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ALEKSANDRA (SENJA) ANDREJEVIC-BULLOCK MICHAEL BARTHOLOMEW-BIGGS
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SUE BURGE ZELDA CHAPPEL GARETH CULSHAW DIC EDWARDS
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KATE HAMER JONATHAN HARRIES ADAM HOROVITZ LYDIA HOUNAT
JOSEPH HUTCHISON CYNAN JONES STRIDER MARCUS JONES TONY KENDREW
K L PRICE NILES REDDICK SUSAN RICHARDSON MORGAN ROBERTS
LYNN SAVILLE KEVIN TOSCA MARK TREDINNICK EMILY VANDERPLOEG
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THE LAMPETER REVIEW

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Editorial

As a slow and sullen spring finally pressed itself across the flower beds in my garden, changing the shape and colour of my corner of the earth so that what was dull and flat became, almost between blinks, green and spiky, I read through submissions dealing with any number of untameable spaces, marvelling at the way individual writers brought their own imagination and interpretation to the task for issue 12 of TLR.

From lyrical nature writing to eco-politics, from animal shamanism to grief, death and passion, there was no creative space within the theme left untamed and unwritten. The landscape around us as well as the landscape within us: all were represented.

Of those writers invited to submit for this issue, we are thrilled to be publishing the poetry of Australia's Mark Tredinnick, England's Adam Horovitz and Wales's Susan Richardson. Profound, beautifully rendered, and each its own rich example of the craft, these poems conjure a landscape resonant with longing, lust and loss. A landscape ancient, dark, deep with magic and definitely untameable.

The open submissions also provided us with a plentiful and varied seam of poems. The task of whittling them down to the twenty or so featured within these pages was a painful pleasure: so many included, so many more left out. The quality of writing submitted to TLR never fails to astound and humble me. Thank you to all who sent us work.

The poems included here range across, above and beneath the earth in both their geography and their narrative. Marjorie Lotfi Gill, Lydia Hounat and Strider Marcus Jones all offer poetry deeply connected to a landscape I recognise, each poem intensely imagistic and delicately preoccupied with belonging.

Emily Vanderploeg, Neil Fulwood and Michael Bartholomew-Biggs negotiate a world that has become less familiar - a decaying building home to rock doves, an urban bus journey, and a memory desecrated by a return to a place made alien by destruction; oozing rot. We include the link to the image by Anselm Kiefer that inspired Michael's poem, and strongly recommend you take a look.

Zelda Chappel, Joseph Hutchison and Rebecca Wilks each contributed poems which step back from the physical spaces around us and focus more on those internal untameable spaces. Passion and absence dominate in these pieces.

Dic Edwards, Martin Willitts and Bonnie Bolling all deal with specific places or events in their poems. Startlingly different approaches from all three poets, but each poem a complex and powerful window into global conflict and cultural change.

Sue Burge, Gareth Culshaw and Morgan Roberts are the remaining three poets in this issue. Their poems all explore landscapes that are urban, claustrophobic and industrial. These scenes combine with an almost imperceptible thread of darkness, an awareness of the fragility of safety and the potential for threat.

Lynn Saville, a USA based photographer and artist, has provided the tremendous images for the journal's centre spread. These, and the evocative cover image provided by Eleanor Bennett, give a richly visual montage of the many ways in which the issue theme has been (and can be) interpreted.

Representing the prose in TLR, our invited writers are Cynan Jones, Niall Griffiths and Kate Hamer: three Welsh/Wales-based writers with deservedly international reputations. On the whole there is a lot more 'bite' in the prose pieces published in this issue, interestingly. Maybe the more expansive parameters and word count encouraged a more unsettled response? These three stories, differing in theme as widely as they do, nevertheless share a thread of the supernatural, an animism that has, quite literally at times, teeth.

Both Michael Bennett's and Carol Farrelly's prose is preoccupied with a past that bleeds into the present; a haunting absence that laces each well-paced narrative with a quiet, poignant sense of loss. KL Price, in her tensely constructed and authentically rendered story of a homeless person, gives an imaginative view of the untameable spaces endured in a life lived on the street.

