

# ALBATROSS



“God save thee, ancient Mariner!  
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—  
Why lookst thou so?”—With my crossbow  
I shot the ALBATROSS.

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# ALBATROSS

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"Easter" was originally published in *Bend in the Stair* (Lily Poetry Review Books, 2021).

The Steve Reilly poem in memory of Richard Brobst was read at his memorial service. Brobst was a founding co-editor of Albatross and an officer in the Anabiosis Press, the non-profit, tax-exempt corporation we established early on to sustain our efforts (the corporation no longer exists). Brobst and I collaboratively generated the vision for the journal and the press, and we worked closely together for almost fifteen years. This early work was very much a result of both our shared enthusiasm for poetry and our belief in the power and importance of poetry in giving voice to the plight of the natural world. My ability to continue the work through these past two decades hinged on Richard's unending moral support and excitement, and now that he is gone it is his memory that sustains my effort. He was my closest friend, and I profoundly miss him.

—Richard Smyth, Editor

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ALBATROSS accepts submissions of original poetry and black-ink drawings. Please mail all correspondence to ALBATROSS, 25 Mayhew Street, Boston, MA 02125. We do not appreciate receiving simultaneous submissions and later finding out that poems submitted to us were accepted elsewhere, so please do not do this. Be sure to include a SASE (self-addressed stamped envelope) with all correspondence.

<http://www.anabiosispress.org>

*Easter*

1.

Easter morning with twig-ends bare  
as every April, every homely Spring.  
Only the most impatient leaf buds  
expose themselves, near a month  
after equinox. Blossoming muted, steady.  
My roots knot to this rhythm.

Our meek city lot's wildlife  
persists: squirrels, sparrows, pigeons.  
We point and exclaim at a novelty:  
a goldfinch at the feeder — its little  
body tints the entire yard. Here  
the season doesn't know  
florist-window eruptions. We settle  
with gratitude for each day's  
next appearance of unmuzzled color.

2.

This time through, the old blue  
above us, we flock as faces  
gridded across indoor screens. More faces  
arrive, thicken to mosaic.  
Shared sunshine fingers each background:  
this one's library, that one's kitchen.

On Sunday, we inhale morning walks  
beside the park, cast side looks  
at each other's face masks,  
flamboyant or demure, almost medical.  
An Easter parade of talismans  
we wrap against our lungs' lockdown.

*Pneuma*

Guttural sounds pretend no need for words.  
One vein presses blue against the graying skin of her forehead.

Her eyes milky white and useless.

Panting and panic beat her body  
with mechanical rhythms. Lungs choke and drown.

If God forgives, then forgive me when

I pray for her death,  
her Gabriel coming in an hour of grace

when she will walk painless among the dead.

The pneuma recedes into waves lapping  
against a shore; her breathing, now a whisper,

now a light breeze barely touching the world she knew.

I kiss her hand, kiss her cheek, kiss her forehead,

and I hear her breath, her anchor,  
breaking loose, drifting off

into currents beyond the reach of my good-byes.

*What He Said*

remembering Richard Brobst, 1958-2019

Myths never made  
an impression on him.  
Metaphors for children,  
he believed. But now,  
all he loves beyond  
his fingertips.  
Eyes blinded.  
Heart disheartened.  
Kidneys shot.  
Under two cedars,  
sipping sweet tea  
with sprigs of mint,  
thin as a pine needle,  
he tells me how  
he stands  
between two worlds,  
hearing the calls,  
whispering,  
songs for a journey  
to another shore.  
Words without doubt.  
His amen.

*The Difference Between Good and Evil*

Evil has endless requirements  
you have to work round the clock  
just to keep it going, spinning, weaving  
manufacturing a thousand made up reasons  
why evil isn't evil but good with a makeover  
sweating through the only earthly time we've got  
setting fire to tenements for the insurance money

but one tiny act of goodness  
you can live on for a long time  
no one could save me from the crucifix  
I hung on as a child  
but a decade after resurrection I can still smell  
the sweetness of Grandma Packard's applesauce  
almost feel its warmth on my tongue.

*His Were the Ones I Dreamed Of*

The summer after the blood began  
I was in love with my uncle's friend  
he was a writer too, even admitted it out loud  
swallowed books faster than my uncle drank beer  
moved his hands on the steering wheel of his car  
slowly, gently, as if grateful the car was going at all.

