

# BlueHouse Journal

issue 4

**YELLOW**

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[Dear Readers]

egg yolk drips towards the crust of bread  
which holds itself together  
through fried force of will  
and I contemplate home  
I am always contemplating home  
these days

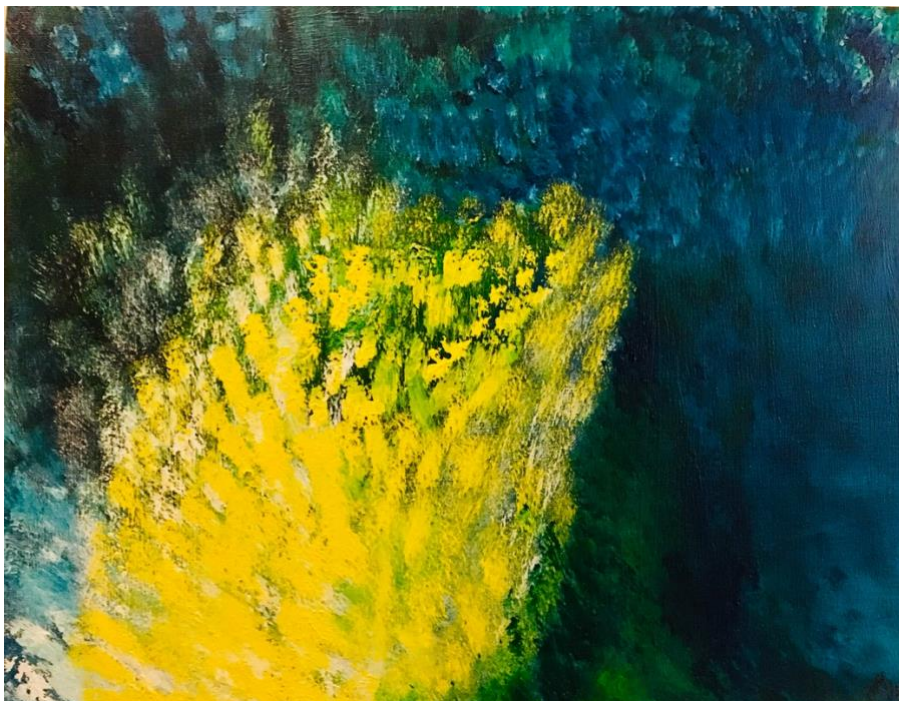
Best wishes,  
Meredith Grace Thompson  
editor ::

please note ::

BlueHouse tries to be as accessible as possible. Any concrete poems or artworks which have been displayed as images are available as accessible versions which include full text as well as a brief description of any images or elaborate visual formatting. The links for these accessible version are located below the title of each piece, justified to the right. Any videos are closed captioned but also include a full transcript. Accessibility is incredibly important to us! If you have any issues accessing in any part of our journal please tell us!

*MEREDITH GRACE THOMPSON*

## Flashlight in the Ocean



***SANDRA FEES***

**This is where I want to wander, swirl and curve, to linger**

*ekphrastic for Emily Carr's "Beach and Sky"*

the arched beginning grace of day  
spun in yellow sway and swag, aglow

a gravitas of bodies  
the bouldered vibe  
of shoulders pressed  
close to the cobalt ballet of sea

the different hues, the heft  
one ridged, one rounded

taupes and ivories and umbers

one tells a story, one listens, one remembers  
one marvels at the canopy  
such sympathy of motion

there's driftwood that gallops up from the sea  
lays its sea-bones down on the downy ribbon of sand  
an offering of memory  
oh the beach is strewn with the memory  
don't forget

Oh beach and sky  
this is where I want to witness

far from the time of surge and insurrection  
close to the bend and break of light

far from the abandoned experiment  
the age of the unprecedented

close to the infinite shape, the arch  
and ache of rock, this totem motion

the sturdy sentient beach  
this studied century's sky



*SEAN WINN*

## Verloren

Squinting when I wake. Not from sunlight, I soon realize, but from the walls. Yellow, the happiest color. But where am I? Room service menu lurking by the bed, its jaundiced paper slightly stained. Bulbous lamps, blown glass, birch forest print. All vaguely Scandinavian. Probably high end at one time —now tired, having given up on former glory. Except for the paint —its sharpness out of place.

