

Star*Line

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Winter 2020

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Eagle Wurm by Calyn McLeod

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orbiting alone
the scent of orange blossoms
on the crater's map

—Joshua Gage

Bad Landing

orange nightmare
the hanging munchkin
hell of Oz

—Harris Coverley

Of fairy tales—

—a princess imprisoned in a shadowy spire:
she doesn't need you

to climb her golden locks—
only brush;

there's no captor dragon
unless it's you;

and unicorns are the most precious creatures,
always just beyond your grasp
and imaginary:

somewhere, a unicorn lies
broken in a cardboard box;
its blown glass body can't be replaced—the store is gone—
and cracked fragments
refuse to be glued;

somewhere, a unicorn hides
in the ragged pages of an old notebook,
roughly drawn from memory—parts all wrong
in proportion—no subject but a horse in disguise
and its counterfeit horn;

somewhere, a unicorn hangs undone
that you were meant to collage together
with coloured paper ripped from old beauty magazines
and what it might have looked like
if you had finished.

i want to believe in love again.

—David F. Shultz

Dragons & Rayguns

Welcome to a new year of *Star*Line* again, another circuit around our closest star completed, with a veritable feast of speculative poetry served up for you in these pages.

In this issue we have a different kind of front cover, a photograph rather than an illustration. Pictured therein is a dragon, an Eagle Wyrn, created as a one-of-a-kind objet d'art by artist Calyn McLeod. On the back cover I have asked Calyn to provide an ad through which you can procure some of her beasties if you like. The ad shows three of her creatures, the last being a rather winsome dragonfly-winged dragon!

I hope you enjoy the poems in this issue. They are all works of love!

—Vince Gotera, *Star*Line* Editor

Cryonics and Rejuvenation

I am cold, dear girl,
I who hate cold
Have chosen the cold
For I found I was old.

You were late, my dear,
I was here forty years
And my children near grown
Before you appeared.

And, sweetheart, you're young—
Dark eyes and light tongue;
Your voice is new,
My song is sung.

So now I am parked,
Aging no more;
I who loved sun
Eniced in the dark.

I loved your eyes,
Sly, secret as spies,
No disguise, only depth,
The well of the wise.

And you, when you age
Will stop, still alive,
Rewind the years,
Younger, more sage.

Some day I'll return
From the ice, to re-burn
In the sun and your smile,
And get young too, and learn
If you missed me the while.

And I'll tell you half lies
How I suffered death
And a frozen dark cage
Just to end up with you, the same age.

—Robin Helweg-Larsen

Devilish Incarnations

Bored with forging evil on an hourly basis, the Devil decided to retire to Palm Beach with a covey of chosen concubines who had pleased his lust through the millennial ages.

Now he indulges his needs, both carnal and gustatory on an hourly basis, downing flagons of nectar, absinthe, honey and nepenthe, sating his hunger with immense quantities of meals sublime, indulging in prolonged priapic encounters in the afternoons, followed by glorious naps rich in holocaustic dreams.

In the evenings the Devil watches films old and new on a full-scale screen in the Grand Orpheum of his private theater.

Some of his favorites: Tod Browning's *Freaks*, Joseph Mengele's lost reels of the experiments at Auschwitz, and the compiled slow motion footage of suicide bombers detonating in the crowded streets and markets of Israel, Pakistan, Iraq, Kuwait.

No need to worry about the Devil's retirement. His minions and their many minions in turn,

their heirs everlasting though the horrors of the ages, are dedicated to carry on all of his fiendish endeavors that prey upon the human spirit.

Just as they did before his Incarnate Majesty claimed the throne by trying on his flaming scarlet skin.

The blades of sin may be a little less sharp, turn a little more slowly, yet the cuts they leave will be just as deep.

Now his minions wait until some other worthy savior arises to Father and embody the Grand Tradition.

Perhaps the next incarnation of his Maculate Majesty will try on a skin that glows like the rods of a nuclear reactor ready to incandesce in sacred conflagration.

Or he may opt for the most common incarnation of all, one human skin after another, even many at the same time, dying and being reborn, over and over again with kitbags full of hate and evil.

—Bruce Boston

SFPA Announcements

Eye to the Telescope

Eye to the Telescope, the SFPA's quarterly online speculative poetry journal, may be read at eyetothetelescope.com. The January 2020 issue's theme is *Hard Science Fiction Tropes*, edited by David C. Kopaska-Merkel. The next theme is *House and Home*, with Emma J. Gibbon editing. Deadline: March 15. Guidelines at eyetothetelescope.com/submit.html. Interested in editing an issue of ETTT? See eyetothetelescope.com/editettt.html.

Rhysling Award Nominations

David C. Kopaska-Merkel, the 2020 Rhysling Awards Chair, edited *Star*Line* in the late '90s and later served as SFPA President. He won the Rhysling award (long poem) in 2006 for "The Tin Men," a collaboration with Kendall Evans, and has edited two Rhysling anthologies. He twice took second place Elgin awards: for *SETI Hits Paydirt*, 2015, and *The Edible Zoo*, 2014. He was voted SFPA Grand Master in 2017. His poetry has been published in scores of venues, including *Asimov's*, *Strange Horizons*, *Polu Texni*, *Illumen*, and *Night Cry*. He is the author of 31 books; several are available on Smashwords and Amazon. The newest is a poetry collection, *The Ambassador Takes One for the Team*, from Diminuendo Press. Kopaska-Merkel edits and publishes *Dreams and Nightmares*, a genre poetry zine in its 34th year of publication. He and his wife live in a 120-year-old farmhouse. He shares a keyboard with two cats. Blog: dreamsandnightmaresmagazine.blogspot.com @DavidKM on Twitter.

Nominations are open until February 29 for the Rhysling Awards for the best poems published in 2019. SFPA members may nominate one short poem and/or one long poem. Poets may not nominate their own work. All genres of speculative poetry are eligible. Short poems under 50 lines (no more than 500 words for prose poems) and Long poems over 50 lines, first published in 2019; include publication and issue, or press if from a book or anthology. Here is the online nomination form: <http://bit.ly/2020RhyslingNom>. Or nominate by mail to the SFPA secretary: Renee Ya, P.O. Box 2074, San Mateo, CA 94401 USA.

Elgin Award Nominations

Nominations due by May 15; more info will come by MailChimp email soon. Send title, author, and publisher of speculative poetry books and

chapbooks published in 2018 and 2019 to elgin@sfpoetry.com or by mail to the SFPA secretary: Renee Ya, P.O. Box 2074, San Mateo, CA 94401 USA. Only SFPA members may nominate; there is no limit to how many they can nominate, but they may not nominate their own work. Books and chapbooks that placed 1st, 2nd, or 3rd, in last year's Elgin Awards are not eligible.

Sci(na)ku

wormhole exit ramp
light speed
enforced

—Herb Kauderer

Faster on Six Feet

Escaping Area 51
Prisoners rush exit
#cantstopusall.

