MOONFLAKE press.



ISSUE # 10 december 2025



Moonflake Press was born from a love of worlds. The worlds each writer creates within their art. Because writing is an art. An intimate art, a personal art and an art that unveils the writer, reader and world at large. Ten issues on, we are still deeply, deeply in love with those worlds and have been spoilt by the stories and poems our writers have shared with us.

From February 2021 to December 2025, we have been indulged by readers and writers. What better way to celebrate than where we started?

Follow us again through the pages of this ode to scandal. Leave your judgements here and we'll keep them safe until you've finished. There are no page numbers, no lists, no contents – just a dizzying spiral into desire...

.... Enjoy 💙

Cyrine, Fran, Shay, Carolyn



Hey there, Muse-blessed, seems like you've lost your voice to the shadows, your songs swallowed by the Lethe as you choked on your own inadequacy— What's left of you, singer so in love with singing you didn't even notice your lover starving until she's long slipped through the cracks in the cobblestones outside your home and fell the long, cold way down to me? Don't worry, I was ready and waiting and made sure she got a soft landing.

You say Eurydice has eyes like diamonds, but when you passed the roses carved from the clearest gems in my garden, you didn't think of them once, did you? Your lover's eyes are a bonfire I saw them flicker and felt their burn when she turned and I bid her a warm welcome to the Underworld. Her hair is not like water: I've run my fingers through her curls and know the way they grab, practically begging me to pull them. I'm sure you remember that verse you wrote about her lips, all that talk of pillows and their softness, how they're always waiting for you to come back home and fall against them. Tell me, Orpheus, have you ever kissed Eurydice and been certain that's what she wanted? Because when she kissed me. there was nothing soft about her hunger, her mouth had never tasted any form of the word wait.



The morning the world imploded; Jolie Lunn's mom made cinnamon buns. She was sliding them from the oven when Jolie and her best friend Amber emerged from her bedroom giggling.

"Yum!" Jolie plopped down on a chair. "Morning Mom."

"Mrs. Lunn! You won't believe the scalding tea I just got--Cindy has Mono!" Amber swiped her finger through the bowl of icing.

"Poor Cindy." Mrs. Lunn frowned.

"Don't feel bad for her. She treats all the boys like Baskin Robbins samples." Amber turned to Jolie. "Maybe your dad will move me to the starting line-up while she's out."

"Who knows what the all-powerful Coach Lunn will do. But he's always saying how I should practice as much as you." Jolie wrinkled her nose. "I don't know how you stay after practice doing extra drills, I could never."

Amber's phone pinged. "Oh my god! Mom's freaking out and wants me home—Now!" Amber rushed out, blowing kisses over her shoulder.

"That girl swoops in and out like a tornado. I love her, but I'm glad you're so grounded."

Jolie's mom kissed her head.

The afternoon the world imploded; Jolie's dad filled a travel mug with coffee. "I'm taking Amber for another lesson before her driving test tomorrow."

The girls had turned 16 over the summer and Mr. Lunn spent hours teaching them to shoulder check and parallel park. Amber and her mom got into a screaming match the first time Amber hit a curb, and her dad was 2000 miles away, teaching her half-brother how to ride a bike.

"I'll bake her favourite coconut cake," Jolie's mom said. "Big moments deserve a celebration."

The girls had celebrated Amber's last big moment, making the high school soccer team, with a stolen bottle of wine and passing out in the backyard. Jolie vaguely remembered her father carrying her to her bedroom. In the morning Amber was in the guest room, and Jolie's dad vowed to keep their secret if they promised not to do it again.

The evening the world imploded; Jolie did homework at the kitchen table. "I want to be an actress. Why do I need calculus?" Jolie tapped her pencil. "I bet Zendaya doesn't know about definite integrals."

Her mom peered at the worksheet. "You never know. You may need to calculate a diameter on camera. The answer's 12.2 to the fifth power."

"You're ridiculous," Jolie sighed.

"Jolie-bug, I didn't marry your mother for her math skills." Mr. Lunn grabbed his wife, spun her around, and executed a dramatic dip.

"Gross!" Jolie laughed.

Loud knocking sent Jolie's dad to the front door. still smiling.

"Bruce Lunn?" Blue and red lights bounced off the walls.

"What's this about?" Mr. Lunn's voice cracked.

"A parent of one of your soccer players called us?" The officer peered into the house.

"My family's here..." Mr. Lunn's voice lowered.

"You have the right to remain silent..."

One month after the world imploded; Jolie answered the collect call.

"Jolie-bug!" her father's voice was a million miles away.

"Stop calling." Jolie hated the crack in her voice. "Mom breaks down again every time."

"I miss you. I need to know you're ok."

"Are you fucking serious?" Jolie exploded. "Because of you nothing is ok."

"Don't swear."

"Fuck you!" Jolie hung up the phone and slunk to the floor.

