

Crescent currents

Issue 3

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A Note From the Editor

The summer season has come and will soon pass.

When we talk about seasons as symbols, we often think of the cycle like this: winter represents death, spring represents birth and new beginnings, summer represents living and vitality, and autumn represents change and transition.

Although the leaves are shading me from the burning sun instead of falling from their trees or changing colors, summer marks a transformative period for me.

I would argue that living is transforming. It is inevitable--every conscious moment is a moment closer to metamorphosis.

The leaves are shaking now. The wind will soon win the war, the leaves will fall.

For the time being, I've put together a selection of hybrid and experimental pieces for you.

I chose these pieces not only because they reflect the spirit of Crescent Currents, but also because their experimental nature includes tweaks to the ordinary, surprise gut-punches. and ever-changing form. This is the essence of life, these are pan-sifted gold nuggets of being.

Enjoy reading!

Best,
Sia Moon
Editor-in-Chief

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The Staff of Life

Thomas Elson



- On Still Life with Cheeses,
Artichoke, and Cherries -
Clara Peeters 1621

(shown on the left)

Back straight, head adjusted, fingers of right hand encircled, raised to right eye and examines -

Partially hidden artist's signature. Cherries ripe and spread apart, artichoke erect. However, the staff of life under a plate hidden from its vital role in the vibrancy of life - retreating rather than embracing life's ultimate purpose. Bread, if not consumed molds; butter, if unused, grows rancid – better to consume robustly with your well-endowed and well-exposed companion whose hair frames face and shoulders. Whose ankles caress your calf creating the same rise as when bare shoulders first touched. Uncover and expose bread mounds, hear the soft maiden sound, feel the warmth, inhale yeasty mist rising. Then, as if fondling softness, tenderly touch butter to curves and cervices as it oozes into unknown indentations and tender rises. A hand, slightly open, ascends to lips as gentle heat strokes tongue, flows onto taste buds, lingers, then, on its own, sidles toward your left cheek, snuggles closer. Moistness savored. Sensuousness entwined. Lustiness grasped. And you floating half-lost, consumed with a zeal that will exhaust the night.

Precipitation: Facing the Music

Janina Aza Karpinska

The window wears rain like studs on a country & western singer's jacket taking centre stage – looking out on a grey world - where strained lights gleam like diamanté - or lust in the eyes of a young city slicker.

Inside: the familiar story sung the world over:
a bed – a couple - the morning after.

She's propped on one elbow - studying her mobile;
sends a text – asking: *What happens next?* Waits
for witness-by-proxy's cue in this spare situation.

He's asleep, still wearing his watch; foot stretched over the cliff-edge of the bed. Curtains fall shy of the ledge -

like half-mast trousers on a cowboy without a horse, legs spread wide and ridiculous, they straddle a radio on the widow sill - aerial *on alert* as though ready to pick up signals, but -

silent – shut off: displaced and upstaged by the cell phone's jangly tune crying like a surrogate mother, a song about love that's borne, but lost too soon:

words no-one wants to hear at any time to any tune.

Love Letters to Women from a Deceased Gay Man

HR Harper

Climbing the ruins at Monte Alban in the rain. Ducking in a cave where we met a random child hawking a fake clay horse and you point out, well, the clay, our source and end, is not fake. Standing together outside the Queen of Missions after a family wedding looking out through the pepper tree branches to the wide bay, tides rising on a south swell. Your agreeable opening, dry and friendly, to take me inside you. "Good ball" you say afterwards and I am astonished you think this lie is any kind of shelter, but it is your kindness that wraps me. Lying on the beach in August willing and cautious to answer your questions as you point to other women walking past and ask if they are or are not as heavy as you. Your eulogy at my funeral after you died too soon. In the sculpture garden after the Grammatology seminar the severed saints asking for your telephone number. Seeing the harrowing beauty of your grandchildren; seeing your beauty rise, brightening all the corners and screens as your love for them unfolds and surprises. Living in your sadness as you died before having a grandchild. Holding each other on a broken cot while Mahler's 3rd perfused the beach shack under the jacaranda and tar.

Your bailing me out of jail.

Your making sure I didn't get fired.

