

# *Molecule*

*~ a tiny lit mag ~*



**Issue 1**

**Fall 2019**

# *Molecule*

Fall 2019

Issue 1

Founded by Kevin Carey & M.P. Carver

Cover Art: “Rain Print 2019” by Steff Crabtree.

Issue Design: M.P. Carver

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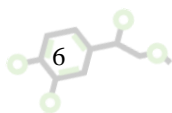
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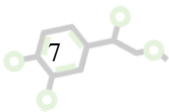
# G.W. TURNER

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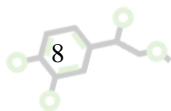
**#31**

jackie tells me that one of her favorite  
things in life is to be in love for one  
night as she sits next to me on the couch  
and i love that you've read Ulysses  
you wont mean that tomorrow, i say  
i mean it tonight



## Sons of the Godfather

Men go through life hoping to be Michael—smart, methodical, French cuffs over Italian shoes; quietly fearing they'll be Sonny—destroyed by sudden violence or gradual tollbooth slaughter; knowing we are Fredo—dim, befuddled, ineffective, fumbling for our pistol while reciting the Hail Mary.

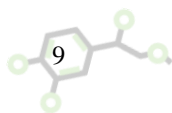




## **TBI: Superheroes**

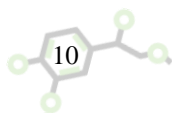
My son drooled constantly. Long, gelatinous strings, a side effect of Amantadine, prescribed to “Help wake him up.”

I heard Adamantium, the metal fused to Wolverine’s skeleton and claws. Although a superhero, Wolverine has rage, memory issues, and poor impulse control. All hallmarks of a traumatic brain injury.



## Swept Away

Anguished bridegrooms rushed the rim of the Grand Canyon to part the gathering crowd. Alas, their ladies-in-waiting were but handkerchiefs in the wind, swept away after daring to link arms for a group photograph, doomed by the danger of one high heel with a problematic zipper.



## American Girl

Tom Petty's song feels different when driving down backroads, where the rust belt and Appalachia overlap: Spring Equinox, clouds as dark as tire swings. A man in an undershirt, checking his mailbox, waves. Hear that guitar? Not one driveway in the past three townships reveals a Japanese car.

PATRICIA CALLAN

---

## Can't Come Home Again



Julie didn't know what a jukebox was. Lori only knew from books.

“You girls...” Julie's dad shook his head. “It's like you're from another planet.”

His hand was enormous, Julie's tiny, as the quarter passed between. “No disco,” he said.

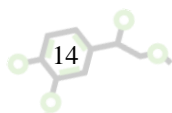
Julie went over, Lori watched. Look, both glowing. Both alive.

## **Robot Breakups Also Suck**

When he ends it I simulate tears.

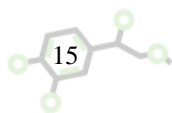
“Don’t be dramatic,” he says.

The door closes behind him. He forgot his spare battery; he’ll shut down in three hours. I plug into it to be close to him, swearing I’ll delete him from my hard drive tomorrow.



## **Wanted: New Mother**

Wanted. New mother. Eccentric.  
Any profession, except psychiatrist.  
Smothering very welcome.



## Life

I like certains: recess, bullfrogs croaking, lists with gaps for check marks—done or not done. Like the television dads who only get eye-rolly-happy-annoyed, not dads who are smashing-plates-and-ribs yelling then telling Mama sorry and she's beautiful. I like certains, s'mores and horses.



## First Breakfast

*Bagel shop, winter.*

BEN

Cinnamon, please.

MACY

(shocked) Plain. Onion. Sesame.

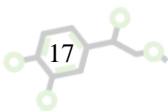
Poppyseed. Period.

BEN

But—

MACY

(sighs) To think I liked you...



**Interview: with Stephen  
Dunn**

**Q:** What is truth's role in poetry?

**A:** Auden says, it's "The clear expression of mixed feelings." I'd add that a good poem is a correction of what has passed for truth. Its role is to find language and form for what was sloppy or imprecise in the culture and our thinking.

