

Beliveau Review

Summer 2021



Beliveau Review

Also available from Beliveau Books

Synaeresis: arts + poetry (12 issues)

The Best of Afterthoughts 1994-2000

Dénouement: a poetry anthology

Beliveau Review

Vol. 2 No. 2 Issue 5

Beliveau Books

STRATFORD

Beliveau Review Vol. 2 No. 2 Issue 5

©2021 Beliveau Books

SUMMER 2021 ISSUE

ISSN 2563-3619

All Rights Reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form, with the exception of excerpts for the purpose of literary review, without the expressed permission of the publisher.

Published by Beliveau Books, Stratford, Ontario

Website: beliveaubooks.wixsite.com/home

Email: beliveaubooks@gmail.com

Editor/Layout: Andreas Gripp

Assistant Editor/Proofing: D.G. Foley

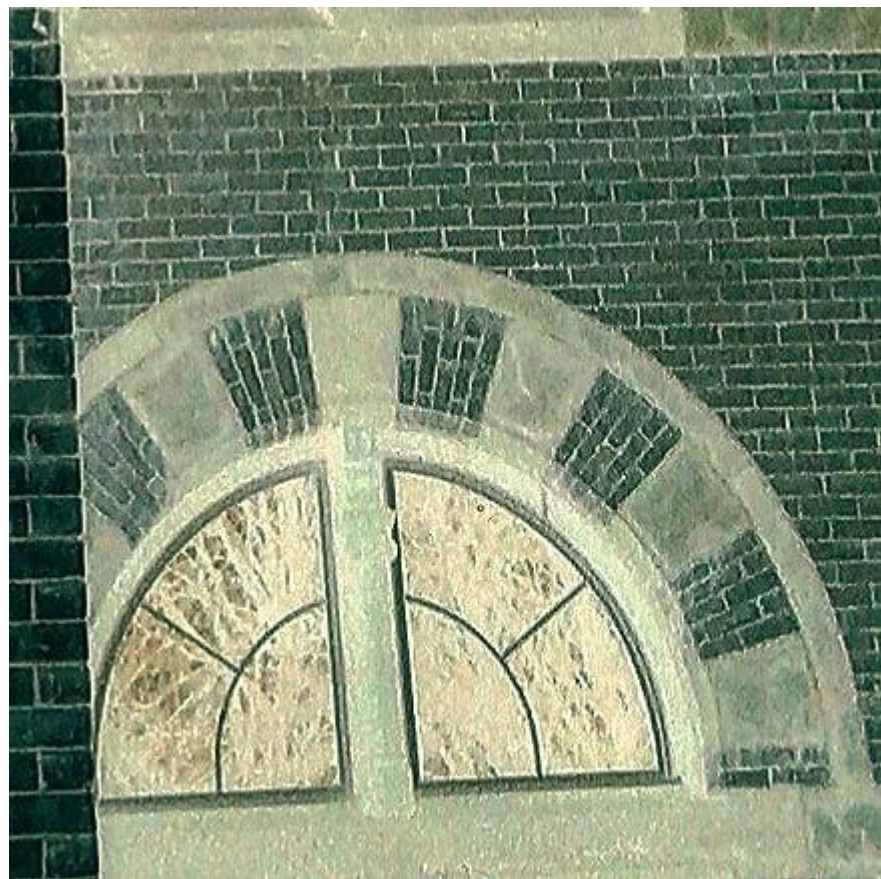
Front Cover/Back Cover photos: Andreas Gripp

Text font is Calibri 12pt.

Acknowledgement:

The territory where Beliveau Books of Stratford, Ontario, is situated is governed by two treaties. The first is the Dish With One Spoon Wampum Belt Covenant of 1701, made between the Anishinaabe and the Haudenosaunee Confederacy. The second is the Huron Tract Treaty of 1827, an agreement made between eighteen Anishinaabek Chiefs and the Canada Company. These traditional hunting and fishing lands and waterways have for generations been shared and cared for by the Anishinaabe, the Haudenosaunee Confederacy, the Wendat, and the Neutrals. We are grateful for the opportunities to engage in the process of learning how to be a better treaty partner.

CONTRIBUTOR	Page
Kenneth Pobo	1
DS Maolalaí	4
Ace Boggess	5
Karen Neuberg	6
John Grey	7
Arpa Mukhopadhyay	10
Jana Hunterova	16
Mark Blickley	17
Mark J. Mitchell	19
William Doreski	20
Andreas Gripp	26
Carrie Lee Connel	33
Jeremy Szuder	40
Nancy Byrne Iannucci	42
D.G. Foley	44
James Penha	48
Kit Desbarats	49
Ira Joel Haber	50
Peter Mladinic	55
Solo	58
Penn Kemp	62
Robert Beveridge	68
Andrew Lawton	70
Debbie Okun Hill	75
Adeyemi Ramon Omolaja	78



ANDREAS CONNEL-GRIPP

Kenneth Pobo

Missing History Lesson

When she read that nuclear war
was imminent, Aunt Stokesia polished

silverware and washed old family dishware.
Disaster didn't mean letting things go.

I normally let things go
whether disaster or joy come calling.

Bombs weren't thinking about me
or Aunt Stokesia. It has no address book.

There's a job to do. A flash.
You are history no one can write down.

Dulcet Tones, Late to the World

The world invites me to
a posh party. I wear

a gold necklace and eat
whipped diamonds. The world
has elegant trees. Flowers
stand like maids and butlers.
I'm scared of who might
be here.

No one treats me badly.
No one treats me at all.

I wander into a quiet room.
Night sneaks in after me and
for the first time I believe in love
at first sight.

A Lonely and Harassed Sonnet

This sonnet gets too many robocalls.
It would prefer to live a quiet life,
away from parking lots and shopping malls.
The phone again. This sonnet has no wife,
husband or a significant other
who could amble to its ring and answer.
So it goes itself, thinking maybe this
call matters. Maybe this call offers bliss—

it never does. It's an advertisement
for a razor that will never cut you.
Click. Dial tone. This sonnet throws the phone
across the room. It doesn't get a dent.
Yet another caller puts a voice through—
this sonnet crabs back to bed, still alone.

DS Maolalaí

Rotten Teeth

like snail shells spotting
on broken branched bark,
new buildings rise
in the manner of mushrooms
grown from wet aging
dust. I walk down d'olier,
watching as history is broken.
and find I can't argue –

we need the space
to live. and I guess
this is the style now;
nothing wrong with dentures
and pulling rotten teeth.

overhead, machinery swoops
and shakes its flocks of seagulls.
a load is lowered. men grab it
with their hands
on scaffold
and hold it safe.

Ace Boggess

“What Did Your Time In Prison
Teach You About Yourself?”

—a question asked by Ian Bush

I’m a journalist in a thunderstorm,
writing the chronicle raindrops
on wet paper. The State has no power
over words I choose to place.

Guards might sneer, laugh, spray—
muscles tensed, faces crimson—
yet my silence will be temporary,
lines later louder than a riot
or moaning thuds of violence.

The warden can’t shut me up,
neither the captain nor mail-room clerk,
not other cons with brash cards

slapping wood, voices
that curse & threaten
because the secret convict
rulebook says they should.

No one interferes with my pen hand
speaking truths about my life,
both meek & bloody.

Karen Neuberg

In the middle of a dream,

I found myself
exiting the wrong end

of the subway platform
and stepping out

onto streets I recognized
I'd been lost on before.

I made my way
past skyscraper

after skyscraper, crossing
street after street, tenacious

in my intent to find
the art supply store

where I knew I could buy
ink made out of moon, ink

the exact color of light.

John Grey

Arctic Drilling

Silent men
climb three stories
to the platform of an oil rig,

in daylight that seems to never leave,
keeps shadows to a minimum,
buffs up a dichromatic treeless plain.

Cold wind,
ever an assailant,
batters their ascent,
as, below,
the blaring of a heavy drill
thins away
in the thick far Northern crust.

A polar bear watches
from a distance.
It could kill and eat the men
should they ever venture
into its hunting ground.

But everything else it sees
is a predator.

Foreplay 101

She traced a small circle
with her fingernail
at the edge of her naked right thigh
and then drew invisible lines
away from and back to
that very spot.

You just haven't felt it properly,
she admonished me.
With the right amount
of concerted but tender fondling,
it becomes more than just
flesh on bone,
another plane if you will
and, to a woman,
ascension through all planes
is not just desirable
but mandatory
for these are areas
which exert a force
not just on the body
but the heart and mind
and must be given
their proper due
if the appropriate tingling
is to be set off in all areas.

I flexed my fingers,
girded my loins
and said to myself,
I can do this.



ARPA MUKHOPADHYAY



ARPA MUKHOPADHYAY



ARPA MUKHOPADHYAY



ARPA MUKHOPADHYAY



ARPA MUKHOPADHYAY



ARPA MUKHOPADHYAY



JANA HUNTEROVA

Mark Blickley

Breakdown Breakthrough

So what if my instrument doesn't have a reed? It's just a thin piece of cane attached to the mouthpiece, the sound-producing agent for the instrument. Why does it matter that all an audience can hear when I'm on stage is the clicking of the keys against the pads, and the sound of me inhaling and exhaling? When I would blow into that sax, it was like the Lord breathing life into Adam. God, I loved my silent saxophone!

Professor Bindt was no con man. He didn't steal my music lesson money. With his guidance, I always entered a trance-like state whenever my lips touched the empty mouthpiece. I can't describe the joy I got from playing my sax. My eyes would automatically close and I'd just drift.

Not only could I hear this rich music, but I'd see such incredible colors and visions. And the smells! Oh, the smells. It was beyond joy. Sometimes I'd capture this penetrating sorrow, but that, too, was exquisite and always left me refreshed.

I had tapped that special place Professor Bindt assured me I'd find. I know it sounds strange but the vibrations inside my instrument shook spirit and released these . . . these . . .

Gershwin once said he had more tunes in his head than he could put down on paper in a hundred years. With Professor Bindt's revolutionary approach, a musician didn't need a hundred years to complete his vision. Music isn't marks on paper or grooves on a record or streaming soundwaves. It's here. Inside your head.

My mute saxophone supplied a structure. It channeled my musical energies. I may have played without a reed, but Professor Bindt taught me all the fingering and breathing techniques any saxophonist needs to be accomplished on the instrument.

Look, anyone can play an instrument. Only a select few can compose, can create art. The Professor's teachings didn't limit me to the sounds a saxophone could make. When my saxophone took off, it wasn't an instrument, but instrumental in producing a music no single woodwind, or even orchestra, could reproduce. It was energy and love and anger and trust.

Mark J. Mitchell

Music

She dropped all her lost songs like trailing crumbs between lines. She didn't hear words or chords—she saw them behind her. Your shadow comes—melodic threat. No fear. She can't afford that. Voices needed to be heard. Her numb pitch waited while she walked forests colder than pianos. Noisy dreams would keep some key change hidden until fierce morning bored through her curtains. Her feet stay off the ground all day after slow dream songs. The fast ones held breath hostage. Messages stayed unfound until stars chimed overhead, with sharp nun strictness. These nights often felt much colder than high notes. She preferred dreams with no sounds.

William Doreski

Your Favorite Planet

Like a particular ego,
snow is utterly self-absorbed.

Cities cling to landmarks tall enough
to face the storm and assay it.

Villages like ours just cringe
and bear the cost of plowing roads

so that maps won't go obsolete
and our sense of landscape survives.

