

Honoring Nature

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Honoring Nature

An Anthology of Authors and Artists
Festival Writers

Edited by Lis McLoughlin, PhD

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Welcome to the Woods

-We are part of Nature.

-We need to interact with the natural world as living kin, not dead resource.

-We can do it.

These are the messages that thread their way through the writings in this volume. Each essay, each poem, each image asserts these truths either in so many words, or as an example of how to live them.

When I first brought together this diverse group of writers for the Authors and Artists Festival (2020-2021), most had one thing in common---I (or Paul Richmond, who curated many of the poets) knew them from somewhere. That somewhere could have been through their pages decades ago, or a serendipitous meeting that blossomed into friendship just recently. I felt grateful to have each one in my life, and that could have been enough.

But once amalgamated, I found in these writings something more. Together, they are no less than a coalition, a coalescence of life's purpose. Too close to my own work to see these connections, it took the synergy of these 37 writers---their passion, their clarity, their truth--to highlight the path we have been walking, individually and in collaboration. Not lost in a laurel hell (although sometimes it feels that way), nor retracing a blue-blazed trail maintained for easy passage of many feet; ours is more of a deer path, the most intuitive and unobtrusive way up the side of a hill. For me, reading these words is like hearing echoes from deer that have trod this way before, and they keep me going when the way seems long and steep.

As winter draws in, under hemlock, in these pages, we've yarded up together, and we know---I know--we are not alone. As Scott Russell Sanders has written, "There's only one league--and all who love reading and writing and nature belong to it."

There is room for you too. Join us in Honoring Nature.....

10/30/20

L. McLoughlin

Hemlock House, Northfield, MA

Table of Contents

I. Listening to Nature

Practiced Invisibility - Marty Espinola	12
13 lines tied to the wind - Janet MacFadyen	13
Bear Swamp Sequence - Janet MacFadyen	14
Pierpont Meadow - Robert Eugene Perry	16
Breaking Silence - Candace Curran	17

Plants

Lines written upon a blank leaf - Roger West	20
Red - Cheryl Savageau	21
Scrub Oak, Pitch Pine - Janet MacFadyen	22
Writing Santa Clara Valley - Susan Glass	23
Waiting for Lilacs - Dina Stander	24
Hawksbeards or maybe Cats Ears but not Dandelions - Kate Rex	25
Butterflies 1 - Kate Rex	26
Brexit - Kate Rex	27

Rivers

Susurration -Robert Eugene Perry	30
Conjunction (Perryville Dam) - Robert Eugene Perry	31
Besides the River -Carlos Raúl Dufflar	32
Swift River-Kancamagus - Cheryl Savageau	33
The Salmon Go All the Way Upstream - Anna M. Warrock	35

Sky

Untitled - Cindy Snow	38
Anchor in the sky - Janice Sorensen	39
Geese on the Wing - Marty Espinola	41

II. Identity

Wild Onions - JuPong Lin	44
Under Cedar Boughs - JuPong Lin	45
Canvas - Holly Harden	46
Birds in Winter - Candace Curran	47
Oh, it can be good to forget. - Janice Sorensen	48
Moving on After That Rotten Announcement - Janice Sorensen	50
The Monastery - Paul Rabinowitz	51
Soundscape - Paul Rabinowitz	52

III. Human-Animal Relationships

Adaptation - Cindy Snow	56
Monarchs - David Crews	57
A Small Healing - Susan Glass	63
The Cat - Paul Rabinowitz	65

IV. Warnings and Destruction

Thin Bears - Jason Grundstrom-Whitney	70
Yes We Have No Bananas - Candace Curran	72
LEVIATHAN - Richard Wayne Horton	73
Cetus Fornax - Roger West	76
Lepidoptera helicoptera - Roger West	80
Hiroshima Shadow -Karen Warinsky	81
oxygen producers - Zarnab Tufail	82
The Tower (Upright) - David Wyman	83
2020 Hindsight - d.o.	84

V. Finding Hope

Clouds, Hopes, Dreams - Paul Richmond	92
Puerto Rican Garden Dream - Ángel L. Martínez	94
johnny-jack - Dina Stander	95
When We Can Breathe - JuPong Lin	96
Rock Bowl - Jason Grundstrom-Whitney	97

VI. Stories of Art, Science, and Adventure

Blow - Lise Weil	102
Oceans of Love - G.A. Bradshaw	105
The Ember - Rebecca R Burrill	113
Mountain Meditation -Leo Hwang	117
Tree of Souls - Joan Maloof	119
The Voices Return - Christian McEwen	121
Every River Wants to Flow - Susan Cerulean	123
Finding Hope in a Web of Mutuality - Deb Habib	127

VII. Stories of Faith

What is it for - Cheryl Savageau	132
Walking the Land of the Nailbourne - Simon Wilson	134
The Whole Inexpressible Thing - Julia Sibley-Jones	136

Afterword

The Enchantment of Nature and the Nature of Enchantment Patrick Curry	142
--	-----

Postscript

Doug Harris	149
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Authors' Biographies

150

Credit for Previous Publication

156

Artists' Credits

157

Acknowledgements

159

I. Listening to Nature



Great White Egret Fishing by Marty Espinola

Practiced Invisibility

Marty Espinola

Being still,
Standing statuesque
In water and mud
Above fish and frog,
It seeks to appear as one
With the sky shapes above.

