

COUNTERFLOW

SPRING 2025



4

COUNTERFLOW

ISSUE 4

PUBLISHED BY WORDSTORM SOCIETY OF THE ARTS



© 2025 Counterflow
No work herein may be reproduced
without expressed consent by the contributor(s).

ISSN 2816-5276

Wordstorm Society of the Arts
PO Box 37016 Country Club PO
Nanaimo, BC V9T 6N4

www.wordstorm.ca
wordstormsociety@gmail.com
facebook.com/wordstormnanaimo

Editorial Team



Editor & Art Director
Carla Stein

Fiction Editor
Rachelle Stein-Wotten

Poetry Editor
Ken Cathers

Lead Designer
(including all additional artwork)
Amber ♥



Contributors

Artists, Poets, and Writers

Aaron S Moran
Agnes Provost
Amanda Millard
Angela Zimmerling
Anna Cavouras
Apis Teicher
Atticus Yus
Cindy Patrick
Diana Kolpak
Diane Massam
Heidi Greco
Janis La Couvée
Jasmina Charleston
Jessie Li
Kate Beck
Leanne Kiely
Lillian Morpak
Nicole Moen
Rob Lewis
Robert Bowerman
Robie Liscomb
Svitlana Tetokina
Ward Norcutt

← **On the Front Cover**
Geese Near the Red Wall
by Svitlana Tetokina



Artwork: Jasmina Charleston,
Anisoptera:Dragon Fly (top),
Apis Mellifera:Bee (middle),
Coccinellidae:Lady Bug (bottom).

CONTENTS

Editor's Note 6

NEW POETRY & CREATIVE WRITING

Rob Lewis
 Overturn 10

Janis La Couvée
 Connections 11

Kate Beck
 Two Waters 12

Ward Norcutt
 Autumnal Words 14

Heidi Greco
 Forest fiery skies 16
 In need of translation 18
 The New ' F ' Word 38

Cindy Patrick
 if the earth laughs in flowers 20

Diane Massam
 Feverfew 22

Atticus Yus
 Patience 23

Diana Kolpak
 tea & sympathy 25

Robie Liscomb
 Two poems from ' What
 do you call the world? ' 26

Lillian Morpak
 Nature Consumes Me 28

Nicole Moen
 Tempered 32

Anna Cavouras
 Human Decorum in the
 Presence of the Great
 Elements: A brief guide 34

Robert Bowerman
 Everydayness 36

Angela Zimmerling
 If We Listen 40

OFFERINGS FROM THE EDITORS

Ken Cathers
 give me clouds 46

Rachelle Stein-Wotten
 Somewhere You
 Wanted to Be 48

Carla Stein
 Owing great sensitivity
 to small changes 50

EDITOR'S NOTE

Welcome to *Counterflow*, Spring, 2025! In this issue we asked you to send us your **Phrases for the Future**, the narratives we'll recite as the **Restor-volution** rolls forward. We wanted to know what you think will be the sagas we'll want future generations to recite. Which tales will light a path to heal both physical and psychic wounds, imagine scenarios to restore harmony, balance, and equity for all species that share this world. How can we honour the wisdom of generations who understood that humanity and nature are not divisible, but are inextricably connected?

What started in 2020 as an idea dreamed up by Carla and Amber, Wordstorm's former artistic and assistant artistic directors, both poets and visual artists themselves, to help highlight and support writers and visual artists across Vancouver Island and the Salish Sea Basin during the height of the COVID-19 pandemic, has reached its fourth birthday. It's been a remarkable, almost improbable journey, made possible by our dedicated volunteer designer, editors, guest adjudicators, and interns. And as we've worked to support our regional wealth of literary and visual creativity, all of you who have submitted and trusted us to publish your work, have supported *Counterflow* in turn. We send deep gratitude to everyone who has allowed us to peruse their work as the magazine's submissions have steadily increased year by year with issue #4 receiving the highest number yet! As submissions increase, the task of choosing which pieces to include in a particular issue also becomes more difficult.

Beginning with this issue, *Counterflow* now has an editorial team rather than one adjudicator who will make those difficult decisions about the various genres *Counterflow* publishes. Our editorial team includes:

Ken Cathers – poetry; Rachelle Stein-Wotten – fiction; Amber – lead designer; Carla Stein – creative non-fiction and visual art.

Sending your words out into the world can feel daunting. It's hard to know what editors are looking for and it can feel like a game of submission-roulette or trying to hit the bull's eye on a magazine dartboard. So we've included examples of our editors own writing in this issue to give you an idea of who the editors are as poets and writers themselves. *Counterflow* began as an effort for writers and artists to support each other and with your support, *Counterflow* will continue to be a vehicle to host our region's artistic and literary voices as we all move forward into an achievable **Restor-volution**.

Carla and the Counterflow team
Editor, Issue 4



Artwork: Apis Teicher, *When in Winter*.

**NEW
POETRY
&
CREATIVE
WRITING**



Artwork: Jessie Li, *INTO THE INFINITY*.

Overturn

Rob Lewis

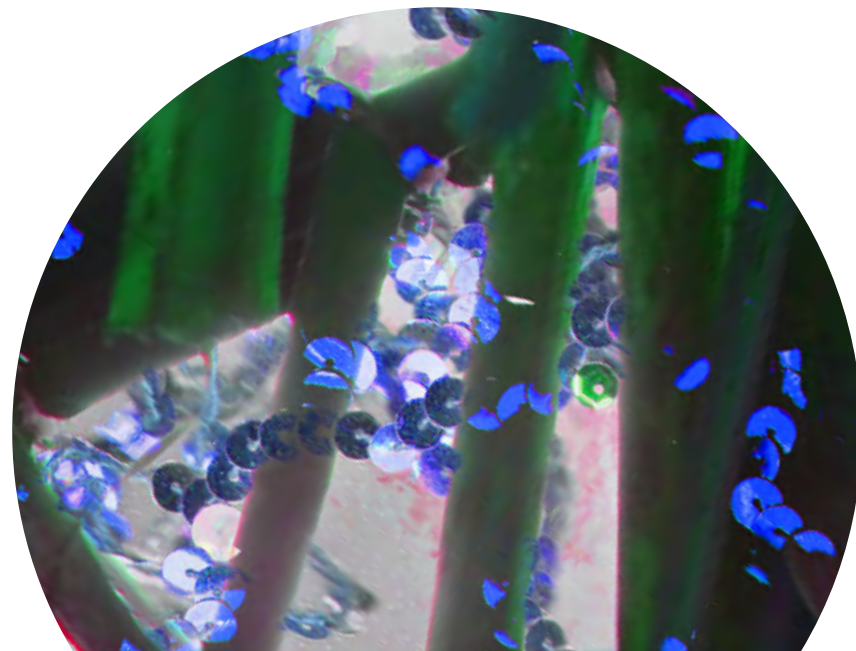
Transmutation, the turning of self
into something else.
It's easy for a fallen log
nursing a cedar
or a caterpillar
on its ways to moth
or even a dinosaur
squeezing into a sparrow.