The corridor is no better, pinched and listing in the glare —three sides canary yellow, matching doors, cream floor. Small lobby. *Reception* sign on a desk off to the side. No people. But the corridor went on for miles. I realize too late: no room numbers on the doors. Which one was mine?

*Ding!* I look at my watch, forgetting I don't have one. But someone will be along soon. Tick-tock, tick-tock. *Ding!* No wallet either. No calendar. Nothing moves. Outside, a gravel courtyard crunches underfoot. Carved cornices — three solid stories looming over a denuded valley. Still no people. Not even a sheep grazing the slopes. How long have I been here?

***LAURIE KOLP***

## Thoughts During Quarantine

Yellow this wall squash,  
zoom my background sunny.  
Vanish nosy appetites for  
whitewashed &  
X'ed out dreams  
rolling in red  
sauce of a Brussel sprout,  
tahini sauce meant for the  
undead, the news  
quicksands all cravings.

Yellow this tub banana,  
only the beetroot drips blood  
periodically.

Let's return to the shining sun, a  
Mediterranean bowl full of falafel  
nestled in alfalfa sprout eyelashes.

Kill my buzz.

Falafel is a deep-fried ball, not an eyeball.  
Gather lemons, pucker up  
herb, my heavenly host.  
I'll swallow butter in two bites, don't  
judge me—

beheading you is not an option. You  
chickpea my chunky body, but  
don't quell my appetite for  
elephant ears,  
as awful as it seems.

## yellowish

yellow is on the right and blue has lost her  
because blue is an acoustic guitar that plays classic rock  
when the sun is out

yellow is a story of obsession  
about a guy who gets dumped by his girlfriend  
when IVF twins make a surprise appearance

yellow is free, though,  
something that seems to be missing,  
a fragrance recognized and loved everywhere

yellow, the new pink (although pink is still hot),  
bangles and baubles along without blue  
is rhapsody

\* Inspired by Googlisms

*COLETTE TENNANT*

## Questions For New Poets

Have you actually been touched by a honeycomb yellow star?  
By a honeycomb star?  
By a honeycomb?  
By a star?

Have you truly had caffeine shot into your soul?  
Have you had anything shot into your soul?  
Have you ever had caffeine shot into your right elbow?  
Your left pointer finger?

When you talk about sweet nothings on the breeze,  
I want to ask so many questions.  
Do sweet nothings have the texture of meringues?  
Do they look like those little see-through jellyfish,  
all wobbly-legged, no brain?  
Maybe they're kites or balloons, decorated with M&M's and  
released into the wind. Maybe they are.

And for the one who claims to be afraid of being too powerful -  
I want to know if you've ever been afraid of your garage door,  
afraid of that one hummingbird in the dragon begonias,  
afraid of the butter in the back of the refrigerator.  
or the slant of your future mother-in-law's handwriting  
because it makes all the letters in the alphabet look  
sharp as filet knives?

***BARBARA DANIELS***

## **Four Questions**

If you close the door behind you  
will your roses still be yellow?

Will they stand in their bronze vase,  
defended by elegant thorns, stems taut,

symmetrical leaves upheld by air?  
If you wait here, watching, will

the green cord at the center of your body  
straighten? Will you pull breath

through the soles of your feet like a rose  
that draws water up a slender stem?

First light lifts your roses from the somber  
dark. They turn you toward them, unravel

your logic with their tender skin. Yellow  
light gathers above their soft bodies.

*P.J. REED*

## Pollen Nation

sea thistle towers  
bees bumble through spikiness  
wearing pollen shoes

tall thistles sway  
a flutter of leaves and spikes  
hungry bees bumble

fluffy black stockings  
sparkle with sprinkles of gold  
carry lunch to go

translucent wings  
black-veined and improbable  
pollenate the world

*ROSEANNE FAHEY*

## Yellow Car

You hang up the phone. Your name disappears from my home screen. All I can see is the wallpaper, which is a photo of me and my friends. Through their smiles, I can hear them scream, 'Don't do it.' And I should listen. Listen and take my maroon blanket into the lounge, curl up on the couch and watch a movie. That's exactly what I don't do.

