



# advocacy

Lumiere & Elysian

# "ADVOCACY"

## a collaborative special issue by The Lumiere Review and The Elysian Review

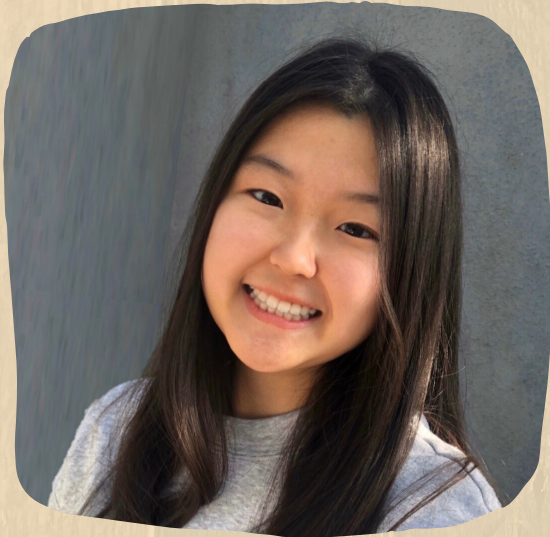
Advocacy is about using our voice. It means using whatever platform we have, no matter its size, to speak up on pressing issues and amplify unheard voices. In order to create substantial change, we must change ourselves by educating, listening, and re-learning. We must acknowledge our own privileges, oppressors, and biases to move towards a more tolerant society. Advocacy comes in different forms, whether it's giving speeches to an audience or having a hard-hitting discussion with your loved-ones.

Thus, our "Advocacy" issue was made. Our issue serves to the creative power of words and art to spread awareness about unacknowledged topics. By giving a platform to writers and artists, a multitude of opinions and talents intersect, ultimately presenting what advocacy means to us. Our issue serves to uplift and encourage every creative to use their gift to advocate for something they feel passionate about. Every poem, prose piece, and artwork in this issue carries a story with a message, but it lies within you, the reader, to dissect the narratives within these stories and take actions on uplifting underrepresented perspectives.

**Lumiere** | [lumierereview.com](http://lumierereview.com) | @lumierereview

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# ABOUT THE EDITORS



**JESSICA KIM**

**Jessica Kim** is a disabled poet from California. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Cosmonauts Avenue*, *Grain Magazine*, *Longleaf Review*, *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, and more.

She has been recognized by the *National Poetry Quarterly*, *Pulitzer Center*, and has been nominated twice for the *Pushcart Prize*. Find her at [jessicakimwrites.weebly.com](http://jessicakimwrites.weebly.com) and @jessiicable on twitter and instagram.

**Ye Ji Jong** is a Junior at Cypress High School and the Editor-in-Chief of *The Elysian Review*. Although creative writing isn't her strongest suit, she loves reading prose and poetry because it puts her trait of overthinking for good use. Ye Ji mostly writes Op-Eds and Editorials for *LA Times High School Insider*, *Joongang-Ilbo*, and her school's newspaper: *The Centurion Spotlight*. She is super passionate about social justice and intersectional feminism.



**YE JI JONG**

# ABOUT THE EDITORS



**REBECCA CHOE**

**Rebecca Choe** is a high school student from Southern California. Her work has been previously published in *Much Love, Magazine* and awarded by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards. She works Editor-in-Chief/Editor/Director positions at *The Lumiere Review*, *Elysian Review*, and *Asians in the Arts*. She founded and leads her school district's online literary magazine, *Dial Magazine*. She also loves cheese and Hello Kitty.

**Chinonye Omeirondi** is a high school junior from Southern California who has a love-hate relationship with writing, but she keeps practicing her craft for the sake of a childhood dream. Chinonye has prose published in *The Heritage Review*, *The Incandescent Review*, *Wintermute*, and *Detester Magazine*, along with being the founder of the newly created *Afro Literary Magazine*, a safe space for Black writers and artists.