Camping in a field in the Rhône valley after hitchhiking to a medieval farm when we were picked up by an old man in a rusted Citroën who was annoyed at our partial French. Letting our dogs run wild with each other. Your dog jumping on the table to eat rhubarb pie. Our dog's favorite chew toy you left her, and then left us shortly after. Forever shortly after. Your not coming home because you slept with a doctor. Your telling me. My hearing it. My playing Death and the Flower endlessly, subversively. Your mother calling my mother asking for the watch back. My ignoring time. My giving you a rabbit's foot for Christmas and declaring eternal fealty and the rabbit just dead, perhaps not eternal at all. We agreeing to a time out. Riding horseback through piñon pines to DH Lawrence's grave as my horse farted like mountain thunder and my heart was held up and back in your rose-strewn panteón. Your singing *Every Grain of Sand* at my

Love Letters to Women from a Deceased Gay Man

HR Harper

funeral because you are still alive. Listening about your surrender to a Hollywood producer in front of his fireplace on Mullholland and he never called you back even as your gold necklace shimmered in perfected light. Meeting your husband, meeting your husband, hearing about your husband shot in his Porsche in Sequoia National Park trying to buy kilos, then meeting your husband, meeting your husband, attending your husband's funeral after a lifetime of civic service and professional status. Hiding in your guest room after my eviction. You never had a husband. You owned Alhambra. You never needed a husband to buy a town.

You never needed a husband to own a company. You never needed a husband until you did and then he died taking a nap on your perfect sofa. My outliving you and just as cause gives birth to effect so my funeral quickly disposes of my solitary remains while love is eternal and that's not good news. You walking across a bar band's sunset set by the inevitable beach as you danced your cancer away on one leg, glistening against death to its own relief – you scared it away. My holding your purse as you moved on to the stuffy ballroom on the second floor of the sobaco on Whittier Blvd. Your standing in front of the crazed movie star at my mother's funeral; your stance the strength that kept her from touching and kept me alive long enough to write this love letter. Your stories of tennis and Bobby Short at the Carlyle and the deep fall into racism that life's pace and a poem's clutter crowds out with too little of too much memory. Love outlasting us. Juan Gabriel singing *Se me olvidó otra vez* as I watched you dance with him, with him, with him, while we put "no expiration" on another love we shared and shared and shared and outlasted. Your taking me to visit your son in rehab. Your visiting me in rehab. More than once. No, I mean more than one rehab. My hubris at being 5150'd, also in Alhambra. My hubris wrapped in your love, like bubble paper, like pastry, like a sarcophagus. Your keeping track of my beloved husband after my death but you died too soon. My love immolating all it touches, and in such a fire our bodies join as one Pristine Cause and the fire takes us away from memory, away for the Dark Powers eating our lives, and revives the New Age of our youth when we traveled and danced and did not worry about what we were doing wrong. Death is a dance. Death is a dance. Dead can dance. Kiss me on **5**

Love Letters to Women from a Deceased Gay Man

HR Harper

the bus. It peaks my interest. Oh how you held me. Oh how we danced. And none of you will live long enough to walk with my husband to the top of Rocky Ridge to toss my ashes off into Pacific tides that dance before us and after us and frame the infinite collapse of love in all its forms, all its days, all its words seeking equanimity in a world that only falls, only falls, only falls in love.

In My Cave

Navneet Bhullar

“If at least the dress were longer and—— the poems appeared dressed in their Sunday best from head to toe with bells on.” -Wislawa Szymborska

Our Lila in finery and lipstick reads on zoom from a sofa with square corners orange
splash of art
behind her she inflects she sighs whilst toppling words out like firecrackers.

Wislawa reads her poem by candlelight apologetic she did not fly into the room.

Laczeh is deaf. He writes each poem double by translating into ASL* gloss .He does ASL in advance so he does not lose eye contact with his audience in looking down at notes.

David White reads his poems from memory not looking down at all. I write poems in my cave, hoarded love in folders, pebbled cairns walking me to readings with better poets in the new world. Poems from my cave read aloud with a chunni girdling my bowed neck in the dark morning. Poems from my cave in the hostile climes of the Punjab where it is a wonder there are poets.

**American Sign Language*

Afterlife

John Tavares

Karen,

My family – or what is left of my family – consists of two people, you, who have asked me not to contact you because you said, it messes with your mental health, and your mother, from whom I am separated and who has no desire at the current time to formalize a divorce, for complicated legal and financial reasons, so I am not certain exactly to which family you're referring.

Love, Henry

Dad,

I do not know what you are talking about. You do have a family. But you missed the point, and I do have a point, or at least I did think I had a point. Why are you posting pictures of you having sex with a woman younger than me on AltAdultX? This isn't the same as you doing the bump and grind with a masquerade at Caribana.