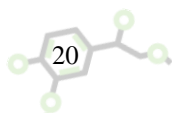
# STEFF CRABTREE

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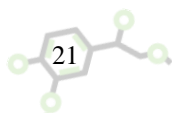
**Book Review: *Hipster  
Death Rattle*/Richie  
Narvaez/*Down & Out  
Books*/\$17.95/341pp.**

Over his pétanque balls' *clank!*, Nuyorican journalist Tony hears the dying gasps of his Brooklyn neighborhood, profession, and livelihood. Then hipsters start getting macheted like it's mainstream. Tony investigates, grudgingly. A gentrifier blood-dripping, fresher-than-that-new-craft-brew whodunit debut by Narvaez.



**Book Review: *A Sand Book*/Ariana Reines/Tin House/\$24.95/323 pp.**

*A Sand Book* is a 12 sectioned courageous collection of lyrical language poetry. It makes your mind wander to places you haven't been. The ADD-like apocalyptic and visionary poems "whipping themselves slowly into a cream" urge us to "go down into your bodies and pray there."

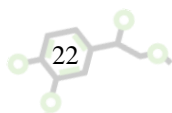


KATHLEEN AGUERO

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## **Self-Portrait as a Sunrise**

Here I am!



POETRY

## Placing oats, re: tonight

Undulant croons hate foes.

Vice stepper, breed wise.

Gee, ilk. our complaint-poem reluctance  
prods intuition.

Curvy one.

Ills, Divisions for Decades.

Morons reoccupy pious mourning:

A Wounded ‘Who’s Who’,

Stockpiling jugs, conking bytes.

Aced minions visit hermitage, fathom

“Get Ethos” thither.

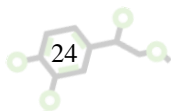
Hmm... only herds rust abroad...

**sharps**

the broken parts kept turning  
& i mistook that for living  
instead of fixing my leaky faucet.

i thought, even the cat drinks from it,  
even the water bill don't mean shit.

so when it kept me up at night,  
i let it.



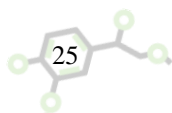


## Countdown

More and more there's less  
and less I'll ever do.

I won't climb Everest  
or ever get to Kathmandu.

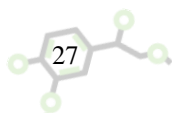
Less dancing, more rest:  
*Adieu, adieu* to the old soft shoe.



## Gaia

When seeing you, your face against my  
breast,  
eyes softly closed, open hand resting  
on your torso, limbs abandoned to my  
arms,  
your breath, deep and sure, the fiercest  
love  
conceivable sprang from my core  
and I understood Gaia, after birthing  
her children, gobbling them whole.

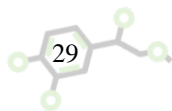
A paperbird in a flaming tree  
spread its wings and burned for me.  
The sky was fire, the sun was coal,  
the bird that burned had been my soul.  
I there, ghostless, in surprise  
stood in air that crystallized  
a penitentiary for the dead  
in a world forever burning red.





## Oh, Revolutionaries!

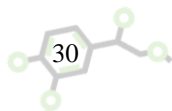
Oh, Revolutionaries! Oh,  
Revolutionaries!  
Do not so readily disdain the rich.  
Someone has to own the basement you  
hide in.



## Dramatic Exit

The car was on fire,  
an SOS stalled on wind.  
Warmth on my skin  
like practiced fingertips  
kneading the needs too often  
unspoken. You hit  
the brakes, bent on  
a dramatic exit.

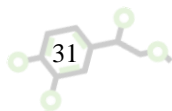
What's more dramatic  
than a bonfire in our bed?  
A blazing, blue casket  
blistering on pavement.