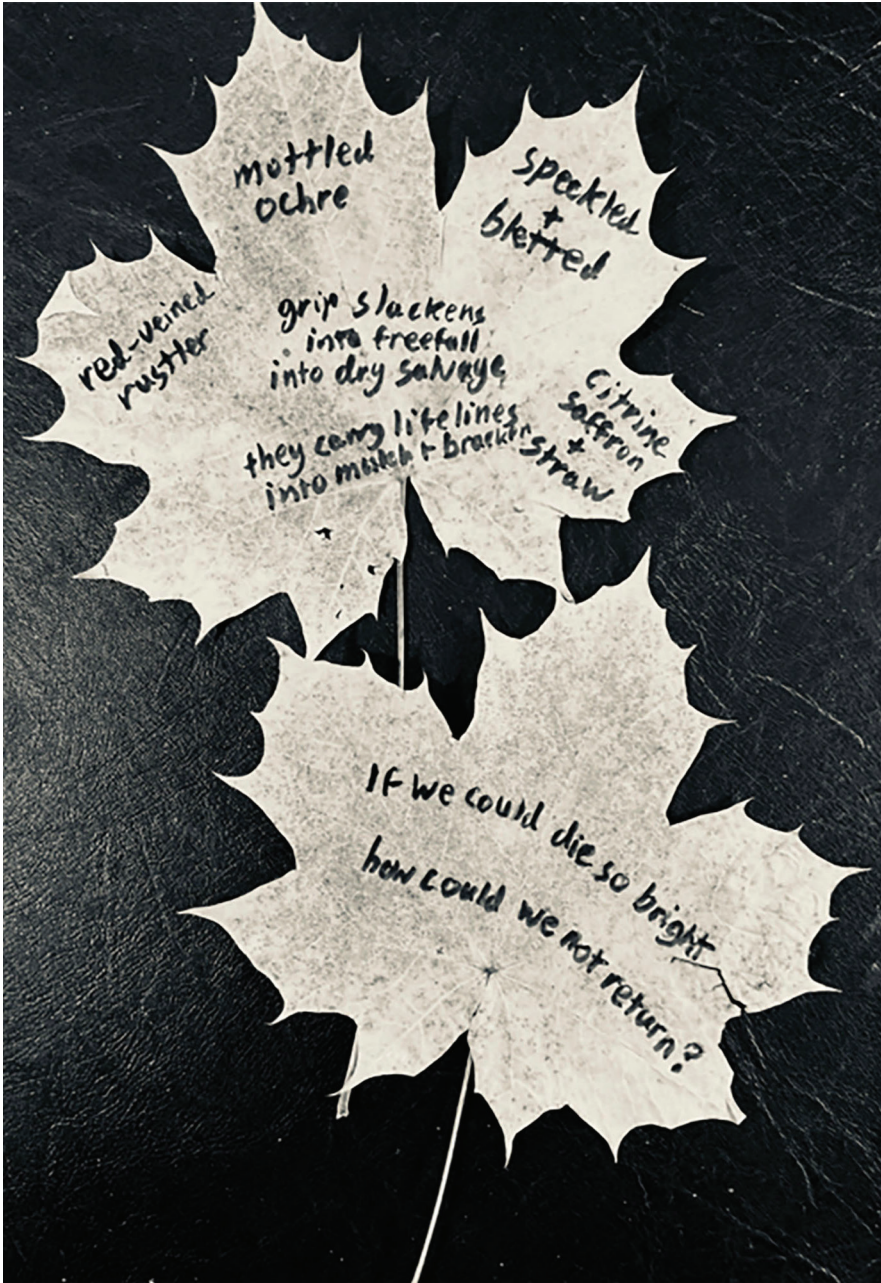
A furtive, frozen form
Merging itself
With light and shadow
Waiting for a wavering prey
That, seeing the expected,
Senses only safety.

When the prize is offered
A swift blurred strike
An upward thrust of the head
As the Egret proudly swallows
And calmly resumes
Practiced invisibility.