**CHINONYE  
OMEIRONDI**

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# POETRY

New Passover // Thought You Heard Mommy on the  
Wind // Trophy // Difference // When the baby first  
meets the body // To Bury Them // Lessons to learn  
from herbicide-resistant waterhemp // No One Wants  
To Fall In Love At Chipotle // Aretha Franklin Sings at  
President Obama's 2009 Inauguration // Goatsand

# NEW PASSOVER

BY CAROLIENA CABADA

Mark this house as salvation  
for the storm-blown and savage.

Wind whistles through a crack  
around the glass, but the view

bursts green, gold. Open the doors  
to the hard times. Invite

the down-on-their-luck. Feed them  
all that you have, and make more

from the scraps. As long as  
everyone, even God, takes half, we'll

never reach zero. Lightning  
strikes a block away.

If there are victims, they  
may not have been wicked.

Maybe they just settled in  
for another night of distance.

Stay in. Venture out only  
to be of assistance.

# THOUGHT YOU HEARD MOMMY ON THE WIND

BY ANOINTING OBUH

So this day spread its arms to catch you again  
& when you fell, so did your baby,  
like an apple laying on the table half-eaten,  
its skin bleeding a concave shadow on the brown floor.  
Everything in this darkness is muted.  
Your heart, displaced by memories spinning on their toes,  
little girls high on caffeine.

They said babies do wiggle into pools of blood  
& it is not your fault. Say it is not your fault.  
Your hand closes over your rosary and stops.  
Who prays to a guillotine for absolution?  
Even God has found you guilty, hasn't he?

Now the moon shines halfheartedly in the sky  
& time sits in this place, a deity with his feet  
stuck between the tenderness of your core.  
How many ships have you lost on the way?  
Oh supple softness, oh woman, oh land.  
The wind brushes against you, impossible loneliness.

This you have learnt — the absence of a miracle is an empty hand facing the sky.  
What use is standing in Eden  
when the only serpentine creature is you?  
Your god a mirror?  
Your only offering blood, the same one reflecting  
on the floor; the black of your iris.



When would you stop meeting nightfall  
standing behind the curtains?  
Watching everything, a lifesized display  
in halves.  
You small, sad female, consuming yourself.



ART BY MARTINS DEEP

# TROPHY

BY PRAISE OSAWARU

**content warning:** reference to suicide and queerphobia.

*for the ones who went because they felt unwelcome...*

it's the break of day, & I'm to select clothes for my sister's body – an anatomy versed in frigidness, whisked off earth's skin. it's official: I'm the only branch left. eighteen years of storytelling concluded with the undoing of her wrists.

I lay in bed, thoughts sprouting in my head, wondering if to interpret the looks splayed on my parents' face as relief. last night, she flooded my dreams with ululations. her diary on my nightstand, a register

of her existence; how people sneered at her

for being wrinkled [ not straight].

it's knotty to sentence my hands to a selection. no, I'm uninterested in nourishing the earth with her body. if she couldn't breathe environed by teeming oxygen, why offer

her to a world that dubbed her a contamination? I want her body cremated with the fire from the gleaming sun & her urn on my shelf like a trophy.

# DIFFERENCE

BY AMLANJYOTI GOSWAMI

First, you wondered: why I could not have a shorter name,  
Like John or Daniel.

Then you asked about the strange tongue I spoke,  
(I was talking to my mother- she loves the old way)

Then you looked at me- my ebony skin, my body, for a mirror.  
And found nothing that spoke back  
To who you are, or how you would like to be,  
How we read leaves, sun or rain.

When I turned up at your door, the day  
Your mother died  
There were no words but silence kept us warm.  
That hug beyond white and black, us and them.

We were looking for something to say,  
But nothing made us say it.  
The sadness spread its thin fingers, looking for a hand  
The hand would not go away for want of colour.

# WHEN THE BABY FIRST MEETS THE BODY

BY FIZZA ABBAS

A cloak, as layered as a sky, meets a fine, delicate ballerina in salmon-pink ballet shoes.

The meeting takes place between the two in the baby room at the Holy Family Hospital. I eavesdrop and hear lifestyle tips exchanged in quiet.

