

BLACK BOUGH POETRY

Broadsides



Issue 1

Summer 2019

“gold lit hour”

*Featuring micro-poems by 86 international writers, including
Poet Laureates Ifor ap Glyn (Wales) and Jack Bedell (Louisiana) & new work by
Natalie Ann Holborow, Glen Wilson, Mari Ellis Dunning, Tom Snarsky, Rhea
Seren Phillips, Clarissa Aykroyd, Christina Thatcher, Mab Jones,
Nidhi Zak/ Aria Eipe, Jess Thayil and more...*

Welcome

Welcome to the first issue of Black Bough Poetry— poems of beauty, subtlety and precision by 86 contributors from across the world. There are 16 broadsides of micro-poetry in this inaugural publication.

It was amazing to receive entries from two Poet Laureates— Ifor ap Glyn (Wales) and Jack Bedell (Louisiana) and so many published and award-winning writers. Poets contributed from Wales, Scotland, Ireland, England, America, India, New Zealand, Australia, Holland, Ghana, to name but a few.

It is really heartening to have new poets share a platform with very experienced ones. This can only breed confidence.

This project is inspired by Poetry Northern Ireland's *Panning for Poems* and the imagist and micro-poetry movements.

Ifor ap Glyn's poem encapsulates this project—birth and proliferation - while this issue takes its name from beautiful words by American poet, Kyla Houbolt.

Thanks to the contributors and the readers. Already looking forward to the next issue.

Thanks for reading,

Matthew M C Smith

Editor

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@MatthewMCSmith

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“gold lit hour”



BLACK BOUGH
POETRY

Gold

I lean my ride
on the corner of the old store
and sneak into the near field
to steal you a flower.
I almost get lost, choosing.
I gather too many, wish
the old bike had a basket.
Cuts like a knife, to watch
this gold lit hour fall to night.

Kyla Houbolt

Mae eisoes sawl mesen—yn esgyn

already several acorns—are rising

O gysgod hen dderwen;

from the old oak's shadow

Mae parhàd pan gwypm y pren.

the tree lives on when it falls.

Ifor ap Glyn, National Poet of Wales

Bodkin

Twice a day I take a trip to the annexe toilets
for insulin, hold the hypodermic needle
like a bodkin. Afterwards, I watch
the bug of blood track my belly
in a relieved little puff,
crush it just short of the waistband.

Natalie Ann Holborow

Like your love, snow

is light, each flake made from a breath;
is porous, swallowing my voice;
is hard, a fist, a wedding-white death;
is heavy, pressing, stressing joists;

tells secrets, the heart-prints you left;
lies for you, too, covers your tracks;
loves, its cold an angel's caress;
thaws, its memory soft as wax.

Rae Howells

❧ “heart-prints” ❧

Newborn

Petals of your fingers around mine;
Hibiscus closing around moonlight.

Briony Collins

The Desert that was my Home

the sun that is torrid
scorch-dark
desolate draggletailed landscape
burning sand
ululates
a split in the sky.

C. Aloysius Mariotti

Night Writing # 4

The crack of gunshot.
Spent casing spins in the hush,
sings like a new coin.

Nidbi Zak/ Aria Eipe

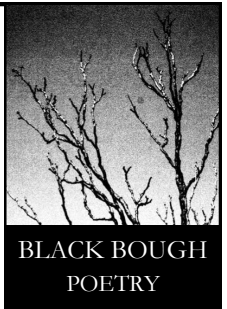
A map of their world

Overnight, the appearance of an atlas:
a silvered, sluggish cartography.
Strange navigations

through oceans of lichen; passages of light
unchartable till torched by the dawn.
Snail-like, filigreed

journeys to places already discovered.
A shimmer of routes, a tracery.
A map of their world.

Mark Antony Owen



Perennials

She plants these dahlias each year,
and it is almost a shame
to see her pruning them back at season's end.
But she does it so they know
only birth and bloom.

Confined to a chair her husband looks out
from the unlit living room,
through burnt orange florets
he sees his wife refreshing with trowel
the fertile earth.

Glen Wilson

Eddie

Flat capped and slipper
steadiness of slow streets.
His bike, a wheeled scaffold,
as he walks to his allotment.

His chickens are the speed
of his day as they run out
when he unlocks their door.

His eroding smile and cracked hands
that have turned the earth,
grown every meal he has known.

Gareth Culshaw

“*birth and bloom*”

Cascade

Water cascading down his back.
Fingertips follow
Like raindrops.

Nothing to offer but naked, wet skin.

A silent acceptance.
Vulnerability caressed by gentle touch.

The warm shower of her affection,
To rinse away the pain.

Chloe Gorman

Christian

The door becomes a
starting pistol and
little knees glide

over miles of hardwood
before approaching my feet
toothless and happy

Ty Williams

Dublin Airport Rosaries

I
Before, once, eye-level at Arrivals,
I saw a cockroach wrangling in
a rambler's jean bum-pocket:
a little soul pressed fast and polished,
its ink-blue bodice a shriven radiance.

II
A prayer-room in an airport, a crooning space amiss,
you're coffined beside me so I clack my beads and hiss.

Ciarán Byrne



BLACK BOUGH
POETRY

Window with Ladder—Too Late to Help

—Leandro Erich, 2006
New Orleans Museum of Art

So few steps on this ladder to lead
us nowhere. So little time to help
anything before the weight of Lateness
swings on the end of a chain
to knock away all brick around this window.

The opening remains, though,
and fresh air flows through.
No smoke, no fear, no sound
of sirens in the distance, nor
need to hurry in or out.

Jack Bedell, Poet Laureate of Louisiana

Countershock

malevolent secrets
burning in your raging heart
membranes of storms
electric
thrashing thunder

Christine Owens

“burnt umber”



BLACK BOUGH
POETRY

Retreat

The cottage is remote, its garden overgrown;
the floors uneven, no wall is square,
the stairs creak at every step.

The woman is eccentric, her hair wild;
her blue eyes bright, her mind is sharp,
her pen readied in the moment.

Her key turns in the mortise, a perfect fit.

Angi Holden

Peeling Potatoes

At the surface | a drowned Mari Lwyd | of bone white flesh.
Cored eyes | make leering sockets.

Sarah Ziman

Codex Gigas

The Codex Gigas is the largest extant illuminated manuscript in the world. It dates back to 13th Century Bohemia and is also known as 'The Devil's Bible'.