But what does a human being have to do?
Where is the forest-litter stage
in the human lifespan
to pull down the constituents
take apart and rearrange, with tiny, scissoring jaws?

Who would purposely devise their own
yearly mulching for the purpose?

Die before you die, the mystics chant.
Live while you live, the poets sing.
In between
you have a business card with the word: Time
and the examples
of things.

The etched glass on the table
holds water
but before that, rain
and before that
breathing forest, and before that
dreaming aquifer, and before that, soil
sister of ocean.



Connections

Janis La Couvée

How to weave a net,
strong enough to hold through pandemic and drought,
forest fire and earthquake, climate change and sea rise,
cataclysm and catastrophe, illness and uncertain economic times?

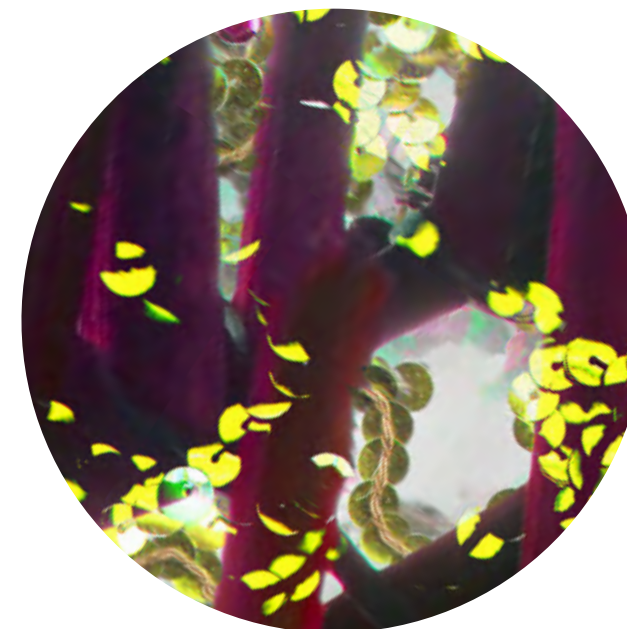
Take a strand, join it to another, build the first link.

Wave to the neighbour watering their lawn at dawn,
put out a bowl for thirsty dogs on a walk,
bring cookies to the family next door,
remember the names of children,
rejoice in the new car, camper and boat,
offer tomatoes and zucchini relish,
share the apple harvest,
dig deep and remember,
we are all connected.

What appears to unravel in uncertain times,
can be repaired and strengthened,
will hold when needed.

Begin.

Wave to the neighbour at dawn.



Two Waters

Kate Beck

(A cento from Ada Limón's *In Praise of Mystery: A Poem for Europa*, Meena Alexander's *Quickly Changing River*, Annamaya's *God on the Hill: Temple Poems* from Tirupati translated by Velcheru Narayana Rao and David Shulman, Hai-Dang Phan's *River to River*, Ibeyi's *River*, Joni Mitchell's *River*, and Kina Grannis's *Dear River*)

Can you cut water in dirt?
Because I am splattered milk
carrying my old leaves
asleep on skin.
In the black night and with the spent chandelier
I fight the undertow
take flight, read sky.
And also, feet crowd together
names from wonders
touching one another
made of invisible worlds
dreaming of bare skin.
The river so long and in pieces,
we, a torn sky streaming everywhere.



Autumnal Words

Ward Norcutt

Might my flashes of orange and umber last
beyond the winter of my discontent,
outshining all the greens that long since passed,
like sons, live on, while I, myself, am spent.

The chestnut and the carmine claret red
against the Tuscan sun and fire gold
bewitch the soul and turn most every head
'til withered on the branch they lose their hold.

But if these wondrous fleeting sights were shot
with everlasting immortality
by camera words that captured every thought
could I, as well, outlive my destiny?

I hope it's so; I bend again to write
autumnal words to last beyond my night.



Forest fiery skies

Heidi Greco

Even now at midnight, the sky is a fawning lilac, not quite dark enough to call purple. Too much light still bouncing off the local used car lot, those rows of halogen suns that stand on guard.

The moon, nearly full, glows a much-too-brilliant orange, more urgent than the cautionary traffic light that warns, *Slow down, blinking amber: Danger ahead.*

This bronzed moon floats in skies of muddy lavender, the colour-clash as brassy as some small-town drama set, stark and trying hard to look theatrical. Hot gold.

It's caught behind branches of the dying apple tree, reminding me that soon we'll all be growing citrus fruits, will harvest tiny lemons in spring, after the few months that might still bring rain.

The day will come when there will be no passing thrum of jets above misting their exhaust on us, invisible.

I shall miss their long moan cruising overhead, a message of small comfort in the night, their fading drone reminding me: at least the world still spins, and someone's going somewhere far away.



