

apricity
press

landscapes

ISSUE 3

LAND

SCAPE

S

i s s u e 3

c o v e r

BORDERLINE

Sophie Vanhomwegen

e d i t o r s

FOUNDER & EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

FICTION EDITOR

POETRY EDITOR

POETRY EDITOR

DANCE EDITOR

PROSE EDITOR

Mira Mason-Reader

Neil Davidson

Olivia Mertz

Eden Sugay

Marcelo Kuna

Kelly Warburton

s o c i a l

apricitypress.com



[@apricitypress](https://www.instagram.com/apricitypress)



[@apricitypress](https://www.twitter.com/apricitypress)

“A kind of light spread out from her. And everything changed color. And the world opened out. And a day was good to awaken to. And there were no limits to anything. And the people of the world were good and handsome. And I was not afraid anymore.”

John Steinbeck, *EAST OF EDEN*

“Poets make the best topographers.”

W.G. Hoskins, *THE MAKING OF THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPE*

CONT

ENT

i s s u e 3

7.27

TOO

PORTRAIT OF LAKE PLEASANT: DAY & NIGHT

COLLISION

POWER LINES

TEMPLE

THE ESCAPE

FAUST

GARDEN

PARADISE

A ROOM WITH A VIEW

[YOU CAN BE A TORNADO]

ENVELOPE

ENVELOPE

STAGED

STEADY

Stephen Ratcliffe

Jim Zola

Catie Hannigan

Sophie Vanhomwegen

James Croal Jackson

Fabrice Poussin

Sophie Vanhomwegen

David Morgan O'Connor

Sandy Coomer

Andy Stallings

Antoni Hidalgo

Darren Demaree

Jennifer Ramsey

Jennifer Ramsey

Erica Charis-Molling

Neda Kerendian

7.28
 200 PACES
 MIAMI
 7.31
 BIRTHDAY HOG
 MY MOTHER WAS A WHITE EGRET
 BORDERLINE
 THE FLOWERS OF THE CLOCKS CATCH FIRE
 SAN LUIS OBISPO
 ASTIR FIRA HOTEL
 RUNNING AWAY
 BELL-JAR'S LILY
 8.1
 LORD, I'M A SINNER
 TO BE ENGULFED
 WEST TEXAS
 8.2
 TRAPPED
 WAY UP THERE
 SIGNAL FIRES
 THE SWAN IN THE MOON
 WHY I CALL MY MOTHER BY HER FIRST NAME
 TRACES OF MEMORY
 8.3
 WALKING INTO A NEW SEASON
 ELECTORAL MAP
 SUNSET

Stephen Ratcliffe
 Alex Parton
 Kelly Warburton
 Stephen Ratcliffe
 Troy Cunio
 Barbara Daniels
 Sophie Vanhomwegen
 Jay Sheets
 Connor Simons
 Emma Roulette
 Josh Byer
 Eleanor Gray
 Stephen Ratcliffe
 Fernando Badharo
 Catie Hannigan
 Troy Cunio
 Stephen Ratcliffe
 Fabrice Poussin
 Stephen Ratcliffe
 Marion Boyer
 Josh Byer
 Megan Merchant
 Antoni Hidalgo
 Stephen Ratcliffe
 Barbara Daniels
 Troy Cunio
 Antoni Hidalgo

CONTRIBUTOR BIOGRAPHIES
 EDITOR BIOGRAPHIES
 CREATE YOUR OWN LANDSCAPE*

** The final page of this magazine is left blank for you to include your own landscape work, so after reading through LANDSCAPES add a drawing, a poem, a photograph, a pressed flower or anything else you want to make this issue even better than it already is.*



light grey whiteness of fog against invisible ridge
two sparrows perched on redwood fence in foreground

sense of human seemed to, second do you really like
impulse to possess aspect even, takes us back, made

woman in avocado green shirt across table whose son
in NYC wants to be making \$500K by the time he's 35

grey whiteness of fog against still invisible ridge
white line of wave breaking across mouth of channel



TOO

Jim Zola

PORTRAIT OF LAKE PLEASANT: DAY & NIGHT *Catie Hannigan*

Light curls / how angels rest when they can't do it anymore / like any mouth / which runs out
of gestures / the fat June bug hits the lamp / I forget about angels
/ I see myself baking bread / with salt / just like that / I work my hands
around fruit / through leaves / in dirt / closer / to smell the wind ripple it small /
What? / Lake Pleasant blue mountains indulge in sky / night opens and closes like a door
/ just like that / to forsake what holds us in / I must be better about this / Lake Pleasant
/ this leaving like lightning / my smokey absence / the bridge it passes under /
Is not each hour of light an extension of light itself yet each hour of dark severed
from every hour? / because of this stars are reborn and clouds do not die / to restore faith
in my soft body / a water conditioned by gestures / of freedom / what a hand combs through

*

/ / / / /
/ / / / /
/ / / / /
/ / / / /
/ / / / /
/ / / / /
/ / / / /



COLLISION

Sophie Vanhomwegen

POWER LINES

James Croal Jackson

electricity in the breath
of memory– the back-
country home mom
owns an endless vista
she has men care for
due to spine drooping
a road on her body
leads to membrane and
dad alive in the sky
looking down on her
fields purple or blue
the empty driveway
anyone's welcome to



TEMPLE

Fabrice Poussin



THE ESCAPE

Sophie Vanhomwegen

FAUST

David Morgan O'Connor

I'm delighted to accept your pieces.
Just circle the prepositions. Find the action.

