

Fall 2026



RemingtonReview

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Cover Art: Donna Elliott



Dear Reader,

Thank you for taking the time to read our Fall 2026 issue. We're excited it's the fall season, and we hope you enjoy our latest collection of poems, fiction stories, creative nonfiction essays, and visual art pieces. This season invites you to pause, reflect, and embrace change... however that means for you.

In this issue, you will discover recurring themes of nature, grief, motherhood, love, loss, change, self-reflection, and the power of poetry and art itself. We hope these pieces resonate with you this fall season.

As you read, we encourage you to engage deeply with the works. Allow the words and images to inspire you and guide you through the closure of the year. Fall is a time to reflect on the year and your hopes for the new year to come. We hope these pieces motivate you to embrace this new season with hope.

Warm regards,
Editors at *Remington Review*

Twelve Novembers

Jaimhy

I sit and watch the tail of August slip away like
polliwogs in a pond and think of how duckweeds
look like clovers if I squint hard enough and although September
is distant like the foghorn you still hear from the shore,
the days still travel fast, envying tomorrow, and forgetting yesterday.
September carries the rain in its belly,
and your name is still holed up in my chest.
If I am floating in the ocean during October's cry,
why is it only November's tears that make me wet?



The Last Swim of Summer

Sherry Poff

Pushing off from the pool's edge,
I knife the still water,
part shimmering ribbons
of lingering light.
Below the chilly surface,
all is silk and softness.

Overhead, thin clouds
languish in a pale sky,
helpless to contain
September's fleeting heat.
Already, the hillside
is deep in shadow.

(Previously published in *Foliate Oak Journal* in 2017.)





Happiness

Lilit Hovsepyan

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

Happiness? Everyone has their own definition, as they should. Now, if you ask this little piece, it might whisper to you, “Happiness is the state when your soul has no constraints, when you have someone who loves you unconditionally and when you are able to reciprocate that love. These aspects make up the foundation of happiness; the rest is an ornament.”

The landscape in this artwork and the running state of the figures symbolize the very freedom a soul needs to feel alive, while our little companion beside the lady is the embodiment of unconditional love, and believe me when I say unconditional - even if people betray, dogs will never; while the bright colors of the artwork are meant to capture the attention of the viewer and not let even the slightest hint of sorrow pass their heart while they get immersed in this little world of mine.

This piece is not just a visualization of my perception of happiness, but a genuine wish for each and every soul to experience a life as joyful as depicted in this painting. Life is beautiful, but you cannot love it unless you live it.

Unhurried Plums

David Mampel

Sunshine serenades
young fruit trees
with songs
of yellow happiness
until
slow breezes
softly applaud
leafy edges
of green thanksgiving.

If I let myself ripen
to the purple promise
of hot summer nights,
I can sing
a chorus of cold plums
under a shower
of falling light.



When It's Finally Fall *Arvilla Fee*

that tingle of chilled air
a whisper of frost coating
faded petals, blades of grass
trees that dare dye their leaves
yellow, red, purple, gold
geese honking overhead,
rippling the water of local ponds
as they vee their way south
hot cocoa and cardigans
the first bonfire of the season
the soil's rich, loamy smell
as it settles in for a long rest.





A Vibrant Jungle

Juee Oberoi

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

Art has always been a part of my life. My earliest inspiration came from my grandfather, whose love for painting introduced me to the language of color, texture, and observation. Although life eventually led me into the corporate world, the desire to create never truly disappeared.

During the pandemic, I found my way back to painting. What began as a personal act of rediscovery gradually became a commitment to building a life centered around art. Leaving behind a corporate career allowed me to reconnect with my creative instincts and pursue a practice that feels both authentic and deeply fulfilling.

I work primarily with acrylics and mixed media, using a palette knife to build richly textured landscapes and seascapes that capture the ever-changing moods of nature. Alongside these, I explore abstract and figurative compositions that are guided by emotion rather than representation. My inspiration comes from coastlines, open skies, changing weather, travel, and the quiet moments that often go unnoticed.

Each painting is an attempt to preserve a feeling rather than simply depict a place. Through layers of texture and color, I hope to create spaces where viewers can pause, reflect, and discover their own memories, emotions, and connections. For me, painting is not just about creating images--it is about translating fleeting experiences into something tangible, timeless, and deeply personal.

In Praise of Trees

Barbara Brooks

After Carlos Santos Perez
Praise Song for Oceania

Let us praise your growth from acorn
and maple seed. From such small beginnings,
you emerge to reach
for the cerulean sky.

Let us praise your awakening
in spring with new leaves that turn
sun's energy into life. And
ruby and gold leaves in the fall.
Finally sleeping with naked branches
come winter.

Let us praise you as you host
the squirrel's leafy home, cupped nest
of the blue jay. Let your bark hold insects
for the red-bellied woodpecker,
white-breasted nuthatch.

Let us be thankful for the shade
you give in the summer, the moon shadows
on winter's snow. Let us thank you for the lumber
to build our homes
and to heat them.

Let us watch you toss
your head in the storm's wind
but stay strong.
Please do not fall
on the house or car.

Let us plant you on the burned slopes
of California to hold the soil,
absorb the carbon
we pour into your world.





Golden
Jacelyn Yap

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

The golden foliage adds a touch of warmth, framing the mountain across the lake.

Rehearsal

Christine Jackson

Like most toddlers,
my sister and I fussed
going to bed so early
in the dusk of daylight
savings.

Circus-print curtains
at our window swayed
in gentle summer breezes.
We stuck our faces between
cloth balloons, cartoon tigers,
resting our chins on the sill.
Breathing green winds

while watching our mother
on her knees in the yard
at her garden plot, kneading
the earth like bread dough.
When she came to kiss
us goodnight, she brought
the scent of wet dirt
and tomato vines.

I recall that smell now,
as clods thud atop her
final resting place.



Crayola Flags

Susan Nickerson

The top of my new box of crayons ripped when I opened it and I tried not to cry. “The country needs extra flags,” Daddy said when he came home for the first time since the bad men came. He gave me a bag full of colored paper, glue, and sparkles, and I got to work right away. The first flags I made were small. They were for the little kids on the planes that crashed and knocked the big buildings down. I figured all the new angels could swoop down from the clouds and have first pick at the ones they liked best. The wind is best in Heaven.

I made a bunch of extra flags just in case Heaven was sold out like Wal-Mart. I asked Daddy to bring them to Ground Zero. He smiled even though his sleepy eyes were sad. He picked me up and hugged me. Hard. He got black soot all over my jammies, but I didn’t care. I was just glad to touch him.

Daddy carried me all the way to bed, and I felt so safe in his arms. He got down on his knees with me when I said my prayers. His tears splashed mud-drops on his knuckles. I prayed extra loud so God could hear me over all the other noise in the world. First, I asked Him to keep everybody safe until the firemen could dig them out. Then, I asked Him to give my mommy a good map, so she wouldn’t get lost on her way to Heaven. But I bet if you get picked to be an angel, you’ll find your way no matter what.

Gramma said the hand of God would be reaching down to help the dead people find their way, but no matter how hard I looked, I couldn't see one. All I saw were big scary planes, smashing into the towers, over and over again. Even when I closed my eyes. Smash.

Mommy, being a very important firefighter, rushed right over there to help. Daddy said she got trapped inside and was now in Heaven. He brought her firefighter helmet home. The numbers were almost melted off, so I covered it with sparkly stars and lots of red and white stripes. I glued a picture of Mommy on the front before I brought it under the covers with me. I rocked it like a baby doll. "Shh, shh," I whispered, just like she did with me.

I closed my eyes and thought about Mommy helping the new angels climb the dusty rescue ladder to Heaven. I bet her halo lit up the smoky clouds nice and bright, so all those brave people could finally see that hand of God.



I Wish I Could Save My Mother

May Garner

I wish I could save my mother.
Trace back days until we reach her childhood,
play dolls until late in the day.
Hold her hand until moonfall,
so she would know her nights
were never spent alone.

I wish I could save my mother.
Join her in my grandparents' attic,
sing sweet symphonies of southern nights,
dust dancing gold through broken light.

I wish I could save my mother.
Just be girls together in a world
that hates us just for being so.
Carry each other through like
we've always been meant to do.

I wish I could save my mother.
But maybe love is this—
finding her in every age at once,
holding what the world could not,
and staying
long after the moon falls.



My Mother's Last Grocery List

Veronica Tucker

In the pocket of her winter coat:

milk

half-and-half

English muffins

bananas, not green

something for the birds

The handwriting slopes uphill,
each word refusing its prognosis.

By then, she could no longer drive.
The Buick sat under November leaves,
its mirrors folded inward

like an animal conserving heat.

I imagine the list dictated
from her chair beside the window,
my sister writing, or perhaps

my mother taking the pen herself,
pressing hard enough
to score the paper beneath.

Something for the birds.

Not seed. Not suet.
No species named.

In March, I find the list again
and carry it to the feeder.

The chickadees arrive one at a time,
black caps bright against the snow.

They take what I have brought
without looking grateful.

Exactly as she would have wanted.



The Photograph Was Taken Before I Was Born

Tarini Thatte

My mother is standing beside a tree.

She is seventeen.

Her hair is longer than mine
has ever been.

She is smiling at someone
outside the frame.

I do not know who.

This bothers me.

I have spent years
studying this photograph
as if it were evidence.

The dress.

The tree.

The afternoon light.

The particular way
her left hand rests
against her waist.

I know all of it.

What I cannot know
is what she was thinking.

Perhaps she was thinking
about leaving.

Perhaps she had already met
the man who would become my father.

Perhaps she was simply hungry.

Perhaps the future
had not yet introduced itself.

That is what frightens me.

How ordinary the moment looks.

How little warning
a life gives you.

The photograph does not know
that one day
she will hold my feverish forehead.

It does not know
she will stand beside a hospital bed.

It does not know
she will bury people
she thought would outlive her.

It does not know
that I will grow up
and begin asking questions
she will no longer be able to answer.

It only knows
that she was seventeen.

That there was a tree.

That someone
made her laugh.

Sometimes I think
that is what photographs are for.