This dark, ghastly guardian speaks to the baby in a low, hushed voice, with baby showing her focus with a yawning chasm.

Tip number one: eat air with a grain of sand for I like to retrace footsteps.  
Tip number two: drink a hot, simmering pot of vapourous juice as I like to see my veins popping out during the rain.

Tip three: start with soft rompers, rock the hip and trendy and sigh with woollen open backs as I like to believe I have eclectic tastes. Don't yell, cry like the ocean waves hitting the shore.

But loudly. Just mark your presence. I know you are currently in economic crisis for definitions and words. Let me share the basics: Air is a hard-hitting slap of the wind, rain is a nature's pat.

Waves are relentless curves in motion. That's it for today. I shall meet you more often now that you're with me. In me, Ha-ha. Let's doze off now.

I watched the two drifting off. It was quite late. When I looked at my watch, it was 52,5600 days and 3,15,36000 seconds.

# TO BURY THEM

BY RIYA CYRIAC

I did this once, for Muma.  
Washed her body with water  
pressed her stomach to release lingering fluids  
combed her long, black hair  
weaved it into three braids  
wrapped her within a large linen cloth  
watched them take her to the burial grounds  
prayed those rites passing her old to new.

I do this again, for Nour.  
Washed her body with water  
pressed her stomach to release lingering fluids  
combed her long, black hair,  
weaved it into three braids  
wrapped her within a small linen cloth  
carried her tiny body to the burial grounds  
prayed those rites passing her new to a new  
bit back shame infused tears and unbecoming silence  
as I threw three handfuls of dirt  
over my daughter's grave.

*-a child dies in yemen every 10 minutes*

# LESSONS TO LEARN FROM HERBICIDE-RESISTANT WATERHEMP

BY CAROLIENA CABADA

Resilience, not reaction. Frustrated farmers will think resistance a bridge to burn when they get to it. Burning bridges leaves no way off the island except swimming.

Commonly known as tall waterhemp, *Amaranthus tuberculatus* is persistent in Iowa fields. Resilience, not escalation, a quiet death and life giving from generation to generation.

This is the benefit of paying attention. Write down what –cide means to you.

Herbi-

Pesti-

Geno-

means required resistance, with  
reaction, resilience.

# NO ONE WANTS TO FALL IN LOVE AT CHIPOTLE

BY MEGAN BURNS

can i just be not good enough and still get fed  
a "story" that almost rights and we who are  
enamored of violence, how do you wake up  
in the morning not adrift in despair; perhaps  
it's just time to forget about being loveable.

we're starving and want everything, America  
fast and casual, i'm owed it & i was a victim  
of expectations like i always think if i customize  
right ingredients maybe i won't erase to hungry ghosts  
of my country tis of thee: intimacy, a constant queue  
a crisis of contact absurd: imagine the point  
of ever eating with another person again.

in this assembly of half to extra to let me build  
some small slip of survive, like i can admit to being  
desperate. i can admit to the shame of arriving  
and needing someone to tell me how to make  
it to the end of the line

but to ask me to feel disposable. plastic chairs  
and tables. my heart, exhausted. what if i was going  
through the motions too; the problem of consumption  
is a lack of boundaries. we want most to ask, who

is safe but the only person asking what we want is a stranger. when there's no risk we don't dodge their questions. we feel satisfied that the answer to the hardness of this life must be a combination of pick and choose until we have made the last of anyone we will ever need.



ART BY HAYLEY JO BARKER



# ARETHA FRANKLIN SINGS AT PRESIDENT OBAMA'S 2009 INAUGURATION

BY SHAREEN K. MURAYAMA

I'm sorry if my words are avascular  
I mean I'm sorry if I'm codependent  
in a wet pivot world  
When I see green parks in people  
everyone's offered a seat on my bench  
Some horizons are lies with rainbows

