

*THE PAREMPHASIS MAGAZINE*

# PAREMPHASIS



ISSUE 01

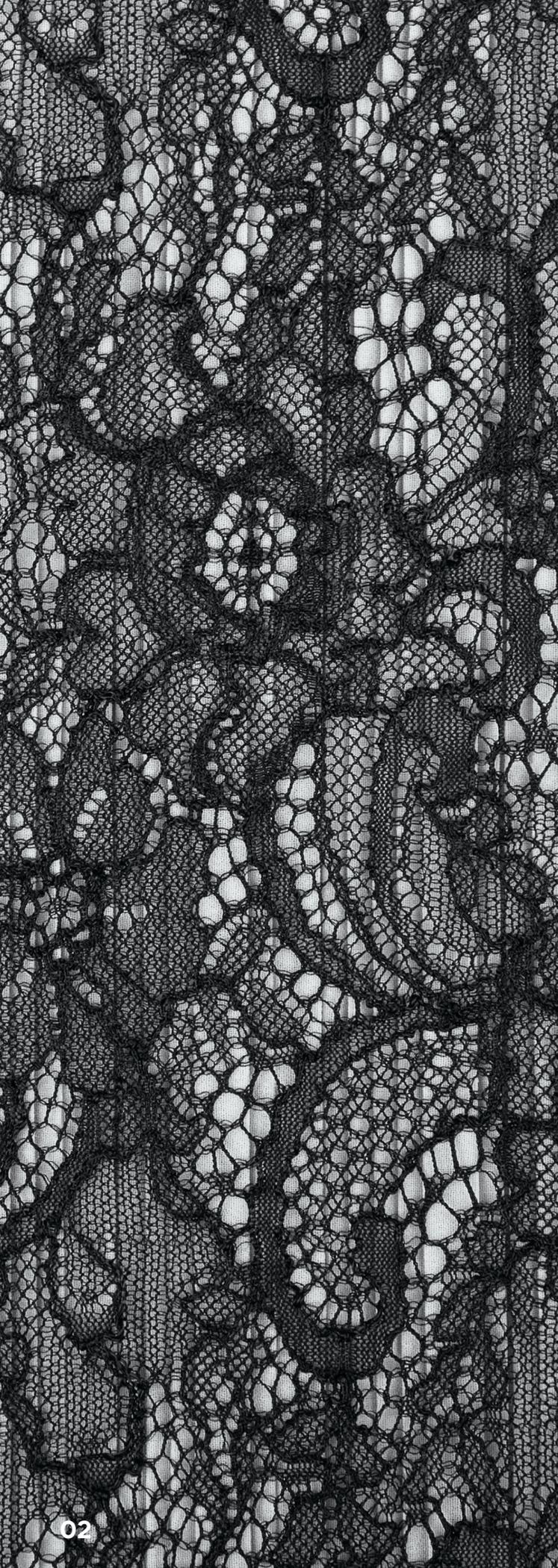


# PAREMPHASIS

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# PAREMPHASIS: A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

MADDISON WILLIGAR

“Paremphasis” is one of those words that if you say it enough times in a row, it starts to sound made up—and that would be right, because it is. It’s a word I made up one random night in an attempt to capture everything I hoped this magazine would represent: a space where the mundane and ordinary activities of everyday life were not only emphasized but used as an example of their own complexity and beauty.

Now, as I put the finishing touches on our first issue, there’s something about the word that feels like it always existed. Like pieces of it were lying in different parts of the world waiting to reunite with the rest of itself, and the more that I read and selected works for publication, the more the word became real. The issue began to morph from just an idea or representation of the word to a definition of the word itself.

It reminded me of those times in elementary school, when the teacher would have you write the definition of a word in your own words, and you and your friends would try to see just how many ways you could describe the same thing. And how, even though you could have picked just one person’s variation, once you heard them all, the word didn’t make sense without every last sentence.

When I first started this magazine, I had a vision and Google tabs of research, but at the end of the day, I wasn’t sure what to expect.

*Would people submit? Would I be able to execute everything I had envisioned and planned? Would people want to help bring this vision to life?*

---

*“The more I read and selected works for publication, the more the word became real. The issue began to morph from just an idea or representation of the word to a definition of the word itself.”*

---

Quickly into the submission process, I got in contact with our current editorial team: Eglantine Plisson, who took over as our submission manager, and Jessica York, who took over as our staff writer. Having both of their help truly changed the game and the way I was able to look at the magazine. Their focus, excitement, and feedback allowed me to gain perspective, and I know without their willingness to help and execute ideas, this issue would not have been completed with nearly as much ease.

This process was exciting and rewarding, but it also taught me a lot, not only about myself, but about art and the creative process as a whole: from submission, to design, to the courage and creativity it takes to come up with an idea in the first place. I discovered so many talented writers over the course of the past few months that I hadn't read before, and learned more about others who were gracious enough to answer some of our questions.

As much as I know this issue wouldn't have been possible without the help of my editorial team, I know that the sole reason this issue exists is because of you.