KYL

Karen,

I did not post pictures of me on AltAdultX. I have an account on AltAdultX, but I made that account after your mother and I separated and divorce talks and proceedings were initiated. I also switched the settings on that social media account to private. I needed an outlet, simply, an adult outlet. Moreover, I have no photographs posted on that account, no narcissistic selfies so beloved of your hip ultra-moderns, your generation, no dick pictures—just a blank black square profile photo.

Karen, I find this discussion bordering on the incestuous and thereby disturbing. Please try to think of more positive and upbeat things you can tell me about. You are living in sunny southern California, in your mid-thirties, studying filmmaking. Can't you tell me about your productions at film school?

Love, Henry

Dad,

No, I cannot because the profs are pricks.

So, did you not post the pictures to AltAdultX?

If you really want to know how I made my discovery it was because a few friends, in filmmaking, and I decided to do a documentary film on kinksters and swingers. AltAdultX became an obvious and easy source.

Afterlife

John Tavares

The picture I am certain is of you. It shows an old guy, fit, tan, looking like you, having sex with a woman who looks like she's in her mid-twenties.

KYL

Karen,

You keep harping about incriminating pictures on AltAdultX. Get over what some dirty old man is doing with a younger woman. It must be consensual, or it would not be posted on AltAdultX.

Love, Henry

Dad,

You obviously do not know or understand some of these social media websites, which become dark cesspools of oversharing and deep secrets and dirty laundry revealed to a voyeuristic public.

But I am not worried so much about you, as I am about your partner, my mother. Did you ever think about the effect on her?

KYL

Karen,

I do not know why you keep bringing up your mother in the conversation on this chain of events especially since you practically accused your own mother of molesting you. Please move on with your life. Be the next Steven Spielberg or a Canadian film director who rocks that nasty place Hollywood. Move on with your life.

Love, Henry

Dad,

You asshole, and you are an asshole—Dad, I did not accuse my mother of molesting me.

KYL

Beloved Karen,

Ok, ok, I am sorry. I misspoke. But I remember you constantly used the term abuse. Your words at that time left a bad impression on me, especially since your mother

Afterlife

John Tavares

invested so much of her time and energy into trying to make certain you became a more perfect version of her. Around that time that I decided to put even more distance between myself, you, and her. I believed that anything I did to try to help was only bound to hurt you somewhat or inadvertently make you miserable. For that reason, I removed myself from the picture and took the nearest exit.

You are not short of money, are you? That is not the reason you decided to message me, is it? Just say the word, and I'll make certain the suit sends whatever cash you need, if it is for textbooks and tuition, rent and groceries.

Love, Henry

Dad,

If I needed money for anything, it would be for cameras and equipment, production crew and actors' wages, and set rentals. But I am good for money at the current time. The lawyer or financial advisor sends me money from the trust fund whenever I need it.

I am starting to question how well you know mom. Have you ever noticed how jealous she can become? Have you ever noticed how crazy, angry, and out of control jealousy makes her? I know Mom, and I know she knows, and I know she had an account on AltAdultX. If she saw you having sex with another woman, especially a woman younger than me, she would go insane with jealousy, even though you are, as you say, separated. The fact you do not seem concerned about these pictures' effects on mother also leaves me concerned.

KYL

Karen,

Now you are talking about pictures, as opposed to a picture. Please send me a link or links, and I will see if I can log into my very vanilla AltAdultX account or create a new account to have a look see.

Love, Henry

Dad,

Ok, I have sent you the links. Now you tell me the pictures at the end of these links are not of you.

KYL

Afterlife

John Tavares

Karen,

These pictures could be of any man. You can't even see the man's full face because the image is cut off above his mouth.

Love, Henry

Dad,

I recognize your chin, your mouth, and your facial hair growth in the pictures that show half of your face, and I recognize the body and figure.

Karen,

That man looks like a bodybuilder, like a man who lifts weights and goes to the gym everyday. He is also too light-skinned to be me.

Love, Henry

Dad,

You tan during the summer and become very dark, exactly like the man in the picture, except you lose your tan during the winter. I'm guessing you started to trim your body hair, like that man in the pictures, and you did go to the gym everyday like you say, at least until you separated from mom.