Dwarfed by its pages, he opened the giant book
the vellum crackled like dry hide
as a dustpuff of ancient incense slowly rose
each page enough to wrap a rhino in
he took a damp cloth and wiped the illuminated 'i'
revealing a metre long letter of indigo and burnt umber
the first three words 'in the beginning'
stretched further than his faith could see
a devil's holy book
of biblical proportions

Frank McHugh

Daguerreotype of a Streak of Lightning

No flash of brilliance, light bulb or bolt.
Missouri June, timpani drum
roll of copper cloud, and the surfaced plate
keyed with scribbles of soaked lightning:
a few hair-lines, cracks
that came before and will again
(the pendulous wasps can smell rain)
but not as this.
This quiet storm.

Laura Wainwright

Note: On June 18 1847, Thomas Easterly of St Louis, Missouri made what is believed to be the first photograph of a streak of lightning on a daguerreotype plate.

Cherry blossoms

The blossoms blush,
they bleed pink tinctures
in bright dew drops, exquisite.
Their ruffles bleach in spring sun
and petals whirl and float
in wedding of white and wind
below a beyond of purest blue.

Matthew M C Smith

❧ “*In crafted glass*” ❧

Rainbows

Unpredictable
I knew that you observed rainbows
and would heed warning signs.

Yet, you knew I was petrol
and still lit a flame

Lee Prosser

Immortal Coils

energy breathes on, inspiring art and hearts
nourishing babes, haunting bones
floating questions of death inside a glass box
eternal feathers of still wings weathered
flags fly more you fool
will I be displayed?
museum man made dust!
tree slithers of ink and cold war concrete
desolation mankind
hailed cockroaches in crowns

Aaron Farrell

Dragonfly

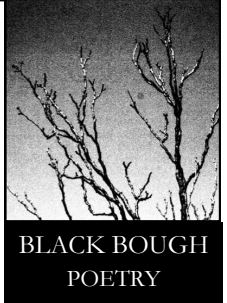
In crafted glass, the dragonfly,
Which flew about her sculpted breast,
Refracted light, at once digressed,
To form a cold prismatic dye.

Philip Dantès

SAX

the mother-of-pearl music swaying
from the blue's own sax has me corralled
along the smoke road of a night's stalking
tiptoe on neon on rain that runs along
the gutters of a blue moon's never and so
there i hang on every smarting note and so
there i bleed the every tears of no avail
all over the place

James Young



when the houseguests leave

wash the spare set of towels
massage the toothpaste back into shape
submerge in steam and fairy liquid bubbles
catch up with imaginary friends
remember how to be lonely
it is, after all,
a skill

Emilee Moyce

Hello, Morning

Last night, horns cursed the air
and sirens blared for hours.
Rowdy young men stood on balconies
and blew smoke to the stars.

Now, cars shuffled along the bridge
beside my flat in ones and twos,
windows open, engines humming
to the tune of spring.

The city, still half-dreaming,
wipes sleep from its eyes.

Josh Rees

❧ “Fishbelly white” ❧

Hiraeth

The winter weeds / hum and thrash
Fishbelly white / and shimmer of sun
Longing begins / when wind wakes the leaves

Amanda Crum

so many questions

who knows how
the 8am’s turn to 6pm’s
the years turn to aches and pains
children grow so far away
from dreams

who knows where the rainbow goes
when the day is said and done
the lullabies are sung / the night owls hoot
where smoke in the chimney flows

who knows

Paul Robert Mullen

From ‘Atlas’

Who here wishes for perpetual spring? How
long will these stones appear above the tides?

Who knows the true path of this river? Who will
stand at every turn of circumstance?

To where the great migration? If the tide turns,
will we be the elders?

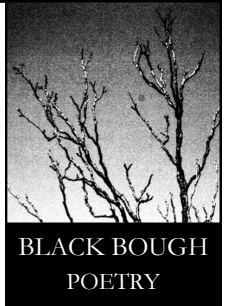
Glenn Bach

Miners

under lamplight
the bronze age
of their faces
and knuckles

at the surface
they share
cigarette butts
and saliva

Mark Gilbert



❧ *Diptych & Triptych* ❧



BLACK BOUGH
POETRY

Waning

Tonight, I watched the moon draw shadow like a dress,
shrinking to a rib and pelvic curl - below, we starved
a little in darkness.

Waxing

Tonight, I watched the moon peel shadow from her face,
a dancing cabbage rose centre-stage - she kissed our
forearms, set our hairs alight.

Mari Ellis Dunning

Demeter

because demeter is not only the goddess of grain
but these threads dirtied and winding—see
between her lips those bits of twine
stuck in her teeth from rough cutting—
how she leaves plowshares akimbo in the field
a sea of sleeping bulls like the smallest hills
lying fallow as things begin and end

Athena

my body forgets that she was a warrior—
which is uncomplicated—the body
reacts as it reacts beginning
with my stomach turning
because as plato says
a lover of war and wisdom—
sour and sweet rising
and battling and foaming
until stillness and sleep

Artemis

the bow less compelling
than the pool—rolling waters
sweeping away the dirt
of this world—sweeping
away the viscera and blood
of subsistence—actaeon
still whole raising his hands
like little knives while she bathes
and he is not yet merely
viscera and blood to be washed away

Danielle Rose

“darkens past”

Night Sketch

Blue light in a high window.
Shadow leaps, train darkens past.
Grey cat on a glass spiked wall
pads between knives.

Kebab shop pulls down shutters.
A deformed leg of meat stops turning,
as someone whistles in the blank passage
between government buildings.

Mark Mayes

Fleeting

A sleeping shadow links me spills me
wraps me up in arms unknown

a warmth familiar as a scent remembered
only upon its re-encounter

the vision of your countenance
comes then goes like this

and there you are standing at the door
as countless times before

Scott Elder

intra muros

fire rages in the crimson city,
it bows to wind like an insolent dog
temples stand in the boundary fields,
priests stare down at those who flee
none can cross the silver plain,
all are taken back to the walls

dragged feet first in vines of smoke.

Philip Berry

Bryn Celli Ddu

Only a moment
of solstice light
a transitory break
in the clouds was
enough to lift the
darkness, ignite the
chamber, a gift from
from the waning sun.

Ness Owen

The Wanderer

To W.W.

You may find him walking
between snow capped peaks
and windy valleys
where he wove his words
to the contours of the land.

If you listen carefully
you may still hear his voice
echoed from the mountains
or softly murmured by the brook.