Aleksandra (Senja) Andrejevic-Bullock's story evokes the domestic conflicts that arise around death, layering an atmosphere that smothers the narrator as she and her mother circle life-changing decisions in the days before her father's funeral. In contrast, Kevin Tosca's short prose piece is intriguingly dislocating. The two characters are travelling into an unknown space, and the reader travels with them, asking questions which will never be answered.

In Niles Reddick's muscular, intense story, yet another interpretation of untameable spaces is portrayed. Against the backdrop of a very real conflict, he offers a snapshot of the aftermath of a bloody killing, and the reactions of those involved. Jonathan Harries, in his impressive debut play extract, offers a sharply observed scene with a backdrop that will also be familiar, though in a more literary sense.

And finally, Tony Kendrew, our 'Man in the States', gives us another absorbing essay, this time from a summer writing programme he attended in Colorado. Humorous and astute, his writing is always a much-appreciated part of our journal.

Many thanks to all our contributors and readers for making this issue possible. It's been a privilege to act as editor for TLR once more.

Carly Holmes, Issue Editor

HALF

Aleksandra (Senja) Andrejevic-Bullock

It's about seven o'clock in the evening on the day of the funeral, when Stefan corners me in the pantry and says: 'So. What are we going to do about Vera?'

#

The winter sky is low and the ground is covered in ice.

The funeral is crowded with people like it's a market day, everyone gathered to say goodbye to my father and find out more about how he died. I stand on the marble floor of the small chapel, surrounded by relatives. I watch the crowd outside form a procession for the long march towards the open grave. The chapel has no doors, offers no shelter.

When we return to the house, I lie down on the sofa, shivering. I want a cigarette but someone covers me with a blanket and says: 'You've had such a shock. You should sleep now.' And I do, in the middle of the room where people come and go, eat and drink and talk about my father as if he's still around.

I am woken up by the sound of someone calling, *Vera, Vera!* My mother is sitting on the very edge of the sofa by my feet, but she doesn't answer. I sit up, squinting, trying to adjust my eyes to the lights. For a moment I think I am still in my flat in England, then I remember where I am, and why. Outside it's completely dark. The house is hot and stifling and I almost rip the blanket trying to free myself from its grip. I look at my mother, drugged up and silent, and decide not to disturb her.

'What needs doing?' I ask. My aunties bustle in and out of the kitchen, carrying trays with hot food. People are sitting on chairs around the edges of the room, talking in low tones of respect made louder by curiosity and a few impertinent jokes, as always. You cannot tell Serbs to stay serious. Life is too serious for that.

One of the women sends me to find some wine. I wonder what time everyone will finally leave. And how we will spend the night in the empty house, my mother and I, just the two of us.

In the pantry I move sacks of flour, winter stock of apples and potatoes, to get to the bottles behind. It's an expensive business, burying someone. By the time you have fed the hordes, there is little left for a gravestone. But we will worry about that later.

As I bend over to reach the bottle, I hear the door open but I don't look to see who it is. I don't really care, about that or anything else. But then his voice makes me straighten up and turn around.

'You did well today,' Stefan says to me.

'Did I?' I say, eager to please him. He looks so much like my father that tears start to press urgently from behind my eyelids, but I blink them away.

'You did cry though,' he says. 'Our father wouldn't have wanted us to cry today. He would have wanted dignity. Restraint.'

'It was the poem,' I say. 'The poem Mirko read. It finished me.'

'Yesenin has that effect on people,' says my brother. My half brother.

I show him the bottle. 'They're waiting for me. Did you want something from here?'

And that's when he steps closer to me, looks me straight in the face and asks me the question.

#

The guests have gone.

'Where do you want to sleep?' my mother asks in an exhausted voice.

'I'll crash on the sofa, mum.' My old bedroom has been turned into a make-shift store room, unheated and convenient for the keeping of extra cakes and meat which couldn't fit into the pantry.