The instinctive moment has arrived.
You peer into the distance to catch

a note of pain that defines
great force leaning into a curve.

You wrinkle your forehead like
the surface of your favorite planet,

which hasn't been discovered.
I place a shovel by the door

in case the depth exceeds itself.
While the blizzard warps itself

to conform and deform surfaces
I'll be writing sympathy notes

to relatives who died this year
and left old furniture sagging

for lack of familiar forms.
You claim the dead can't accept

the letters I write in good faith.
You say I might as well scrawl them

in the snow as it falls, erasing
and self-effacing. But maybe

they've gone to your mystery planet
where mail delivery's guaranteed.

Astronomers will soon find and name
this proposed new world brimming

at the edge of some bright galaxy
with pink starlit snow concealing

millions of unopened letters
for the future to learn to read.

An Insurrection Bold Enough

Too drab to entice philosophers,
old age settles for leaky pipes
and a sodden yellow morning.

I can't repair the pipes because
I'm too ignorant and lacking tools.
I'd scour You Tube for a solution,

but flamboyance rules the Web
with digital body parts gleaming.
It no longer incorporates me

and my kind, our extensions lapsed,
our addresses no longer vital.
The streets of Boston and New York

have shrugged off my ghostly footfall,
having long forgotten my name.
Armed with newfound innocence,

I plan an insurrection bold enough
to overthrow myself and replace
my failed oval smile with a sneer.

Please don't overhear my plan—
I'd have to elide you. The pipes
need attention now, so I tape

the weak spots and hope that holds
until we get to the hardware store
and try to puzzle a repair.

You say it isn't the pipes but me
in my lack of infinitude,
a whiff of white hair weeping

around my face, a struggle
between sense and nonsense bluing
my breath as I climb the stairs.

But the puddle on the basement floor
is pure runoff from the rain,
not some tepid bodily fluid

spilled for some mock-heroic cause.
Let's get to the hardware store
without further argument,

the tuning fork of the sky
forever striking high E-sharp,
where no human voice should venture.

Dangles and Spangles

Hardly a crystalline dawn,
the rain is critiquing winter
in terms a child would enjoy.

You sometimes act posthumous,
cleaning the cat box or sifting
black oil seed for chickadees.

You web the available space
with senses I've never sprouted
but envy for their precision.

Today we're supposed to stand
by the highway, bearing witness
with signs promoting peace but

enraging drivers who lust
for a nuclear apocalypse
to wholesale them to their god.

The rain seems sure of itself.
Its dangles and spangles brim.
Our local brook will erupt

into basements in the flood plain
where dogs will try to bark it back
between its leathery banks.

The voice of the rain reiterates
familiar phrases rather
than dredge original syntax

from thick old comforts of cloud.
Such hostile luxury forbids
our casual participation.

Even you with your angles
arranged to accommodate
must retract your tentacles.

Let's toast some toast and pretend
this is the apotheosis
for which plain landscapes prepare.



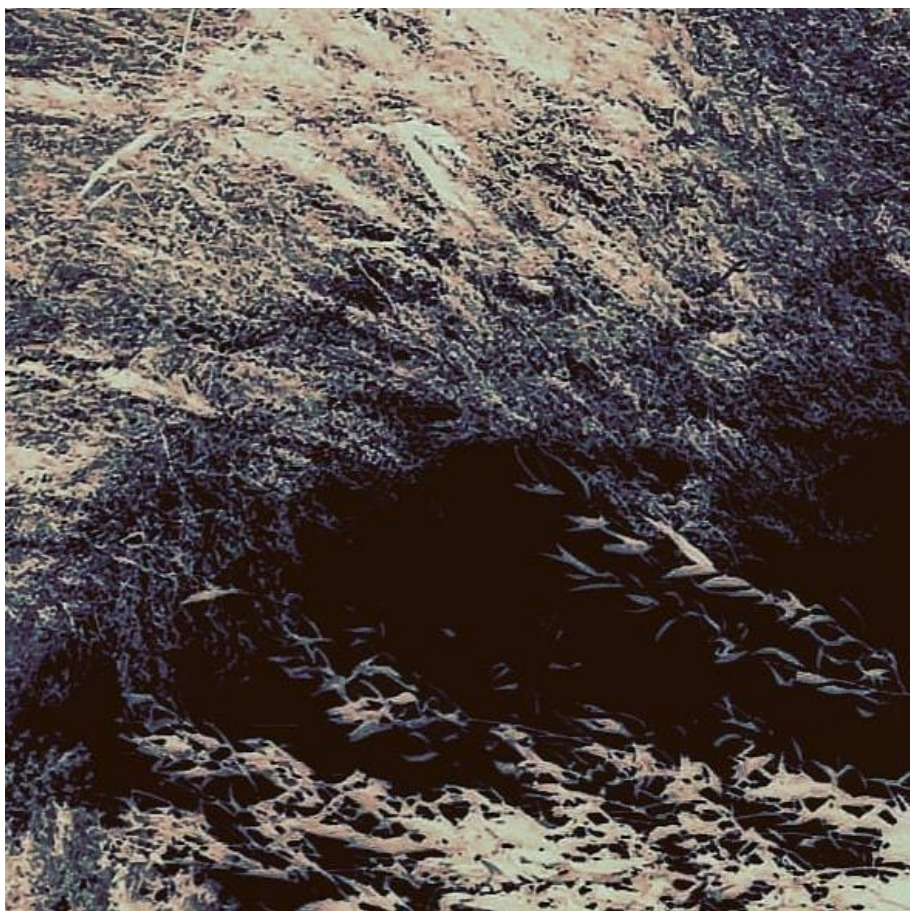
ANDREAS CONNEL-GRIPP



ANDREAS CONNEL-GRIPP



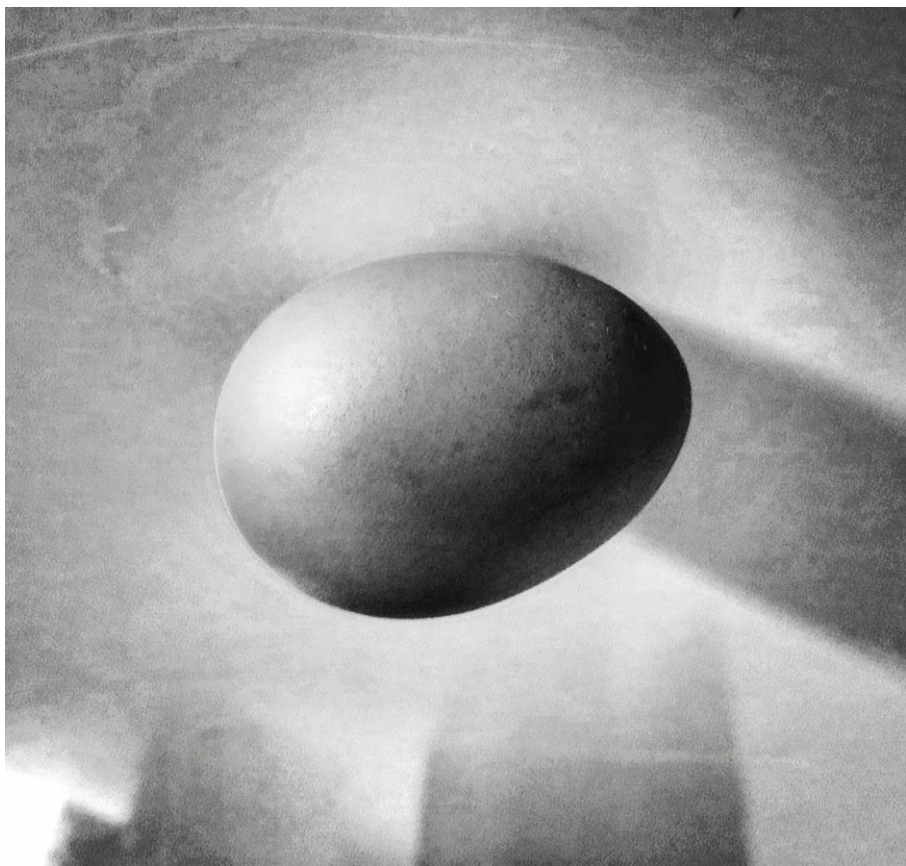
ANDREAS CONNEL-GRIPP



ANDREAS CONNEL-GRIPP



ANDREAS CONNEL-GRIPP



ANDREAS CONNEL-GRIPP



ANDREAS CONNEL-GRIPP

Carrie Lee Connel

She Dreams of Monsters

The bus pulled up beside the wooden shack that served as a vegetable stand. Deanna rose from her seat, straightened her back and held her head high. She heard the whispers all around her. She was the weird girl who never smiled. These were not her friends. She walked to the front of the bus and the driver opened the door. Deanna stepped down to the gravel shoulder and the door closed behind her. A wave of icy slush drenched the back of her hunter green leggings as the bus drove away down the 5th Concession.

Deanna had taken a different bus from the high school to get to her aunt and uncle's place. She looked down the ice-covered lane to the old farmhouse standing, the white aluminum siding stark against the gray sky. Her eyes scanned over the dilapidated barn that stood to the right of the house and the old tractors which dotted the field leading up to it. She started walking.

At sixteen-years-old, she should have been allowed to stay at her own home while her parents went to Mexico for a second honeymoon. They worried about her being alone. Alone was preferable to being here with people who were strangers. She hadn't been out this way for three years. If it was just Aunt Liz and Uncle Ray, this arrangement would be fine. Unfortunately, there was to be one other person in the house and she did not want to be anywhere near him. Thankfully, her parents had planned their trip from Thursday to Thursday, so Deanna only had to stay out here in the sticks for two nights, then Saturday she would be at her girlfriend's place for the weekend. If she could manage it, she would not return.

As she neared the house, she could see that the front steps had not been shoveled and remembered the main entrance was never used. She walked to the side of the house and knocked on the wood door. She waited, thought she heard a muffled voice, and knocked again. After a few minutes, the door opened.

Her aunt stood there, apron covered in flour, wiping her hands on a tea towel. "Why didn't you just come in?" She turned and went up the short set of steps to the kitchen.

Nice to see you, too. Deanna stepped inside and closed the door gently. She waited while her eyes adjusted to the gloom and took off her boots. To her right were the stairs down to the cellar, the pungent scent of old dirt slithering into her nose, a long-forgotten memory. She shuddered, turned to her left, and climbed the stairs into the kitchen, travelling in time when avocado-coloured appliances were all the rage.

"Don't leave your boots on the stairs. Bring them up here," ordered Aunt Liz. She stood in front of the stove stirring a pot.

Deanna did as she was told and put her boots on the rubber mat at the top of the stairs.

"You'll be sleeping in the front room. I'm sure you remember your way around." Aunt Liz moved to the table and began rolling out biscuit dough.

"Sure," said Deanna and she walked out of the kitchen into the living room. There she found houseplants blocking the front door; the largest ficus benjamina having grown substantially over the past few years, its uppermost branches contorted by the ceiling. She entered the room on the other side of the door and slipped off her backpack. She unzipped her knee-length winter coat and laid it on the bed. She went to the window, parted the curtains, and tried to

open it, but the sash had been painted shut. Next, she examined the door and saw that there wasn't a lock. She picked up the backpack from the floor and dug in a side pocket. She pulled out a rubber doorstop that she had taken from her father's garage, then closed the door and put the doorstop under it, kicking it with her foot to secure it. She pulled on the door and, to her dismay, the doorstop slid along the carpet.