After standing in the centre of my shared room for a little over a minute, I dig under the desk for my shoes. If anyone in the apartment block is on the stairs, they'll just have to see me in my Pennys' pyjamas. Raincoat or dressing gown? Sensible or soft? I grab the gown off the corner of my wardrobe. I'll need all the comfort I can get.

Keys in my pocket, I close the front door and descend the three flights of stairs. I blink back the memory of chasing and holding you at the top of the staircase. Clenched in my fist are the times we trudged up these steps together. Feet slowing, lips laughing. My hands feel cold. Yours must too. I take the last step slow, and it might just be the light, but my vision can't make out your face through the window of the door.

I push the button. My legs tremble. The door buzzes.

For parallel's sake, I expect you to stand where you stood the first time you came here. Three days after I moved in. Back to me, bag on the wall, rooting for god knows what. The sun was shining, the leaves were green, and I wore a smile.

Tonight, the moon hides behind the clouds. She and the stars refuse to watch. I breathe and wisps of white seep out of my mouth. I find you leaning against the wall. You left the bag at home this time, but you're wearing the denim jacket. The one that you debated buying, while scrolling through ASOS on the upstairs bed. I suppose you got it then.

A yellow car passes. Did I ever tell you that my family and I used to play a car game, where every time we saw a yellow car, we shouted, ‘yellow car!’? It must be ten years since we last played that. Since I’ve shouted those words and laughed.

Your hands are in your pockets. I wonder if you wish that you’d brought your bag, so you could cling to the straps. A habit I’ve seen you do almost a thousand times.

“Would you hate me if I did something stupid?”

I take a step back at the sound of your voice. It’s strange hearing it so close. A couple pass by, walking their dog. My eyes fall on the Labrador with its tongue sticking out, hoping for a snowflake. Your eyes watch me. Have we stepped into the past?

“You asked me that before,” I say.

I’m unsure if you remember. Your memories are sprinkled with dust at the best of times, but who knows how much sticks after alcohol is added.

“Well, I’m asking again.”

I throw my eyes to the heavens. Some things don’t change, and that tone is one of them.

Nothing’s changed and I hate that. I’m supposed to look at you and count the differences. Your stubble should have grown or been shaved. The streetlights should highlight the blue of your eyes more than white sheets ever could. We won’t have grown. We’re too old for that. From time to time, I’ve noted how faded your voice has become in my mind. When I pass you in the hall or when your clone sits beside me in the library, my heart no longer turns to ice. I should ask why you’re here, but after all these months, I’m still scared to know the answer.

Something stupid could mean a variety of things. It could mean asking me to edit a story - an email would have sufficed. It could mean jumping in front of the next



vehicle that drives by. It could mean what I've waited all these months for: clarification that your hand now feels at home in hers.

But maybe it means the same that it did more than half a year ago, lying on the pastel blue duvet three flights above our heads. Your fingers shaking, my fingers still. 'Would you hate me if I kissed you?', and the word 'No' leaving my lips faster than any word before. When I swallow, my throat feels cold.

"A lot would have to change," I say, although what I should say is 'no'.

"I know," you say, although what you want to say is, 'I know I've said this before, but this time I mean it.'

I want to ask, where was this eight months ago? Where were the boxing gloves, the clench in your jaw, and your eyes on mine? Where was the fight when my frame slipped through your fingers? When you let me walk out the door after you stepped out of the ring? I can't change the past and neither can you, but that's the excuse I always use. I'm done throwing the punches and winding up on the floor, while you walk away clean.

"No."

You look away from me and it's a strange relief, returning to how your eyes have evaded mine for months. My words should stop there, at one singular one syllable word, but they don't.

"Not if it's something stupid."

Your eyes meet mine again. Crystals lacking hope yet racing with curiosity. I look away and run my tongue along the holes of my lips. The weather doesn't do them any favours. I'm not inviting you inside.

