

Roots
&
Wings

Paddler Press Volume 2

Paddler Press

Vol. 2 Roots & Wings



October 8, 2021

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Paddler Press

Peterborough/Nogojiwanong, Ontario

paddler@canoeideas.ca paddlerpress.ca @paddlerpress

ISBN 978-1-7750358-1-7

Cover Image: *Over the Blue* by Helen Gwyn Jones

Printed in Canada by DigiPrint
digiprint.com



Over the Blue by Helen Gwyn Jones
Digital Image, 24" x 18"

Helen Gwyn Jones started recording her world at the age of 8 when she bought a Brownie camera from her sister, something which has become a lifelong passion. A collector of the past (hers and other people's) she likes nothing better than muted images of imperfection. May be found poring over Welsh grammar books when not photographing drains or going into raptures over rust. Recently published at BluesDoodles.com, *Hungry Ghost Project*, *Free Flash Fiction* and *Acropolis Journal*.
Instagram: @helengwynjones

Foreword



It has been some time since I last guest-edited a magazine that allows for submissions from all over the world, so I didn't quite know what to expect. When Deryck and I met to discuss my involvement in the second issue I was impressed with the quality of the submissions of the first

issue, with the look and feel of the first print issue, and with the quality of the online reading experience as well, so I should have seen these amazing submissions coming that are featured in this current issue.

There are amazing moments in here. I think of Carter's image of a "six-ton tyrannosaurus / rex" flying through the sky, Petrella's "oak consuming barbed wire", and nature in Moder's work "Announcing, ever announcing". I was floored by some of the insight in the poems contained in this issue, at the myriad interpretations of the 'Roots & Wings' theme, and was especially struck at the optimism in the work. The latter was something I was not expecting, given the dark time we are still moving through, and I'd like to thank the poets contained herein for reminding us again of all the unassailable brilliance in the world.

I want to thank every artist who sent something in for consideration to this issue, whether or not your work was

accepted for publication. Deryck and I both liked the idea of responding to every refused submission with short but pointed feedback, as we are both keenly aware of how rarely such feedback is proffered to writers. Constructive feedback is a service that should be offered by all creative writing publications, as writers can easily become disenchanted with submission processes without at least some guidance or explanation of refusal, and that is a tragic outcome indeed.

As a personal request, if you have the means please purchase a paper copy of this issue, as opposed to relying entirely on the online version for your reading experience of this work. While I value the online presence of poetry as a means of making art more accessible, I am a firm believer that print is the best way to disseminate and read poetic work. Get your copy, pour a coffee or tea, sit outside somewhere, and take this in. It's maybe more important than ever to support folks who are still making things that we can hold in our hands.

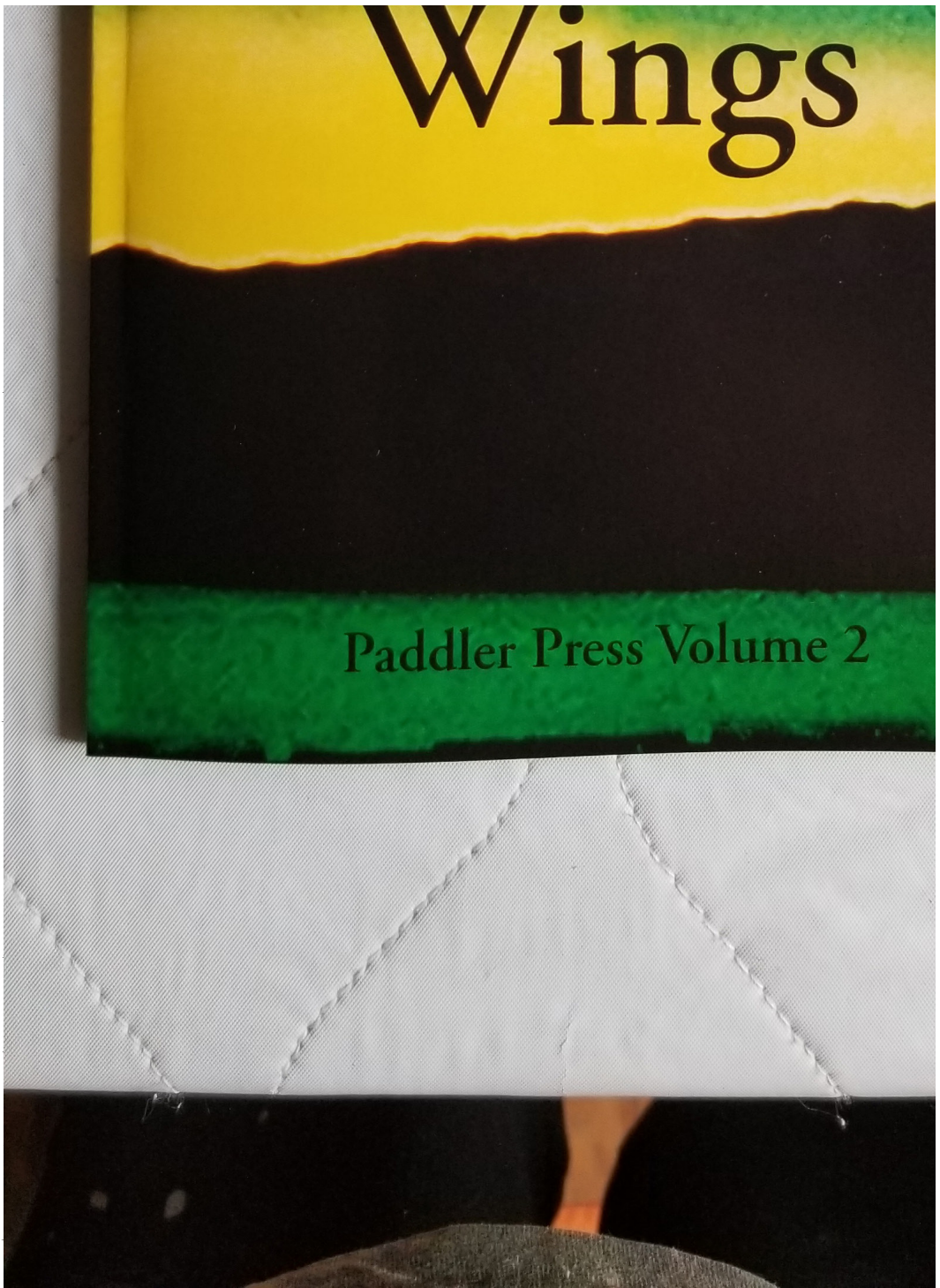
Thanks for reading.