Deanna sat down on the bed, leaned forward and wrapped her arms about her legs, putting her head on her knees. After a few minutes, she had the uncomfortable feeling she was being watched. She sat up and looked out the open door. Her cousin Bill stood watching her from the middle of the living room. Black-haired and brown-eyed, he exuded darkness. He now had a sparse moustache that reminded her of Clark Gable; she preferred the lightness of Leslie Howard. He walked forward, leaned against the doorjamb. She stood and squared her shoulders.

"You look different," he said.

"You don't."

"How come you wear clothes like that?"

She kept her eyes on him. The oversized brown sweater she wore hung almost to her knees. "I like it." *The better to hide my body from you.*

"What happened to your long hair?"

"People change." *Men who rape target women with ponytails.*

Deanna reached out and grabbed the door, swung it shut.

"You can't keep me out."

She heard him walk away, go up the stairs, and stomp down the hallway above her head. She shuddered. She touched a hand to her shorn head, only a tuft of bangs left long in the front. *I will keep you out somehow.*

Later that night, after Uncle Ray regaled her with stories of his younger days, stories her father had told her a dozen times, Deanna claimed massive amounts of homework and went to her room to read *Frankenstein*. When she heard the television turn off and her aunt and uncle go upstairs, Deanna opened the door and peeked out. She went into the kitchen and grabbed one of the dining chairs, taking it back to her room. She then quickly used the bathroom and rushed back. She turned the chair so that it faced the door, then positioned the back under the door handle, making sure the front legs dug securely into the carpet. She tried to open the door; the chair did not move. Deanna closed the curtains, then turned off the light before she changed into her men's pajamas. She buttoned the top up to her neck which always made her think of Audrey Hepburn wearing Gregory Peck's pajamas in *Roman Holiday*. She securely tied the bottoms before climbing into bed and turning the bedside lamp on. Deanna picked up her phone from the bedside table and hit play on the movie she had queued up. The opening strains of the overture sounded and she curled up under the blankets to watch the expressive face of Colin Clive as he yelled, "It's alive!" and the static face of Boris Karloff as he grunted and shuffled his way across the small screen.

Deanna slipped into a black and white dreamworld: an afternoon tea set out on a table in a flower-filled garden. The scent of roses, lily of the valley, and lilacs filled the air. The small figure of Dwight Frye, minus Fritz's hunched back, sat at the round table munching happily away at a plate of egg salad sandwiches. Colin Clive, in the lab coat of Dr. Henry Frankenstein, entered the scene and bowed to her before joining Fritz at the table. He poured four cups of tea and there was his Elizabeth, Mae Clarke, in a lovely lace gown standing

with a hand on his shoulder. The sound of a page turning caught her ear and she looked to her left where a man with his back to her sat in a chair reading a book.

"He needs a name, you know," said Dr. Frankenstein. "And please, don't say 'Frank' or 'Adam.'"

"Christopher," said Deanna. "Patron saint of travellers."

The man in the chair leaned forward and turned to look at her. He was Frankenstein's movie creation yet with the kindly face of Boris Karloff more recognizable. He smiled and rose from the chair, pulling on the brim of his large fedora in greeting. He was dressed in a soft wool suit, crisp white shirt, and striped tie. A string quartet in the corner of the garden began to play a waltz. Christopher bowed and held out his hand to her. Deanna took it and allowed him to lead her about the flagstone patio. She realized she was wearing the high-necked, long-sleeved dress that she had bought for prom, the ankle-length skirt swirling when he twirled her, the material as diaphanous as one worn by Ginger Rogers. The music ended and Christopher pulled out a chair for her at the table. Deanna sat beside Miss Clarke and accepted a glass of lemonade, sipping gratefully.

Christopher lifted up a cup and saucer and took a dainty sip of tea, his pinky curled. "I am enjoying Mrs. Shelley's novel very much," he said in the cultured tones of Carey Grant. "I wish to read the one by Bram Stoker next."

"That is one of my favourites," said Deanna.

Mr. Frye pouted. "Do we have to talk literature? Let's speak of other things."

Deanna sat back to listen as her companions discussed the merits of chemical galvanism, the electrical life force coursing through all the earth, and the inventions of Nikola Tesla. Mae Clarke's head jerked up and Deanna became aware of a scratching sound.

“Don’t worry,” said Dr. Frankenstein. “Chris will help you.”

When her eyes popped open, she saw the door handle turn first one way, then the other. The chair moved slightly when someone pushed on the door.

“Dee. You awake?”

She stayed quiet.

“You’re awake now, I know. Let me in. We can fool around, like we did before.”

“Those things you did to me were wrong. I was thirteen.”

“And I was fourteen. So what?”

“You never should have touched me.”

“Aw, come on. We were experimenting. It was a little innocent fun.”

“No, you stole my first kiss from me; you denied me that experience.”

“What kiss? I remember the only thing I did was shove my gum in your mouth. What did you put behind the door? Open up.”

“Go away and leave me alone.”

She heard another voice out in the living room. “Bill!” Deep and familiar, but not Uncle Ray.

The doorknob stopped moving.

Deanna got out of bed and put her ear to the door. She heard noises as though someone was hitting a leather punching bag. She heard running feet, then a slow plodding. The side door opened with a bang. When she looked out the window, Bill was running through the front yard. He slipped and fell, scrabbling for purchase on the packed snow. A tall man came into view. The lumbering figure raised its arms and grabbed Bill, lifting him up into the air suddenly filled with lightning. The man tossed Bill away and Deanna turned

her head before he hit the ground. There was a sickening thud. She climbed back into bed and pulled the covers over her head.

In the morning, Deanna rushed to dress and pack her things. She put on her coat, grabbed her backpack, and brought the chair back to the kitchen table. Everyone had gotten up before her. Bill sat on the far side of the table with his head down.

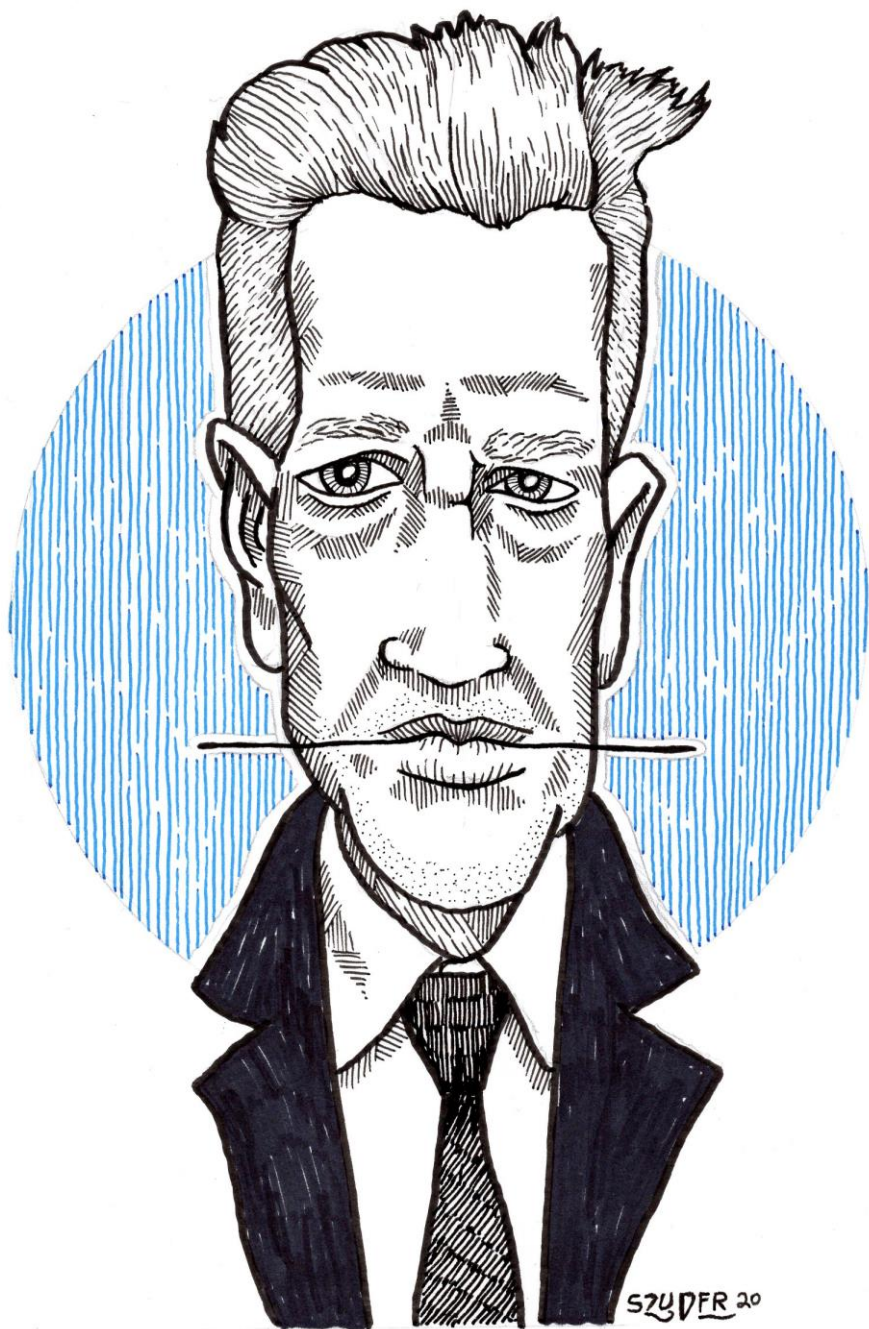
“Seems your cousin got into a fight last night,” said Uncle Ray, reaching over to grab Bill by his hair to pull his head back and reveal his swollen face. “He won’t say who hit him. Did you see anything?”

“No,” she said. “My friend has invited me to stay with her, so I won’t be back tonight.” She turned, put on her boots without tying them, and left the house, running down the lane just in time to flag down the bus. As she got on and made her way up the aisle, the other teenagers looked at her strangely. She didn’t care. Deanna could not stop smiling.

SZUDER 20



JEREMY SZUDER



JEREMY SZUDER

Nancy Byrne Iannucci

With You

I feel insomnia's pain
against the morning sun,
its rays twisting cattails
into tight braids.

I know the mood
a red-tailed hawk kills
flapping sheets, dispersing
crows from screwing below.

I follow foxes to the alfalfa field,
bitching in high pitch,
pontificating over the benefits
of chasing one's tail.

I know the mess
house finches make,
flitting in rumpled wreath
arguing over bits of scion.

I hear the lies trees
tell their dying leaves,
that the grass is not
always being dumped on.

But the grass
feels the weight of my ass,
addicted to your dirt,
a rusty tractor dressed

in a tight green skirt,
just the way you like me.

D.G. Foley

Orbit Obit.

I read about all the
space junk encircling
the earth and that lots
of the spy satellites
are due to bump into
one another, crash
and burn if they do catch
fire and if not
pray if you believe in
God and if not
watch your fucking head—

an umbrella won't do
you any good
when it's crushed and
yourself with it,
like the proverbial one-
hundred pound hailstones
in the Book of Revelation
and you not being around
for the Russian-American
fights that will follow,
India, China, facing off
to face the winner
and everyone too busy
watching to even dig you
a decent grave.

Cussing

I remember telling mom that
“Cheez Whiz” wasn’t a substitute
for “Jesus”—I wasn’t taking
the Lord’s name in vain,
no breaking of the 3rd Command-
ment or expletive tossed in
whenever I stubbed my toe.