She pulled a sewing needle from her pocket and dragged it across her forearm, adding another line to the criss-crossing pattern. Her mom hadn't noticed the long sleeves— even on warm May afternoons, and especially not at night when Jolie lay with her until she succumbed to Ambien-induced sleep.

Three months after the world imploded; a familiar tapping sent an icy wave down Jolie's spine.

She slid the window open. "I'm not letting you in."

"Please just give me two minutes to explain," Amber begged.

Jolie puffed up. "I don't need you to explain why you fucked my dad and destroyed my life."

"Bruce-"

"Bruce? You mean my dad! Mr. Lunn! Your coach! Don't fucking call him Bruce!" Jolie blinked to keep hot tears from spilling over. "I lost everything because of you. My school. My house. My dad. Mom's a literal zombie who just cries all day."

"I lost everything too!" Amber exploded. "The girls whisper *whore* in the locker room. My mom wants me to live with my dad, but he says there's no room." Amber sobbed. "It was a stupid mistake."

"Do you expect me to feel bad for you?" Jolie snapped. "Are you sorry for all the lies? Or just for how bad things are for you?"

"I didn't mean to hurt you. I'd give anything to go back to the way things used to be."

"I just don't understand why." Jolie's tears spilled over, and she swiped them away with her sleeve.

"I thought he loved me."

They stood on either side of the window for a long time until Jolie broke the silence.

"I'm sorry for what he did to you." Jolie met Amber's eyes for the first time in months. "But I can't do this. You need to go."

Amber slipped into the dark, like a hundred nights before.

Six months after the world imploded Jolie wandered rooms filled with the boxes and dismantled furniture from her childhood. She opened the cupboard under the stairs that she and Amber had once turned into a Barbie village, touched the dented wall from the night her parents let them sled down the stairs on her mattress, and stared out the window where she'd watched her dad be led away in handcuffs.

A truck would be there soon to take it all away.

Jolie touched the needle to an unblemished spot on her arm—they'd move somewhere sunny, where her mom would smile again.

She raked the tip across her freckled skin—where everything didn't remind her of Amber.

She watched the blood bloom—where she wasn't just the pedophile coach's daughter.

Jolie relaxed into the relief—where she could put the world back together.

John, Jimm,
Objects of Affection

She changed her name and resume to get the job. Corporate hired her without his knowledge. Now, The Woman is here, every day, not acknowledging his presence beyond "Good morning," or "Good night." But she is here, watching. Waiting. No one knows her plan but her. Her cubicle is within sight of the corner office. She sees him, The Man, every day. He sees her, The Woman, every day. No other sign of recognition from either one. But they both know.

###

Tuesday. She is settling in. There is a photograph on her desk. A gold frame. A photo of? A photo of her. On a beach. Wind off the ocean. She is wrapped against the chill. At the end of the day, The Man walks past her cubicle. The Woman has already left. He sees the photo. Even at a distance he knows, remembers.

###

Wednesday. The Man is last to leave. There is a new photograph. Gold framed. A figure is facing away from the photographer, but he knows the figure. He knows the photographer. He knows where and when. The mountains. Three years ago. July.

###

Thursday. The Man stops at the drug store on the way to work to pick up a prescription for The Wife. He passes the cubicle. Looks straight ahead. So much, it's obvious. He sees, or maybe senses, that The Woman is there. He stays in his office the rest of the morning.

He leaves for lunch. The Woman is away. He looks in. On her desk, yet another picture, one of a man and a woman. In a gold frame. Likely smiling for a stranger who is doing a favor for two lovers in a park: The Man, The Woman.

###

Friday. The Man arrives early, as always. Most days earlier than everyone else. Except not this day. Someone has already entered his office. Left a designer briefcase on the floor just inside the door. He knows it: a gift to The Woman. Inside, a single gold-framed picture. With an inscription: For you, My Forever Love, to place next to the photos of your children and that Other Woman, the one you said you hated.

On the way out that evening, The Man places the briefcase, the picture, the note, atop her desk for The Woman to find Monday morning.

A new week, Monday. Corporate has arranged a transfer for her. A new division across town.

A promotion. More responsibility, better pay. Starting now. No words exchanged between The

Man, The Woman. But The Woman accepts.

###

The Wife remarks that The Man seems so distant lately. He agrees, in generalities. Lots of disruption at the office. People coming. People going.

###

A new month. No word from the new division about the new employee. Then another month. And another. Maybe more. No one is keeping track now. Then word. Word that the new employee, The Woman, has left. Gave one day's notice and gone.

###

Relief. It is over. A bottle of wine. A private celebration tonight. Very private. The Man enters the kitchen, uncorks the bottle. The Wife is preparing dinner. She seems in high spirits. "Let me tell you about my day." Which she does. "But here's the best part. I've finally found a new nanny for the kids. Says she's going back for her master's in business or something. Oh, and she forgot a briefcase she had with her. Looks expensive. I admit I peeked inside. Didn't look closely. Just a stack of photographs with gold frames . . . Odd . . . Oh, well, she can get it when she starts tomorrow. You'll love her—I just know you will."