Not to remember the dead.

To remind us
that before every sorrow,

there was a moment
when nobody knew
what was coming.



Flirting with the Angels

Angie Sarhan Salvatore

“Your father doesn’t want you to wear red shoes.”

“What?” I think I spit when I said it. I wasn’t sure how I expected this conversation to go, but in all my imagined scenarios, this wasn’t it.

“Your father hates red shoes. He doesn’t want you to wear them.” She spoke while staring at a spot in the ceiling as if my father was there, floating above her.

I had never been to a psychic, but in the last few months, I found myself curious to go. It had been four years since my father’s unexpected passing, and I wondered what a psychic might reveal, if there was a way to connect with him. A gift on my eighteenth birthday unlocked the possibility. That’s how I landed here: in this psychic’s home, a small table between us, yet worlds apart.

“Lucky for him, I don’t have any.”

“Well, he wants me to tell you he doesn’t want you to buy red shoes, wear them, anything.”

I had brought a small journal with me to take notes. I jotted down in angry script: *Dad doesn’t like red shoes!* Ever the rule follower, I added, *Don’t buy them!*

She remained quiet for a moment, her eyes still fixed above her. I thought how if I saw this woman in a police lineup, I'd never pick her out to be a psychic, not with her flowered housedress, graying hair, and kind smile. She looked more like a sweet grandmother than an all-knowing guru. I glanced around the room. It too hadn't been what I expected. There were no candles or incense lit, no spiritual art, tarot decks, or crystal ball, nothing I'd commit to memory after leaving. The room wasn't quite an office, and not exactly a family room; it was in between. Since that's where this woman seemed to be—in between two worlds, the living and the dead—it felt fitting.

Just then she laughed, not at me, but at something my father said. She flipped her hair off her shoulders, leaned back, let out a blissful breath, and blushed. “Your father is so enchanting! He doesn't feel like talking much, though. He's busy up there, flirting with the angels.”

My father had been a notorious charmer, so if he was up there surrounded by some angels, I believed flirting was exactly what he'd be doing.

“Is that so?” I took my pen and almost tore the page as I wrote: *Busy flirting! Not a good time to talk to his daughter!*

It was evident she was transfixed by this spot in the ceiling where, apparently, my father was mesmerizing a group of women, including the one across from me. I wondered where that left me.

“He’s winking at you.”

“Okay,” I shrugged.

“Your father is winking at you,” she repeated. I rolled my eyes. I tried to understand what this meant, if it was real.

“Oh, he is, is he?” I commented, rolling my eyes again in case she missed it the first time.

“That was a thing the two of you had. He did it all the time. He’d joke with your mother, but look at you and wink so you knew he was kidding. He’s winking at you now.”

A chill traveled up my left arm, leaving goosebumps. I remembered. Images of my father winking at me—at our dinner table, in the rearview mirror of his car, and from his favorite chair in our family room—flipped through my mind.

The reading continued with her forecasting my future. She revealed tidbits about jobs, relationships, and traveling, but every minute or so, she’d stop talking to me, laugh towards the ceiling, and chat in chopped-up sentences. It felt like I was listening in on one side of a telephone call; as much as I strained to hear, I couldn’t make out what the person on the other end was saying. It was as though the two of them were long-lost acquaintances and I was the interrupting third wheel. Naturally, I was missing most of her revelations because

all I could concentrate on was my father, floating above me, flirting above me, too busy to talk, but not too busy to wink. Finally, he addressed me again.

“He says he wants the trees near the garage trimmed. They’re too long.”

“What?” What else could I say at this point?

“Your father thinks the trees are overgrown. He wants you to tell your mother to get them trimmed.”

“Will do,” I said. If she picked up on my sarcasm, she didn’t let it show.

Worried about trees, but still flirting!

I drove home feeling like I lost something I hadn’t known I needed. I realized I hadn’t been honest with myself.

Death can arrive like a thief, and my father’s stole my stability, pillaged my heart, and robbed me of the childlike dream that all my tomorrows would resemble all my yesterdays. It cracked my foundation to the core, creating an immediate fissure in the landscape of my life—

a fault line through the center of my world. While the devastation was instantaneous, the aftershocks rippled beyond to an unknown future awaiting my arrival.

Foolishly, I'd hoped the reading might be a mystical reunion, offering me something I'd been scared to admit I longed for. I craved something from my father that would feel profound, maybe advice, guidance, or even acknowledgement of the adult I'd become. Perhaps the winking had been something, but it wasn't enough. Instead of a healing respite, the hour-long encounter left me with more questions than answers, reopening my grief wound.

Tears and deep exhales came as a necessary release, but I wasn't sure which of the emotions swirling inside me I was surrendering.

Several weeks later, something stole my attention as I walked by a store window. Without thinking, I went in and purchased my first pair of red high-heeled shoes, looking up at the ceiling as I paid.





Red on Pink Heart *Katie Kuntz*

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

My macabre work draws inspiration from folktales and scary stories, as well as my own personal experiences and nightmares. I enjoy visually exploring the depths of my own emotions because I believe that what lives within our hearts is something that completely connects all of us humans together.

You Built a House Inside My Heart

Rebecca Aguiar

You built a house inside my heart.
Not of wood and nails
but of dreams and love.

You laid foundation in the cracks and crevasses
of my heart and soul.
My veins filled with warmth and light.
You hung up joy and laughter on every wall.

You painted the walls eggshell white
and the cabinets springtime green.
Blankets, hand-sewn by you,
lay on my bed, keeping me safe and warm.

When the storms come rolling in,
you caress my forehead and sing me to sleep.

This home was never about the things inside
but about the love these four walls held.



The Door

Jim Zola

We've painted it
more than once.

Still,
the dents remain.
So do
the black marks.

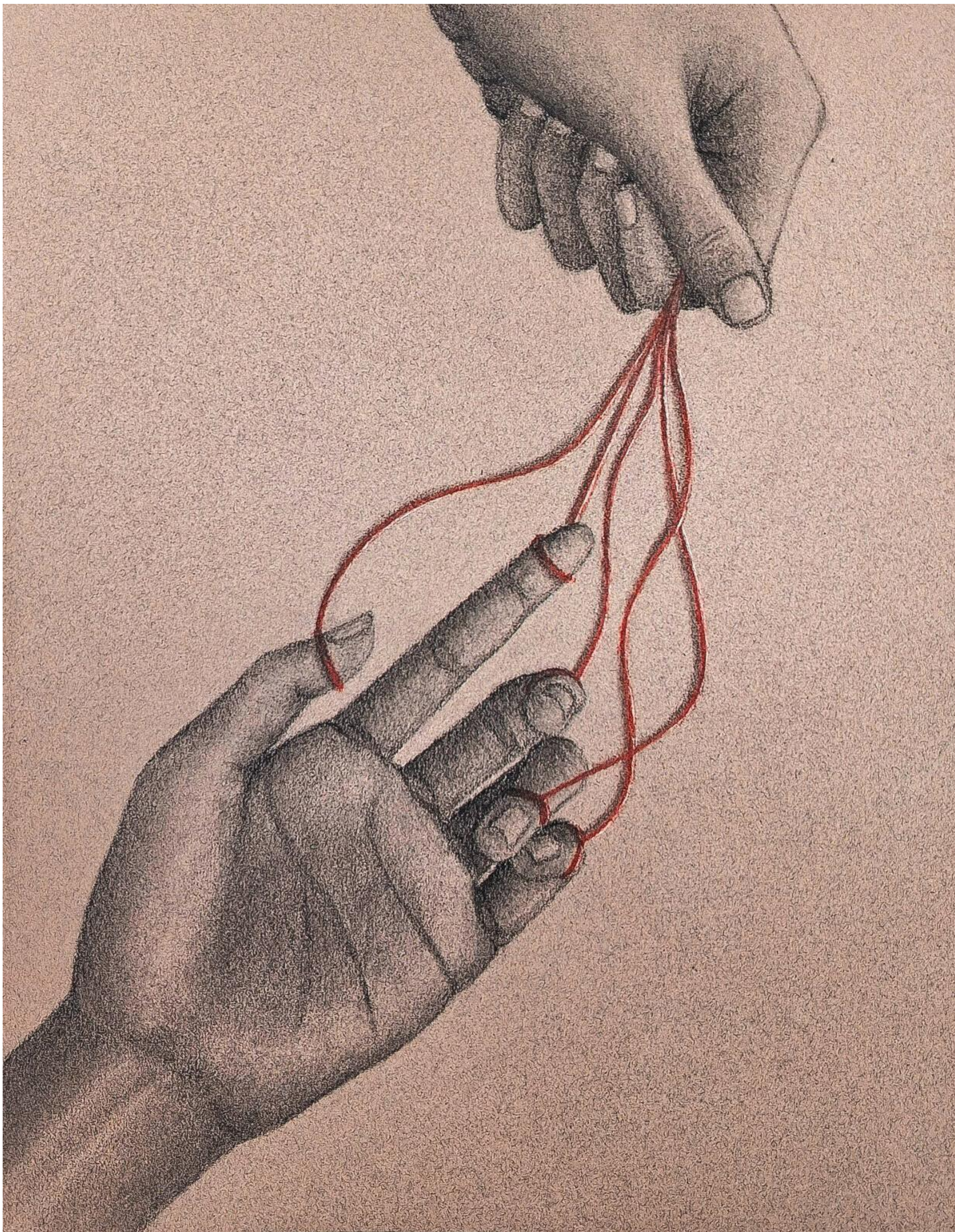
Run your hand
over them.
Shallow,
but there.

I don't remember
every fight.
The door does.

It opens.
It closes.
It does
what it was made to do.

Beyond it,
another room.





Manipulation *Jessica Lawson*

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

My artwork gives tangible examples of intangible things such as emotions and concepts. Subject matter may come from life experiences or abstract thoughts. I work with dry media, and my process is often slow-paced. The narrative of my work is meant to be left up to interpretation, so it can encourage discussion and personal connection.

