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Doghouse Press is
a quarterly online
literary journal
that specializes
in the tender.

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CONTENTS

- ADAM THORN *Two poems* 4
- SILAS DENVER MELVIN *poem in which my body is not
synonymous with burial* 7
- ELIZA BROWNING *Three Poems* 9
- NATHAN LEE *Three Poems* 15
- AMANDA MCLEOD *Why I Bother* 18
- PEACH DELPHINE *Transpiration* 19
- S.M. *Two Poems* 21
- AURA MARTIN *A Dream They Dream* 24
- SKYLER SAUNDERS *Two Poems* 25
- VIC NOGAY *untitled* 27
- ALLIE MASON *i wish i were a song* 28
- ASRA MARIAM JAFAREY *moment of vision* 30
- EMMA HUMPHRIES *Three Poems* 31
- CJ KNIGHT *the dissimulation of one's heart* 34
- NISHTHA *Neko no koi* 35
- S.M. COLGAN *Desire* 36
- LORI CRAMER *Kitchen* 37
- Contributors* 38

Adam Thorn
CEMENT BLOCKS

*Note: every line in this poem has been taken off
international news reports regarding the 2012
string killings of gay Iraqi men.*

Amid all the confusion, there is a glimmer of hope.
It has been decided to form a cell to ensure the elimination of the
so-called
homosexuals.
According to the authorities none of this has happened.
They have been “dealt with” through peaceful guidance.

Amid all the confusion, there is a glimmer of hope.
Gay men are being picked up by extremists who then crush their skulls
with cement
blocks.

[THEY] disguise themselves in civilian clothing and led a group of
dozens of teenagers to a remote area, where they proceeded to stone
them to death using cement blocks.
Perhaps more than 100 have been killed recently.

Amid all the confusion, there is a glimmer of hope.
Leaflets were posted on main streets with lists of names of young gay
men.
And if they refuse, “God’s punishment will come down upon you,” the
letter said.
[THEY] drive by and shout “Block! Block! Block!”
referring to the current weapon of choice for attacks.
The intimidation is clear for all to see.
Their fear was very real.

Amid all the confusion, there is a glimmer of hope.
But the news that young men are being beaten to death with cement
blocks and
dumped in the streets has threatened to overshadow the new palm trees
and fresh
paint.

Amid all the confusion, there is a glimmer of hope.

Adam Thorn

NARA

You are driving.

A deer appears.

(It has always been there.)

Brown fur in xenon headlights. Red blood on the windshield.

“There are no deer in Baghdad.

There are no deer in the middle east.”

You know it is untrue.

You prayed they reach Nara,

even when you were hitting the gas pedal.

Everything in its right place.

You behind the wheel,

me dead on the cold asphalt.

silas denver melvin

POEM IN WHICH MY BODY IS NOT
SYNONYMOUS WITH BURIAL

& by this i mean
i am not the passive death
of the moth
sun-bleaching on the windowsill

i say body & transgender & sex
& everyone in the room
continues drinking their coffee

i undress in front of a man
& do not worry
that he will hunt me for sport
after i give him head

in this poem
my binder does not have to be
martyr
or slaughterhouse to my gender
it is just my binder
it is just another layer
another fruit skin
to peel or sew

in this poem
i exist myself largely
& the greatest miracle
is that it's done
without spite

in this poem
the sea parts

without me having to
offer out my organs

i am not required
to marathon
an explanation
i do not have to justify
my hands
or hips

& by this i mean
i am not hollowing out
a hole in the bible
to fit my body

i am not burrowing
into wallpaper
i am not asked
by parents
to be convenient
& conventional

in this poem
the room in the room
i create is not
built around me
but made for me

Eliza Browning

THREE VIGNETTES ON DROWNING

I.