He kept cutting visits to the lake with us short  
his sister would call crying and he'd take his gentle hands  
put them on the steering wheel of his car  
and return to do I don't know what for her  
what would he have done if I could have told him the truth  
about what my father's hands were doing to me

*letter to myself (letter to anyone)*

it's a risk to be  
and it's a weeping way forward  
a reckless lurch

there is a dove  
soft inside your chest  
offering you her olive branch

you, afraid of the weight  
of belonging to yourself  
but yearning for your midnight dreams

reach within the ache  
to dig agency out of that soil  
and plant it in your belly  
you have within you all the rivers

be welcome in your own body  
fashion a porch swing in your palms  
to hold gentle the world to you  
grace is you being the dove  
is offering your own damn self  
the olive branch

not one of us, here, decides to be born  
decides to become soul  
thrown heavy into a body  
no one chooses the spectacular  
splintering light of presence

be awake to your one life  
be blaze of sunlight  
and the shade  
raise all the hell you can  
and birth out of your own rivers  
a home within yourself.

*Let's Say*

after Ross Gay; after Anis Mojgani

So let's say grateful.  
If not grateful, let's say happy.  
If not happy, let's say the sun's out.  
If not the sun's out, let us say thank you.  
If not thank you, let us say lucky.  
Let us say lucky to be here.  
Let us say lucky  
to be here on the other side  
of whatever we used to be  
on the other side of. Let us  
say the other side. Let us say  
the other side and not mean  
the bad one. Let us say the moon  
and not mean half-darkness, let us  
say the moon and mean whole, mean  
perfect and round even when we  
are not asking for anything  
but flat and light, yes, let us  
say moon and mean just the moon.  
The whole moon.  
Let us not say moon and mean  
so far away, let us not say  
far instead of close, let us  
say far as if so many chances  
exist between here and there.  
Let us say chance  
and not think of failing. Let us  
say chance not as decision.  
Let us say chance as something  
found. Let us say chance  
as something earned, say chance  
and only hear yessssss  
coming back on the wind.  
Let us say trombone. Let us  
say bassoon. Let us say viola,  
say tinny, say crescendo,  
say vibrato, say all the funny words  
that make our tongues dance.  
Yes. Let us say dance. Let us  
say dance. Let us say dance  
with all the right feet. Let us say dance  
with all the right arms. Let us say moon

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dance. Let's say dance, moon.  
Dance, moon, dance.  
Let's say dumb things  
to the moon, like waterbed, like  
cattails, like banks of the Mississippi  
all filled with tiny bodies of tiny fish  
saying hello. Let's say  
sun to the moon. Silly thing.  
Silly little strangers dancing.  
They dance anyway.  
So let's say it with our dancing tongues:  
let's say grateful.

*This Earth*

after Aracelis Girmay

The self you are today  
is not the self you will take  
into death.

This will be no return.  
You will become another  
when this earth opens for you,

to kiss you with its many mouths  
and love you like it always has  
almost the way I do.

*Bright*

for Jess

No one told me there was another flight,  
but then there is your voice saying go, or come,  
and I am all lift from the earth with no delays,  
the sky doing whatever the sky does for us  
when we ask it safe passage.

I am all full row to myself, all  
Sir, there's something wrong with your card,  
but have the champagne anyway.  
Have all the champagne, just for you,

because today we are having a party,  
and by we of course I mean I  
and it's nothing like that song  
where the party ends in descent  
and kissing the sea too fast,  
but whatever just the opposite is.

And did you know  
the only way I can write to you lately  
seems to be about airplanes?  
Which is not to say  
that I can only think  
of the expanse of sky from me to you,

but that when I think of you,  
I feel so close to whatever we're praying to  
when we look to the sun and realize  
that all our wheels are off the ground  
and everything rooting us is finally still.

You remember the trees in the cemetery upstate,  
their trunks spiraling around each other,  
branches grown together long before we ever touched palm.

You remember,  
and of course that is not a question,  
and of course by you I mean I, and I  
am mudbank, and you are eddy.  
.

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The thing about tides  
is that they cannot exist  
without letting something go.  
The thing about tides  
is that they cannot exist without  
claiming something full-heart.

You are a railroad tie sunk into the earth,  
somehow stolid in a certainty of movement,  
and I am a rail lain across you. We  
are not the same but both have paths  
that somehow have wound around each other,  
and we

and by we  
of course  
I mean we

we  
are once again looking up  
at those trees in the cemetery,  
all long walk and dirty feet.  
The light is shining through their leaves  
and I am sorry:

I'm not listening  
when you tell me about the lovers on the ship  
and what happened to them;

the sun is cupping your face in its palms  
as you turn at the top of the steps,  
and it is all I can hear.