*I hate it, ma,
I’d say when I saw her
spread that orange goo
on my slice of Wonder white.
Why can’t we have REAL
Cheese—Swiss or Mozza,
I’m not asking for fucking
Camembert!*

And *that’s* when I swore,

no supplication to the Son
of God but only exasperation
at her nickel & diming us at
my bread’s expense and my
dread at being punished with this
jar of fake fromage, its expiry
date not arriving for at least
another 3 goddamn years.

Fresh From the Glue Factory

Were we really getting high
when the orange Elmer's
cap was off and we inhaled?
Maybe we were just like the
florist who takes a deep sniff
from the roses before she snips
and places in a bouquet—
our goodbye not to something in its
natural state but to that which it may
have once been, the proverbial
horse jumping fences at a slower pace
than it did as a colt which signalled its
doom and with nowhere to age
gracefully.

Chick Tracts

Brimming with brimstone and
humour unintended—the drawings
were decent and the hell-fearing
artist would have been capable at
DC or Marvel or Gold Key comics.

But why sketch a superhero
when you can pencil shooting flames
and a volcanic lake filled with folks
like me who were bi or gay or weren't
really sure what gender they fucking were,
crying out for someone to give them
a drop of cooling water, or at least
have a red-caped man capable of flight
bring down a jug of *Culligan*
upon our heads, hair ablaze
in this otherwise dark universe,
being bright and shining lights
in our own degenerate way.

James Penha

Eyes of Argus; Eyes of Argos

Argus had a hundred eyes that slept but two by two so he might remain awake always at the behest of Hera to guard against Zeus unmetamorphosing the beauteous nymph Io whom he had hidden as a heifer from Hera but Hera knew and Zeus knew Hera knew and sent Hermes with his panpipes to tranquilize each and every Argus eye enough for Hermes with the speed of mercury to swap the flute for a boulder to smash the head of the slumberer. Hera memorialized her crumpled aide by fixing all his eyes upon the feathers of the peacock.

Thou shalt not confuse Argus with Argos save for the tragedy of their devoted service. Argos was the faithful pup Odysseus ran with young Telemachus to hunt Ithacan wildlife before the war and the disasters and the dalliances that kept the hero for so long until the man of twists returned disguised, unknown to all except the old hound who lifted his ears, wagged his tail at the whiff of his old master passing by, and closed forever his lonely, confident eyes.

Kit Desbarats

Dear Cliff

I am not topless.

I'm simply wearing panties.

I am not bare-footed.

I'm just without socks.

Please leave your fetish
at the door
when you casually come
to see me.

Don't watch my ass
I've turned to you
with low expectations
and say I'm wearing jeans.



IRA JOEL HABER



IRA JOEL HABER



IRA JOEL HABER



IRA JOEL HABER



IRA JOEL HABER

Peter Mladinic

First Haircut

In the small shop, in his mother's lap,
scissors clipping his fine
three years old hair,
he won't remember mirrors,
the electric razor, the barber's hand,

but something of this hour,
like a memory of first steps
or some other early childhood first,
may come back.
Such moments light the dark hour
we fade from loved ones and all things.
For him, may that time be far off.

His mother's pride,
he keeps cool under the strange blade.

Andreas Connel-Gripp

Rx

The pharmacist I talk to
totally gets my problem.
I show her my prescription
for *Joyfullix*, a new pill
to make you feel happy
and she gives me *beta-anaporiliovium*,
its cheaper generic cousin that's
the exact same thing except
for the impossible-to-memorize
multi-syllabic name.

To curb the pendulum of my
mood swings, the *Abilify*
my psych recommended
comes to me as *apo-*
aripiprazole, 5mg,
to soon be doubled to 10.

Does this mean it will again be
Re-christened? Will *cazolipiumestroniasin*
work just as well? If I show up at the
counter, will my pharmacist simply shrug,
tell me to close my eyes
and imagine the best, the cure
within me already, in the fantasy
that every drug is a miracle,
hot off the line?



ANDREAS CONNEL-GRIPP

Solo

The Way Conversations Freeze Over

I've lost track of what time it is.

We watch the setting sun cast shadows over snow drifts that have lasted the day—someone said the forecast calls for more tonight.

I'll curl my head into your chest, melting through the sheets like a pat of butter. We'll talk about how work was awful, our plans for dinner; you'll make sure I get some sleep.

My mother used to tell me this bedtime story about an unnamed relative born before my time—like me, he was fond of taking lakeside walks in the winter.

I wonder if he watched his breath leaking out of him the way I do, blurring the grey of January with the way it curbs a hunger for nicotine I've never actually tasted.

Perhaps this is how he stepped on the ice, why he allowed it to crumple to pieces beneath him as if a thread had been pulled from its snowy fabric.

No one was there when his face turned blue, but they say bubbles rapped against the glass like music.

Pilgrimage

—*for Eric Arthur Blair*

All the earth in London's filled—even the parking lots
are littered with the teeth of kings.

I'll always be jealous of where you're buried:
its crumbling church dusted with yew leaves,
the pub beside with twelve different tonics

leaving us stiff as the dead
somewhere amid the weather-smooth stones.

You wanted the roses left wild:
consumptive, beautiful

straggling stems snipped naked,
two lone buds shedding to the earth.
They were always my favourite.

I leave a couple of pounds atop the grave
slipping between the stacks of copper pence
and walk back to the car, thinking

of my smaller skeleton, its eventual spooning position
rotting wet and gentle: a thumb in a baby's mouth.

The Road Home

I can't keep running forever:
in the apartment, he's pacing,
the ball python needs to be fed,
my Mountain Goats records are begging for a scratch

no matter what, *somebody wants you*,
somebody needs you 69% charged.

I'm hot n fresh,
certified gourmet street food
just wrapped enough
to arouse suspicion

but I don't pay any mind,
focus on Echo & The Bunnymen
insisting *it's alright*, it's your body, your rules.

I fucking wish: here's where I was raped for the first time,
the second, the third, and so on.
And there's where I was assaulted for the second time,
the third, and so on.



SOLO

Penn Kemp

Drawing Conclusions

In our first Science class, the teacher instructed us to bring next day a drawing of the beaker of water and retort stand he'd set up on his desk. I knew a still life when I saw one.

I'd inherited some skill from my father, a painter. My pencil sketched and shaded the objects with artful nuance. My composition displayed a proper balance of proportion and form.

The teacher chose two drawings to illustrate his point. One was mine, of course, chosen for its beauty. The other was a clumsy, childish depiction of the cup in three straight lines.

The water inside, my new classmate had drawn as simple horizontal dashes. I shuddered at the scorn the teacher would display: poor dear, and he the son of a math professor.

You've guessed the end of the story, the end of an illustrious science career. The man mocked its still-born life, holding my drawing aloft for all to sneer along.

A Convoluted Etymology of the Course Not Taken

So when Mr. Jarvis asked me what I wanted to be (he knew girls were capable of asking the moon these days), I first chose zoology, given my ongoing fascination for

lily ponds that pulsed an underwater realm of quivering black tadpoles, turtles and leopard frogs, their skin intactly shimmering green. And I would pursue biology too, down

classical halls of Latin and Linnaeus, since the terminology enclosed such intricate worlds lit from within a given word's evolution through to the life forms in my back yard: I was game.

Mr. Jarvis pursed his lips into a smirk: "Well, my dear..." He held his dissecting knife aloft. "You had better just get used to carving out dead pigeons. It's what we will do in Senior Year."

The classroom suddenly swam. Startled by the eidolon of that poor pierced dove, her white breast feathers charged crimson, I changed schools fast, took Latin and Languages, and kept my birdfeeders full.

You There

I find you in speaking tree, ocean eye
river ear
meadow's hand
loop of swallow
stream of thought

There you are
hummingbird fast
as the letter Shin on fire, on red flower
The mud bank from which turtle drops
splash of circling carp

Duck with her brood aligned behind her
careful setting out across
the wide water
strutting down the street
to the creek

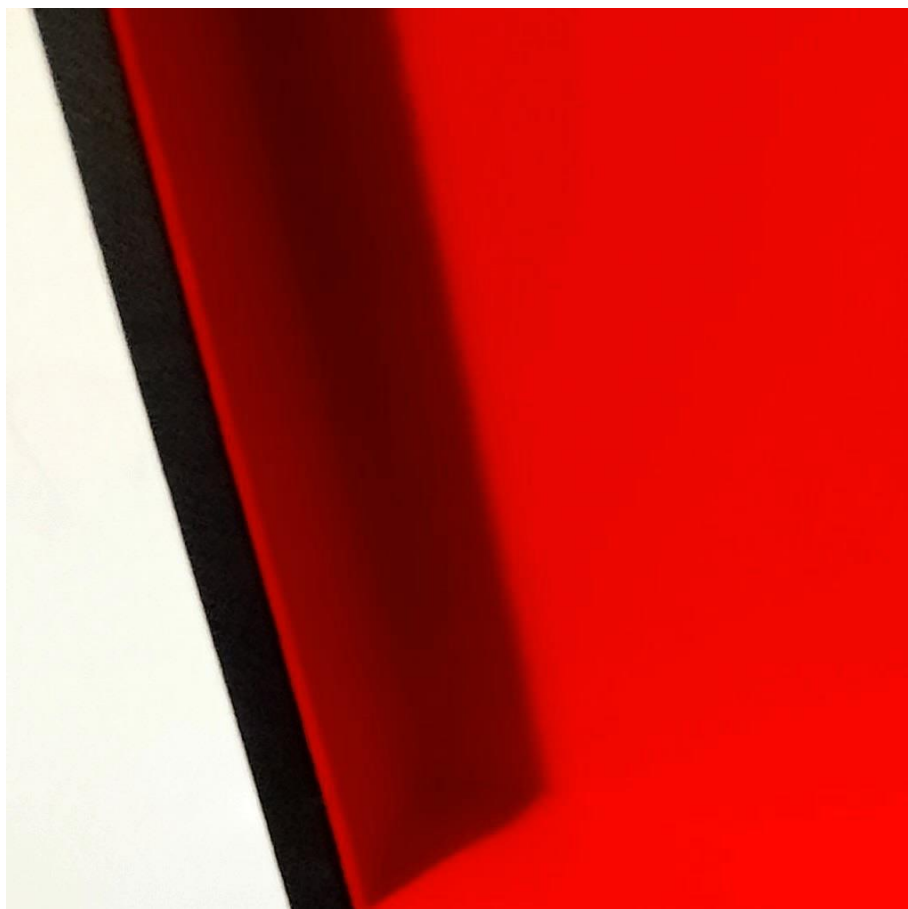
There you are in a rose, first
bloom or faded, faintly scent the air
There you arise full-blown. A whiff
of this, aroma of that
taste on the honeyed tongue

There you are, green again after drab dearth
long absence of light
There you are in moments
between friends, among
many

There you are in the mouth
of another, tenor's laugh
an operatic trill
Enough now. Let it be
enough. Now let us
praise

For a small, beloved descendent of Bast

A cat lies buried in a box,
a white cat in a barrow of snow.
No wind now lifts his protesting
fur. The cold is too still.
There are no maggots yet.
That will come in April
when the mud stirs in slush,
a small reprieve from indignity,
the last reduction to dirtied bones
for one who greedily loved his flesh
and the joyous stretch of being.