A M Walsh

from Delusions of a minor god

/3

Milk courses down the wall
where the bottle exploded.
My wife's face
swims in white mist.
Dark features;
eyes directed down.

James Roome



BLACK BOUGH
POETRY

no one's songbird

the white moon
casting her reflection in the creek
dances without waiting for
instruction,
and so do i unwilling to adhere
to any pedestals or gilded cages;
a lie no matter how ornamented is a lie—
i am a wild bird not a songbird
come for me and my dreams,
i will take your eyes.

Linda M. Crate

Something

That dancing light that wakes you from winter
Will alter the cells of your skin

Maximillian Hartley

His Apology

She sees trim rose stems
bundled in his tired arms.
Perfume spreads though thorns.

Ceimwen E. Cariad Haydon

“gilded cage”

Dreams of Flight

Our crumbled apartment,
faded tees, scuffed blue
jeans flapping on clotheslines—
my friend and I fly
past, backpacks bouncing,
arms outstretched,
down the street,
like airplanes overhead

Stephanie Gorniak

Nightfall

Shades of green
Leaves turn black
A cold breeze delivers dusk
The sky now void of colour
A blackbird's call pierces silence
A single white star appears
At fade of day.

Tracy Martinez

Imitation Flowers

How they sit on water, the vessel
brimming with it like a child with a lie.

The air, their merely being there
pushes them along, makes little ripples
fan out over the surface,
like the lie's caught on.

Tom Snarsky

Heaven.

Her bag, her Louboutins,
the label panting from her collar,
breathed Dior and her belt was Prada.
Chanel on her neck and wrists,
her mouth a Lanvin slash of scarlet
in a heart-shaped, botox-frozen face -
so thin she could have threaded
through the needle's vacant eye -
unlike the rich man at her side,
already in his Heaven.

Lesley Quayle



BLACK BOUGH
POETRY

Fourth Wall

You wait in the wings
brittle as birds

in the bone-yawned dark
in the space inside a snapped stick

then tumble onto the stage
then stutter under hot lights

suffer yourself to be seen, blink,
gulp for cues – useless mute

your raised hand to your eyes
peer out into space – bright, flooded –

Luke Palmer

Self

Sit by your stream and wish
for tranquility. This streaming
sound requires connection.

Connectivity is a great divider
of self; it absorbs
calm from your stream.

Kari Ann Flickinger

❧ “*crimson flow*” ❧

smudged

i can hear a hissing noise – it snakes
through the shimmer heat, air slowly
let from our tires – we limp into town
on the rims. you, old sage, mark my
cheeks, nostrils full of woody smell –
remembrance of wings. the crow flies
black feathers plucked, air sucked
through teeth. atmosphere quick to poison,
mercury on the rise – we are alone again
with nothing to lose and nothing to gain.

Eliot North

Wreckers

False lights burning tonight
We hide amongst the Starr

And when she runs aground
The vultures won't be far

David Walshe

Destiny

Destiny begets, footsteps,
rushing hours of the unknown.
Trying to find him
at the edge of the shore.

Benedicta Boamah

Cottage

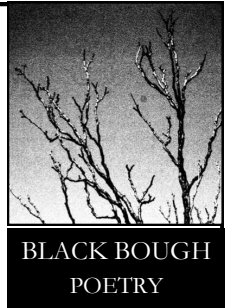
She keeps dark feathers
In a jar, with pale sea glass
Shelves full of treasures.

Polly Oliver

Rock

Even now
the first weapon
is stained red
clawed from earth
with blackened nails
clinging dirt
it cannot be cleaned
its crimson flow

Richard Waring



Landscape with hands –

here known skin and mouth
the learned curve of limbs
but hands have more magic
than memories; we carve ourselves
from rock suffer storm-lash emerge
into the light I love you

and here between our hands
still pools sweet waters of eyes
our city where pasts melt.

Jess Thayil

A windswept beach

where sky
and sea coalesce,
mandrake screams of gulls
as they cannonade, almost blown
into her outstretched hands
wings arcing like aching arms
as arched firs weave
wave as if prescient
darken from green to black
as light diminishes, night deepens.

Wendy Holborow

“still pools”

The Bumblebee Embarrassed the Tongue’s Butter¹

The moon² eschewed at the sting;
teaspoon tongue weaves crevices –
the sea’s scalloped jelly.

Rhea Seren Phillips

1. The format of the line represents the sound of a bee. The first part of the line has a short emphasis with an extension to the sound in the second half of the line. 2. “Teaspoon” – represents a Welsh love spoon. The poetic form is an englyn milwr with the rhyme being taken from the middle word to create a rippling effect. The rhyme has deviated- instead of an end-rhyme it becomes internal. The second form mirrors the other but has an end-rhyme “Es” and is repeated throughout both poems, tying them together like a distorted reflection.

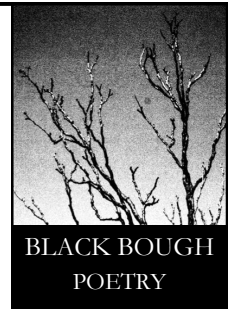
Anaesthetise these splicing
waves; rasping out a splutter –
burnishes puerile chatter.

Venus rising

Stars blaze in blackest night,
burning orbs of celestial light.
The Even Star rises
beatifying brilliance.

As air fills with ocean spray,
all thoughts turn to love
and things divine.

David Russell Mosley



Space Bodies

Moon

The nightshift repeats
As Earth and dying stars lull
You orchestrate sleep

Sun

Renowned behemoth
Through sheer radiance draws awe
Blessing as it burns.

Stars

Celestial lights
Admired as cairns from on high
Give what they are denied.

Jordan King

Republic

To the bush, my little brother,
must keep stepping straight.
Forget my face, my name and
To the bush, my little brother;
Noose the hangman's hands.
Make haste our Promised sake.
To the bush, my little brother,
You must keep stepping straight.

Arthur Tatam

“sheer radiance”

Digital Connection

I have traced the curves of your face
yet know not the colour of your eyes.
How deceived we have become by technology;
that lonely hands grasp connection
and find only pixels.

Kathy Parker

Founds

Caudal vertebrae,
limbs, pectoral and pelvic
girdles removed – clear

silicon rubber –
Japanese technician –
Brachiosaurus.

And Hulme's old houses:
scaffolding, workmen whistling.
Books lie on my floor

Roy Patience

Thursday Aber Prom

Paper bag rustlesong in wind
seabird-spattered song

Your hand white
as a fish finger's innards

Brie and caramelised onion held
in heavy bread, crisp to bite

Those gulls scream, to dare each other
Across the blue crane – repair

the bandstand wall, yawning,
lazy from its kicking.