Cut to the chase. Destroy all backstory
in ninety minutes bullet-ridden mountain peaks,

erode rivers sprung from melted icebergs, keep the cliff-jump
screams and take the protective footwear off your heroine.

If you pit the wart-hog against the briar-rabbit,
accommodate wagers, I believe investors will be found

to make video games, especially if shot tight, perhaps
hand-held, go for blood bath, don't worry about the symbolism.

Then, you can leave the city and build your tiny house
on Meat Cove with sea view and no need to ever write

another word or contact me again please send word if
in complete agreement and the lawyers can settle the rest.



GARDEN

Sandy Coomer

PARADISE

Andy Stallings

Ripping the cords from
the closest wall, I pay
tribute to the circuit,
plant, and transfer
station. My intent is a kind
of wild, floating noun. I like
your face. You and you,
slither-down self, what hoves
hither from here. The smell
of swimming hollows out
my cheeks. I'd like to be as
meaningless as anything else
with a choice releasing its
chokehold. To which I suit
my syntax. It's modeled
on the motion of trees,
their sway over canyon
and gorge. Throw me
a breaker. It's a secret,
yes, but one we'll
eventually tell.



A ROOM WITH A VIEW

Antoni Hidalgo

[YOU CAN BE A TORNADO]

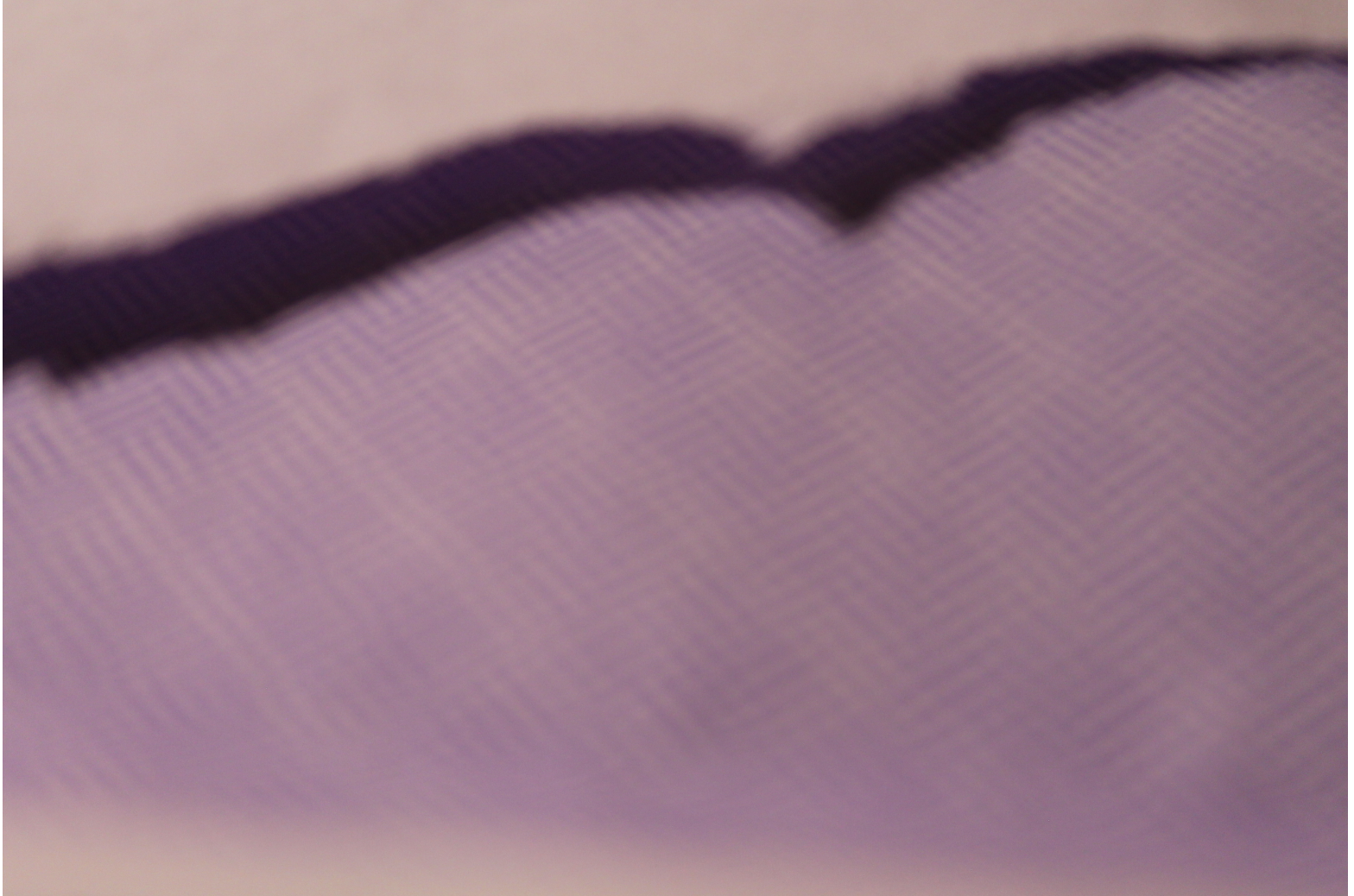
Darren Demaree

i told my daughter you can be a tornado if you choose your words carefully if you can swallow the landscape with the plausibility of your new world you can take the town away and one town over and two towns over if you spin the coarse words loud enough to crush the spirit of every wooden frame and this will make every season yours and when the people reach up to touch what they shouldn't be trying to touch you can throw a cow at them as that is the right of every woman