"It's always stupid with us," you say.

"Then why are you here? Because you're lonely? Because your rebound failed? Because-"

“That’s not why I’m here.”

“Then tell me.”

“I’m sick.”

Two boys walk by. Both wearing gear bags and tracksuits. I presume they’re my neighbours and when I hear the door buzz, I’m confirmed correct. I don’t turn to check.

“It’s nothing serious,” you say, either to follow up or to fill the silence.

“I’m better now, but the doctors were pretty scared for a while. I was pretty scared for a while.”

You haven’t been in lectures lately. My smile muscles have noticed, as they didn’t have to strain whenever I was in your peripheral vision.

“You could’ve called,” I whisper, because even though you called an hour ago, no alternative response comes to mind.

“You said we couldn’t be friends.”

“We’ve tried being friends. It never works.”

I’ve said this before. Eight months ago. You’d responded by saying, the metaphorical door to being more than friends had never been closed before. Forgetting the three times that you slammed that door in my face, before opening it again with a kiss.

“I know,” you say.

A breeze chokes my breath. My hands crawl from my pockets to wrap the gown tight across my chest. I should’ve brought a scarf.

“So, why are you here?”

Your eyes meet the ground. The streetlight to our right flickers. The cat that scampers across the road hears you sigh.

“I was in hospital for a few days and after I thought of my family, but before I remembered my friends, I tried to decide how to tell you, if you’d even want to know. And I knew if I got bad news, it’d be you that I wanted to talk to.”

I imagine that. The world where things went wrong. Where you call from a toasty ward instead of standing on my road. Where I arrive with your favourite chocolate and books. I wouldn’t read you a passage and you wouldn’t ask me to. We’d annoy your neighbours with music and move apart when the nurse came in. I want to say, ‘where was this eight months ago?’ You’d say, ‘I wasn’t sick eight months ago’ and where would we be then?

“Is that something you still want to do? Talk to me about it?”

You nod.

A gold flash catches my eye. The yellow car speeds to the traffic lights. The lights are red, but whoever controls the wheel isn’t stopping. My mouth opens. To tell you, to scream, but it’s meaningless. Just as the front tire meets white line, the lights go green and the car races around the corner.

I’m unsure what startles me more, that there could’ve been an accident or that I saw two yellow cars on the same side-street in half an hour. That’s what made the game so fun when we were young. There were barely any yellow cars, so the person who found more than three usually won.

You call my name, and it takes me two seconds to return my eyes and mind to where you are. I look at you. For the first time in months, I really look at you. I think of the questions that remain unanswered. What happened to that girl? Did I make it all up in my head? Why do you always come back? I ignore them all and decide to ask only one.

“If this hadn’t happened, would you have come back?”

You look at me with a clenched jaw. I already know what you’re going to say.

“I don’t know.”

I smile, shrug, and take a step back.

“That’s the problem, though, isn’t it? This will always be stupid because you never know.” You never know whether you want me or not.

The door beside us buzzes.

“I’m sorry you’re sick. I’m glad you’re doing better, but I really have to go.”

I turn towards the door. You call my name, but you don’t ask me to stay, so I don’t. The person leaving the building waits with the door open and I smile in thanks. I don’t look back.

Each step on the stairs is another name. A friend or family member who’ll support you. Every second step is your voice reminding me how you rarely open up. Each third tells me you didn’t think of that the first or second or third time that you walked away.

I reach into my dressing gown for my keys and cringe. I probably should’ve worn something else to stand outside in. I should’ve made you wait a little longer, put some lipstick and mascara on. I open the door, close it, and after a minute of rapid blinking, I push myself off the door.

She comes home an hour later. A face that silently screamed at me from my home screen earlier, telling me not to do what’s already been done. She finds me on the couch, curled up in my maroon blanket, watching a sitcom that’s long been taken off the air.

“Hey, how was your night?”

“Grand,” I say. “Didn’t do much, what about you?”

“Yeah, pretty good. Just went to the cinema and picked up some stuff. Did we need milk?”

“Don’t think so.”

“Good, ‘cause I didn’t get any.”

I laugh out of habit and she joins me five minutes later.