\*

\*

An accordion yet its darkness comes  
from the way this street singer is given  
a corner to stay long enough for songs

to become a commonplace —what you hear  
are these paving stones where all music  
is about home as if it was just a room away

could save you now, say something  
over and over till no words were left  
just the street already filled with boats

making their way back as those small stones  
you once held in your hands then set adrift  
returning to the dead as the silence

that waits for them to cross, spring up  
on the other side, alone, little by little  
disappear in a voice that has nowhere to go

\*

Your name, the date, a few words  
make up the menu where each corner  
keeps track what you are offered

as some memory that is not a chair  
moves closer, asks you to come in  
sit, read from the list out loud, again

over and over as if the bowl is small  
smells from hulls hollowed out for bells  
overflowing with rising seas to serve you

the nightly catch and though you came alone  
the rain is endless, all the way down  
takes place in your throat —you eat air, a sky

broken apart each night in flames, one by one  
lined up behind your grave, still in formation  
as wooden boats and falling water.

*Alleyways of Return*

Raccoons feel for eggs  
under a sleeping hen.  
The city rises  
from its nest of black barges.

Between a river  
and a levee, sticks in the mud  
dry socks by the fire.

Sparks rolling in the wind  
mix with snow flurries,  
while I study the chart  
plotting three careful days.

The city's orange glow grows  
distorted by west winds.  
A tower bell tolls one chime  
that feathers off into a gust.

I play cat-and-mouse,  
edging between barges,  
beneath the sag of crushing  
chains and the shore.

Occasionally, I get dead ended  
by logjams or barges high and dry  
in the alleyways of return.

Geese rest in the shallows,  
webbed footprints in the mud  
where I can follow.

*River Dubois*

Rivers wander into one another  
like bears sniffing  
the changing seasons of the earth.

Banks of riprap  
hold back the Mississippi, a floodplain  
swept by high spring waters.

The location with a concrete compass  
commemorates the Expedition. A circle of maps  
embossed with plaques, surrounded by flags.

A road cuts straight east  
through the woods, as straight  
as the fin of a sundial.

Compass and sextant,  
measuring chains, tripods, and flags  
under a gentle breeze.

Circles of cedar,  
the sacred poles of the woodhenge  
a calendar of light.

The winter descends  
onto the river, my journey not yet  
ended or begun.

River Dubois,  
Chippewa, and Ottawa — to honor  
the strength of their names.

Bridge of my sisters  
hold your skirts up as you cross  
the Mississippi.

The Milky Way blurs  
across Michigan, Kansas, and Oklahoma  
in a howling night.

*Conversation*

Deep East Texas  
an east out of memory  
was the farthest  
the boy had ever travelled,  
                    senseless  
of how far they stretched  
those strange woods  
at the edge  
of the Great Plains.  
The trees were mastiff beings,  
good with kids, and cordial,  
rubbing golden  
boughs as they passed down  
the pebbled path  
with creak or cadence  
known to an eye or an ear,  
an ear one half in,  
                    half  
out of the car.  
Language is learned,  
not that which rumbles in  
a child's velour heart,  
the language of flowers  
                    unforgotten,  
the many tongues of trees,  
pip pip of pocket gophers,  
*Geomys personatus*,  
and the far more venerable  
click speech of shelled  
invertebrates.

*Above*

Above the Manzanita and Blue Oak  
Toyon and Gray Pine or Pinyon  
Still higher past Ponderosa  
Jeffery, Yellow Pine, Sugar Pine  
Cedar, White Fir, the hillsides of Black Oak  
The Giant Sequoia  
Red Fir, Lodgepole and Juniper  
Finally, the Whitebark  
The Mountain Hemlock  
And the twisted Bristlecone  
Older than story and song.

Granite and igneous talus scree  
Under cracked glaciers  
Or seasonal snowcaps  
Free for a few weeks  
I am free to climb a step  
Ten thousand should be enough  
    I want to go there  
    I want to be there right now  
    Higher than the rising moon  
    From where I can't see the valley of tears below  
    Or remember  
But I don't  
Go  
Above.

Old women and old men counsel in whispers  
I can only translate as I feel for them  
Guide and succor the lost  
Moving yet still  
Are we all?  
    I need them, their perspectives, more than anything  
    More than words  
    More than drink  
    More than my sanity  
    More than my other  
    I need Wintergreens. Standing Overlords.  
Lie down — look up!  
Look  
Up.