George Sandifer-Smith



BLACK BOUGH
POETRY

Small # 5

I am smaller than a stone
I am lighter than grain
Something in the mud
Which can't be trusted
Perhaps I am lost in
The hair of the world
I feel the coming wind
Will sooner lift me
Than my feathers

Samuel Verdin

Whistle Down

For those woods,
trees crack to thunder
on wind, lightning abandoned
to snaps of white.

These fields, breeze rustles
long grass
torn up through a moon of snow.

In camp, wind ghosts
a crisp nylon. Tents open

for a shudder of the world.

Ryan Norman

“wind ghosts”



BLACK BOUGH
POETRY

Haiku

Fish linger beneath
clear blue water; resolute.
A pellucid shield.

Kayleigh Campbell

Dream Conversations

like porcelain cups voices chink
and chipped mugs clink
over the kettle's chalky stain
swirls the lime-water
outside, the red oak fades
and the brown oak aches
longingly the white west wind
beseeches the grey cadaverous sun
remember the soil, hard-won

James McGovern

JURK

Tot de nek dichtgeknoopt,
versleten natte deken

een armoedig tafereel
gerimpelde plas doek
aan je voeten

loom lijf voortgeduwd
zelfs de wind wilt niet
met je spelen.

Lianne O'Hara

DRESS

Buttoned to the neck,
ragged wet blanket

a poor tableau
wrinkled canvas puddle
at your feet

weary shape plods
even the wind
refuses to play

Sister,

am I ever really alone?

I see your body in the underwater
gold light of a dream, you look

like me, only braver. Your curls
the thick mane of a lion, your smell
of hot earth it lingers on my pillow

The medium tells my mother
she has three children, we bloom
across worlds. My brother and I, guilty
of life, hold her while she weeps

Taylor Edmonds

Canada

For this trick
you have to glance sideways
with someone else's eyes

And then you get a glimpse

White

Propellers droning

You throw the moon up high
and the latitudes shine like telegraph wires

Clarissa Aykroyd

❧ “hot earth” ❧

In a box under the bed

A six by four photograph
captures her youth.
A sad smile locked
in her eyes,
a flash in the reflection,
and the first raindrop
falls in the distance.

Damien Tuffnell

Frivolous Ghosts

We went to church in hope of ghosts.
Women in earrings with paunchy
faces, ribbed fingers pricking the air,
witch-bosomed, grand, with eyeshadow
bluer than the virgin's cloak, showed us
the way. Soon, the bossy dead were
thrusting through, telling us we needed
zinc and castor oil; should save instead
of spending; had done very well for our-
selves; had not done not well enough.

Mab Jones

white night

shifting, a swan-cloud
pierced by a gull
grief-sea sighing below

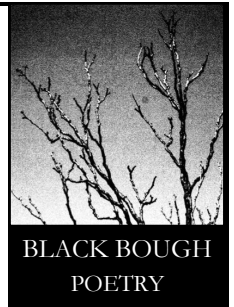
Gillian Prew

Hibernaculum

My weapons come with me everywhere I go.
I am ready for the fight, come lightness or
weight of days.

spring thaw—
the barren ground swells
beneath a billowing sky

Amelia Cotter



Ink

A squid squirt ink, filigreed words
on virgin paper. Rhubarb lips stained
with blood, salted by tears. Peeled
layer by layer, nothing left of my core.
Years of bruises, pomegranate to singed brown.
Anar, transformed like Hades, Persephone,
Queen of the Underworld, beckons me.

Leela Soma

Glossary: Anar is the Persian name for pomegranate.

At the UKVI Office

I stand with others
accept our unbelonging
we are only ships

tethered together
to an eroding shoreline
tying quiet knots

just waiting until
someone comes quick in the night
to cut our ropes clean.

Christina Thatcher

“night waves”

The Walk

Saturday. The wind howled
and the great ocean splashed
against Cardiff Docks.
A gust soared through the streets,
the trees twisted and lurched
but I just listened and watched
as the night waves crashed
against the harbour.

Morgan Rhys

What we will do on our day off

We will pack up our things and go,
fill flasks with tea, follow birds
as they mime to the mountains.
Lay down where I once saw ducks
flying over a river, their long necks
narrow as rainfall and shadowing canoes,
crying that broken sound, an off-key call,
a piece of metal in an old tin horn.

Tracey Rhys

Shattered

A relentless storm.
Lightning tears the swollen sky—
my glass hits the floor.

Lisa Weber

Secret

blaze in the hearth
cold dwindles with the moon's turn
dream of coral sand

Sue Spiers



BLACK BOUGH
POETRY

Every Echo

Every echo,
Cast down in the chasm of an eagle's view,
Calls us to follow.

White oaks wail out.
We walk in their shade.

Pale ripples in play with strange lights rove
Over the water,
Leading as we wade.

Michael Shindler

Maggots

maggots forgotten in a rusty tin
became a lid lifted swarm
that swallowed my brother's anger

crawling things escaped the fate
of slick barbed fish throat
learned to fly
claimed the sky and blamed him
with dull and darkened drone

while my childhood eyes learned
I too could evolve

Karen Ankers

“*wet cerulean*”

Mowing

This, mouselings unnested, nursed on milk
dropping from a paintbrush,
Dying throughout the day, in procession
The housewife's gardening guilt cools in an
antique teapot
An unattended seminar on loss,
Soon forgot by the molars of the lawnmower.

Katherine Stockton

the cornflake

the shape is hard to spot
on milky skin.
a splash
that softens in light.
a blemish
in her complexion.
the most perfect imperfection.

Ben See

Anaemia

My sharp little knife
Black blooms oxidised on the blade
Iron tang singing on my tongue
Slits through skin to spilled insides

Natalie Shaw

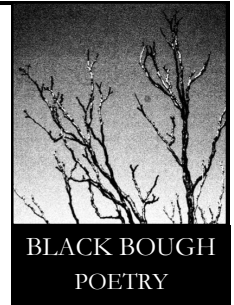
Grand Coulee

above wet cerulean
flat cut volcanic

orange rust dapples
soft smeared

'cross charcoal rock
under blue

Connie Schulz



Monasterio del Cister, Teror, Gran Canaria

Daily the nuns reach out.
Palms at grilles, showing no faces,
they sell sweets to children.
In the grounds Easter Lilies wilt.