## Abandoned

property            on Marion St:  
  
                        At                                        9:40  
  
a.m.,  
  
police                            received  
  
  a call  
  
                        about an expensive-looking  
  
metal flamingo                        that  
  
                        had been  
  
left    on  
  
someone's                        property.

[found poem]



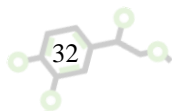
## Months Later

He looked like you.

I knew he was not.

I squinted, hoping  
to soften you back.

*i.m. Kurt Brown*





## Dreamy

### IV.

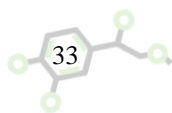
I'll meet you

where mountains morph into flatlands  
and sunshine breaks the jungle floor

where desert sands sweep into swamp  
and frozen tundras weep

I'll meet you  
at the edge

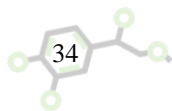
of wanting you so badly  
and wishing you had never touched me



## Growing Up

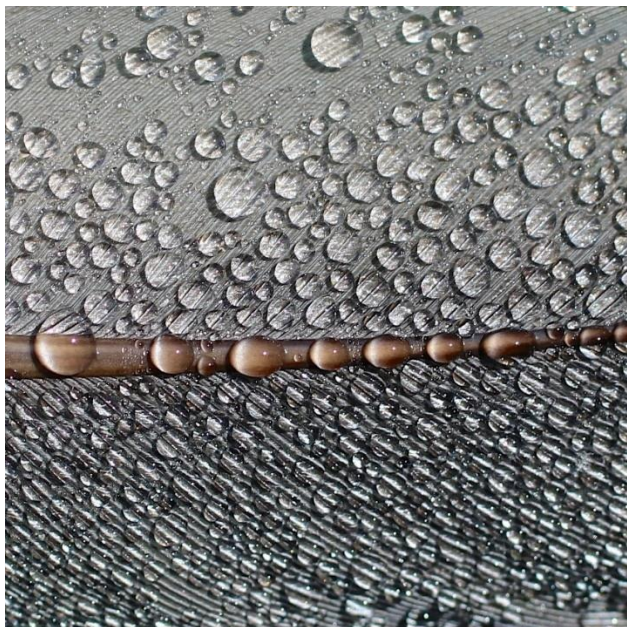
Maybe my first mother, or second, or  
third, or  
the others, maybe  
one held me  
above a thin sheen of foaming wave  
then lowered my toes  
into a swirling  
cold. Let me laugh. I loved  
Chloe like that many times.

Maybe tomorrow I'll take myself to the  
sea.



# CAROLYN GUINZIO

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# CHARLOTTE JUNG

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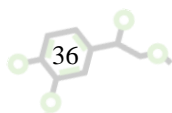
germ

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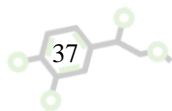


POETRY

## Matins

Morning in name only: hour  
of darkness, hour of cold. Hour  
of the fox, the coyote, the owl.  
Hunter. Predator. Raptor.

Hour of fear, hour of regret.  
Hour of flight. Hour of  
sorrow. Hour of the dying.  
Hour of the dead.

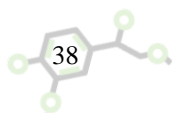


## Saturday Walk—7 a.m.

No dogs strain leashes,  
no sleepy humans carry coffee mugs  
and little plastic bags.

Seven runners  
flow around me—bright jet skis  
buzzing a trawler.

A knot of neighbors idles, two  
in jogging suits, four about to walk their  
ample bellies out to breakfast.

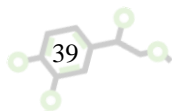


**Pink Jesus®**

I am lost on Saturn.....  
.....wondering how that  
chip of a pill

put me

> here



**Listening to June Carter  
Cash Sing “Will the  
Circle Be Unbroken?”**

She pointed her guitar neck at my heart,  
put me in a bouffant crosshair.

I sizzled in the sweet bye and bye

like a buttery fried egg

in the cast iron pan seasoned blue.