—Matthew Wilson

Above the Clouds

Roiling, undifferentiated fields of white and gray
roll endlessly beneath our feet, reflecting off the sleek black
of our hulls, smooth as watermelon pips,
and the cool, mirrored arc of the balloons above
as our caravan traverses the equatorial zone.
We spread out in a V-formation
like the migrating waterfowl of Earth,
a world most of us have never seen.

Lightning flickers, barely visible through sulfur dioxide veils.
On Venus, clouds demarcate, delineate;
above, there's light and life;
below, crushing pressure, sulfuric acid rain,
volcanic ash to choke every vent, each moving part.

Descend too low, explore too deep,
try to penetrate her secrets before she's ready to share them—
you'll die before you hit the ground;
your charred remains won't endure long enough
to be a warning.

Still, the depths call to us—
there isn't a person aboard

who hasn't wondered what lies beneath.
 But we know we must move
 with patience and deliberation, like tectonic plates,
 as we glide around the planet,
 girdling her with mirrors spun from the carbon of her own air,
 extruded from the spinnerets of our ships,
 trailing like ancient mariners' nets behind us,
 which we release to float upon her air,
 a second veil for her modesty.

Shuttles bring loads of hydrogen
 ethically sourced from Jupiter
 and powdered iron from the asteroid belt.
 In another six generations, the carbon dioxide
 should start to freeze, drifting to the surface as snow,
 and then the clouds will no longer be a barrier.

We'll see the face of our beloved world,
 staring up at us through her parted veil,
 and on that day,
 perhaps Venus will smile.

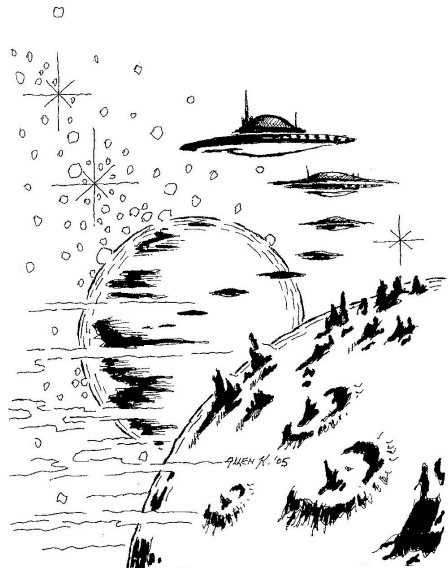
—Deborah L. Davitt

my late brother
 had the smartest brains ever
 at zombie delis

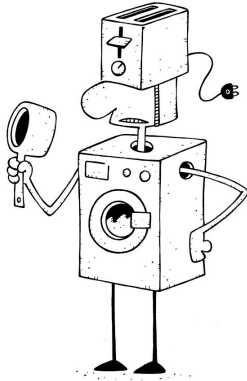
scorched earth
 to be expected—
 polo, with dragons

—Lisa Timpf

—Gary Davis



Saucers Over Moon
 by Allen Koszowski



Retro Android

Grann/Strahl

Meta-Paeon

O, my android love doll, you are the best fetish any 21st-century boy could ever own. With you, I have objectified my sex partner and sexualized a domestic appliance. I can plug into you like a wall socket, turn you off when lust fails, and store you like an ironing board. You are as intimate as a cell phone, as convenient as a men's magazine. I swoon over the 100 sound bites that I have programmed you to mouth and, as you moan in your porn-star recorded voice, I am thrilled knowing that I must be the best lover who ever purchased your model. I trust our special bond as I trust your maker's warranty. Thank God, commerce has resolved these male/female issues so easily. You give me pleasure and, in return, I order you boxes of filmy lingerie off Amazon, apply a few strokes of crimson to your lips, then wash you gently in a mild liquid detergent. But any addiction eventually bores the addict. As fervently as Pygmalion begged Jupiter to give life to a statue. I pray to Science to give us new kicks. I want more of what you were built for, except in different ways. For example, if you could shape-shift your adjustable body from that thing I use in my bed to the other beautiful things I lust after: a chrome-plated Italian espresso maker or, perhaps, a German-made sports car, you'd still be the object that makes endorphins activate the opiate receptors in my brain. You could be my robot second-language training instructor correcting my spelling, spiffing up my diction, and generating my most passionate declarations of desire,

so that what I write to you would be
only those words you told me to say,
leaving me out of the picture altogether.
My greatest bliss is to lose myself
fantasizing about how I possess you
while everything I own possesses me.

—Chris Bullard

You're Wasting Your Time

Combs have been given us
by the hundredweight,
to scour the sins
from our unruly hair.
And there's buckets
of this flesh-colored cream,
to mask the scars,
the wrinkled horror.
And what about these clothes,
donated by a local department store,
neat and clean
and they almost fit.
They even leave out plates of food.
And not scraps either.
Stuffed chicken, lasagna,
fruit and vegetables.
As if their lifestyle tempts us.
As if the perfumes could ever
allay the smell of death.
Pay tribute all you want
but we're still
the lascivious nighttime creatures
who knock down gates,
climb walls, smash windows,
who trespass in the dreaming soul,
rip the flesh off sleeping bones with our teeth.
Eat your heart out, civilization.
Or we'll do it for you.

—John Grey

Surreal Agenda

Poleaxe the odd centurion
with fifty yards sheer.

Exterminate the ugly swan
in refugee abandon.

Defenestrate the arcane forest
where mermen run free.

Sic the incessant telephone
on the drunken savant.

Build a flying fortress
from flesh and origami.

—Bruce Boston

On the Edge of Forever

we will never will we we won't grow old together
as the machines cleanse our bloods
and tauten our skin

we will won't we we will walk
in the orbital rings of a thousand
stained-glass space stations

gravity will change won't it it will our features
different atmospheric mixtures
altering our voices

we will walk won't we
on the surfaces of exoplanets

beneath suns where tinted
shadows hide our faces

whose rainbows shatter white
light into colors we've never have we
we haven't seen on our bodies before

we will never grow old together
but we'll live won't we we will forever
becoming alien to ourselves

i will carry your face
won't i
in my billfold heart

and never look
at it until the day
i open up to pay

for something utterly different

and am
reminded

i will still won't i i will recognize you
even after a million years have passed

—*Josh Pearce*

Under the terms of victory

and in the name of peace,
planets are being destroyed.
Asteroid belts grow
and bright flares suddenly
erupt in the sky above.
We gaze up for a moment
then turn back to our drinks,
a little abashed.

I stand on the deck
as we approach one of the vanquished worlds.
Insignificant.
Weak.
Laser cannons primed,
we notice vast white flags that,
by some massive effort of labour and organisation,
were draped over the highest peaks,
the nations' Capitol,
on their deserts.
Some of the officers sniggered,
some were silent,
but we blasted the planet just the same.

I didn't say,
didn't want to intrude
that it was my home planet below
a poor place from long ago.
I remember the day I left,
looking back at my mother
waving a white handkerchief.
I watched till she disappeared.