Sincerely,

Justin Million

I want to thank Justin for the wonderful job of putting this issue together. He is a great champion of poets, poetry, and the arts in and around Peterborough. Please check out one of his ongoing projects, The Show and Tell Poetry Series here: showandtellpoetry.wordpress.com and give him a follow on his social media channels. Instagram: @millionjustin

Deryck N. Robertson, EIC, Paddler Press



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Dance

Emily Benson

The children laugh and whirl,
Shout “tornado” into the wild spring wind
While the sun winks merrily
Between fast-moving clouds and
Our chimes ring madly,
My hair blowing into my eyes.
The house creaks and sways,
A ship just inland from the lake
That roars and tosses its chilly waves
Into the rapids of sky.
Pale blue glory-of-the-snow quiver
In their humming soil beds.
It all begins to dance.

Emily Benson (she/her) lives in Western New York with her husband and two sons. Ms. Benson’s previous publications include *Blue River Review*, *Five Minute Lit*, *Hecate Magazine*, *Hey, I’m Alive Magazine*, *High Shelf Press*, *Moist Poetry Journal*, *Other Worldly Women Press*, *Sad Girls Club Literary Blog*, and *Unstamatic*. Her work can be found at www.emilybensonpoet.com.



Bayscape VIII by Paulette West
Mixed Media Collage, 12" x 12"

This collage includes two paintings by Paulette of her environment and ongoing inspiration to write and paint. The images sit on an assemblage of textured, coloured papers and fern leaves from her garden. Interspersed through the work are stanzas of a poem written in French which she has since rewritten in English called "Cycling the Trail".

Paulette West is a visual artist residing in The Blue Mountains. A graduate of the University of Toronto in French Language and Literature, she went on to study visual arts at Sheridan College focusing on art history, painting and sculpture. She has exhibited her work locally, is a member of the Blue Mountain Foundation for the Arts, member of Canadian Artist Association and Tom Thomson group. paulettewest@rogers.com

If You Die First

Simon Turner

I'd grind your bones
to sand

eat the dust

spoon full to
swallow

you down

if only to feel
whole

for a moment

Simon Turner's poetry has been published by *Plenitude Magazine* and *bird, buried press*, and is forthcoming in *The Fiddlehead* and *Canthius's* "Whose Pleasure is it Anyway?" digital series. They participated in *Arc Poetry Magazine's* 2020–21 poet-in-residence mentorship program and received Carleton University's George Johnston Poetry Award for 2019. Simon lives in Ottawa, masquerading as a PhD student, and has had four plays staged in Peterborough/Nogojiwanong either at or in collaboration with The Theatre On King.

Maple

Richard Bramwell

bathed with autumn hues
keys quiver in the breeze and
pirouette away

Richard Bramwell was uprooted from a nursery in Sheffield and replanted in north-west England. He has sown three collections of poetry: *Signs of Life*, 2017, *Out of Place*, 2018 and *Museaic*, 2021. Find jottings at www.richardbramwell.me.uk; email@richardbramwell.me.uk



To the Lighthouse by Helen Gwyn Jones
Digital Image, 16" x 30"

Bird Songs

Shane Brant

i. The Bird Song

The world has never been my note.

I stroll the glazed, lilac road.

The bird of birds of oldest odes.

Right. Smart.

Says the sedge.

We've done our part.

We have a rhythm,

We have an art.

ii. A Lark's Little Ode to Eros

O intensely loved honeylark,

Erotic despot of the soul

That's stopped the caverns

From breathing Life:

From your wings is all air.

Attentive and corralled,

Unfree in love, unwanting-

so enraptured is being,

you in eye, so happily

does one disintegrate

to nectar for your life.

iii. Ode to the Birds of Nous & Soma

Fallen robin of my heart!

Pity her, birds of thought!

To have wandered from the intellect

To realms morbid and distraught,

With mortals locked.

Heaven's for the wrens.

iv. To Orioles

Lightning laughed beside a dying man
and would strike him
In his lap bead that spot.
Flashing orioles become
The fire from the lightning, his lap
a crown of birds,
Orioles the shining jewels.

Suffer Through It

Shane Brant

You are the Path. There is no Way but In.
The body is the monster of the soul:
We are born in the center
of dark woods,
And life obscures our sifting
Through the branches.
Life! sing me,
 moonlight nightingale,
the Way.

S. T. Brant is a teacher from Las Vegas. Pubs in/coming from *EcoTheo*, *Timber*, *Door is a Jar*, *Santa Clara Review*, *Rain Taxi*, *New South*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Ekstasis*, *8 Poems*, a few others.

You can find him on Twitter @terriblebinth or Instagram @shanelemagne.

Rizes

Anna Kirwin

He reached into the ground,
Clawed the dirt until his
Hands were deep enough to
Feel the ground tremble
Under the weight of his
Strength of purpose.
These contributions he
Made would be the
Start of his legacy,
The roots of his future.
Each digit, multiplied,
Would grow into that
He could not see,
But only dream.

Anna Kirwin is a writer and artist, living in London, but
ing of the Arctic. Her last published piece explored the strange
glow of European cities by night, but more generally, her recent
work deals with language, thought and time. She sees light in
the darkness.

Like Art, We Sail:

Rihanna Levi

Perceptible acrylic paint nourishes all progressive states,
Like art, we sail to navigated new horizons:
Rings attached to our ankles, impersonating a personal guide.
Meanings accelerate with each century:
We have the same entry, albeit differing streamlines.

Rhianna is an English Literature graduate, English teacher, MA student and published writer, living in the beautiful city of Worcester in England. Outside her career in education and academic, she is passionate about mental health advocacy, the humanities, the arts and social media, which she uses to spread awareness of prominent social issues. Twitter: @LittleRhiRhi_ Instagram: @rhiannalevi98

Crème Brûlée

Josie Di Sciascio-Andrews

Lit in its water bath
In sage porcelain ramekin

It has Paris all over it.
Belles époques

Of continental plats du jour.
Honed to blue ribbon art,

Vanilla bean to swoon
Over. Pudding bowl of yolk

& milk, lidded. Glassed

By fire to burnt amber caramel.
In snowy white shirt & silk cravat,

The waiter sets the nectared
Cup on the marble bistro

Table before me. I imagine
I am Dionysus, lingering

To cull ambrosia
From an urn painted

On a faded temple wall.
My spoon's concave edge

Breaks through adamantine
Glaze into jellified custard

Curd. I close my eyes.
I blink. Cinnamon & powder

Sugar galvanize this bite.
A spoonful of paradise!