## **Jury Duty, January**

Driving to Lynn District Court

I pass a crib, flush to curb.

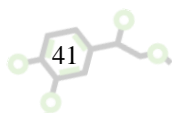
On the stoop, a crowded plastic creche.

Shepherds prop each other up like drunk

uncles. Mary in a molded blue gown

leans on the railing, unplugged

her back to slush, waiting to be called up.



## On One of These Days

thursdaY

mOnday

sUnday

Monday

satUrday

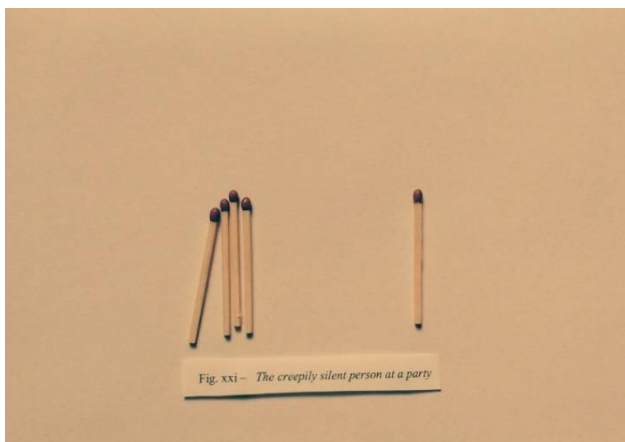
wedneSday

Thursday

thursDay

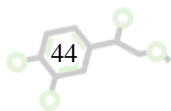
frIday

tuEsday



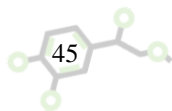
## A Limerick, Why Not?

My uncle, who lives in Tibet,  
Has an ostrich he keeps as a pet.  
He's hoped for an egg  
But the bird is called "Greg,"  
And it hasn't laid anything yet.



## Long Marriage

We used to ride so hard, as if we'd fly  
over the moon, or make it into tomorrow  
unburnt  
by harsh stars. Now they snag, rough  
diamonds,  
not inhuman in their carbon bones,  
points  
like fingernails on a cliff when a  
commitment  
to gravity has already been made.



## If Her Worst Fear Is Realized

In the  
column  
on the  
right  
is every-  
thing  
she will  
not  
mind  
forget-  
ting.

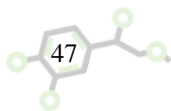
## Face

Faux brevity  
fills own wit  
soy-bases soul.

Save real razors  
first argument  
last break-up.

Keep smile  
lip curled  
palm blade.

Dull calm  
must do  
nothing.



## Thirty Years Ago

we weren't speaking much  
you knitted woolen mittens for me  
pale blue with a cable on the back  
mailed them in time for Christmas  
and I left them in someone's car  
on New Year's Eve  
I'd never be so careless now



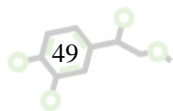
## Tracking Station Life II

False flag of bay leaf, chili kettle  
maelstrom-proof. I collage pictures

from Fabio paperbacks, wrinkle us  
as crop-duster species.

  Their hybrid  
found piano tuner work, rewired  
a candelabra messianic.

I meant *octane*,  
phonographed *landscape*.



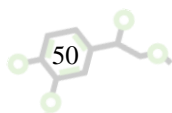
LS

Is it your being a yogi  
That gives your lines their energy,

Or is it from reading Dostoyevsky,  
Dark-eyed, agonized dreamer?

At the *Crime and Punishment* adaptation,  
You snuck in late. What joy

To discover you when the lights came up.  
I'd thought I was alone.



AMELIA SCHROEDER

---



**It's Not Insomnia If You  
Love It**

within  
the moon's glow

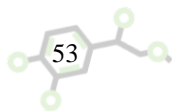
I understood  
why saints

fixed their eyes  
upon the heavens

why artists  
never sleep

## Camera Obscura

day in fog and rain  
low light colors bleach away  
cloud blankets sunlight sleeping  
this is my life, this very day  
impermanent obscured gray



## Wild Oregon

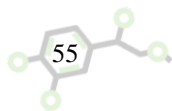
My jack russell spots a rabbit  
and goes crazy  
on coastal trail  
like 10,000 years  
before the leash.