KYL

Karen,

Why are you trying to turn this into a detective story? So, what if this picture shows me, when I was invited to my friend's party at his estate in cottage country? I am not saying that it is me, but what if it is me? Why should it matter?

Love, Henry

Dad,

Because that picture shows you nude with your blank in the mouth of a female about a third your age. And the other picture also shows you behind her, presumably having intercourse.

KYL

Afterlife

John Tavares

Karen,

I've enlarged and scrutinized the photos closely and carefully and I believe this is a case of mistaken identity. If you look closely, you will see that this man has a Semper Fi tattoo on the biceps of his right arm. He might be a soldier veteran or marine wannabe. As you know I've always been opposed to tattoos for health reasons. You must remember the number of times I encouraged and advised you to never obtain a tattoo.

Love, Henry

Dad,

You can't mislead me. I've enlarged and examined the photos closely with photo editing software and I can see none of the tattoos to which you allude. In fact, the more I look at these pictures the more I believe they are definitely of you.

KYL

Karen,

If that picture is of me, and I am not saying it is me, the woman in the picture, and, I must emphasize, she is a woman, the woman is in her mid-thirties, your age, a sports physician, single, exceptional, and enthusiastic to be sharing her warm and friendly personality and body with a member of the opposite sex. And I must emphasize, if it is of me, she is a professional, a respected physician for professional sports figures, with a reputation to protect. I'm retired now and, frankly, I don't give a damn.

Love, Henry

Dad,

I am concerned about mom. And you should be, too.

KYL

Dad,

Why haven't you answered my texts and emails? Stop stonewalling me.

KYL

Beloved Karen,

Sit down and have a drink or take a tranquilizer before you read this. I want to emphasize: Sit down and take a tranquilizer before you read this dramatic news.

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John Tavares

Your mother has taken her own life.

She said that she was tired of her pain and long and drawn-out struggles with her own mental health. She said she felt guilty for all the turmoil and anguish those troubles may have caused, but I tried to reassure her this was not the case and tried to remind her of all the good times together. Still, she simply decided to end her own existence.

Love, Henry

Dad,

Why didn't you call me already? Why didn't you email me earlier? Why didn't you tell me sooner?

Beloved Karen,

I could ask the same question of you when you moved, when you dropped out of high school, when you married, when you divorced, when you put your child up for adoption.

This is all water under the bridge, Karen, but during your last tantrum you told me even if Mom dies you did not want to hear from me, so I simply do not understand where your sudden family values are coming from.

Your mother died in an assisted suicide after she abandoned hope for her life.

I refused to have any part of the ceremony because I was born and raised a Catholic, and I will probably die a Catholic, even though on some days recently I feel like an agnostic or an atheist.

Your mother produced an event worthy of one of your documentary films, with her friends singing, dancing, banging the tambourine, strumming ukuleles, contributing their favorite memories of your mother, and offering prayers in their various faiths and denominations.

There were prayers from the bible in recognition of her Catholic grade school religion. There were evangelical prayers from when she became a missionary in high school. There were prayers from when she converted to Judaism in Israel. There were even Hindu and Buddhist prayers from her brief dalliances and immersions in those religions, when she volunteered for humanitarian agencies in Vietnam, Nepal, and India. Friends from other faiths and religions also contributed their own tributes. So please do not take it personally when I tell you your mother has passed away. She wanted you to learn about this event in the New Year. She did not want her

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John Tavares

passing to be a sad event, or tragic news, but a celebration of life. She asked her closest friend and your former close friend's mother to tell you in the New Year—and I'm not certain of the precise reasons she wished for this, but you can probably learn of this from whomever you call or email.

Her estate was left to her son from her first marriage—to the Jewish fellow who became an eye surgeon. I am confident you understand those reasons better than me, but the trust fund and those arrangements remain the same, so you should have few financial concerns.

Please let me know if there is anything, and I mean anything I can do for you. Remember this is the way she wanted it.

Love, Henry

Dad,

My own mother dies, and you do not even tell me. WTF.

And I wouldn't be surprised if she decided to take her own life after she saw the pictures of you with that prostitute or whoever she is. The picture, after all, was posted several months ago, so she may indeed have seen it. I am guessing she did. You just do not know how insane jealousy can make Mom. Mom's closest friend told me she was diagnosed with borderline personality disorder by two different psychiatrists but like anyone with BPD she denied it.

You drove her to the brink, Dad, you did this.

Goodbye forever. I never want to see you again.