Emily Dickinson would agree.
Bon Appétit! A toast to immortality!

Josie Di Sciascio-Andrews is a poet, an author, and a teacher. She has written seven collections of poetry. Her work has been published in many journals and anthologies, as well as won many prizes. Her latest book of poems *Meta Stasis*, was published by Mosaic Press and released June 2021. Josie is a member of The League of Canadian Poets, the Ontario Poetry Society and she is the host & coordinator of The Oakville Literary Cafe series. She currently lives and writes in Oakville, Ontario, Canada.

After All This Pressure

Charles K. Carter

Dinosaurs died out
but after millions of years
of decomposing

and earthly pressure,
they adventure on – fueling
lifesaving back-up

power sources for
respirators and cell phones,
fueling fun summer

road trips down the west
coast's windy highways, and now
fossil-fueled jet planes

let the ferocious
six-ton tyrannosaurus
rex fly through the clouds.

Charles K. Carter is a queer poet and educator from Iowa. He shares his home with his artist husband and his spoiled pets. He enjoys film, yoga, and live music. Melissa Etheridge is his ultimate obsession. He holds an MFA in writing from Lindenwood University. His poems have appeared in several literary journals. He is the author of *Chasing Sunshine* (Lazy Adventurer Publishing), *Splinters* (Kelsay Books), *Safety-Pinned Hearts* (Alien Buddha Press), and *Salem Revisited* (WordTech Editions).

Please Count Forward From One to Ten

Richard Leise

2. _ of consciousness _

1. No problem can be solved from the same level

3. _that creates

it_ .

4. So

to overcome his anxiety?

6. _Every morning_

5. Asan

swallows Two green pills

7. &

9. Takes Two more to modify his mindset.

8. _before bed_

10. Before morning.

Richard is a husband, father, and teacher living in Central New York. A recipient of Old Dominion University's Perry Morgan Fellowship in Creative Writing, his stories and poems are featured in numerous publications, and he is at work on his second novel.

Lincoln Marsh Triptych

Monica Colón

I.

There is a spare, achey glory
about this stretch of pea gravel past
the yellow gate. From either side, lengths
of cattails open like wings sewn from raveled
burlap. Bullfrogs chant themselves hoarse. A small beech
whispers and clutches its paper-bag leaves.
These fifty yards are a gift, a minute-long
rinse in daffodil light.

II.

Pass into the stand of bur oaks. The hush here
is palpable. It spreads over the pale pavers
like menthol cream on a sore sternum.
Now, the red-winged blackbird calls, its voice
a creaky pump that draws wetness from the root
to the crown of every barren living thing.

III.

Unless you brace your feet
against the plastic raft, you will not
sway with the wind-furrowed
pond as it scatters fistfuls of silver.
Unless you unspool your guts like
kite string, you will not release yourself
to the murmur of mallards. You might
miss tawny reeds closing over a flash
of muskrat. You might forget
you are the guest, eavesdropper, sponger—barely
enfolded into this liquid circle.

Flight Home

Monica Colón

I.

Heaven must be less like the piles
of vapor outside the windowpane and
more like this side, where a graying stranger
dozes in a square of light and your
favorite person flicks up the armrest
so she can sleep on you.

II.

Or maybe it is running past
scrolls of suitcases toward two open
arms, slinging off your load
of novels and poems, and claiming
both halves of yourself.

Monica Colón is a writer from Waco, Texas who studies English literature and Spanish at Wheaton College in Illinois. She received the 2021 Sonnet Award from West Chester University Poetry Center. She is made of chalk limestone, juniper, yucca, and sneezeweed.

Twitter: @monicajcolon; website: monicacoln.wordpress.com.

Dormant Heart

Christian Garduno

There's a calcium build-up around your heart, it's the vestibules,
they can't breathe
oh, are you doing one of those suspended animation things?
Like when the frogs almost die, but they are breathing once a
month or something-
if you hibernate too long, you'll get used to sleeping and the
cave will seal up

The sky is pleated, it's your wings that are free
you can peek around with your beak, if you like
We only get so many summers, then it's the dead of winter
forever
and you won't need your fur coat then, honey

Mosaic Puzzle

Christian Garduno

I give you everything
and then everything breaks
scattered like mosaic puzzle pieces
over time, most get lost or traded away
until only a few bits remain
it's all you have
and it becomes everything again

Christian Garduno is the recipient of the 2019 national Willie Morris Award for Southern Poetry. Garduno is a Finalist in the 2020-2021 Tennessee Williams & New Orleans Writing Contest. He lives and writes along the South Texas coast with his wonderful wife Nahemie and young son Dylan. @pooxrox





Heading Off by Helen Gwyn Jones
Digital Image, 40" x 30"

My Papa's Polonaise

Carson Pytell

What pleasure to be found
in finding out your father
has a second family
and feeling happy
when he leaves
happy, happier
every second
he's away,
back too.

Carson Pytell is a writer living outside Albany, NY whose work has appeared widely in such venues as *The Adirondack Review*, *Ethel Zine*, *Rabid Oak*, *Backchannels* and *White Wall Review*. He served as Assistant Editor of the journal *Coastal Shelf* and participated in the Tupelo Press 30/30 Project in December 2020. His first four chapbooks, *First-Year* (Alien Buddha Press, 2020), *Trail* (Guerrilla Genesis Press, 2020), *The Gold That Stays* (Cyberwit, 2021), and *Sketching* (Impspired, 2021), are now available.

Step Into Your New Body

Tim Heerdink

A man carries the pieces of his mom with him
long after her body takes its place in the earth.

He stumbles from the weight of continued grief
like a drunk trying to find his way back home.

Looking in the spotted glass upon the wall,
a reflection of her & his daughter stare back.

Three generations of similar features so strong
no one can deny the connection the three hold.