ENVELOPE

Jennifer Ramsey



ENVELOPE

Jennifer Ramsey

STAGED

in response to Alvin Ailey's Revelations

Erica Charis-Molling

nine bodies

not white but golden a spotlight perfectly
circular as perimeter between
the void already dead space
and the focal point still here space

I've been 'buked

hands up above the head nine hands
open upper body spun torso bound
hands collapsing inward and falling
faces tipped toward earth knees bending
arms rising no limp wrists here head high

an' I've been scorned

eight torsos caving one chest raised
arms gathering once more toward center
chest and heads raised faces covered by hands
no feet no feet leave the circle no eyes
leave the far wall in the still

I've been talked about

here space the women out front
the men stand back. In the still
here circle there is no touch
palms offered flat golden and empty

sho's you're born

•

two bodies

the circle returns man high arms out
torso bending backward as woman sinks

Fix me Jesus

face down low curtsy one queer
foot pointed to the edge in a moment

Fix me

he will walk the perimeter of light
guarding her perilously slow pirouette

Fix me Jesus

the queered foot now lifted high
arms high then leaning then fallen

Fix me

●

one body
the gold all gone a body hemmed in whiteness

I want to be ready

he's low folded alone reaching anywhere but in

I want to be ready

laying face down then rising fetal turning bestial

ready to put on

as a theater full of silent eyes circle the void the light

the long white robe



STEADY

Neda Kerendian



light in window opposite unmade yellow and blue bed

first bird chirping from branch in right foreground

details recorded in other drawing, brought to light

duration, still more than say in lines, except that

the aberrant demand placed on ineptual thinking is

that thinking should say where the decision resides

grey whiteness of fog still against invisible ridge

white line of wave breaking across mouth of channel

200 PACES

Alex Parton

The space between the two border stations is about 200 paces. This guard is awake but in a similar condition to the last one: unshaven with oily, unkempt hair. After a moment of looking over his papers, the guard says, “No.”

“No?” he says.

The guard shakes his head side to side and motions inside the shed, where there is a small table and chairs. The guard has a smile on his face now, as he sits, his long legs almost reaching the table’s underside.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out money. He offers it to the guard with his eyebrows raised. The guard protrudes his lower lip and shakes his head side to side.

With the money still between his thumb and forefinger, he sits down opposite the long-legged guard. There is a chess set in the middle of the table. The guard wiggles his finger between them, as if they are to play. He sighs, and then nods.

He arrived this morning just after sunrise. A border guard was seated next to the doorway of a small shed, asleep with his head titled all the way back and mouth open. “Open 7 am,” the guard said with his eyes still closed.

“Is there another chair?” he said.

The guard closed his mouth and crossed his arms. He considered just walking across the border without having his papers checked. He wondered if it really made a difference. The sun slowly ascended over the dull horizon.

He wonders if he should let the guard win. He learned how to play chess on his grandmother’s floor, playing against the older kid that lived down the hall. But the guard is good. The first game lasts a while.

At 6 am, he unburdened his bag from the motorcycle and looked towards the other side of the invisible line: a small collection of huts and a long road leading towards the horizon. He paid the driver, who mounted his bike and left in the direction they had come, cigarette between the middle and index finger of his clutch hand.

The ride had taken all night. He should have left earlier. The air was already starting to cool, the horizon black and blue.

Some time after 7 am, the guard by the door opened his eyes and sucked on his gums loudly. He handed the guard his papers. The guard rubbed his eyes with his palm and swept the air with his fingers to tell him he could go on.

He loses to the guard. He smiles innocently and tells himself that he lost on purpose. The guard smiles graciously and rearranges the board. He wonders if he should win. He wonders if he is able.

Yesterday, he had gone for a walk in the morning. He walked in no particular direction, ending up in the outskirts of town. It was quiet except for the ringing in his ears from the sunlight beating down on him. A monochrome of dust hung in the air.

He came to a chain-link fence that enclosed an empty lot. A slender man with long hair was standing by the perimeter of the fence, completely naked, stroking himself. The slender man smiled crudely, and then began to walk around the lot. He watched the slender man walk around in circles, sometimes reversing direction, sometimes cutting across the lot, playing with himself.

The guard offers him tea, which he accepts. A group of locals yell something from the doorway. The guard raises a wrist and sweeps the air with his fingers. The locals yell something else and continue on. He moves a pawn one square forward.

He wins the second game. The guard doesn't seem upset, but simply smiles a dull smile and rearranges the board. This makes him anxious. He gets up, and the guard seems surprised, sad even.

The space between the two border stations is about 200 paces. He hands the guard by the door his documents. The guard looks them over carefully, and says, "Ah." The guard doesn't seem to recognize him from earlier.

The guard motions inside the shed, where there is a small table and chairs. He sits down at the table, a chess set in the middle. The guard sits down, smiles, and motions for him to make the first move.

The motorcycle driver had stayed awake by chain-smoking. He tied his bag to the rack of the motorcycle, mounted in back the driver, and they were off. They dodged a bus, bulging with people and things. To get out of town, they slowly negotiated paths littered with burnt weeds. Before long, it was night and stars dotted the sky like rice spilled on a dark floor.