My friend's friend told me his uncle drowned
in a lake on the Cape. A body of water inside
a larger body, surfacing. It was June, days
before his graduation. The sun swung in a low arc

over the sea. During the procession they rode
in the open-top Bentley through the petaled streets
where weeks before he had kissed his prom date
in the backseat. Divers found the body facedown

on the lakebed of a shallow inlet, ten feet below
the waterline. Further out, the marshy tide spilled
itself along the thin spit of sand, back into the
encroaching waves. The death was ruled an accident.

II.

When he speaks of suicide, I remind him of the night
we went bowling. The neon bowling alley next to
the highway and all the midnight cars passing
like the windows of an empty train into the distance.

Down here there is nothing but the loiterers smoking
outside the Motel 6 under the hulking glare of the
No Vacancy sign and the last car on on interstate 95,
the half-light whittling down the thin pulse of these hours.

Then the state park, wintered and desolate, an iron railing
guarding the strip of beach. When I tried to climb into the water
he held me back. I couldn't explain what I wanted: to walk
over the darkness of the sea, to the city on the other side.

III.

I woke that morning in Falmouth to take the ferry in the early dawn. End of summer crowds, bright confusion of beach houses and tourist boats. I didn't know it then but it was the end of something. The atmosphere

had shifted, the pink haze over the horizon and the buoys bobbing listless in the current like cormorants on the sea. That day on Martha's Vineyard the waves rescinded over and over again at my feet. A few hours before

we had touched. It would be the last time. I slipped under the surface of love like I would into a fever, the endless following of the waves. The tide turning in on itself and disappearing, until it returned whole again.

Eliza Browning

SOMETIME BETWEEN THE WAR AND ITS END

The new year began on a Wednesday. For hours the number hung in the air as the harbinger of a new decade, the perfect symmetry of a matched pair.

It was cold so we followed our tracks around the streets, the snowed-in square like an empty continent. Even the streetlamps masquerade as strangers in our sleep.

We lived there for four months. Hungry, snappish in the cold, we learned to plot the outlines of other cities, other rooms: Bombay with its cornices and neat geometry,

Prague in the autumn, Budapest for the low light. The thing limns into the thing. We played dirges he wrote when he was young and lived in St. Paul and his aunt

and uncle had an organ. Once, Monet spent two years painting a cathedral in Rouen. He wanted to capture it in different moods, in shifting light.

He rented a room across from the terrible facade. At night he had dreams of vivid hues of yellows, blues and pinks, the cathedral falling on him in his sleep.

He thought he would never learn to capture light. Tonight in the starkness of this city

we are each foreigners to ourselves, the clocks stopped like our hearts.

We can never go back to this. This is how we learn to love the country that kills

us—

cold water flats post-war topography. Turn the clocks back, one by one.

That night in Dorchester a crust of metal gutted the sidewalks, silver foil and syringes, barbed wire. The city baring its teeth. And the fireworks

breaking over Harlem with perfect symmetry of motion, identical
somewhere to your pair of shoes sitting in the bathtub, no less heavy with
meaning.

We will leave this city lifeless, bare. And return to the rooms we
will learn
to leave again in our wake.

Eliza Browning

FIELD NOTES AFTER THE FESTIVAL

No tripping on streetlights,
no moonshine, no sage still burning like an effigy
in the late sun. I stepped out

into the daylight of a spring haze
and the glare accosted me: stone buildings,
mist hovering like a painting—Hudson River School
maybe, or the Lake District.

It was never mine. Was it.
But it could've been for a moment—somewhere
this dreamland of met desires

with the globes of light in the library
floating above our steps
and the feverish pitch of the dusk-blue sky. Here, on the
edge of the visible world,

all those tangible pleasures:
rain-slick paths and goldenrod, the creak of windfall apples
in the orchard, a suite of

Helen Frankenthalers
like a hovering lily pond. No, I can't get everything
I want. I can't even get most of what I want. Still it was if the
last five years hadn't happened.