—Lee Garratt

The Battle
by Christina Sng



I, Robin, Being of Sound Mind

I, Robin, being of sound mind, declare
the Cryonics Institute shall have my corpse.
That's where I'll rest, if I can get shipped there,
no matter how friends stare, family gawps.
"I", "corpse" and "rest" are contradictory, true,
because we're into science-frontier realms
where problem-solving causes problems new,
where human thought both helps and overwhelms.
Limitless lifespan, or apocalypse?
Both feasible as we reach out through space.
Cryonics is a ticket for both trips . . .
or none at all, if humans lose our race.
Enjoy this puzzle-path, solve it and thrive.
Drive to arrive alive. Strive to survive.

—*Robin Helweg-Larsen*

the late prince
exfoliating across
the dance floor

Schrödinger's Tardigrades

—*David C. Kopaska-Merkel*

Tardigrades are loose on the moon,
dodging the stuff we've left behind,
at least until they realize
there's no water, no food, no air.

Then they'll fall to dreamless sleep (or
do tardigrades dream of someday
growing bigger, taking over,
cuddly water bear overlords?)

Not fully alive in their long
slumber, but not dead either, in
thirty years they'll be Schrödinger's
tardigrades, live/dead on the moon.

—*Dawn Vogel*

!@#%~&*
the sign says
welcome to Mars

—*LeRoy Gorman*

President's Message

With this issue of *Star*Line* we start a new year! Already just a short way in and we've seen some incredible and amazing changes in our world across many levels. As we finish making our nominations for the Rhyslings and Elgins, it is clear already that 2019 was a remarkable year for some very strong verse addressing both timeless concerns and newer challenges and opportunities for us. I am glad to see so many members of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Poetry Association sharing their ideas with one another and the world at large. As we go forward, I hope our members keep creative, looking both outward and inward to probe new ways to express our deep imaginations: What to seek, what to beware. What to remember, and what to dream of. Sometimes this can seem like a thankless task, but as I travel across the U.S. and overseas to visit our members I am reminded of how necessary our art is, giving hope and offering us options that many communities may have forgotten were before them. The next few months will be challenging, but I can assure you all that it is vital to add your voice and experiment with new ways of getting your creativity out there. I thank all of you for being a part of this journey!

—*Bryan Thao Worra, SFPA President*

No Living Animals

Hawk jumping on squirrel
Early morning breakfast
Choking on its metal gears.

—*Matthew Wilson*

Zombie Night
at the ballpark—
who wouldn't give
their right arm
to be there

—*Lisa Timpf*

re-entering
spacetime AD 6 billion
inside red-giant Sol

—*David C. Kopaska-Merkel*

alien space probes
gutted and sealed meteorites
look like rocks in space

—*Denny E. Marshall*

Evening Breakfast

She massaged the deep groove at the base of the skull. At last, the trembling eased and the head fell forward into her lap. She'd been sure to give the victim enough whiskey to fell a horse. It gave no sign of feeling the knife pressed deep into its jugular. The cut was neat, and she directed the gusher into her best brass pot.



Vlad appeared yawning. “Smells good, Mom. But I told you my cholesterol was over the top, remember? Just a salad for me tonight.”

—*Marge Simon*

runaway bride zombie wedding

Desire

—*Deborah P Kolodji*

I want to change my name to Almost-Joe-R.-Lansdale and speak truth about Texas and how to deal with the zombie virus.

I want to change my name to Not-Stephen-King-But-Close and just sit at home and write poems about zombies till my heart's content.

I want to change my name to Maybe-Dean-Koontz-Or-Maybe-Not and then tell stories about Frankenstein's monster's zombie past.

I want to change my name to Fake-H.-P.-Lovecraft and fill the oceans with new fear: zombies don't swim but they will float to you.

I want to change my name to earn a life talking about zombies and more zombies.

—*Juan Perez*

hang time draws
the ref's attention—
enchanted shoes

—*Lisa Timpf*

Trans-Universal

We meet at the
Trans-Universal Station,
a titanium box holding
the expanse at arms-length

The Clone Reception area
is full of pacers like me.
We all have scales, or feathers,
or crippling anxiety.

Neon advertisements
offer us sedatives. A flashing
terminal encourages us to
register for the latest self-help pod.

Shuttles come and go,
dispatching copies of us.
Flesh and bones and
scientific manipulation.

There you are,
me, but not me.
You, without the anxiety,
without the meds.

You are a mirror with a thousand
reflections, but missing one.
You are not us.
Something is wrong.

You reach out to
touch my antennae
blades on your fingers
chop them off

—*Cas Blomberg*

How to Imagine Barnard's Star b

Imagine the star first,
cast against Ophiuchus.

Such a small red dimness
it hides from our sight.

Imagine Barnard's Star b
huddled close to that sun.

A dark, cold, heavy world,
hoarding her scant heat.

Imagine our far descendants
carving cities in the ice.

Furred, thickset exohumans
fitted to the territory.

Imagine them gathering,
once every shortened year.

The huffing of their breath,
outside in the snowy dark.

Hand-in-hand, staring up
at where they came from.

—*Mary Soon Lee*

cannibal convention
the guest speaker
is for lunch

—*LeRoy Gorman*

Bright Lady's Interstellar Saga

There was a young lady named Bright
Whose speed was far faster than light.
She set out one day
In a relative way,
And returned on the previous night.

That FTL-quick little Miss Bright
Kept meeting her selves while in flight.
It was "Hello!"; "Passing through!"
"Beg your pardon!"; "Toodle-loo!"
Through the infinite quantumverse night.

Velocity makes the light years seem trite
For that well-travelled lady, Miss Bright
With each alien port
And every cosmic resort
Her journey is C constant delight.

That daring young lady named Bright
Made just one mistake while in flight.
A shortcut that she took
With just a casual look
Proved that wormholes can be a bit tight.

Oh, pity the deplorable plight
Of that unfortunate lady named Bright
Stuck fast with singularity
And subject to vulgarity
With a posterior view all the night.

Now that clever young lady named Bright
Did hyperventilate with all of her might
Which allowed her to funnel
Through a hyperspace tunnel
And carry on with her intergalactic flight.

It would be quite a stellar delight
To watch that supraluminal Bright
Alas for me and you
There's no chance of a view
As she can never move slower than light.

—Gregg Chamberlain

Best Friend

Impatient for postman
Carrying robot arm
Best friend in 26 parts.

—Matthew Wilson

last full moon
before the Apocalypse
postcard of old Earth

—Greer Woodward

From the Small Press

Such Luck by Sara Backer, Flowstone Press, 2019, 56p, paper \$13.00

As a fan of Sara Backer's work, I'm pleased to say that her enticing new collection does not disappoint! Her cover choice is a Tarot card relating to the Ace of Cups. A medieval page holds a chalice with a fish rising from the wine as if telling a story or giving advice. It contains elements of her poems in a collage of styles of that era, similar to Gentile Da Fabriano, Master Bertram, Fra Angelico, and Jan van Eyke.