ANDREAS CONNEL-GRIPP

Robert Beveridge

Increase Your Reach With ADVO Marriage-Mail

The terriers are out in force
tonight, their targets every case
of books, coffee beans,
Brillo pads that need moved
from one side of the warehouse
to the other side of Skokie.
But somehow everyone just
sits around and reads Joyce
Carol Oates to one another,
prints a hundred thousand
fortunes for the organic
cookie factory down the street

The Wind Blows Away Our Bear

The wisdom in the boardrooms,
the dirt on the street, the scuttle-
butt has Grover Cleveland as
the frontrunner for your local
hero. Never mind he was born
in New Jersey, thousands of miles
from the city hall with the pink
paint job, sleepy officials, pet
penguins. Still, his role
in the preservation of the local
capybara population is
impressive, and he does hold
the town record in haggis
consumption. The vote is
tomorrow. The volcano beckons.



ANDREW LAWTON



ANDREW LAWTON

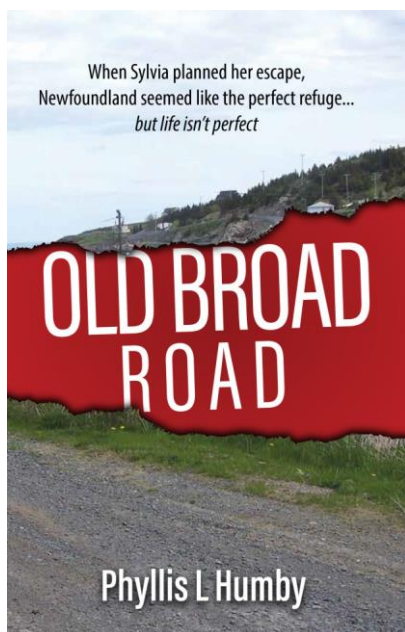


ANDREW LAWTON



ANDREW LAWTON

Book Review



Phyllis L Humby

Old Broad Road

Crossfield Publishing, 2020

Reviewed by Debbie Okun Hill

Phyllis L Humby's gritty new novel, *Old Broad Road* (Crossfield Publishing 2020) rattled more than a few old windows in a thunderstorm. It made me cry like a sudden outburst of rain, earning a five-star rating on Goodreads for its ability to move me so unexpectedly.

How did she do it?

By slowing the pace and quietly introducing the reader to Newfoundland's warm hospitality before unrolling the yellow caution tape and hammering the reader not once but several times towards the end of the book.

The novel opened innocently enough with Torontonion protagonist Sylvia Kramer seeking a fresh start in Newfoundland after divorcing her husband of several decades. The reasons for the divorce are not clear at the beginning but it was obvious Sylvia was traumatized enough to want to leave her adult children and young grandchildren behind.

Written from the first-person point of view, the fictional 330-page story used the clever metaphors of purchasing and remodeling an older home to strengthen the main character's new foundation. Often it reached deep into the attic of the protagonist's mind, revealing her inner fears and concerns.

"Pretending was part of my healing process...Nighttime was when I ranted and cried. That's when I felt old and unhinged." (p. 8-9)

What happened next was a gradual building of major and minor characters (a real estate agent, motel owners, a shopkeeper, housing contractors, a tattoo artist, a Russian wrestler, a clerk, an interior decorator, a dog, etc.) who provided support, humour, sorrow and even fits of anger to Sylvia's new life.

Although, I didn't always connect with some of the people in the novel, Humby did an excellent job of creating realistic and believable characters. The dialogue and Newfoundland colloquialisms enhanced the storytelling.

At times, I found myself skimming over some of the lengthier details especially Sylvia's obsession with food, kitchen gadgets, and interior decorating. This was more a reflection of my own interests versus a criticism of the character who described bottled rabbit, seal flippers, wine, screech, and other delectables as part of the sturdy framework of her personality.

According to Sylvia, "Nothing compared to sharing stories over food and drink." (p. 184)

By the time I settled and got comfortable in the protagonist's new home, the pace quickened. The author added several twists of lemon-laced suspense, and then sliced up an onion-heart or two for the caribou stew. My eyes watered and several chapters later, I was bawling!

What a plot twist! I never saw it coming!

As the protagonist stated earlier in the book, "Survival was up to me now." (p. 148)

At times, I wondered if Sylvia would ever survive her challenging circumstances, and that motivated me to stay engaged and cheer for her.

Overall, a moving and memorable read!

—Debbie Okun Hill

(originally published in her blog, *Kites Without Strings*)



ADEYEMI RAMON OMOLAJA



ADEYEMI RAMON OMOLAJA



ADEYEMI RAMON OMOLAJA

The *Beliveau Review* stands in solidarity with **Black Lives Matter** and against the oppression, abuse, and exploitation of our sisters and brothers which have been going on for centuries right up to the present day. It's critically important to use the platforms we have to speak out in opposition to injustice, hatred, and violence—in this context perpetrated against the Black community; and also against Indigenous People (both in this country and around the world), People of Colour, People in Poverty, People with Disabilities, Women, Children, and members of the LGBTQIA2+ community.

Beliveau Review / Beliveau Books

editorial



D.G. Foley



Andreas Connel-Gripp



Donatien Beliveau
(in spirit)

CONTRIBUTORS

Robert Beveridge (he/him) makes noise at xterminal.bandcamp.com and writes poetry in Akron, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in *cattails*, *Ellipsis...*, and *Ample Remains*.

Mark Blickley is a proud member of the Dramatist Guild and PEN American Center. His latest book is the text-based art collaboration with fine arts photographer Amy Bassin, *Dream Streams*.

Ace Boggess is author of five books of poetry—*Misadventure*, *I Have Lost the Art of Dreaming It So*, *Ultra Deep Field*, *The Prisoners*, and *The Beautiful Girl Whose Wish Was Not Fulfilled*—and the novels *States of Mercy* and *A Song Without a Melody*. His writing has appeared in *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *Notre Dame Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Synaeresis: arts + poetry*, *River Styx*, and many other journals. He received a fellowship from the West Virginia Commission on the Arts and spent five years in a West Virginia prison. He lives in Charleston, West Virginia. His sixth collection, *Escape Envy*, is forthcoming from Brick Road Poetry Press in 2021.

Carrie Lee Connel lives in Stratford, Ontario, with her husband and two cats. She has a Masters of Library and Information Science and a BA in English Language and Literature from Western University. Her writing has been published in *Synaeresis*, *Dénouement*, *The Toronto Quarterly*, *Fterota Logia 1*, *Tales From the Realm Volume One* (Aphotic Realm), *NOPE Horror Quarterly* (TL;DR Press), *Piping at the End of Days* (Valley Press), and *Moonshine: A Canadian Poetry Collection* (Craigleigh Press). She's the author of three published books of poetry including her newest, *Written In Situ* (Beliveau Books, 2020).

Kit Desbarats hails from Boston and is currently putting her first manuscript of poetry together. She also studies art, photography, and contemporary theatre during this difficult pandemic era. On the other side, she's hopeful of staging her play, *The Waking of Cassie Miller*, and has begun casting the actors who will bring her words to life.

William Doreski lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire. He teaches writing and literature at Keene State College and has previously taught at Emerson College, Goddard College, and Boston University. His new book of poetry is *Mist in Their Eyes* (2021). He has published three critical studies, including *Robert Lowell's Shifting Colors*. His essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews have appeared in a number of journals including *Yale Review*, *Peacock Journal*, *Harvard Review*, *New England Quarterly*, *Notre Dame Review*, and *Sheila-Na-Gig*.

D.G. Foley is a Stratford-area visualist, scribbler, and is the assistant editor of *Beliveau Review*. Their new chapbook of poetry is *ghosts & other poems* and is available from Beliveau Books.

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *Orbis*, *Dalhousie Review* and *Connecticut River Review*. Latest books, *Leaves On Pages* and *Memory Outside The Head*, are available through Amazon.

Andreas Gripp is the editor of *Beliveau Review*. Their latest book of poetry is *The Last Milkman* while their newest photo/art book is *Candelabra*, both published by Beliveau Books. They live in Stratford, Ontario, with their wife and two cats.

Ira Joel Haber was born and lives in Brooklyn. He is a sculptor, painter, writer, book dealer, photographer and teacher. His work has been seen in numerous group shows both in the USA and Europe and he has had 9 one-man shows including several retrospectives of his sculpture. His work is in the collections of The Whitney Museum Of American Art, New York University, The Guggenheim Museum, The Hirshhorn Museum, The Albright-Knox Art Gallery, and The Allen Memorial Art Museum. Since 2006, his paintings, drawings, photographs and collages have been published in over 230 online and print magazines. He has received three National Endowment for the Arts Fellowships, two Creative Artists Public Service Grant (CAPS), two Pollock-Krasner grants, two Adolph Gottlieb Foundation grants and, in 2010, he received a grant from Artists' Fellowship Inc. in 2017 and 2018, he received the Brooklyn Arts Council SU-CASA artist-in-residence grant.

Debbie Okun Hill has been writing for over 30 years. She started as a journalist at a community newspaper in Manitoba then moved towards a career in public relations at The Winnipeg Art Gallery, Lakehead University in Thunder Bay and Fanshawe College in London, Ontario, before becoming a freelance writer in the early 1990s. Today, she is a professional poet: a member of the League of Canadian Poets, past president of The Ontario Poetry Society and the recipient of two Ontario Arts Council Writers Reserve grants. Since 2003, over 285 of her poems have been published in over 105 different publications/websites including *Descant*, *Existere*, *Vallum*, *The Windsor Review*, and *Other Voices* in Canada plus *Mobius*, *Still Points Arts Quarterly*, and *The Binnacle* in the US. Her full-length poetry collection, *Tarnished Trophies*, was published by Black Moss Press. The review included in this issue was originally published on her website: okunhill.wordpress.com

Jana Hunterova lives in Prague and is a Czech award-winning freelance photographer and a doctoral program student at the Institute of Creative Photography of the Silesian University in Opava. Her focus is not only as a photographer but also on the history of photography as well as curatorial and lecturing activities. She has recently begun experimenting with short films, several of which have garnered acclaim. She is a member of the international art cooperative, *Urban Dialogues*.

Nancy Byrne Iannucci is the author of *Temptation of Wood* (Nixes Mate Review 2018). Her poems have appeared in several publications; some include *Allegro Poetry Magazine*, *The Mantle*, *Gargoyle*, *Ghost City Press*, *Clementine Unbound*, *Dodging the Rain*, *8 Poems*, *Glass: A Journal of Poetry (Poets Resist)*, *Hobo Camp Review*, *Red Eft Review* and *Typehouse Literary Magazine*. Nancy is a Long Island, NY, native who now resides in Troy, NY, where she teaches history at the Emma Willard School.

Penn Kemp has participated in Canadian cultural life for 50 years. The League of Canadian Poets acclaimed Penn as Spoken Word Artist and Life Member. In 2020, she was presented with the inaugural Joe Rosenblatt (Muttsy) Award for Innovative Creators. Her new poetry chapbook, *A Near Memoir: New Poems*, is forthcoming with Beliveau Books.

Andrew Lawton is a broadcaster, columnist and political commentator. In his considerably limited free time, Andrew photographs abandoned and shuttered buildings, documenting the history, decay, and even emotions associated with structures that have been all but forgotten. He lives with his wife in London, Ontario.

DS Maolalaí has been nominated eight times for *Best of the Net* and five times for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in two collections, *Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden* (Encircle Press, 2016) and *Sad Havoc Among the Birds* (Turas Press, 2019).