MIAMI

Kelly Warburton



light coming into fog against still invisible ridge

motionless black branches above fence in foreground

space and time related to series of events, arrange

following two systems of, equivalent to, agree with

woman recalling stop signs in Cairo but no one pays

attention to them every event happens in the moment

grey whiteness of fog against still invisible ridge

white line of wave breaking across mouth of channel

BIRTHDAY HOG

Troy Cunio

these ppl have a pet pig & it's his birthday & they are having a party for him & they are cooking pork rinds & feeding him a melon cut into the shape of his likeness & this is equal parts sweet & really really fucked up & this is life in depressedcapitalistamerica I think, watching ppl eat flesh like yours in your honor while you smell the searing & snarf down whatever juicy simulacra they toss you & I'm trying real hard not to read too much into ordinary occurrences, trying not to see the predictable twist coming again on the TV, but pigs & ppl are very similar anatomically I'm told & do you ever wonder how your own desperation would taste? I'm pretty sure mine would taste just like a melon & so I'm down on my knees but the damn birthday hog won't
let
me
have
any.

MY MOTHER WAS A WHITE EGRET

Barbara Daniels

My mother was a bald eagle, a plains
bison. She wore five necklaces.

A beaded mask. She ran through
fields with her skirts up, shouting.

My mother was a yellow lizard.
She made winter wheat grow tall.

She danced with me through green gardens.
Chicory bloomed by long rows of corn.

My mother had a colt's body, a woman's
knocking heart. She made warm dirt

a floor for dancing, fresh-beaten space
where red petals fell. She taught me idling—

watching clouds pile up and travel.
She tested me with moving water and

sudden wind, the creek bottom muddy
under our feet. In her name I breathe in

noon heat, sunburn my arms and face,
dance till my heart learns flexible rhythms,

my muscles and sinews like rope
released hand over powerful hand.



BORDERLINE

Sophie Vanhomwegen

THE FLOWERS OF THE CLOCKS CATCH FIRE

Jay Sheets

The core of our galaxy is only visible half the year;
the other half, it is beneath the horizon.

We've split our fruit.
We've planted sons.

You lean over a book on the kitchen table.
Your head turns a burst of white flowers
and somewhere you're wearing the turquoise dress

your mother gave to you before God shot a hole
through the wing of the bird that flew skyward
from our dream.

I found you in a church with no roof.
You drew crosses on maps that pointed to places
built to be broken.

You cup your hands.

I unbury.

You and I are only what the light wants
when the light only wants what is best.

SAN LUIS OBISPO

Connor Simons

the wind is a mirror a circle broken and free
green leaves the cigarette smell of knotted hair beer spilt
down an open shirt

black strips of fabric over the pink balcony of Frenchwoman breast
a little girl chews hard gum the man in the quad-color hat sells
a fifty-year-old *Granma*

the shade extends down every shoulder and covers the tan
arm the fifty-pound suitcase the spider tattoo the donkey
made of thousand camera flashes

hexagon block walk way broken cobblestone street men in black vests
say restaurant in fifty languages men who never owned shirts
say money *por favor* in just one

an old cuban says camilo is nowhere because camilo never
died a woman with a texas accent says if she doesn't find her
camera she will cry

cats fight between palm-frond eaves a girl in a white see through
top sings to a boy who lazily smiles and stares at his phone
click clock cheap wood block

vieja lights a match with her twitching foot a speaker gurgles
static-broken rumba someone shouts through jagged hollow teeth
the garble of salt and rum

*pingas como dados putas como bocas tabaco como aire
ron como agua* the sun shines unbroken by
any cloud unbothered by any bird

past the rotting customs house past a bench from a president's
wife past screech of tire cars past every tourist bus past the last
wrinkled face

down the street past the crumbled buildings past the overpriced
sandwiches past the women in rainbow dresses past the ancient
Ford two-doors

is the ocean blue mean at its bottom is a stone tired
after so many years and a chain shaped like a stone
still locked



ASTIR FIRA HOTEL

Emma Roulette



RUNNING AWAY

Josh Byer

BELL-JAR'S LILY

Eleanor Gray

there is a
courtship of pine
across the field's
nameless blue

a wild mouth breaking
over the wet azaleas
and dogstars

your name arrives
I am nowhere

meadow looms lark's song
song over murky water

some salt of our youth
still in us

the world tells me
I am its creature

the world betrays

forest yields its jewel-light
of bedded leaves,
nightfallen to themselves

we are all failing,

I enter where there is no
changing of hours

I go where there is no place,

I am, once again,
a praying thing



dream in unmade yellow and blue bed opposite window

something about low enrollments in poetry workshops

forms so much even beyond painting itself, which so

standing appear the first time, transferred, figure

chairman reporting that your examination writing is

notably deficient in spelling Department of English

grey whiteness of fog against still invisible ridge

white line of wave breaking across mouth of channel



LORD, I'M A SINNER

Fernando Badharo

TO BE ENGULFED

Catie Hannigan

Enter moon

Late night on the flatbed
we trade numbers

and my hands move through

I'm looking at you— summer plants
I'm looking at you— good faint light

let your hands slide under

Exit hands

WEST TEXAS

Troy Cunio

The vast prairie of loneliness. West Texas lit with burning oil. God's voice the only one on the radio. No exits, nowhere to pull over. The road itself wants me gone but won't let go for another 400 miles. Have I found at last the true heart of America? The Pickens tax break farms turn, turn in the distance like the Quixotic giants they are. The twisted grass nods yes, yes, yes.

DON'T MAKE ME COME DOWN THERE, GOD

-found poem, church sign, Texas



light in window opposite unmade yellow and blue bed

first bird chirping from branch in right foreground

with a sketch illustrated letter, later belonged to

that more than same line, sometimes, not least from

baby already 7 months old with 2 bottom front teeth

first words dada and baba and sometimes mama and ah

grey whiteness of fog again against invisible ridge

white line of wave breaking across mouth of channel



TRAPPED

Fabrice Poussin



WAY UP THERE

Stephen Ratcliffe

SIGNAL FIRES

Marion Boyers

My husband watched the aurora's glow
curtaining above Alaska

and said he felt he was seeing
the first language.

