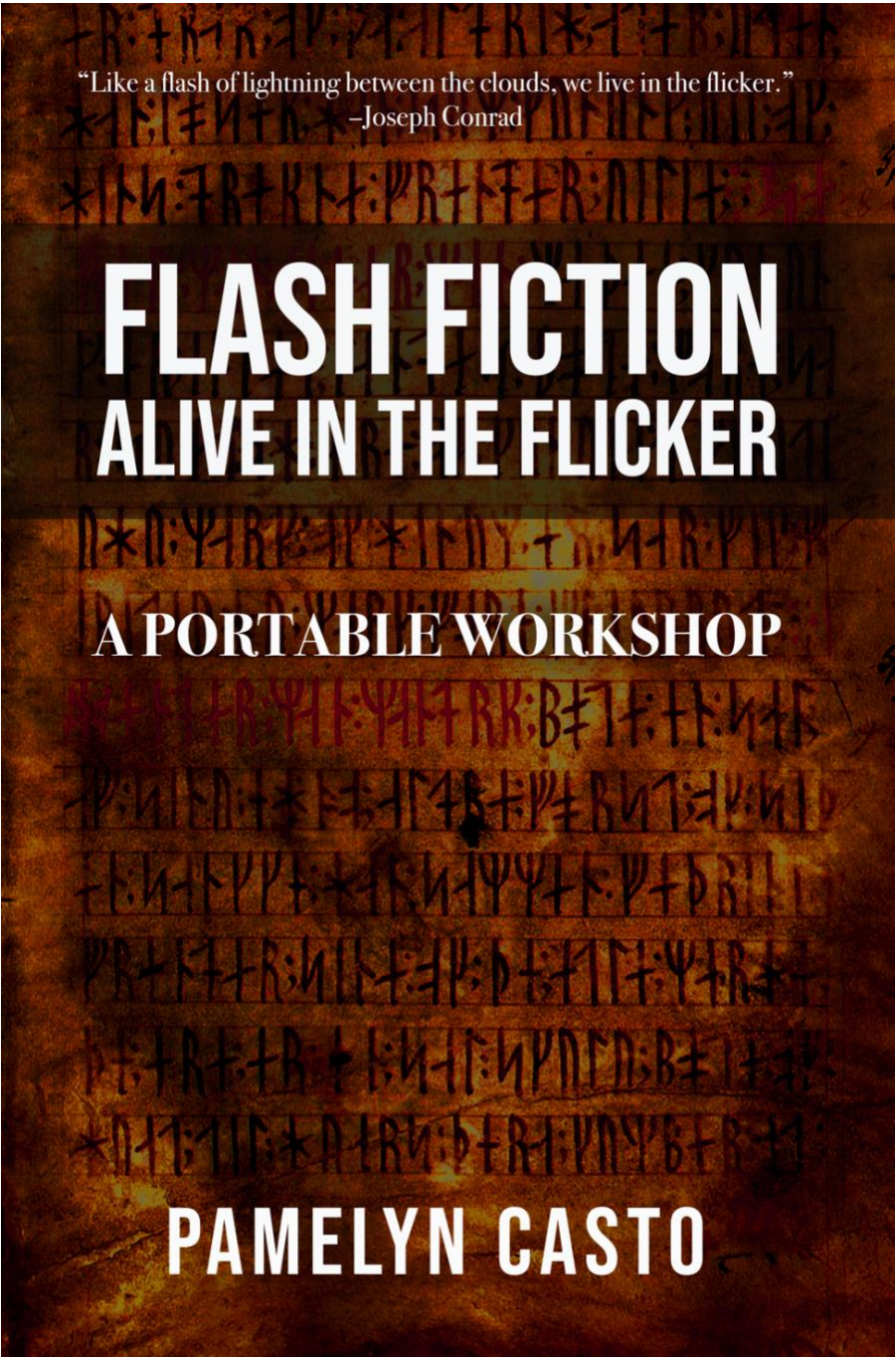
translator of *The Epic of Gilgamesh* (2018) and co-editor of *Stone Wall Book of Short Fictions* (1976)

“Pamelyn Casto is a deep font of flash knowledge, and this portable workshop is a thorough, indispensable resource for writers and instructors who want to know more about what this thing called “flash” is, how to write it, and more important, how to read and understand it.”

~ Tara Lynn Masih

editor of *The Rose Metal Press Field Guide to Writing Flash Fiction* (2009) and founder of *The Best Small Fictions* (founded 2015)

Buttonhook Press titles on Amazon



“Like a flash of lightning between the clouds, we live in the flicker.”
—Joseph Conrad

FLASH FICTION ALIVE IN THE FLICKER

A PORTABLE WORKSHOP

PAMELYN CASTO

AMAZON REVIEWS

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

Daniel J. Nicholas

Reviewed in the United States on August 26, 2024

Verified Purchase

If I were to teach a class, this book would be required reading or a course outline for discussion. Bravo, Pamelyn! In addition, I look forward to your monthly blog to start up again.

David Lignell

Reviewed in the United States on November 23, 2022

Verified Purchase

Pamela Casto's new text, *Flash Fiction: Alive in the Flicker*, is a must have "portable workshop" workbook for anyone who desires to learn and practice the many forms of flash fiction.

W.R. Rodriguez

Reviewed in the United States on October 5, 2022

Verified Purchase

An authoritative overview of the genre, combined with practical advice on the writing process and an abundance of writing prompts.

Norman Jensen

Reviewed in the United States on April 2, 2024

Reading is great but hands-on prompts are even better.



BUTTONHOOK PRESS

AN IMPRINT OF OPEN: JOURNAL OF ARTS & LETTERS

Supporting artists and writers worldwide

O:JA&L CHAPBOOK Series

\$17 (USA)

\$21 (Canada)