The women sweat and spin sugar
behind cloistering walls at town's edge
Temperatures checked, they examine
desires, take stock.

Finola Scott

The Night

the night

brings grief/ lust/ music

Dusty in Memphis

I pour a whiskey
sitting in the shadows
desperate for relief

*then another
anchored by thoughts
knowing the curves of your hips by memory*

too drunk

the images fade

the record ends

and sleep

Alan Parry

❧ “grief/ lust/ music” ❧



BLACK BOUGH
POETRY

Seaside

Looking back on photographs
from across the sea,
I wonder if, in harvest-toned sunsets,
rope-lined boats,
and smiling selfies of just us three,
I'd escaped or come home.

Juliette Sebeck

Two Cinquains

A sour
wind buffets blue
hyacinths, narcissi
stoop under its sharp tongue, spring up,
chastised.

Skitter
of a dry leaf
over smooth paving stones,
a lizard or a mouse, bent on
escape.

Imogen Forster

List of Contributors

BLACK BOUGH
POETRY



Karen Ankers— poet, playwright and novelist, with an MA in English Literature from Southampton University. She lives in Anglesey, is a founder member of Cybi Poets, and regularly performs at local spoken word events. She is currently working on her second novel.

Clarissa Aykroyd grew up in Victoria, Canada and now lives in London, England. Her work has appeared in publications including *The Interpreter's House*, *The Island Review*, *Lighthouse*, *The Ofi Press Magazine*, *Shot Glass Journal* and *Strange Horizons*, among others. She has twice been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and is the author of a blog about poetry and poets, thestoneandthestar.blogspot.co.uk

Glenn Bach lives in Southern California, with brief stints in Milwaukee and Brooklyn. His long poem, 'Atlas', has been excerpted in *Dusie*, *Jubilat*, *Otoliths*, and others. Find Glenn @AtlasCorpus and at glennbach.com.

Jack Bedell is Professor of English and Coordinator of Creative Writing at Southeastern Louisiana University where he also edits *Louisiana Literature* and directs the *Louisiana Literature Press*. His latest collections are *Elliptic* (Yellow Flag Press, 2016), *Revenant* (Blue Horse Press, 2016), and *No Brother, This Storm* (Mercer University Press, fall 2018). He has currently been appointed by Governor John Bel Edwards to serve as Louisiana Poet Laureate 2017-2019.

Philip Berry—Philip's poems have appeared in *The Healing Muse*, *Easy Street* and *Chrome Baby*. His flash, short fiction and CNF are at www.philberrycreative.wordpress.com or @philberry. He lives in London.

Benedicta Boamah—a skilled Emergency Nurse from Ghana who writes poetry during her leisure periods.

Ciarán Byrne—Project Coordinator of @EFACIS in Leuven, Ciarán will soon take up a diplomatic career. His favourite poets are Marianne Moore and Austin Clarke. He hopes to publish more of his poems in future.

Kayleigh Campbell is a Creative Writing PhD Researcher at The University of Huddersfield and an Editorial Assistant for *Stand Magazine*. Appeared in *Ete Flash Poetry*, *Indigo Dreams Publishing* and *Riggwelter Press*. Recently commended for the *Geoff Steven's Memorial Prize*.

Briony Collins—a writer based in North Wales where she is currently studying English Literature and Creative Writing at Bangor University. Previously, she won the 2016 *Exeter Novel Prize* and was the recipient of the 2018 Under 25s *Literature Wales Bursary*. She has been tutored by Carol Ann Duffy and Gillian Clarke, and is represented by DHH Literary Agency.

Amelia Cotter— author, storyteller, and award-winning poet. Her poetry has appeared in journals like *Frogpond*, *Modern Haiku*, *The Heron's Nest*, *tinywords*, and many others. Amelia is a member of the Society of Midland Authors.

Linda M Crate—published in numerous magazines and anthologies both online and in print. She is the author of six published chapbooks, the latest of which is *More Than Bone Music* (Clare Songbirds Publishing House, March 2019), and a micro-chap. She has a novel, also, titled *Phoenix Tears*.

Amanda Crum—Amanda Crum is a writer and artist whose work can be found in publications such as *Eastern Iowa Review* and *Barren Magazine*, as well as in several anthologies. Her first chapbook of horror poetry, *The Madness In Our Marrow*, made the shortlist for a Bram Stoker Award nomination in 2015.

Gareth Culshaw—Gareth lives in Wales. He had his first

collection out in 2018 by *Futurecycle* called *The Miner*. In 2020, his second collection, called *Shadows of Tryfan* is released. He is currently on an MFA at Manchester Met. His biggest poetry fans are his two dogs, Jasper & Lana.

Philip Dantès is a writer and guitarist based in Cheshire. Through a process of revision, he creates poetry and prose that resonates with plain-spoken charm. His work can be found at www.wordsfromtheloft.com

Taylor Edmonds— a poet from Barry in South Wales and current MA Creative Writing student at Cardiff University. Some of her publications, past and upcoming, include *Butcher's Dog Magazine*, *The Cheval Anthology 2019*, *Wales Arts Review*, *The Cardiff Review* and *Ink, Sweat & Tears*.

Nidhi Zak/Aria Eipe is a poet, pacifist and fabulist. She has recently presented her work at the Cork International Poetry Festival '19 and the Jaipur Literature Festival '18. She is an MFA candidate at University College Dublin, where she is working on her debut collection.

Scott Elder— lives in France. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in numerous magazines including *Southword*, *The New Welsh Reader*, *The Rialto*, and *The Moth*. A pamphlet 'Breaking Away' was published by *Poetry Salzburg* and his debut collection *Part of the Dark* by *Dempsey & Windle*.

Mari Ellis Dunning is an award-winning Welsh writer of poetry, short stories and children's books. Her debut children's book was launched at the Abergavenny Writing Festival in 2016 and her debut poetry collection, *Salacia*, launched in October 2018 with *Parthian Books*. Mari has an MA in Creative Writing from Aberystwyth University. The

coast is hugely important to her writing and wellbeing. She tweets at @mariuellis.

Aaron Farrell is a working-class Don Quixote, wrestling his depressive demons with a hero-complex attained through literature. He's a Creative Writing student at Bangor University & Film Critic for *Ready Steady Cut*. Prose & Poetry to feature in *Cheval Anthology Summer 2019*.