A year filled with *This isn't fair* & *Please return*
because we're the left behind after the rapture.

No matter the amount of days crossed with an x,
the man always yearns for that unconditional love.

Reincarnation comes despite what the priest says;
a brand new form in the shape of a newborn child.

Learning to Float

Tim Heerdink

Summers as a child filled themselves
with sunshine & using imaginations
to create new worlds that have since
died off with the clouds of older age.

Back in those times before I gained
& lost numerous friends on my own,
I spent the days with my mom & brother.

Dad ran his auto body repair business
which took early mornings & late nights
to keep afloat so we could have a home.

He managed to cut us into the schedule
when he could & we always understood;
his sacrifice was so Mom could stay with us.

One time, when we all took a trip to Holiday World,
Jeffrey thought it'd be neat to teach me to float
while we happened to be located in the wave pool.

When you're at that young & naïve age,
you put a great amount of trust in elders
not knowing full & well they're trying to kill you.

I can still taste the chlorinated water
entering my mouth as I went under;
it's safe to say I learned to swim fast.

Fast forward & Mom is gone,
Dad is still at the shop
trying to find his way out.

Second child on the way,
& I can only hope that
Audrey won't pull these stunts.

Tim Heerdink is the author of *Somniloquy & Trauma in the Knottsean Well*, *The Human Remains*, *Red Flag and Other Poems*, *Razed Monuments*, *Checking Tickets on Ooumaumua*, *Sailing the Edge of Time*, *I Hear a Siren's Call*, *Ghost Map*, *A Cacophony of Birds in the House of Dread*, and short stories, *The Tithing of Man* and *HEA-VEN2*. His poems appear in various journals and anthologies. He is the President of Midwest Writers Guild of Evansville, Indiana.

Website: timheerdink.com Facebook: @TimHeerdinkWriter
Twitter: @THeerdink Instagram: @heerdinktim
Patreon: patreon.com/TimHeerdink

Soft

Jody Rae

It's May in Colorado again. A silk scarf draped across winter-hardened scruff. Green sprouts quiver under threat of heavy wet snow that would simply drain dry by 11 AM, next day. Icy-hot air soothes exposed skin, calms a racing mind. Soft-focus scenery at dawn + dusk, a mist of light, tip-toeing in socked feet before the alarm and after dinnertime. A hush of clouds breathing by.

Jody Rae's creative nonfiction essays appear in *The Avalon Literary Review*, *The Good Life Review*, and *From Whispers to Roars*. Her short story, "Beautiful Mother" was a finalist in the *Phoebe Journal* 2021 Spring Fiction Contest. She was the first prize winner of the 2019 Winning Writers Wergle Flomp Humor Poetry Contest for her poem, "Failure to Triangulate". Her work can be found at www.criminysakesalive.com.

Twitter: @JodyRae_ Instagram: @criminy_sakes_alive

Arranged Marriage

Kelly Kaur

underneath my rickety bed
once blood crimson marriage sari
shredded fluttering ribbons in the sky

A Degree

Kelly Kaur

give a woman audacity
plunk her in a classroom
let her tongue unfurl across continents

Revolution

Kelly Kaur

ground me in rebellion
teach me to speak tongues
to fork only in non-compliance

Kelly often procrastinates from grading her university essays by writing poems, fiction and nonfiction. She is delighted to have been published in anthologies and journals like *Understorey*, *Anak Sastra*, *WordCity Monthly*, *BeZine*, *Poet of the Republic*, *International Human Rights Arts Festival*, on Blindman Session Beer Cans and in *Best Asian Short Stories 2020*. She is thrilled that her works have appeared in Canada, U.S., U.K., Zimbabwe, Malaysia and Singapore. Her novel, *Letters to Singapore*, Stonehouse Publishing, will be out Spring 2022.

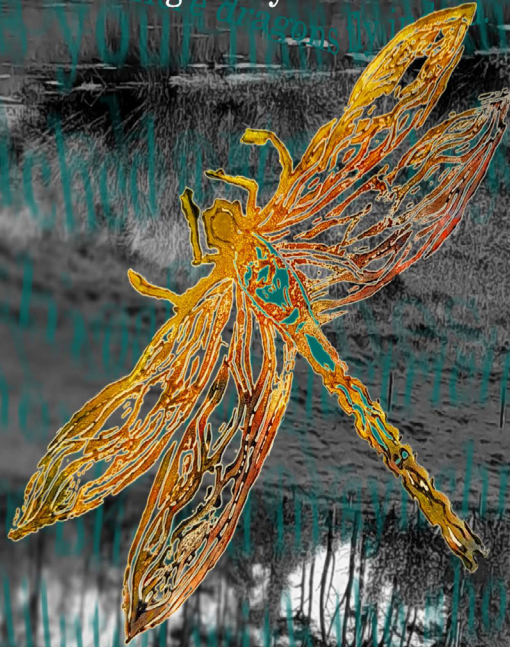


Roots

Come with me down the rabbit hole
to hear the silence of damp earth,
a burrowing in the darkness,
ticking of time, slowed,
a song of sycamore seeds settling,
water seeping from rhizomes
to caress our faces, cobwebs kissing.
Beetles hissing.
We will settle with the bedrock,
cosy with the ghosts of bears
sleeping in stones smoothed by ice
before this land was born.
We will take root below the hurly burly
until dawn breaks and we
Bloom.

Wings

We sat companionably on your coat.
A dragonfly paused above my head -
It thinks your hair is flames you said,
And touched a stray lock
By my throat.
Such unexpected electricity
Our eyes blinked in synchronicity
Pupils dilated with the shock
Of sudden primordial need.
Here dragons fly indeed.



Roots & Wings

Sadie Maskery

Pages 34 & 35

Sadie Maskery lives in Scotland. Her first chapbook, *Push*, is published by Erbacce Press (erbacce-press.co.uk/sadie-maskery). She can be found on Twitter as [@saccharinequeen](https://twitter.com/saccharinequeen)

Before Lockdown, I Used to Walk to Work

Paula Aamli

slowly, through whatever green places
I could find along the way.

I remember the joy when I found
Lincoln's Inn Fields with its
quiver-ful of ancient trees, wide-girthed,
misshapen and utterly beautiful to me.

Didn't have time for plants at home.
House plants were an embarrassment –
an impulse purchase, followed predictably
by their slow, parched, wilting death.

