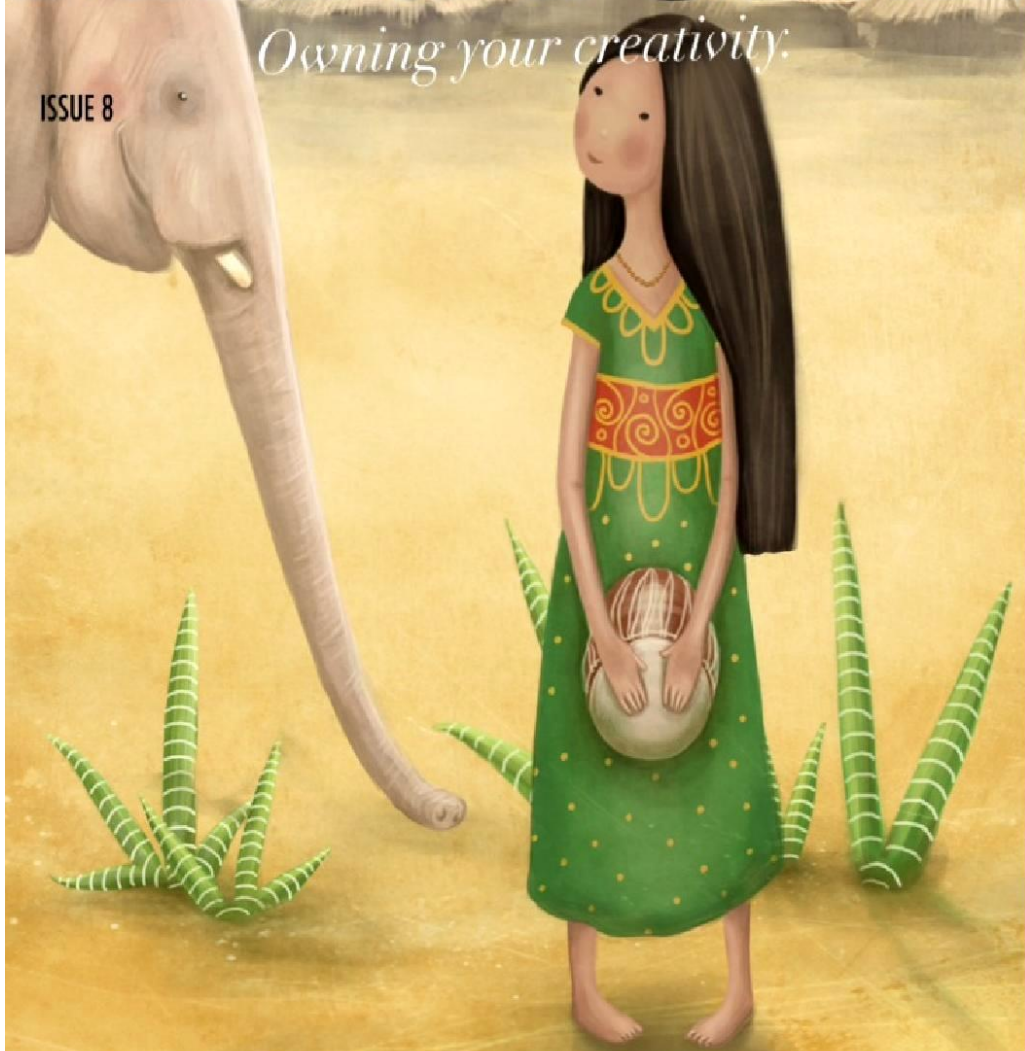


MIRACLE

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)



Autumn Song

- PETER (HO CHEUNG) LEE

"Some tea for you, John?"
Uncle smiles, and watches the movement.

Aunt Sau-ling giggles throughout with
wives of others in the fleeting evening.
Her laughter a narrative between time zones.

Banquets are still
my current childhood.

Poh-Poh.
She lives to see much of the future.
Noise and nuisance and all.

It comes like rain,
when the fire-cracker blasting from the
green tiles gets trapped in my skull.
Wrinkled hands in overlapping circles.

Three guests away,
I would not recall Aunt Choi-har if not for her
nail-painting with henna petals.
Her mother had asked this school girl to wait
for the red to blossom.

And there is the old crystal tune after the
viscous shark's fin soup.
The elder in ecstasy, and hopes this never ends.
Our sheer presence is easily her best gift
and triumph.

Down the lane somewhere,
a young fellow at the round table tickles
himself with an arbitrary imagination

over a weathered man in black suit,
for his misty past that shaped him into
the being appears in another long-awaited
jamboree for the next elder.
Is he, then, an overseas uncle,
a fragment of a child's recollection, or simply
a ghostly gaunt guest?

And I leave with the girl before closure.
Another October.