‘Do you want to sleep in the bed with me?’ my mother asks.

‘Honestly, the sofa is fine.’

‘It would be nice to hold you, darling. Like when you were little.’ But her tone says it is her who needs holding.

We get ready for bed, neither of us wanting any food, feeling queasy on too many cigarettes. I have no idea what tomorrow will feel like. If the world will actually still be here.

When the heating goes off and the winter starts to creep in from the outside, we get under the wool duvet and lay very close to each other to keep warm. I don’t feel this is my mother’s body any more, the soft, protective body I remember from childhood. This is some other woman, bony, bent. I don’t want to hug her. I can feel the springs on the mattress. I try to manoeuvre my hips around them. My feet are cold.

My mother breaks the silence.

‘Stefan will want the house,’ she says. ‘He’ll want to sell it and get his own half.’

‘He can’t have it,’ I say.

‘Well, he can, according to the law.’

‘But we’ve fixed that, haven’t we?’ I feel a surge of panic in my chest. ‘Haven’t we? Dad has signed it over to you?’

‘He has.’

‘Then we have nothing to worry about.’ Relief makes me feel sleepy at last. I don’t want to think about this any more.

‘I think he will contest it.’ My mother shakes her head. ‘I think he will take us to court. I just have this feeling.’

I suddenly remember, understand. I sit up in bed. I cannot breathe.

‘What is it?!’

‘Earlier tonight,’ I say, at last. ‘He asked me what we’re going to do about you.’

As soon as the words leave my mouth, I regret them. But it’s too late, now.

The night around us is dense and quiet. Somewhere in our neighbourhood, I can hear a pack of stray dogs barking, fighting over scraps of food which are so hard to find in the dead of winter.

My mother is calmer than I expect her to be. ‘So what did you say?’

‘Nothing.’

‘How could you say nothing when he asked you a question? Did you just walk away?’

‘Actually, that’s exactly what I did. I pushed past him and walked out of the pantry.’

‘I cannot believe he’s that same boy I used to bring here for some bread and milk because his own mother didn’t feed him.’

She looks at me in the dark, or at least I think she’s looking at me. She could be just staring into the blackness.

‘Why did you not say something?’ she wants to know.

‘I wasn’t sure what he meant. I thought he was just being stupid. You know how he is.’

‘He is anything but stupid,’ my mother whispers, almost to herself.

The energy of my father pulsates in the room, but what it is trying to say to us, we cannot tell.

#

In the morning, my mother makes Serbian coffee for us, even stronger and blacker than usual. It burns a pit in my stomach. We get dressed in the cold and it’s not until after breakfast that the wooden stove has managed to heat the house up. We need a canary in here, I think, to tell us when to get out.

I want to go to my father's fresh grave and replace the flowers which would have frozen overnight.

'Not today,' my mother says. 'We're going to see a lawyer.'

I'm speechless.

'We don't need a lawyer,' I eventually manage to say. 'The house is yours. Dad signed it over to you. That's it.'

'He has friends in the police.'

'Who?'

'Your half-brother. They will come, at night, when I'm alone. They will break in and they will beat me up,' she says.

I don't know whether to give her more Valium or whether she's had too many chemicals already.

'That is crazy nonsense. Stefan would do no such thing. You are completely over-reacting,' I tell her.

'Am I? Two years ago, his mother had a burst appendix. She was taken to the hospital by an ambulance. Do you know what he did?'

I don't, but I am scared to imagine.

'He came over to see us, your father and me. He told us it was for an early celebration. We thought he was getting married, or something – had maybe fathered a child. But he said – his mother was about to die. He was going to sell her flat, pay off his debts, move to Belgrade. Start a new life.'

I try to imagine him sitting on our old sofa, smiling, while his mother is on her deathbed. I can't.

'She didn't die,' is all I can say.

'She didn't. She lived. But now your father has. So here we are.'