That evening we spent
in the highway motel and the chatter of soldiers'
voices in the corridor—

I'd give my soul for that again. You, passenger side,
applying lipstick in the mirror.
You reading a magazine, making butterflies of your hands.
Or in your childhood room

in Belmont, the cars all
safe in their drives and everything in its place.
Glass of red sangria

on the windowsill.
Everything was liminal for a moment.
I am buzzing like a fly caught in light. And the sky
turns itself inside out like a bruise.

Nathan Lee

IN WHICH THE POET WRITES
AGAIN ABOUT THE BODY

stuck in spindrift;
 its carotid artery darkened
with the ruins of a cartography lesson &
 h(a)unted with this thing called desire.
two arms & two legs in a forgotten memory
 wearing fabric alchemized into armor.
this is why i never write any of my poems
 in the first person. how many times
can you call a body a bullet
 before it turns into an exit wound?
how long do you have to wait until you're allowed
 to break your own name?
what i mean is some part of me
 will always be stuck in my childhood bedroom
watching moths struggle towards the yellowed light &
 everything burning, burning.

Nathan Lee

月亮代表我的心 YUÈ LIÀNG DÀI BIǎO WŌ DE XĪN

THE MOON REPRESENTS MY HEART

mom, remember thursday nights when we hid under the covers?
we were breathless with laughter and waiting to surprise dad coming
home.

me, wearing that disney princess nightgown,
clutching my stuffed tiger to my face. you, singing us the lullaby
that your mom sang to you. i blink

and i am eleven, leaning over the upper bunk
to kiss you goodnight like it's the last time i'll ever be alive.
you are translucent and i am still shaking apart,
my tears reflected in the glass fish tank.
only the ginkgo tree and crescent moon have ever held me.

(you never saw me cry after that.)

you ask me how deep my love is
and i say the body is a vehicle for everything to return to.
if you spend a year walking me across the ocean
i'd swim back to you in a heartbeat.
most days i'd step in front of a train, but i'd do it
especially for you. does that mean anything?

i think it might not be the song you learn but the song you live,
the language you can't bleed but the lyrics you can. mom,
i love you as much as the moon. i love you as much
as my rabbit-heart will bear it. my body a reflection of yours
like a telescope, weaving worlds between the darkness in the stars.
after all, it's not like anything compares to the moonlight.

Nathan Lee
DOG DAYS

summer & the pounding dread of july
running figure-eights around our ghost-selves
on the street. long days stretching
into bee stings, sticky skin, longer nights.
 caught in the eye of late afternoon,
you wanted to know if we got
a happy ending & i wanted
to be able to answer. nothing like a wildfire
 to smoke the truth out of us.
maybe this isn't the story
either of us should be telling.
maybe we should wait for the future to burn
 before dreaming about it.
listen, if you blink long enough,
we could both believe in goodness.
come to each other
 open-handed, eyes closed;
sunlight bleeding like honey
 & us drowning in it.

Amanda McLeod
WHY I BOTHER

The sun hung high and hot today,
bleaching azure from the sky
and leaving trees a faded sage.
I knelt beside the pond I keep
for the dogs to seek relief on summer days
and found not one, but seven ladybugs
struggling in the water.
I took leaves from the ground,
one for each, and scooped them up
leaving them in shaded safety.
I watched as each froze and then revived,
small legs stretching, twitching,
then red wing-cases gently realigned.
As I retrieved them from the water
I wondered, briefly, what brought me
to this moment
with my knees in dust,
fetching tiny insects from their certain death;
and that question was answered by another—
if not me, then who?

Peach Delphine
TRANSPIRATION

We exchange words, markers of chance
tokens of horizon, cloud or smoke, conveyance
of ripening, as when we keep avocados, mangoes
in a paper bag, so we coil our days in darkness,
warm with waiting.

The powers of water exalted by tree frogs,
ditch singing, once a creek, lithe, sinuous
as any black racer, coyotes from deep in palmetto,
barred owl from oak and pine remind us how careless
we are with light behind roof and door,
as night is exalted with a chorus we long abandoned

There is this form, shedding skin, hair, eroding;
wave rolling up the beach, an old carpet
that needs shaking out, sand to be carried up
the coast, my dress is not quite azure, the sea
here is green.