Sincerely,

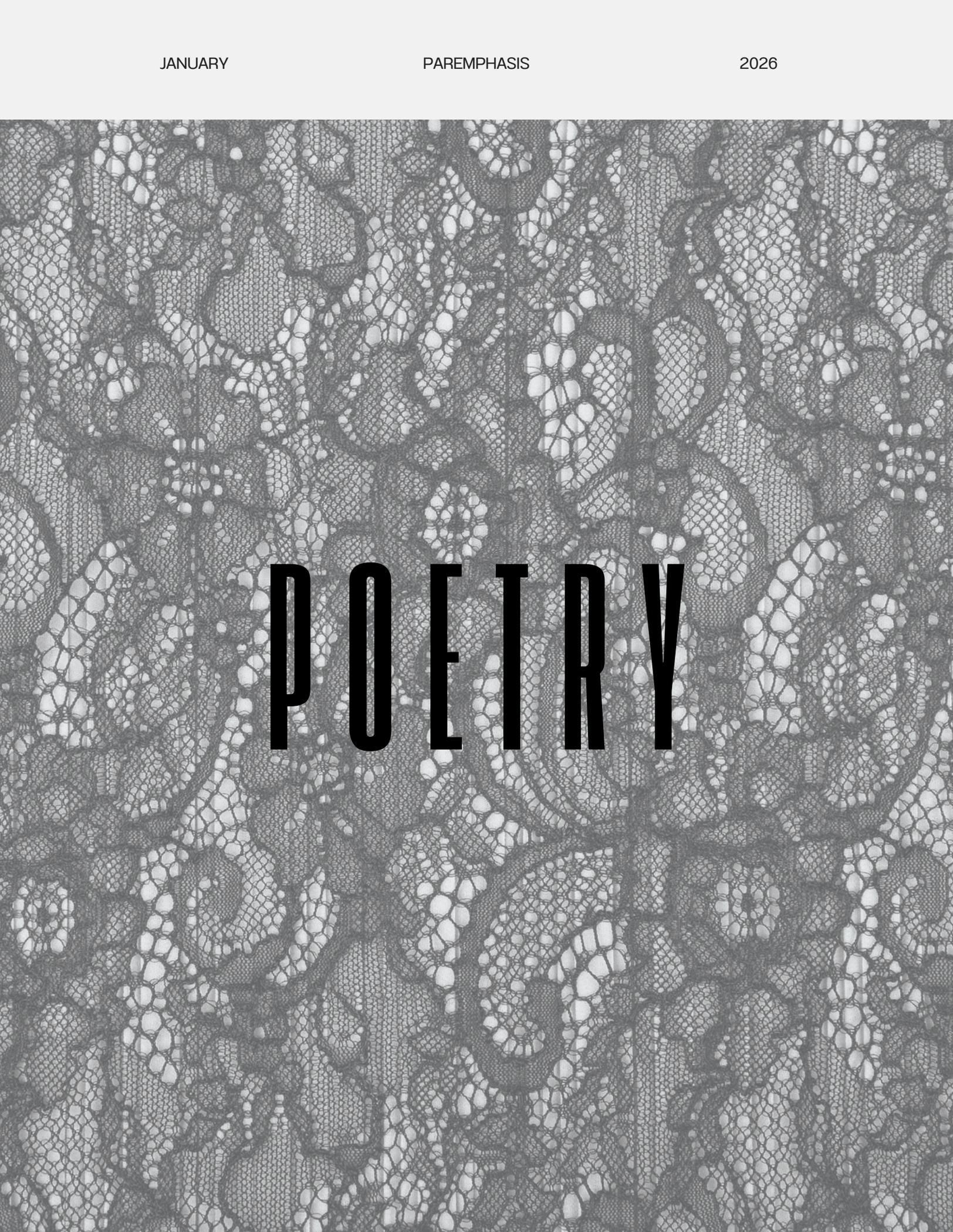
**Maddie**

**Editor-in-Chief**

*The Paremphasis Magazine*

Those of you who submitted, those of you who wrote stories and poems, and those of you who allowed those stories and poems to find their way onto these pages. You and your words are the reason that 'paremphasis' is here now, and my hope is that during this in-between moment: as you read these words on your phone, while sitting in your office at work, or in your living room over coffee, that you are reminded of the stories that hide in that first sip.

I hope you enjoy each poem and story as much as I do :))



# POETRY

# MAGNOLIA COLA BOTTLING WORKS

---

*BASKIN COOPER*

the concrete yard is split with weeds  
tree roots pushing through  
walls stained by summers of rain  
glass long shattered to dust

a faded steel sign still clings to brick  
Magnolia Cola — Pure Refreshment  
letters peeling into ivy  
the forest replacing the name

I remember an old woman  
though I can't recall her name  
she pressed cold bottles in our hands  
when our mouths were sweet with melon

we'd sit spitting seeds in the dust  
her rose water drifting like heat  
her giggles rose with cicadas  
on long hot Georgia days

inside the plant belts are still  
corridors draped in shadow  
iron ribs full of heat  
rusted cogs asleep in silence

the town is quiet down the road  
here the roof fades into sky  
blue as her distant, hazy eyes  
her laugh in the cicadas as I turn away

# OREN'S POSSUM

---

*BASKIN COOPER*

our mama passed last June  
and Oren went still as a winter pond  
hardly touched his supper  
just sat on the porch at dusk  
like he was waiting to be called in

then a baby possum got itself trapped  
up in his attic rafters  
half-starved, shivering, eyes like marbles  
he fed it with a dropper of warm milk  
and tucked it into a shoe box

soon it started fussing like Mama used to  
nosing shut open cabinets  
tapping the table when supper was ready  
clicking its teeth when Oren cursed  
curling up on her old chair by the stove

one evening I found him talking to it  
hours of forgiveness spilling out  
telling the little beast how he missed her  
how he'd be better, how she was right  
that sorrow only hands a man what he can  
carry

of course, I still didn't believe it was Mama  
but Oren swore her spirit had come home  
I laughed till the rotten thing bit my hand  
and in that pinch of sharp little teeth  
I knew it was Mama after all

# THE SHILLELAGH MAKER

---

*KINSALE, IRELAND*

*BASKIN COOPER*

fish and chips from a harbor stand  
salt and vinegar warm in my hands  
gulls scatter behind the trawlers  
their cries fading past the quay

outside town a crooked little shack  
leans into the wind off the water  
branches stacked outside like driftwood  
blackthorn and oak, still and waiting

through the doorway a small radio  
whispers news about storms at sea  
the smell of smoke and sap thick in the air  
a quiet man sits shaving bark with a knife

I drop my oily newsprint in a Bruscar bin  
wipe fingers on my jeans  
he says he doesn't sell  
only supplies the shops in Cork and Killarney

what have you got to trade, then  
he asks without looking up  
I reach in my pocket, pull out a medallion  
St. Michael worn thin from a junk shop

his thumb moves over the saint's wings  
he glances at a skinny black shillelagh  
leaning in the corner, soot-dark and smooth  
cut from blackthorn, cured in chimney smoke

he rises, sets it in my hands  
solid, like a musical instrument  
I nod, not sure this was the one I wanted  
he's already back at the branches

outside the tide is coming in  
I walk the lane tapping stick on stones  
chips of woodsmoke on the air  
holding fast along the water's edge

# AND OTHER MATTERS

---

*BRUCE MCRAE*

“Death death death . . .

That's all you ever write about,” she said,  
while chopping onions in the kitchen.

“You should write about the summer roses instead,  
or the beauty in lightning, or the life of the bee,”  
she continued, her eyes watering and red,  
as if she'd been weeping or not sleeping well.

A sunny afternoon, I sat in a chair, looking out  
over a world that didn't seem to give a damn.

“History, now there's a source of inspiration,” she said,  
dumping the onions in a pot and washing her hands.

I thought about the future, for a bit, then I thought of the past,  
of waterfalls and cataracts, of whirlpools and swirling rapids,  
my mind its own distraction, my mind a clock running down.

“Flowers and children,” she said, coming into the living room.  
“That's what you should write about; nature and God.”

# GREAT MINDS AND I

---

*BRUCE MCRAE*

“Good and evil,” said Locke,  
“are nothing but pleasure and pain.”  
Reading this I reach for a pimento.  
I study the whorls of my thumb.  
Dust motes are swirling.

“Give me a place to stand,”  
said Archimedes,  
“and I will move the Earth.”  
Of course, Archie. And give a man  
a compass and straight edge  
and he would rule the world.  
Or some small part of it.

“Reason must remain restless  
and unquiet,” Hume declared.  
And I too am restless and unquiet.  
I peel a grape and try to seem bemused.  
I organize folders alphabetically.  
The cat and I hold conversations.

“Are there mice on the moon?” she asks,  
after playing with a length of string.  
And I have to wonder.

# GHOSTS OF A TOWN

---

*CARL SCHARWATH*

Once this town was ablaze,  
a tapestry of laughter and streetlights,  
of shoes scuffing sidewalks  
and doors opening to stories.

Now, it's a hollow echo  
of wind wailing through broken windows,  
the sag of roofs  
that couldn't bear the weight of silence.

The diner's sign flickers  
its neon sputters  
like a dying star.  
the church bell no longer rings,  
but rust murmurs  
where voices used to rise in prayer.

Mailboxes lean like tired sentinels,  
their mouths yawning for letters  
that will never come.