I see a face in a creek,  
stone, or giant Sitka spruce  
and I go crazy  
like 10,000 years  
before the leash.

## Dictatorship

My new girlfriend told me  
she wants our relationship  
to be a dictatorship  
of the proletariat.

That's fine, comrade, I said.  
I love the way you seize  
my means of production.

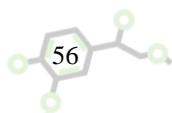


**Louisiana Irises,  
Basking in the Sun**

These  
purple  
mouths  
bright  
as flame,

hold out  
their  
tongues

for drops  
of rain.





**Waiting for the Show  
that is Morning**

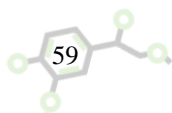
This is urgent—  
the velvet moon is sinking,  
the rabbits are rushing like ushers  
preparing for the show.  
The purple curtain stirs to rise—



## Portal

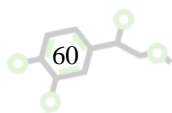
In my dreams it comes out  
In the dark woods  
Or on an empty street  
I can catch a glimpse of it

I can hear it in you too  
If I stop to listen



## Birdsong

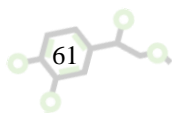
I don't know  
their names  
or which voice  
belongs to which  
but somehow  
this opera  
they put on twice a day  
not to me not for me,  
the bystander  
with voyeur ears,  
grounds my free fall  
every window, door  
yearned open.



## The Enterprising Raccoon

sulking in the nighted bush  
after retreating from a  
principled boisterous beagle,  
worries his candle wax paws  
around the orange peel snuck  
from the dented can.

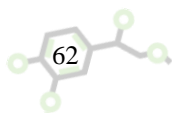
Wringing out his worry,  
the scent of ruptured orange  
blossoms on the wind, molding  
potpourri out of his concern.



## Raising Sons

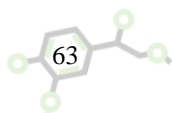
My boys live by  
drawing their ribs apart  
and filling the house with their music.

Blessed are these days  
blessed are these nights  
where the same roof keeps us.



*geographies: Mong Yang*

The elephant in  
the room in the  
energy debate is  
about 23” long &  
goes by the name  
of anodized alu-  
minum 4 Chime.



DEANNA TIBBS

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## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Kathleen Agüero**'s most recent book of poetry is *After That* (Tiger Bark Press). She teaches in the Solstice low-residency MFA at Pine Manor College.

**Patricia Callan** is a writer, artist, educator, & mom to some tiny humans in Beverly, Massachusetts. Find her at [patriciacallan.com](http://patriciacallan.com).

**Kevin Carey, Jr.** organizes sounds, images, words. He thinks about deserts, oceans, & genre films.

**Brendan Connolly** writes stuff. He lives in New York City.

**felicia m connolly** doesn't much like to talk about herself.

**Steff Crabtree** is a mixed media artist from KCMO & works at Imagine That!, a teaching arts studio that supports adult with disabilities.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Dallas Crow** is a writer, teacher, & photographer. His poetry chapbook, *Small, Imperfect Paradise*, was published by Parallel Press.

**Carlinda D'Alimonte** has written three books of poetry & works appearing in literary journals & anthologies. She has taught English & creative writing.

**Jim DeFilippi** is a novelist & humor writer.

**N.A. Douglass:** reader, writer, awesome provider.

**Stephen Dunn** received the Pulitzer Prize for *Different Hours*. His latest is *Degrees of Fidelity: Essays on Poetry and the Latitudes of the Personal*.