Sleeves

Melissa Chouinard-Jahant

It was blue. The fabric and the buttons—large with four holes. Hip-length and fuzzy. Each side adorned with an extra-deep pocket. The hue had changed in her memory over the years. A blend of teal and aquamarine with a hint of steel was what she envisioned as she watched a little girl pass wearing a similar one. She wore that coat her entire childhood, starting in second grade. At first, her hands were lost in the sleeves. Then, it fit as intended—the cuffs exactly long enough for her to wrap her fingers over. Tug on them for comfort. She would rub her fingers over the buttons until they no longer looked marbled. Then, one day, when she was in fourth grade, one of the buttons fell off.

Her mother sewed on a new one, same size, different color, blue. It always wobbled a bit, and she would constantly twist it tight, then unwind it. A nervous habit that followed her into adulthood. She remembered how the satin felt inside the pockets. She could still imagine the rough edges of the clump of melted wax from a forgotten crayon inside the pocket. The fabric bubbled along the hem as if someone stretched it intentionally. The fur on the exterior was durable and soft. When her parents fought or when she was bullied at school, that plush coat became a blanket. She'd put it plush down and curl in a ball and let it hide her. Some days it seemed to get bigger in order to protect her.

The fabric absorbed the smells of each house. Of each state. They layered themselves in between the strands of fleece. As she moved it into different positions, each scent brought back memories. Each fuzzy pile of fabric somehow became larger when she needed it.

As she moved from state to state, she used to unpack it first from the garment box, taller than her, edges frayed from use. Different colored tape holding the bottom closed. Her name was written on the side of the Mayflower box. The green silhouette of the ship emboldened above the company name. During the last move, the box was so stretched that the bar slid off during transit, and the hangers with their articles were found in a bundle at the bottom, covering her pile of stuffed plushies and dolls. The box always bulged on both sides. It traveled across the Pacific Ocean to Hawaii and back to Utah, Colorado, and California. Each trip revealed more wear and tear until finally the seams split and could no longer be bound with duct tape. Yet it rested against the garage wall for several more years.

The day the coat no longer fit, she cried. She held it in her arms, and her mother added it to the donation pile. She tried desperately to make the sleeves longer. Her arms shorter. For an instant, they were. They found the same dimensions. But then neither gave way—time won. They held their size. The inner silky lining ripped slightly from her desperation. She tucked it back inside to hide it from her mother. She folded it and put it in the box. She checked the pockets one more time—lint, a jack, and a penny were all that remained of the years of wear and tear. A few days later, she went to get it out of the box. It was gone. Her mother told her some other child needed it and it would bring joy to someone else.

As she cried, she remembered the pockets full of crayons, which sometimes melted, leaving a waxy blob in the fabric. She remembered the wads of tissue she always had stuffed inside. Wet from her frequent tears or her constant bloody noses.

She sighed. Then, imagined the one loose thread she slowly tugged at until she could wrap it around her finger during times of stress. It was the perfect vessel for small trinkets and pebbles, of which she was a collector. Some by sleight of hand, and others she would find left behind. She always had an affinity for lost things, slightly damaged, forgotten. When she shopped, she tried to look for the item that had the dent, the misaligned seam, or the missing button. The one most people would have put back because it wasn't pristine. That blue coat had become a fixture not only in the memory of her childhood but also in the memory of her lack thereof.

As she stood in the thrift store, she saw a similar coat. Same teal. Same matted hemline. She pulled it off the hanger. Her arms slipped easily through the sleeves. The arms fit hers perfectly. She put her hands in the pockets and felt the bump of melted crayon. She lifted the collar to her nose. It smelled like her childhood. She took it off, rubbed the faux fur. Ran her hands along the silky inside. The small hole she made when she was eight was still in the lining. And inside was a note she had written at age eight.

I must let go of you for a while. We will find one another again. Happy travels and thank you for being my friend.

She unfolded it slowly and traced her finger over her immature letters. Then, she carried it over to the register and bought it. As she sat in her car, she embraced the coat tightly and cried. Then, she laid it across the passenger seat, and as she drove home, she held the sleeve of the coat in her hand. She smiled. She didn't remember writing the note. But the words were always leading the coat back to her.





Orchids
Lorraine Caputo

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

This work is “art meditation.” I cannot answer where the images come from (only that some are influenced by places I have come to know in my journeys), nor how long it takes to complete one. Once I settle in to draw, all borders of time and space dissolve.

United by Metal

Diana Raab

At fifteen, my first boyfriend and I
took a chance: kissed on a park bench
under cannabis clouds, and the
jet exhaust near Kennedy Airport.

Five minutes into it, and before
either of us were ready to commit,
our metal braces linked us most intimately

as a full moon ascended amidst
our raging adolescent hormones.
We giggled and twisted
into a variety of creative positions,

never seeing that event as a fateful
omen for spending our lives
together—rather laughed about who could have found us
in this hard metal embrace.

On the eve of our seventh-grade dance,
we walked barefoot in Cunningham Park
to kiss and hold each other again,
molded into a contorted position,
like those braces which linked us.

He then placed his blue Sergeant Pepper jacket
onto my shoulders, and silver ID bracelet
on my thin wrist.

Once in a while
when I see a man with a beautiful smile
seated on a park bench
or when I peruse social media,
I wonder where David might be now.



Translation
Jennifer Freya Helgeson

There are words
I could not translate for you.

Not because
they were Japanese.

Because they belonged
to the space between us.

The pause before
you answered.

The way you looked back
when I walked behind you.

The small gesture
of moving something
out of my way.

The things we carried
without naming.

Perhaps comradeship is partly this:

two people
building a language

no dictionary
can survive.

Then one day
one of them leaves,

and every word
becomes a place
you can no longer enter.



The Me No One Knows

Mary Ann McGuigan

The poems are about the sound of tire chains on snow-covered streets and the smell of rain in the summer. They're syrupy and silly, but no worse than you'd expect from a kid who's just turned eleven and has barely more to go on than Hallmark and the Hit Parade. Still, she reads them, these words I've kept secret for so long. Her name is Mrs. Schnur, and she's my teacher at P.S. 6 when I start fifth grade. She's a middle-aged, sandy-haired woman who wears trim shirtwaist dresses in small, pale prints and has freckles you can see only when you're next to her. She's kinder and more intelligent than any teacher I've had before and the attention she shows me feels like sunlight, like being explored. My shyness is no match for her easy acceptance, and so I admit that I write poems and find the courage to show her two of them.

She returns them to me the very next day, asks to speak with me about them after school. I read the notes she's placed here and there, sometimes correcting my spelling, sometimes complimenting the words I've chosen. She seems to understand the feelings I want to convey. She tells me she loves the poems. She's honest about their flaws, plainly excited about their potential. She wants to read more of them.

I spend the next two weeks getting the poems ready, deciding which ones to show her. I hold back the ones about my father, the ones that are too scary, and I find the ones about the way my brothers sing or the way my sister, Irene, dances. I dig out the one about Santa Claus at Macy's and how Mama managed to find exactly the doll I'd described to him. I change the ending of the

the one about Kevin's Communion party, when Sean had to get stitches. I rewrite each one in my best penmanship, and it takes a long time because there are almost twenty poems and I keep making little mistakes and having to start over.

Before Sean's wedding, I have them all finished. I'm a flower girl in the bridal party, and I have to go to the rehearsal dinner the night before. But by Saturday morning, the poems are ready to bring to school on Monday.

But I don't see Mrs. Schnur on Monday. I don't see her for months after that, because we have to escape to Brooklyn after my dad's rampage at the wedding. Uncle Johnny and Aunt Peggy are convinced that living with Daddy is too dangerous for Mama, so they insist we come to live with them. My stack of poems is left behind, in the Bronx. But my sister, Kathleen, makes trips to retrieve some of the things we need from the apartment, and I ask her to bring me my poems. I worry at first that she'll read them, but I'm sure she doesn't. Her life has no time for such things. Neither does mine now. My aunt and uncle's apartment is so crowded the five railroad rooms—attached in line, one after the other—seem like a subway train stalled in a tunnel, and everyone wants out. Yet I feel so alone, trapped in a place where I don't belong, connected to no one.

One day follows another, and it's clear now that we're not going back home. I'm not going back to P.S. 6. The grownups talk of transferring us to the school nearby, P.S. 113. My cousins attend the Catholic school, but Mama hasn't got the money for that.

I keep the poems in a folder in my bookbag. I take them out sometimes and they don't look so good. The paper isn't crisp anymore, corners are folding, and creases have appeared out of nowhere. Uncle Johnny finds me with the folder one night and asks what I'm reading. "Just some stuff I wrote," I tell him. "Some poems. I was supposed to give them to my teacher."

"You mean the one at your old school?" he says.

"Yeah." I shrug, as if it's no big deal. I slide my bookbag closer so I can put them away. I don't want to explain.

But he doesn't make me. "We could mail them to her," he says. "At the school."

"We could?" I say.

And when he nods, I want to leap into his arms. I want to hug him for knowing what to do, for knowing how important this is. But he just winks, as if he might be as good at keeping secrets as I am.

Weeks pass. More than the time it takes to get us transferred to the Brooklyn public school, for me to be the new kid in yet another new school, the orphan in disguise. Until one day after school, my aunt tells me I have mail. On the kitchen table, on top of the *Daily News* and the Parish Bulletin, she's placed a thick manila envelope with my name in Mrs. Schnur's elegant script

at its center. I'm desperate to open it, but I leave it there, because I have to get my chores done. I dry the dishes my mother washed, put them away, sweep the kitchen floor, even though there's hardly anything to sweep. Aunt Peggy is very neat, and the dog gobbles up anything that makes it to the floor.

Finally, I take the envelope outside and sit down with it on the stoop. I open it with care, like a Christmas present I didn't dare ask for. There's a cover page—many paragraphs—in Mrs. Schnur's beautiful handwriting. And the margins of each poem are crowded with her thoughts. I'm unable to give a name to how I feel, who I become as I read her comments, as she asks about images or the need for rhyme. I sense only that something about me, something crooked, has been set right.

(Previously published in *CALYX* in March 2026.)