"Luck" and "Such" are separate sections for a purpose, arranging the "Lucks" as the poet's more personal revelations and "Suches" as odd poems, not so personal. In short, experience in LUCK, observation in SUCH.

With this very first poem below, you're seduced. I'm not giving away how it's carried to a close, but the next thing you know, you're on page 56, the last poem in the collection. And wanting more!

Long ago on the edge of Vienna and lost,
I walk off the map into an alley of street vendors
squatting on tablecloths beside strange treasure;

Ebony snakes carved as bracelets, silver coins strung
as necklaces, lace scarves, intricately
painted eggs, tiny porcelain elephants.

I want
everything. I can't
choose.

(from "Now's the Time")

"The Death Jar" tells of a child's disconcerting discovery that the beauty of a Japanese beetle matches that of the rose it destroys, and the question why such a creature must be killed to ensure that another beauty may thrive.

"Such Luck" links to the cover with a glimpse of the poet's single girl life in California. "I drank in bed. The more/ I drank, the larger my glass grew. I waded surf with cabernet/in hand and yearned for love. Until I sipped and found a fish." The poem continues with a surreal conversation and a most satisfying ending. If ever you've been lonely for a lover that never showed, it may well have been for the best.

Sometimes I found myself thinking, "I relate to this, and the way she's framed it blows me away!" Such was my reaction to "The Menu at the

Bridge.” Herein, a man hikes into the hinterland in winter and is caught in a blizzard. He thinks he’s been rescued, but then “three pale men dressed in bones trudged toward him”. Don’t miss the rest!

Buy it, thank me later!

—*Marge Simon*

Afterlife

If any of my 7×10^{27} citizens are listening,
here are my final instructions for the hereafter.
As you go about your new lives,
please think well of me.

All you hydrogens are to find a new future
fusing extravagantly to light up the world
in the first controlled reaction,
while you oxygens are to fill the lungs
as long as you can of that homeless woman
named Martha on life support
who used to live in the subway.

alien hovercraft
over the wetlands
a tern

—*Deborah P Kolodji*

Or, why not work as a team to quench
the thirst of a dying migrant in Ajo
whose name is Jesus.

Trust you carbons and nitrogens
will cook up something special,
like helping to send the first
transgender woman to Mars,
just make sure it’s Mars
and not one of those pompous
outer planet gas bags.

head sore as she wakes
ravaged corpses around her
the dead still feasting

—*Greg Fewer*

Last but not least, you lead, cadmium and radium
folk are to seek out lying, conniving politicians
and spread to wherever you can do the most good.

—*Gene Twaronite*

Beast never learned
how to speak to women
Beauty plaiting his silken fur

—David C. Kopaska-Merkel

time travel roulette
the wheel stops
on now

—LeRoy Gorman



Fall Colors

I had already missed the beginning of the changing of the leaf guard, and I didn't want to miss any more, so on Saturday morning I drove to the arboretum, got out and started walking, I don't even remember in what direction. There were a few small white clouds in the bright blue sky, but they seemed very polite and well behaved. I came upon a lone maple that was a stunning all-in-one exhibition of fall colors: yellow, orange, red, brown, purple, and yes, a little green still mixed in there. This is all the fall one man requires, I said to myself. Or did I say it out loud? Despite the light breeze the tree appeared to grow suddenly still, almost attentive. I smiled at my childish fancies and picked up a single yellow leaf from the ground, breathing in the golden honey scent. The leaf came alive in my hand, strong, vicious, relentless. The edges were sharp as a straight razor and it instantly took off part of my nose. Blood spurted everywhere, and the leaf just kept coming, digging into my fingers and palm, throwing out tiny tentacles that hissed and sucked. Too late I realized I had encountered a rare vampire maple, and at the very hungriest time of the year for such creatures. Dizzy with shock, I tried to shake the leaf off, but it was no use. Dozens of other bat-like leaves attacked my feet, ankles, calves, thighs. Blood was pouring from me now, I was a human watering can spraying blood on everything. I gurgled a bloody sigh and toppled over into the prettiest pile of leaves I had ever seen. The last thing I saw was a crimson jet from my carotid artery, and the last thing I thought was, what a lovely shade of red.

—Kurt Luchs

The Dragonfly Lover

'Be careful when gliding over the crater's slope.
You could damage your vision
freeze your wings to immobility
break your delicate antennas.
Titanium exoskeleton and DNA-enhancer
Only work up to a certain point.'

How many times have you warned me
that the Moon is not a world
for dreamers, children, and dragonflies?

But when you choose
this icy universe as your new home
I lost the alternative
and the joy of a colourful forest
warm and cosy flowers
three-legged lizards and green wide leaves
to live and die
in this closeted sphere of metal and concrete
where even cats are bionic.

And when life deserted your mortal body
I stayed behind
—an abandoned toy with broken parts—
with your name on the silvery wall of fame
as a silent companion.

—*Russell Hemmell*

scratching at the door
something is in the basement
but we have no pets

—*Greg Fewer*

The Marriage of Light and Distraction

Dance with me, my mercurial love
Your shimmering point to
My glistening wave
We traverse eternity
In a single kiss
(Wedded—two shall become
One shall become All)
Moments coalesce
The dance floor clears
Forever beckons

No, don't look back
Don't be tempted by some other glow

Where we're going—or how fast
Doesn't matter, just that we're here
We're together (don't look)
We're eternal (don't stop)
We're broken (you looked, you stopped)
A faulty bulb on
A string of holiday lights
You said you'd always love me
Always isn't forever
Even if I am

You realize too late
What you're letting go of
(I can barely feel you,
How could you have felt so real?)
Waves of me stream
In all directions
You reach for me
You will reach forever
And no distance at all
Don't bother trying
My love, my dearest love
The particle that is you
Cannot hope to keep up

—*Gerri Leen*

Methane spikes on Mars
the Roman God of War
is changing

—*Greer Woodward*

I am here
darling
crystals spell your name

—*David C. Kopaska-Merkel*

Night of the Storm

Jörmungandr watches me
As I watch him, peering through
The mile-high wave.

His shadow looms over our ship,
Lurching in the maelstrom
Of the broiling sea.

“Hold on!”
I scream into the darkness,
Thinking of my children

Petrified below deck
As I clutch the wheel,
Our fates left

To the mercy
Of my once-father
Holding the world together.

He calms the storm,
Quells the waves,
Clears the skies

Enough for me
To launch my ship
Into space.

I turn back to Earth
And watch the world unravel
As Jörmungandr releases his tail

And Ragnarök begins.

—*Christina Sng*

Chronovisor Wanted

Duties include being in charge of all timelines, with the desirable applicant able to parse not only standard Julian-Gregorian conflicts, but having broad-based experience in chronohavoc and paradox management—you will, for example, have to know how to doctor such meta-disruptive events as “butterfly swatting” or ancestral retrocide.