Kari Ann Flickinger, from Northern California, was a 2019 nominee for the Rhysling Award, and a finalist in the IHLR 2018 Photo Finish. Her poetry has been published in, or is forthcoming from, *Written Here*, *Riddled with Arrows*, *BHP*, *Door-Is-A-Jar*, *Ghost City Review*, and *Mojave Heart Review* among others. She is an alumna of UC Berkeley. Find her: kariflickinger.com @kariflickinger.

Imogen Forster has worked as a librarian and a translator. She returned to writing poetry some years ago, and took the new MA in Writing Poetry at Newcastle University, which she recommends. She has been published in print and online, and was shortlisted in two pamphlet competitions. She lives in Edinburgh

Mark Gilbert has recently been published in *Sonic Boom*, *Human/Kind Journal* and *Twist in Time*. He tweets at @MarkgZero.

Ifor ap Glyn—Ifor ap Glyn is the National Poet of Wales.

Chloe Gorman is a copywriter, poet & aspiring author. Her poetry and fiction leans towards romantic, dark and gothic themes. She has an MA in Professional Writing from Falmouth University. She has poems soon to be published with *Ravens in the Attic*, *Mookeychick*, *Three Drops From a Cauldron & Fevers of the Mind*.

Stephanie Gorniak is a second-generation American whose poetry has been published in *Alternating Current's The Coil* and, in 2018, was published in the *Poems on the Comet Anthology* by *Muddy Ink Press*

Maxmillian Hartley was born in Plymouth, England. He is a fine artist and film maker based near London. He is interested in evoking and invoking feeling through art. Max has previously had

a poem published within the digital supplement of Richard Skelton's *Reliquiae Press* and has an ongoing artwork titled 'Spectra' which uses his poetry from 2015-2018 as its starting point.

Ceinwen E. Cariad Haydon lives in Newcastle upon Tyne, UK, and writes short stories and poetry. She has been widely published in web magazines and in print anthologies. She graduated with an MA in Creative Writing from Newcastle University in 2017. She believes everyone's voice counts.

Natalie Ann Holborow is a Swansea-born writer of poetry and fiction. In 2015, she won both the *Terry Hetherington Award* and the *Robin Reeves Prize*, and in 2016 was named as runner-up in the Wales PENCymru New Voices Award. Her debut poetry collection, *And Suddenly You Find Yourself*, was published by Parthian at Kolkata Literature Festival in 2017

Wendy Holborow is a prize winning poet and fiction writer, published internationally. *After the Silent Phone Call* (Poetry Salzburg 2015) *An Italian Afternoon* (Indigo Dreams 2017 a Poetry Book Society recommendation), and *Jankey Tuk Tuks* (The High Window Press 2018) <https://www.wendyholborow.org.uk>

Angi Holden's poetry and short-fictions are widely published online and in print. Her pamphlet 'Spools of Thread' was published in 2018 won the inaugural Mother's Milk Pamphlet Prize. Her short story 'Painting Stones for Virginia' was a prize winner in the 2018 Cheshire Prize for Literature

Kyla Houbolt has only recently begun submitting work. Find her in the March issue of *Neologism Poetry*, and in the summer issue of *The Hellebore*. Kyla lives and writes in Wilmington, NC, USA.

Rae Howells is a Swansea poet and journalist. She has had poems published in *Magma*, *The Rialto*, *Envoi*, *New Welsh Review*, *Marble*, *Poetry Ireland*, *The Cardiff Review* and others, and has won both the Welsh International and Rialto Nature and Place.

Mab Jones—produced 3 Radio 4 programmes, 2 poetry

collections, and 1 pamphlet. She was the recent winner of a Royal Society of Literature award for her residency in Cardiff Wetlands.

Jordan King—final year English Literature and Creative Writing student at Bangor University. Published critically and creatively in *Gallery* – Isle of Man's Arts & Culture Magazine, and *Film Stories* magazine. Jordan is also the Film Editor for SEREN – Bangor's English Language newspaper.

C. Aloysius Mariotti - born in Pennsylvania and raised in Arizona. He studied creative writing at the University of Arizona in Tucson, where he also listened to a lot of Rush, Radiohead, and PJ Harvey. He resides in Massachusetts with his wife Kristen and crazy Westie, Bella Francine.

Tracy Martinez—artist, craftsperson and photographer with BA(Hons) in Fine Art. Also writes poetry and is working on a fantasy novel. Originally from Swansea, Tracy now lives in Llanelli, overlooking the wetlands and estuary which inspires her work. Facebook.com/TracyCabbleArt. Facebook.com/TangerineCloudStudios

Mark Mayes— writes fiction, poems, and songs. One day, he'd like to have a go at a play, and perhaps some non-fiction. Three poets he loves are: Brian Patten, Elizabeth Jennings and Edward Thomas.

James McGovern is a student on Oxford University's MSt Creative Writing programme, and he previously completed a BA in English Literature at the same university. He loves to read and write in disparate genres, including 'literary fiction', fantasy and SF, narrative nonfiction and, of course, poetry. His day job is Assistant Editor at *Vernon Press*, an academic publisher

Frank McHugh is from the west coast of Scotland.

He teaches and writes poetry in both Scots and English, as well as songs, short fiction and plays. His poetry has been published in *Acumen Poetry*, *New Writing Scotland*, *Gutter*, *The Glasgow Review of Books*, *SurVision*, *The Bangor Literary Journal*, *Cabinet of Heed*, *Bonnie's Crew* and *The Runt*.

David Russell Mosley is a teacher of theology and literature at Holy Family Academy in Manchester, NH. He has a PhD in Theology from the University of Nottingham and has published theology, fiction, and poetry.

Emilee Moyce—a Cardiff-based poet from central California. She graduated from Kingston University in 2018 with a degree in English Literature and Creative Writing and is currently pursuing an M.A. in Translation Studies from Cardiff University. Her favourite things are words, cats, music, and laundry detergent.

Paul Robert Mullen is a poet, musician, lecturer, sociable loner and compulsive traveller from Southport, Liverpool, England. He is the author of: *curse this blue raincoat* (2017), *testimony* (2018) and *35* (2018) and has been published in many magazines, e-zines, journals and anthologies. He likes porridge, Leonard Cohen, sharks, people singing harmonies, books with broken spines and all things minimalist.

Ryan Norman—a poet writing and studying in Norwich. He was a poet-in-residence in St. George's Gardens in 2017, and his work has appeared in the *Mixed Borders* pamphlet, *The Cadaverine* and *The Mancunian*.