Poems

Laura Denny

Waiting wordless
for the birds
I have embroidered
on my dress
and stuffed in the pockets
of my chest,
to unthread themselves
one by one
and fly singing
from my mouth
with hearts on fire,
unafraid
of the openness
of the sky
to find a perfect stick
or a brightly colored bit of thread
to carry to these small nests
I am trying to build.





Peace and Longevity
(My Curated Life)
Anthony Van Lam

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

This piece is a visual reflection of lived moments, treasured objects, and quiet encounters gathered over decades of observation. Through mixed-media compositions inspired by travel, memory, and everyday beauty, Anthony Van Lam transforms familiar subjects into poetic expressions of feeling and presence. Each work captures a sense of gravitational pull—the moment something first draws us in and stays with us—inviting viewers to pause, reflect, and reconnect with the beauty woven into daily life.

She Was a Clementine Girl

Raechel Hunsaker

She was a clementine girl. Mouth in a sweet crescent smile, clementine hair curling like empty peels. She always wore yellow, the same way clementines dress themselves in the bright afternoon sun. Green clementine leaves hung from her ears, and her white stilettos dug into the soft earth beneath her as she walked, staining like clementine roots.

Every day, she walked past my house, those earth-stained heels clicking on the sidewalk. I watched, sometimes from the porch, dripping rainbows from my popsicle onto the wooden slats between my bare feet.

Sometimes from the window as the sky cried and darkened the girl's clementine hair.

Sometimes from the driveway, looking up from my hunt for ants that wandered the cracks in the pavement.

I watched.

Clementine smile, clementine hair, clementine earrings, clementine feet.

At first, she held nothing but sun and wind in her carefree hands. Then one day, she held a thin spiderweb of a string taut in her narrow fingers, tugged on by a shiny red orb bobbing

cheerfully above her. The clementine girl gave a friendly wave as she passed, keeping a firm hold on the lofty balloon with her other hand.

The red balloon accompanied the clementine girl day after day as she walked by, gripping its tether as one would an excited dog on a leash. By the end of the week, it had shriveled some, its line sagging as its helium fled. But the clementine girl was attentive, and the red balloon looked good as new the next day, shiny cheeks round as an apple.

I didn't know this was only the start.

One day, the girl walked by, heels clicking, leaf-earrings swinging, with two shiny balloons, one red, one blue. She smiled up at them, corners of her eyes crinkling like the bark of a clementine tree.

Later, I got a whiff of citrus and looked up to see the girl smiling between *three* shiny balloons - red, blue, and purple.

Yellow came next, then green, then orange.

Then pink, silver, and white.

Then lime and magenta, periwinkle and gold, indigo, teal, some light, some bold.

Her clementine smile now seemed more forced, her hands blue and purple under the layers of tethers wrapped tightly around her palms.

But she came with more balloons every day.

One day, I heard a gasp, then a cry. I whirled around to see a dot of color fading fast into the sky, the clementine girl watching after it with sad blueberry eyes.

It happened again a different day - a balloon slipped from her hand. She stamped her feet this time, the ensemble of color quivering above her like leaves on windswept branches. The root-thin heel of one of her shoes snapped off, and she limped off without a word.

The clementine girl continued her daily walk, still clinging to her many balloons. She kept hold of most of them, but sometimes, the wind would claim a few. Some left her grasp with a whisper that left her sighing through lemon lips. Others swirled into the sky without her noticing at all.

One day, the girl stopped in her regular path. She looked into the sky and held her hands wide, and I watched as she let go.

She let go of the red, blue, and purple.

The yellow, green, and orange.

Up disappeared the pink, silver, and white.

The lime and magenta, periwinkle and gold, indigo and teal, the light and the bold.

All the colors faded fast into the sky. I wondered if they would become winking stars at night.

Then, I shook myself. The clementine girl couldn't lose *everything*!

I jumped up from my chalk art and looked wildly around. My eyes found something bright, not too far off the ground. It was the red balloon--the very first--its flight delayed, caught in the fist of a tree. I ran over to it and gently pulled on its string. The cheerful balloon came down to me.

It was a bit battered and needed a new dose of helium to be sure. Maybe some shining, and a kiss on the cheek. But it wasn't for me to do.

I walked over to the girl, still staring into the sky. I gently placed the red balloon's string into the hand now hanging by her side. Her fingers tightened around it, and she looked up in surprise.

Then, she smiled her clementine smile, only a trace of blueberry or lemon left. She pulled the balloon down and cradled it for a moment, wiping dust from its face. And in the shiny reflection there, she saw her own.

“Thank you,” she whispered, before skipping down the sidewalk, red balloon in hand.

Clementine smile, clementine hair, clementine earrings, clementine feet.

“Thank you for helping me hold on to this dream.”





Soul's Journey *Tabitha Gimbel*

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

This piece is a depiction of the inner and outer worlds and portals/doors leading down the path of one's heart, mind, and soul.



Dunes

Florence Joannes

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

Composed of digital and infrared photographs taken between 2023 and 2026, the “Dunes” series depicts an immortal world in which everyone has already lost themselves. Drawing on Buddhist Samsāra and block universe theory, the project gives shape to a temporal trap in which the individual is condemned to relive pain, loss, and destruction indefinitely. Beneath crushed stars, nothing happens yet everything is destroyed. A broken gaze flows for an eternity, falls without impact, and begins again in an endless loop.

The subject, crushed by the cyclicity of time and by their own powerlessness, lets themselves be annihilated by the dunes. A call from the void, muted and continuous, runs through every image. No one resists it; subject and spectator wander together, already seized, at the heart of these landscapes of ash. The only possible escape is dissolution: withdrawal of consciousness, death of the soul as a survival mechanism, or else death of the ego in the Buddhist sense, the dissolution of the self’s ephemeral construction.

It is for the spectator to discover within themselves, with one final return into these dunes, which of these deaths will be theirs.

Half-Life

Brandon Clune

We were supposed to burn, slowly,
toiling like witches in the foliage
behind our limestone cottage,
shedding our human forms
into the flakes of peeling bark.

No page of you turns without singe,
my pages bruising yellow.
Ink loops curl, fall to ash in dry air.
Aged words being erased from record
bring me to tears as I note
our human forms
still speaking in their half lives.

She shares your smoky hair,
tucked neatly into a thin ponytail.
Her lips move, in a language

I cannot hear.
I desperately wish to believe
that she is the ghost.



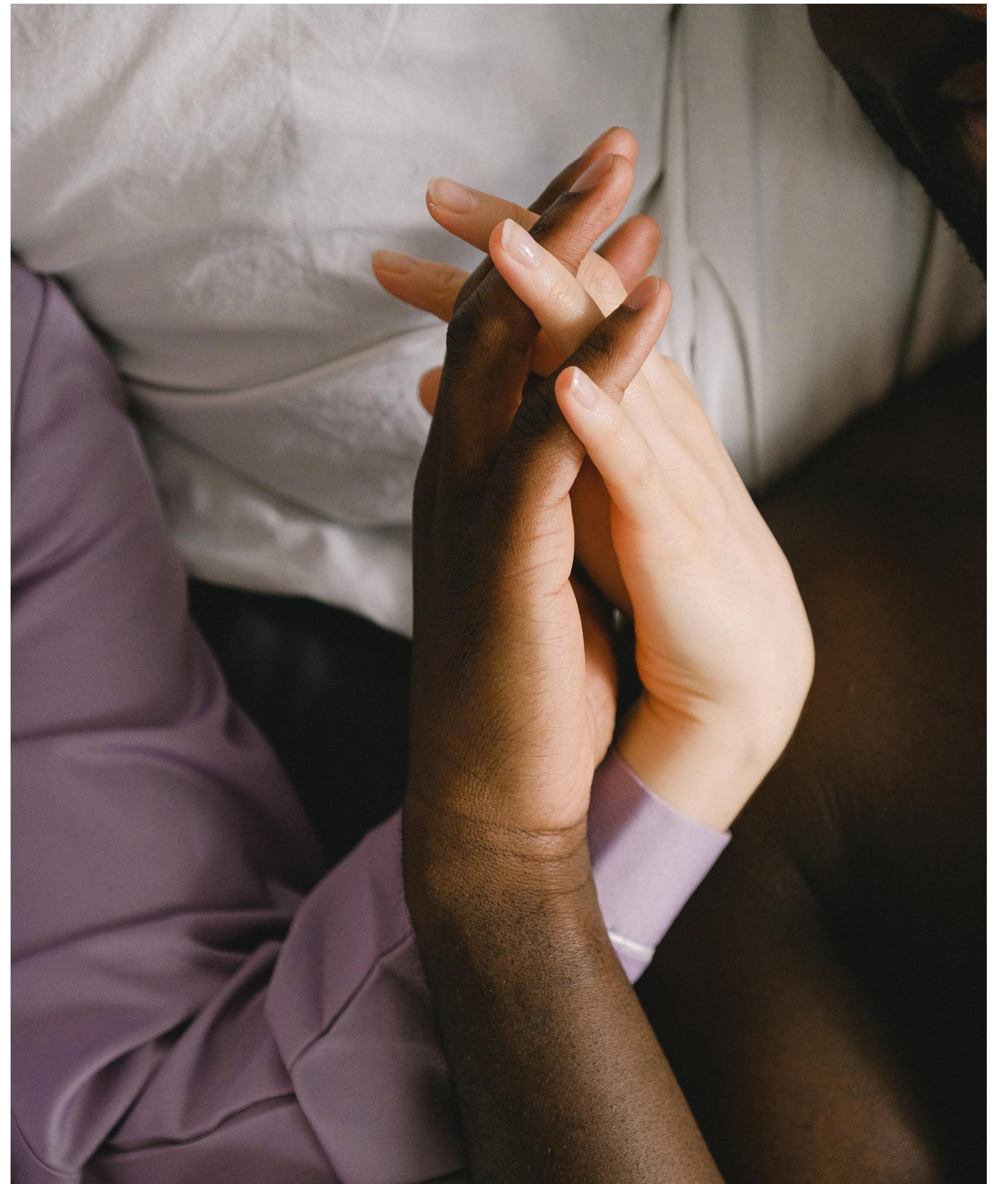
ba(r)re/n
Cody Lewis

It's silly how
I still remember
the beauty marks
speckled across
your back
like an overripe banana.