Listening to Nature: Plants



Embracing the Light by Vic Berardi



Lines written upon a blank leaf

Roger West

Listening to Nature: Rivers



Enders Falls by Marty Espinola

Besides the River

Carlos Raúl Dufflar

Open my soul beneath the trees along the Cooper River and enters
into the Delaware
The sunshine is such a beauty
That lays upon the heart
The season of autumn
While the leaves turn orange
Branches of the living sky
The geese are enjoying dinner all over the grass
On the small space on the land
In the Land of the Lenape
It's a good moment to see the sunset
squash, cranberries, blueberries or pumpkin
So close to the eyes
Precious space on Mother Earth
That we must honor and respect
No deniers of the beauty of Earth and its love
Laughing that opens his mouth like an empty soul
Sunday afternoon sitting and remembering
Ralph Featherstone and Che Payne Robinson
Fifty winters ago
That must never be forgotten
Martyrs of the Human Rights Struggle
That are part of you and part of me
Listen to the harmony voices
And the sounds of Miles Davis and A Kind of Blue
A rare gift
I enjoy this moment of this year 2020
That life is worth a thousand poems
In honor of the Earth
While the raven dances a bebop tune
October morning sun
Leaves a ripening to Fall
The Indigenous call to honor Mother Earth

Listening to Nature: Sky



Desert View Watchtower by Cate Woolner

Geese On the Wing

Marty Espinola

Arrows of wild geese,
Autumn driven towards a perpetual horizon,
Endlessly waving their wings to the god of winds.
Do they just trust their leader knows the way?
Or is their trust in the pull of the beyond,
Knowing that moving towards it is enough?
It makes me wonder.
Is the direction all that's really important?

II. Identity



Canoe Catch by JuPong Lin

Wild Onions

JuPong Lin

Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing
there is a field...I'll meet you there.

--Rumi

Greeting the sun, we touch the screens
on our phones to locate our bodies,
check pockets for don't-leave-home-without-it devices,
eyes enthralled by machines that conjure faces, other places,
others' homes.

In the twittering, 24-7 texting,
networked clouds of virtual connection,
where do we hit pause?

When do we ask...

Who may suffer for our pleasure?

Who sweats black tears to craft
our treasures? Whose lives are made
more beautiful by technological wonders?

Out beyond the zeros and ones,

there is a real

field. Meet me there, and we will fill
our pockets with acorns and rocks
and stories, listen to night critters and ache
for the fragrance of wild ginger and
onion flowers.

III. Human-Animal Relationships



Untitled by Fred Bulye

A Small Healing

Susan Glass

Ada's spine is a notched cane where recurring pains
deliver stings: pinched nerves to the brain.
The postures of onset blindness,
looking always down at first, and then always up,
toward daylight, toward voices,
have sculpted her carriage.
So too the loss of name to marriage.
Oh to breathe! To be March grass, Mustard scent!
She rises in the clear dawn,
and walks.

Horses wait for her,
nestled in the curve of a half suburban road.
She smells them first:
their molasses breath, their wool musk coats, now winter-shed.
Appaloosa, Roan, Palomino, Bay.
She approaches. Their skins wriggle,
and their ears, gliding forward to catch her steps,
are wreathed in dew.

For much of this past night, they have stayed awake,
quickened by apricot blossoms and frog chorus.
She imagines their conversation,
stories of space before fence and bridle,
before myth even —
Thinks, too, of their sleepwalker dreams,
amblings, alder lust,
envies them,
regrets career and mortgage,
the swaddling walls that hold her life.

The Morgan Bay approaches first.
She's a filly still, and Ada,
hearing the bamboo jointed shamble of long-boned knees,
feels again the gentlest pressure
of thigh against flank.

A demure head stretches over braided wire,
bobs the long nose, pole, forelock.
Invites a scratch.
Ada obliges,

offers carrots too as the others sidle close,
buzz their lips,
swat each other with broom straw tails.

On tiptoe Ada stretches,
loses her face in the feral mane,
inhales the milk-warm, new filly breath,
feels the new girl, clean laundered, and T shirt fresh,
leaping straight-backed and lithe
from saddle to earth.

IV. Warnings and Destruction



Prophecy Infection by ARTMUFFIN

Thin Bears

Jason Grundstrom-Whitney

Coyote saw an old man
run across a street in Quebec City.
He appeared young, but
on the other side
he stooped again.

“Found another,” Coyote said
to Bear at an intersection.

Bear, Raven and Coyote
followed the man
to the back of a packing plant.

In the refrigerator room
they found two women and
the man Coyote had seen on the street.
They were very thin.

“What the hell are you folks doing down here?”
Coyote asked, taking off his hat
and letting the fur flow.

They changed to three thin white bears.

“We come down 35 years ago and
warned the tribes we were dying.
We could see the melt.
Now there is nowhere to hunt.
Countless of us have starved and died,
leaving bones for scrimshaw and medicine.
It is good to leave medicine,
but only in its place and time.
We are moving down.”

Bear remembered his sister that died in 2002.
They found her emaciated remains on the edge
of a blueberry field near Calais, Maine.