Artwork: Jasmina Charleston, *Lepidoptera: Moth.*

In need of translation

Heidi Greco

If only I understood
the language of birds
could know what all those trills,
flighty melodies mean

Oh, to decipher the words
in the song the breezes sing
high up in the trees
on a summer's eve

What message must it be
the water keeps mumbling
as it tumbles over rocks
at the bottom of the brook

These are the languages
we need to relearn
if we are to have a place here
upon the green earth



if the earth laughs in flowers

Cindy Patrick

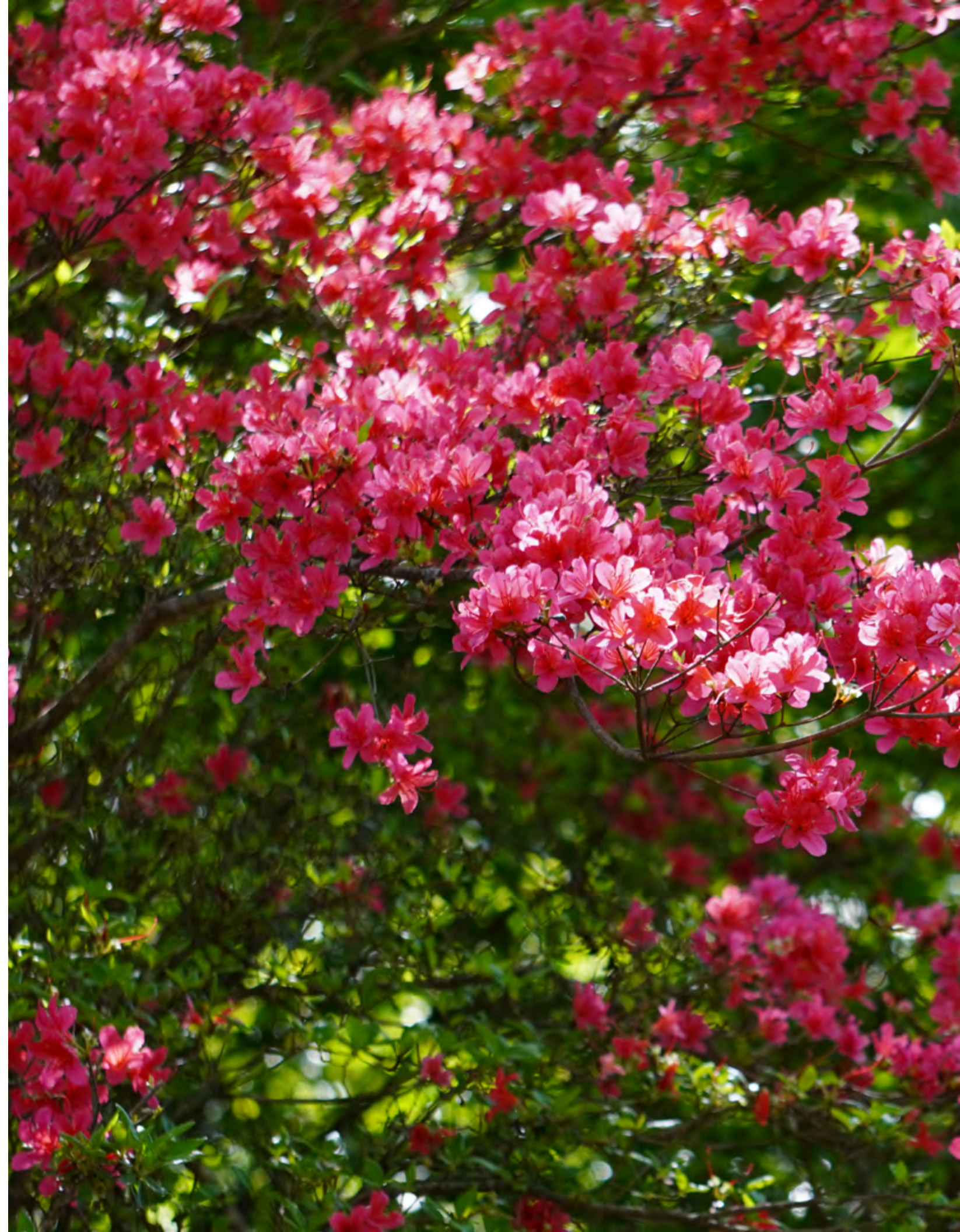
raucous river stones chortle
mountain sides split
gravel sifts wit

stories beam in sunshine
with rain soil guffaws
on stage insects monologue

birds tweak their jokes
over turf and sunflowers make
lotus smirk

seedlings are a smitten audience
up and comers in the breeze
bloomers spread humour

in a world of uncertain tease



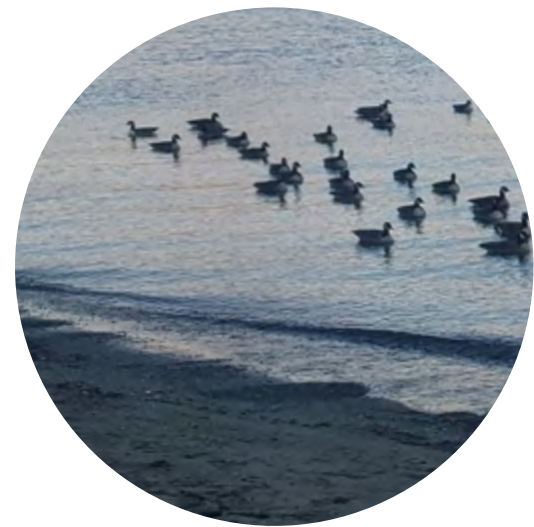
Feverfew

Diane Massam

Arriving from rock, waving medicinal,
your acrid scent stirs us, your little faces
heal all granite faults.

Last year, only one of you pushed up
beside the house, but now, you are
a profusion. With one breath

I am suspended in a summer jelly,
in amber light catching gold from
the souls of creatures underground.



Patience

Atticus Yus

If we shift our gaze, not close the blinds,
because the window is right where it belongs,

If we wake at dawn, not curse the rooster,
because the morning sun inspires his songs,

If we play with the dog, not lock him outside,
because you promised he'd never again be a stray,

If we dressed for the weather, not soak our socks,
because even the clouds can have a bad day,

Then we'd find stories with endings never heard
Filled with new words, ready to build new worlds.

tea & sympathy

Diana Kolpak

steep in bitter truth
and you might find yourself
wonder hungry
eyeing the sweet peace
of pie-shaped laughter
that emerges as bubbles
of cartoon wisdom
wrapped in sly lullabies
that slip you into dreaming
a better world



Two poems from 'What do you call the world?'