Mark J. Mitchell was born in Chicago and grew up in southern California. His latest poetry collection, *Roshi San Francisco*, was just published by Norfolk Publishing. *Starting from Tu Fu* was recently published by Encircle Publications. A new collection is due out in December from Cherry Grove. He is very fond of baseball, Louis Aragon, Miles Davis, Kafka and Dante. He lives in San Francisco with his wife, the activist and documentarian, Joan Juster, where he made his marginal living pointing out pretty things. Now, like everyone else, he's unemployed.

Peter Mladinic has published three books of poems: *Lost in Lea*, *Dressed for Winter*, and *Falling Awake in Lovington*, all with the Lea County Museum Press. He lives in Hobbs, New Mexico.

Arpa Mukhopadhyay is an emerging visual artist based in Pune, India. She believes that art is the greatest therapy known to humankind and has been painting since the age of six. She is drawn to themes of simplicity, love, and hope. All her artworks are based on vivid memories and experiences that she has had at various junctures of her life. Arpa enjoys working with acrylics and mixed media. Her paintings can be found in many private collections in India and abroad. Arpa's work has also been a part of numerous art exhibitions and festivals the world over.

Karen Neuberg's poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Glassworks*, *Gone Lawn*, *Misfit*, *Unbroken*, and *Verse Daily*. She is the author of *PURSUIT* (Kelsay Books, 2019) and the chapbook, *the elephants*

are asking (Glass Lyre Press, 2018). She holds an MFA from The New School and is associate editor of the online journal *First Literary Review East*. She lives and writes in Brooklyn, NY.

Adeyemi Ramon Omolaja is a professional painting artist with years of experience in different painting works exhibiting natural and environmental activities and occurrences around him. He was born in Lagos, Nigeria, and graduated Muslim College, Egbe, Lagos, with his Secondary School Certificate. He attended The Polytechnic Ibadan where he earned a National Diploma in Art and Design and a Higher National Diploma in Fine and Applied Art. At the completion of his academic pursuit, he joined the National Gallery of Art, Nigeria, and served as the Principal Technical Officer, spearheading the designing of various projects for beautification of the state. He has also participated in various international and local exhibitions as well as art competitions.

A native New Yorker, **James Penha** has lived for the past quarter-century in Indonesia. Nominated for Pushcart Prizes in fiction and poetry, his work has recently appeared in various anthologies such as *Pages Penned in Pandemic*, *The Impossible Beast: Queer Erotic Poems*, *The View From Olympia*, *Queers Who Don't Quit*, *What We Talk About When We Talk About It*, *Headcase*, *Lovejets*, and *What Remains*. His essays have appeared in *The New York Daily News* and *The New York Times*. Penha edits *The New Verse News*, an online journal of poetry on current events.

Kenneth Pobo is the author of twenty-one chapbooks and nine full-length collections. Recent books include *Bend of Quiet* (Blue Light Press), *Loplop in a Red City* (Circling Rivers), and *Uneven Steven* (Assure Press). *Opening* is forthcoming from Rectos Y Versos Editions. *Lavender Fire*, *Lavender Rose* is forthcoming from Brick/House Books.

Solo is a storyteller versed in both textual and visual formats. She's hell-bent on crafting her own salvation: using her art to exhume personal experiences of trauma and spirituality, examining how the two interplay. Think trauma as possession, healing as resurrection. Once described "as raw as a stab wound," her poetry has been published by *Synaeresis*,

Mineral Lit Mag and *CP Quarterly*, among other journals. Solo currently resides in London, Ontario. She is in her final year at Western University, obtaining her bachelor of honours in English Literature and Creative Writing, with a minor in Ethics. Her new chapbook, *Road Trips To Nowhere*, is now available from Beliveau Books.

Jeremy Szuder is a chef by night and creator of poetry and illustration work by day. His past track record in the arts includes; 15 years as a musician in various bands (drums, vocals), graphic design work for clothing/skateboard companies, 25-plus years of self-published zines, showings of fine art in the underground art scene, a 10-year-plus stint spinning vinyl at various events all across the city, and at present time continues to have both illustrations and poems published by over a dozen fine art and literary publications all across the USA. as well as Canada. Jeremy Szuder continues to call Los Angeles, California, via Glendale his home at present.

New from Beliveau Books

penn kemp



a near memoir: new poems

New from Beliveau Books

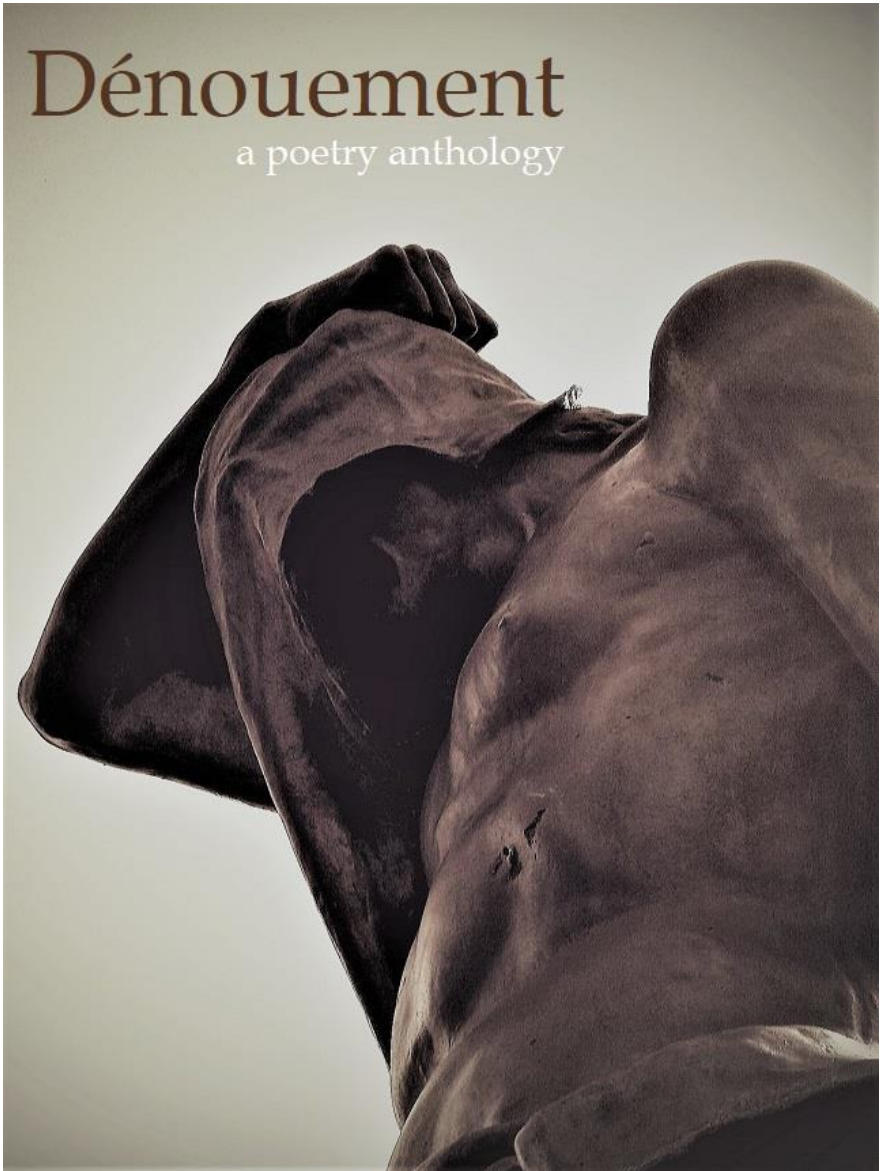
Solo



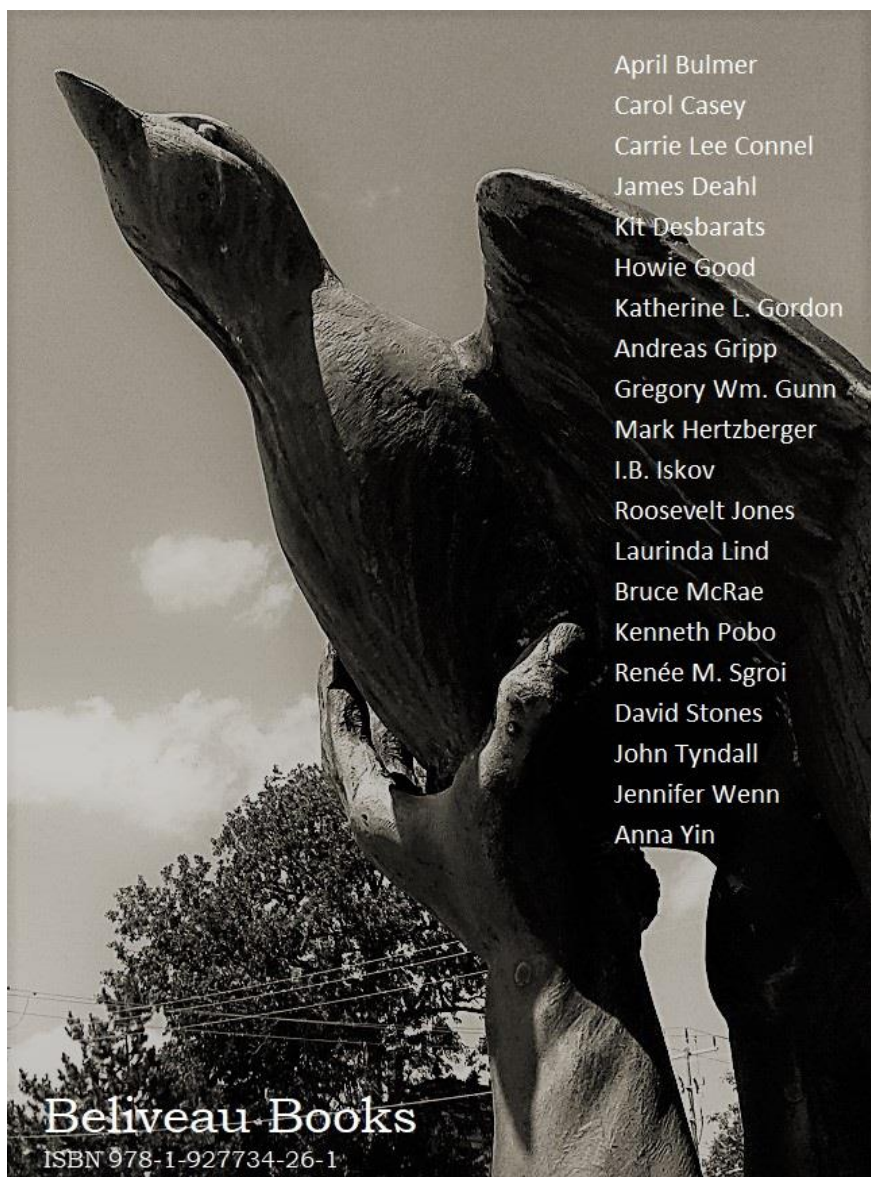
Road Trips to Nowhere

<https://beliveaubooks.wixsite.com/home/books>

New from Beliveau Books



A digital anthology of poetry by a variety of writers that deals with finality, coda, and epilogue, within the context of our place upon this planet. Poems that acknowledge what has come before us, the drama of struggling to survive in the 2020s, and a look to possible futures whether the outcomes may be positive, negative, or stasis in nature.