Coyote and Raven sat with him and prayed
around the sacred fire for four days.

Bear felt death reaching in his new language—
drought, hurricanes, fire, auto-immune illness.
It seemed he added a new word daily.

“Our brothers and sisters warned others,
but the others did not listen.”
Bear was angry as he thought of his sister
and the whales he had seen washed onshore
this past summer, their stomachs filled
with plastic.

The thin bears ate slowly so as not to get sick
from the hormone-fed sides of beef.
They stayed for a month until
strong enough to travel.

“There will be many more of us,”
said the old man.

Raven searched for new habitat.
Bear helped them walk.
Coyote encouraged them on.

Each time was getting harder
than the time before.

Lepidoptera helicoptera

Roger West

Papillons de nuit. Butterfly/moth: here in France the distinction is temporal rather than entomological. These early morning night butterflies rotorvate putter-puttering around my head. In my path I find a drowsy cicada. I bend down to rescue him from tractor wheels and I'm struck for a moment by his rusty underwings. A woman passing by misconstrues my hesitation. "Elles ne piquent pas," she says - they don't sting - and she scoops the creature up and into the grassy verge. She tells me how her brother used to push a stick into a cicada's anus and throw it into the air to watch it come helicoptering down. "Whereas I," she says, "know that if you turn a cicada over in your hand and gently stroke its stomach, it will sing for you." When she's gone I lift the cicada from its roadside refuge and try to turn it over in my hand. It resists my efforts, clinging desperately to my fingers with all the genetic mistrust it can muster. "I'm not her brother," I tell it. "Neither are you mine," it replies.

V. Finding Hope



The Red Rebel Brigade by Cate Woolner

Puerto Rican Garden Dream

Ángel L. Martínez

Can you grow *gandules** in a *barrio* garden
far from home?

(It's still growing)

Did you see a hen and her chicks
on the sidewalk?

(I grew up seeing that in Williamsburg, Brooklyn)

We can grow *los barrios*

Amid the brick-faced crevices

We must never neglect *Madre Tierra*

It's land to plant our flags as well as flowers

A promise made

for *bomba y plena en los jardines*

As son rises from an old radio

And a rooster crows in those spaces liberated

Where we speak our names

*pigeon peas

VI. Stories of Art, Science, and Adventure



Lis on the Rocks by Helene D. Grogan

The Voices Return

Christian McEwen

In a bittersweet twist, the surreal slowdown of life as we know it has presented researchers with a rare opportunity to study the modern world under some truly bizarre conditions...

--- Marina Koren

Janey Winter lives by herself on the borders of Provincetown. A year-round resident and working artist, she has known the place for more than sixty years. But soon after the coronavirus lockdown, she heard something utterly new from her back porch — “a big long roar — a horizontal roar — that beat below everything — a cosmic sound.” It was, of course, the Atlantic Ocean, always, till now, obscured by the churn of the daily traffic. “I couldn’t believe it,” Winter told me. The following month it was written up in the local paper. “Even people in town could hear it!” But she herself had noticed it much earlier — two full weeks ahead of the editorial — and was gleefully delighted by that fact.

Similar discoveries are being made across the globe, as planes are grounded, cruises canceled, trains and buses set to run less frequently. The family car sits idle in the driveway. Motor-bikes are stalled. Ordinary vibrations caused by human activity (biking, running, walking, even shopping) have been reduced to almost nil. And with that comes an unprecedented opportunity to listen.

“I used to think there weren’t really birds in Wuhan,” wrote Rebecca Franks on her Facebook page, “because you rarely saw them and never heard them.” In fact, they had simply been drowned out by the relentless human traffic. NPR correspondents Eleanor Beardsley and Sylvia Poggioli both had similar stories. Beardsley had heard egrets on the Seine for the first time ever, and Poggioli (based in Rome) had been taken aback by the sheer volume of the dawn chorus. That avian orchestra, proclaiming spring, was for her, she said, “almost too loud.”

With human noise on pause, seismologists, naturalists, and other professional listeners have been seizing the chance to record how Earth sounds, uninterrupted. In the U.K., seismologist Paula Koele-

VII. Stories of Faith



Callanish I by Lis McLoughlin

What Is It For?

Cheryl Savageau

But *what is it for?* She asks me as we drive through the forest of tiny trees. They are no more than four feet tall, these high desert trees. They are not babies, they are full grown, like the scrub pines on Cape Cod. I am lost in this nation of trees, on this road somewhere near Taos, New Mexico. I am used to the maples of the Northeast, I walk in their shade. So this is what they call a forest here. I know that's not really true, I've seen the tall pines that grow up at Los Alamos, on the mountain road I drive from Albuquerque to Santa Fe, the road I prefer because they are there. But it pleases me to be amongst this forest of tiny trees, their difference charms me. Any time I travel, I'm afraid I'll get there and it will be unfamiliar, alien, but when I step off the plane, I realize, oh, yes, this is the earth, and take a trusting breath.