I'd peel you
and fold your sweetness
into pastries
under peeled
bedsheets.

Letting the aroma
of our love
fragrance the apartment,
filling the hallways
with nutmeg,
making the neighbors jealous
with leaven.

When exactly
does forgotten fruit
go bad and
why's it so, so good?





The Yolk
Anum Mahmood

The Last Game

Oliver Quinto

The board was the same one as always—dark wood, the squares worn through at the center, where the pieces move most, and untouched at the edges, where they almost never reach. They had bought it together at a market forty-three years ago, in a city neither of them lived in anymore. It had cost more than they could spend. They bought it anyway.

Aldo set the board on the porch table with the excessive care he had developed over the past few months for everything—the cup set down slowly, the chair pulled out with both arms, the body recalibrated to a rhythm that was not his but that he had learned to imitate without anyone asking. Álvaro was already seated, hands on his knees, looking out at the garden with that expression Aldo could never classify: it wasn't absence; it was the presence of something Aldo had no access to.

“White or black?”

“Black.”

“You always pick black.”

“I always lose with black,” Álvaro said. “It’s consistent.”

Aldo smiled before he could manage not to. He set out the pieces. Álvaro's hands stayed on his knees. There was a growing list of things Aldo noticed and said nothing about, a list written down nowhere but carried with total precision, every item in its place, none of them lost.

They began.

The garden smelled of earth still wet from watering. Some neighbor was cutting grass with one of those electric machines that sounds like a large, irritated insect. Aldo pushed the pawn to e4. Álvaro answered e5 without hesitating, without looking at the board, as though the position of the pieces were printed on the inside of his eyelids. Knight to f3. Knight to c6. Bishop to b5—the Ruy Lopez, the opening they had always played, the one Álvaro had taught Aldo on a rainy afternoon, saying that chess without theory is conversation without argument.

They played in silence for a length of time Aldo did not try to measure.

“You went to the doctor on Thursday,” Aldo said. It was not a question.

“I did.”

“And?”

Álvaro moved the knight from c6 to d4, a departure from the main line, a good and unexpected move. Aldo sat looking at it before he understood why it was good.

“And nothing new,” Álvaro said.

Aldo moved the bishop to c4. Álvaro took the knight on f3 with the knight from d4, the same piece Aldo had just admired, which was a lapse of attention and not of play, and Aldo knew it, and the distinction did not comfort him.

“Elena asked whether you’re coming to dinner on Sunday,” Aldo said.

“Tell her I’m coming.”

“She’ll be happy.”

“She’ll be relieved,” Álvaro said. “Those are different things.”

Aldo did not answer. He advanced a pawn that did not need advancing, a move to pass the time, the move of a man who needs to do something with his hands while he decides what to say. Álvaro took the pawn. Of course, he took it.

“You’re letting me,” Aldo said.

“I’m playing.”

“You’re letting me win.”

Álvaro looked at the board with the expression of a man assessing a technical claim.

“Prove it,” he said.

Aldo looked at the pieces. There were three moves Álvaro had not made and should have made, but there was always another reading, always the possibility that Álvaro was playing a game Aldo could not see, that it had always been that way, that Álvaro had always seen the board from an angle Aldo could reach but not inhabit.

He could not prove it.

“You never let me win,” Aldo said. “Not even when I was eight and cried ugly.”

“You cried very ugly.”

“You could have let me win once.”

“I could have,” Álvaro said. “I didn’t.”

The neighbor’s machine stopped. The garden went quiet in a way that was quieter than before, which is what silence does when it replaces a noise that has lasted long enough to be forgotten.

Álvaro moved the queen from d8 to h4.

It was a move Aldo did not understand right away. There was a logic there he could not reach, or there was no logic at all, and the two possibilities weighed on him in ways he could not separate.

“I’m cold,” Álvaro said.

“I’ll get you a sweater.”

“Stay.” No urgency, with the precision of a man who knows what he wants. “Stay sitting down.”

Aldo stayed.

“You know,” Álvaro said.

It was not a question.

“I know,” Aldo said. “Since last summer. Elena told me without meaning to.”

Álvaro looked at the board. He moved the pawn from a7 to a6. A small move, with no apparent consequence, the kind of move you make when the game has already been decided but neither player wants to be the first to stop.

“She took it badly,” Álvaro said.

“She did.”

“Tell her she doesn’t have to.”

“She knows she doesn’t have to,” Aldo said. “She does it anyway.”

“Yes,” Álvaro said. “That’s her way.”

The sun had shifted, and the shadow of the wall had advanced across the board until it covered the black squares on Álvaro’s side, leaving Aldo’s white ones still in the light. Inside the house, a clock marked the time with the indifference of clocks, which do not know what they are counting but count anyway, without pausing, without consideration for what is being measured.

Aldo looked at the board. The queen on h4, solid, three pieces building something around her that he had still not deciphered—a trap or a protection; there was no telling, perhaps both at once.

“Again?” Aldo said.

Álvaro looked at his hands on his knees. He looked at the garden. He looked at the board with the pieces still in the middle of the game, the position open, the whole match still to be played.

“Again,” he said.

Aldo did not reset the pieces.

They both sat looking at the board in silence, the game suspended between them, neither finished nor continued, and the garden smelling of wet earth, and the clock inside counting what it counted, and neither of them doing anything, which is sometimes the only thing left to do and is, of all things, the hardest.





Vigil, South Head Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

I created this piece during my time as Writer in Residence at Woollahra Libraries, where I was working on a manuscript of transnational poems inspired by the seaside suburb of Woollahra, but laced with memories of the different places I have lived.

The Macquarie Lighthouse in Woollahra appears in several of my poems, and I created this mixed-media piece of the lighthouse to accompany a suite of my writing. I made it using a variety of materials—cloth, paper fragments, distress inks, acrylics, pens, and brush pens. Bits and pieces from my writing have also been collaged onto the artwork.

The lighthouse is the oldest lighthouse in Australia and stands at South Head, not far from where I undertook my residency.

She Collects the Atlantic Ocean

Carol Berg

She fears her husband plans
to move her and their child to his
landlocked birth state.

So, she brings the ocean to her house piece by piece,
begins with seashells in canning jars, oysters
from Wellfleet, clams from Ogunquit.

She stuffs seaweed in empty wine bottles—
dabberlocks in Pinot Noir bottles,
sea lettuce in Chardonnay, spiraled wrack

in Pinot Gris. She catches porgies in her hands,
lays them flat inside her pillowcases, sunfish among table runners,
minnows folded in white napkins.

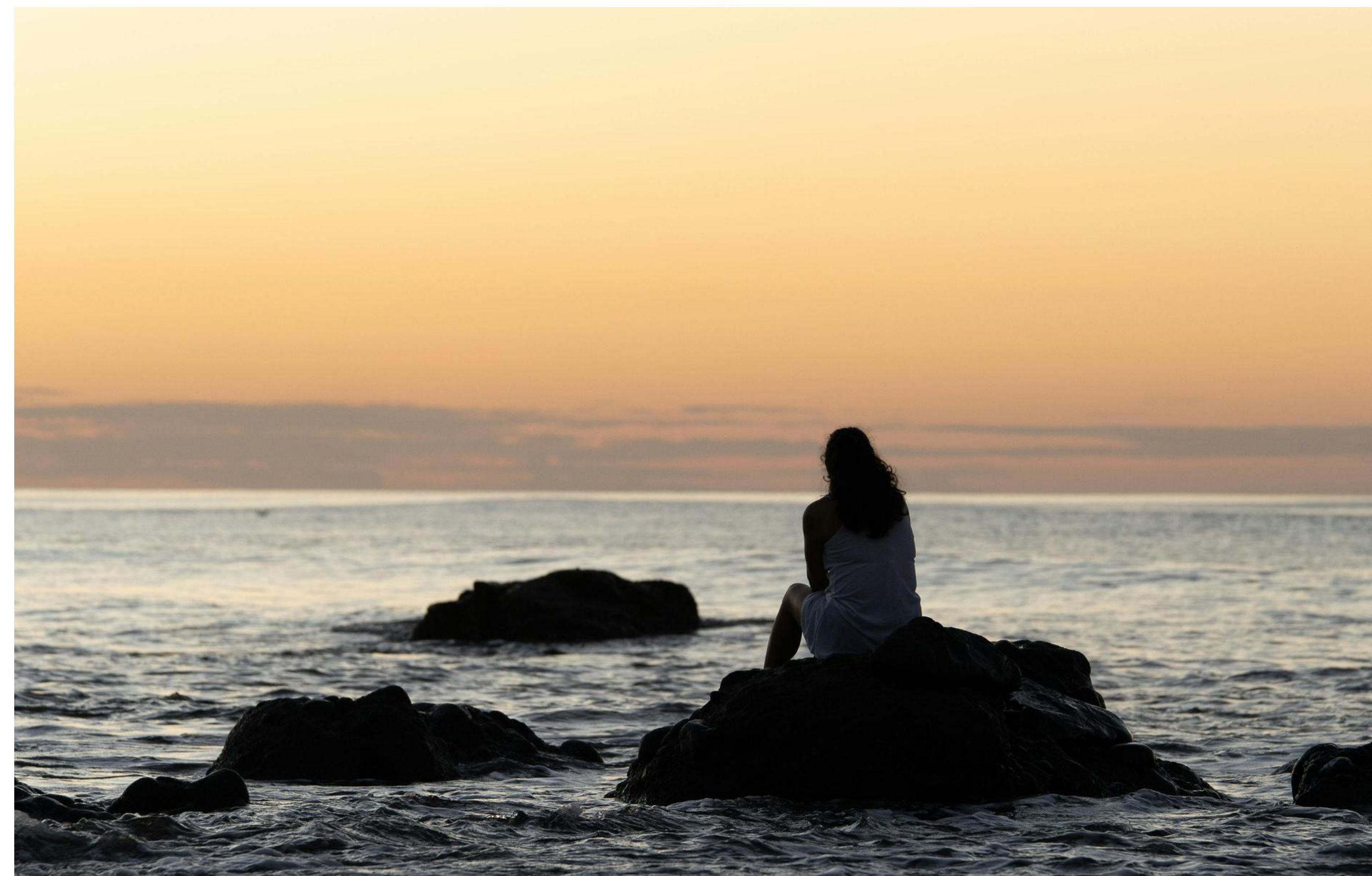
She wears ribbons to catch the sea air
in her hair, wears wool mittens
for gathering the clingy sand.