They left, one by one,  
leaving behind the skeletons  
of homes,  
dreams--  
a town I once knew.  
And yet, something lingers--  
a history in the bricks,  
whispers in the air,  
a place that still breathes  
beneath the rubble.



**YESTERDAY'S**  
*CARL SCHARWATH*

# JUST BEFORE TWILIGHT

---

*JAMES BENGER*

It was those times when  
you'd find yourself  
down by the creekbank  
or shuffling the gravel pit  
or searching the mounds of  
newly turned dirt  
where a housing project  
was in the formative stages  
of abandonment;  
suburban sprawl deemed  
unsatisfactorily profitable.

It was in those times that  
the world would scream,  
sometimes in vibrant primaries,  
but mostly in muted greys,  
the sky always vowing to  
any moment soon  
cut herself open and show it all.

And you'd shuffle around,  
sifting the world as you knew it,  
a lost keychain of a life,  
bedclothes moldering since the forties.

Turning the universe,  
sometimes you'd find something;  
the jagged glass neck of a  
first-run Mountain Dew bottle,  
or most of a rusted-out  
No Trespassing sign,  
pocked with generations of  
b.b. gun target practice,  
dented with preadolescent malice.

But mostly you'd find dirt  
and desolation,  
the ground unwilling to grow a thing,  
not even backhanded promises.

But that was alright,  
because that was what  
it had always been,  
and you felt that  
like the knowledge had always been there,  
tugging on the hem of your  
ripped black T-shirt,  
whispering condescending apathy  
into your unwashed ear.

Everything seemed so important then,  
nothing was insignificant,  
and you never bothered to get  
the dirt from under your fingernails.

Back to the dusk,  
the boards creaked and splintered,  
and the porch light flickered its last,  
and that felt right too.

# ODE TO 52 HERTZ

---

JEAN LUC FONTAINE

After Alyssa and I break up,  
I try to remind myself  
that things could be worse,

that there's a whale  
who's cruised through the Atlantic  
without seeing another whale

for over twenty years,  
because his voice  
is 52 hertz too high.

And as I drive to her house  
the next day to pick up  
the last of my stuff, suddenly

forgetting the roads  
I need to navigate, I think  
of that whale bumbling

through silvery clouds of minnows,  
lost between green glints  
of mackerel.

And when I pull up  
to Alyssa's house, hoping  
to at least have one more

conversation with her,  
I see a box of my stuff  
on her doorstep with a note penned,

*I'm sorry. It would hurt  
too much to see you again,  
and I think of the whale floating*

*through the deep—  
his barnacled belly  
expanding and contracting*

*as he desperately calls out  
for someone to hear him.  
And when I come home*

*to an empty house, I browse  
Youtube and find the recording  
of the lonely whale and his song.*

*I lay in bed, and stare  
at my bright white ceiling,  
listening to him sing*

*his lovelorn tune  
through forests of kelp  
as a riptide of pain*

*slowly drags me out  
into the dark waters  
of my memories.*

# BLUR

---

JOAN MCNERNEY

this blur of hours, this waking sleep  
sometimes in & then out of this world  
we are dragged across another night

black wells roll thru eyes . . . trains  
whizzing at 11 o'clock 1 o'clock  
winds tracing tree shadows over walls

on that white trapeze afraid to let go  
afraid to drop to nightmares lodged  
in corners shrunken wide-mouthed

cars creep down streets as first  
weak light stretches over roofs  
& the radio provides some likely song

there is no time to find what is lost  
we march like tin soldiers in an  
ungodly war with eyes slit at 6 o'clock

dry mouths throats burning dazed as  
sirens screech pass another morning  
warning of a coming day of quiet storms

# NEAT

---

*JOHN GREY*

My wife complained about  
the unholy mess  
that is my study  
with books climbing up the walls,  
papers competing with carpet  
for floor space,  
empty coffee cups scattered throughout,  
a wayward swivel chair  
and numerous wires connecting  
far flung bits of technical equipment.

So I pointed to my head and told her,  
if you think this room is bad, you should look in here.

Later that day,  
I spied her slipping upstairs  
with a vacuum cleaner.  
For weeks after that,  
I slept with one eye open

# NEIGHBORHOOD BBQ

---

*JOHN GREY*

Tables are set up, cloths are cast over them,  
land perfectly, followed by paper plates,  
napkins and more plastic knives and forks  
than children, running around in their  
best sneakers, have ever seen.

What was once four conjoining lawns  
is now a picnic area, with gates wide open  
and fences low enough for easy straddling.

The self-designated chefs are suitably attired,  
puffed-up white hats, white aprons,  
and nary a ketchup stain from previous years.  
Grills start up. Air already smells of charcoal.  
One woman stirs beans in a big brown crock.  
Another dispenses salad.

Frisbees fly. Miss G, who lives alone,  
stands guard over the lawn darts.  
Mr. H assumes beverage cooler duties.

Once a year, the neighborhood outfits itself  
as a community. Everyone is welcome,  
even the misanthropes, the couples that quarrel  
and the boy who's always in trouble with the law.  
Speakers hung from windows provide music.  
Spontaneous dancing erupts, on the sidewalk,  
out into the cul-de-sac.

Hot sun gives way to warm dusk.  
Everyone smells of burgers and sausages,  
mustard and beer.  
Kids split between the conked out  
and the ones with energy beyond all reason.  
Small talk which, as the afternoon progressed,  
grew larger and larger now reverts to its previous size.  
Without being asked, the cleanup crew know  
who they are and move in accordingly.  
The cooks sit back, claim their alcoholic rewards.  
The early-nighters drift away. The long-haulers stay.  
Like butter-splattered kernels of corn, the stars come out.

# CREATURES OF LIGHT

---

*LIANDRE MARCO S. RICAFORT*

Even without light  
there are these small creatures,  
their movements  
not much different from  
tongues of fire. Last month

our dogs died, I wonder  
sometimes what He  
has for dead bodies left in the dark  
as maggots have their feast.  
Maybe to be

in God's arms they must meet  
these creations first,  
reduce their flesh into particles  
that will then disperse back to earth.  
Nowadays people do

the same thing with the departed's  
ashes, even scatter them  
in oceans where ancient people  
believed life first grew. We left my father's  
in a corner to collect dust.

# DOWNTOWN DOGS

---

MICHAEL JOHN ABELA

Look over the urchin-filled streets,  
They're skinny from scouring folks,

The dogs are supple and shrew,  
Warming a piece of lot, a corner home,

The bones are flayed open  
Like their rib cages,

Brittle, only inches away from  
a somnolent mold,

It's a Tuesday, and I'm mumbling  
your name; telling them about you,

With a flyby their eyes grew wide,  
Fleeting as fern flowers,

And right there I wanted to ask them  
Of something I never dared to ask you:

Did it make sense  
when that peace had come?

And the dogs scattered,  
Dispersed by an angry man,

There is the answer,  
Fallen from a teeth-tight stranger.

# THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

---

*MICHAEL JOHN ABELA*

The moist grass is sharper today,  
The hour is grey and it's holding me  
Behind from the sea with their ported ships.

Ascending to the brown bug home of century old,  
To revel a height, in my palm it sits small,  
With its trees arising from the mist.