She is talking again, and I switch my attention from the Land outside the car to her words. But *what is it for*, she asks again. I don't understand the question. I think maybe I'm not paying close enough attention, distracted as I am by the trees. But it is the trees she is talking about. You know, she says, gesturing with her right hand as she steers with her left. All this. All this, she says, *what is it for?*

What do you mean, *what is it for?*

You know, is it for farming, or dairy, or ranching....you know, *what is it for?*

What is it for? It's for itself, I say. She shakes her head in frustration.

This conversation has become emblematic - those moments of cultural dissonance in so many conversations, when I realize the underpinnings of our conversations are different, that what I think we are talking about is not it at all.

When I was in my twenties, my then-husband's aunt was concerned at what she considered my "atheism." I never said I was an atheist. It's not a word I would use, based on a negative, a lack of something, rather than on a positive presence that I felt but couldn't express. How can you not believe in God? she asked. How do you know what is good or evil? What will you teach your children?

I remember the question being so much bigger than I, at that time in my life, could answer in this short conversation over the kitchen table. I didn't know how to talk about the sacred. I felt instead an abyss, an absence of words, one that led me to become a poet. I could only tell her that I couldn't believe in that personal God, that old man in the sky. There were so many assumptions that we didn't share. I didn't yet know our Abenaki word, Ktsi Niwaskw - that sacred mysterious matrix of being, often translated as "Great Spirit."

What is it for? The language that inhabits her, that inhibits her, says that these trees, this forest are objects. What I see as beings, as a nation of trees, she sees as, not exactly non-living, because she would admit that trees are alive, in a limited way, but they have no sovereignty, no personhood. They exist only in relation to human needs. Which means they are expendable. This place should be "for" something that humans need. Otherwise, what?

I could say that they are "for" making oxygen, that they might hold some medicine that we don't even know about, that they hold together the soil in this arid place and provide food, make a home for a vast population of birds, insects, reptiles, mammals, invertebrates. But that is not what they are "for." These are gifts they give freely. Our proper response is gratitude.

What is it for? She turns on the radio. I look out the window. The Land extends in all its beauty, in all its mystery. This Forest, this Nation.

Afterword



Cave by Lis McLoughlin

The Enchantment of Nature and the Nature of Enchantment

Patrick Curry

My subject is double: the enchantment of nature, but also the nature of enchantment.¹ Enchantment is a fundamental human experience: the experience of wonder. So it is necessarily participatory, and therefore personal. Someone needs to actually be present for it. If you stay on the outside, merely observing, it can't happen. The word itself implies as much: from the French, originally Latin, *en chantment*: in a song. By extension, it might arise from finding yourself in a song that you are hearing or singing, or in a picture, or a story – in fact, any kind of narrative, in the very broadest sense.

The wonder varies in intensity from charm, to delight, to full-blown joy. We could also say 'awe'. (But note that I don't describe it as 'pleasure', which quality is somewhat different.) The last kind, joyful, is what I call 'radical enchantment'. It is normally something which only happens a few times in one's life, but it can be life-changing.

One clear opposite is will: any desire or effort to make something happen, to change something, or to make someone (including yourself) do something. If that is happening, then enchantment is not.

Enchantment is relational: wonder at another, not power over them. It takes place as an encounter, a meeting across a gap of difference. Those boundaries remain, but they no longer matter. So it's neither hot ecstatic unity, in which both self and other disappear, nor cold, one-way control over the other. And when enchantment is radical it is most relational, with each party apprehending and affecting the other.

Thus no one is in charge. Enchantment is wild and 'perilous'.² And this is something it shares with nature. In the whole more-than-human natural world,³ including us but vastly greater, there are innumerable agents and very few outcomes are entirely predictable. This is why it arrives as a gift, or not at all.

Now the other party can be anyone or anything: a human being, another animal, plant, place of any kind, sight, sound, smell, taste, texture or even idea. But we are a particular kind of being – the human kind – and human nature is not, whatever our pretensions, infinitely plastic. So enchantment tends to happen with certain kinds of others and in certain domains: at a minimum, love, art, religion, food and drink, learning, sport, humour and, not least, nature: apprehending, in all its complexity, beauty and mystery, a natural place or fellow-creature, who sometimes, quite unexpectedly, apprehends you.

Actually, I believe all enchantments are ultimately natural, rooted in nature, including ourselves as natural beings. In other words, enchantment, like life, is not anthropocentric. It includes us but it isn't all about us, let alone me. (We shall return to this point.)