But since lockdown, gradually,
the flat has filled up with plants,
small tomatoes and green chillies,
coriander, rosemary, and basil.

Green bodies crowd onto the
white wooden shelf that we built
near the start of the great isolation,
for this very purpose.

At first pristine, now it is grainy
with soil and the wear of plant pots
being moved from garden to kitchen
and back, following the sun.

The white surface has been splashed
with stains from over-zealous watering
and dribbles when the pots got too small,
and leaks where the makeshift trays cracked.

So now I start every work-day
commuting for 30 seconds
down one flight of stairs

into a garden.

VE Day Fly-By as London Unwinds out of Lockdown

Paula Aamli

Simple pleasures of a Saturday as I meander casually through
my to-do list.

I hear but don't see the fly-by, veiled by the tall canopy of the
park's trees.

In St James Park the grass stands bright and upright,
untrampled by humans
but the air tastes of petrol fumes once more, which is to say –
tastes normal.

Sunset

Paula Aamli

We beat slowly
down the beach,
wreathed about by
a swirling grain
of Sanderlings.

Dr Paula Aamli is a Humanities graduate with a Masters in Sustainability and a Doctorate in Organisational Change. Her doctoral thesis, “Working through climate grief: A first-person poetic inquiry”, explores individual and institutional responses to the emerging climate crisis, using arts-based research and poetry. Paula has had poems published in *Allegro Poetry Magazine*, *Dissonance Magazine*, and *Shot Glass*, a poetry journal of short verse. In her day job, Paula works with governance and sustainability in financial services, with a focus on business responsibility, good conduct and how corporations can play a positive role for and within the communities in which they are located.

needle

Maggie Petrella

like oak consuming barbed wire in its time,
I too can wring immunity from a needle

I can learn to be alive,
tapping survival from vials, adding rings,
my blood bending toward the light —
and my body can be touched by the sun

make me a natural fencepost, not property lines
but in defense of a stronghold, me
I have sap-thick skin

I am my gift to the day
I dig my feet into the dirt, salt the mornings with my breath
I let the air in, let the air in
let the air in

Yellowstone

Maggie Petrella

They can all go on
Let them leave me behind
I'm too busy tasting roses
Sucking juice from the rind

Maggie Petrella (she/her) is a Buffalonian poet based in Baltimore, MD. Her work has been published in *Back Patio Press*, *Southchild Lit*, *The Daily Drunk*, and others. She can be found online at maggiepetrella.com or on Twitter at [@maggie_425](https://twitter.com/maggie_425).

Merlin

Tim Moder

It is possible that no human
has ever been where I am.
Deep in the center of this swamp.
Deep in the now of no-time.
How many everywhere's include this
bush and clump?

I trace my way by stages, a much
larger and clumsier loud than
the swarm of warblers and starlings
announcing the hours around me.

Half sunk, I lay along a tuft of manna grass
and diamond willow, looking like the ten of staves
has fallen over, orange smock, white sleeves,
brown shoes and green leggings.

I imagine I am a hermit and this is my cathedral,
my private classroom and stylite pillar.
Less than a foot of brown sloshy water
covers what could be an eternity of clay and mud.

What eats all these bugs? How many frogs are
hidden in the Marsh Marigold? Who keeps track of this?

The Merlin does not build its own nest.
But it does eat dragonflies.

Smitten

Tim Moder

This land is rich and plush,
flush with grouse and kingfisher.
These rivers flow swiftly, infatuated with salmon.
These lakes are cold and deep, smitten with
Rainbow Trout and Ooga.

The sky is overcome with midsummer
almost an agony of anticipation
released in a ripening of all reality.

All containers, skins, flowers, fruits,
eggs, blossoms, nectar, pods and seeds.

A scramble of scratching feet amid a rabble
of pecking, nibbling, calling, blowing,
snuffing, sneezing, growling, and whining.

Announcing, ever announcing.

The Apple Festival

Tim Moder

God's water cup
painted with green algae.

It starts beside the giver of life
in water waist high.

It continues through
sand blown streets
ruddy in the noonday bazaar.

It ends between the covers of books
fluid in typecast words
at home in the old library.

The Left Antler

Tim Moder

Through a stand of green ash and jack pine, just off to the side of a well beaten trail, over by where the kid threw the rifle down, on top of soft yellow moss, lying among the orange pine needles, I found the left antler of a white tail buck, partially porcupine chewed, with dark stubbly nubs around the base.

It sits on a bookshelf in my office, under a picture of the great mother, next to a robin's nest we found in a holiday tree during that long, long year. It is surrounded by carved frogs, wooden cups, green cedar, a turtle shell, braids of grass, the long black beard of a Tom, and the remains of a hornets ghost grey balloon, made of hornet saliva and wood.

Tim Moder is an Indigenous poet living in northern Wisconsin. He is a member of Lake Superior Writers. His poems have appeared in a few publications, including *Pittsburgh Poetry Journal*, *South Florida Poetry Journal*, *Penumbra Online* and *In Parentheses Literary Magazine*.

Freight

Evelyn Robertson

Too poor to be powered by diesel
I'm all out of steam
The agonied screams of freight brakes
echoing in my chest
act as a reminder
to slow down
in a world I've been driving through
and turn off cruise control.

Born and raised in Ontario, Evelyn has been working and exploring British Columbia since March 2021. She is passionate about nature and can usually be found being distracted by rotting logs, lichen, and scat while on hikes. A previous art and poetry publication can be found in Northern Otter Journal and Paddler Press, respectively.