###





It was a peaceful Friday afternoon in a quiet suburban neighborhood. Tony and May were playful under the sheets, laughing like children between kisses and caresses. When they surfaced for air, Tony lit a cigarette for May. As he inhaled a Marlboro, he kept one eye on May's bare shoulder and the other on the time. Soon she would slip away, leave his bed, gather her clothes from the floor, and give him a goodbye kiss. Soon, he would be alone again.

Tony knew May would never leave her husband. He understood this romantic encounter was just temporary. He had been involved with two other women in the neighborhood, one of whom ended the relationship when her husband found out. They later moved to another town. Still, Tony kept taking risks. He has had many chances to stop when he dated unmarried women, but they lacked the danger and excitement he crayed.

When May left his apartment, Tony gazed out the window, watching her walk home to resume her bright and cheery life. He envied her for having a family. His parents died in a car accident when he was twelve, and he lived with his aunt until he graduated from nursing school. Tony knew that his affairs would never amount to anything. He was just a tool to satisfy a sexually frustrated married woman. He felt used, but that was the nature of his life. When he was a boy, he gave his aunt back massages, which led to sexual touching. Tony was told to keep their 'playfulness,' as his aunt called it, a secret. Tony was paid for his loyalty.

May greeted her two young girls at the bus stop and walked them home. They had stories to tell, new friends to talk about, and spelling words to memorize for a quiz on Monday.

"I like it when you're so happy, Mom," said her daughter.

"Me, too," said the other one.

May smiled and imagined being touched by Tony's strong hands. She thought about his brown eyes and almost melted on the sidewalk.

She prepared dinner that night, and when her husband walked through the door, May greeted him with a shower of kisses. Nick struggled to feel her love because she had been cold to him for so long. He had not suspected that just a few hours earlier, she was in the arms of another man. She could still smell Tony as she hugged Nick, trying to convince herself that everything was alright.

"Did you have a good day?" he asked.

"Couldn't be better," May said cryptically.

Her husband didn't question why she was in a good mood. He didn't want her to think he didn't trust her. Instead, he distracted himself with the newspaper and his two daughters.

May was with her family now, and all her thoughts were focused on them and the household chores. After dinner, they watched their favorite TV shows. When it was time for the girls to go to bed, May supervised their baths and made sure they brushed their teeth. She read them a story and turned off the lights. The children believed that their parents would always stay together and be a family. The girls quickly fell asleep.

Tony lay in bed for a moment and imagined how each of May's gentle kisses felt on his body. He could taste her lips and feel the ridge of her jawline. Her tongue inside his mouth tasted like a sweet, warm Popsicle. The smell of her jasmine perfume still lingered in his apartment, as if it were a permanent resident.

May woke up in the middle of the night to a voice in her head that wouldn't stop.

I know it's wrong. but I need Tony. I need him like I need my morning caffeine. I can't get through a day without him. I'd be lost. I'd be bored. Miserable. It's good for Nick, too. He likes when I'm happy. The girls like it when mommy is patient with them. I'll be discreet. No one will find out.

Nick had his eyes closed and feigned sleep. He was thinking, too.

I know something is different with May. She's happier than she has been in a long time, even though we still aren't having sex. Nothing in our lives has changed. I don't understand. I've asked her why we aren't having sex, and she says it's not my fault. It's a lack of desire caused by her antidepressants. So where is her happiness coming from? What has changed for her? I suspect I know, but I'm willing to stay in the dark as long as she doesn't leave me.

Nick turned to look at May. He saw her long auburn hair on her shoulders and wanted to touch her. But he feared she'd reject him again.

At recess, Sophie and Abby were having a catch in the schoolyard.

"Something is weird," said Abby, passing the ball.

"What's weird?"

"Mom."

"What about her, Abby?"

"She doesn't scream at us anymore. She doesn't have that crazy look when we don't clean our room or jump on the sofa. No matter if we get in trouble or come home late, she smiles and talks to us in a soft voice. It's creepy."

"Like we have a different mother" said Sophie

"Do you think she's not our mom?"

"I'm not sure, Abby. It's like she's an alien."

The girls were pulled into a crowd of other girls. They joined a game of kickball.

Tony looked at his watch and finished his coffee. He called in sick to the hospital. He won't be going to work today. He knows he doesn't have any more sick time left, but he doesn't care. He's tired of working the late shift. Tired of his life, period. The only thing he looked forward to was those afternoons when he and May made love. But it was Friday, and he had to wait till Monday to see her.

He felt depressed and lonely.