\*

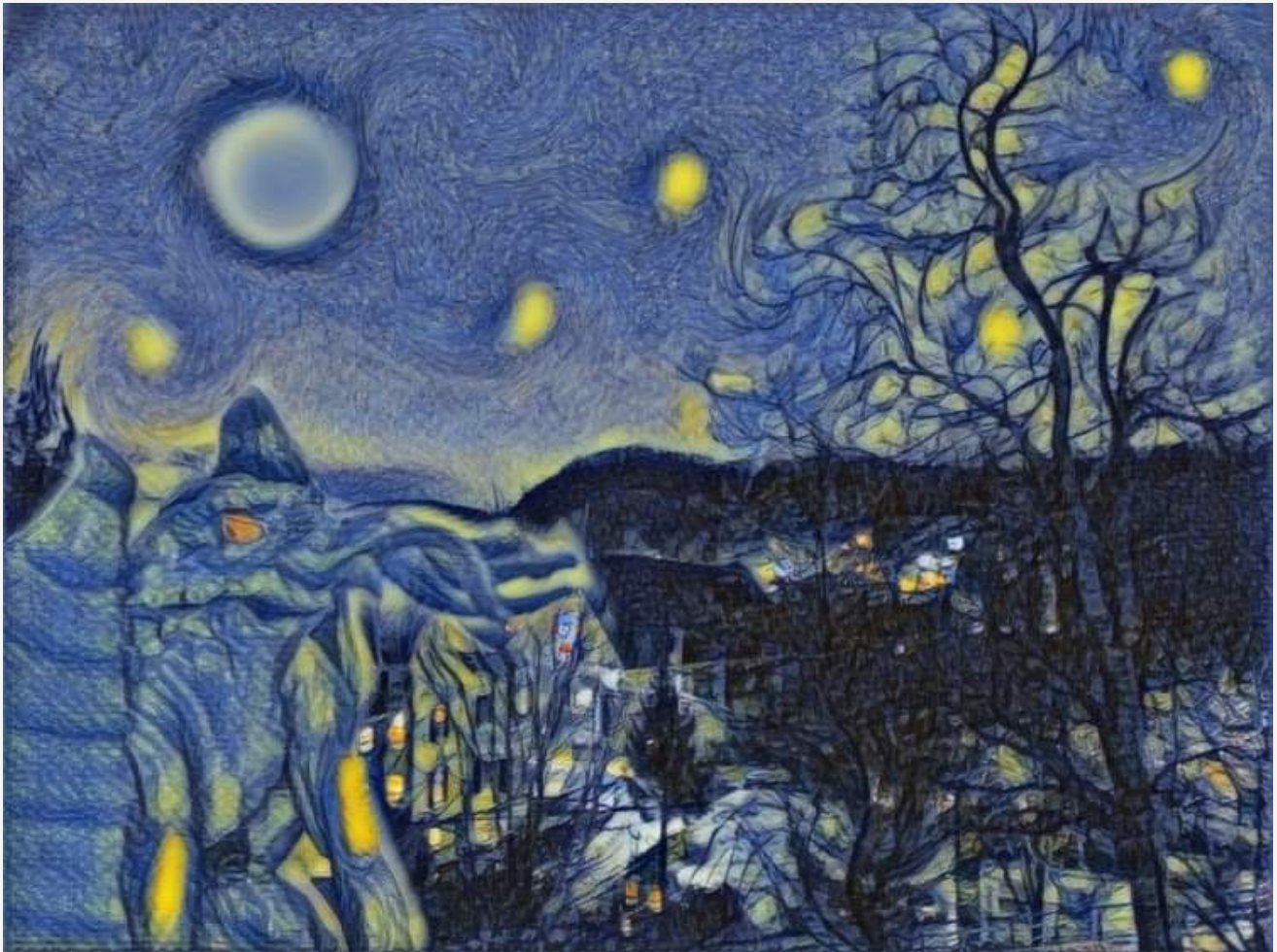
the one thing I vow this my body will stop landing this land ultimate into  
imagine into  
illegal dumping I'm not getting saved the Queen  
a cover song my fathers in bold. disinfected.  
bodies in arrest.at rest.eternal

\*

Ownership of land is like a weekend paper  
& bullets  
one day we'll sing  
land where my mothers died

\*  
\*  
\*

to a ride a carnival is allegiance. your body. armed & carnal. fingered.  
hands up. they cry, the babies. in sickness. no one promises to look.  
wondering where are we? big eye tuna. sealed silver. domestic.  
glances back at its own body.