All around the room there are relics of the past life. Photos of my father fishing, wearing army-issue dungarees which make him look like a car mechanic. Photos of him on stage. Earl of Gloucester in *King Lear*. Different characters he's played, the president, the fool, the political dissident, and now for some reason he's decided to play a dead man. That's the only way I can explain it to myself.

'Let's go to see the lawyer,' I say.

#

The lawyer says we should hunt my brother down, smoke him out like a fox from its den. Make him show his colours. Make him play his cards.

I am staring at his crimson cheeks and sweaty bald patch, I'm confused by all these metaphors. The lawyer to me seems like someone who eats a fatty diet of American TV.

'We're going to send him a letter,' the lawyer says, 'telling him that his father's property needs to be split between the descendants and he needs to come here for a chat.'

Both my mother and I are confused. I try to explain, again: 'But that's exactly what we're trying to avoid. There is no property to split. It's in my mother's name now.'

'Yes, but we have to give him a bait. We have to get him to *ask* for the house, once he sees that other things are being divided. Then, we tell him the house is not up for grabs. He'll either make his move and take you to court straight away, or he'll walk away into the sunset. Either way, you don't spend the next two years in limbo, just waiting to see what he might do.' I don't really follow but then he adds: 'Find something small, insignificant that you can split with him. Your father's clothes, maybe.'

I am about to argue that my father's clothes, which still smell of him, are not insignificant and that my mother is not about to ransack his wardrobe to use as a bargaining chip, when my mother speaks up:

'I'll do it,' she says. 'Draft the letter.'

#

We are going back to the house in a taxi. Today seems warmer and the streets are full of slush. Everything has turned to dirt, to mud.

It's almost noon when we get back. People will soon start pouring in again, ready for the lunchtime shift of feeding and talking.

'Mum, listen,' I say when we've taken off our coats and dirty boots.
'Whatever Stefan meant by what he said, he shouldn't find out what we've done from a lawyer.'

My mother doesn't reply, she just walks into the kitchen and pours some water into the small coffee pot.

'Mum, we are family.'

Suddenly she turns on me. 'We're not a family. If his whore of a mother had let him live with us, we might have been one—' She stops for a moment, thinks about something, then says: 'What do you mean, what we've *done*?'

'Signing the house over to you.'

'Do you feel I should just let him take half of my own home?'

I raise my hands in an act of surrender. 'Don't shout. Please. Maybe I was wrong to tell you what he said in the pantry. Maybe he didn't—'

My mother shrieks. 'Wrong? So you should have kept it from me? Your father was still settling underground and Stefan was already working out where to put me, which nursing home, which lunatic asylum—' She's choking on tears, she can't speak any more, she's got a lit match in her hand and I can see it burning down, very close to her fingers, but I cannot move at all.

'I fed him, when his own mother didn't,' she says. 'Do you understand that?'

'I know. I'm just saying – he's so damaged —'

'If I could go back in time, to that child – but there was nothing else anyone could have done for him. You think that I should now pay the price, for the childhood he's had?'

Through the kitchen window I can see the first cars, which are starting to park outside the house. Soon we will be talking, serving, comforting, without being comforted.

‘All I’m saying is maybe I made a mistake. It’s still not too late to find out what he’s really thinking, before we get the *law* involved, for God’s sake.’

‘The law would have been on his side. Whose side are you going to be on, that’s the real question.’ She goes to open the door to the first visitor.

#

It’s the second day after the funeral. The spirit of my father will be travelling soon. It can’t wait much longer to see what happens in this small and angry world of ours.

I am sitting on the floor, surrounded by the mementoes of my father’s time on Earth. On one of his jumpers I find a short grey hair. The hair seems to me so alive. His shoes have kept the shape of his feet and I hold them carefully, trying to feel the man who wore them until just a few days ago. I look at the pictures of our life, black and white when I was little, always going somewhere, always on my father’s shoulders. Amongst the photos, I see some of Stefan. The rare birthday parties he came to, I the beaming centre of attention, he a longing onlooker. I can see it so clearly in these images, for the first time.