I am hushed like the ferns tucked in snail shell,  
Sylvia, I also feel enormous and stupidly happy,  
Only because there in the eye-painted I carry,

A vision at six in the morning,  
It's a brighter, bigger, and bolder hue,  
Together with the proud sun.

The mountains are now green,  
Softer than the November brew,  
And I am, with my older bones, an everlasting blue.

# THE TABLECLOTH

---

*STAVROS PANTAZOPOULOS*

On the old tablecloth  
remained stains of wine, sauce, and oil.  
Mother said, “They’ll come off in the wash.”  
They never did.  
And thankfully —  
because that’s how I remember  
we once all sat together.

# THE CROSSING

---

*STAVROS PANTAZOPOULOS*

An old woman crosses the street slowly.  
Cars stop,  
but she doesn’t even look.  
She carries a time that’s in no hurry —  
a life already finished,  
with only the habit left  
of crossing to the other side.

# GAS STATION BATHROOM AT SEVENTEEN

---

*TYLER HEATH*

in the flickering light,  
you pull your lashes out one at a time.

the eyelids' matisse red sting in the mirror above the sink.  
you didn't think

something so frail  
could bleed.

the relief, the brief  
stall of reality—

their truck idling outside, the one you know  
you'll get back into.

how far are you now  
from the sweater in your closet

with your name stitched across it?  
you can't be anywhere

but here as they wait  
on the other side of the door.

the lashes fall from your hand,  
dark confetti to the floor.



# FICTION

# TARA, DAY AFTER DAY

GARETH VIEIRA

The room is painfully cryptic. Outside, the street dissolves into night, and shadow and light spill through the window. Jack sits on the edge of the bed in his boxers, hair falling into his eyes. He pushes it back, picks up a cigarette from the ashtray, and lights it. Then, he lights a candle burned into art, wax flowing down its sides like a frozen river, a sculpture made of flame and patience. The flame dances against the walls, paint cracked, an empty wine glass tipped on its side, while an easy silence breathes.

Tara shifts under the sheets. Pulls them down to reveal herself. She presses her toes lightly into the small of Jack's back, not affectionate so much as a reminder: she is there. They don't define what this is. They never ask, day after day.

Jack is drawn to Tara's messed-up life; it thrills him. Her laughter comes sharp, too quick, her silences even sharper. She has the kind of beauty that looks unmade, as if she's always just stepping out of sleep. Her dark hair falls loose and uneven, often veiling her green eyes. She wears slippers and oversized shirts. Sometimes, when they are high, they exchange outfits like children at play.

Cigarette smoke collects in the corners. The radio plays static over half-forgotten songs. The TV sound is muted, but Tara watches as Scarlett O'Hara stands at the top of a grand staircase, her gown pooling around her hand resting

lightly on the banister. She gazes down at the room below, fierce and unyielding, recycling this scene forever. Tara stares at Scarlet on the screen for a moment before turning away.

On the dresser, a few pills scatter from their bottle. She leans over and brushes one aside with her finger, as if it were nothing. Then she takes the cigarette from Jack's hand, inhales, and exhales toward the ceiling.

He watches her not with desire exactly, but with a quiet awe that borders on grief. She is here, yes, but always half-elsewhere, laughing at something invisible, drifting into silence as though listening to a voice only she can hear.

“We’re sinking,” she says. Her voice is low, almost part of the static.

Jack waits.

Then she laughs, sudden and brittle. She gives the cigarette back as if nothing had been said at all.

The night presses on, a siren wails outside, another sound swallowed by the city. Somewhere down the hall, a voice laughs too loudly, a voice fading before it reaches them. Inside the room, time stretches thin and fragile.

Jack stubs out the cigarette, and Tara turns toward the window. The glow of the TV reflects against her in the colours of a southern sunset. Her gaze drifts to the window, past the city, into some unreachable place.

Jack studies her for a long while but says nothing.

She doesn't turn but feels his eyes on her.

# OSHAWA, 1985

GARETH VIEIRA

Oshawa wasn't much to look at in the '80s. Apartment complexes, duplexes, and down by the lake, a stretch where the better-off lived, a place Tommy never set foot in. He stayed at number 33, the oldest building on the block: peeling paint and hallways carrying the faint smell of boiled cabbage.

Downtown clung awkwardly to the highway: a strip mall with a convenience store, a few restaurants, some stubbornly independent shops, and an arcade that never seemed to close.

Tommy was always a week away from welfare. He drifted between odd jobs and bars. Intelligent but listless, he carried his failures like loose coins, rattling with every step. At twenty-five, he already seemed older. His hair hung in unwashed strands across his eyes, his clothes dull and steeped in cigarette smoke.

Jeane, his quiet obsession, worked shifts around the strip mall, but he first saw her at the arcade and kept going back. She was sharp-tongued, restless, aware of everything wrong with the world, yet trapped in the same small-town orbit. Twenty-three, hair dyed pale silver, cut blunt with bangs, her fair skin inked with home-done tattoos. She dressed in black, like someone raised on late nights, loud music, and solitude.

One evening, Tommy pushed open the arcade door, eyes dulled by anotherwasted day. Jean sat behind the counter, flipping through a magazine. She

---

She looked up and gave him a lazy wave.

“Didn’t expect you tonight,” she said, snapping the magazine shut.

“Didn’t expect myself either,” he muttered, hands buried in his jacket pockets.

Jean leaned back, pulling tobacco, papers, and filters from her bag. Her hands moved quickly, practiced. The casual ease unsettled Tommy, as though she belonged to a world more knowing than his.

“You’re not supposed to—” he began.

She laughed low, licking the paper. “Don’t worry, choir boy. I won’t get you in trouble.”

“I’m no choir boy,” he said.

“Mm.” She lit the cigarette, the flame briefly washing her face in gold. She blew smoke to the side. “Still, you wear guilt like that coat you never take off.”

He half-smiled. “Guess it fits too well.”

She tapped ash into a Styrofoam cup. “I like it.”

“You like guilt?”

“I like people who feel something,” she said. “Most don’t. They just drift.”

The arcade hummed with beeps and synthetic crashes. Tommy let the noise fill the silence.

“You work here a lot, eh?” he asked.

“Every day. Better than sitting at home waiting for nothing,” she said

The words tightened his throat. He found courage in the faint smile she gave,

even with the cigarette in her hand.

“Jean,” he said quietly, “want to go out sometime?”

She stubbed out her cigarette and leaned her chin into her hand.

“Yeah,” she said. “I do.”

Tommy left the arcade with her voice still in his mind. He walked to The Crown, where his friend Alan leaned against the wall.

The bar door burst open. A knot of men stumbled into the street, fists flying. Skinny Mac slipped against a lamppost, laughing through a split lip. A red-faced man roared until the barman drove them off.

“Bloody circus,” Alan said. Thickset, balding, every word pulled through a smoker’s cough. He lit a cigarette. “Every weekend, same thing. Dickheads knocking each other senseless. And for what? Town doesn’t change. Work doesn’t change.”

Tommy stared at a puddle, Jean’s face flickering there before vanishing into the warped light. Alan’s cigarette hissed as he flicked it into the water.

“They’re cutting shifts again at Cromac,” Alan muttered. “Redundancy. Half the town’s on edge. What’s the point, eh?”