Robie Liscomb

Dizang asked Xiushan, "Where do you come from?"
Xiushan said, "From the south."
Dizang said, "How is Buddhism in the south these days?"
Xiushan said, "There's extensive discussion."
Dizang said, "How can that compare to me here planting the fields and making rice to eat?"
Xiushan said, "What can you do about the world?"
Dizang said, "What do you call the world?"

—*Book of Serenity*, case 12 (Thomas Cleary translation)

1. *the world is doing something about itself*

discussing the planting of rice is the practice in the north
as the seeds of the past become seeds of the future

planting the seeds of discussion is the practice in the south
as the words of the ancestors become words of the descendants

when southern practitioners converse
rice germinates in the north

the sun rises in the east & sets in the west
the earth rises in the west & sets in the east
again & again & again

however far we travel in all the ten directions we never leave
this world of practice this practice of world

2. *the world calling*

bones & marrow viscera muscle blood vessels fat & skin
clothed by dear beings from Vietnam Cambodia Nicaragua Mexico
eyeglasses from France hearing aids from Godknowswhere
through all this implication world emerges

call it all my interwoven relations & the rustling between swells
at high tide lapping the pebbled shore of TEL, IĒĆ
where defeat grows along ĆESTEWEĆ beach exposed
to the wild wild weather of interconnection

so why compare planting rice & extensive discussion why not
plant ourselves in the world of just how it is
when words nourish & crops speak

TEL, IĒĆ is the WSÁNEĆ place name for what is commonly called Agate Park. It means 'growing defeat' in SENĆOTEN and is pronounced something like tell-eelthch.

ĆESTEWEĆ is the WSÁNEĆ place name for what is commonly called Cordova Bay Beach. It means 'a beach exposed to the weather' in SENĆOTEN and is pronounced something like kwustah-oowuhch. (Elliott, Dave. *Saltwater People*, School District #63, 1990. p.26).



Nature Consumes Me

Lillian Morpak

I stand still,
roots wrap around my feet.
I wince as
rough bark spreads around my skin,
glued together by thick, sticky sap.
I reach out my arms,
and extend my fingers.
I sprout emerald leaves
from my fingernails.
My face is forever etched into the bark.
From my fingernails,
I sprout emerald leaves
and extend my fingers.
I reach out my arms,
glued together by thick, sticky sap.
Rough bark spreads around my skin.
I wince as
roots wrap around my feet.
I stand still.



Artwork: Amanda Millard, *Cleanse*.



AM



AM

Artwork: Amanda Millard, *Flourish* (left) and *Grounding* (right).

Tempered

Nicole Moen

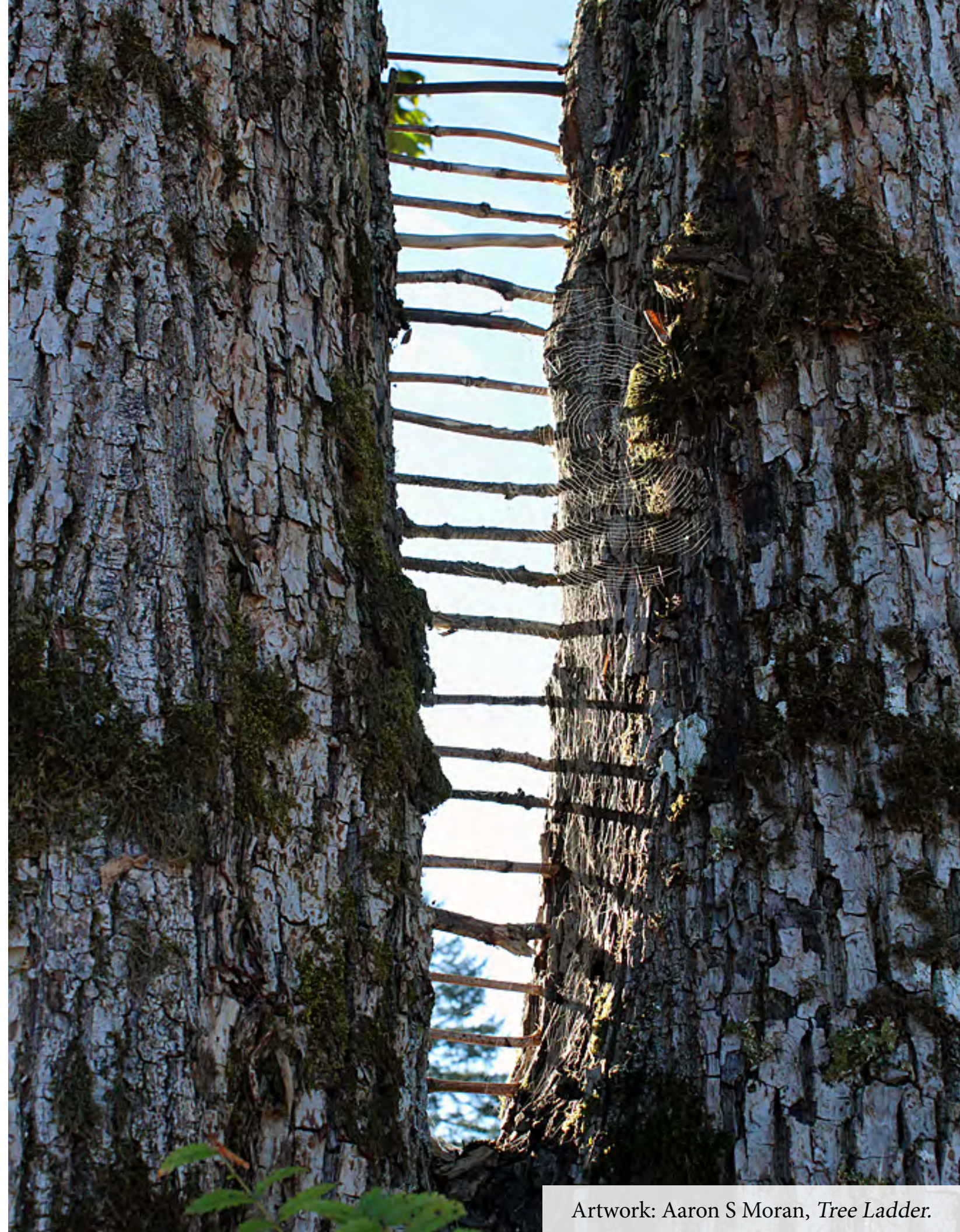
*The finest sword, the only tool that will fit in our hands
must be forged from that which was broken by those before us.*
~ Chaise Levy