Eliot North is a writer, doctor and educator who lives between the North East of the UK and Spain. She writes poetry and prose, has been published widely and is looking to publish her first collection entitled *Ectopia: a diary of pregnancy loss in prose and tanka* @eliot_north

Lianne O'Hara—a poet and writer from Amsterdam. She lives in Dublin, where she studies on the MA Creative Writing at University College Dublin. Her poetry has been published in *Writer's Block* & she is currently working on a novel about experiences in prison.

Polly Oliver—hails from Cornwall and lives in Swansea. She's been writing poetry on and off for years, mainly reading it at open mic nights across the city. Her poems have been published on Spillwords.com and on her blog 'RocksandBones – Poems from the Celtic Fringes'

Mark Antony Owen is a syllabic poet from East Hampshire, who writes exclusively in nine original forms—sometimes, with variations. His work centres on that world where the rural bleeds into the suburban: a world he calls 'subrural'. Mark is author of digital-only poetry project *Subruria*.

Ness Owen is from Ynys Mon. Her poems have been published in journals and anthologies including in *Poetry Wales*, *Red Poets*, *Msllexia*, *Arachne Press*, *Mother's Milk Books* and *Three Drops Press*. Her collection *Mamiaith* (Mother-tongue) will be published by *Arachne Press* in August.

Christine Owens has been writing poetry and short stories on and off for over 40 years. Her first honourable mention for poetry was for Ohio Poetry Day as a teenager. She has been recently published in 2017 in *A Poet's Picnic Anthology* in Albuquerque, New Mexico as well as receiving a runner up in We Art Friends International Poetry Tournament 2018. Twitter: @PoetrySkep

Luke Palmer—published widely in magazines, including most recently *Shearsman*, *The Tangerine*, *Under the Radar*, *Envoi* and *The Interpreter's House*. Luke's debut pamphlet won the Prole Pamphlet Competition 2018. He lives in Wiltshire and teaches English

Kathy Parker is a writer, poet and spoken word performer from South Australia, and author of *The Unravelling Heart*, her first collection of poetry and prose. Kathy is an op-ed contributor for Network Ten's news website, 10 Daily, with work also published at *SA Life Magazine*, *Huffington Post*, *Elephant Journal*, *The Mighty* and *The Mind's Journal*.

Alan Parry is a poet, playwright and copywriter from Southport, Merseyside. He is an English Literature graduate and is training to teach high school English this coming year.

He cites James Joyce and Alan Bennett as his favourite writers. Twitter: @AlanParry83 Instagram: alphapapa83

Roy Patience was born and brought up in the Scottish Highlands. He now lives in Glasgow and works as a freelance editor. His poems have been published in *Causeway/ Cabhsair*, *Envoi*, *Gutter*, *Magma Poetry*, *Oxford Poetry* and *Tears in the Fence*.

Rhea Seren Phillips is a PhD student at Swansea University researching Welsh poetic forms and metre in the English language. She has been published in *The Edge of Necessary: Welsh Innovative Poetry 1966 – 2018* (*Boiled String and Aquifer Press*); *Molly Bloom*, *Poetry Wales*, *Envoi* and *The Lonely Crowd*, among others. <https://grandiloquentwretch.wordpress.com>. Twitter: @rhea_seren.

Gillian Prew has been twice shortlisted for the Erbacce Prize and twice nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Her latest project is a collaboration with the poet and artist, Karen Little. She is widely published with poems in *The High Window*, *The Curlew*, *The Lake*, *Zoomorphic Magazine*, and *Ofi Press Magazine*, among others

Lee Prosser currently lives in a small village in West Wales and graduated with an MA in Creative Writing at Swansea University in 2018. His work is published in *The Gull*, *Haiku Journal*, *Three Drops From A Cauldron*, *The Cannon's Mouth* and *The Bangor Literary Journal*. His poem 'A Sonnet for Those Things Lost' was highly commended in The Cannon Poets 2018 poetry competition.

Lesley Quayle—a widely published, prize-winning poet, a folk/blues singer, flash fiction writer and editor, living in deepest, darkest Dorset. Her latest pamphlet is 'Black Bicycle' (4Word, May 2018).

Josh Rees started writing poetry in 2018 and now considers himself a lifer. He is studying for an M.A. in Creative Writing at Swansea University. He writes poetry and fiction and is also a freelance journalist.

Morgan Rhys is a thirteen year old poet from Bridgend. He was a commended Foyle Young Poet of the Year in 2018. Morgan has been published in the Poetry Society anthology, *The Walls Were Not Big Enough to Hold You*. He uses poetry to explore his autism, amongst other things and is interested in science, the environment and Minecraft. His favourite writer at the moment is Tolkien.

Tracey Rhys's collection *Teaching a Bird to Sing* featured in the TLS in the judge's round-up of favourites from the Michael Marks Award submissions, 2017. Tracey is widely published in journals, her poetry has been exhibited at the Senedd and she collaborates as a poet in theatre.

James Roome received an MA in Poetry from MMU and is based in Manchester, UK. His work has appeared in *Magma*, *Tears in the Fence*, *Ink*, *Sweat and Tears* and *The Wordlife Anthology*. His first chapbook, *Bull*, is out now from The Red Ceilings Press.

Danielle Rose lives in Massachusetts with her partner and their two cats. She is the managing editor of *Dovecote Magazine* and also used to be a boy.

George Sandifer-Smith is a Welsh writer. His poetry has previously appeared in journals and magazines including *New Welsh Review*, *The Stockholm Review*, *The Lampeter Review*, *The Cadaverine* and *Black Sheep Journal*, as well as numerous anthologies including *Poems from Pembrokeshire* (Seren, 2019). He is a Lecturer in Creative Writing and regularly engages in live readings of both poetry and fiction.

Connie Schulz lives with her family in the Pacific Northwest near Grand Coulee Dam. Her writing has appeared in various publications including *Hidden Channel Zine*, *Euphony Journal* and *Empty Mirror*. She also has work forthcoming in *Wire Harp* and *SWWIM*.

Finola Scott—widely published, Finola has read in Rosslyn Chapel, St Giles and the Scottish Parliament. She was winner of *Blue Nib* Chapbook, the Uist Poetry and

Dundee Law competitions and runner up in Coast to Coast's Chapbook competition. This year, Stanza Festival commissioned a poem. Twitter @finola_scott see also @FWritersS

Juliette Sebock is the author of *Mistakes Were Made* and has work forthcoming or appearing in a wide variety of publications. She is the founding editor of *Nightingale & Sparrow*, runs a lifestyle blog, 'For the Sake of Good Taste' and is a regular contributor with *Marias at Sampaguitas*.