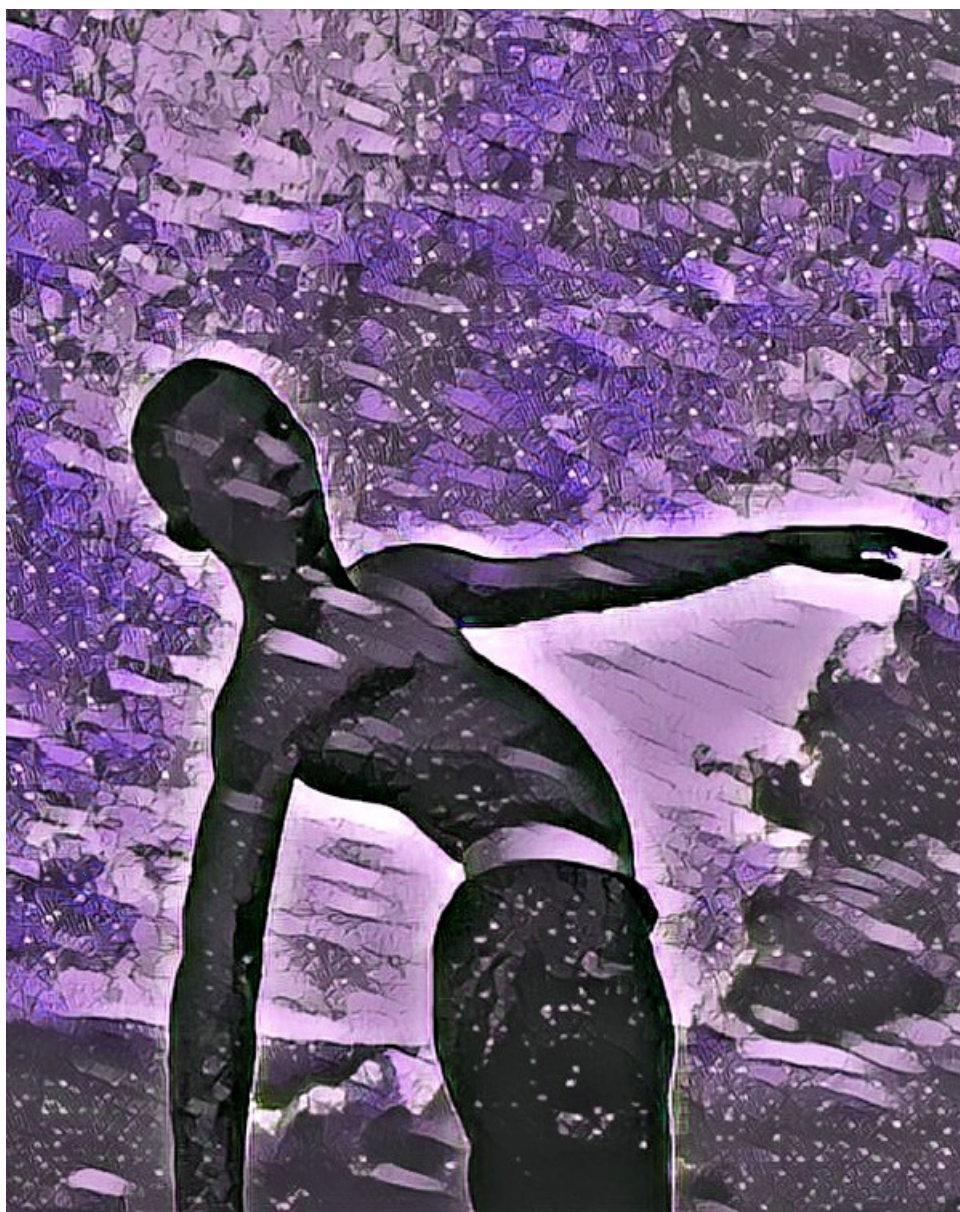
Twitter: @girlwhopaddles Instagram: @thegirlwhopaddles



Origin of Wings 1 by Joshua Effiong
Digital Image



Origin of Wings 2 by Joshua Effiong
Digital Image



Origin of Wings 3 by Joshua Effiong
Digital Image

Origin of Wings

This triptych encompasses, the bends and breaks of the body of a black boy before he mastered the art of flight, to his redemption. I focused on the emancipation of a black boy. His body. His reconfiguration. The background idea is representing what lies beneath the skin of this black body and how he bends and breaks, how he configures everything into flight.

A Nigerian by birth and Studying Science Laboratory Technology at University of Calabar. Joshua Effiong is a lover of art. His work has appeared/forthcoming in *Eboquills*, *Kalahari Review*, *Shallow Tales Review*, *Rough Cut Press*, *Madrigal Press*, *Warning Lines*, *Hearth Magazine*, *Mausoleum Press* and others. Author of *Autopsy of Things Left Unnamed*. Connect with him via Instagram @josh.effiong and Twitter @JoshEffiong

Know Your Place

Arden Hunter

She scrubbed the front step during the war.

It was some form of patriotism:

to be seen, scrubbing.

Somehow this has translated to cleaning the toilet bowl, and
vacuuming.

Vacuuming.

She'll tell you to lift your feet, to move.

You're always going to be in the wrong place.

Wherever you rest, you leave yourself; and that's not acceptable.

Move.

The performance must be part of it, but there's no way to know. Perhaps she still vacuums and scrubs when no one's there, or perhaps she's secretly delighting in grinding the thick black muck from the vegetable garden as far into the pile as it will go.

As soon as you've finished your biscuit, the plate is gone,
crumbs tumbling in the backdraft.

As soon as you've put down the paper, it is folded with a crisp
crease and slapped back against the table.

A feather duster is deployed among the porcelain
shepherdesses, tickling crinolines with disapproval.

I like keeping house, she says when questioned, lips pursed in a
lined mew of irritation.

You're in the wrong place again, say her eyes.

You don't tell her that the toilet bowl is still stained along the
edges.

You don't tell her the fork still has remnants of roast chicken
smeared over the silver.

You don't tell her: you move. Her hands are trembling and her
eyes have turned grey, so you move.

The dirt she can't see seems smugly offensive.

Discreetly clean the bowl.

Soap and rinse the fork.

Rescue the figurine that dances too close to the edge.

But don't scrub the step.

No.

You'd be in the wrong place.

Arden Hunter is an aroace agender writer, artist and performer. With an eclectic range of interests from the horrific to the whimsical, the theme tying all of their work together is an inexplicable and unconditional love of the ridiculous beast that is called 'human'. Arden has words and art hosted and upcoming with *Cinnabar Moth*, *The Bear Creek Gazette* and *MASKS Literary Magazine* among other places. Find them on Twitter @hunterarden

Untitled

Ivan de Monbrison

Ночь круглая,
сам включается.
В центре его светит звезда.
Иногда у меня страх открыть глаза,
один в кровати по ночам,
Потому я оставляю лампу включенной.
И я думаю...
Я тоже тебя люблю

The night is round.
It turns on itself.
A star shines in its center.
Sometimes I am scared to open my eyes.
Alone in bed at night.
So I leave the lamp on.
And I think...
I love you too.