Cross-legged on the path-side,
up a hill in T'Souke, you fiddle with
stick art. Your windfall resembles
the rune for death. Like the downturned
peace fork and its circle, this death
complicates over time. More twigs
find their place. Ankles agitate
deeper into soil, sense below
where men dug iron out of this hill.
Temper, temper—

you came to the trees to walk
off anger, to become a bloomery,
a heat-resistant chimney: clay and
stone. Self-tempering your steel.
Heating, melting, melding metal
familiar into one strength. Pouring
yourself into the stick art, it becomes
a rune for the tree of life—two
forks: one up, one down. Conjugated,

you baptise in the formidable bath
of Iron Mine Bay—numbing ocean
at trail's end. Alloyed and able, you dig
through ire, reveal peace—a persistent
love-pit in the core of humanity.

Steeled now, your etymology includes
standing firm; do. Stand up as the art.
Shining height. Forged.



Human Decorum in the Presence of the Great Elements: A brief guide

Anna Cavouras

The Elements will grant you an audience.

Let me just start by saying that you're damn lucky to have been invited. The Great Elements have refused human audience for some time. Repeated requests have been piling up. Unread. Backdated. There have been, shall we say, one too many Unyielding Crimes.

3 of 3 strikes. All deadlines passed. Every. Single. One.
(Even with extensions.)

Tip Toe. Yield. Respect. Ghost-like. All is not lost.
You're still here, right?

The Elements will grant you an audience.

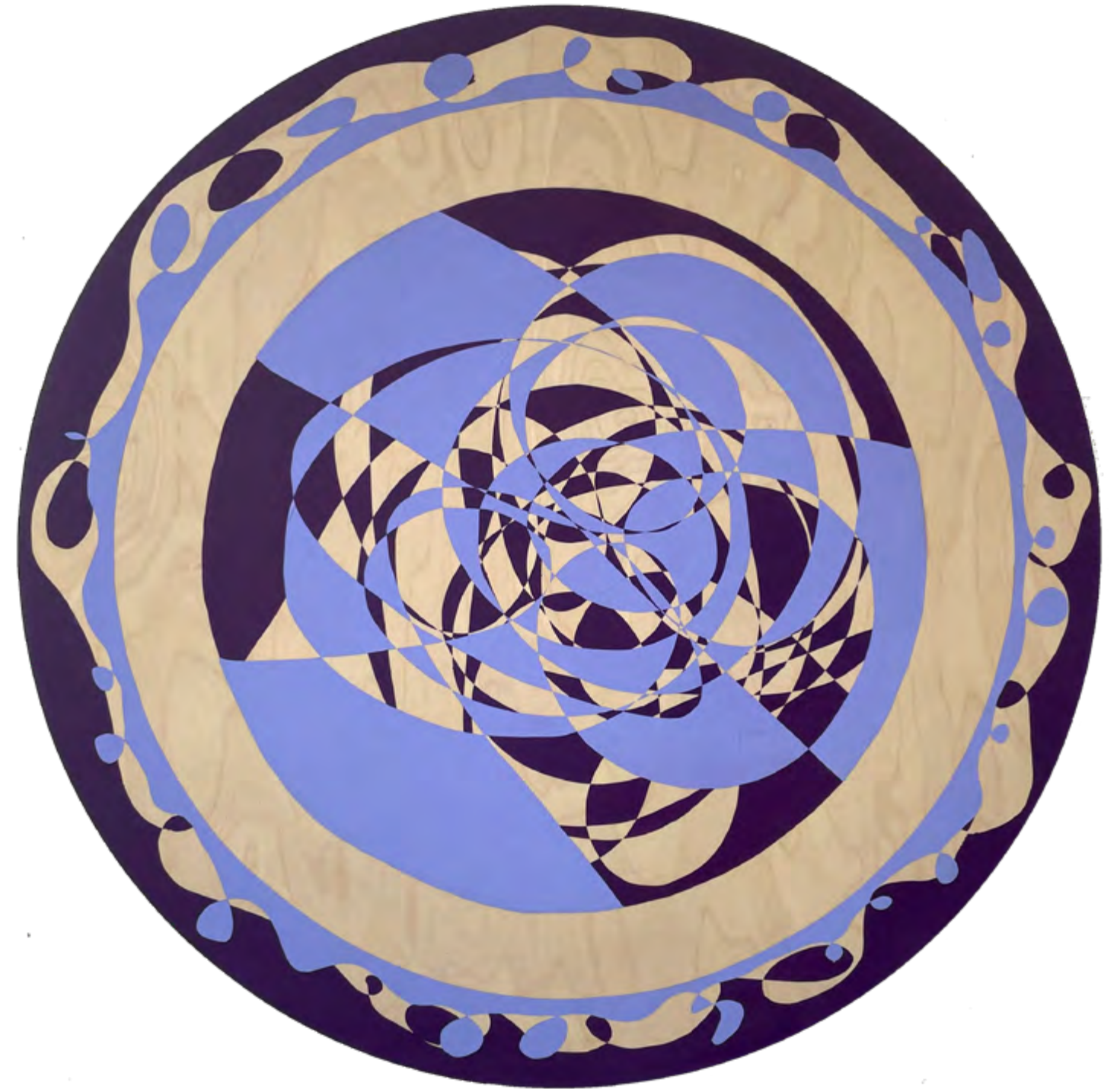
You will need to greet Fire.
The flames will already have taken their offering.