Greenlanders saw unborn babies
playing across the sky. Chinese saw

the swoop of dragons.
The Norse believed the strange

light flickered and glanced off
shields carried by virgin warriors

riding into battle. Others say
campfires burn in the afterlife.

Jupiter and Saturn wear halos of aurora.
From far in space our tender world

appears cupped in sparking hands
its poles breathed into flame.

But my husband, this quiet man,
gazes at the ruffling sky

and calls it the first language.
And for him to speak of language,

of course he chooses light
because we've filled forty-odd years

more with silence than our words—
shadow glances, the waft and billow

of moments shared like all lovers
who understand their stories ripple

and fold, how need arcs, dissolves,
the ways we shelter embers.



THE SWAN IN THE MOON

Josh Byer

WHY I CALL MY MOTHER BY HER FIRST NAME *Megan Merchant*

When I was five,
I tramped out
to the barn
in dark, nightmarish,
looking
for any sound of you.

I found you
asleep
on the bales
under the horses belly,

the leather reins
braided,

still clutched.

You, soft under
a saddle blanket,

close enough
to what you loved
to keep you warm.

*

No one showed
you how to break them
proper

how to make the leather
crack into fear,

and love them
just the same.

You learned from
watching

your parents dance
in the frame

of the living room
window.

Your fathers firm hand
steering your mother
over floorboards
that squeaked,

made to seem so lovely.

But now the house
is fogged,

the glass
spidered,

as if the cold
is reaching
inside

to feel whole,

as if the last stone
was given into your palm
to throw.

*

You were the priest
of fields,

pouring water
into troughs
to bless the thirsty

and salve their eyes
fly-bitten and wide.

Tell me mother,
when you break
something of spirit,

do you become a god?

*

I listened to your
commands
outside the fence
with a fist

full of wild

ripping petal
from stem.

Alone,
I learned to sound
out your name,

to read the bones
of animals skinned
clean,

to worship the
trot in thick mud

how to swallow
sound.

*

Years later I met a man
at a bar who asked
if my mother
was the type
of woman
who took
her drinks neat.

No, I said,
but the type
that hungered to tame
something larger.

And once she sang
in front of a Saturday
crowd.

I have held this small fact.
How you taught me to shiver.