In the process of enchantment, the other becomes, and is realised to be, in effect, another person, with a unique personality of their own. Or, we could say, an extraordinary presence. Experiences of enchantment are thus intensely meaningful – and therefore fateful. (Even refusing them is fateful, because it always happens too late; you have already been affected.) Likewise, they are mythic. There are many modes of mythicity, some of them with nothing to do with wonder; but when you are enchanted, you are living mythically. In this respect too enchantment is rooted in nature. Ultimately, myths are not about the gods so much as ‘the ideas and emotions of the Earth.’⁴

And what does enchantment show us about the enchanting other? It partly reveals, and partly creates, a truth: their intrinsic value and meaning, which doesn't depend in any way on their usefulness, or exchange value in the market.

Enchantment takes place as a unique moment – ‘short but deep’⁵ – so it doesn't happen in time – and as a unique place, so not in space. ‘Nothing “happened”, but everything has changed’.⁶

In the moment of enchantment, time radically slows. But it doesn't altogether stop, and sooner or later the enchantment comes to an end. So the wonder of childhood is continually becoming grown-up; wild nature is always falling to so-called development; and the Elves are forever passing over the Sea, leaving us behind on the darkening shores of Middle-earth in (god help us) ‘the Age of Men’, now known as the Anthropocene. Hence the joy of enchantment is often bittersweet, with a poignant or melancholy quality. By the same token, the quality of enchantment is not so much desire as it is yearning, or longing. The result can be a kind of pre-emptive nostalgia. In the words of the great haiku poet Bashō, ‘Even in Kyōto, hearing the cuckoo cry, I long for Kyōto.’⁷

Tolkien's name for the place of enchantment is Faërie, and he describes it as ‘the realm or state in which fairies have their being. [But] Faërie contains many things besides elves and fays...it holds the seas, the sun, the moon, the sky; and the earth, and all things that are in it: tree and bird, water and stone, wine and bread, and ourselves...when we are enchanted.’⁷ So Faërie is the place you find yourself in when you are enchanted, and it is what the place where you are becomes.

The difference between infinite and very, very large is important, because the latter finally has its limits. And just as enchanted mo-

Postscript

It is my cultural and spiritual experience that Earth is our Mother. It is from her and Great Spirit that I /we all evolve. Every you, every me, every tree, every blade of grass, pebble, and stone, and every worm between---every bee and bird, every fish, every grape, and apple--- every mosquito, and fly--has our Mother as our source. With her, things remain in harmony and balance. We are of her natural world. We are earthlings and natural order manifested by the coming together of Great Spirit and the being we know as Earth. From her we come and back to her we return---we the dolphin, the whale, the clam, the ameba, the virus---all of us. Whether Alewife or Buckeye or *Nenbaden* she has instructed us if we plant them in the Earth below the corn it fertilizes and a hill of corn shall grow. We are dependent and she is wise in the way of sustaining her children. She is mother and we are her earthlings. We are sometimes obedient, sometimes arrogant, but her children nonetheless.

Tau batdan-tamock wiche wane (we are giving thanks for all things).

Doug Harris,
Preservationist for Ceremonial Landscapes

Authors' Biographies

Dr. Gay Bradshaw holds doctorate degrees in ecology and psychology, a master's in geophysics, and a bachelors in linguistics and Chinese. She is the founder and director of The Kerulos Center for Nonviolence and The Tortoise and the Hare Sanctuary located in Jacksonville, Oregon, USA.

Martin Bridge's work spans a wide range of media from Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Theater Design and Site Specific Installations to Performance. He bridges realms of science and mysticism in an effort to challenge the cultural paradigms that dictate how we relate to both the natural world as well as our brothers and sisters.

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Rebecca R Burrill, EdD is a movement-based child developmentalist and educator, ecocentric dancer, artistic director, and writer. She is founder of an alternative educational organization providing programming such as Arts with Literacy Integration™

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Susan Cerulean is an author and a naturalist. Her most recent book, *I Have Been Assigned the Single Bird: A Daughter's Memoir*, was published in August 2020. With her husband Jeff Chanton, she divides her time between Indian Pass and Tallahassee, Florida.

David Crews (he/him) is author of two poetry collections that catalog his hiking of the "Adirondack 46ers" (8385) in upstate New York. Crews serves as resident artist with ARTS By The People, as well as a contributing writer for the Northeast Wilderness Trust.

www.davidcrewspoeetry.com

Candace Curran is a founding member of multimedia exhibitions throughout Western MA. Twice named Poet's Seat Laureate, publications include, *Bone Cages* and *Playing in Wrecks* and journals, Raw NerVZ, Meat for Tea among others. A Straw Dog member from Franklin County, she lives Buckland side of the Iron Bridge in Shelburne Falls.

