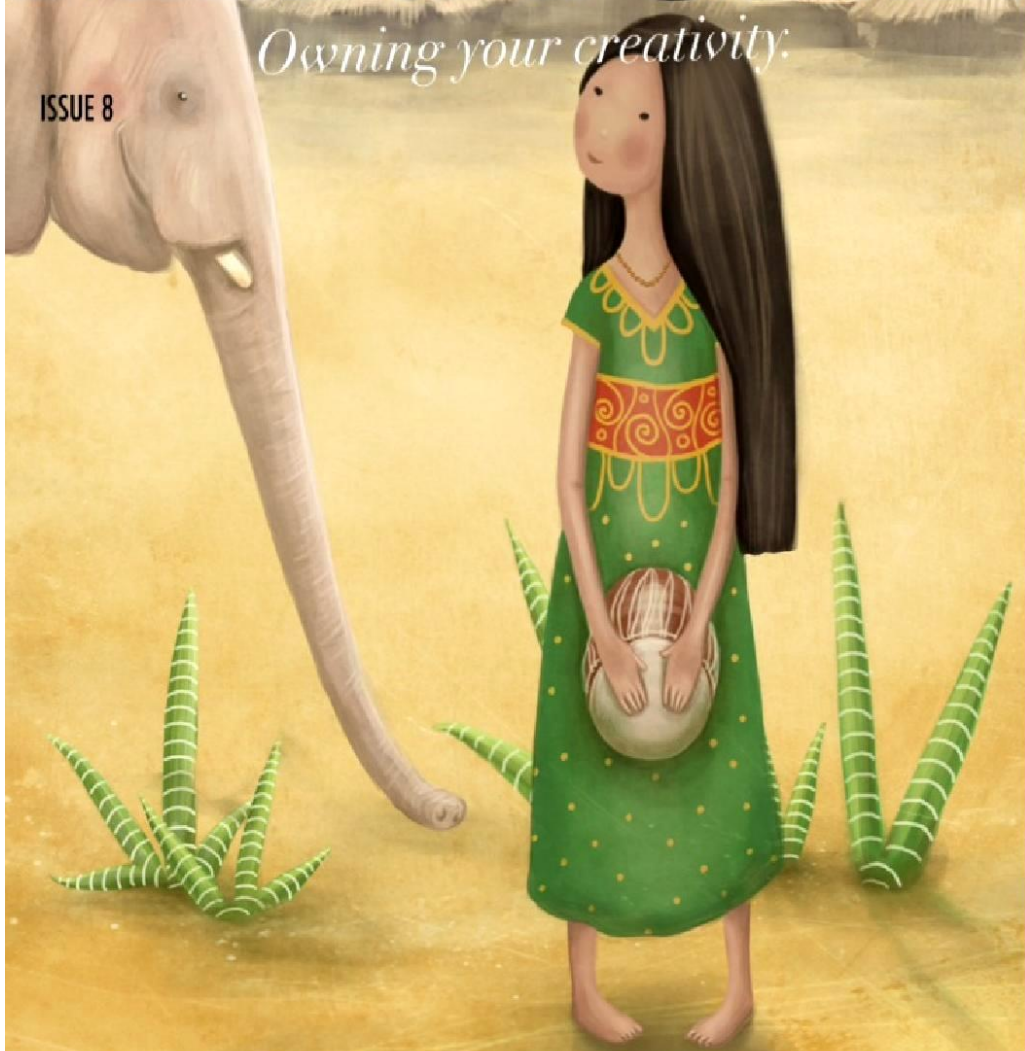


MIRACLE

Owning your creativity.

ISSUE 8



THE JOKER ISSUE
SHORT FICTION.POETRY.INTERVIEWS.WORSHOP.ARTWORKS

Poems By: Steven Fortune, Levi Wagenmaker, Imogen Cassels, Ben Nardolilli, Michael Parker, Grant Tarbard, ALurah Furner, Taylor Stephenson, Pascale Johnson, Rich Murphy, Lyn Lifshin, Dah, Melinda McDaniel, Peter (Ho Chenug) Lee, DE Navarro, Jennifer Workman, Beverly Horlacher, Rex Sexton, Micha Frazer-Carroll, Ndaba Sibanda, Alyssa Black, Fern G. Z. Carr, Laura Madeline Wiseman, John Grey, Steve Klepetar, Eugene Goldin, Elizabeth S. Hansen, Marc Jampole, Alex Webb, Audrey Hanye, Nadia Farah Mokdad, Mary E. Delabruere, Clio, Marius Surleac, Christopher Barnes, Lynda Bullerwell, Michael Lee Johnson, Ricky Garni, Nikhil Amarnath, Alyce Wilson, Rowland Begnall, P.C. Vandall, Jacob Erin-Cilberto, JT O'Dochartaigh, Daniella Cugini, Linda Crate, Evelyn Deshan, Cheryl A. Van Beek, Jessica Van De Kemp, Adam T. Bogar, Paul Strohm, Lee Mavin, Clive Gresswell, Nick Plumber, Ezeiyoke Chukwunons, Rich Murphy, Chinedu Ichu, Olga Kolesnikova, Yvonne Green, JB Mulligan and Hannah Scharton

Short Fiction by: Christina L. Rozelle, Peter Baltensperger, Christopher Cassavella, Daniel Kwiatkowski, David Flynn, Eric Lawson, Ian Sands, Lela Marie De La Garzia, Adam T. Bogar and Ndaba Sibanda

Artworks by: Silvia Carrus, Sally Deskins and Arejay Grimm (RJ Wilcox)



orchid Pavilion

- PETER (HO CHEUNG) LEE

You never look the same within your
slender waxy blazes. My garden, no
scent from your eyes but in thoughts
I sketched your anther in calligraphy.
Mildly cursive this time. The choral voices
whispered the dark forest like fear
spreading. Waves of sharp black caressed
the grained Xuan paper to curve and
arc the tune of your love verses.
I emptied three cups of plucked theme
before sleeping in the crimson petals.
Time nurtures the occupied soil.
This day the pavilion feels the same
in the absence of those inquisitive
worms. So much eventless under the
silk of mist which obscures your
flowery clusters as if a spaceless
passage of imagined colours was
all that I knew about you, all
about that which the breeze bore.