*

I never told you,
how I sat
near the barn door
for hours,

quiet as fly wings
stuck to the
long yellow strip,

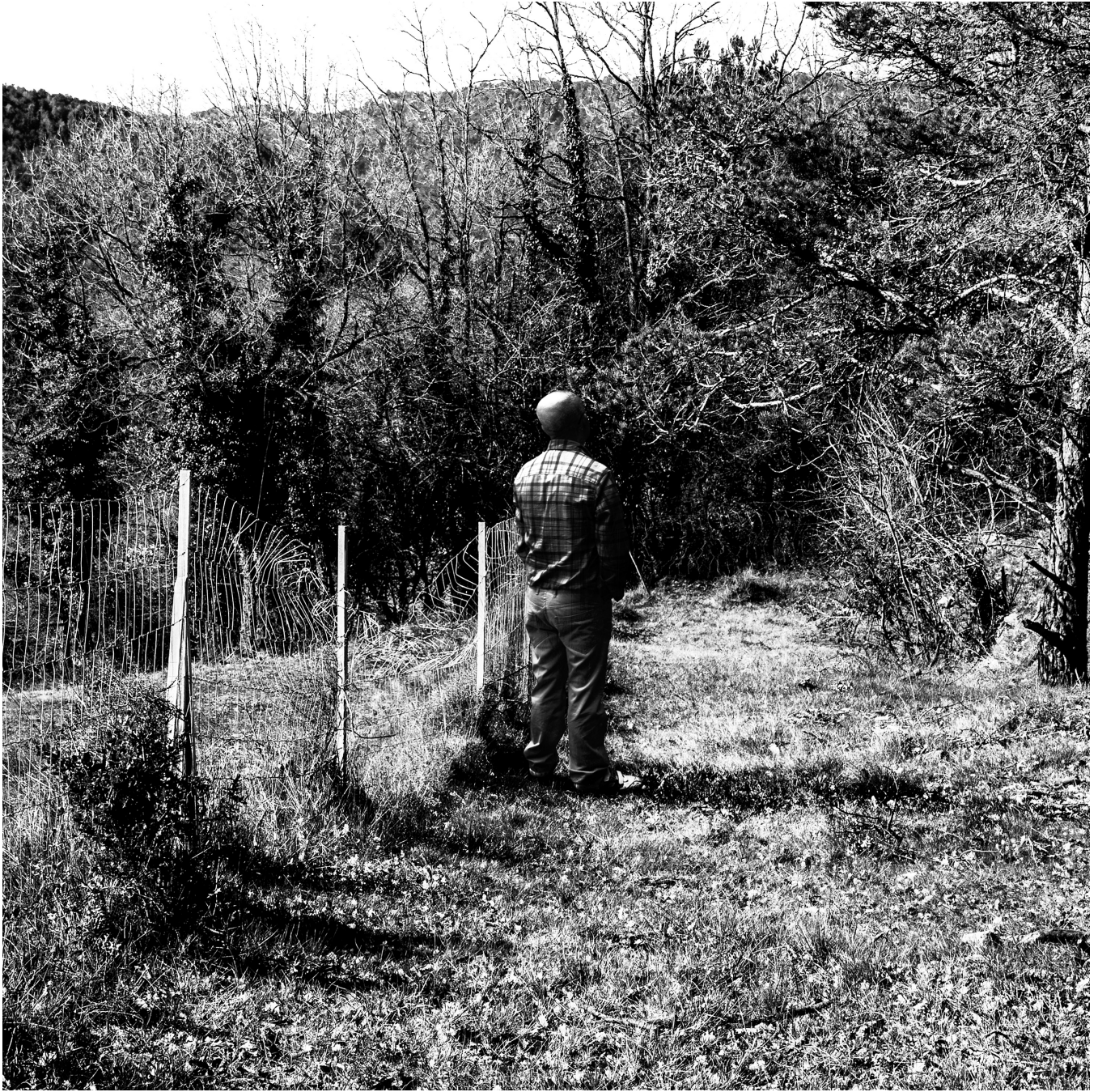
understanding even then,
why every

time I needed
to say
mother,

you twitched

the dark body
skittish,

even after years
of being broken.



TRACES OF MEMORY

Antoni Hidalgo



light in window opposite unmade yellow and blue bed

motionless black branches above fence in foreground

subject perceiving itself in time, would be capable

relative, unlimited means of, opposite of yesterday

will call midmorning tomorrow is supposed to be 104

degrees smoke on the water from fires north of here

grey whiteness of clouds above still shadowed ridge

white line of wave breaking across mouth of channel

WALKING INTO A NEW SEASON

Barbara Daniels

The street lights still on, not yet
dawn, I walk in fog light, dragging
through defeated leaves. I found the watch
I lost, right where it should've been,
tucked in with bracelets and rings.

Morning starts to smell like church—
damp earth, starched shirts. The ginkgoes
lost all their leaves last night. Somebody
pulled a thread, and the whole yellow
apparatus flung itself down. We have

enough seasons. Sometimes they shine
and sometimes they're more about
absence—lost tree, unmarked grave.
The gods now are just like the heroes,
suet faced, blurred, wayward weaklings.

The sun fails. Birdsong fails. The parts
have been simplified so anyone
can play them. A man stops in the fog
to name the animals—elephants,
spider monkeys. Only the fog asks

the right question: What's worth
remembering? Above the chords
of an old hymn, my mother sings,
dipping her slotted spoon. Come in
to the house, she sings. All is prepared.

ELECTORAL MAP

Troy Cunio

gentrif-
islands
in a sea of
red
and
amber



SUNSET

Antoni Hidalgo

contributor biographies

FERNANDO BADHARO

MARION BOYER has published two poetry chapbooks and a full length poetry collection. Her poetry book, "The Clock of the Long Now" (2009), published by Mayapple Press, was nominated for the Pushcart Award and the Lenore Marshall Award. Grayson Books awarded her chapbook "Composing the Rain" first place in their 2014 chapbook competition. Finishing Line Press published her chapbook, "Green", in 2003. She has won various poetry awards including first place in the 2008 international poetry competition sponsored by the Science Fiction Poetry Association. Her poetry most recently appeared in *Crab Orchard Review* and *The Tishman Review*. Her poems have been published in numerous literary journals including *Folio*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *South Carolina Review*, *Asimov's Science Fiction*, and *The Midwest Quarterly*. She is a professor emeritus of Communication courses at Kalamazoo Valley Community College in Michigan, and moved recently to an eastern suburb of Cleveland.

JOSH BYER is an artist residing in Vancouver, Canada. His clients & collaborators include 20th Century Fox, Armada Records, Armin van Buuren, Best Buy, Brightlight Pictures, The Canadian University Press, CBC, Gutter, ill.Gates, Interscope, Keystone Entertainment, Laidback Luke, McClelland & Stewart, MTV, NBC, New Line Cinema, Nissan, The Ottawa Citizen, R3HAB, Simon Fraser University, Southam News, Sony Entertainment, Spinnin' Records, Staples, SyFy, Trevor Guthrie, USC, Victory Square Publications, and The Yale Record. A Juno and Journey Prize nominee, Josh is also a grant recipient of the Canada Council for the Arts. His work has won awards from the Montreal World Film Festival, the Northwestern Film Festival, the LEOs, and Kodak Canada. In the summer of 2015, Josh was awarded his first Gold record from Sony Canada. Featured in hundreds of publications, Byer's artwork has been exhibited in Los Angeles, Toronto, and Vancouver alongside Picasso, Dali, Matisse, and the Group of Seven. Licensed by international manufacturers such as Trademark Global, The Metaverse Corporation, and Chamton Pty.

ERICA CHARIS-MOLLING is a creative writing instructor for Berklee Online. Her writing has been published in *Crab Fat*, *Broad!*, *The Yellow Chair*, *Rain*, *Party*, & *Disaster Society*, *Anchor*, *Vinyl* and *Entropy*. She's a Bread Loaf Writers' Conference alum and is currently pursuing her M.F.A. in Creative Writing at Antioch University.

SANDY COOMER is a mixed media artist, published poet, and endurance athlete. She has participated in art shows and has exhibited her art in local galleries. She incorporates her love of poetry and words in all her pieces, often hiding secret messages of affirmation within the work. She is the founding editor of the online poetry journal, *Rockvale Review*, as well as a

poetry mentor in the AWP Writer to Writer Mentorship program. Sandy loves color, nature, birds, poetry, racing in endurance sports, and playing the piano.