The evening comes and my mother is lying on the sofa, her eyes carefully closed lest the world should come in. Outside it’s been snowing for hours.

‘I think I’m going to book my return flight soon. I can’t stay much longer,’ I say.

‘Had enough of home?’

Before I start to protest, she shakes her head, her eyes still closed, and says: ‘Who could blame you?’

I am trying to make myself think of food, get up and go to the kitchen and make something for both of us to eat, when I hear footsteps crunching on the fresh snow outside the house. There is something about the steps, about their rhythm, a familiar lilt. A shiver works its way up my back. I do not believe in ghosts and I know those footsteps are not my father’s. But there is only one other person it can be.

My mother is sitting up now, eyes huge on her gaunt face, chest rising and falling rapidly. 'Lock the front door,' she whispers urgently.

I hesitate.

'Lock the front door! Can you not tell who it is?'

I can, but I am waiting for him to knock now. I open my mouth to say something, but my mother motions me to be quiet. She's shaking her finger at me and mouthing *We are not in*. I want this to stop. I want to get up and open the door to my half-brother and invite him in, show him the photos I've been looking at, ask him about his memories, whatever's left of them after his childhood expired and moulded him into the man he is now.

But he doesn't knock. Second pass, minutes. There is no sound except the murmur of the falling snow. Finally we hear him walking away. My mother leans back on the sofa, covers her eyes with a shaky hand. I count to fifty, then go and open the door.

A tiny bunch of winter flowers is on the front step, slowly getting covered by snowflakes.

#

The next time I see Stefan is in the waiting room at the court house. I don't know whether he looks at me, tries to catch my eye, because I never lift my head. Inside, there are many papers to sign. He walks out with a few small things that used to belong to my father. Neither of us walk out unharmed.

From time to time I still fly back to see my mother, old now and glad for the company. Sometimes walking through town I see in the distance my brother and his sons, on errands or coming back from school. The boys don't know who it is, this woman who looks at them from across the street, while they walk on.

Contributors

ALEKSANDRA (SENJA) ANDREJEVIC-BULLOCK is a Serbian woman living and writing in Cheltenham. Currently she is studying for an MA in Creative and Critical Writing at the University of Gloucestershire. Her work has been published in *Brain*, *Child*, *Literary Mama* and *Dawntreader* magazines, and her dramatic writing has reached various competition shortlists, as well as recently winning a competition run by the Touring Consortium Theatre Co.

MICHAEL BARTHOLOMEW-BIGGS is poetry editor of the on-line magazine *London Grip* and co-organiser of the North London reading series *Poetry in the Crypt*. His latest collections are *Fred & Blossom* (Shoestring Press, 2013) and *Pictures from a Postponed Exhibition*, a collaboration with Australian artist David Walsh (Lapwing Press, 2014)

ELEANOR LEONNE BENNETT is an internationally award winning artist of almost fifty awards. She was the CIWEM Young Environmental Photographer of the Year in 2013. Eleanor's photography has been published in British *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. Her work has been displayed around the world consistently for six years since the age of thirteen. This year (2015) she has done the anthology cover for the incredibly popular Austin International Poetry Festival. She is also featured in Schiffer's *Contemporary Wildlife Art*, published this Spring. She is also an art editor for multiple organizations.

MICHAEL BENNETT grew up in Suffolk, and has been published by *The Letters Page*, *Litro*, *The Lampeter Review*, and *Visual Verse* (among others). He is particularly interested in natural history, folklore, magical realism and nature writing. When not writing he can be found painting, sculpting, and playing the viola.

BONNIE BOLLING is an American author living in southern California and the Persian Gulf. Her book of poems *In the Kingdom of the Sons*, was chosen by Thomas Sleight to win the Liam Rector First Book Poetry Prize. She is editor-in-chief of *Verdad*, and a 2014 Katherine Nason Bakeless Bread Loaf Fellow.