Ivan de Monbrison is a poet and artist living in Paris born in 1969. He has been published in literary magazines globally.

Wedded

Kelli Lage

the sticky days of August / when honey still clings to the
back of throats / we crossed paths / it could have happened
anywhere in the world at any hour / but it was meant to happen
outside the laser tag arena on a Wednesday evening / a subtle
wave and golden hair that palaces would bend over backward
for / I still pour over that first portrait of him both of us
craved to stay in the shell of that day / I'd play it over enough
to fill lifetimes / we held on past lasers and drinks / the waves
drank the moon and we called the beach a sleeping bag / our
starlit talk met dawn's blushing cheeks

the crisp days in October / when you swear you can smell the
burnt orange of the leaves / six weeks since the first brush
of his palm / I traced my fingertips over the cream summer
dress / patterns of lace scattered like his ginger freckles / his
royal blue button-up belonged to midnight melodies / beating
autumn found us through cracks in the treetops / coating our
heads in sunkissed crowns / vows hummed on the hilly forest
/ we danced among an earth that felt like our own / legend has
it hikers can still feel the beat of our gallops and swings / we
followed the call of dusk to an ice cream stand / and toasted to
marriage with chocolate fudge

Kelli Lage lives in the Midwest countryside. Lage is currently earning her degree in Secondary English Education and works as a substitute teacher. Awards: Special Award for First-time Entrant, Lyrical Iowa, 2020.



Flight of Lights by Bukunmi Oyewole
Digital Image

In this image, light is the prominent element and the ability to see is fundamental to our existence. But then, the perception of the source of light (especially from the moving vehicles) has been concealed. The vehicles are there, and they are not there (very deceptive). They have been made to vanish before our very eyes, they have been rendered invisible and yet, the headlights and taillights tell us the vehicles are there, moving.

Pulse

Adrienne Stevenson

I find the universe in my back yard,
tenderly sketch each unfurling bud, blade of grass
creeping beetle, nested egg. Sometimes I visit
the nearby river in a kind season,
photograph tiny Niagaras, awkward goslings,
skittish chipmunks, tread carefully, not to crush
fragile life. But now all is barren.
I retreat to await the world's resurgence.

St. Elmo's Experiment

Adrienne Stevenson

first, rub a fat balloon on your head
then, you have choices
you can scare a cat
 but remain unsure if its hairy halo
 results from the discharge or its ire
you can ground yourself on almost anything
 but watch out for flying sparks on doorknobs
 and people who don't like being touched
you can stick it to the ceiling
 and watch it defy gravity, though you may
 find yourself wanting to trade places
simple things amuse the simple
it's not always required
to explain them

Adrienne Stevenson lives in Ottawa, Ontario. A retired forensic scientist, she writes poetry, fiction and creative non-fiction. When not writing, she tends a large garden. Her poetry has been widely published in print and online journals and anthologies, most recently in *Planisphere Q*, *Black Bough Poetry*, *MacroMicroCosm*, *Page & Spine*, *Poetry and Covid*, *Jaden*, *Still Point Arts Quarterly*, *Lifespan vol.2*, *Bywords*, *Masque & Spectacle*, *Constellate Literary Journal*, *Uproar*, *Pages Penned in Pandemic*.
Twitter @ajs4t



Kite Boy at Dusk by Bukunmi Oyewole
Digital Image

Children derive great pleasure in flying kites on windy days because it's a very relaxing form of fun and entertainment to them. Seeing their kite fly high up to the heavens gets them extremely excited.



Freedom by Bukunmi Oyewole
Digital Image

Birds are the most free animals in the world. They can travel anywhere at will, and migrate to a new location when they so wish. Every human out there should appreciate and cherish the freedom they have.

Bukunmi Oyewole is a travel and documentary photographer who loves to see the world through the lens of his camera. He has traveled round Nigeria, visiting over 19 states on photo tours and documentaries. One of his many dreams is to travel round the world, capturing astonishing moments with his camera. His passion for photography and striking pictorial skills earned him a feature in six editions of *Blueprint Magazine*, *Foxhole Magazine*, *The Agbowo Magazine*, *Penumbra*, *Turnpike Magazine*, and a host of others.

His works are currently being exhibited on GT Bank's Virtual Gallery, were featured at a photography exhibition during the 2018 Nigeria Photography Expo and Conference {NiPHEC}, at the Global Customer Segmentation Framework Art Exhibition 2018, at Photocarrefour Photography Exhibition 2019 and 2020, and at Africa Next Exhibition 2020. He was a member of the jury for the Wikipedia Photo Competition tagged "Wiki Loves Africa 2021." He is also a member of the African Photojournalism Database (APJD), a project of the World Press Photo Foundation and Everyday Africa. Bukunmi is a lover of books and anything travels.

Instagram: @omnivisuals Twitter: @bookunming
Facebook: Oyewole Bukunming

Magnolia

Ileana Gherghina

To be or not to be the root of a magnolia tree
To get white and purple flower from this fallow ground,
I can't!
But instead I swing in its waters,
Tree shadows have changed into waters,
They keep me on the surface
I paddle, paddle on the shadows.
I am reflected on the other side
I have purified myself,
Beautiful magnolia tree keeps me in the shadows of its waters.
I will drown of joy.

Ileana trained as a theatre actor and director but has drifted towards performance art and live art in the past seven years. She has founded a company that produces theatrical work with a strong performance art, video and visual art influence (Nu Nu Theatre). She also work with poetry, photography, video and dramatic texts. She is part of LAPER (Live Art and Performance Group) Oxford and has presented her pieces in the UK (where she lives and works) and across Europe.