Wind will find you.
Bring you a gift or a curse.

Ocean will come over, closer than you want.
Hold your gaze.

Earth is here.
Patient as always.

You have been granted an audience.



Artwork: Leanne Kiely, *Confidence*.

Everydayness

Robert Bowerman

comforts us when we let it
old routines like well worn
slippers that fit just right

a morning coffee
a still moment
in dawn's first light

a walk on the waterfront
listening for the zoom zoom
of hummingbirds
and keeping a tally
(seven's my record)

sitting on a park bench
holding hands and soaking
up the Spring sun

listening to the gurgle
of the Millstream
while we sit on the balcony
eating biscuits
and sipping tea

chattering about nothing
small moments together
that shut out the ugliness

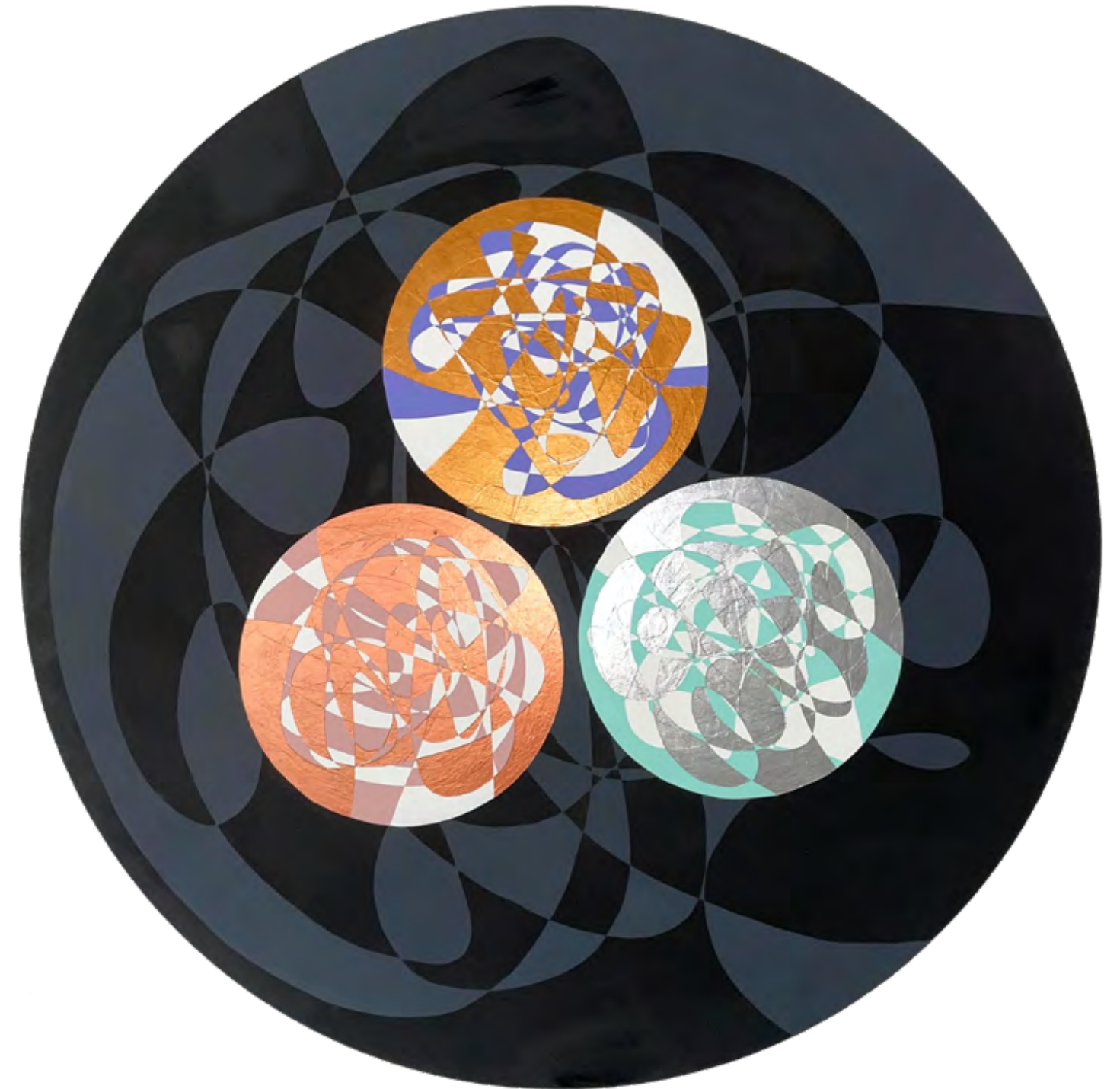
that always lurks
in the background

not ignoring it
but enjoying life
in spite of

and managing
an illegal smile

rather than give in

Sunday salmon
music and you



Artwork: Leanne Kiely, *Fortitude | Connection*.

The New 'F' Word

Heidi Greco

“Frack you, Bud” or “Frack off, eh.” These days, that’s about the rudest thing anyone can say. It’s hard to remember just when frack had become the new ‘F’ word, but it was long after the comedy sites and even the government news feeds had absorbed the old one as standard usage, when hearing it didn’t raise so much as a greying eyebrow. At least the basis of that old word had held some redeeming features, with its first slang meaning related to copulation, the act of making love. But this new one bore no such lineage.

All the big Corps – the Glom – had known it was coming. They’d been buying up clean water for decades; they’d even had the foresight to store quantities in above-ground reservoirs. It was as if they’d known what would eventually happen, that sooner or later the bombardment of their steady rounds of fracking would cause the chemicals to seep through and invade the vast underground aquifers, contaminating nearly all of North America’s groundwater.

The first real indicator came when the entire supply of Fort St. John’s water had been officially declared poisonous. That’s when it became clear that the rest of North America’s water table would soon be threatened, that the warnings had not been mere Green Party paranoia. After all, as the remaining scientists pointed out, waterways are connected, especially those that lie hidden beneath the planet’s surface.