She tries weaving the wings of plovers
with the great black-backed gulls
but they won't stitch together.

The waves are another trouble.
How to collect the riptides, plunging
breakers, the thermohaline currents?

She brings empty water bottles,
her mixing bowls, even her best
crystal pitcher and catches what she hopes
is something of the way the ocean moves.
She pours the indolent ocean water
in her bathtub and waits for the spray.

(Previously published in *Daphne Magazine*.)



here we are, in that cabin again
Judith Mikesch-McKenzie

wave-foam on my ankles feels like your
hand braided with mine,
the weather-gray wood of the dock

smelling like warm bread,
oh, and your thighs, your thighs, your
thighs, as smooth and dark

as the stones of the handcrafted hearth, the
solidity, the power, the grace,
the way we breathed the temptation,

the dare-- with our very hearts
we would provoke and challenge the
water to try to come take us,

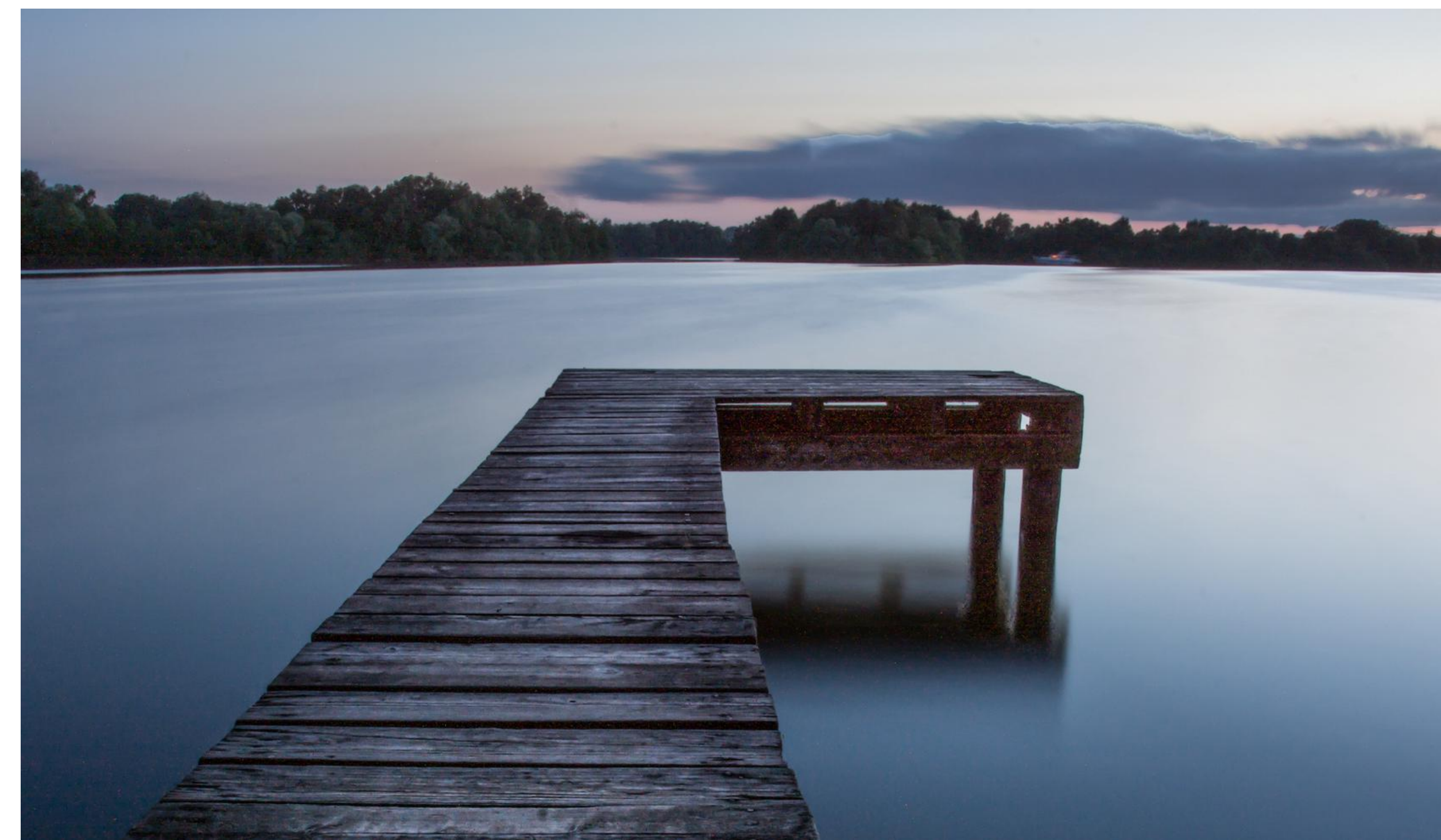
while we found that your arm slipped
under my back could undo
me, the cloud-gray sheets a cool cocoon

around us, and I unpack that
quilt we made, and you come behind,
wrap shoulders and arms

around me, and we drop everything and
go down to the dock, where
as we laugh and dare the water to rise,

I tell you of the time it did,
and I floated, face down, with just my
fingers gripping the submerged

edge of the old wood, my body flat against
the glacier-blue water,
cold and deep, waiting for it to claim me.





Where the Sea Keeps Secrets

Donna Elliott

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

My work is rooted in storytelling. I am interested in the emotions, memories, and experiences that can exist beneath the surface of an image. Through photography, digital manipulation, and layered compositions, I create atmospheric scenes that allow the viewer to interpret their own meaning and imagine the story beyond what is immediately visible.

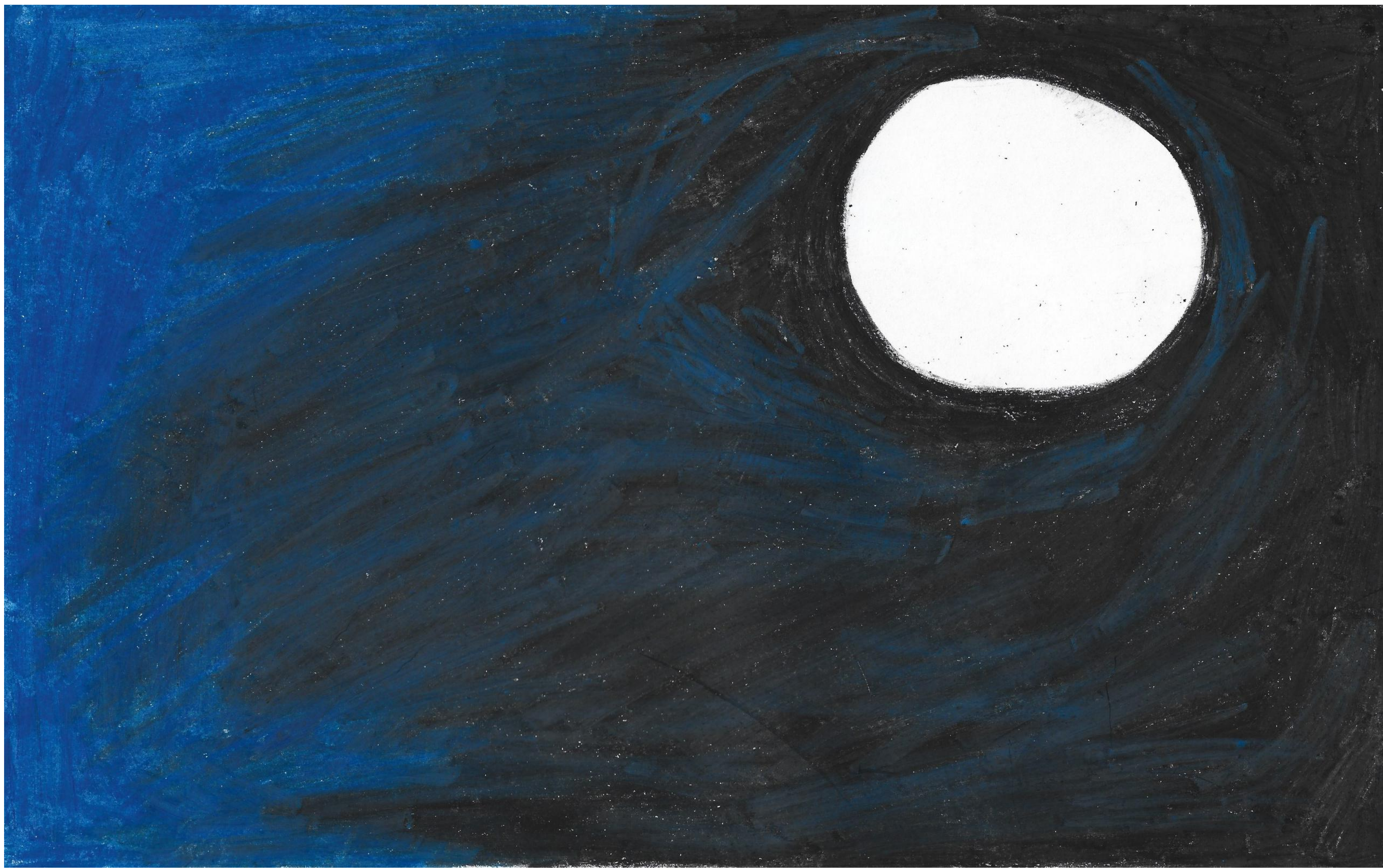
I am particularly drawn to themes of memory, freedom, identity, and transformation. My work often places figures within surreal, dreamlike, or symbolic environments, using visual elements such as birds, cages, forests, architecture, and water to represent emotional states and personal journeys.