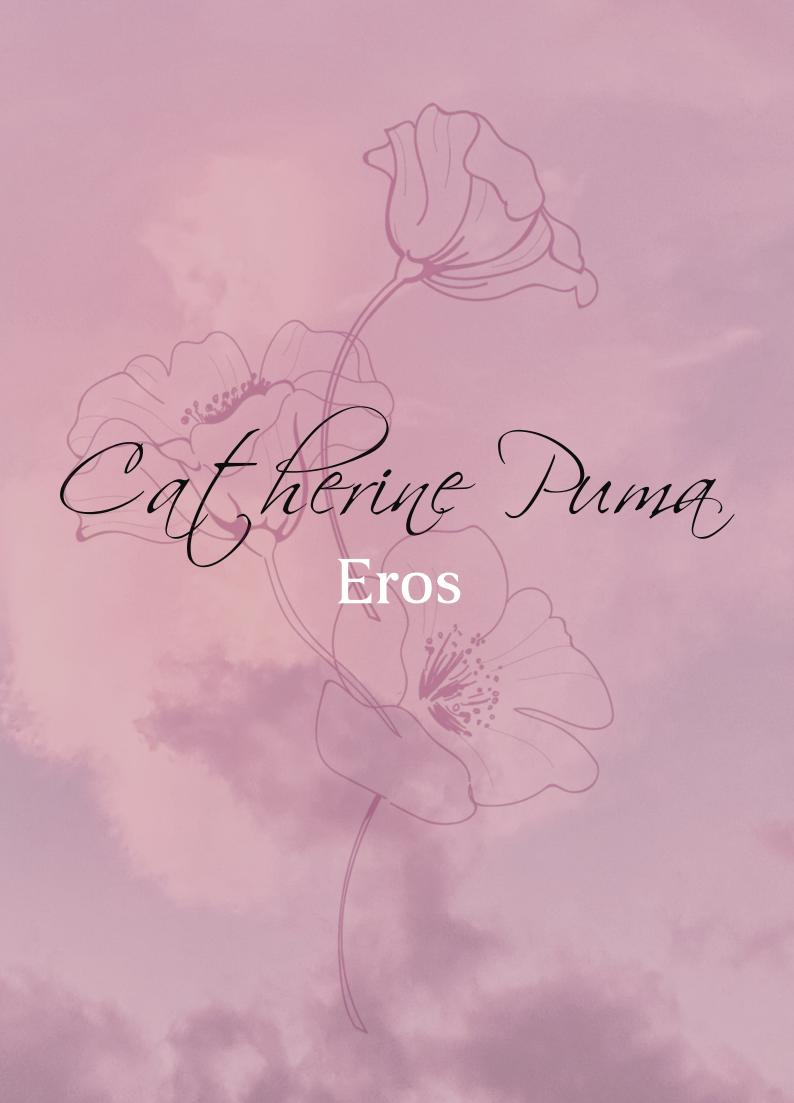
Maybe a long weekend will do me good. Get me out of the rut I'm in. Maybe the quiet can soothe my despair. I'll watch a few movies on Netflix and smoke some pot. Maybe a nice fat joint will ease my aching heart. If I keep busy, I won't miss her so much. Or maybe I'll just sleep through the entire weekend so Monday arrives quicker.

Then Tony saw May's headband under the bed and felt more depressed. He thought of taking the sleeping pills he stole from work and ending it all. But instead, he took only one, gulped it down with a beer, and went to bed. He didn't hear May knocking at his door on Monday.





Last December, I harbored myself away from everyone. Not even I could find myself. I read a poem about Georgia, then stood in a room filled with her ghosts. White lilies, ram skulls, autumn leaves. The next week, I rode a train from Boston to Philly. Got drunk with my friends in a club on Market Street days before the New Year. In the dark, L kissed me and I kissed her back because I couldn't kiss you. And haven't, for months. Since the night your girlfriend, you, and me made a mistake. At the club, C took a Polaroid of the kiss. The next morning, I post it on my Instagram story and you are the first view. I tuck away the Polaroid into my memory box. The same box where every film negative I have of you, every letter you wrote me, is hiding. You make a Spotify playlist titled *i know you're seeing this* with a photo of you in a pink face mask, wearing your father's tan carhartt jacket, standing in Copley station. There's nothing extraordinary about this photo except that I took it four years ago.



Find us out of the darkest night.