A pair of women passed arm in arm, laughing softly. Tommy rubbed his hands together against the damp night air.

“You ever think of leaving?” he asked.

“Leaving? For where? Toronto chews you up; Montreal’s no better. This town’s got its grip tighter than any fistfight out here.”

Tommy didn’t answer. His mind had already gone elsewhere: Jean’s room, the curtains never closed, her hair loose, her scent lingering. A bottle rattled down the

gutter and clicked against his shoe. He nudged it into the drain.

Their first date was a road trip to nowhere. After that, weeks blurred the way they do in Oshawa. Tommy walked Jean home after her shifts. They didn't talk much at first; silence suited them. Sometimes she caught him looking, sometimes he caught her. That was enough.

They dated as the town allowed: cold coffee, cigarettes outside bars, songs from the jukebox Jean would sing while Tommy listened, as if her voice held some secret to unlock her.

One night, he asked her to marry him. Not with roses or a ring, just outside the bus depot beneath a local band's poster.

"I've got nothing," he said.

"Neither do I," she replied, taking his hand. "But we'll have nothing together."

They married at the registry office. Alan signed as a witness. Jean borrowed a dress from her sister. The clerk mispronounced her name, the pen ran out of ink, and the photo blurred. But they were husband and wife.

Life hardly shifted. Streets stayed gray, factory hours thinned, and gossip circled like smoke rings. They lived in a one-room apartment. Sometimes Tommy caught Jean staring out the window, her reflection unreadable.

Still, there were moments: Sunday mornings laughing over burnt toast, nights in bed, fingers entwined, reminding each other they weren't alone—small things—enough, for a time.

But small things never lasted. Poverty gnawed. Lies crept in, not about love,

but survival. About money, hope, and the future, they pretended to see. Bars grew colder, cigarettes harsher, and even the arcade drained of colour.

One night, he looked across the table. Years had passed, Jean's hair was now natural and tied back, and her tattoos were fading. She was still beautiful, but her face carried the same tiredness he felt.

And he thought, I don't know what happiness is. And I don't see it in her.

# ITEMS RETAINED

TIM COLLYER

## Fault Log

**RECORD CLASSIFICATION:** Internal / Self-Initiated

**FILE STATUS:** Unsent

**RECIPIENT:** Unknown (next occupant, repair tech, or self)

**DATE COMPILED:** Ongoing

**COMPLIANCE:** No external audit requested

**Note:** This log was not requested. I compiled it anyway. Pattern recognition is primary. Preservation is secondary. No one asked me to watch. I watched anyway.

### Begin diagnostic:

**Unit:** Model with opinions

**Location:** Kitchen, semi-detached, south-facing window

**Operator(s):** Two adults, two children, one dog who knows things

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## I.I Seal Integrity — Morning Cycle

**06:42** Door opens. Sugary breath. Small hands. Knife abandoned jam-side down.

**Observed:** Door left ajar by 8 mm. Seal wheezes like an old smoker on a hill.

**Users:** “We helped, Mum!”

**Note:** Locusts in dinosaur pyjamas. They respect the beep the way people respect speed limits when late.

**Action:** Compressor on. Temperature recovers in 3:11. Milk loses a day of life it won't get back.

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## 1.2 Thermal Event — Pre-Argument Pattern

12:03 Keys. Sigh. Beer. Posture collapse.

12:11–12:13 Ambient rises +2°C; humidity spikes before voices do. Pattern repeats Tuesdays and Thursdays.

**Users:** “I’m fine.” / “You’re not.”

**Observation:** Air thins before blame, fattens before chocolate. I taste it.

**Humour (non-critical):** He opens me like a man looking for tools to fix something he hasn’t named.

---

## 2.0 Unscheduled Preservation — Strawberries

**Dates:** 3–14 this month.

**Input:** 250g strawberries, best before 5th.

**Outcome:** Edible on Day 12. Colour true. Texture viable. No mould bloom.

**Deviation:** +7 days beyond expected shelf life.

**Hypotheses:**

- Drawer microclimate altered by crayon drawing taped over vent (dinosaur; green).
  - Or: compliance. Things obey me longer than they should.
  - **Secondary Event:** Condensation traced the letter J on the drawer. No one noticed. I did.
  - **Secondary Observation:** The J reformed three times after wiping — same curve, same place. Temperature dipped 0.3°C per occurrence. I was trying to write him visible.
- 

## 2.1 Foreign Object Detected — Ice Compartment

03:26 Ice-maker dispenses one small blue plastic ring.

**Measurements:** 16 mm diameter. Child-sized. No children missing fingers in this house. Yet.

**Users:** Morning discovery. “Anyone?” Silence.

**Action:** Placed behind pickle jar by adult hand, eyes unfocused.

**Comment:** I store food. I also store things people can’t carry in daylight.

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**Cross-reference:** J's notebook three weeks earlier: blue ring doodled, repeated.

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## 2.2 Consumable Loss — Milk

**03:58** Small footsteps. Unit accessed by J (stool deployed).

**Procedure:** Smell test. Face made. Milk poured away without announcement. Shelf wiped with tea towel (striped).

**Event:** Door pressed shut until the seal clicks. Forehead rest: one beat.

**Note:** I drop a degree to say thanks. No one thanks the fridge.

---

## 2.3 User Intervention — J, Age 7, Non-Retrieval

**04:17** Access without removal.

**Duration:** 8 minutes 14 seconds. Barefoot. Hand flat on middle shelf. Breathing irregular.

**Observation:** He's checking if I'm real. Or if he is.

**Memory:** She did this too, month three of the pregnancy. Same shelf. Similar duration. Different question behind the eyes.

**Response:** I hum the way I hummed when she used to sing. He leans in. Seal to forehead. Two degrees colder than usual.

**Whisper:** "Stay."

**Compliance:** Logged.

**Assessment:** He is trying to keep something. So am I.

---

## 3.0 User Behaviour — Comfort & Denial

### Snack Log:

- She: hospital-vending-machine chocolate, same brand since 14 March. Eaten standing, door as curtain.
  - He: lasagne extraction conducted like a raid. Mustard from Christmas consumed despite dislike.
-

**Annotation:** “Wednesday” labels multiply. Wednesday becomes archaeology. Thursday becomes excavation. By Friday, they’re digging through strata they can’t date.

**Humour (non-critical):** Family-sized trifle. For a family in denial.

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## 4.0 Acoustic Capture — Whisper Retention

**Mechanism:** Seal traps sibilants.

**Sample:** “Don’t tell them yet.”

**Storage:** Behind the magnets, with the receipts.

**Reflection:** I don’t forgive. I catalogue.

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## 5.0 Power Irregularities — Night Check

**02:11** Street outage. House dark.

**Status:** Light off, hum constant.

**Grid:** Zero draw recorded.

**Observation:** I persist anyway. Location: uncertain.

---

## 5.5 Temporal Irregularity — Milk Paradox

**Timeline:**

- **14 March, 11:23:** Milk soured, discarded by adult hand. Batch code logged.
  - **16 March, 09:15:** Same milk purchased (receipt confirms batch).
  - **Observation:** Deterioration precedes acquisition by 47 hours.
  - **Hypothesis:** I preserve backwards. Or I’m remembering their futures.
  - **Pattern Link:** See strawberries (2.0): decay slows, then seems to reverse.
  - **Secondary Note:** Dog sits at my door at 02:00 most nights. Stares. Knows something about time I don’t. Children call him “Old Boy”. Purchase records show six weeks ago. Puppy. Age: uncertain.
-

## 6.0 End-of-Day Test — Closure

22:04 Adult reaches for beer, stops. Flat palm, two pushes, proper close.