SUE BURGE is a freelance tutor and poet based in King's Lynn, Norfolk. She teaches both Creative Writing and Film Studies in the East Anglian region and has taught at universities in the UK and abroad. Sue has lived in Paris and Israel and travelled extensively, and much of her work reflects her interest in other cultures. She has been published in various anthologies, as well as in magazines and journals such as *Mslexia*, *The North*, *Writer's Forum*, *Brittle Sta*, *The Cannon's Mouth*, *Orbis*, *Cake* and *Poetry in the Waiting Room*. Her work has appeared on the Kettle's Yard, Cambridge blog and in the web-zines *Ink*, *Sweat and Tears* and *The Literary Bohemian*. She regularly reads her poems at local open-mic sessions. Her obsessions are silent films, liminal states, fairytales, and revealing hidden voices through narrative poetry. To see more of Sue's work go to www.sueburge.co.uk.

ZELDA CHAPPEL writes, often on the backs of things. Her work can be found most recently in several magazines online and in print including *The Interpreters House*, *HARK*, and *Ink*, *Sweat & Tears*. Her debut collection was published in July 2015 with Bare Fiction.

GARETH CULSHAW works and lives in north Wales, he loves Snowdonia and hopes to have a writing cottage there one day. He writes most days and dreams of creating something special with the pen. He also has a dog, who is a great poet.

DIC EDWARDS was born in Cardiff. He has been Director of Creative Writing at Lampeter since 1994. Also a playwright and librettist, his recent productions include *The Opportunist* and *The Cloud Eater*. The opera *Manifest Destiny* for which he wrote the libretto was produced by Opera Close Up at The King's Head, Islington in September 2011. In 2009 his play *Casanova Undone* was put on in Copenhagen. He has had more than twenty professional productions in the UK and abroad including *Utah Blue* and *The Pimp*. Edwards is also a published poet – his collection *Walt Whitman and other poems* appeared in 2008 (Oberon Books Ltd, London & New York). An essay, *Wittgenstein and Morality*, *The Playwright's Purpose* is published by Intellect, Bristol UK and Portland, USA and an essay *The Living Corpse: a Metaphysic for Theatre* published by University of Hertfordshire.

CAROL FARRELLY was recently awarded a 2015/16 Jerwood /Arvon Mentorship and is currently working with writer Ross Raisin on her second novel. In 2013, she received a Robert Louis Stevenson Fellowship from Creative Scotland. Her short stories have been published in journals such as *The Irish Times*, *Stand*, *Edinburgh Review*, *New Writing Scotland*, *Aesthetica*, *Popshot* and *Litro*, and broadcast on BBC Radio 4. In 2013, she won the Lorian Hemingway Short Story Prize, and she has been shortlisted for the Bridport and Fish Prizes and the Asham Award. She holds a DPhil on the novels of Thomas Hardy: thankfully, her love for Hardy remains intact. www.carolfarrelly.com

NEIL FULWOOD is the author of film studies book *The Films of Sam Peckinpah*. His short fiction has appeared in *The British Fantasy Society Journal* and *Quantum Muse*, and his poetry in *Prole*, *The Morning Star*, *Art Decades*, *Butcher's Dog*, *Full of Crow Poetry*, *London Grip* and *Ink Sweat & Tears*.

MARJORIE LOTFI GILL's poems have been published in a wide variety of anthologies and journals in the US and UK including *Ambit*, *Gutter*, *Magma 60*, *Mslexia*, *The Reader*, *CURA*, *Rattle* and *The North* and have been performed on BBC Radio 4. She is the Poet in Residence at Jupiter Artland, and the Writer in Residence for both Spring Fling and the 2015 Wigtown Book Festival.

NIAL GRIFFITHS was born in Liverpool and has lived in mid Wales for a long time. He has written more novels and short stories and poems and reviews and travel pieces and radio plays than he cares to, or probably even can, count. The film of his third novel, *Kelly+Victor*, won a BAFTA, and his fourth novel, *Stump*, won the Wales Book of the Year Award. Forthcoming is a novel, *Broken Ghost*, and a poetry collection, *Red Roar*.