KYL

In memoriam, Karen Yang-Li, Daily Bruin

Karen Yang-Li, a vibrant and talented graduate student at UCLA's School of Theater, Film and Television, lived a life filled with creativity, passion, and boundless curiosity. At just thirty-six, she had already left an indelible mark at her new home at UCLA, playfully referring to herself as a "professional student" while inspiring everyone around her. Karen's love for storytelling shone brightly through her remarkable achievements. She published a heartfelt volume of poetry, a captivating novella in verse, and two compelling screenplays—one of which is soon to come to life on screen, produced by an independent film company. Her talent extended to documentary filmmaking, where her three student video projects, *Affluenza*,

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Overshare, and First World Problems, captivated audiences and went viral on YouTube, sparking meaningful conversations around the globe.

Beyond her academic and creative endeavors, Karen found joy in the simple and beautiful moments of life. She shared a special bond with her beloved Schnauzer, Phoenix, and cherished her eclectic collection of books, DVDs, and vinyl records, which will now enrich the shelves of the UCLA library system for others to enjoy. Karen's spirit found solace and inspiration at El Matador State Beach, her cherished sanctuary. There, she spent many blissful afternoons and evenings hiking, practicing yoga, meditating, reading, and embracing the ocean's ambience. True to her wishes, her ashes were lovingly scattered along its shores, ensuring her spirit infuses the place she adored most.

A heartfelt memorial service was held at UCLA's Magnolia Meditation Room and student chapel, where friends, colleagues, and loved ones gathered to celebrate Karen's life, creativity, and kindness. Those who knew her will forever carry her warmth, wit, and radiant spirit in their hearts. Her sisters from her U of T sorority, where her volunteer work was indispensable, wish her a safe and happy voyage in the afterlife.

Obituary, Henry Yang-Li, Toronto Star.

A memorial service to honor the remarkable life of Henry Yang-Li will be held at Holy Cross Catholic Funeral Home, with interment to follow at Holy Cross Catholic Cemetery in Thornhill.

Henry was a vibrant and colorful individual who brought warmth and humor to all who knew him. He devoted much of his career to financial advising and investment management, earning the trust of prominent clients in the world of professional hockey. His sharp mind and infectious spirit made him a beloved figure, both professionally and personally.

Proudly a member of the Chinese Jamaican Canadian community, Henry embraced and celebrated his unique heritage. He often shared lighthearted stories about the amusement and curiosity his biracial identity inspired among new friends and clients. Born to hardworking parents, his mother—a shopkeeper from Kingston, Jamaica—and his father—a marine mechanic from Montego Bay, Jamaica—Henry grew up witnessing their entrepreneurial determination. After moving to Toronto,

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John Tavares

in the 1970s, his parents founded a thriving cleaning company in the financial district and a cherished convenience store in Little Jamaica on Eglinton Avenue West. Henry's own story began in Kingston, Jamaica, where he attended Campion College, a Catholic institution that nurtured his pride in academic excellence. He often fondly reminisced about his time there, and later ensured his family spoke the Queen's English with the same discipline he cherished as a student. Upon immigrating to Canada, Henry settled in Toronto's Jane-Finch neighborhood and pursued higher education at York University, where he attended business school on an international scholarship.

The early chapters of Henry's career saw him as a financial analyst for a major Canadian bank, covering the restaurant industry. With his signature humor, he confessed that his job indulged his guilty pleasure of savoring fast food at every major chain for research. Beyond his professional pursuits, Henry brought passion and joy to Toronto's Caribbean community. A devoted participant and organizer of the Toronto Caribbean Carnival, he played mas in the Grand Parade with enthusiasm and pride. He also became a cherished figure in the culinary world as the owner of a jerk chicken restaurant on Eglinton Avenue West and a Jamaican patty food truck and restaurant on Yonge Street.

In retirement, Henry embraced life with vigor, immersing himself in international travel, amateur sports, and the physical activities he once missed in his youth. Whether biking, hiking, swimming, or hitting the gym daily, he reveled in the joys of an active lifestyle. A dedicated member of the Knights of Columbus, Henry found deep fulfillment in service to his community.

Henry's philanthropic heart shone brightly through his unwavering support for the Canadian Mental Health Association and the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Canada. He contributed not only as a donor but also as a volunteer, demonstrating his commitment to causes close to his heart.

Henry Yang-Li will be remembered as a spirited, generous, and joyful soul who touched countless lives. For those who wish to honor his legacy, donations in his memory may be made to the Canadian Mental Health Association or the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Canada, in lieu of flowers.