Patrick Curry is a Canadian-born writer and scholar living in England. He holds a PhD in the History and Philosophy of Science and is a Tutor at the University of Wales. He is the author of *Enchantment* (2019) among other books and the Editor-in-Chief of *The Ecological Citizen* (<http://www.ecologicalcitizen.net>), as well as a *Companion of the Guild of St George*. www.patrickcurry.co.uk

Carlos Raúl Dufflar is celebrating 26 years as Founder and Artistic Director of The Bread is Rising Poetry Collective. He is also the New York City Beat Poet Laureate for 2020-2022.
<http://www.thebreadisrising.org/>

Marty Espinola became interested in photography at the age of 15. Later as a school teacher he worked weekends as a newspaper and freelance photographer. Now retired, he enjoys pursuing his love of nature photography, mentoring local photography groups and doing workshops. <https://lighteffects.shutterfly.com>.

Susan Glass's poetry appeared most recently in *Fire and Rain: Eco-poetry of California*. Her forthcoming chapbook, *The Wild Language of Deer*, will be released by Slate Roof Press in 2021. She lives in Saratoga California with her husband John, and her yellow Labrador Retriever guide dog Omni.

Jason Grundstrom-Whitney, a Bear Clan member of the Passamaquoddy Tribe, is a musician who plays various wind instruments for classical, jazz, rock, funk, country, blues, and rap. The band Osha Root recently produced a CD featuring Jason's music and poetry. His poetry has appeared in *3 Nations Anthology: Native, Canadian & New England Writers* and in the *Underground Writers Association's Anthology of Maine Poets*.

Dr. Deb Habib is a co-founder with Ricky Baruch of the solar-powered, no-till, regenerative Seeds of Solidarity Farm and Education Center in Orange MA. Their non-profit wing innovates Grow Food Everywhere, and they co-organize the North Quabbin Garlic and Arts Festival. Ricky and Deb are authors of *Making Love While Farming: A Field Guide to a Life of Passion and Purpose*.

Holly Harden At age nine, on the way home from a funeral, she began to write, and she's been writing ever since. Holly's nonfiction has appeared in *Utne* and *Fourth Genre*, and she edited Garrison Keillor's *Good Poems and Life Among the Lutherans*. Her books include *Good Food from Mrs. Sundberg's Kitchen*, and *Recipes for Gatherings from Mrs. Sundberg's Kitchen*.

Richard Wayne Horton creates prose poetry, flash fiction and longer fiction. He likes to mix genres. He has received 2 Pushcart nominations and is the 2019-21 Massachusetts Beat Poet Laureate. His books include *Sticks & Bones*, and *Artists In The Underworld*. He has published in *Lonesome October*, *Meat For Tea*, *Bull & Cross*, *Literary Heist*, *The Dead Mule* and others. albumsandsuch@gmail.com.

Dr. Leo L. Hwang is the Assistant Academic Dean in the College of Natural Sciences Academic Advising Center at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. He earned his Ph.D. in Geosciences, his M.F.A. in fiction writing, and his B.A. in English and Fine Arts. His work has appeared in numerous academic and literary publications.

JuPong Lin is an interdisciplinary artist originally from Taiwan, based in the traditional homelands of the Pocumtuck. As an artist, de/colonial and institutional activist and educator, she makes art to bridge personal and collective healing, and to revitalize our lands and skies from the ravages of colonialism and extractive capitalism. JuPong currently chairs the MFA in Interdisciplinary Arts program at Goddard College.

Janet MacFadyen managing editor of Slate Roof Press, has a poetry collection forthcoming from Salmon Poetry. She authored 5 books including *Adrift in the House of Rocks*, *Waiting to Be Born*, and *In the Provincelands*. Recent works in *Scientific American*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *CALYX*, *Sweet*, *The Blue Nib*, *Tiny Seed Journal*, *Q/A Poetry*, and *Terrain*.

Joan Maloof is an ecologist and conservationist whose formal education includes a bachelor's in Plant Science, a master's in Environmental Science, and a Doctorate in Ecology. She is professor emerita at Salisbury University and author of numerous research articles and five books including the forthcoming *Treepedia* (2021). Maloof founded the Old-Growth Forest Network with the goal of creating a network of protected forests across the US. www.JoanMaloof.com

Ángel L. Martínez is on the road of Year 26 of The Bread is Rising Collective as Deputy Artistic Director. Can you believe it? More to the point, can you feel what that means to share words after so long?