After two episodes, she turns and says, “guess what I saw on my way back?” I try to straighten my face. Could she have seen you walking home? Surely it didn’t take you that long to leave.

“An accident. Two cars; one was sent flying into a lamppost. It looked serious.”

“Jesus,” I whisper.

“I know, hopefully they’re both okay.”

“Yeah, hopefully.”

The theme tune plays, so she stands, searching for the remote to press the skip button.

An hour later, she and I lie on parallel beds in the dark. I think about asking what colours the cars were, but I already know the answer.

***ROBIN DELLABOUGH***

## **Shopping**

The implausible glossy red chair  
stands guard in front of *the world's largest store*,  
its slatted metal back a body prison,  
yet every day the tired, the poor,  
ignore the obvious seat long enough  
to check their lists of dangling hope:  
a box of blue eggs, a blanket of cellos,  
a squandering of yellow tulips.  
If only they could know that  
callery pear cures melancholy and  
red-twig dogwood is their true home.

*WILLIAM DORESKI*

## Volterra

In Volterra the many churches scrub themselves clean in the case-hardened sun. Chiesa di San Giusto Nuovo with its yellow interior cheerful as a kindergarten; The Cattedrale do Santa Maria Assunta creaky with scaffolding spiderwebbing the apse and choir, its blue and white arches looking nervous but aloof; Chiesa di Sant' Andrea with its attached seminary brooding. You worry about the altar boys trapped in these compressed hill villages. The air pressure is conducive to lechery, while the ancient stonework is too rigid to stoop to notice the shy little faces looking up at the godless blue. Near the Etruscan museum, on Via Don Giovanni Minzoni, we pause for coffee almost too rich and black to drink. The streets are nearly too narrow for my shoulders. I don't understand the red and white flags everywhere. The flag of Tuscany? The flag of successful seduction? No, don't ask the waiter. We're alien to all local concepts, and the towel on his arm is spotless. Besides, the long shadows creeping down the street will soon engulf us in gray. Once we're part of the scenery, we'll understand that the flags are fluttering in memory of us and the Etruscans, from whom so much has evolved.

*MIKE LEWIS-BECK*

## French Eggs

For breakfast I always order the same—  
coffee, white toast, two bacon, two eggs basted.

That's what I'm having this morning  
in Palo Alto, at the Buttery on Emerson.

Bacon's a little too wet, too porky,  
but the coffee straight and black.

The lady of the next stool's in black, too.  
I notice her eggs—soft they look—big

yellow yolks. I ask: they good, those eggs?  
Yes.

Hard to get good basted. How'd you order?  
I am French, I say “med-y-um, the yell-o.”

They look like twin moons, full.  
Yes, they-air-good.

I thought about breaking into French,  
telling her about when I had Paris by the tail.

I didn't. Just paid the check. Twice as much  
as the Hamburg Inn back home. Half as good.



*DAVID ANGELO*

## **A Former English Teacher Contemplates Retirement**

The words you wrote  
are now archived  
deep in a wasps'  
papier-mache brain.

Rarely are they seen outside.

Look closely at a wasp  
boring deep inside a fallen  
apple's skull and you might  
catch a hint of a childhood  
spent between London, Venice  
and Hong Kong, a scrap of film  
script never produced.

All the words you wanted  
to say became pollen,  
turned the air thick  
with lurid yellow.

Look how they made  
you colourblind.

*CLAIRE THOMSON*

## **Black Gold**

The crops in these fields are a shade that is unreplicated on free charts from the hardware store. Their flowers are almost aggressive in their not being gold, but a screaming yellow. The gold only comes from when their crop is pressed for an oil that is sold as a sometimes organic alternative to I don't know what. Liquid gold is liquid luck.

On other coasts and in other countries, black gold might mean coffee. Here, it means oil. We're here for the gold rush, and whatever that promises. But this time, the current pulled us northwards and eastwards. The skies are bigger here than anywhere I've ever been. People say that about California, too. Some family said we lived nearer Oslo than London now. I still don't know if that's true.