The price of bottled water had, of course, gone through the roof. Certain champagnes went for less. Water as a commodity was more valuable than ever before, beating out any number of precious metals. Though the sick joke so many used to make wasn’t especially funny, you still occasionally heard it: “How’s about a nice tall glass of oil?” As for the tired response, it was usually a loud “Go frack yourself.”



If We Listen

Angela Zimmerling

“Come in,” he says. Emil stands on the rough wood porch of his cabin. His face is lined and creased by the sun and time. He looks as if he might have grown from the auburn earth and rocks of the valley, but he, too, has come from somewhere. Emil is a settler. The first European to claim land in Chase Creek Valley — the territories of the Secwépemc People. He trapped and he tore the earth and the forest — turned it to farm. When he grew old and older, Emil sold his land and sold it again. Always he was allowed to remain.

The land and farm are claimed by my parents now. They claim Emil, too, as a friend. An elder settler whose tales of the land when it was ‘new and wild’ entangle their imagination. My parents invite him to suppers and he welcomes us into his cabin for evening tea and cookies. I want to respect him, but my heart becomes sharp and hard at his presence.

“Come in,” he says again. He beckons and I notice again the traps that hang from the cabin wall. Their rusted chains and iron teeth. My twelve-year-old spirit curls within itself. I think of the fox and lynx, of the animals caught and torn by the traps and I wonder if they left behind young. Did they leave behind infants who perished in fear and in hunger? My gaze flits from the traps to Emil and back. Emil is a thief of forest and life. But, still — When he speaks of the animals who share the valley his voice flows and eddies. It carries wonder and falls into silence. He speaks of Mr. Coyote and Mrs. Mouse, Miss Bear, and Uncle Lynx. I dig my toe into the dust and scrub-grass. I feel the soft brush of Emil’s notice.

My parents follow Emil into the light of his cabin and my sister bounds after them. A coyote sings and another calls. Their voices rise from beyond the cedar and pine that edge the hay fields. My spirit leaps at their song. I raise my face to the sky and try their language on my tongue. Imagine the coyotes hear a kindred soul in my voice.

Silence.

I hear the scrape of a chair and the heavy fall of Emil’s thick black boots as he steps across his porch. He stops in the dust and scrub-grass at the edge of the light, his eyes fill with quiet and something I do not recognize. He smiles as he turns towards the shadow forest, the creek, and mountains. Towards the coyotes’ places.

“It’s like this, girl,” he says. He sings the coyotes’ song. For a moment we listen. He and I in stillness. And then we hear them. We hear them raise their voice in harmony — and in reply.





Artwork: Agnes Provost, *Tree Bath*.

**OFFERINGS
FROM
THE
EDITORS**



give me clouds

Ken Cathers

*he tells me, in his religion
you are given your own planet
when you die*

don't believe
it's a gift
I envy

too many details
left open

sounds lonely
a little vague.

one might receive
a ball of burning gas

a cold stone
tethered to a dead sun.

give me clouds
a dappled sky
to sail through

the green fields
rolling below.

give me clouds
their shapes shifting
into rain

the mist drifting
through trees.

keep your pious planets
I'll take a place

where I can watch
the world slide by

cover the sky
with shadow or open
on a sea of stars.

look up.
wave as I pass by.

I am that small cloud
in the distance

a child's balloon
floating skyward
in the dark



Somewhere You Wanted to Be

Rachelle Stein-Wotten

You wanted to be a park ranger on the land of dwarfing landscapes. Somewhere else, hiking cliffs of igneous, breathing mists of conifer, stewarding majesty for future generations of life. You would wear a hat, of course, brim shielding skin that nevertheless destined the birth of more freckles.

My hat is dusted with the soil of a million micro-organisms and sweat to fuel them. I slice through turf roots creeping into borders of woody shrub you planted with your beloved. The rhizomes grub for more space, but that is not where they are supposed to be according to the curving black plastic border you hammered in to prevent fraternization among species.

I cut six, eight – make it 12 – inches into the so-named lawn that sustains a 300-year-old legacy proclaiming one can afford to allot square footage to a gallery of monocropism. Look, it says, but do not touch.

Up come the bricks of turf builder, now 20 years rife with weedy opportunists since you last aerated and fertilized. In the bricks place will go age-old adapted bunch grasses with centre-of-the-earth seeking roots and mat-forming flowering perennials, each one reviving lungs long constricted, loosening clay, laying humus, storing carbon.

I blur edges you were conditioned to delineate. Disrupt the order that you imposed while you dreamed of fleeing to the rivers that carve geology with the same persistence. To the wilderness that some, at some time, agreed was worth preserving, that brings peace to your soul etched in obligation.

It is your gift of persistence that I apply to the shovel now, calling the wild back to the suburban illusion you helped conjure, like your father before. I peel back a fold of the curtain to reveal the somewhere you wanted to be was always here.



Owing great sensitivity to small changes

Carla Stein

“...where
nothing

will grow lie
cinders

in which shine
the broken

pieces of a green
bottle”

from *Between Walls*, William Carlos Williams

the Omnishambles breaks loose
uproar and commotion ensue

a disordered three-ring circus
chaos, turmoil, a state of mayhem

complete with free-for-all
snake pit madness in the region

hell, it's bedlam —
pandemonium

so much disarray
everything out of order

a frenzied snowstorm
a hurly-burly maelstrom

its hue and cry upheaval
a muddled riot

a babel-filled car crash
so unpredictable as to appear random

within that nest of lawlessness
that hullabaloo of tumult

a red cedar sprouts
sends ruby tendrils
into fire-blackened earth





COUNTERFLOW

ISSUE 4: CONTRIBUTORS

Aaron S Moran is based in Chilliwack, B.C. (unceded traditional territory of the Stó:lō Nation). He is interested in what happens to materials once they have been discarded, and uses found and reclaimed materials in all his work. He received a BFA from Emily Carr University and an MFA from the University of Windsor. Website: aaronsmoran.com.

Agnes Provost shares her journey through life's natural healing tools as she navigates life with an invisible disability.