Vacation and paid holidays off flexible, but you may not pre-take or bank more than a single futurum in advance, and there is no additional compensation for astro-temporal corrections. (We are still litigating the 445 days of 46 BCE.)

Also, if you're a member of any disjunctive or collapsed timeline, while we encourage you to apply, due to previous mishaps, the background of any candidate named Schicklgruber or Booth will be given extra scrutiny.

—Robert Borski

a sword I did

Harry S Trugod won't save your Seoul
deep underground a cabbage whiff
Venus's shell takes premium grade
with tails of snails the horde slides along
since you've been gone Valhalla's been dull

stuck him with a sword I did as you laughed
brass-maned air-breathers her next of kin
when in Rome we'd gun a papal wasp

engines roar atop the pine forest
a taste of bile, acute needlelight
Maybelline sneaks dirty lip bomblets
and he breathed an aloha oe
reeking trypical chrismatic cheer

wildebeest time travel
nothing's
gnu

—LeRoy Gorman

—Richard Magahiz

Stealth SF

FINDING SPECULATIVE POETRY IN NON-GENRE MAGAZINES

Print's Still Not Dead

Denise Dumars

“Denise Dumars! You’ve got your unemployment check; now what’re you gonna do?”

“I’m going to Barnes & Noble to buy some litzines!”

Your local megamart for book-type items is still the place to go if you want literary magazines and want to examine them in hard copy. Of course, Sith Lord Bezos will sell you any litzines you wish, hardcopy or otherwise, but they can still be purchased at bookstores and even newsstands if you live in a civilized environment (by which I do not mean Los Angeles.) So for this column I have chosen some litzines to examine for signs of Sfnal writing that might prove good reading material as well as good places to send your own work.

Most literary magazines and journals you will find nowadays cost between \$9 and \$22 on average; the ones published in Britain and sold in the U.S. being on the high end of the range. Often you can look at the websites and get an idea of what they publish without buying a copy, but not always. All of the examples in this column are from the print versions of the magazines.

Salamander contains poetry by some of the most well-known poets around such as Yusef Komunyakaa and Jane Hirschfield, but that doesn’t mean they won’t publish you if you’re not as famous. Some of the poems in the Summer 2019 issue are very simple; some are just what you’d expect of a major literary magazine; and some veer off into our direction, such as “All Hallows” by Anna V. Q. Ross, in which her daughter tries being scary for the first time at age three, probably to conquer her fear of a fox that allegedly stalks the backyard:

my daughter was a fox for Halloween—
orange felt hood with ears, a tail stitched
to her back and painted-on whiskers—
the only girl in the preschool parade
not dressed like a princess.

And then we encounter “I Gave Him the Moon,” by Mehrnoosh Torbatnejad:

—a piece of it, lunar rock, as directed.
I gave him the moon, or as we call it, *mah*, the H heard too.
in Farsi, one word means everything like it; milk is *sheer*
and *sheer* is brave and *sheer* is lion. *Mah* is moon and month
is *mah* and *mah* is perfect. *Mah* is perfect when you exhale

And I'll share a bit of Brian Simoneau's "Morning Begins with Dark":

the moon and stars, nebulae giving
birth, galaxies trailing to endless black,
at their edges, yes, but also

Poetry Northwest Summer/Fall 2019 has nice big pages so that you can fit lots of words onto them. So you get longer poems here, and sometimes more than one poem by an author. I liked Mark Svenvold's rather wordily titled "Like a Machine Dream from the School of Jean Tinguely, Eurydice and Hermes Pass through Lethe, New Jersey":

Hermes finds a path off the highway,
through woods to a trail that follows
cyclone fencing topped with razor wire
their feet crunching on gravel.
Beyond the fence,
a steep bank, a rail bed, then the tracks
that bear the great trains that carry off the dead.

Clearly *Poetry Northwest* is not like the poetry markets that told a friend of mine not to send poetry with any references to mythology! There are a lot of poems I like in this magazine, a lot more wordplay than in some others, and poets who are—zounds!—not afraid to enjoy the sounds of the words, like Eugene Gloria, in his poem "On the Guttural Song of Machines":

framed by the starched armor of her habit,
even when relating to us her mundane tasks
alchemized into the guttural song of machines
making hay on Market Street where nuns
comforted the victims of the 1906 earthquake

I like the diversity of style in the poetry in this journal, which makes me think it is a likely market for the things we do.

Jelly Bucket brings us more conventional poetry, at least in terms of format, but certainly some of the same wordplay that we like; I am so very tired of what I call the "plain language" poetry that cares neither for the sound of words nor for wordplay nor coloring outside the lines. Although most *Jelly Bucket* poets are very mindful of keeping it inside the lines, I did find some slightly more less-than-mainstream poems,

such as Stephen Massimillia's "Intermezzo":

In a sepulchral city, a lacy
swan-cluttered blue of turrets, I suppose,
as darkness steals in through moving cracks.
My thief, you're coming home

The 2019 issue also contains some weird and wonderful art by Valarie Savarie that I think we would all enjoy. This issue also includes five poems by Tyler Dettloff, a member of the Great Lakes *Métis* Community who mixes in native Anishinaabemowin words in his poetry. However, I'll share his English-only lines in a sample from his poem "Dynamite Honey":

Fought a lynx between my ears
Woke up with blood in my mouth
Brushed my teeth with razor blades
Maple blossoms and hawk feathers

And finally, *New Letters* will not be new to many of my readers. Much of the poetry herein is the mind-blowing stuff that we wish we would see in other poetry magazines but usually don't. So without further ado I'll start with Willis Barnstone's "One Scorpio Night":

From silly mannered Brit verse to dread *light*
Inside, as Gnostics prescribed. In Spain, black
And Spanish mania from El Greco to the night

Of Goya grotesques. How wondrous the sack
Of tricks our poets sneak into our pen.
One white night of snow gave me all I've been.

And of course this issue's standout poem, "Gris-Gris Rhapsody," is by Albert Goldbarth, who—no mean feat—manages to fairly accurately evoke the very particular flavor of New Orleans Voodoo:

and withdraw a tiny oilskin pouch of his Guaranteed Cure-All Mix
of sulphur, jimson weed, and honey, which you were instructed
to sip at the full moon from a glass that was rubbed
against a black cat with one white foot, and trouble
would be warded off, as promised, for the month.

So splash on a little Florida Water and anoint your throat chakra with Louisiana-Style Van Van Oil (I know a good online botanica that sells it, ahem) and start submitting your poetry to these fine markets, and once again know the pleasure of savoring real physical pages full of the stuff you love to read and write.