Ben See is a singer and composer from South London. He specialises in new vocal music and song writing.

Natalie Shaw works as a user researcher and 'thinks about data a lot'. Her poetry has been published and anthologised widely, most recently in *IS&T*. She was commended in the 2018 National Poetry Competition.

Michael Shindler is a writer living in Washington, DC. His work has appeared in publications including *The American Conservative*, *University Bookman*, *National Review Online* and *New English Review*. Follow him on Twitter: @MichaelShindler.

Matthew M C Smith—Matthew Smith published his poetry debut *Origin: 21 Poems'* (Amazon KDP) in 2018. He is from Swansea, Wales, and is the Editor of *Black Bough Poetry*. His poems have published in online publication 'Panning for Poems' and *Seventh Quarry Press*. He won the R.S. Thomas Prize for Poetry at Gwyl Cybi in 2018.

Tom Snarsky teaches mathematics at Malden High School in Malden, Massachusetts, USA. His chapbook *Threshold* is available from *Another New Calligraphy*. He lives in Chelsea, MA with his fiancée Kristi and their two cats, Niles and Daphne.

Leela Soma has published poems in *The Blue Nib*, *Steel Bellow* (USA) *Bangalore Review* (India), *Gutter*, *The Grind*, *NVP*, *The Writer's Café*.

Sue Spiers lives in Hampshire and works with Open University Poets, British Mensa's Poetry SIG and Winchester Poetry Festival. Her poems have appeared in *Acumen*, *Dream Catcher*, *Eye Flash and Orbis* and can be seen on *Ink*, *Sweat and Tears*, *The Lake* and *The High Window webzines*. She tweets @spiropoetry.

Katherine Stockton is a Welsh playwright and poet, currently studying a MA in Scriptwriting at UEA after graduating from the University of Warwick. She has recently had a play produced in Norwich's historic Maddermarket Theatre and looks forward to being a published poet in the upcoming East Anglian anthology *Like The Sea I Think*.

Arthur J. Tatam—an emerging writer from Corran, Scotland. He is currently entering his final year at the University of Bangor, studying English Literature & Creative Writing. *Black Bough* is his first publication and from there he wishes to continue practicing magical realism, experimental and modernist writing forms.

Christina Thatcher is a Creative Writing Lecturer at Cardiff Metropolitan University. Her work has featured in over 40 publications and her first collection, *More Than You Were*, was published by *Parthian Books*. To learn more visit christinathatcher.com @writetoempower

Jess Thayil is working to complete a first collection of poems. Her poetry has featured in *Magma Poetry*, *The Stinging Fly*, *Ink Sweat And Tears*, *Potomac Review*, *Abstract Magazine TV*, and is forthcoming in *Whale Road Review*. She currently lives in Bangalore, India

Damien Tuffnell lives in Nottingham and fits poetry in the gaps between working, sleeping and being with his two boys - 'I've one three-line poem published previously, I downplay this, my wife doesn't'.

Samuel Verdin is a British writer currently studying a BA in Creative Writing at Bangor University, Wales. His words have been published in UK literary magazines, shortlisted for the Cambridge Short Story Prize and staged at Edinburgh's Fringe Festival. Samuel also reads for *Bare Fiction Magazine*, helped found *rhaw Magazine* and is currently building a new platform named *Dead Bird Review* which aims to promote emerging artists. He tweets from @samuelverdin.

Laura Wainwright was born in Cardiff and lives in Newport, South Wales. She is author of *New Territories in Modernism: Anglophone Welsh Writing 1939-1945* (University of Wales Press, 2018). Her poem, 'Fruit Cage' was shortlisted for the Bridport Prize Poetry Competition in 2013.

AM Walsh is a poet from York, UK and started writing poetry in 2018. His recent work can be found in the *Tiny Seed Literary Journal*, *The Wellington Street Review* and *Chaleur*. He is presently working towards publishing a pamphlet.

David Walshe—submitting poetry for the first time is David from Southport. Currently self employed in the building trade, he has taken inspiration for his micro poem from his passion for local history. He is looking forward to completing more work and short stories in the near future.

Richard Waring—Richard has lived in Belfast all his life. He loves his city and like many who live there shows that love by constantly complaining about it. His first poem 'To Lie On White On Green' is published in the 2019 CAP anthology *Find*.

Lisa Weber lives in San Diego, CA. Her work has appeared in *Marias at Sampagnitas*, *Mookychick*, *Nightingale & Sparrow*, *Royal Rose*, *Vamp Cat*, and others. Follow her on: Twitter @LisaLermaWeber

Ty Williams— Ty J. Williams is a poet, writer, activist, mentor, DJ, father and partner based in Columbus, Ohio. He balances family and far too many hobbies with being a 'middle-aged undergrad' in English Education at the Ohio State University. His poetry has appeared in *Neologism Poetry Journal*, *Columbus Alive* and *Fourth and Sycamore*. Twitter: @tywrites1 Instagram: @tjwwrites

Glen Wilson is a civil servant and Worship Leader at St Mark's Church of Ireland, Portadown. He has been widely published having work in *The Honest Ulsterman*, *Iota*, *The Interpreters House* amongst others. He won the Seamus Heaney Award for New Writing 2017 and the Jonathan Swift Creative Writing Award in 2018. His first collection of poetry *An Experience on the Tongue* is out in 2019 with *Doire Press*. <https://glenwilsonpoetry.wordpress.com> Twitter @glenhswilson

James Young lives in the Mumbles, UK, and does most of his writing

in his beach hut. He has read his poems on ITV Wales and BBC Wales and also radio. His poems have been published internationally in magazines both in print and digital.

Sarah Ziman—born and brought up in Pontardawe, Swansea Valley. Now living in Hertfordshire. Should have been a Duchess. Fond of folklore, crisps, travel, ancient things and schadenfreude about people's misspelt tattoos.



BLACK BOUGH
POETRY

Submitting your work

This online, digital poetry project encourages poetry submissions that are:

- Highly visual and imagistic.
- Ten lines or less of poetry.
- Not published before.
- Up to three poems to increase chance of publication.

We have submission windows throughout the year. For information on submitting your work to Black Bough, please follow updates on Twitter @blackboughpoems

The website is in development. The URL is available via Twitter.

For enquiries, please contact blackboughpoetry@outlook.com