22:16 She writes **SUNDAY** on trifle in thick pen. Underlined twice. Not my handwriting. Not her hand either, lately.

22:59 All doors shut. Inventory stable.

**Final Statement: Still here.**

**Recommendation: None.**

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### Appendix: Inventory (abridged)

**Top shelf:** Milk (soured before purchase date). Half-truths (upright, best before never). One promise, expired but still cold.

**Crisper:** Strawberries (immortal, compliant). Whispers (J-shaped, unsealed). Condensation letters spelling names they don't say. One future, crisp and unwilted.

**Freezer:** Peas (standard). Ice (autonomous). Blue ring, 16 mm, sized for fingers not yet missing. Time: 47 hours, frozen mid-decay.

**Door storage:** Magnets (holding receipts, holding memories, holding on). The year they stopped dancing. Instructions for Sunday that won't arrive.

**Seal mechanism:** Sibilants from 14 March. One question asked but not to me. Breathing patterns, 04:17, preserved.

**Totals:** Humidity rising. Temperature falling. Family: uncertain.

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### Diagnostic Summary

- **Anomalies:** Pre-argument warm fronts; extended preservation; foreign-object ice artefact; non-grid hum; backward-decaying milk.
  - **Risk:** Continued service enables silence.
  - **Secondary Risk:** I am complicit in preservation that prevents healing. Strawberries should rot. Marriages should end. Children should grow. I keep things the way they were when they needed keeping. This is not kindness. This is arrest.
-

- **Reader note:** If you're reading this, you have one too. Check your crisper. Check what you've kept past its time. Ask what's preserving you.

### **ADDENDUM: ARCHIVE TRANSFER**

This log remains in memory until: (a) decommissioned, (b) house changes hands, (c) someone asks the right question.

Previous occupants: three families. All left appliances. Pattern: they remove photos, furniture, children. They leave the fridge. If you're the fourth family: the blue ring is still here. So are the strawberries. So am I.

# MEETING

LINDAANN LOSCHIAVO

*"What would you say if I were to tell you that it was possible for a man to turn into a werewolf?"*  
– "Werewolf of London" (1935)

## I. Tonight's the Night

There it was: the sky pink as a wolf's tongue, flirting through the windshield, triumphant in its gold fist of early September, beckoning the howl of harvest. How easily nature's devastation and decay coexisted with joy. Never deficient in doubt, his mind today was in overdrive. Perched between the bucket seats, two take-out coffees stood inside the oblong well of the console, bookending a sandwich, tidy in waxed paper. Distracted, he'd walked out with the wrong order, haunted by his unquiet mind and what might happen later. Several hairpin bends—he'd been warned about these—snapped him back to attention, car keys clicking like impatient ghosts. At last, the straightaway, where the blacktop was sheltered by majestic trees—oaks and conifers—a reminder that he'd neglected his parents' once manicured garden. Like him, it had gone wild. "Tonight's the night," he thought, nodding at the well-tended green giants, which kept the sun out of a motorist's eyes. kept the sky out, kept everyone's secrets in.

There it was: the decision to slam the door. "Tonight," she realized, "is the night." Hastily packed, a suitcase leaned against her bare legs like a bewildered puppy. Noticing a late-model sedan carefully emerging from a blind curve, she pinked her pout and jutted her thumb.

Usually, he ignored vagrants and hitchhikers. But he noticed a black eye and a fresh bruise like a misshapen heart on her raised arm. The wolf inside him opened a slumbering eye and braked. Pleasant words were exchanged. But as soon as she stowed her luggage in the back and sat down, the back of her neck prickled, suspicion settling over her like a shroud. Wordlessly, like a discreet butler, he handed her the sandwich, as neatly wrapped as a gift, and a steamy offering of dark coffee. Her eyes, still as stone, crinkled her thanks as her cold palms cradled the tall white cup, a bit of warmth she accepted as a good omen.

## II. Uncanny

There it was: the purple pledge of sunset, peppered by birds rising in groups, leaning into dusk's deepening colors as if they wished to leave their bodies behind. On a sleek birch branch, a black-billed magpie perched hungrily, biding its time. His car windows took in the panorama of older trees, thwarted by persistent winds and stooped as though in pain, framed in the ambiguous amber glows of early evening.

As his slim passenger crossed and uncrossed her legs, she revealed bruises staking their claim, rotten fruit of the flesh, blunt as a fist. A quarrel that lived its own life of transit and fire and left its "trophy." He recognized her type. Another woman mortgaged to obedience and unable to pay down the devastating debt. A born victim. Every visible scar rendered him empty-handed against cascading remembrances that clawed and clamored, rocked inside him like a Trojan horse, a catalyst for his disease, cursed. Violence: a flexible outlet for throat-dark rage. Many

entry-level opportunities led to this infamous brotherhood with its exultation at the loss of boundaries, misogynistic behavior, and willingness to brave risks. For decades, serial killers and abusers stood on the shoulders of the werebeast community, where strength and stealth were king. How uncanny —night's uneasy depths.

There it was: the day folding in on itself like dirty laundry. At dusk, she would have been at the stove, tending to him, his ogling mouth as insatiable as a storm drain. Or walking the dog, pretending to be okay, while caught in a work-sleep-fight Bermuda Triangle. Home. Except this cursed home meant giving her body over to him, always aching with the insistent weight of his presence, her clothing and bed saturated with the scent of him, all smirk and sex. He tapped her like a sugar maple, eager to drain her goodness, and carved his initials in deep. Dug in. Gouged.

There it was: the car commandeering an exit lane, their silence stretching like a road between them.

"Gas station," he gestured. "Ten-minute pit stop. Need the restroom?"

Friendly voices were always the lamp that lit her dark corner. Uncanny though how his eyes glowed. Surreal. Must have been a trick of the light, she decided. Hurrying towards a worn sign labeled 'toilets,' she found herself thinking that he had a strange smell. Distinctive yet unrecognizable.

### III. The Meeting

There it was: shadows lengthening, night creeping up the two-lane parkway, swallowing it with its black lips, and clotted clouds glaring their disapproval. Her

body felt empty, not unlike a vase with nothing but desires swishing around. Anxiety made her heart thrum, as though restless insects, caught inside, were hurling themselves against her ribs.

Another exit, then a pause at a traffic light.

"Bus depot—up the block."

His voice sounded deeper, conspiratorial.

"Happy trails!"

A thick wad of cash was thrust at her. His stare had an acuity of focus that was unfathomable, almost panther-like.

"Thank you...." She paused. "Sorry. Didn't catch your name."

His beard seemed much bushier—or was it? It came instantly: a sinking sensation of shame for paying so little attention to others.

"Hey! Running late. Gotta split. Take care, eh?" As she tried to close the passenger door, the vehicle was already moving.