April Bulmer
Carol Casey
Carrie Lee Connel
James Deahl
Kit Desbarats
Howie Good
Katherine L. Gordon
Andreas Gripp
Gregory Wm. Gunn
Mark Hertzberger
I.B. Iskov
Roosevelt Jones
Laurinda Lind
Bruce McRae
Kenneth Pobo
Renée M. Sgroi
David Stones
John Tyndall
Jennifer Wenn
Anna Yin

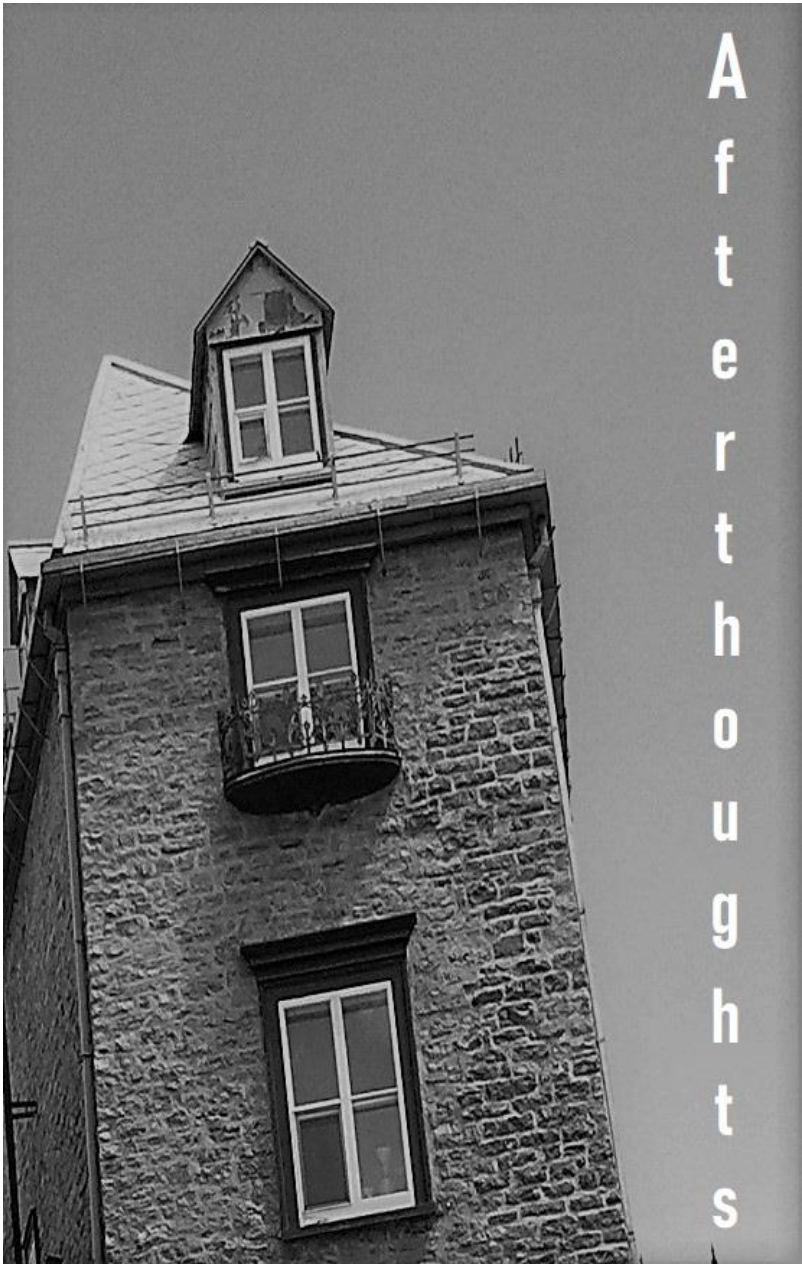
Beliveau Books

ISBN 978-1-927734-26-1

02/02/21

<https://beliveaubooks.wixsite.com/home/books>

New from Beliveau Books



A curated selection of poetry from *Afterthoughts* magazine, which was based in London, Ontario, and ran from 1994 to 2000.

The Best of Afterthoughts

1994-2000: an anthology of poetry



Beliveau Books

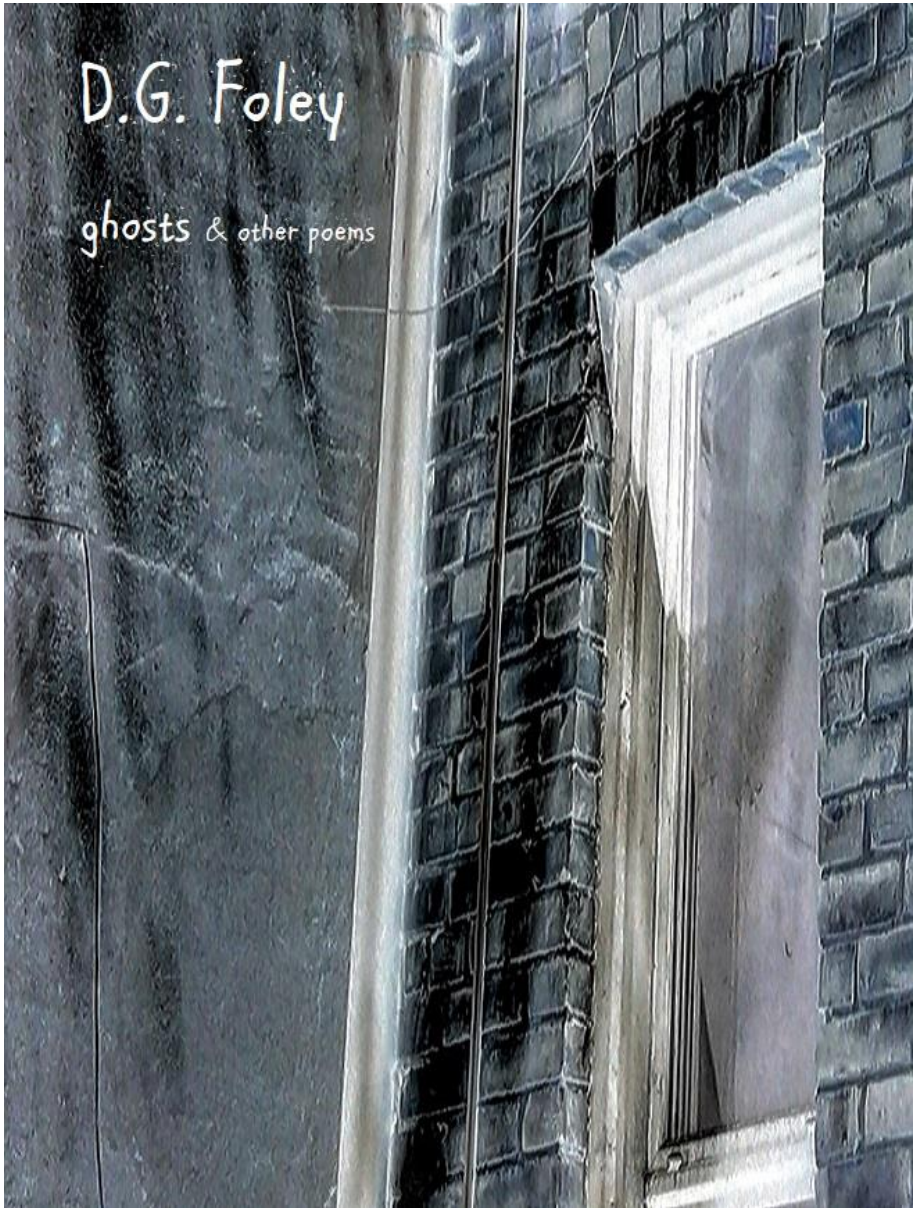
ISBN 978-1-927734-25-4

Beryl Baigent
Peter Baltensperger
Deanne Bayer
Nancy Berg
Jean Berrett
Jeff Bien
Lois Ann Carrier
Andrew Cook
Ruth Daigon
Shira Dentz
Jason Dickson
William Doreski
Vic Elias
Louis Gallo
Katherine L. Gordon
Daniel Green
John Grey
Mary Anne Griffiths
Chris Gultinan
Gregory Wm. Gunn
Sarah Haden
Bernadette Higgins
Pamela Sweeney Jackson
Constance E. Kirk
M. Laska
Monika Lee
Lyn Lifshin
Claire Litton
Dan Lukiv
Jim Madden
John Monroe
Lee Moore
Sylvia Parusel
Ben Passikoff
Molly Peacock
Sherman Pearl
Al Purdy
Jack Rickard
Kenneth Salzmann
Hillel Schwartz
K.V. Skene
Mary Rudbeck Stanko
Gina Tabasso
Bob Vance
P.A. Webb
Fredrick Zydek

Autumn 2020

<https://beliveaubooks.wixsite.com/home/books>

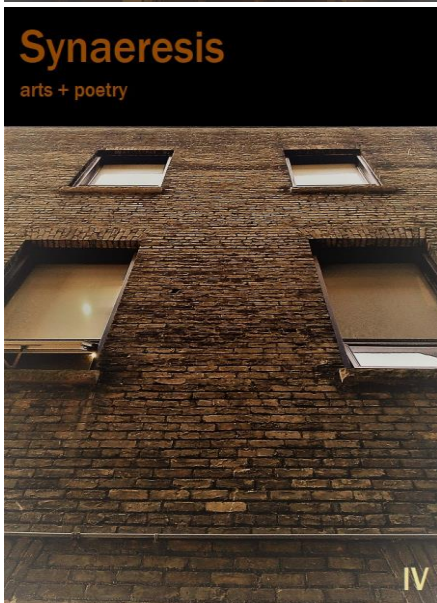
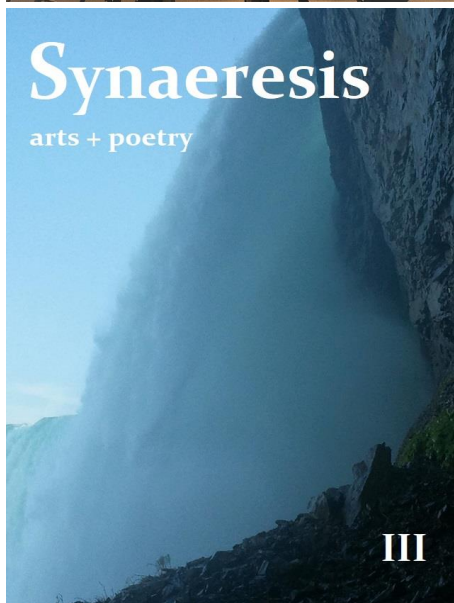
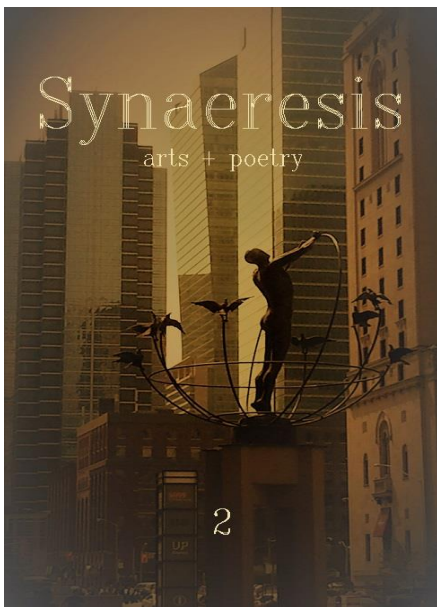
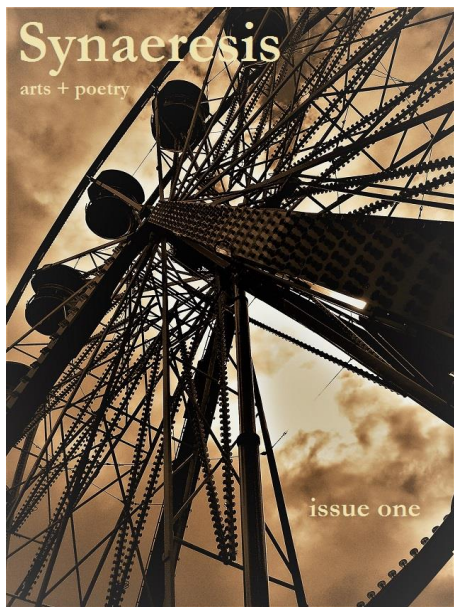
New from Beliveau Books