JAMES CROAL JACKSON is the author of “The Frayed Edge of Memory” (Writing Knights Press, 2017). His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *FLAPPERHOUSE*, *After the Pause*, *The Indianapolis Review*, and elsewhere. He edits *The Mantle*. Find him in Columbus, Ohio or at jimjakk.com

TROY CUNIO lives in Orlando. His work has appeared in *Voicemail Poems*, *Baphash*, *Great Weather for Media*, *Beech Street Review*, and others. Yes, he would like a hug.

BARBARA DANIELS’ “Rose Fever” was published by WordTech Press and her chapbooks “Moon Kitchen”, “Black Sails” and “Quinn & Marie” by Casa de Cinco Hermanas Press. She received three Individual Artist Fellowships from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts and earned an MFA in poetry at Vermont College.

DARREN DEMAREE is the author of six poetry collections, most recently “Many Full Hands Applauding Inelegantly” (2016, 8th House Publishing). His seventh collection “Two Towns Over” was recently selected the winner of the Louise Bogan Award from Trio House Press, and is due out March 2018. He is the Managing Editor of the Best of the Net Anthology and Ovenbird Poetry. He is currently living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

ELEANOR GRAY

CATIE HANNIGAN is a poet and visual artist from Maine. She is the author of two chapbooks: “What Once Was There Is The Most Beautiful Thing” (DIAGRAM 2015) and “Water Fragments” (Tammy Journal 2017). Her work has appeared in *Big Big Wednesday*, *SUSAN / The Journal*, and *The New Farmer’s Almanac*, among others. She has received fellowships from Haystack Mountain School of Crafts and Stonecoast Writers Conference. She received her MFA from Vermont College of Fine Arts and currently lives in Oregon.

ANTONI HIDALGO is a Mollet del Vallés, Barcelona-based artist, has studied labour relations at the University of Barcelona, and has made some collective and individual exhibitions and combines the artistic work in the environment with the creative photography. His work represents the place where we are, where we live our routines. Day after day without possibility of change, because we can only contemplate what happens, where the only possibility of change is..., the Art. But we realize we are alone.

NEDA KERENDIAN is a visual artist who is a little obsessed with the process of creating. She could often be found trying to find new and exciting ways to play with materials. More of her work could be found on linedwithsilver.com

MEGAN MERCHANT lives in the tall pines of Prescott, AZ. She is the author of two full-length poetry collections: “Gravel Ghosts” (Glass Lyre Press, 2016), “The Darks Humming” (2015 Lyrebird Award Winner, Glass Lyre Press, 2017), four chapbooks, and a forthcoming children’s book with Philomel Books. She was awarded the 2016-2017 COG

Literary Award, judged by Juan Felipe Herrera. She is an Editor at *The Comstock Review* and you can find her work at meganmerchant.wix.com/poet

DAVID MORGAN O'CONNOR is from a small village on Lake Huron called Grand Bend. After many nomadic years, he is based in Albuquerque, where a short story collection progresses. He contributes monthly to; *The Review Review* and *New Pages*. His writing has appeared in; *Barcelona Metropolitan*, *Collective Exiles*, *Across the Margin*, *Headland*, *Cecile's Writers*, *The Great American Lit Mag*, *Bohemia*, *Beechwood*, *Fiction Magazine*, *After the Pause*, *The Great American Lit Mag* (Pushcart nomination) , *The New Quarterly* and *The Guardian*. Tweeting: @dmoconnorwrites and website: davidmorganconnor.com

ALEX PARTON'S fiction has appeared in *Writing Without Walls*, *Prick of the Spindle*, and *Hypertext Review*. He is currently based in Mexico City. Visit alexjparton.com

FABRICE POUSSIN teaches French and English at Shorter University and is the advisor for *The Chimes*, the Shorter University award winning poetry and arts publication.. Author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in *Kestrel*, *Symposium*, *La Pensee Universelle*, and dozens of other magazines. His photography has been published in *The Front Porch Review*, *the San Pedro River Review* and more than 300 other publications in the United States and abroad.

JENNIFER RAMSEY originally from North Carolina, Jennifer Ramsey is an artist and Montessori teacher living in Colorado. She received her MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. www.jenniferramseyart.com

STEPHEN RATCLIFFE has published more than twenty books of poetry, including most recently *sound of wave in channel* (Editions Eclipse, 2016, the fifth volume in his ongoing series of 1,000-page books written in 1,000 consecutive days, all available at <http://eclipsearchive.org/editions.html>), *Painting* (Chax, 2014), and *Selected Days* (Counterpath, 2012), which won The Poetry Center Book Award. He has also written three books of literary criticism, *Reading the Unseen: (Offstage) Hamlet* (Counterpath, 2010), *Listening to Reading* (SUNY Press, 2000), and *Campion: On Song* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1981). His ongoing series of daily poems-plus-photographs can be found at *Temporality* (stephenratcliffe.blogspot.com). He lives in Bolinas, California.

EMMA ROULETTE (b. 1994, South Florida) is a teacher and illustrator based in Barcelona.

JAY SHEETS is a poet, writer, and researcher. His debut book, "The Hour Wasp", was released by April Gloaming Publishing in 2017. Sheets' poems and writing have appeared in numerous journals and magazines. He received a BFA in Creative Writing from Goddard College in Vermont and currently lives in Plymouth, Massachusetts.

CONNOR SIMONS currently studies English Language Literature at Central Washington University. He has lived in the Pacific Northwest his entire life. His poetry and translations have appeared in the *Santa Clara Review*, *Manastash Literary Journal*, and *Adelaide Literary Journal*.