A Stroll with the Moon

Duc Van Khanh Tran

On a stroll, the moon painted
on the dark sky
a resigned smile, while the cicadas' chorus softly joined the
stroll, recalling
the existence of a distant summer when a full
moon was watching over resounding laughter that
painted a warm evening.





Into the Night
Lorraine Caputo

IN THE ARTIST'S WORDS:

This work is “art meditation.” I cannot answer where the images come from (only that some are influenced by places I have come to know in my journeys), nor how long it takes to complete one. Once I settle in to draw, all borders of time and space dissolve.

Half-Moon

Elizabeth B. Morse

The night sky
dreams of daylight,
of shifting shadows.

A half-moon graces
the dark expanse
where stars are few.

Shadows fly and twirl,
challenging radiance.
But the moon endures.

The night sky dreams of
sunlight at noon.
But the moon
doesn't sleep in shadow.



Contributors' Notes:

Rebecca Agauas is a woman who lives in Michigan. She is a person living with chronic illnesses and is an advocate for the chronic illness community. Agauas has a love and passion for writing, and considers writing a form of self-expression and self-reflection. She is a coffee addict, a bookworm, a lover of food, and a dreamer. You can find Agauas on Instagram @rebeccaagauas.

Carol Berg's first nonfiction piece is forthcoming in *North Dakota Quarterly*. Her poems are in *Crab Creek Review* (Poetry Finalist 2017), *DMQ Review*, *Spillway*, *The Westchester Review*, *Radar Poetry*, and *Up the Staircase Quarterly*, and elsewhere. She was a recipient of a Finalist Grant from the Massachusetts Cultural Council.

Barbara Brooks, a Pushcart nominee, author of chapbooks *The Catbird Sang*, *A Shell to Return to the Sea*, *Water Colors*, and *Winter Wheat*, is a retired physical therapist. Her work has appeared in *Knee Brace Press*, *Remington Review*, *Silkworm*, *Backchannels*, among others. She lives with her dog, Ricki, in Hillsborough, NC.

Lorraine Caputo's artwork and photography are in private collections, and has been exhibited in the U.S., Peru, and Ecuador and published in over 50 journals. Her poems and travel narratives also appear internationally. She is a Best of the Net and Pushcart Prize nominee. Caputo continues journeying south of the equator.

Brandon Clune is a poet from Rochester, New York, and is a current candidate in poetry at LSU New Orleans. He completed his Bachelor of Arts degree at Le Moyne College, where you can find his work published in *The Salamander*.

Laura Denny is a retired kindergarten teacher who lives in the Santa Cruz Mountains of California. She is a docent for Henry Cowell Redwoods State Park. Her poetry has appeared in *One Art*, *Pictura Journal*, *Sunlight Press*, and *Gyroscope*, among others.

Donna Elliott is a graphic design and journalism graduate and an emerging photographer and visual artist based in the Northeast of England. Her work explores atmosphere, place, memory, and storytelling, with a particular interest in capturing the character and emotion within landscapes and historic surroundings. Through photography and design, Elliott creates work that encourages the viewer to pause, look closer, and find a story within the image.

Arvilla Fee lives in Dayton, Ohio, with her husband, children, and two dogs. She teaches for Clark State College, is the lead poetry editor for *October Hill Magazine*, and has been published in over 130 magazines. Her four poetry books, *The Human Side*, *This is Life*, *Mosaic: A Million Little Pieces*, and *The Stars Above Us*, are available on Amazon. Fee's life advice: Never travel without snacks. Learn more at soulpoetry7.com.

May Garner is an author and poet residing in rural Ohio. She has been writing for 15 years and sharing her work online for over a decade. She is the author of two poetry collections, *Withered Rising* (2023) and *Melancholic Muse* (2025). Her work has appeared in more than 70 literary

magazines and anthologies. She is the recipient of first place in the 4th Annual Poet-It Like Poe Poetry Contest and a winner of the 2026 Woody Barlow Poetry Contest. Find her work on Instagram (@crimson.hands).

Tabitha Gimbel is a mixed-media collage artist from Vancouver Island, passionate about creating mystical worlds that reflect her inner landscape, a place where real and imaginary meet. Co-creating with the universe, she is inspired to blend themes of mysticism and melancholy with hope and rebirth. Her art has been published in several digital and print magazines, including *The Gilded Gazette*, *Suburban Witchcraft*, *Page Gallery Journal*, *Velvet Moon Gazette*, *Belladonna's Garden*, and *Remington Review*. You can see more of her art on her website: tabsartnsoul.wixsite.com/tabs and on Instagram (@tabscreativecollages).

Jennifer Freya Helgeson's creative writing explores themes of memory, loss, nature, and human resilience. She has authored several peer-reviewed publications, co-edited textbooks, and published in several media outlets. Helgeson has a poetry chapter book forthcoming (early 2027, Finishing Line Press). When she's not writing, Helgeson enjoys gardening, dancing, and spending meaningful time with her loved ones. Learn more about her work at jenniferfreyahelgeson.com and follow her on Instagram (@jfhelgeson).

Lilit Hovsepyan is a recent graduate from Yerevan Brusov State University. Art, being her hobby for now, has been her loyal companion ever since childhood, serving several objectives -- subconsciously expressing her emotional background during different stages of life, reflecting the way she sees the world, and illustrating life the way she would like it

to be. She feels alive when she creates, since she strongly believes that is what humans are born for--not necessarily art--but to give the world the best we have; it is surely enjoyable and necessary to make the most of this life while we can, but blessed are those who give.

Raechel Hunsaker is a writer, poet, and educator who grew up between the foot of a mountain and the shore of a lake in Utah. A MSc graduate of Wildlife and Wildlands Conservation, she finds much of her inspiration in the natural world as she navigates the human experience. Her poem, "Our Mother is Dying" is featured in the 2024 Alfred Lambourne Arts Program. More of her work can be found on Instagram (@my.little.notebook).

Christine Jackson is retired from her day job, professor of literature and creative writing at a South Florida university. She continues to clock in on a life-long night shift writing poetry. Her work appears in an array of online journals. including *Ekphrastic Review*, *Verse-Virtual*, *South Florida Poetry Journal*, *New Verse News*, and *Anti Heroin Chic*.

Melissa Chouinard-Jahant is a high school science teacher with degrees in anthropology, education, and curriculum design. Her fiction has appeared in *White Rabbits Literary Magazine*, and she has contributed chapters to four collaborative books on education.

Jaimhy is a writer and poet who continuously explores the intersection of universal resonance and personal transcendence. Find more on Instagram (@ja.im.hy).

Florence Joannes is a 22-year-old photographer based in Paris. She is also a student of International Relations, specializing in Chinese, at INALCO in Paris. She primarily focuses on digital and infrared photography, and is currently exploring mixed-media projects involving painting and sculpture.

Katie Kuntz is based in Tulsa, OK. Her macabre work draws inspiration from folktales and scary stories, as well as her own personal experiences and nightmares. Her work has been shown in galleries across the United States, including at Bleep Studios in SC, and in 2025, she was a two-time American Illustration Chosen Winner. Kuntz enjoys visually exploring the depths of her own emotions, because she believes that what lives within our hearts is something that completely connects all of us humans together.

Anthony Van Lam works in Neo-Gongbi, a contemporary reinterpretation of the classical meticulous Chinese painting tradition. Rooted in disciplined linework and balanced composition, his practice combines watercolor with digital techniques to extend the language of Gongbi into the present. Through this hybrid approach, precision becomes more than technique — it becomes a framework for storytelling. His works explore personal history, reinterpret cultural memory, and examine identity within a contemporary context. Rather than replicating tradition, Neo-Gongbi allows heritage to evolve naturally, creating space where individual experience and collective memory coexist with clarity, restraint, and quiet emotional depth.

Jessica Lawson is an undergraduate student at the College of Lake County in Grayslake, Illinois. She is currently working there as a gallery assistant for the Robert T. Wright

Community Gallery of Art. Working towards her Associate in Fine Arts and Associate in Art, she hopes to use her skills to become an art gallery curator and art professor in the future.

Cody Lewis is a Seattle-based poet and social worker whose work explores addiction, lovelornness, recovery, and the catacombs of the amygdala. His poetry has appeared in several literary presses. When not writing, he helps Seattle's unhoused community navigate opioid dependency and spends time with his black cat, Jonestown.

Anum Mahmood is a lecturer, multi-disciplinary artist, art historian, and creative practitioner from Lahore, Punjab, Pakistan. Her work concentrates on the diversity of objects as means of recollection, memory, and/or pain. Her work focuses on ordinary objects as means to holding certain life propensities. Mahmood has also authored several articles on the art of the Medieval and Islamic worlds and expands on working on such themes in the future. Her recent work was showcased in and outside Pakistan, including Sawo Collective, Clover Gallery UK; No.35 Gallery, Germany; and Hayat Event in Dubai.

David Mampel is a writer, poet, and former minister. His work has appeared in *Copperfield Review Quarterly*, *The Aurora Journal*, *Remington Review*, and several other publications. His short story, "Green Man," has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize by *Cirque Magazine*. He lives in Seattle and is currently working on his debut novel, *The Sound of Alchemy*.

Mary Ann McGuigan's creative nonfiction has appeared in *SmokeLong*, *Brevity*, *Citron Review*, *The Rumpus*, and elsewhere. *The Sun*, *Massachusetts Review*, *North American Review*, and many other journals have published her fiction. Her collection, *Pieces*, includes stories named for the

Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net; her second collection, *That Very Place*, published in 2025, was praised by Kirkus as “a literary tour de force.” The Junior Library Guild and the New York Public Library rank McGuigan’s novels as best books for teens; *Where You Belong* was a finalist for the National Book Award. She loves visitors at maryannmcguigan.com.

Judith Mikesch-McKenzie is a teacher, writer, actor, and producer living in the Pacific Northwest. She has traveled widely, but is always drawn to the Rocky Mountains as one place that feeds her soul. Writing is her home. She has recently placed/published in two short-story contests. Her poems have been nominated for Best of the Net and the Pushcart Prize and have appeared in *Calyx: A Journal of Art and Poetry by Women*, *Plainsongs Magazine*, *Clackamas Literary Review*, *Monterey Poetry Review*, *Cirque*, *Wild Roof Journal*, and over 40 others. She is a wee bit of an Irish curmudgeon, but her friends seem to like that about her.