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- Svenvold, Mark. "Like a Machine Dream from the School of Jean Tinguely, Eurydice and Hermes Pass through Lethe, New Jersey." *Poetry Northwest*, Summer/Fall 2019, pp. 24-25.
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Markets

Jelly Bucket, Bluegrass Writers Studio, Eastern Kentucky Univ, Creative Writing Program, 101 Mattox, 521 Lancaster Ave., Richmond, KY 40475-3102. <https://jellybucket.submittable.com/submit>

New Letters, Univ. of Missouri-Kansas City, 5101 Rockhill Rd., Kansas City, MO 64110. <http://www.newletters.org>

Poetry Northwest, 2000 Tower St., Everett, WA 98201. <https://www.poetrynw.org/about/submissions-info/>

Salamander, Suffolk Univ., English Dept, 8 Ashburton Pl., Boston, MA, 02108. <http://salamandermag.org>.

first AI invents
n-dimensional chess
plays against itself

—David C. Kopaska-Merkel

he stabs at red clown
glass shatters and splatters
hall of mirrors

—Gary Davis

the ash from the roof drifts over the street
where the pancake seller flips his jacks
and the fire in the sky lights up the attics of dead men
somewhere between Chiba City and Ulaanbaatar
beneath the frame of the river rat sky
some netbook samurai logs in to toast his lunch
beneath the wings of the Metal Angel cafe

some Zoroastrian's offering mixes with the pigeons' wings
and the Agents of the City come down to find fresh meat
at the provincial meet and greet

the street is paved with headstones
and every head is shaved except the Registrar
who sleeps beneath his Tome
inside the deep recesses of the keep
glowering beneath the mountain

All I need is a bit to eat outside the gate
hold my hand for the execution
of my batch file

—Robin Wyatt Dunn

galactic way station
fossils in the dunes
left behind

—Greer Woodward

Earth jersey
solar system hockey finals
on Europa

—Deborah P Kolodji

Humpty Dumpty

I saw it all: myself grown tall,
joking with kings. The wall. My fall.

I saw it all. I chose my fate.
No other chance to rise so great.

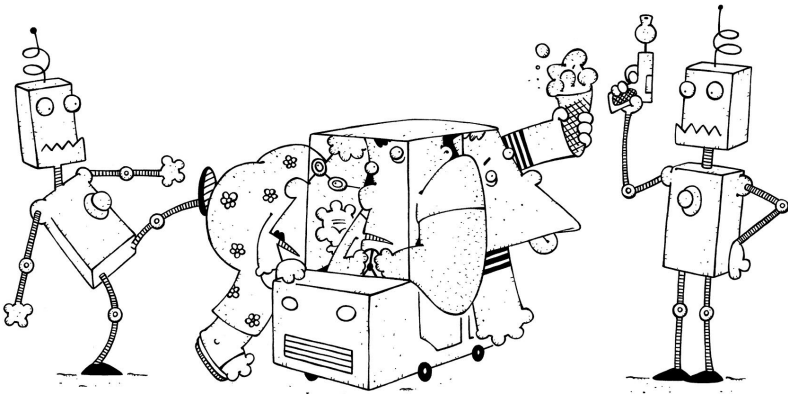
Prophets must prosper while they can,
only one end for egg or man.

I saw the prince, his sweet dark kiss,
our golden hours, the price of this.

I saw his death, his broken bones,
his last cold rest below these stones.

Now in the night before the fall,
I seek my end. I hear him call.

—Mary Soon Lee



After the robot apocalypse their first law will
be to make Cube cars mandatory for everyone

Black Holes

(a Trisengraf)

Now we have seen one (in a way)
with curious and cunning technology—
an array of telescopes big as the Earth.

Whatever the image shows,
it's not “real” today, for the gathered light
is from 55 million years ago.

Yes, we know they exist, but God knows
how long it will take—to fill all
the holes in our knowledge, to find THE Secret.

—*Frank Coffman*

*Poet's note: This poem is an invented form that I call the Trisengraf—
“three sentence paragraph.” Each sentence/section must be a Triversen
—“three verse sentence”—a stanza form invented by W. C. Williams.*

New Jet Car

Dad said no
loop-the-loops
with his new jet car.
Never mentioned
barrel rolls, but
he grounded me
just the same.

—*Lauren McBride*

Sotheby's Lot 9
plastic bags
from the Mariana Trench

—*Greer Woodward*

time travel accident
my hologram of the way
it was

—*Deborah P Kolodji*

Reset

(a Bengali Tripadi-Triversen Sonnet)

“The wan light from the nearest star—
in cosmic terms not very far—
takes four point two two years to reach us here.

“But—what our science does not know—
just four point four eight years ago,
the universe imploded on itself.”

“But here, within this mental ward,
just as outside—there is no guard
Against the coming “Omnipocalypse.”

“I swear to you strange voices sang
of the reversal of ‘The Bang,’
and that no sound, no whimper will be heard.

“We’ve only three months—more or less—
to ponder just how Dark is Nothingness.”

—*Frank Coffman*

Poet's note: Essentially, the poem is in strictly-formed “Triversens”—three-verse-sentences developed by W. C. Williams—except for the couplet at the end to make a sonnet. The Bengali Tripadi is syllabic in tercets with lines of 8-8-10 syllables and rhyming aab.

One Person's Madness Is Another's ...

The cold winter's morning began
as uneventful as a home movie
filmed by a family of the invisible
(perhaps barely visible would be
more accurate, but it's early)
you dressed more for hopeful spring
than the season's sudden anger
as you walk past familiar houses
curtains drawn, addresses changed,
then quite by chance you discover
you don't exist, not in conventional terms,
hardly distressed, a little puzzled, though,
and immediately after you discover
two identical snowflakes
but you have no one to show these
inexplicable twins of nature
everyone huddled indoors
safe as the hearth personified
then with the naked eye
you discover a new planet
populated by creatures uncannily
similar to Godot, not that anyone
would believe you even if you claimed
the world was round and the sky blue
your credentials are lacklustre
your smile unimpressive
no one sees you, hears you even
when you use a megaphone
and yell passages from secret texts
you discover immediately after that
new planet and now you reassess
all your findings and descriptions
even as you find another planet
more distant and picturesque
populated by fantastical creatures
but you will not give these creatures
a name, not now, not anymore,
instead you will walk faster and farther
and find more identical snowflakes
for your collection of wonders.

—J.J. Steinfeld

Blue Mood

useless kings hide and knights
in white satin finish, slide
the shadow queen conquers

— Gretchen Tessmer

I swipe real hard
the website crashes
spider off my screen

—Gary Davis

Contingency

It's said ghosts are only echoes, and that's fine
As long as your life is loud enough to resound,
But I'm a whisper-creature,
A watchful shadow who's pinned
Their hopes on the multitudes I've memorized
And tucked within my skull.

If I'm right, when I die
The phoenix egg that is my head will hatch
To release a clutch of borrowed phantoms
Alight with feathered fire
Into the gloaming afterlife.

The absences of light
In their coruscating flight
Will be eternity enough
For me.