Christian McEwen is a freelance writer, workshop leader, and cultural activist, originally from the UK. Her book, *World Enough & Time: On Creativity and Slowing Down* (2011) is now in its seventh printing. She is currently working on a manuscript called *In Praise of Listening*.
www.christianmcewen.com

Lis McLoughlin holds a BS in Civil Engineering, and a PhD in Science and Technology Studies. Her published works include academic articles, poems, personal essays, a stage performance, book chapters, and newspaper articles. Her current work is focused on how writing and activism connect people to the rest of Nature.
<https://nature-culture.net>

Don Ogden (d.o.) has been active in environmental issues for most of his life. His poetry and commentaries have appeared in a wide variety of publications, in ecologically-themed street theater, and on local and national radio. His book, *Bad Atmosphere – A Collection of Poetry & Prose on the Climate Crisis* contains decades of writing on climate issues
<http://concertobi.blogspot.com/>

Robert Eugene Perry is a metaphysical poet native to Massachusetts. His first novel *Where the Journey Takes You*, was published in 2007, followed by three collections of poetry. Two of Perry's poems were published in Poetica Magazine's 2020 *Mizmor anthology*. His poem "Quest" was the January 2019 Poets of Mars winner.
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Paul Rabinowitz is an author, photographer and founder of ARTS By The People. Paul's photography, short fiction and poetry have appeared in many magazines and journals and he is the author of 2 books. Paul has produced mixed media performances and poetry animation films that have appeared on stages and in theaters from New York, to Tel Aviv, to Paris. www.paulrabinowitz.com

Kate Rex poet/translator /feminist/artist/subversive/political activist, always vigilant and deeply critical. She is European and lives

principally in the clear light of the south of France, at other times in Glasgow, Scotland. She writes in English and in French. Her writing makes the links. She says it's the process that unearths the connections and the juxtapositions that make the spaces, just like painting really.

Paul Richmond was named Beat Poet Laureate twice, MA 2017 to 2019, and then U S National Beat Poet Laureate 2019- 2020. He has performed nationally and internationally as a featured poet. He has 6 books published. www.humanerrorpublishing.com

Cheryl Savageau is the author of the memoir, *Out of the Crazywoods*, and of the poetry collections, *Dirt Road Home*, which was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize, and *Mother/Land*. Her children's book, *Muskrat Will Be Swimming* won the Skipping Stones Book Award for Exceptional Multicultural and Ecology and Nature Books. She teaches at the Bread Loaf School of English at Middlebury College.

Julia Sibley-Jones lives in Greenville, South Carolina, with her husband and their two children. She is the Director of Development for Upstate Fatherhood Coalition. She likes to ask her children when they noticed God today. Their answers are often much better than hers. www.ThisUnchartedNow.org

Cindy Snow's writing has appeared in the *Massachusetts Review*, *Peace Review*, *Worcester Review*, *Crannóg*, and elsewhere, and her chapbook, *Small Ceremonies*, was published by Slate Roof Press. Her poetry has been nominated for a Pushcart and has won a variety of prizes. Cindy holds an MFA in Poetry from Drew University, and she works at Greenfield Community College, Greenfield, MA.

Janice Sorensen has received grants in art and writing and is a published poet and art critic. She is the founding member of Cloud Saddle Writers and a member of Straw Dog Writers. Currently, an artist and interior designer, she lives with her partner, Michael and a fluctuating number of critters at Magpie Farm & Art, in Buckland, Massachusetts.

Zarnab Tufail is currently an upcoming medical student in Pakistan and on staff at *Variety Pack*, *Tiny Molecules*, and *The Lumiere Review*. She experiments with poetry, photography, painting, and journaling. She is the co-founder of *The Walled City Journal*, and her work has been

published in or is forthcoming in at least 6 publications.
www.zarnabtufail.wordpress.com

Karen Warinsky's work has been published by the Montreal International Poetry Contest, the anthology *Nuclear Impact: Broken Atoms in Our Hands*, and several lit journals. Her first collection of verse, *Gold in Autumn*, was released in 2020. She organizes poetry readings in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Reach her on Twitter @KWarinsky, or karen.warinsky@gmail.com.

Anna M. Warrock's *From the Other Room* won the Slate Roof Press Chapbook Award. Besides appearing in *The Sun*, *The Madison Review*, *Harvard Review*, and other journals, her work is anthologized in *Kiss Me Goodnight*, women writing on childhood mother-loss, a Minnesota Book Award Finalist. Her poems have been choreographed and inscribed in a Boston area subway station. www.AnnaMWarrock.com

Lise Weil is editor of *Dark Matter: Women Witnessing*, a journal devoted to healing our broken relationship to the earth. Her memoir *In Search of Pure Lust* was a finalist for an International Book Award. She teaches in Goddard College's Graduate Institute, where she helped found a concentration in Embodiment Studies. www.liseweil.com

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Dr. Simon Wilson is a Senior Lecturer in the Faculty of Arts, Humanities and Education at Canterbury Christ Church University in the UK, and a member of the Institute for Orthodox Christian Studies at Cambridge, UK. He has a special interest in landscape, co-creation, love of learning, spirituality, and the true nature of sustainability, and has published in 3 anthologies, and edited another.

David Wyman's poetry collections *Violet Ideologies* (2020) and *Proletariat Sunrise* (2017) were published by Kelsay Books. His poems have appeared in *BlazeVOX*, *Dissident Voice*, *Zombie Logic Review*, *Clockwise Cat*, *Tuck Magazine* among other publications

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