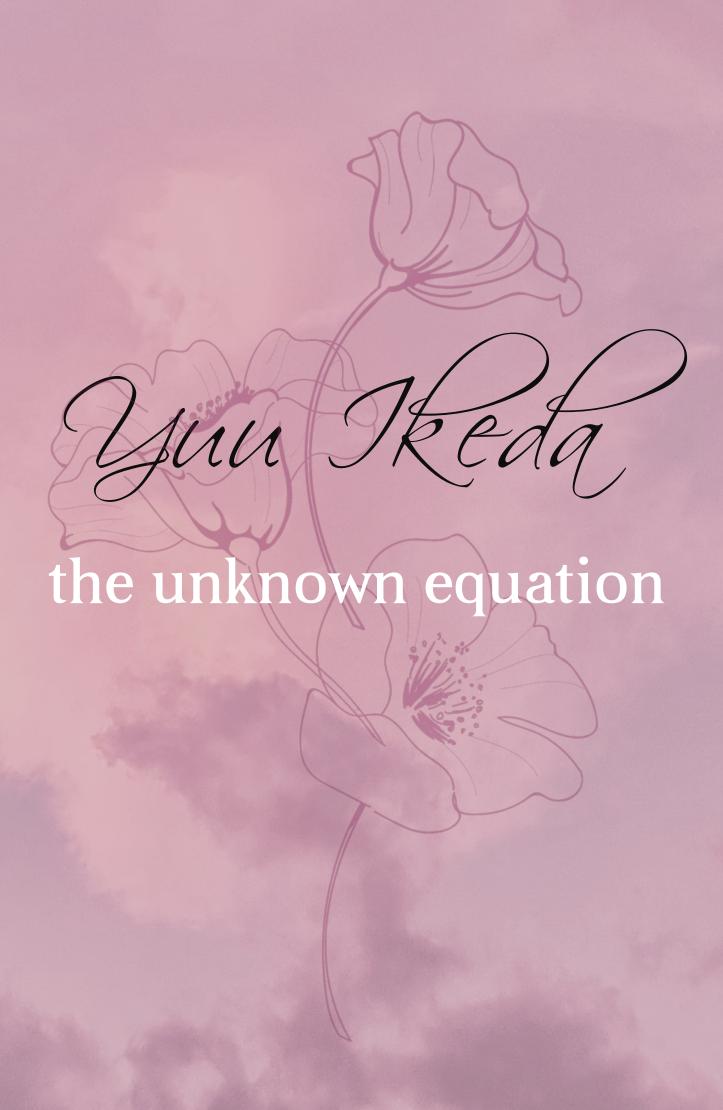
Get close enough and we'll pull you in, if you can handle the fire, if you don't burn up too soon.

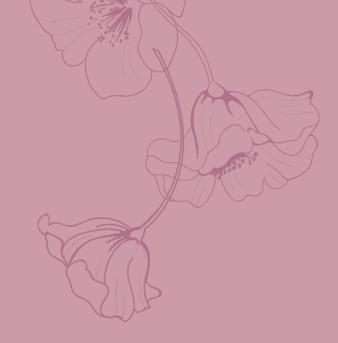
When you smash into this earth, you'll loosen our limbs' hold.

Leave a mark, a depression on the surface.

Grant us a little death to remember this by.

Love begets chaos, and chaos, ruin.



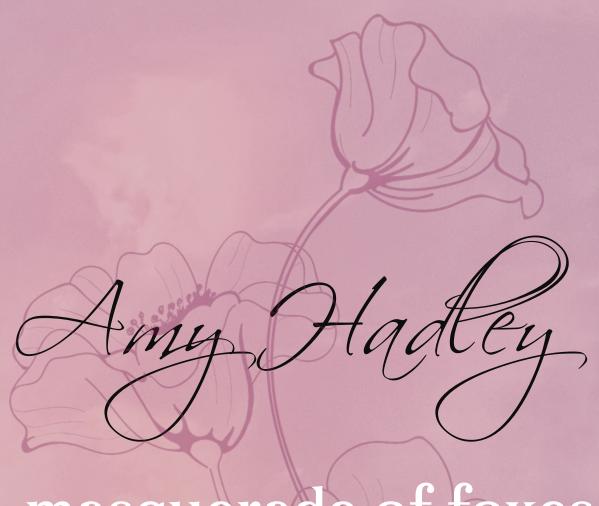


My fangs melt on your lips.

Your loneliness increases on my lips
Me and you are the equation that
no one can solve.

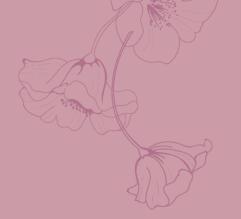
The equation is
everlasting madness,
momentary happiness.





masquerade of foxes

under the chandelier of ivory, there is an ebony heart that waltzes on the marble floor with a man with a fox-shaped mask, the mirror image of mine because we are two tricksters torn from hibernation when the moon is aglow, when did it become a spectacle to hide one's identity and let our sins wash over us, here, we can be as one, hollow ventricles of flowing black and smiles dripped in poison as the lambs watch us from the walls, their innocence has not been tarnished by what they do not know they see, in another clandestine meeting, heaving breaths as the piano rises and our guileless spouses simply raise their glasses, do we finally have their blessing



at the crescendo of this dance,

when the violin strings

tighten around our wrists,

for when they cease to play,

our immortality will fade,

confined to the tomb of our mundane lives,

i don't remember when i fell for him,

but i cannot lose him now,

and if we must don our masks once more,

the foxes chasing the lambs,

i will do what it takes

to dance this way under the aries moon

until our muscles forget the touch

of a lustful forbidden love





I get this explosion of enthusiasm an oozing of sensual adrenaline,

excitement, thrills, and appetites wet—as my palpitations become audible,

my nervous system searches for a break in its fired neurons.