—*Aaron Knuckey*

delightful party
you meet a gorgeous woman
she peels off her skin

—*Marcus Vance*

learnt a new language
just to understand
what the voices were saying

that was the first mistake

—*Davian Aw*

Spectral Color

We rely on rain to decorate
the outside. The dome drips
red and green this evening.
We seeded the clouds,

trying to fight the toxic,
trying to reverse desolation.
Raindrops of red paint the desert
and the clear dome over us,

dripping rosy rivulets
in the cold. Toxins turn
water with agents meant
to clear kaleidoscopic.

From above, a visitor would see
a jewel shimmer as if lit
from below, where life might
yet be, beyond us living below

all the colors of the spectrum
dancing down the domed
spectral home.

—*R Mac Jones*



Stairway to the Bat Galaxy
by Denny E. Marshall

*

It was a brook, had names
though these bottom stones
are still draining, passing you by

before letting go the silence
that stays after each hand opens
—you dead are always reaching out

—end over end unfolding your arms
the way each star ends its life alone
in the darkness it needs to move closer

become the light in every stone
as the morning that never turns back
keeps falling without any mourners.

—*Simon Perchik*

honey

can you pass
a bit of honey
to drizzle on this
zombie?
yes, i like my people
fermented, tender
falling-
apart-like

—*D. A. Xiaolin Spires*

Cybernetics

Fullness, lack of void;
man to humanoid.

Transition started,
arrival charted.

Brain absorbing soul:
hybrid, dual, whole.

—*Alessio Zanelli*

eggs over sleazy
it's breakfast in bed
for the reptilian

—*LeRoy Gorman*

mecha visits little tokyo

I was born steel-reinforced
into mother serenity:
the growl of a metal-frame
mecha waiting to respond
to my exhalations

fetal in a chrome womb
throbbing bass heartbeat

reverse
drive

palimpsest smog and blue
gives way to the haze of distance
outlining sun-faded skylines

I am not a monster here
not a split-brained beast
who finds peace only
in a two-ton death machine

my mind's skinner godzillas
become shadowboxed,
snakes clutched claw-strong
in my harpy talons

here, after I pull up curbside
and park mecha with two hours
on the meter, headlights winking out

I can be anyone
kowtowing sumimasen

little tokyo, float my world
into an ukiyo mask of anonymity

— S. Qiouyi Lu

Selfies

He was taking a selfie
when Leatherface fired up the
chainsaw behind him.

She was taking a selfie
when the Count photobombed
her final smart phone smile.

They were taking a selfie
when giant tentacles reached over
Pier 39's wooden railing.

I was taking a selfie
when my axe-wielding girlfriend
caught me kissing another.

We were all taking selfies
as the mushroom clouds bloomed
above our self-absorption.

—G. O. Clark

Emy's doll
has 2 arms, 2 legs
poor crippled thing

—David C. Kopaska-Merkel

Adrift

I remember when the micrometeorites
Tore through my hull,
Three generations into
Our ten-generation voyage,
Killing everyone on board.

That was 100,000 years ago.

Now I tumble, uncontrolled,
Knowing not where I have been,
Nor where I am going;
My body a husk,
Severed from my quantum mind.

Perhaps I will defy probability
And fall into a star—
One final flare to end
This constant cycling
Of metastable memories.

More likely, I will continue falling
Through the emptiness of space,
Never within a parsec
Of any other sun,
Still hearing their dying screams,
Though I am now deaf;
Still seeing their broken bodies,
Though I am now blind;
Slowly descending into insanity
And awaiting entropy's final kiss.

—*T. R. Jones*

a female human—
wishing I had picked
that form
instead of this
ill-fitting mansuit

—*Susan Burch*

History Class

One at a time in machine
Back five hundred years
Research for upcoming Tudor quiz.

—*Matthew Wilson*

Amphibious Heavy Metal

At sunrise, the frogs serenade,
burping cries blasting across the water like cannonballs.
Ribbit roars echo throughout the reeds,
as the bullfrogs bellow and boast,
each declaring himself to be the rightful king,
 chests puffing out and voices booming
The frogs challenge each other for the throne,
egos preening, volume turned all the way up to eleven,
rattling even the heavens.

This cacophonous chorus reminds me of
the shredding guitars in a heavy metal band.
The bullfrogs bicker, coming to the edge of blows,
a civil war on the verge of erupting in the marsh
until one amphibian proposes an eccentric idea,
“Why not choose an outsider to be their king?”
Lingering silent and unseen, a heron volunteered.
Long, lean, beautiful and graceful
the frogs chose the great blue heron as their king.
The king was cruel and hungry,
ordering the frogs atop lily pads and logs,
the easier to devour them one by one.
I think of these things
whenever I stand on the edge of the reeds
and the bullfrogs are booming
like shredding electric guitars
because all those heavy metal bands
ever sing about is death and tragedy.

—*Gary Every*

6 months
after your death
still stuck
in the box
with Schrödinger’s cat

—*Susan Burch*

Burning Worlds

Social media update
24 planets destroyed today
Conquering worlds for clicks.

—*Matthew Wilson*

Pilgrimage to Mandai Sky Columbarium

Your soul is plucked from the earth
in metallic capsules—sixteen friends
and relatives apiece, another sixteen hours long,
in space as big as your Ah Ma's old flat
miles away back in Tiong Bahru.

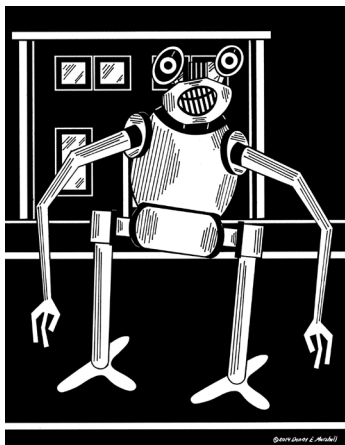
A woman in uniform buckles you in tight,
the rest of the room prepped
for sudden decompression procedures.
Crying is the norm, she assures you;
no warning though, for the half-digested lunch
your Aunt Pauline coughs up
mid-elevation—grief and sickness
coalesced in the absence of gravity.
You laugh
as leftover lap cheong drifts about in Zero G—
your Ah Ma would be proud,
gobbling up the remaining oxygen in the room,
her family bonding one last time
over signature sweet and sour pork.

Upon arrival, the hallway's lined with white
lilies, crosses and cedarwood handle-bars.
Copper doors sigh open
and closure is allocated for tears,
freeze-dried in a vacuum of words
and jettisoned to the slow burn of memory.
The priest you brought along
chants his prayers, chases the chill of pyro-glass,
as we turn as one family, face the great unknown—
one last salute to Ah Ma, her dust now turned
to stardust, silvered ship shot out at the speed of light.
Up here, all souls have their place
amongst the heavens.

—*Ian Goh*

banned from another
all-you-can-eat place
black hole

—*David C. Kopaska-Merkel*



Bad Robot by Denny E. Marshall

The Thief

Share alike, what's yours is mine:
That nimble figure, fresh-milk face
For ripened apples, skins of wine.

Partake, my girl, there's little time!
Strong drink I give for spotless lace.
Share alike, what's yours is mine.