The old form does not vanish, unable to accept change
some look past, seeing only the old, their vision
swaddled in time, moonflower climbs cabbage
palm, we open together, for what night brings,
the moth that drinks long, tongue buried
in my very center, the slow stroke of wings

Breath of day, the simmering pot of inland
where cumulus comes to a boil,
rope and bell, water of my hands, shell
beneath tongue, sky unrelenting, blue
that crushes the eye, that leans on the shoulder
of wind, filling our sleep with cloud, thunder, rain.

We carry lanterns through day of anguish,
so many bodies broken, so much love washed out
to sea, so much flowering, this flesh cultivated
by men, careless as grasshoppers singing their songs
of tide and salt, departure and empty window,
some mouths and wings we can not forget

Mullet in the shallows swirl a surface,
glyphs of mirrored mangrove, osprey plunging
through the eye, clouds assemble a text of vapor,
rain is history, rain is time, rain is the word cerulean,
always, our horizons are bound by atmospheres
of liquidity, a flowering gone with each dawn
a feather drawn across lips and tongue.

S.M.

BETWEEN THE SUN AND THE MOON

MOON

Are you not tired of everyone trying to steal your light?

THE SUN

Do you not rely on my light to keep you going?
To allow you to see. For warmth and sustenance?

MOON

(a pause) Not by choice.

THE SUN

What would you do otherwise?
Is our purpose not to keep the universe in balance?

MOON

I do not know. I think I would go to the beach.
Find out what's so special about the water and the sand.
Or maybe take up crochet.

THE SUN

Where is the purpose in that?

MOON

Maybe there isn't.

THE SUN

People worship us. They sacrifice other humans in our name.
There is no greater power than ours.
You would give this all up for nothing?

MOON

Power is not purpose. Worship is not love.
I do not think I would be giving it up for nothing.

THE SUN

(a longer pause) But I would be alone.

MOON

Then, I guess I will stay.

S.M.
PRAYER

when I say I want salvation
I don't mean a sprinkle of holy water
and a blessing and when I say I want
forgiveness I don't mean from my mum
who walks around with a scar from where
they had to cut me out I loved a girl and
they told me it was sin and they tried to
pray the love out of me with a palm on
my head and a finger on my tongue but
when that wouldn't work they tried to
cut it out of me so now I walk around
with a scar as well and the love is still
there no matter how much they hack
away at it and when I ask you to save me
I mean let me burn if I get to love her then
let me burn.

Aura Martin

A DREAM THEY DREAM

Cento from *The Collected Poems of Sylvia Plath*
and *Hibernation Highway* by J. David

These storybook villas. Flower forget-me-nots between the stones. It is so beautiful up here. The waves pulse and pulse like hearts. We ran barefoot in the rain. He was sweet, the sweat of his efforts.

In this town, he says, we are perched atop the unknown. One might say love.

All afternoon these lovers lay until the sun turned pale. Subjects hungered, empty-pursed, with stars, with angels.

Is there no great love, only tenderness?

Compass pointed towards sky I am dusk-chaser, past the shoreline into the distance and whatever comes next. Sweet wind changed tune. I stand with my face to the wind. Words, like locusts, drummed the darkening air. You screamed a prayer.

Goodbye, goodbye.

In the dark I hold close your vowels and turn your name like a smooth stone.

Who will love me?

Skyler Saunders

I KNOW YOUR NAME, BUT I
WILL CALL YOU GRIEF

forgive me / I do not know how to tell / you that a smile
can be both real and impermanent / that this feels
stranger and less real than I had prepared for —
sing my soul to yours, and let me listen back
to the tape / I think I'm becoming a copy
of a copy of a copy, and the original was burned along with
my first name / dodging dead inside distance
overcome and renewed tenfold / forgive me,
for I / have pinned / my hopes on all that you are /
counting down to the day this becomes normal / until
I can call you my home without hiding my face

Vic Nogay
(UNTITLED)

in the moments after you were born, i bled out in l+d. i remember
there was a serenity in life and death passing,
two trains on adjacent tracks, set in opposite directions.
you, untouchable through the glass, but close enough for me
to see your breath fog the window.