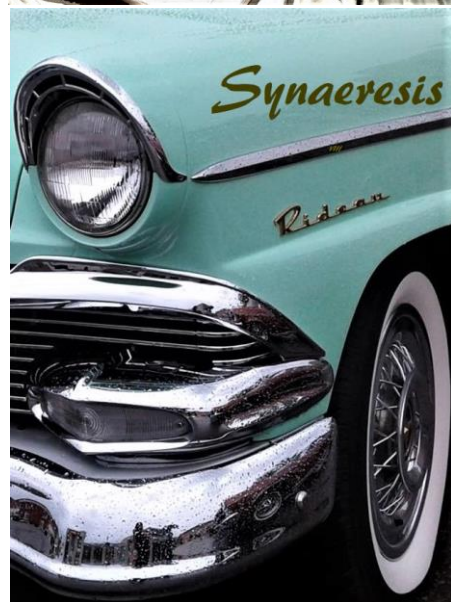
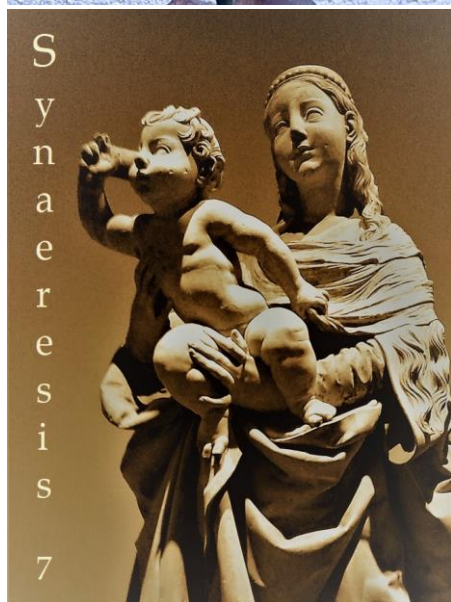
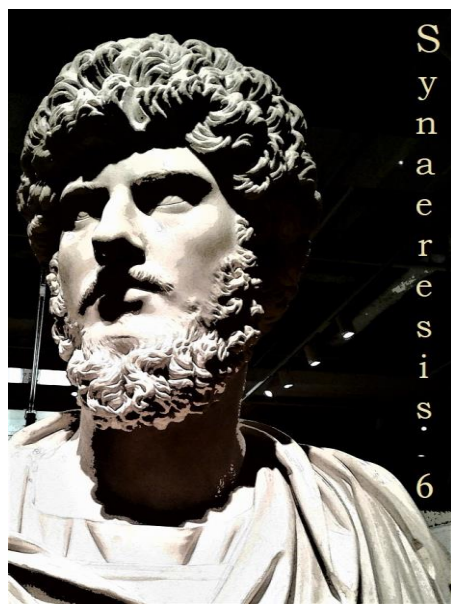
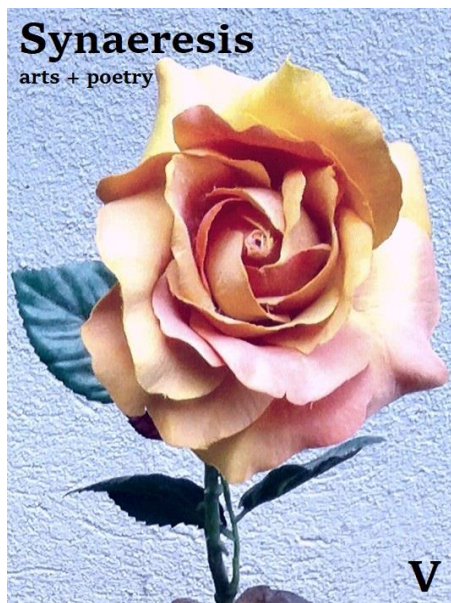
<https://beliveaubooks.wixsite.com/home/books>

All 12 issues of *Synaeresis* can be easily read & downloaded at:

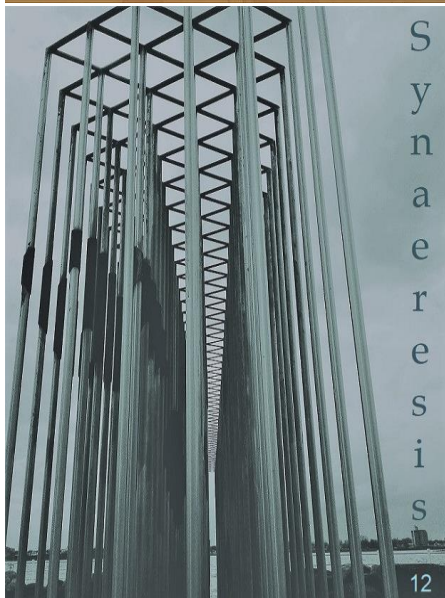
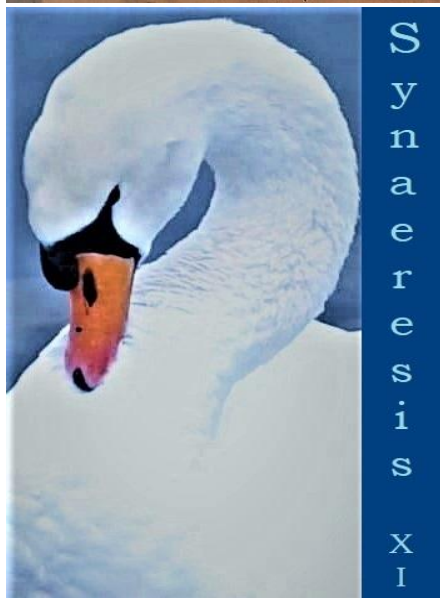
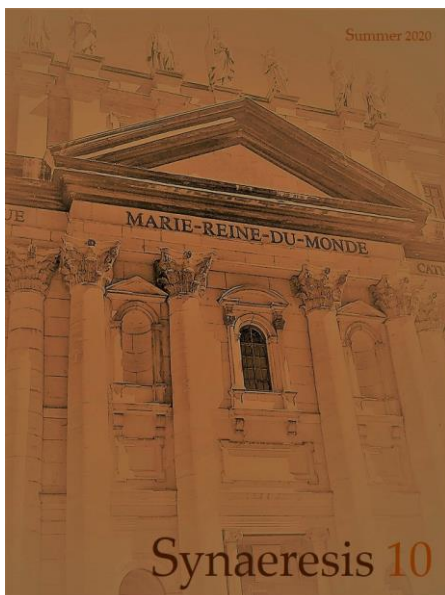
<https://beliveaubooks.wixsite.com/home/magazines>



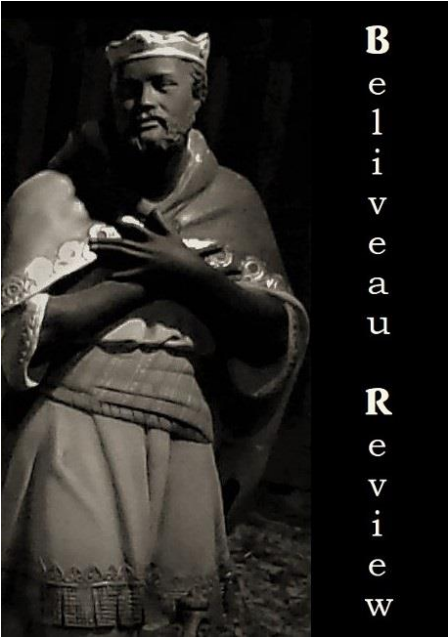
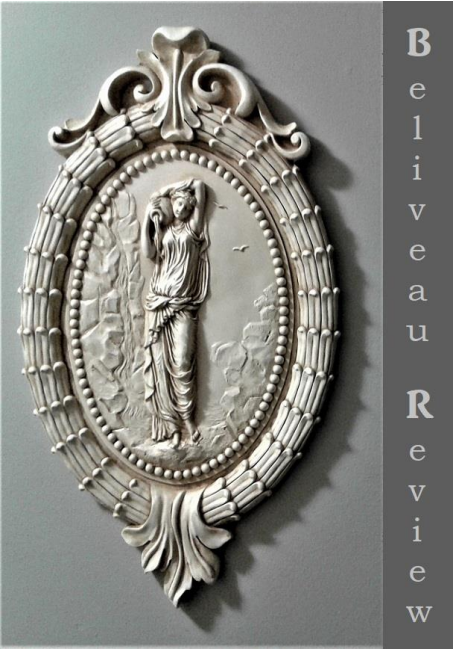
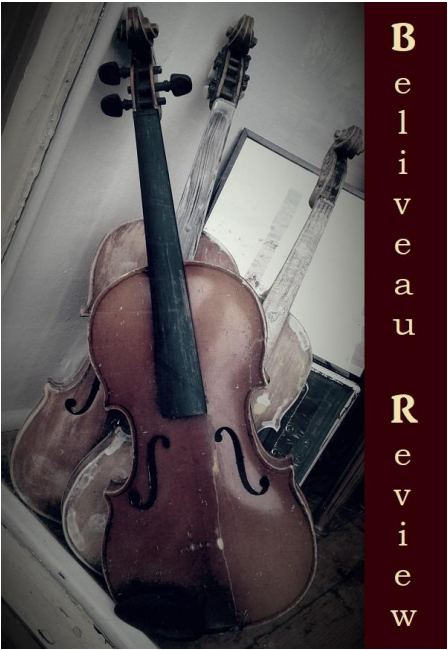
All 12 issues of *Synaeresis* can be easily read & downloaded at:
<https://beliveaubooks.wixsite.com/home/magazines>



All 12 issues of *Synaeresis* can be easily read & downloaded at:
<https://beliveaubebooks.wixsite.com/home/magazines>



Issues of *Beliveau Review* can be easily read & downloaded at:
<https://beliveaubooks.wixsite.com/home/magazines>



Beliveau Review

Robert Beveridge Mark Blickley Ace Boggess
Carrie Lee Connel Kit Desbarats William Doreski
D.G. Foley John Grey Andreas Gripp
Ira Joel Haber Debbie Okun Hill Jana Hunterova
Nancy Byrne Iannucci Penn Kemp
Andrew Lawton DS Maolalaf Mark J. Mitchell
Peter Mladinic Arpa Mukhopadhyay
Karen Neuberg Adeyemi Ramon Omolaja
James Penha Kenneth Pobo Solo Jeremy Szuder

Beliveau Books

ISSN 2563-3619