*Go There*

Wherever land and sea and sky appear  
as wide and intersecting realms open  
to minds not cosseted by comb or ridge,  
wherever light diffused behind the clouds  
is held not close in morning air. Go there.  
Go in fall, as hazels thin, to see  
the habitats contrived of bole and reed,  
rock and cove, not found in town, not found  
among your kind. Trek there for views not yet  
besmudged by ash and soot, where those whom flight  
exhilarates arrive in waves in search  
of sustenance, where some are born in salt  
and brine, or hatched inside decaying oak;  
a land that teems with motley forms of life,  
bound there by nesting modes and appetites.

*Winter*

The river's running freer now  
though birch have laid their shadow-slats  
aslant the snow, their branches make  
patterned shapes against the sky.  
A stiffened snow collars the banks,  
while new lays windward stripes on trees,  
sweet birch and lighter paper birch,  
and fills the elbow-crooks of limbs.

Overhead the predators  
of grey-tailed voles now wheel and turn;  
linen beds the cobble, smooth  
and white; I crunch along a path,  
pine-dark, then come once more at last  
to sky turned purple-blue, and field,  
whose cobbled earth rests under snow.  
The hawks have flown and cold is wedged  
in all the crevices of rock.

*Take Little, Give Much*

Leaf,  
shaped with wings, rides the wind  
over fourth snow, last movement before  
winter burial, spring crunch into grass,  
adding ten percent width and another  
two tones darker green.

Nothing like a self-regulating bush.  
Lilac quit at ten to twelve feet,  
obeying natural laws. Sunny south  
encourages magnolias up to sixty.  
Note the tangle of branches avoiding  
each other to get the sun-angle needed  
to produce leaves and seed pods. Deep  
grooved walnut bark invites fifth snow  
to settle, able to withstand winter's weight.  
Woodpeckers  
jab at frozen trees, still able to find  
interior ants. Magic lake awakes again,  
rolls a wave. Master Blue Jay scares  
even crows away. Minutiae contribute to  
positive evolution, often ignored, but real.

### The Poet's Dilemma

What a wonderful world it is to be a poet.  
To articulate the shy shine of dewdrops  
the sweet sweep of an owl's white wing.  
Demonstrate the delicate dive in cutting 'cross crystal canopies.  
And ah! Alliteration! Abundant in our abunds!

What a wonderful world it would be.  
If only that was poetry.  
If only poetry was soft as a lovers' hands.  
Something beaming English teachers found between the bind and the pages.  
A collection of pretty thoughts fastened firmly together,  
a pretty parcel of words.  
Words that would one day lay in the lovers' soft hands.  
Like a gift.  
Poetry is no gift.

Poetry is a last-safe-space.  
A plaster filling for hollow souls who haven't got enough sun.  
Poetry is peeling the sidewalk,  
the skin,  
one layer back.  
Watching the workings there.  
The pipelines full of sewage and muddy water,  
veins pumping little life back and forth between my body and my body.  
And the blood.  
The Blood!  
The blood.  
the blood.  
But you get used to that after a while.

And poetry is not sweet, young sleeps.  
Rather she is torture by exhaustion.  
Notebooks smudged with coffee and chocolate.  
It's knowing to your horror  
that if you don't act now,  
the poetry will leave.  
A seductress slipping from your hand's grasp.  
Soft hands.  
For we are the fools she played for lovers.  
But oh! we love her.  
You still remember when you got her, all neatly laid out on a satin cushion

and tied up in twine,  
like a gift.

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And poetry roared awake.  
She screamed and she fought  
and you cried and made arrangements.  
And she broke arrangements.  
Prose scattered across the table, sentences fragmented on the floor.  
This is what it's like to make a home with a woman such as her.

And poetry is no lover.  
Can't you see her heels are far too tall for that?  
And you shed blood.  
The Blood!  
The blood.  
the blood.  
But I'll get used to that after a while.

Poetry is not the alluring attraction she dolls herself up to be,  
and she —  
she takes the form of a woman around me.  
She being poetry.  
She is not a gift,  
but she is a reliable distraction.  
A conformer of me in my integrity.  
She is the silhouette in the window holding the bouquet of withered  
lavender, petals flaking at the touch.  
Longing like a seductress.  
Waiting, like a bride.  
Crying,  
like a lover.  
Waiting for another God.  
One who isn't you nor me.  
Waiting for some God to come sweep her off her feet like roots.  
She will be cut from this world when that God undoes the laces that  
tether her to this dimension.  
I pray for Her day.  
The day God takes her away.