ART BY DEREK ROPER

# GOATSAND

BY JAY MILLER

Always the desire to be prolific.  
Attic strife and sea salt in the eyes.  
Here is nothing. Here is also nothing.

But, the ink bears pauses between  
the spaces without punctuation  
even, a full stop of hope hides here

like a ghost of itself, a Polaroid  
of a ghost of itself, and so on.  
We means nothing. Even on the mic.

We lands on the moon with hope,  
a pair of lunar phantoms  
leaving footprints in the skycheese.

Heartbreak is like two bottles of wine.  
The one has a delicate robe and distinct nose,  
the other is left lonelier than an orphan.

It hurts when we translate,  
reimagining the old architecture  
of a lost novel.

Much better to string up anything  
in reach: greeting cards, garlands,  
lamps. To look at, visual apéritif.

These daytime sounds inspire nightmares  
on my déjà vu grocery list, as I jot down  
*-might -exploit -history -picture.*



ART BY ISHAQ ADEKUNLE



# PROSE

Panic at the Disco // Flecks of Red Paint

# PANIC AT THE DISCO

BY CHINONYE OMEIRONDI

Arthur didn't hear the banging on his front door. It was a loud and abrasive banging, like an overprotective father trying to reach a teenage daughter who locked herself in the bathroom, and it didn't stop until one of the many partygoers who were crowded in his living room decided to take it upon themselves to open the door. Arthur was enjoying the vibrations of the music through the soles of his feet, tapping along to the groovy, upbeat bass that he assumed was hip-hop, or maybe a kind of jazz—he didn't notice the partygoer's frantic hand motions or the irritation on his face when he was shoved out of the doorway—Arthur was busy signing to the keen boy in blue overalls. His name was Johnny. Arthur didn't notice something was wrong until the vibrations under his feet had ceased. He didn't notice until he saw the musicians' eyes widen like deer in headlights and rush off the stage, leaving behind speakers and drum sets and portable pianos. He didn't notice until the crowd was pushing and shoving and running for the door, the windows, the staircase upstairs, until the only vibrations he felt came from the stomping of frantic feet on wooden floors. The vibrations rattled through the bones of his legs and nipped at his fingertips. It was a human stampede. The people were shouting something, mouths opening wide, tongues touching wet roofs before gnashing teeth, then left open to catch rapid breaths. Arthur caught an *L* in the movements of their lips; he couldn't see the words in the frantic mixture of teeth and tongue. Arthur turned to Johnny. Johnny's eyes were lost and uneasy, like a wild animal in a cage of foreign rocks and vegetation, like Arthur's massive living room wasn't here two minutes ago.

*Police, Johnny signed rapidly. The police are here.*

Arthur looked over the moving heads of rushing people and saw groups of black suits and shiny gold badges. Some were by his prized window, the one with the telephone on the sill, and others were on the opposite side of the room heading in the direction of the stage. They were yelling at the dispersing crowd and making arrests at random, pressing the faces of partygoers into Arthur's white walls and twisting arms behind backs like they were made of rubber. Arthur averted his eyes when he saw their young faces twist in pain. Most of them were black men in urban clothing and dirty socks—older versions of Johnny.

*Where are your parents?* Arthur signed.

Johnny stared at Arthur for a moment, eyes searching his like he'd find his parents somewhere in the blues of his iris. *My dad*, he signed, *I came with my dad*. His eyes left Arthur's and scoured the scrambling crowd, his head and body twisting and turning, looking everywhere and nowhere. Johnny started to speak as he signed, but his mouth moved too fast for his hands. *My dad. I don't know*. He started to cry. *I don't know*. His eyes kept looking, jumping from face to face. *I don't know. I can't find him*. He started to visibly panic, breaths coming in quick huffs, hands shaking, *I don't know*.