My mum drove around a roundabout to enter one of the many retail parks that punctuate the boundaries between Aberdeen and its vast shire. We spoke about what certain words made us think of, the images they conjured. I told her that days of the week made me think of different things. The word Thursday, for example, made me feel queasy and gave me a headache. It made me feel like I had been in the car for too long on one of the winding roads connecting arteries of villages and hamlets to schools and shops and draughty town halls, turning my head to the yellow fields. Sunday, though, made me think of babydolls.

Younger still, I proudly told adults who asked that yellow, lellow, was my favourite colour. It was the colour of La La the Teletubby, of the rain jackets we needed so often and of my bedroom.

It is accepted that yellow means optimism, but maybe also sickness. That slippery place between the green and the red light that reminds us to temper ourselves, that we must stop soon. A warning of decline. In catalogue entries of Van Gogh paintings anyway, there lies madness.

Some of the companies that brought families like mine from the country's industrial middle to this northerly county of yellow fields and big skies have left now.

Questions have been asked about what is left for the county's young people. What is left is sunlight until 10pm and evening dew kissing bare feet, strawberries from the vine, bonfire season, more snow than others believe, castles and stone circles, tradition and community predating multinationals. After that, I don't know.

One day, we were allowed not to wear our uniforms to secondary school, on the condition that we wore our house colours instead. My house, named for a missionary, donned yellow. Friends in the same house as I were flustered, racking their brains for how to abide by the code flatteringly.

"Am I the only one who actually likes yellow...?" I wondered to my roughly 100 online friends in 2009.

I have not been back since my grandmother passed away in 2018.

Yellow is still my favourite colour.

**SUSANNA RICH**

## **Sunflowers Out the Train Window:**

### **Post-Communist Hungary**

Creaky train car—like an old school bus  
rigged with wheels to run on rails—  
40 km per hour (at best)—hesitations,  
suspension shot, track joints jolting us  
to the rhythm of the second hand  
of some gigantic clock.

I ride alone in this coach that reeks of gasoline  
to Tállya, the town where my father was born.  
I imagine shawled women,  
like my grandmother, boarding this train  
in massively pleated skirts,  
chickens in their arms,  
onions and raspberries in baskets.  
I almost see uniformed men with monocles  
and unfiltered cigarettes, crowding the seats.

But this is the next millennium.  
My father who fled *The Red Scourge*  
and the life he might have had  
in the motherland—is gone,  
as is my mother who met him  
in this country of fertile plains.

No matter how little I zoom my lens,  
my anti-shake camera takes only blurs  
of these fields and fields of sunflowers,  
their yellow petals flaring like the sun—

mighty army of eclipses glaring,  
sea of dark speckled mouths yelling at the sky.  
These sunflowers will not let me capture them—  
take them away by image or word.  
The sky in the East is red.  
We're facing down the sun.

*CYNTHIA GALLAHER*

## After Vincent Van Gogh's "Bedroom in Arles" 1889

refuge  
within temporary refuge,  
your trapezoid palette  
inside Maison Jaune in Arles.

pale violet walls,  
bed, fresh yellow butter,  
scarlet coverlet against  
citron sheets,  
puzzle-piece floor  
of celadon clay,  
orange toilet table, blue basin,  
a mirror awaiting a face.

there is no white  
in the picture,  
so the frame will be white,  
you said,  
as your thoughts  
edged charcoal borders.

two chairs beg company,  
one holding firm against outside bluster,  
the other pulled close as your mother's  
to your childhood bedside,  
does night whisper dreams  
you reenact on canvas by day?



*Mixed media rendering of Vincent Van Gogh's "Bedroom in Arles" 1889 by Cynthia Gallaher, in chalk pastel, coloured pencil and fine-lined marker.*

*MARILYN CAVICCHIA*

**Paul**

(mother-in-law's husband,  
died in 2014  
and my son sat on the ground  
at the cemetery  
in our closest approximation of  
little-boy funeral clothes  
to be closer to him, he said)

how is it that  
the other night  
or last month

when I called  
on some sort of  
Twilight Zone  
phone

you answered?

I knew it was you  
instantly  
because you said

*Yellow?*

.