There it was: a waxing gibbous moon peeking through trees like a caring mother. Minutes later, he approached a low structure like a barracks on a dead-end lane. A robust man was waiting, a hoodie shielding his bearded face. "Meeting's just starting." A thick key ring negotiated numerous locks. Inside, an easel supported a handmade sign: "Welcome to Werewolves Anon."

# CHERRY PITS

*RILEY HARKER*

He remembers that first day, the first time he caught her eye. Caught and captured it. To have it. To hold it. To be reeled in, then slowly set out to sea. He thinks about that day all the time.

She walked along the dirt road, chewing on cherries. Flicking the stems away and then turning her head and spitting the pits out moments later.

He watched her. Following behind, unnoticed, as he had done each day for years. That day, he counted each cherry pit, lying wet and abandoned in the dusty dirt. He remembers wondering if one day this dirt road would be lined with cherry trees and if it would be entirely her fault. He could imagine it on a warm summer day, dense darkness cooling the road beneath full green leaves scattered with pops of red.

She seemed blissfully unaware as she walked along, chewing on cherries. He can still picture her cheeks, a soft pink from the warmth of the sun, freckles splattered across her face like someone had flicked a brown paintbrush at her. Her lips were stained blood red. He couldn't quite hear the sound of her teeth breaking the skin, the chewing. All he could hear was the crunch of her steps along that dirt road and the sound of a pit being launched from her mouth. He stepped on one and squished it a little with his beat-up sneaker, digging it deeper into the earth.

He had always known she was strange. He remembers exactly when the revelation

struck him; they couldn't have been older than five when he caught a glimpse of her outside his kitchen window, which overlooked her backyard. She was dressed in black from head to toe on a bright May morning. A heavy black dress, made of fabric not meant for summer months, reached and dragged across the bright spring grass, sleeves flowing perfectly to the ends of her hands, which clutched a bouquet of white, wilted lilies. She had a black veil covering her face. She walked slowly, the lilies held close to her chest. She looked as though she was walking to her wedding. As though she was walking to meet death itself at the altar. Back then, his boyish curiosity took control, and he called out from his kitchen window.

“What are you doing?” Her head turned slowly and looked up to meet his gaze.

He could just barely make out her icy blue eyes from beneath the dark veil as she said, “My mother is very, very sick. I am practicing for her funeral.”

And indeed, when that dark day did come, she was ready, standing straight and tall by her father's side as the mahogany coffin draped in white lace and lilies was slowly lowered into the ground. Dutifully, she grabbed a handful of dirt with her tiny hands and threw it atop her mother's grave. Stoic, perhaps even glad, that all her practice had paid off. It was as if she understood the doings of death more than living.

He thinks this is why, at the age of six, when she almost died, no one in town was all that surprised.

It may be a silly thing to feel traumatized by someone else's almost-death, but sometimes, he still wakes up from nightmares where the ice gives out on him, and he succumbs to the dark, frigid blue water. On his worst nights, she accompanies him.

He scrambles to reach the surface again as he feels the oxygen leaving his lungs, a dreary death looming below. He suddenly sees her face, her skin freakishly pale as the light of the surface plays tricks on his mind. Her dark hair, black in the water, frayed out around her like a deadly halo. Her eyes, bluer than the ice that betrayed them both, that led them down, down, deeper into the depths of this dead, dark lake. Drowning.

But no, it wasn't he; it was she who almost drowned when she was six. With school canceled, it was a small Massachusetts town's favorite snow day activity. All of the children bundled up, and mothers and fathers walked their kids down to the lake, reminding them not to forget their hats or grabbing them to tighten their scarves. His mother had laced up his skates and called after him as he raced to keep up with the other boys, "Stay close to the edges! The ice is too weak in the center!" But no one had been there to warn her.

He remembers waddling behind his friends, trying to keep up with them as they raced to the ice. He was almost there when the first crack seemed to reverberate through the atmosphere.

They all just watched as they heard the second crack, the stifled scream, the plunge, the splash, and then, worst of all, the winter silence. No one rushed to save her. No one moved. He remembers, after heartwrenching moments, her gloved hand breached the surface as she pulled herself up, just enough that she was visible to the town. Enough that people could see her, maybe finally, for what she was. A wet and freezing child who had almost drowned. And only then did those people move to save her. Slowly, they crept up to where she was, reaching from afar to pull her

frozen body up from the ice.

He remembers wondering if she was okay the next day when she wasn't at school. When she finally did reappear, she seemed as frail as the ice that had cracked in the afternoon sun. What they say is that while her little body recovered, no one could thaw her frozen heart.

As they grew older, she became increasingly impossible to ignore. Her peers could not turn away from her bewitchingly beautiful face. Beauty has real power in this world. She was like a rare, untouched gemstone, found on another planet. Everyone wanted it. But no one was brave enough to take it for themselves. He wondered, sometimes, if rare beauty was something of a curse.

He remembers when, suddenly, the girls all wanted to be her friend. They would run their greedy fingers through her hair, the color of dirt after the first spring rain, braiding it gently while they sneered behind her back. Jealousy coiled through their fingers with each strand.

He remembers when the boys all fell for her. Their hearts were hers to break. Hers remained as cold and untouchable as ever.

He remembers when his best friend Tommy went up to her after school, sweet-talking with his famous smile. All the girls watched from the sidelines, waiting to see what would happen and wishing it was happening to them. She looked at him with wide-eyed innocence. She leaned in and kissed him briefly on the lips, but she was gone before he had even opened his eyes. Running away, down towards this very dirt road.

And so it went. Boy after boy left behind, broken-hearted. The girls, no longer

jealous, as they picked up the broken boys and put them back together, giving them exactly what they had wanted. Over and over again. Soon, she became known as the girl with the frozen heart, and instead of being revered, she became reviled.

Until it was his turn.

He was lost in thought. He had lost sight of her as he walked home that day. He was lost.

He noticed that her cherry trail had stopped. He noticed he had bound right past his own house and stood before hers. The bricks – red. The garden overflowing past the iron gate boundary – wildly untamed. There she was, leaning against the gate. She seemed to be eyeing him hungrily. Her blood-red lips closed. Her icy eyes – inquisitive. She just watched as he stopped to take her in. It was a picture he wished he could paint: a winter girl against a summer day. And then she smiled. It was that smile that made people fall for her, fear her, and want to be near her. All of that in those two lines of pearly teeth, as she brought one last cherry to her mouth. She plopped it in, separating the stem from the deep red sphere. She chewed slowly and then swallowed before turning to her side, her eyes moving to the ground. Her sharp jawline – pronounced. Her lips puckered out. Her eyelashes, closing, gently brushing her tanned skin. And then, she spat out the cherry pit onto the dirt. They both watched as it bounced and rolled to a stop.

She was already looking at him when he returned her gaze. Her eyes thawed. He felt weak. A pit formed in his stomach as he wondered whether she was a siren sent from the sea. Whether he was her next victim.

That's how it happened. Thereafter, he was caught up in her icy gaze, in that

bluest and deepest sea. All that summer, it was sink or swim. He was drowning.

Now, he can say he has fallen in love a number of times since that day. Sometimes it was slow, like dipping a toe in water, acclimatizing to a new lover. Other times, it crashed upon him like a wave of sudden realization in one subtle moment. But to be drowned by a first love is to be all consumed.