And then I turn back to the shrine.  
Reach for the ragged rosary.  
Pray God to stay away from my lover.  
She loves me!  
I love her!  
She makes me happy!  
And God was a child once,  
has played two truths and a lie.

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And still he doesn't eat from my fat, bloated ribs.  
Doesn't demonstrate and take her away.  
God waits another day.  
Everyday waits another day.

But sometimes when my heart is feeling good and obedient,  
my heart burns too true to keep lone in this sinner's chest of mine.  
I go and say a third prayer.  
Sans shrine sans rosary.  
Sans all the ornaments of religion.  
Only faith and hope and exhaustion left, like cyanide when mixed.  
"Please take her back.  
"Take her back where she belongs."  
And I think poetry hears me,  
for every night I pray thrice so she turns toward my window.  
The lavender now is just stems now, and the stems knot and they spear.  
Then poetry, she weeps for me.  
She weeps me stories and songs and memories.  
She weeps me a pipeline full of sewage and muddy water.  
She weeps me veins pumping little life back and forth between my body  
and her body.  
And the blood.  
The Blood!  
The blood.  
the blood.  
But you got used to that in no time at all.

*Women Turning Into Desert Cacti*

They begin as crucifixes —  
Bare feet planted in stone,  
Arms extended perches for raven  
And owl — and then something else —  
A thorny sprouting of hair, moisture  
Collecting in arm pits dripping  
Into beads of sand, the wind  
Scouring smooth green knuckles and knees,  
Scorpions crawling in and out of flakes  
Of sunlight like old ragged dresses,  
The nurturing root driving deeper  
Pulsing through the bony soil answering  
Centuries of man's questions.

*All the Mornings of the World*

On the verandah at the Glades we debate  
the identity of the birds that swoop

so close: swifts or swallows? sparrows? Jack's sure  
the key is the degree of forking in the tails

and I thumb the guide to check. The sun  
has been climbing all morning and the tide

now shushes in to cover the orange-granite  
rocks in the cove. Gull Ledge still waits

for its cormorants — at low tide, a sandbar  
takes you all the way there,

as the coyotes know.  
We are in the center of everything

and don't need to say much:  
the lighthouse we sailed out to

stands like a great salt shaker  
in the bay; a pair of birds skim

together over the water; another pair  
flies high above the shoals;

the still-unknown birds whirl around us  
to get to the eaves — last night two chicks

were out of their nest, all mouth;  
some geese invade the rocky beach —

trundling about like they run the joint  
and want all of us to know.

*The Future of Flies*

Maybe aside from sea level  
rise, an ice-free  
Arctic and an increase  
in droughts and heat waves, flies  
will grow to a gargantuan size  
after feeding on myriad  
carcasses of once abundant  
mammals, like wildebeests  
or zebras, whose migrations  
failed when their watering holes  
dried up too soon,  
or on flocks and flocks  
of warblers, dunlins, terns  
or shearwaters who arrived  
at their feeding grounds  
two weeks after the worms  
or caterpillars or crustaceans  
peaked and they starved.

Maybe they multiply  
and become bolder,  
burst holes in fly  
swatters, acquire a new  
nickname *mosca unswatticus*  
or *mosca ubiquitous*  
and don't care if we deny  
them respect because they  
know how things go  
with us, and the forecast  
now includes Fly  
Density Trends or Annoyance  
Index to let us decide  
if we'll venture outside  
and even on breezy days  
they will remain unfazed  
as they buzz circles  
around us, and pause  
nearby to watch  
us out of all corners  
of their eyes  
while they rasp

---

their hands  
against each other  
with a sound  
of sharpening  
knives.

**Jessica Bailey** is a poet from upstate New York currently living in Queens. She recently published her first book of poetry, *Yellow*, and is excited to keep growing in her writing life. When not writing or working in Digital Marketing, she enjoys wine, yoga, whiskey, cooking and playing with her sweet cat, Leo.

**Richard Brobst** was a long-time co-editor of *Albatross*. He died in 2019.

**Lily Grodzins** is entering her junior year in high school. Over the summer of 2022, she studied creative writing at Oxford University. Her poems can be found in *Deadlands* as well as being frequently published in her school newspaper.