*It's okay*, Arthur signed, *we'll find him*. Arthur tried to hide the concern on his face, tried to appear calm and collected with hopes that Johnny would follow suit and wipe his tears, but Arthur couldn't shake the slimy feeling doing backflips in his stomach.

Arthur grabbed hold of Johnny's hand and tried to give him a reassuring smile. It came out forced. *Don't worry, we'll find him*. Johnny

told Arthur his father was a tall, skinny man, with short dreadlocks and a leaf-shaped birthmark on his cheek. He was wearing a heavy brown jacket because he got cold easily, and he was deaf, like Arthur. Arthur and Johnny sifted through clusters of moving bodies running for the front door, tapping every dreadlock and brown-jacketed man they could reach. It was when Arthur turned to grab the shoulder of a man with a tan raincoat, that Johnny twisted out of his hand and ran through the crowd, shouting something Arthur couldn't hear. Arthur tried to run after him, and he was almost there, so close he could nearly grab the straps of his overalls, until someone crashed into his side and brought him to the floor. Arthur fell on his back, hitting the floor hard, and looked up to find a boy no older than seventeen face-down on the ground beside his feet. An officer was kneeling beside the boy's body, one hand clutching the boy's arms behind his back and pinning him down, the other hand reaching for a pair of handcuffs in his belt. The officer was yelling at the boy, face angry and red—Arthur read his lips.

*Tell me where they are! Where are the drugs!* He spat in the boy's face while he talked. Arthur couldn't tell if he was doing it on purpose or not.

*We don't got any!*

The officer lifted the boy by the arms and slammed him into the floor, pressing harder than before. *I'll arrest you for underage drinking, boy.*

*I wasn't drinking! We didn't have no drugs or alcohol! It was just a concert sir!* The boy had tears streaming down his face. Arthur stared at the boy, frozen. The boy stared back. Arthur turned to the officer. The officer glared.



*Whatchu lookin at, boy?* Arthur jumped, suddenly moved by an overwhelming rush of fear, and ran back into the crowd, squeezing and shoving past anyone in his path, haunted by the thought of the officer chasing after him, ready to jump on his back and slam his head into the floor and spill his brains out. He was so blinded by fear that he forgot about Johnny and his missing dad. His new first priority was to hide from the officer who wanted to spill his brains.

Arthur ran upstairs and hid in his own bedroom with four giggly college students. He didn't leave his spot under the bed until he saw the four of them crowd around his bedroom window, pointing and covering their mouths. Arthur decided to join them. When his mind registered what exactly he was seeing through those dusty blinds, his heart dropped. He fled from his room, tripping on his rug in the process, and ran down the stairs. He pushed the front door open in time to see Johnny standing on his front lawn, crying harder than he was before, and the man he assumed to be Johnny's father, crumple to the floor. Arthur was just in time to see the officer he encountered twenty minutes prior to this moment, pull the trigger and spill the brains of a tall, skinny black man with dreadlocks, a heavy brown jacket, and a leaf-shaped birthmark.

# FLECKS OF RED PAINT

BY CAMERON L. MITCHELL

Today is the day I've been waiting for, the one that's presented me with the perfect opportunity to kill my father.

Walking along the back of the house, I run my hand across the panels of wood, each one painted red. I think of this red house we call home, recalling the time my father made me help him repaint it two summers ago. *Maybe you'll learn something*, he said. *Maybe you'll be useful for a change*. So I gripped the ladder with both hands to hold it steady as he climbed up. My role seemed pointless, but he said it was important. If he were to fall, he might break his arm or leg. He might even break his neck, he warned.

*If only*, I thought.

But I held the ladder in place, giving it my all. If I failed in this one simple task, I'd be in big trouble. I didn't care if he fell and hurt himself, but I didn't want to give him a reason to fly into yet another rage. When something goes wrong, someone has to pay. With sweaty palms, I held that ladder tightly, growing more anxious with each step he took up the rungs. The whole time he was up there, I couldn't let my guard down for a second. Whenever the ladder moved at all, I tightened my grip or adjusted my stance. Should something go wrong, I had to be ready to react. With a single misstep, he could slip and fall.