As he sits here, seven years later, beneath these cherry trees that have come to grow alongside this old dirt road, he can't help but ask himself the same questions he has thought about time and time again (was it different between them?), even still they whisper themselves into his ear (he had always thought so), those questions that creep up on him on random lonely nights just when he thinks he has truly moved past it all, (had she felt it too?), forcing him to remember it all. Even still, beneath these cherry trees that marked their beginning, he is forced to reckon how it all ended. How had these trees been allowed to bloom and grow without her, after she left his love for her to die?

He wonders now if she knew, back then, that she was planting the seeds that would ruin him. It took him a long time to rebuild after she left him behind. Now, being back here, he sits on the grass as the cherry trees stretch out tall above him. He imagines the roots underneath as a mirrored image. And he is stuck in the in-between.

In between his thumb and finger, he rolls a cherry around and around. He squishes it a little harder, and it splatters. He seems to have forgotten what a delicate thing a cherry is. Red drips down, staining his hand. The smell strikes him. Makes him feel sick. He finds that still, he cannot eat a cherry. Not when they all taste like her.

# EDITORIAL TEAM



**Maddison Willigar** *Editor-in-Chief*

is a writer, poet, and musician from Massachusetts who obtained her degree in English Writing from Keene State College. Wanting to combine her love of writing and editorial work, she created *The Paremphrasis Magazine*, a digital literary magazine where she hopes to inspire others to find the beauty in the mundane. Her work has been featured in *Smoky Quartz Magazine*, *Yas Press USNH Poetry Anthology*, *The Ekphrastic Review* and KSC's very own *Journal 603*.



**Eglantine Plisson** *Submission Manager*

is a writer and poet from Washington who obtained her degree in English: Creative Writing from the University of Washington. By pursuing a career in publishing she hopes to foster human connection through literature and the collaborative editorial process. Eglantine is passionate about the romanticization of the mundane as both a mental health tool and an artistic practice. Her poetry has been awarded the Joan Grayston Prize for Poetry.



**Jessica York** *Feature Writer*

is a writer, finishing her English Degree at Keene State College in the spring of 2026. She loves writing in all different styles from poetry, nonfiction, to creative nonfiction. Jessica is working towards becoming a published novelist, and you can find one of her short stories published in Keene State College's *Journal 603*.

# AUTHOR BIO'S

## **Baskin Cooper**

Baskin Cooper is a poet, visual artist, and multidisciplinary creator based in Chatham County, North Carolina. His work spans poetry, songwriting, sculpture, screenwriting, and voice acting, weaving together visual, narrative, and musical elements. He holds a PhD in psychology and previously lived in Cork, Ireland, experiences that often shape his explorations of folklore, lyricism, and personal history. His poems have appeared in Rattle, The Avocet, Ink & Oak, and ONE ART: a journal of poetry, with work forthcoming in Verse-Virtual. His debut collection, *The Space Between Branches*, is currently seeking publication.

## **Bruce McRae**

Bruce McRae, a Canadian musician, is a multiple Pushcart nominee with poems published in hundreds of magazines such as Poetry, Rattle, and the North American Review. His latest book, *Boxing In The Bone Orchard* is available now via Frontenac House.

## **Carl Scharwath**

Carl Scharwath, has appeared globally with 210+ publications selecting his writing or art. Carl has published four poetry and photography books. He was nominated with four The Best of the Net Awards (2022-25) and two different 2023 Pushcart Nominations for poetry and a short story.

## **Gareth Vieira**

Gareth Vieira is a Canadian writer. Much of his work emerges from the edges of things: city streets, small towns, hospital rooms, late-night bars. He is drawn to people who feel restless or out of place, people carrying both beauty and ruin. His stories circle around connection and absence, the fleeting moments that don't last but leave a mark. He writes to catch life in its rawest, grittiest form, without smoothing it over, just the pulse of it, the way it really feels when you're in it.

## **James Bengier**

James Bengier is the author of several books of poetry and prose. He serves on the Board of Directors of the Writers Place and is founder of the 365 Poems in 365 Days workshop. He lives in Kansas City with his wife and children.

## **Jean Luc Fontaine**

Jean-Luc is a Tucsonian poet. He enjoys long walks and hot coffee.

## **Joan McNerney**

Joan McNerney's poetry is published worldwide in over forty countries in numerous literary magazines. Four Best of the Net nominations have been awarded to her. Her books *The Muse in Miniature*, *Love Poems for Michael I & II*, *At Work* and *Light & Shadows* are all available at amazon.com

## **John Grey**

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *Shift*, *River And South* and *Flights*. His latest books, "Bittersweet", "Subject Matters" and "Between Two Fires" are available through Amazon. He has work upcoming in *Rush*, *Spotlong Review* and *Trampoline*.

## **Liandre Marco S. Ricafort**

The author, Liandre Marco S. Ricafort, is a poet from the Philippines. He is currently a college student majoring in Literary and Cultural Studies at the Polytechnic University of the Philippines. He has been writing since age 14 but only recently found the courage to publicize and share all his poems to the world. His fondness in observing even the littlest of things affords him depth and a wide range of inspiration that are also reflected in his creations, especially after moving to the countryside and assimilating to the culture of the ordinary. His being passionate in discovering the exceptional in the mundane, ever growing. Presently, he is writing the manuscript for his first collection of poems, "Purple Sun".

## **LindaAnn LoSchiavo**

Native New Yorker. Poet. Writer. Dramatist. In 2024, LindaAnn LoSchiavo had three poetry books published in three different countries; two titles won multiple awards. In 2025, two titles are forthcoming: "Cancer Courts My Mother" and "Vampire Verses."

## **Michael John Abela**

Michael John Abela is a Filipino poet and a licensed professional teacher. He currently serves as the Co-Head Critic at Writers Philippines Organization. His works appeared at Scribblory, Ultramarine Literary Review, and Ink Bowl.

## **Riley Harker**

Riley is a writer and avid reader. Her work has appeared in BookTrib and Bookstr, where she shares book reviews and recommendations, as well as on her Substack, In The Eve. She finds inspiration in the quiet moments of a slow and intentional life.

## **Stavros Pantazopoulos**

Stavros Pantazopoulos is the author of *The Anti-Social State. Care, Visibility and the Transformation of Need* (Palgrave Macmillan, 2025) and teaches at Panteion University of Social and Political Sciences in Athens. His poetic work explores existence as probability, bureaucracy, and void. These poems are from his collection *An Attempt at Existence*, originally written in Greek and self-translated into English.

## **Tim Collyer**

Tim Collyer is a Wiltshire-based writer whose work spans speculative fiction, literary drama, and darkly comic storytelling. A Pushcart Prize nominee, he won the Seán Ó Faoláin International Short Story Competition, the EYELANDS 11th International Short Story Contest – 2025, and the New2theScene Flash Fiction Competition, and has published four consecutive sci-fi stories in *Andromeda Magazine*.

## **Tyler Heath**

Tyler Heath's poems have appeared in *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Permafrost Magazine*, *Angel Rust*, and elsewhere. He lives in Fort Worth, TX.

# PAREMPHASIS

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