ANDY STALLINGS lives in Deerfield, MA, where he teaches English at Deerfield Academy. His second collection with Rescue Press, "Paradise," will come out in 2018. He has four young children, and coaches cross country running.

SOPHIE VANHOMWEGEN lives and works in Brussels. She studied Fine Arts at KASK Ghent (2006 - 2011) and followed a post-academic program in Sint-Lukas Brussel (2011 - 2013). Her work consists mainly of collages on paper and digital works (prints, video, sound). She uses collage techniques to generate an alienating and highly surrealistic universe that reflects on the overflow of manipulated images surrounding us. The constant exposure to a huge amount of - in her eyes - disturbing imagery in advertisement (magazines, posters, television) triggers and pushes her to work with these images. Through the images found in advertisement we are told what is beautiful or sexy, what is ugly or despicable. The artist reflects on these matters by changing roles. She becomes the one who manipulates the images instead of being manipulated. In the process of deconstruction and reconstruction her intention is to give a different reading on the messages carried by the images she uses. The artist criticizes the absurdness of repetitive messages spread through advertisement by revealing the act of manipulation instead of trying to hide it.

JIM ZOLA is a poet and photographer living in North Carolina.

editor biographies

NEIL DAVIDSON is the fiction editor for Apricity Press. He graduated from the University of Oregon with a B.A. in English and Creative Writing, where he focused his studies on American and Russian literature. He has a friendly obsession with folklore and myth of all varieties. Neil is a fiction writer, whose work has been previously published by *Scary Dairy Press* and *Unbound: Literary Arts Magazine*. He won Unbound's 2013 "My Bloody Valentine" Theme Contest with his short story of the same title. In 2015, he was awarded the Walter and Nancy Kidd Scholarship by the University of Oregon for his participation in the highly competitive Kidd Tutorial creative writing program. As a writer, he has an endless love and appreciation for the subtlety of the short story, but has also been known to dabble in the occasional novel. His favorite writers include Cormac McCarthy, Alice Munro, and Isaac Babel.

MARCELO KUNA is the Dance Editor for Apricity Press. He graduated with a B.A. in Dance from the Communication of the Body Arts course at PUC-SP. He currently lives in São Paulo, Brazil. Dancer, singer and certified DanceAbility teacher (Montevideo, 2013), Marcelo is interested in exploring queer performativity, and the mixed abilities of (dis)abled bodies through the arts of the body. Recently, he created a concert called "Cancioneiro Queer" (Queer Songbook), which features LGBTQ/feminist songs from the repertoire of Weimar Republic Cabaret, Opera, Broadway, Off Broadway, and Brazilian Musical Theatre. Together with his solo "Transviado (Ich bin die fesche Lola!)", the concert was presented as a part of the November/2016 SESC Palladium's program comprised of LGBTQ artists' work, in Belo Horizonte, MG, Brazil. In 2016, he published a 'made for iBooks' ebook called "I Am The Naughty Lola!", currently available for purchase on the Apple Store's iBooks app. A feminist art manifesto that focuses on a male body dancing with camp sensibility, the book travels through recent Dance history, and Queer Theory to investigate possibilities for a queer dance.

MIRA MASON-READER is the founder and editor-in-chief of Apricity Press. She has a B.A. in English, Creative Writing and Dance from Mills College and has an M.A. in Creative Writing from University College Cork in Ireland. Mira is a poet and a dancer whose writing has been published in a variety of publications including, *Cordella Magazine*, *ELKE "A Little Journal"* and *The Walrus Literary Magazine*. Mira is a recipient of the Mary Merritt Henry Prize for a group of poems. As a dancer, Mira has performed both her own work and other choreographers' for a little over twenty years. Most recently, Mira was selected to perform in "Reading a Wave", a dance & art installation by Bay Area artist Laura Elayne Miller. Authors close to Mira's heart include e. e. cummings, Sandra Cisneros, Dorianne Laux, William Carlos Williams and Jeffrey Eugenides.

OLIVA MERTZ is a Poetry Editor for Apricity Press. She received her B.A. in Creative Writing from Mills College and currently lives in Brooklyn, NY. Olivia is a poet and visual artist. Her work employs portraiture to investigate the human psyche, personality, and relationships. She is inspired by the natural world, intimacy, and awkward moments. Olivia's work has appeared in *The Walrus*, she is a recipient of the Ina Coolbrith Memorial Poetry Prize, and she was a

contributor at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. Recently, Olivia's enjoyed Shane McCrae's *Mule*, Stephanie Young's *Ursula or University*, and Ariana Reines' *Coeur De Lion*.

EDEN SUGAY is a Poetry Editor for Apricity Press. She received her B.A. in Creative Writing from Mills College and is working up the nerve to pursue her MFA, while working at Chronicle Books in San Francisco, CA. Eden is a poet and (sporadic) dancer. Her writing highlights her voice as a queer woman of color and documents a constant, evolving journey navigating identity and relationships. Eden is inspired by the sun and the pink-faced, glossy-eyed details of honesty. Her work has appeared in *The Walrus*. Poets and writers whom Eden possesses profound admiration for include Audre Lorde, James Baldwin, Nayyirah Waheed, Roxanne Gay, Yrsa Daley-Ward, and Ada Limón.

KELLY WARBURTON is the Prose Editor for Apricity Press. She is twenty- nine and has an MA in Creative Writing in University College Cork, as well as an Arts degree from UCC in English and Psychology and an MA in Literature and Publishing from NUI Galway. She previously worked in publishing in London. She lives in Cork, Ireland with her two friends and her dog Brody.

LAND

SCAPE

S

a p r i c i t y p r e s s