As the day wore on, I helped out more. I rinsed brushes out, filled the bucket we were using with fresh water, and scraped off old paint. The

fact that the old coat was chipping away in so many different places is what made my father decide to repaint the house in the first place. We couldn't have that, our red house chipping and cracking. So we scraped off what we could and painted over the rest, making what was old new again.

Day has now turned into night. The dingy light from the kitchen window cuts into the darkness around me. I've been on both sides of this wall. I've seen my mother on the other side, alone, washing dishes. I've been there with her, helping out. I wonder what we look like standing side by side. Do we seem like any other mother and son, normal and unafraid?

The light from the kitchen window reveals nothing. Sometimes, it's better to remain in the dark.

My father is inside the red house, and I'm here, just outside its back wall. I don't bother looking in. I don't need to. I know what's in there, I know what's waiting.

Mother is gone, which means she's safe. She's at church. We hardly ever accompany her, and she doesn't push it. I don't think she cares for all that religious talk, the myths of a higher power watching over us and such. We're in the midst of our own myth, making the story up as we go. I'm trying to change it; she's trying to live with it as best she can. It's hard, so getting away to church offers relief. Every now and then, all she needs is a little break. So she volunteers to bake for potlucks, help with fundraisers, or gather hand-me-downs for the less fortunate. She sits with the church ladies, discussing whatever it is they discuss over tall glasses of sweet tea. They gossip, I'm sure. I can hear them now, talking about that new woman who joined the congregation, the quiet

one with the husband who drinks too much – but then they quickly change the subject, embarrassed to have brought it up since my mother also has a husband who drinks too much. I wonder if that other husband likes to scream and hit people when he drinks, like my father. I wonder if the church ladies gossip about that too.

Or maybe they spend their time talking about the end of the world. It's a popular topic here in the mountains, mostly amongst the old-timers. The end is coming, they say. Any day now.

They're probably right. It feels like something big is about to happen. I'm not sure it's such a bad thing, this end of the world they speak of.

With my right hand, I scratch along the side of the house, scraping away tiny red flecks of paint, some of which get stuck beneath my fingernails. The further I drag my hand, the more it hurts. I stare down at my stained fingertips, thinking back to that day I helped my father paint the house. Even then, I was tempted to shake things up. What if I didn't hold the ladder so tightly? What if I shook it, making him fall?

That would have been pointless since our house isn't very tall. At best, he might break an arm or a leg. Still, maybe I could try again. Maybe I could tell him some shingles have blown off the roof. And then, I'd hold that ladder for him once again, watching him climb up. This time, I could strategically place a large rock on the ground for him to hit when I shake him loose – but he'd have to land on it just right. Or, maybe I could use a rock to bash his skull in after the fall, hoping no one would notice he didn't land against it on his own. Maybe I could leave something sharp and sturdy nearby, like a large pair of shears – and maybe he'd land just right, impaling himself. Maybe I could take the

sheers and impale him myself, making it look like an accident.

Maybe, maybe, maybe.

I can't depend on maybe forever. So instead, I'm going to burn it all down. I've already drugged my father with a large dose of sleeping pills, grinding them up days before and then slipping them into his drink when the opportunity presented itself. He should be passing out right about now. He's a careless man, always smoking too much. Always drinking too much. It won't be hard to believe it was an accident.

I'll enjoy watching everything go up in flames. I have hated the red house almost as long as I've hated him. I can feel the heat rising, inside and out.

# CONTRIBUTORS

**Amlanjyoti Goswami**'s recent collection of poems 'River Wedding' (Poetrywala) has been widely reviewed. His poetry has been published in journals and anthologies around the world. His poems have also appeared on street walls in Christchurch, exhibitions in Johannesburg, an e-gallery in Brighton and buses in Philadelphia. He has read in various places, including New York, Delhi and Boston. He grew up in Guwahati, Assam and lives in Delhi.