How Parasites Operate

Anjali Menon

My mother and Donald Trump had me believe in a strange fiction that real art blooms only from masculine seeds. Starry Nights, Great Gatsby, Led Zeppelin, were all constellations dropped from a giant phallus. I was oriented up in a hole where Maya and Sylvia weren't allowed to voice. I was just a dreamless girl. No verse of my own. No egg to hatch. No ladder to climb.

So I came down to one noble mission: to find and feed an artist in need. I knocked on doors, offering my pieces in service. Eventually, I found him - tall, hefty, paint-stained pants. He welcomed me like I was white light, ready to be sprayed onto his empty canvas. I had a purpose now. I would feed the artist.

From day one, I got to work. I curated his inspiration: flowerpots to please his eyes, pumpkin soups to soothe his throat, wet hair to calm his blaze, strong fingers to run through his dreadlocks. Anything to feed his imagination, top to toe, I dissolved in submission.

He called me his muse. The one who brewed the best coffee. Whose giggles were the first sound of his music. I fed his hunger, some days soft, some days cruel, and called it devotion. I became the shadow making midnight stew surrendering to his insatiable hunger.

Then something happened one Sunday. I had nothing to do but make him dessert for dinner. That's when it began.

A hum. Silly at first, crawling under my skin. I tried to hush it. Keep it down, I told myself. There's cream to whisk, sugar to measure, crumbs to collect. But the hum grew louder. I reached for the cream, but the percussion took over. The whipped cream hit the floor like confetti. Then I broke a few bowls for percussion. I was no longer making dessert. I was creating something else.

He walked in, eyes wide. "What is this chaos?"

"This," I said, "is art."

How Parasites Operate

Anjali Menon

It was messy. But it was mine. He was furious. I was alive.

The kitchen, once a sanctuary of order, became a battleground for my hunger. The parasite of an artist in me trespassed into his world. I smeared paint into his brushes, scribbled on his sketchbooks. I was no longer the hands that served.

I was becoming something too.

Colors bled from me, deep reds, furious blacks, golds with no restraint. Fluorescent lines ruined his outlines. He called it destruction. I called it art.

He shouted. I laughed.

My mother and Donald Trump had me believe that real art only blooms from masculine seeds. But now my colors spill freely. I let the tacky override the sublime. I choose the cracks no one notices. I choose the fire, the passion that howled: I am something too.

Contributors

Thomas Elson's stories have appeared in New Writing Scotland, Short Édition, New Ulster, Lampeter, Mad Swirl, Blink-Ink, and Adelaide. Moria nominated him for the Pushcart Prize.

Janina Aza Karpinska is a multidisciplinary artist-poet, whose passion for expression led to an M.A. in Creative Writing & Personal Development, with Merit, at Sussex University. Drawing on many influences, and writing in several styles, her poetry has appeared in: Drawn to the Light; The Empty Mirror; The Ekphrastic Review, London Reader, Raising the Fifth; Synchronized Chaos; Cold Signal, and Midwest Zen among others. She lives on the south coast of England.

HR Harper is a writer living in the redwoods above Santa Cruz, California. A student of meditation and the emptying traditions, he writes to understand the nature of human consciousness in a natural world humans seem to be destroying. He began to publish in 2021.

Navneet Bhullar is a physician, climate activist and writer who has lived between central Pennsylvania and Indian Punjab via central Asia, sub-Saharan Africa , and south-east Asia in her work as a doctor with an international NGO. Her poems and essays have been published in Cagibi, Otherwise magazine, The Bombay Literary Magazine, The Harvard Primary Care Review, Peregrine and elsewhere. She has founded a disability NGO in India and is currently at work on her memoir in essays on caregiving.

Contributors

Born and raised in Sioux Lookout, Ontario, John Tavares is the son of Portuguese immigrants from Sao Miguel, Azores. Having graduated from arts and science at Humber College and journalism at Centennial College, he more recently earned a Specialized Honors BA in English Literature from York University. His short fiction has been published in a variety of print and online journals, magazines, and anthologies, in the US, Canada, and internationally. His passions include journalism, literature, economics, photography, writing, and coffee, and he enjoys hiking and cycling.

Anjali Menon is a writer and spoken word artist based in Tallinn, Estonia. She travels with her poetry books, performing spoken word sets at slams and local gigs.