*SUSAN SARVER*

## The Yellow Piano



*RHIANNON-SKYE BODEN*

## Golden Hour

I didn't notice the seconds were soluble  
as minutes  
running in rivulets  
stained the pavements  
yellow, and hissed  
upon contact with concrete

## contributors

DAVID ANGELO is an up and coming UK poet who can be currently found in the League of Poets. He is currently working on a sequence about the migration of red monarch butterflies.

RHIANNON-SKYE BODEN is a professional freelance writer, poet and spoken word artist, living and working in Leeds. Her work deals with themes of queerness, nostalgia and childhood, often through the lenses of nature and rock and roll. Her work has been featured in various Leeds publications, such as Nice People Magazine, and her poem Harvest Time was most recently included in Green Teeth Press' anthology Unhomely. Website: <https://goodnighttheskve.com/> Instagram: <https://instagram.com/goodnighttheskve/> Twitter: <https://twitter.com/GoodnightSkve>

MARILYN CAVICCHIA lives in Chicago and is an editor at the American Bar Association as well as a freelance grantwriter. Her first (and thus far, only) chapbook, Secret Rivers, received the Helen Kay Chapbook Prize and was published by Evening Street Press. Three of her poems recently appeared in The Disappointed Housewife. Marilyn blogs sporadically at [www.marilyncavicchia.com](http://www.marilyncavicchia.com).

BARBARA DANIELS'S Talk to the Lioness was published by Casa de Cinco Hermanas Press in 2020. Her poetry has appeared in Cleaver, Faultline, Small Orange, Meridian, and elsewhere. Barbara Daniels received a 2020 fellowship from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts.

ROBIN DELLABOUGH is a poet, editor, and writer with a master's degree from UC Berkeley School of Journalism. Her full length collection, Double Helix, is forthcoming in October 2021. Her poems have been published in Stoneboat, Fifth Estate, Lines + Stars, Nassau Review, Tiny Spoon, Maryland Poetry Review, Blue Unicorn, Negative Capability, Gargoyle, Westchester Review, Halfway Down the Stairs, Friends Journal, Persimmon Tree, Footworks, and other publications and anthologies. She has studied with Galway Kinnell, Sharon Olds,

Brenda Hillman and, more recently, with Alex Dimitrov, Kathleen Ossip, Amy Holman and Silvina Medin at the Hudson Valley Writers Center.

WILLIAM DORESKEI lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire. His most recent book of poetry is *Mist in Their Eyes* (2021). He has published three critical studies, including Robert Lowell's *Shifting Colors*. His essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews have appeared in many journals.

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SANDRA FEES is the author of *The Temporary Vase of Hands* (Finishing Line Press, 2017), served a term as Berks County, Pennsylvania, Poet Laureate (2016-2018), and is a 2020 Pushcart Prize nominee. Her work has recently appeared in *Kissing Dynamite*, *Sky Island Journal*, *Dodging the Rain*, and *Blue Lake Review*.

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The Dark Worlds - <https://pjreedwriting.wixsite.com/darkworlds>

Poetry - <https://pjreedwriting.wixsite.com/poetry>

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Twitter - [https://twitter.com/PJReed\\_author](https://twitter.com/PJReed_author)

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SUSANNA RICH was twice nominated for an Emmy-Award for her work in poetry. She is a Fulbright Fellow in Creative Writing, a passionate feminist, environmentalist, and activist. Susanna tours her musical, Shakespeare's \*itches: The Women v. Will and performances focused on her five poetry collections: Beware the House; Surfing for Jesus; Television Daddy; The Drive Home; and SHOUT! Poetry for Suffrage. Visit her at [www.wildnightsproductions.com](http://www.wildnightsproductions.com) and [becauseicanteach.blogspot.com](http://becauseicanteach.blogspot.com).

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MEREDITH GRACE THOMPSON (she/they) is a Canadian poet, essayist and visual artist. Long-listed for the Vallum 2020 Award for Poetry, their work can be found in SPAM zine&press, GNU Journal, The Dallas Review, Queltenu Ediciones and others. She is co-editor of orangeapplpress.

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