I flip my body around to notice your arrival in the mirror of my mind

and during the next few hours it all passes in such slow motion

as I watch your every move and listen to each synchronistic whisper

when suddenly without the earth's warning, your visit evaporates

like the steam from my morning kettle into an untouchable and nearly forgettable ether

I slip around and wonder if your visit was merely a dream

when the phone rings, and your ghost appears

across oceans as silence ensues and normalcy chooses to follow suit.



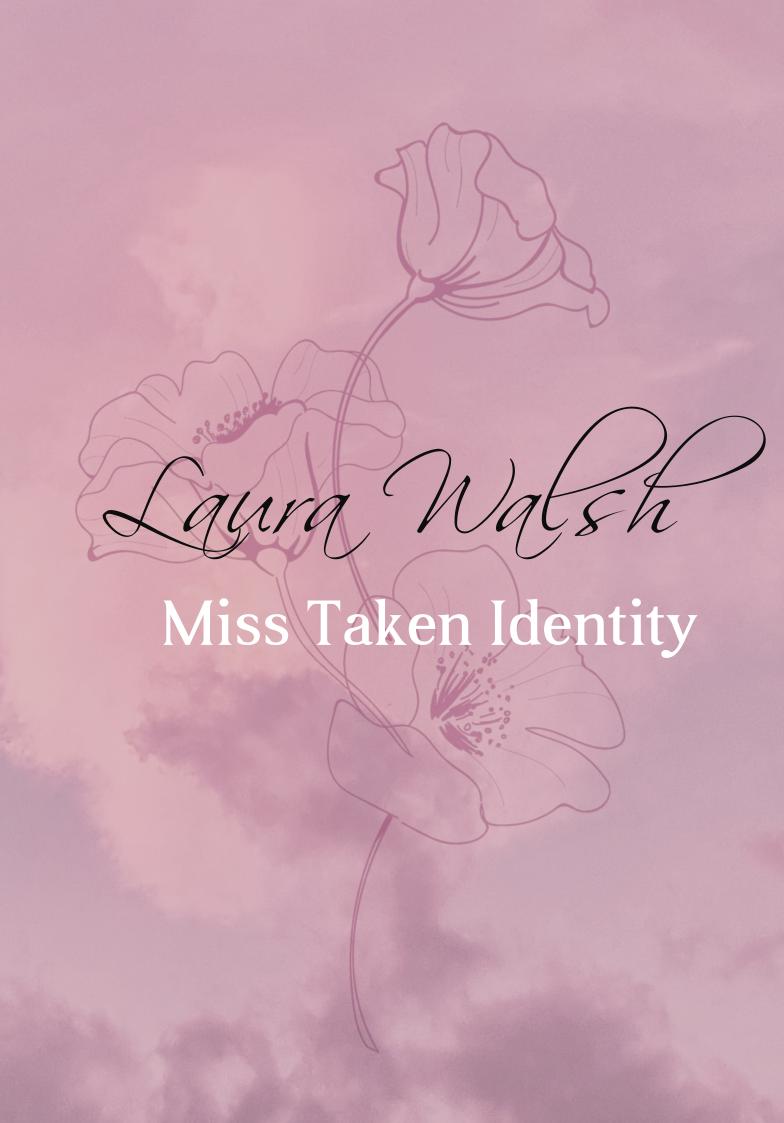
When I welcomed her into the sunny kitchen to bake a pie with me, sunflower curtains blew in an autumnal breeze, and warm bread cooled under a checked towel on the hand-polished heart pine countertop.

Her feet were delicate with carnation pink toes
peeping through the straps of white leather sandals as
shapely legs inched their way across the weathered
linoleum and into our lives, pretense of novelty beautiful
on her face with every step.

Her hair shone silk, and her smile gleamed soft as she seeped love into the wood-paneled walls, into the faded pages of recipe books passed down in my family for generations, now open to her, and into your collared shirt.

When I mentioned the gaping hole in the center of our home too late, she slipped, and one pretty leg after the other broke at odd angles. Eyes flew open, and a parting word stilled on her lips as I snapped her neck.

Satisfied, I finished baking the pie.



It was easy, when they were younger, to be the same. Margaret and Margaret. Flood and Finnegan. The alphabet deigned that they sit together in every class. In many ways it deigned that they become best friends. Peggy Flood and Margo Finnegan. The matching brown hair didn't help the confusion of who was who. Peggy was the quieter of the two, shy and smaller in a way that lent itself to disappearance. For a long time, it felt like her foil was the only one that could consistently find her in a crowd. Even her mother sometimes named each of her siblings while calling her before remembering the name of her youngest child. Margo, though, was loud enough for both and had no issues finding her quiet shadow.