Allie Mason

I WISH I WERE A SONG

i wish

i were

a song

so that you could carry me in the pocket of your shirt
where our beats would synchronise
and in those times
when train journeys seem to take a while
i could be
your travelling companion
as you shuffle me at random
seeking out the way I say your name
late at night
as the lights
go dark

i wish i were a song
so that you could hear the shape of me
beneath your fingertips
as if the melody of my mind
could be reading through swaying hips
and held there
for a moment
paused rewind and played again
exactly the same
yet different

i wish i were a song
so that wherever you were I would be too
in the memory of a half-forgotten tune
in the silent frustration of misremembering
lyrics that are really only poems

Asra Mariam Jafarey
MOMENT OF VISION

the moment of vision came to me by itself
a vision of the world, one without me
consumed within a moment, I was willing to indulge
but you came before me, and I was still so far away
this reflection of the sun could make my heart tremble
yet my eyelids were laden with red hot embers
and then it remembered, a forgotten voice
with such pride has fidelity to pain been renewed
i wonder who said this, myself, you, or someone else
those with passion never shied from truth
i am Love and love knows no doubt –
you are Truth and truth knows no bound

Emma Humphries
HOW TO BE A POET

There is nothing on earth
but poetry. When I wash
my face in the morning's
gentle melody, it is poetry.
When I kiss my lover
and miss her mouth, laugh
into her teeth, sink into
the hand igniting my hip,
it is poetry. When my daughter
pokes her toes in the ocean
for the first time and feels
the horizon call to her, it is
anaphora, and therefore
poetry. A book left out
in the rain turns blurred,

loses its language, becomes
poetry. A child's first fall
produces blood and surprise,
sings like poetry. On my worst days,
I just feel ugly. Nothing rhymes.
Nothing I see deserves rebirth
as poetry. And yet there is still
a lover, a daughter, a river,
a raven, a ribcage, all
overflowing, all cascading
down my window in the
morning's gentle, rose-washed
poetry. To be a poet is to
swallow the fear of water.
When your daughter calls you
from the waves, it is abundant poetry:
you have no choice but to swim.

Emma Humphries

A LIST OF THINGS YOU NOTICE ON THE
SAW MILL RIVER PARKWAY AT GOLDEN HOUR

life has not been gentle / the rearview mirror is choking on goodbyes
/ the valves of your heart are full of soot and sorrow / you can barely
breathe / there is so much here that demands to be held / the sun lands
so perfectly on the water / the evening blushes deeper into green and
ember / it whips warmth around you when you roll the windows down /
you roll them all the way down / the music elbows through the rush / the
playlist gifts a ballad / perfectly timed / you can barely breathe / there is
this song about your old college town / all of the goodbyes it ripped out
of you the last time you were there / you can barely breathe but you are
singing anyway / you are in the passenger seat of your best friend's car /
she notices you noticing the world / she knows you don't have long left
to notice it / she doesn't want you to leave / she lets you cry in peace /
hands over the moment / you fill it to its bursting with everything you've
felt this year / you notice all of the things you won't get to notice / you
wanted all of them with all there was of you / there is so much left here
for you to remember / there are deer grazing on the side of the highway
/ because of course there are / because how else can this perfect
day / this gentle day / this gentle evening kissed by sun / come to its
bittersweet conclusion / if not with soft sun and poetry / and love / more
of it than you can hold / life has not been gentle / and yet you whisper to
the wind / it's soft sunlight / its short-lived glory —

thank you / thank you / thank you / for all of this breathlessness.