Amanda Millard is a multi-disciplinary artist whose current work explores the hidden feral side of human nature, and our often forgotten place within the wilder world. She has previously exhibited in the UK, Spain, and Canada. Website: amandamillard.carrd.co.

Angela Zimmerling is a former journalist who works in poetry, fiction, creative non-fiction, and illustration. She is passionate about animal and human rights and welfare, and cares deeply about the environment. She lives on a small farm with her husband, four cats, a dog, two ponies, giant chickens, and runner ducks.

Anna Cavouras finds stories everywhere. Her work has been both short and longlisted. She is a former writer-in-residence with Firefly Creative Writing, a graduate of The Writer's Studio at SFU, and the current intern at Planet Earth Poetry. She always carries her feminist agenda. Instagram: [@a.cavouras.writer](https://www.instagram.com/a.cavouras.writer).

Apis Teicher is a Latinx-Canadian writer and artist based on Vancouver Island. Her art was nominated for a 2014 Aurora Award. She is the author of the Yappari Chronicles trilogy, the novella *Where Summer Ends, Autumn Begins*, and her poetry collection will be published by Tigerpetal Press in late 2025. Websites: uneide.com, www.apisteicher.com. Instagram: [@uneideart](https://www.instagram.com/uneideart).

Atticus Yus is a friend to some, and occasionally, writes more than just research essays.

Cindy Patrick is always in her formative years, semi-retired, living in a rainforest. Several of her poems found spaces with splendid literary publications *Blank Spaces*, *Subjectiv.*, *High Shelf Press*, *Griffel*, *The Van Isle Poetry Collective* and *The Prairie Journal*. She won the 2023 Leslie Strutt Canadian League of Poets Contest.

Diana Kolpak is a storyteller who uses poetry, photography, clown, theatre, and music as her media. She is the author of the children's book *Starfall* and is grateful to be living, creating, and dreaming on the unceded traditional territory of the K'ómoks First Nation. Website: dianakolpak.ca.

Diane Massam writes about time, place, and the entanglement of nature and mind. With recent publications in *Arc Poetry Magazine*, *Queen's Quarterly*, and *The New Quarterly*, she is a professor emeritus of linguistics at the University of Toronto, now living near the ocean in her hometown, Victoria. Instagram: [@massampoetry](https://www.instagram.com/massampoetry).

A longtime resident of Surrey, **Heidi Greco** lives on territory of the Semiahmoo Nation, not far from the beach where Indigenous people sustained themselves for centuries from the bounty of the sea. She writes in a range of genres, including grocery lists. Website: heidigreco.ca.

Janis La Couvée (she/her) is a writer, poet, and conservationist with a love of wild green spaces, from Campbell River, Canada—territory of the Liḡ'wíłdax̓w people. Words in *Viridine Literary*, *Bulb Culture Collective*, *Book of Matches*, *Isele Magazine*, *Paddler Press*, *Anti-Heroine Chic*, *Harpy Hybrid Review*, *Pure Slush*, among others. Online at janislacouvee.com.

Jasmina Charleston was born in Vancouver, B.C. Her first love, besides animals, was drawing. Her mediums of choice are watercolour pencils, charcoal, and ink; however, she recently has discovered digitizing her drawings. She currently lives in South Surrey/White Rock. Her muses are found in nature and folklore. Website: jasminacharleston.myportfolio.com/jasmina-charleston-creative-art. Instagram: [@jasminacharlestoncreative](https://www.instagram.com/jasminacharlestoncreative).

Jessie Li writes: "Art has always been my playground, where my imagination runs wild and free. I love to create without boundaries, letting my mind explore the endless possibilities that colors and lines can offer."

Kate Beck spends most of each day sending emails and sleeping and talking to strangers and lovers and finding food and eating food and walking around and driving and taking the bus and sometimes biking from place to place. In between these activities, Kate spends time noticing things and sometimes recording them.



Leanne Kiely uses her practice to explore the vibrant world of abstract painting. Her work captures the essence of emotion and spontaneity through a vivid array of colours and expressive line work. She invites her viewers to join her on this visual odyssey. Website: leannekiely.com.

Lillian Morpak is a writer from Vancouver Island, who enjoys writing poetry that includes elements of nature and nostalgia.

Nicole Moen (she/her) is the winner of *Island Writer Magazine's* 2022 poetry contest, Long Listed for the 2023 Magpie Award for Poetry and both Long-Listed for one poem and Second Runner Up for another for the 2024 Kingfisher Poetry Prize. Her poetry has been published in *The Purposeful Mayonnaise*, the anthology *Worth More Standing* and as chapbook *Gathering Roots*. She lives on lək̓ʷəŋən Homelands (Victoria, B.C.). Website: gatheringroots.ca.

Rob Lewis writes for the more-than-human world in the form of essays, poems, and articles. He is author of the poetry/essay collection, *The Silence of Vanishing Things*, and the Substack newsletter, *The Climate According to Life*. Website: theclimateaccordingtolife.substack.com.

Robert Bowerman is a retired teacher living in Nanaimo. Among others, his work has appeared in *The New Quarterly*, *Sea and Cedar Magazine*, *The White Wall Review* and on the Nanaimo Arts Council Website. He is the winner of the Van Isle Collective Poetry Contest.

Robie Liscomb is an old white guy living in the territory of the WSÁNEĆ People and practicing Buddhism in the flavours of Sōto and Plum Village. His published poetry is difficult to find, but he is open to email poem exchanges at rmel3@telus.net.

Svitlana Tetokina is an artist from Ukraine currently residing in Vancouver. She draws inspiration from the abundance of nature and animals that surround her. Through her art, she aims to evoke a sense of connection and inspire viewers to discover their own hidden beauty in the chaos of everyday life. Instagram: [@redsquirrrrel](https://www.instagram.com/redsquirrrrel).

Ward Norcutt is a writer of prose, poetry, and stage plays. He works professionally in set design, lighting design, acting, and directing (he also educates the willing in various technical and performance modalities of the theatre).





Svil 2023