They would sit next to each other in old desks in the older schoolhouse of the village that had mould climbing up the walls. Peggy would arrive early and carefully lower the bench, waiting for Margo to throw herself into as the late bell was rung by the senior students. Because of everything about her, Margo got into a lot of trouble sitting next to Peggy. Unfortunately for Peggy, teachers would often mistake who the troublemaker was on a given day. On those days, thinking Margo had had enough trouble for the time being, Peggy would rise and move to the front of the class and open her hand for the teacher to strike. The only times Margo was ever quiet was after, when Peggy's hand was raw red and throbbing. Her own overlapping scars never seemed to bother her as much as Peggy's fainter ones.

"Look", Peggy said one day, offering the quiet comfort built into her. "We match." And they did.

Teenage years were not kind to Peggy. The quiet girl became near silent, losing herself in her own mind. Margo couldn't be lost inside herself, everything always spilled out and you couldn't be lost in what everyone could see.

"Why don't you talk to anyone?" she asked Peggy one day.

"I talk to you," was the dull reply.

"No one else worth speaking to?"

"No one else is quite so persistent," Peggy said, reopening her book.

"We match," she said. "Of course I'm persistent."

Neither of them went to college, but they got work as secretaries in the same accounting firm setting up in the village as it slowly became a town. Margo married the young accountant, a fresh face in town. Despite protests from the owners, Margo refused to leave her position when she married. She was loud and brave and lovely, and she refused to make herself smaller for anyone.

Peggy stood diligently at the alter as her heart promised itself to someone else.

Life is a funny thing. It happened to the girls slowly and quietly like putting a jigsaw together until you suddenly had the whole picture, unsure of the pieces you put together to get there. It would be a lie to say it happened fast, but the girls did drift. As with all jigsaws, some pieces had to be taken out and moved to the edges to make room for the true picture. Peggy did not begrudge Margo's husband and two children their new spot in the centre of the picture. She just wished that Margo wasn't still the centre of hers.

Distance made Peggy grow into something she hadn't known was in her. Leaving the town and the shadow she called home, she became bigger in a way that was hard to describe, finding new caverns where she had assumed was a dead end. The loud girl at the centre of her life became herself. It was hard to live outside someone's shadow when you liked to play in the dark, but she grew used to the sensation. She tried desperately not to wonder if Margo would even like the version of her that was her equal. If what they had was love and friendship or something as warped as the scars of their hands. Tried not to wonder if they would still fit together when all her soft edges have become hard lines.

Then the accountant died. And Peggy got a letter.

Heart attack, Margo wrote. He was just gone.

Peggy didn't respond. She simply packed her bags and got on the train to the town that now stood where their small village had been. Margo collapsed into her when she opened the door. It turned out where Peggy had become hard, Margo had gone soft with age.

"We match," she breathed to herself, shoulders sagging into the embrace.

Weathered, aged, scarred hands together, they walked into the house, past the sitting room where the accountant's body lay being waked and tended to by priests and undertakers. In the kitchen, Peggy found Margo's children, crying softly into cereal. Only the youngest seemed to care that she'd come at all, the others too consumed by grief to care about much more than breathing as often as possible and not collapsing in on themselves like dying stars. It was taking a lot of work.

Peggy made them tea. Something she would do for the next ten years until eventually the number of cups being taken down from the cupboard became two. The accountant's home office became her bedroom, and this family became her life.

The Margarets grew old in that house, grew flowers out the back garden and exchanged sudoku puzzles on the couch. They would host a book club in the room where the man's body had laid all those years ago. Sometime later Margo got confused. It began with little things; where she had left her keys, repeating questions that had already been asked and answered. She went back in time when they were children. All she could remember was her name. being who she was now, the name she remembered wasn't hers.

It took a while to figure out, on the outside, what had happened. Maybe she was just getting even softer. Then she began to tell stories of their youth like they had happened yesterday, but she wouldn't tell them like they happened. She told them from the perspective of the other Margaret, the one she had found in her lost state.

Life is a funny thing, it changes slowly and silently. One day she was there, herself in every way. And the next, she was someone else. Not the changes that had took place in their separation, but an exchange of identity. She disappeared into herself in the same way Peggy had and came out. She stopped answering to her name, confusingly. She answered to Margaret, alert and responsive, but Margo was a stranger to her. The children came for a visit a few

months into the change and called out for Peggy when they answered the door.

Margo answered to this name.

It was easy, when they were younger, to be the same. Easier when they were old. The perspective of her stories shifted and became detailed accounts of what Peggy had gone through. Margo was an awful thing to lose for the pair. Two girls living in the same mind from different points of life struggled to find overlapping interests besides the friend they had both lost. But she did seem better. More alive anyway, if not herself. Peggy covered all the mirrors one day after Margo had caught a glimpse of herself and was so disturbed that her face was not Peggy's that Peggy had to spend two hours calming her down.

She caught a glimpse of her wedding pictures, one sunny afternoon. The blinds were up and the windows open to let the breeze and bird song is. She began to tell the story of the wedding, as usual from Peggy's point of view. Peggy sat listening as she always had, but she knew the stories, lived them. Then she heard,

"And of course, it was hard for me to hand her off, being in love with her," Margo delivered bluntly, slicing Peggy from stem to stern. "But it just wouldn't have felt right any other way."