Elizabeth B. Morse’s work has appeared in literary magazines, such as *Kestrel* and *Ginosko*, and anthologies, such as *Help Yourself*. Her work was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. She won first prize for flash fiction in *Cardinal Sins Journal*. Her full-length poetry collection, *Unreasonable Weather* (Kelsay Books, 2025), was an International Book Awards 2026 finalist. She is the poetry editor of *BigCityLit*, as well as a co-editor of *Brownstone Poets Anthology*.

Susan Nickerson’s short stories have appeared in several publications, including *Not Your Mother’s Book... On Being a Woman*, *Five time ArtAscent Gold Writer*, *Creative Writing Institute’s Anthology*, *Palm Prints Literary Journal*, *Compassionate Friends Magazine*, and *Open Minds Quarterly*, among others.

Juee Oberoi is a Mumbai-based visual artist whose practice explores the intersection of emotion, memory, and the quiet beauty of everyday landscapes. Working primarily with acrylics and mixed media, she is recognised for her expressive palette-knife paintings that range from textured landscapes and seascapes to intuitive abstract compositions. As an emerging artist, she has participated in multiple exhibitions and collaborated with interdisciplinary artists. Her work has been featured in literary and arts publications, including *The Hemlock Journal*, *The Inde Post*, and *Gen Z Unmuted*. Oberoi continues to create works that invite contemplation, encouraging viewers to slow down, reconnect with nature, and reflect on their own emotional landscapes. Find her on Instagram (@lazywifecreations).

Sherry Poff enjoyed an idyllic childhood in the hills of West Virginia. She now lives and writes in and around Ooltewah, Tennessee. Poff holds an MA in Writing and Rhetoric from the University of Tennessee in Chattanooga. She is a member of the Chattanooga Writers' Guild and Poetry Society of Tennessee. Her stories and poems have appeared in various on-line and print publications, including *Salvation South*, *Heart of Flesh*, *Pine Mountain Sand and Gravel*, and *The Clayjar Review*.

Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad is a widely published and awarded Indian-Australian artist and poet. She has been painting for over 25 years. Her work has been published on the covers and within the pages of numerous literary journals and anthologies, including *Libretto*, *Antiheroine Chic*, *Yale Divinity School*, and *Amsterdam Quarterly*. She is the inaugural Writer-in-Residence at Woollahra Libraries. She lives and works in Sydney, on traditional Gamaragal land. Find her on Instagram (@oormilaprahlad and @oormila_paintings).

Oliver Quinto is a Brazilian writer of horror and literary fiction whose work has appeared in *The Hemlock Journal* and is forthcoming from *Lemon Jelly Press*; he writes from the Atlantic rainforest coast of São Paulo state.

Diana Raab is a poet, memoirist, teacher, and award-winning author of 11 books and editor of three anthologies. She writes for *Psychology Today*, *Sixty and Me*, and *The Good Men Project*. Her latest collection, *Walking Myself Home: Haibun & Haiku*, is due out in 2027 by Finishing Line Press. Learn more at dianaraab.com.

Angie Sarhan Salvatore is a writing professor. Her writing has been featured in *The Huffington Post*, *Chicago Story Press*, *The Bluebird Word*, *Four Tulips*, *The Orange Rose*, *Tiny Buddha*, *Elephant Journal*, as well as other publications, and her blog. She enjoys leading meditation, journaling, and writing workshops. You can find her on social media (@universeletters).

Tarini Thatte is a poet and writer from Maharashtra, India. Her work explores memory, grief, family, identity, language, and the quiet ways absence inhabits ordinary life.

Duc Van Khanh Tran is currently a Computer Science Ph.D. student at National University of Singapore. He graduated from the University of Texas at Austin with bachelor's degrees in Mathematics and Linguistics and has been using mathematical poetry forms to write poems. His English, Mandarin Chinese, and Vietnamese poems have been published in *The Columbia Review*, *Varnish*, 雨林诗刊, 新大陆诗刊, *Tạp chí Sông Hương*, etc. Updates on publication of his poems can be found on duc-van-khanh-tran-poetry.carrd.co.

Veronica Tucker is a writer and physician in New Hampshire. Her work has appeared in *The Offing*, *ONE ART*, *American Poetry Journal*, and elsewhere. Her chapbook, *The House as Witness*, was published by Quillkeepers Press in 2026. She writes about medicine, motherhood, and memory.

Jacelyn Yap (she/her) is a self-taught visual artist who ditched engineering to make art because of a comic she read. Her artworks and photography have been published by the Commonwealth Foundation's *adda*, *Chestnut Review*, and more. She can be found at jacelyn.myportfolio.com/ and on Instagram (@jacelyn.makes.stuff).

Jim Zola is a recently retired children's librarian. He grew up in upstate New York and has lived in Missouri, Michigan and now North Carolina for the past 32 years. Past occupations include a teacher at the school for the Deaf, security guard, and toy designer for Fisher-Price. His poetry books include *One Hundred Bones of Weather* (Blue Pitcher Press, 1990), *What Glorious Possibilities* (Aldrich Press, 2014), *Monday After the End of the World* (Kelsay Books, 2020), *Erasing Cabeza de Vaca* (Main Street Rag Publishing Company, 2020), and *It's the Unremarkable That Will Last* (Redhawk Publications, 2024), winner of the Lena Shull Book Award.



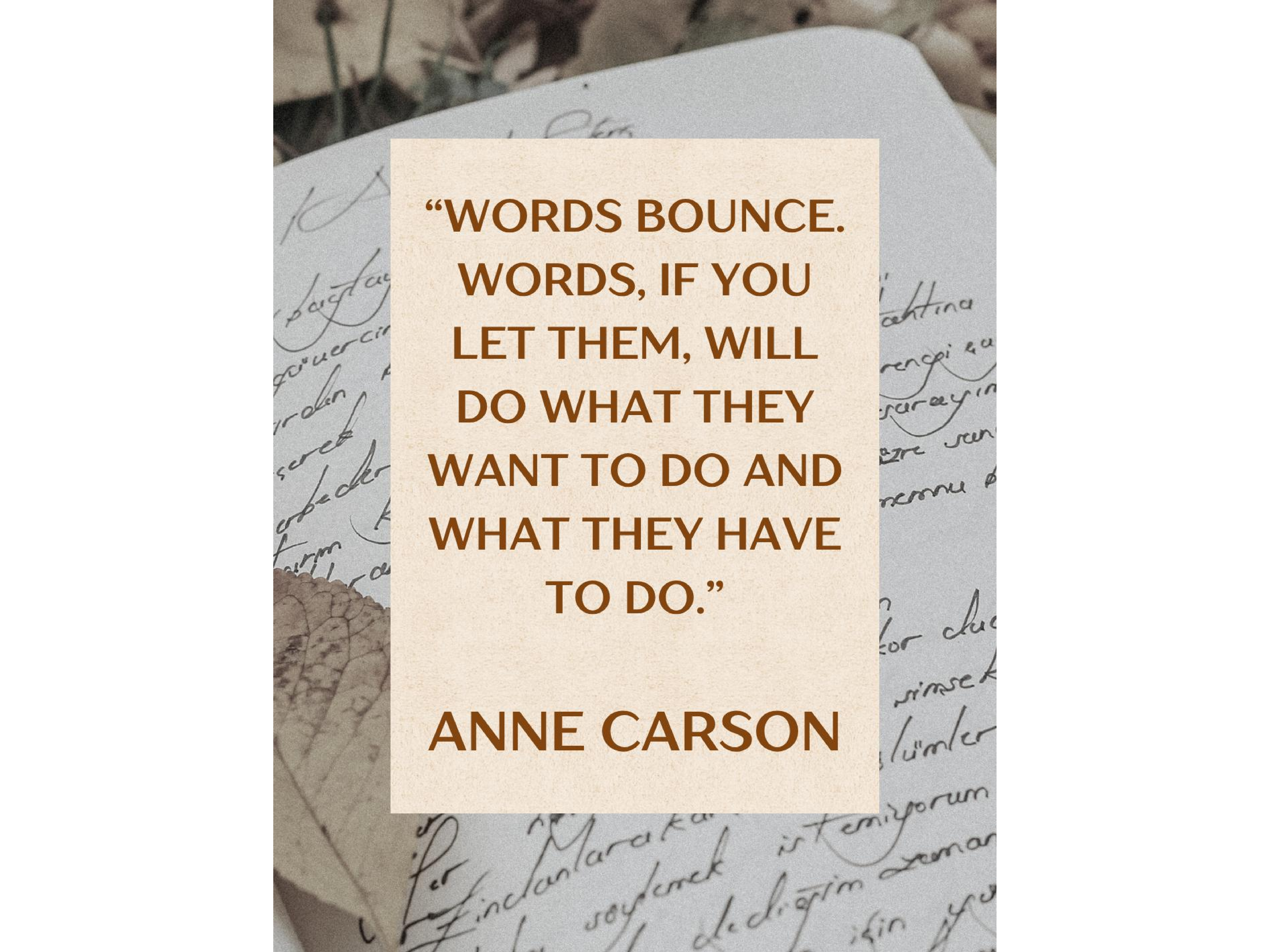
Call for Submissions

Submit your best poetry, fiction, creative nonfiction, and visual art from January 25 to March 5, 2027!

RemingtonReview

For more information on the submission guidelines, please visit our website:

remingtonreview.wixsite.com/remingtonreview.

The background of the image features a light-colored surface with handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly in Turkish. A large, dried, brown leaf is positioned in the lower-left corner. Overlaid on this is a semi-transparent, light beige rectangular box containing a quote in bold, brown, sans-serif capital letters.

**“WORDS BOUNCE.
WORDS, IF YOU
LET THEM, WILL
DO WHAT THEY
WANT TO DO AND
WHAT THEY HAVE
TO DO.”**

ANNE CARSON