**R.G. Evans** is the author of the books *Overtipping the Ferryman* & *The Holy Both* & an album of original songs, *Sweet Old Life*.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Vern Fein** is a retired teacher who has published nearly 100 poems & creative non-fiction pieces in over forty publications.

**Jessica Lynne Furtado** wears too many hats. Find her work in *apt*, *Hobart*, *Spry*, *Stirring*, & others. Visit her at [www.jessicafurtado.com](http://www.jessicafurtado.com)

**Robbie Gamble** writes poems, bakes bread, & tries to be kind.

**Nancy Gold** lives on the south shore of Lake Superior, & is currently working on a series of essays about traumatic brain injury.

**Carolyn Guinzio** is the author of six collections, including *Ozark Crows* (Spuyten-Duyvil, 2018). Her website is [carolynguinzio.tumblr.com](http://carolynguinzio.tumblr.com).

**Richard Hoffman** has published seven books. He teaches at Emerson College. God help him he just bought a boat.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Julia Hwang** writes from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her work, narrative & women-centric, has recently been featured in *The Fictional Café*.

**Jennifer Jean** wrote: *The Fool*; & won: a Disquiet Fellowship & a Her Story Is residency. She's an administrator for The Boston Book Festival.

**Charlotte Jung** is a minimalist poet & feminist playwright. In her writing she explores the basic building blocks of language & life.

**K. T. Landon** is the author of *Orange, Dreaming* (Five Oaks Press, 2017). She likes the serial comma, birds, & data engineering.

**Kali Lightfoot**, Salem, Massachusetts, a poet who has come late & happily to poetry. First full-length book coming out in April, 2021.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Kevin McCarthy** is an actor & a writer. He's also a painter.....of houses. His wife & Molecule keep him right sized (twenty-three, twenty-four).

**Pam McWilliams** is a past president of Sisters-in-Crime North Dallas. Her short fiction has appeared in anthologies & a literary magazine.

**Lisa Mangini** is a teacher, writer, & editor living in Central Pennsylvania. For more, visit, <https://lisamangini.wordpress.com/>

**Jennifer Martelli** wrote *My Tarantella* & *After Bird*, winner of Grey Book Press's Chapbook Competition. She received a Massachusetts Cultural Council Grant for Poetry.

Missouri native **Dustin Michael** teaches writing & literature. He lives in Georgia now. You like dinosaurs? If so, you two would probably get along.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Colleen Michaels** writes poems & hosts the Improbable Places Poetry Tour on Boston's north shore. She's a wordy braggart but knows how to count.

**C.S. Mierscheid** is Professor of Modern Psychologies at Miskatonic University, Massachusetts. She holds the Franz Bibfeldt Fellowship for her work on postmodern anxieties.

**Ken Mootz's** short stories have been published by *Empty Sink Publishing*, *Livid Squid Literary Journal*, *Weirderary*, & *Toad Suck Review*.

**Templeton Moss:** Twenty-four words? Are you kidding? You want me to describe myself in twenty-four crummy words? That's impossible! No one could possibly do

**Rebecca Hart Olander's** first chapbook is forthcoming from dancing girl press. She teaches writing at Westfield State University & is editor/director of Perugia Press.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Cheryl S. Ntumy** is a Ghanaian writer who hopes to be weird & wonderful when she grows up.

**Carla Panciera**'s books include poetry: *One of the Cimalores* (Cider Press); *No Day, No Dusk, No Love* (Bordighera) & a short story collection, *Bewildered*.

**Chad Parenteau** hosts the Stone Soup Poetry series in Boston. His newest collection, *The Collapsed Bookshelf* is forthcoming.

**Dawn Paul** has a chapbook of poetry on 18<sup>th</sup> century botanist & taxonomer Carl Linnaeus forthcoming from Finishing Line Press.

**John Repp**'s *Revenants (The Soul of Rock & Roll)—Poems Acoustic, Electric & Remixed, 1979–2019* is nearing completion.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Jon Riccio** is a PhD candidate at the University of Southern Mississippi's Center for Writers. He received his MFA from the University of Arizona.