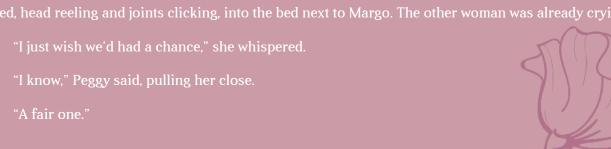
Suddenly a thousand memories washed over her. A thousand chances, a thousand thoughts, a thousand secrets.

A thousand wasted fears. She'd missed it. All this time she could have been honest, but she missed it. Or —

"What did Margo feel?" she asked her best friend, voice breathless and rough. "About Peggy. What did she feel?"

"She loved me," the other woman said, looking down into the duvet as if it held all her secrets. "More than anything. But it never would have worked."

For a second Peggy thought Margo was going to lose another lover to a heart attack. Shaking and teary eyed she crawled, head reeling and joints clicking, into the bed next to Margo. The other woman was already crying.





Get to know the artists... Jessie Ann Harrison

Instagram + Tiktok: @allthebestjess

Jessie Anne Harrison (she/her) is a poet and actress currently living in Utah. She has an MFA in creative writing from Arcadia University, and writes poetry focused on myth, grief, and mental health. You can find her poetry and other work through her website, allthebestjess.wordpress.com.



@christy_hartman_writer <u>www.christyhartmanwriter.com</u> @christyhartman.bsky.social

Christy Hartman pens short fiction from her home between the ocean and mountains of Vancouver Island Canada. She has been shortlisted for Bath and Bridport Flash Fiction prizes and is a two-time New York City Midnight winner. Her work can be found in Sunlight Press, Sky Island Journal, Flash Fiction Magazine, and others.

John Timm Gjohnttimm

John Timm writes short fiction in several genres, with a flair for the experimental.

When not reading or writing, he occasionally teaches foreign languages and literature.



Twitter: @Crow writer.

Instagram: @Crowonthewire_poetry

Facebook: Mark Tulin@Facebook

Mark Tulin is a poet and author known for his poignant explorations of the human experience, drawing from his background as a therapist. He is a Pushcart Prize nominee and a Best of Drabble. His books include *Awkward Grace, The Asthmatic Kid and Other Stories*, and *Rain on Cabrillo*.



Instagram: @annalisahansford

Annalisa Hansford is the author of *Romanticization of Grief and Ghosts* (Bottlecap Press 2025) and their second chapbook *Banana Pancakes* is forthcoming from Rockwood Press. Their poetry has received honors from Academy of American Poets and the Boston Mayor's Poetry Program. They've studied poetry with Gabrielle Calvocoressi and Victoria Chang.



Instagram @thecatandtheleaf

Twitter (X) @puma_catherine

Catherine Puma (she/they) is a queer writer and member of the Arlington Writers
Group. Their work received honorable mention in the 2025 Poetry Society of Virginia's
Annual Adult Contest and they've been published in *ionosphere*, *SEVENSEAS Media*, *Shadow Work*, and elsewhere. www.catherinepumawrites.com



Twitter + Instagram : @yuunnnn77

Yuu Ikeda (she/they) is a Japan based poet and writer.

She loves mystery novels, western art, sugary coffee, and japanese animation

"呪術廻戦 (Jujutsu Kaisen)" and "ブルーロック (Blue Lock)".

She writes poetry on her website.

https://poetryandcoffeedays.wordpress.com/





Instagram: @thepollyannacowgirl

Amy Hadley is a 24-year-old writer from England whose work explores narrative expressions of love, loss, and the quiet intricacies of womanhood. Her poetry often draws inspiration from nature and decay, grief, gothicism, and emotional transformation. She has previously been published in Antlers Zine, Swim Press, and The Passionate Post.



Instagram : @dianaraab

Diana Raab is a poet, memoirist, workshop leader, and award-winning author of 13 books and editor of three anthologies. Her work has been widely published and anthologized. Raab writes for *Psychology Today, The Good Men Project, Sixty and Me, Medium,* and is a guest writer for many others.

https://www.linkedin.com/in/diana-raab-phd-a1850911/

https://www.facebook.com/DianaRaab.Author/

https://www.facebook.com/diana.m.raab/

https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/512931.Diana Raab

https://www.youtube.com/user/dianaraab1



Jen Mengarelli lives in the midwestern United States with her husband, two teenagers, a Bernedoodle, and two cats, Henry and Mitts. She is previously published in Artsco Quarterly, Crab Orchard Review, writer-voted journal Sixfold, and Whatever: a Gen-X Flash Fiction Anthology, among other places.



Laura Walsh is a twenty-one-year-old living in Dublin. She has recently completed her Bachelor of Arts Degree, receiving first-class honours from DCU. During her degree she took part in several creative writing courses, practicing and honing her craft.

Last autumn she graduated as a member of the Dean's Honor List.