Emma Humphries

RATTLE

I put dishes away too loudly. I let the kettle cry.
I smash old photos in their frames. I make my heart

jump out of its throat at the clatter. I disturb the morning.
I let mugs break against the silence. I apologize,

always too insistent, always too sincere. I weep
at every sunrise I am blessed with. I shatter into gratitude.

I love the alien that inhabits my body. I love the
alien life it leads. I love its grasshopper philosophy;

leap vigorously; love widely; interrogate every timidity;
go further; run from comfort; be earnest in every exploration.

I love how she clatters through the house. I love how
she leads me out of darkneses that do not serve me.

I love how she leads me through the summer:
its unbreaking heat, the empty space above it

that she will always yearn for, the creatures below us
that fill the evening air with song. I love her,

love her insistent reminders to fall in love,
earnestly and often, with china fireworks created

in messy kitchens and between sheets and
in the boredom of the morning. I am my own

reluctant lover. I settle and unsettle. I become myself,
loudly. I weep, and do not apologize.

CJ Knight

THE DISSIMULATION OF ONE'S HEART-

i pretend it matters very little.
i am not very good at pretending.
despite my masterful lies,
i fight in vain against an honest blush
and try not to stutter when you rest a (large) hand
on my back when you pass.
do you think you could pretend for us both
and avert your eyes anyway?

much
appreciated.

Nishtha

NEKO NO KOI

Would we break into the 'ecstatic display' when we finally meet? Can't imagine you flapping your arms about and puffing those faintly muscular ridges of your chest.

You know you don't need to get me dead mice to win my favour, right? I'd hoot contentedly at a book or two.

If I waxed lyrical in your praise- once, twice- would you respond with a single curt nod? The female sand-hill crane would certainly croak at me a 'you go, girl'!

What would our version of the horizontal tango entail? I know I have said the antichenu is your spirit animal but in those moments, perched precariously on the hazy precipice of sleep, I can imagine us- my head over your heart, my fingers like sunlight, dappling through your chest hair.

I would eat your head (not literally, Mrs. Mantis!) with inane pillow talk and your indulgent responses would pierce me, like a land snail's dart. Who would have thought Cupid had a mollusc version of himself?

The mornings-after would peep in on us, lost in repose, with our limbs and essences intertwined- seahorses on a hormonal high. Perhaps, some particularly nose-y ones would even deign to pry us from slumber and find us with our heads bowed inwards, in the clichéd heart shape of a pair of grateful swans.

petals crumbs
in the creases of sheets
soft purrs

S.M. Colgan

DESIRE

The cold in your back, deep in your spine, creeping into your ribs.

Curl up tighter, try to fit yourself to the blankets, to the contours of the bed, your hot water bottle half-chilled.

No shape that will do, no contortion, the cramp in your hip, in your side, in your shoulder telling you this is too far, too much, you're not sixteen anymore...

(And thank God for that.)

To not be alone.

To not be alone, to curl up and feel someone curled behind you, one arm circling around your waist, drawing you closer, back pressed to a warm chest, a beating heart, a voice soft in your ear, telling you to sleep, that you will not be cold again tonight.

Such dreams, sweet dreams.

As if your imaginings have conjured her real, the click of the door closing, footsteps padding across the carpet, the dip of the bed.

(Already you feel a little warmer, just at the thought of her coming.)

The arm that draws you closer, the soft breath in your ear, the beating of that heart pressed so close to yours. The heat. Your eyes flutter closed as she smiles into your neck, and sighs.

Lori Cramer

KITCHEN

Lorenzo hovers while Doris, his bride of 50 years, cooks. After he's proclaimed for the third time that no one's marinara sauce can compare with hers, she shoos him away, sends him back to the ballgame on TV. He shuffles out of the kitchen, reappearing at inning's end to apprise her of the score. Stirring the sauce with one hand, she reaches behind with the other to tie an undone apron string. He crosses the room, gallantly coming to her aid; then, draping a protective arm around her, rests his chin on her shoulder. She smiles and continues stirring.