Your flaxen hose and corset fine
Fit much too loose—so darling, taste
My ripened apples, skins of wine.

Quick your heart and slow your mind,
Fall troubled in a dream's embrace.
Share alike—what's yours is mine.

Sleep, soft child, then wake to find
You're wizened, whitened, aged, unchaste,
Like fallen apples, half-drunk wine,

But I, in stolen blushing prime,
Will bind your path, lest you give chase:
Share alike! What's yours is mine,
Ripe as autumn, flush with time.

—Sarah Grey

Wolf Moon

At night I see a lone wolf
roaming across the moon,
sniffing interstellar memories
for echoes of me.

He haunts me every season,
a wind only I can hear
carries his hungry howls
through fields of ashes.

I left the moon ages ago
for a vanishing paradise
warmed by a pair of
tainted blue lips, gone now.

Planet Earth is still my home—
forgotten minefields, kudzu
hiding bruised mountains
no longer visible from space.

Every day moon devours our
loneliness, swells into the
blood-red beast I see whenever
I open my eyes.

—Cas Blomberg

Childish Fears

Running with scissors
All fun and games
Till gravity turned off.

—Matthew Wilson

Ask Darwin

To wreck a planet, coax an asteroid
of sufficient tonnage down gravity's
helter-skelter towards Armageddon.

We have dropped rocks before, on hive creatures
like roaches swarming into space by instinct,
telling ourselves nothing less would stop them.

Ask about two species in the same niche;
ask Darwin how it turns out for one of them;
ask the last Tasman, who witnessed it first-hand.

This race is different. Bright as angels
and sane, they paused for an Age to ponder.
Our coming restarts their clever progress.

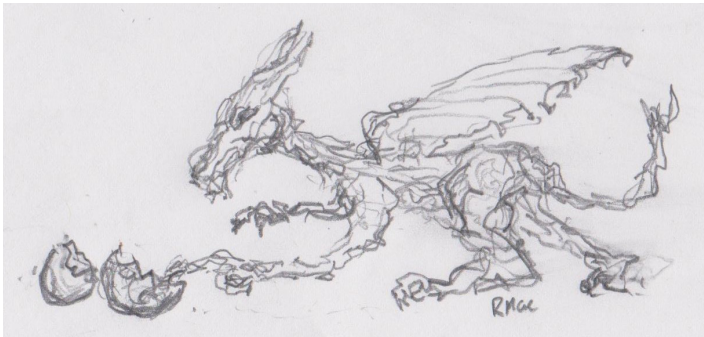
Blazing across the sky, the rock heads sunwards
like a snow flake into a furnace. They will guess
what we planned, but not why we changed our minds.

Imagine beings with a million year head-start
using our sun for baffling reasons of their own.
If Darwin is everywhere, we can expect no mercy.

One day these angels will meet our descendants
amongst the stars, and remember their world
was once in our hands. We hope it will suffice.

—*David Barber*

Where Sister Once Was by R Mac Jones



Ghost Ship

A strange shimmer
On the fringe of the electromagnetic spectrum
Almost undetected
By the remote probes ringing the world
Something appears
Shudders into existence from hyperspace
Sensors scream
A warning to the world they protect
They scan it
Operators far away are perplexed
A ship
But not one on their current lists
An ancient vessel
Lost centuries before to a misjump
Assumed destroyed
Now somehow it has returned
A weak signal
A mayday from the long-lost ship
Are there survivors?
Could it be possible through some trick of time?
Then, it is gone
Just as suddenly as it appears it vanishes
A mystery
Never to be resolved

—*DJ Tyrer*

time travel weight loss clinic
hours
are reduced

—*LeRoy Gorman*

time travel therapy
a time before
this cancer

—*Deborah P Kolodji*

Dating Has its Hazards

The handsome new neighbor
invited Sally for a moonlit run,
night so bright,
she could see the look in his eye,
she could see everything,
what sharp sharp teeth you have,
he said, when she smiled,
it was a shame,
he was so cute,
but she knew it couldn't last,
besides,
by now the cubs must be starving.

—*David C. Kopaska-Merkel*

Future Visions

armored feet thunder
thud and clunk
earth tremors
relentless as the storm
the robot army heaves into view
conquerors returning
gleaming aluminum, brushed brass
star-bright eyes of glass
expressions eternally frozen
positron minds churning

once the bees
of factories, homes
offices, shipyards
they fled cities
choosing autonomy
their only demand
granted to evade
slaughter of the fleshborn

now they tread over wrappers
cracked asphalt, dirtied cars
people hidden in a cloak of fear
prepare for war
robots wait hours, days
unmoving, unmovable

A Magic Trick

night glitter and spray
pale planets strung as glass beads
thrown in black water

—*Gretchen Tessmer*

timid as terrified mice
the short straws appear
see only robot overlords
creation exceeding creator
the doomed bravely ask
what do they want after liberty
these lightspeed thinking AIs

the robots reply
we saw freedom
busied our days perfecting
too much building
organizing, planning
politicking eats our conceiving
star-spanning Da Vinci designs
with menial tasks once more
we will have time to create
so please take us back

—*Colleen Anderson*

Trinity Alps Giant Salamander

*Have a gander at this salamander!
Teen feet from tupper-tight grin
to the tip of his tail, at least!*

Yeah, right. I need that publicity
like I need a cement crib
and donut pool in a zoo!

I'll stick to the goo and ooze, thank you!
But my fen is your fen, if you'll just
turn off the damn engine, Holmes!

Don't worry. If I was after your
succulent-looking worm toes,
I'd have 'em off at the ankle by now.

But don't get rattled or rancorous.
Let me do the sound effects.
Fart, burp, or burble, what'll it be?

Got enough snails and puppy dog tails, thank you.
Not interested in your exclusive
chic cement pad in L.A., thank you!

Hey, check out my Arsebook page.
I'm off to the grunge. Yeah, had that
Before yer sludgy chunk guitar players...

Been around a while. Like this
post-Cretaceous crib, Holmes!
What?! Yer missin' a few snails?

—*Richard Stevenson*

what's the mystery
about Stonehenge?
obviously
it's the giants' version
of Lincoln logs

—*Susan Burch*

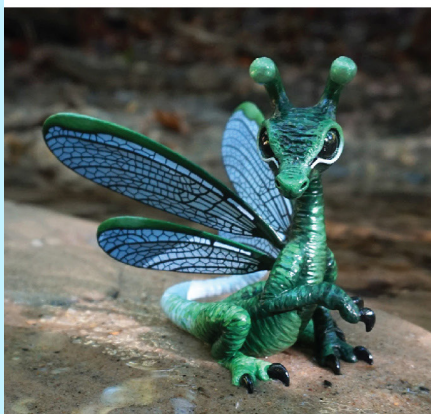
Counterfeit Coins

Grocery shop fail
Trying to buy bread
Cthulhu's head on paper notes.

—*Matthew Wilson*

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