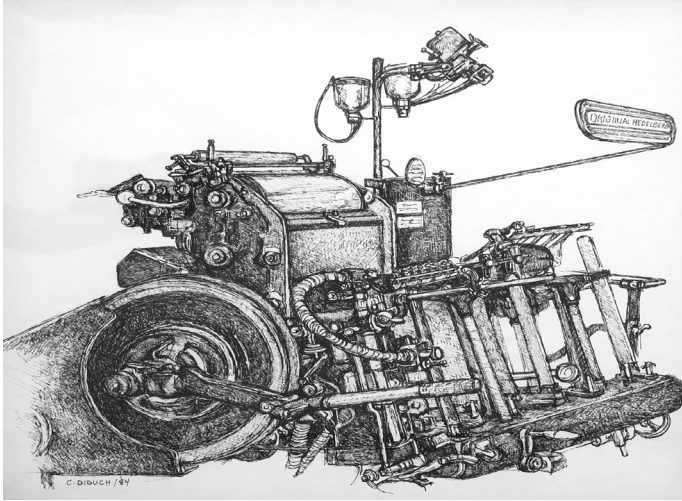
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"Cendrine Marrouat's haiku read almost like meditations: they invite inward reflection and conjure up sublime images in the mind of the reader. I would say that Kahlil Gibran would be absolutely delighted to read this book." -

Justin

<https://creativeramblings.com/after-fires-day>



Behind the Curtain

We are often asked about the equipment we use at our print shop. Here's a peek at our Heidelberg Original printing press, born in 1955. We have modern equipment of course, but this one's a favorite. Christine Diduch, a former press operator, loved it enough to draw it!

For 66 years it has worked behind the scenes servicing business, finance, healthcare, religion, and government. It has printed business forms, books, newsletters, maps, manuals, securities certificates, boxes, drink coasters - the list goes on. Every thing we print is used every day in every profession to make our Canadian lifestyle possible. Our "windmill" is - literally - an economic engine.

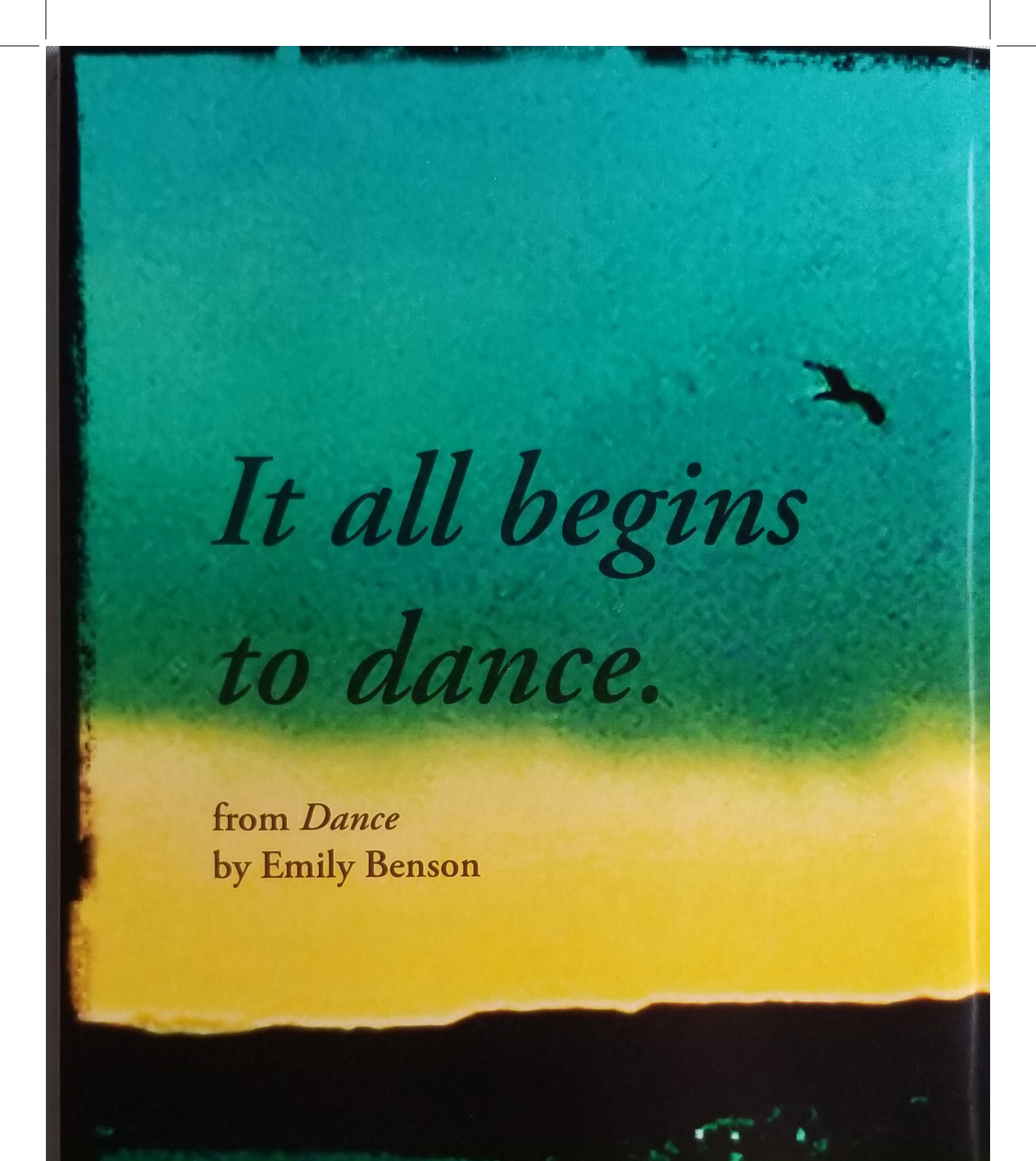
In a few days, we will be printing *Roots & Wings*. A poetry book is different from our usual product - it doesn't serve an industry, it's not a necessity, it doesn't drive the economy.

We usually work to make society exist - thanks Paddlers Press for putting us to work to make it more beautiful.

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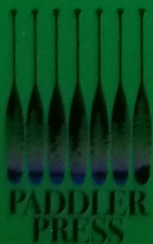
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*It all begins
to dance.*

from *Dance*
by Emily Benson



Contributors

Richard Leise • Monica Colón • Josie Di Sciascio-Andrews • Emily Bensen •
Shane Brant • Tim Heerdink • Anna Kirwin • Christian Garduno • Kelly Kaur •
Jody Rae • Charles K. Carter • Richard Bramwell • Simon Turner • Maggie
Petrella • Rihanna Levi • Sadie Maskery • Paula Aamli • Carson Pytell • Tim
Moder • Arden Hunter • Evelyn Robertson • Kelli Lage • Adrienne Stevenson •
Ivan de Monbrison • Ileana Gherghina • Paulette West •
Joshua Effiong • Helen Gwyn Jones • Bukunmi Oyewole