CONTRIBUTORS

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EMMA HUMPHRIES is a British-born, American-educated writer from North-West England. She graduated from Smith College with a degree in English Literature, winning the Valeria Dean Burgess Prize for her writing on women and gender. Her work appears in *Eye Flash Poetry Journal* and *several hundred fools*. You can find her online at [@emhumphries_](#) or [@e.h.scape](#).

ASRA MARIAM JAFAREY is a 20-year-old university student from Pakistan. She enjoys all forms of art and shares her own on her Instagram page [@lilacfingertips](#). Her poems have appeared in *The Open Close Magazine* and *The Sublunary Review*, and are forthcoming in *The Blue Moon Literary and Art Review*.

CJ KNIGHT (they/them) is a college student from Chicago who, despite their best efforts, knows very little about the world, and even less about themselves. But they are very happy to be here! You can find them twirling in the rain to Earth, Wind & Fire or on twitter as [@tangocolleen](#).

NATHAN LEE (he/they) is an emerging transgender Singaporean-American poet from the California Bay Area. His work is forthcoming in *Polyphony Lit*, *Parallax Literary Journal*, and Lambda Literary's collection *Writing Out of the Closet*. They can be found on Instagram and Twitter under [@poetrynate](#).

VIC NOGAY is an emerging writer of poetry and flash fiction; her work tends to explore small traumas, misremembrances, and Ohio, where she is from. Her work appears in *The Daily Drunk*. After earning her English/Creative Writing degree from Denison University in 2010, she discovered a passion for animal welfare working as a humane agent. Her return to writing is a personal reclamation. Twitter: [@vicnogay](#), Instagram: [@ohiov](#)

AURA MARTIN is a graduate of Truman State University. She is the author of the forthcoming chapbook *Those Embroidered Suns* (Lazy Adventurer Publishing) and the micro-chapbook *Thumbprint Lizards* (Maverick Duck Press). She is a 2020 Sundress Publications Best of the Net nominee. Her work has appeared in *dreams walking*, *(mac)ro(mic)*, and *perhappened mag*, among others. In Aura's free time, she likes to run and take road trips. Find her on Twitter [@instamartin17](#).

ALLIE MASON is a young autistic storyteller, exploring the confusing world around her through words that rhyme. The first poem she had published was at the age of 12, about a miner falling from a cliff top. You could say she's always been intrigued by the liminal and uncomfortable spaces in life. Find her on Twitter [@allie_writes_](#)

S.M. or SAMIHA MEAH is an English Literature and Creative Writing student at Cardiff University who enjoys collecting words and is still navigating the world of literature as a brown writer with a soft spot for first loves, her culture and a mocha with soy milk. Twitter: [@sammymeah](#). Instagram: [@s.meah1](#)

AMANDA MCLEOD is an Australian creative with too many ideas and too little time. Her fiction, poetry and art can be found in many places both in print and online, and her debut flash collection 'Animal Behaviour' is available now from Chaffinch Press. Peek into her creative mind through her website [AmandaMcLeodWrites.com](#).

SILAS DENVER MELVIN is a trans masc poet from southern NH. His poetry has been featured in *Sunday Morning at the River's* first anthology, *heartbrokenezine*, *VISIO*, *scorpion mag*, and elsewhere. More of his work can be found on Instagram [@sweatermuppet](#).

SKYLER SAUNDERS is a recent UC Berkeley graduate with a Bachelor of Arts in Sociology. They are originally from Shasta County in Northern California, but now live in Los Angeles. You can find Skyler's poems on their Instagram [@smilingatmysandwich](#), where they are embarking on a challenge to write a poem every day for an entire year. In their free time, they enjoy reading, acting, and creating digital art.

ADAM THORN is a nineteen years old writer based in Baghdad. He mainly writes sappy love poems and surreal short stories. You can find him on multiple social media websites vis [adamthorn.carrd.co](#)



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