**Mark B. Hamilton** is an environmental neo-structuralist, working in forms to transform content, adapting from both the Eastern and Western traditions. His new *eco-poetry* volume, *OYO, The Beautiful River* (Shanti Arts, 2020) explores the reciprocity between self, culture, history, and the contemporary environment of the polluted Ohio River. Recent work has appeared in *Weber—The Contemporary West*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *History Magazine*, and *About Place Journal*. He has also previously published in *Albatross*. See [www.MarkBHamilton.WordPress.com](http://www.MarkBHamilton.WordPress.com).

**Joanne Holdridge** lives in Devens, MA, and has recently published poems in *Coal City Review*, *Illuminations*, *Midwest Quarterly*, and *Talking River Review* with poems forthcoming in *California Quarterly*. Prior to Covid-19, she spent winters on skis in northern New Hampshire.

**Daniel Hudon** is originally from Canada and is the author of *Brief Eulogies for Lost Animals: An Extinction Reader*, which was named a "Must Read" in the 2019 Massachusetts Book Awards. He has recent or upcoming work in the *Woods Reader*, *The Smart Set* and *Appalachia*, and in his own funky newsletter, whose details can be found at [danielhudon.com/about](http://danielhudon.com/about). He lives in Boston, MA.

**David P. Miller** has a recent collection, *Bend in the Stair*, published by Lily Poetry Review Books in 2021. *Sprawled Asleep* was published by Nixes Mate Books in 2019. His poems have appeared in *Meat for Tea*, *Denver Quarterly*, *The Poetry Porch*, *subTerrain*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Constellations*, *Lily Poetry Review*, and *Nixes Mate Review*, among others. His poem "Add One Father to Earth" was awarded an Honorable Mention by Robert Pinsky for the New England Poetry Club's 2019 Samuel Washington Allen Prize competition. He lives with his wife, the visual artist Jane Wiley, in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

**Mark Millicent** is a UK writer and illustrator based in the USA. He works in the advertising and film world of Los Angeles living by a lake in the Santa Monica Mountains with his wife and family, a cat and a peacock. His first book *Fizzy Days and Plastic Monkeys* is now available on Amazon.

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**Lewis Mundt** is a writer, editor, event host, and the author of the full-length collection *The God of the Whole Animal*. His work has been featured in *The Rumpus*, *Paper Darts*, *Revolver*, and Button Poetry's *Poetry Observed* video series, among others. He is the founding producer of the New Sh!t Show Minneapolis, publisher at Beard Poetry, and — both in practice and appearance — semiprofessional bartender and bicycle mechanic. He lives in Minnesota.

**E. Martin Pedersen** is originally from San Francisco and has lived for 40 years in eastern Sicily where he taught English at the local university. His poetry has appeared most recently in *Soundings East*, *Vox Poetica*, *LitBreak*, *Muddy River Poetry Review* and *Slab*. His collection of haiku, *Bitter Pills*, has just come out. Another, *Smart Pills*, is coming soon. His first poetry chapbook, *Exile's Choice*, is scheduled for publication by Kelsay Books, and his full collection, *Method and Madness*, should come out this year from Odyssey Press. Martin blogs at: <https://emartinpedersenwriter.blogspot.com>.

**Simon Perchik** has previously published in *Albatross* and also has had work in *The New Yorker*, *Partisan Review*, and *The Nation*.

**Zara Raab** had a new expanded edition of *Swimming the Eel* out earlier this year. She has taken on a leadership role in the Newburyport Literary Festival, organizing the poetry track. She has belonged to the Powow River Poets ([www.powowriverpoets.com](http://www.powowriverpoets.com)) since 2019 and lives in Amesbury, MA. She has previously published in *Albatross*.

**Steve Reilly** is a staff writer for the Englewood, FL edition of *The Daily Sun*. His poems have appeared in *Wraparound South*, *Main Street Rag*, *Broad River Review*, and others. One poem is in the anthology *Florida in Poetry: A History of the Imagination* (Pineapple Press, 1995). He has previously published in *Albatross*.

**Jason Stieber** is an MFA student in the Poetry strand at Portland State University, where he also serves as associate editor at the *Portland Review*. He has previously published in *Trilithon* and *Druid Magazine*.

**Doug Stuber** is a worker's advocate, artist and poet who edits *Poems from the Heron Clan*, an annual anthology. He has nine books of poetry including *Chronic Observer* (2019). For more information, contact him at [katherinejamesbooks@gmail.com](mailto:katherinejamesbooks@gmail.com).

And I had done a hellish thing  
And it would work 'em woe:  
For all averred, I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge

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