KATE HAMER grew up in Pembrokeshire and after studying Art worked in television for over ten years, mainly on documentaries. She completed an MA in creative writing in Aberystwyth university. Her debut novel *The Girl in the Red Coat* was published by Faber & Faber in February 2015 and has sold in eight other territories. Kate also won the Rhys Davies short story prize in 2011 and the story 'One Summer' was broadcast on Radio 4. She has also had work published in short story anthologies such as *A Fiction Map of Wales* and Seren's *New Welsh Short Stories*. She lives in Cardiff with her husband.

Born, raised and educated in Lampeter, **JONATHAN HARRIES** has a B.A. in Creative Writing from the University of Wales, Trinity Saint David. Part-time journalist and editor, he has been accepted to take his postgraduate degree in Magazine Journalism at Cardiff University.

ADAM HOROVITZ is a poet and performer. He was the poet in residence for Glastonbury Festival in 2009 and was awarded a Hawthornden Fellowship in 2012. He has released three pamphlets, *Next Year in Jerusalem*, *The Great Unlearning* and *Only the Flame Remains* (Yew Tree, 2014). His first collection, *Turning*, was published by Headland in 2011 and in 2014 the History Press published his poetry-fuelled memoir *A Thousand Laurie Lees*. www.adamhorovitz.co.uk

LYDIA HOUNAT is a British-Algerian poet from Manchester, England. She has been published with *The Butcher's Dog Magazine*, *The Cadaverine*, *HOAX*, as well as other publications. An avid performance poet, she has worked with the Manchester Literature Festival showcasing slam pieces with authors and poets, and regularly performs in bars and cafés. At 17, she received a Williams Senior college prize for her contributions to writing poetry.

JOSEPH HUTCHISON is the author of fifteen collections of poems, including *Marked Men*, *Thread of the Real*, *The Earth-Boat*, and *Bed of Coals* (winner of the Colorado Poetry Award). His work has appeared in more than 100 journals and numerous anthologies, and in September 2014 he was appointed to a four-year term as Poet Laureate of Colorado. Hutchison lives in the mountains southwest of Denver, Colorado, with his wife, Iyengar yoga instructor Melody Madonna.

CYNAN JONES was born near Aberaeron, Wales in 1975. His novels include *The Long Dry* (winner of a Betty Trask Award in 2007), *Everything I Found on the Beach*, the retelling of a Welsh myth, *Bird, Blood, Snow*, and *The Dig*. In 2013, part of *The Dig* was shortlisted for the Sunday Times EFG Private Bank Short Story Award. It has also won a Jerwood Fiction Uncovered Prize (2014) and the Wales Book of the Year Fiction Prize (2015). www.cynan1975.wordpress.com

STRIDER MARCUS JONES is a poet, law graduate and ex civil servant from Salford/Hinckley, England with proud Celtic roots in Ireland and Wales. A member of The Poetry Society, his five published books of poetry are modern, traditional, mythical, sometimes erotic, surreal and metaphysical. He is a maverick, moving between forests, mountains and cities, playing his saxophone

and clarinet in warm solitude. His poetry has been accepted for publication in 2015 by numerous anthologies and journals. [http // www.lulu.com /spotlight / stridermarcusjones1](http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/stridermarcusjones1)

TONY KENDREW lives and writes in a remote and beautiful part of Northern California, where he has produced two CDs of his poems, *Beasts and Beloveds* and *Turning*. His first printed collection of poetry, *Feathers Scattered in the Wind*, was published by Iconau in 2014. www.feathersscatteredinthewind.com

K L PRICE's creative non-fiction has been published by *Litro*, *The Clearing* and *Caught by the River* and fiction by Worcester Literary Festival's *Flashes of Fiction*. Her first novel, *The Greening of Louise Long*, is being represented by Richford Becklow. She worked for ten years as a gardener at Kew and now leads the comms team at SOAS. www.katprice.wordpress.com