**Anointing Obuh** is an Emerging writer from Africa. Her works have been featured in Mineral lit mag, Rattle, Barren Magazine, greatweather for media and elsewhere. She tweets @therealanniekay

**Cameron L. Mitchell** is a queer writer who grew up in the mountains of North Carolina. His work has appeared in Vol. 1 Brooklyn, The Queer South Anthology, Literary Orphans, Gravel Literary Magazine, and a few other places. He lives in New York and works in archives at Columbia University. Find him on Twitter: @CameronLMitchel

**Caroliena Cabada** was the recipient of the 2018-2019 Pearl Hogrefe Fellowship in Creative Writing at Iowa State University, where she is currently earning her MFA in Creative Writing and Environment. Her poetry has been published in Verse-Virtual, As It Ought To Be Magazine, The Orchards Poetry Journal, and Eunoia Review, and has been anthologized in Lyrical Iowa. She can be found @cecaroliena on both Twitter and Instagram.

**Derek Roper** has dedicated his creativity and ingenuity to the cosmic mythos. The Mad Artist focuses much of his work on the mysteries of cosmic horror. Some of his favorite classic cosmic horror stories include the Call of Cthulhu, The Shadow Over Innsmouth, and the King in Yellow. Of course, there are many more! His passion for these stories and the mythos drive his creative processes. Derek primarily works with digital art, but also has a passion for clay work and wood burning. He is always working with new mediums to portray his art.

**Fizza Abbas** is based in Karachi, Pakistan. When she feels the need to harm herself, she writes a poem and submits it to journals to enjoy the grief of rejection.

**Hayley Jo Barker** is based in Denver, CO. She explores themes such as subjective landscapes, magic and folktales, and fantastical world building. She is a multi-disciplinary creator, using assemblage and fiber sculpture, installation, video/photography, and painting/drawing.

**Ishaq Adekunle** is a Nigerian Writer and visual artist. Recently, he has been trying to learn about the state of well being and reasoning among the African children, their good and fair tales, also trying to lend a louder voice. To this effect, he has learnt to tell their stories in his poetry and arts which may be themed with anger, misery, woe, melancholia, heavy weight of sad times, hope, neglect and surrealism. some of these which have appeared or forthcoming on EyeEm NYC, Angst Zine, New Horizon Creatives, Chestnuts Review, Drexel Pub, Fragmented Magazine, PaperDragon mag, Superstition Review and elsewhere.

**Jay Miller** is a young working writer. Over the course of the past ten years he has published literary criticism as blogger and freelancer in English and French, translations from French, Spanish and German, digital and print copywriting, and an assortment of poems. His poetry appears in Can We Have Our Ball Back?, Versification, mineral lit mag, and giallo. He also edits The Lit Quarterly and works full-time as a technical writer in industrial engineering. He holds a BA in Linguistics from Queen's University, with a minor in World Languages. He currently resides with his partner in downtown Montreal.

**Martins Deep** is a Nigerian poet & photographer. He is passionate about documenting muffled stories of the African experience in his poetry & visual art. Writing from Kaduna, or whichever place he finds himself, the acrylic of inspiration that spills from his innermost being tends to paint various depictions of humanity/life in his environment. His creative works have appeared, or are forthcoming on Barren Magazine, Chestnut Review, Mineral Lit Mag, Agbowó Magazine, Writers Space Africa, Typehouse Literary Magazine, The Alchemy Spoon, Dream Glow, Variant Literature, & elsewhere. He is also the brain behind Shotstoryz Photography and can be reached on Twitter: @martinsdeep1

**Megan Burns** is the publisher at Trembling Pillow Press. She is the co-director of the New Orleans Poetry Festival and has been hosting the Blood Jet Poetry Reading Series in New Orleans for the last six years. She has three books Memorial + Sight Lines (2008), Sound and Basin (2013) and Commitment (2015) published by Lavender Ink. Her recent chapbooks include: her Twin Peaks chap, Sleepwalk With Me (Horse Less Press, 2016), Beneath the Drift (Red Mare, 2019) and FUCK LOVE: I'm sorry someone hurt you (Shirt Pocket Press, 2019). Her fourth collection, BASIC PROGRAMMING, was published by Lavender Ink in 2018. Her forthcoming collection is called PLURALITY.

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