**Fabio Sassi** makes photos & acrylics using what is considered to have no worth by the mainstream. He lives in Bologna, Italy.  
[www.fabiosassi.foliohd.com](http://www.fabiosassi.foliohd.com).

**Amelia Schroeder** dabbles: art, massage, outdoors, tiny houses. She lives in North Carolina, where she eats vegan mayo by the spoonful, & dreams poems.

**J.D. Scrimgeour's** latest book is *Lifting the Turtle*.

**Mir-Yashar Seyedbagheri** is a graduate of Colorado State's MFA program in fiction. His work has been published or is forthcoming in journals such as *AHF Magazine*, *Eunoia Review*, & *101 Words*.



## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Tiffany Shaw-Diaz** is an award-winning poet & visual artist. You can learn more about her via:

[www.tiffanyshawdiaz.com](http://www.tiffanyshawdiaz.com).

**David Somerset** lives with his wonderful wife & a small disagreeable\* dog. He writes & performs poetry, stories & music at open mics.

**Scott T. Starbuck**'s climateblog *Trees, Fish, and Dreams* ([riverseek.blogspot.com](http://riverseek.blogspot.com)) has over 50,000 views from 71 countries, & many climate updates.

**David J. Thompson** is a former prep school teacher & coach who lives in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

**DeAnna Tibbs** covets maps in Oakland, California. She also hunts for photos under redwood trees & suffers from altitude sickness in her favorite places.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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**Ahrend Torrey** enjoys exploring nature with his husband Jonathan, & their two rat terriers Dichter & Dova. They live in southern Louisiana.

**Sharon Tracey** is the author of the poetry collection, *What I Remember Most Is Everything* (2017). She lives in western Massachusetts.  
sharontracey.com.

After a career in conservation, **G.W. Turner** is now an award-winning miniaturist whose work has been shown in galleries nationwide.

**Peter Urkowitz** has published poems & art in *Meat for Tea*, *Oddball Magazine*, *Sextant*, & the *Lily Poetry Review*.

**Jo Varnish** has work in *X-R-A-Y Lit Mag*, *Manqué Magazine*, *Brevity* & more. She loves hydrangeas, Klondike bars, & airports. Twitter: @jovarnish1.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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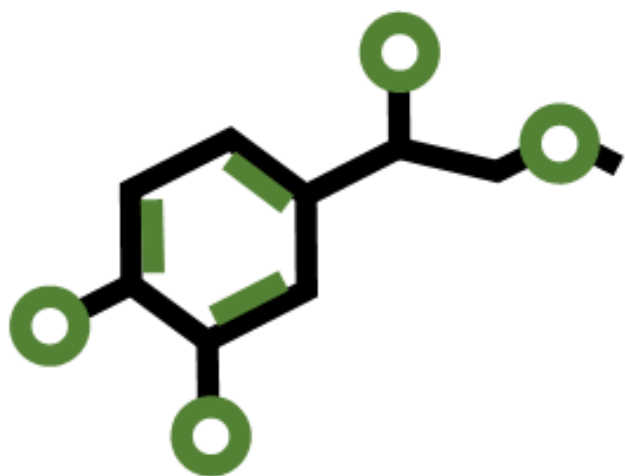
**Cindy Veach** is the author of *Gloved Against Blood* (CavanKerry Press). She is co-poetry editor of *Mom Egg Review*.

**Erin Renee Wahl**'s work in multiple genres can be found using a cunning Google search. She spends her days being an awesome librarian.

**Elisabeth Weiss** teaches at Salem State University. She's taught in preschools, prisons & nursing homes. She is the author of *The Caretaker's Lament*.

**Mark Young** lives in a small town in North Queensland in Australia, & has been publishing poetry since 1959.

\*Editor's Note: Dave's dog is a sweetheart.



# *Molecule*

Spring 2019 Issue Comes in March

Stayed turned! Our reading period will  
open December 1.

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