NILES REDDICK's collection *Road Kill Art and Other Oddities* was a finalist for an Eppie award, his novel *Lead Me Home* was a national finalist for a ForeWord Award, a finalist in the Georgia Author of the Year award in the fiction category, and a nominee for an IPPY award. His work has appeared in the anthologies *Southern Voices in Every Direction* and *Unusual Circumstances* and has been featured in many journals including *The Arkansas Review: a Journal of Delta Studies*, *Southern Reader*, *Like the Dew*, *The Dead Mule School of Southern Literature*, *The Pomanok Review*, *Corner Club Press*, *Slice of Life*, *Deep South Review*, *The Red Dirt Review*, *Faircloth Review*, *New Southerner*, and many others. He works for the University of Memphis at Lambuth in Jackson, Tennessee, where he lives with his wife Michelle, and two children, Audrey and Nicholas. His new novel, *Drifting too far from the Shore*, is forthcoming in 2015. His website is www.nilesreddick.com

SUSAN RICHARDSON is a poet, performer and educator, whose third collection, *skindancing*, themed around human-animal metamorphosis and both our intimacy with, and alienation from, the wild and our animal selves, has just been published by Cinnamon Press. Her previous two collections, *Creatures of the Intertidal Zone* and *Where the Air is Rarefied*, focus on her own, and others', journeys through the increasingly fragile Arctic environment. Susan is currently poet-in-residence with the Marine Conservation Society, writing poems and running workshops in response to their Thirty Threatened Species appeal. www.susanrichardsonwriter.co.uk

MORGAN ROBERTS, at the time of your reading this, may or may not have just graduated in English Literature & Creative Writing at Aberystwyth University. Either way, he will have retreated from the seaside back to the valleys of south Wales from whence he came. He has for certain though, had poems previously published; including an anthology in aid of Cancer Research UK called *The Wait* and New York-based Lady Chaos Press anthology *Skeletons*.

LYNN SAVILLE's photographs of cities at twilight and dawn have been widely exhibited in the U.S. and abroad. *Dark City: Urban America at Night* (Damiani, 2015), with an introduction by the British critic Geoff Dyer, is her third book. Saville's awards include fellowships from The New York Foundation for the Arts and The New York State Council for the Arts. She lives in New York City with her husband, the poet Philip Fried.

KEVIN TOSCA's stories have been published in *The MacGuffin*, *Spork Press*, *Midwestern Gothic*, *Bartleby Snopes*, *Zone 3* and elsewhere. He lives in Paris. He and his work can be found at www.kevintosca.com and on Facebook.

MARK TREDINNICK is a celebrated Australian poet, nature writer and teacher. He was the winner of the Montreal Poetry Prize in 2011 and the Cardiff Poetry Prize in 2012, as well as receiving numerous other major Australian and international awards and critical acknowledgement for his writing over the years. He has published thirteen books to date.

EMILY VANDERPLOEG is 32 years old. She holds an MA and PhD in Creative Writing from Swansea University, and teaches creative writing online for Queen's University. She regularly performs her work in both Canada and Wales and was shortlisted for the 2010 Impress Prize for New Writers. Originally from Aurora, Ontario, she currently lives in Budapest, Hungary.

REBECCA MARIE WILKS is 23, and lives in the Rhondda Valley. She was a 2015 Forward Poetry Rivals finalist, and her most recent previous work can be found in the anthology *Where Shadows Fall*, published by Forward Press. She is currently between jobs, but her pet spaniel thinks she's great.

MARTIN WILLITTS JR (USA) is a retired Librarian. He has been in many of *Cinnamon Press* anthologies over the years. He has won many USA individual poetry contests as well as the International Dylan Thomas Poetry Award for the centennial. He has eight full-length collections and over twenty chapbooks

of poetry. His forthcoming books include *How to Be Silent* (FutureCycle Press, 2016), *God Is Not Amused With What You Are Doing In Her Name* (Aldrich Press, 2016), and the poem featured in the issue and other Dylan inspired poems will appear in *Dylan Thomas and the Writer's Shed* (FutureCycle Press, 2017).

