



912 Review

Winter 2024 - Volume 1

Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the inaugural issue of 912 Review, a curated collection that showcases the boundless creativity of artists and writers from across the globe. This edition is more than just a literary and artistic journal—it is a gathering place for voices that resonate from different corners of the world, each bringing their unique perspectives, cultures, and experiences to light.

What makes this issue special is the richness of its diversity. From the rhythmic echoes of the Oceti Sakowin in South Dakota to the lyrical narratives of Ireland, we have crafted a mosaic of voices that remind us of the universality of human expression. Our featured poet, Pte San Win Little Whiteman, embodies this spirit with poetry that weaves advocacy and healing through themes of justice and cultural resilience. Similarly, our international contributors, including the works of Nicola Jennings from Dublin and John McMahon's vivid imagery from Scotland, bring a tapestry of stories and art that bridge continents and contexts.

This issue not only celebrates diversity in geography but also in form and genre. You will find layered paintings alongside poignant poetry, striking photography paired with prose poetry, and narratives that traverse modern urban settings to the timeless landscapes of memory. Each piece, whether visual or textual, invites you to linger, reflect, and connect with the essence of the human experience.

I hope this first volume of 912 Review inspires you as much as it inspired me in its creation. Let this journal serve as a testament to the power of storytelling and artistry to unite, heal, and transcend.

Thank you for joining us on this journey. Here's to celebrating the voices that make our world beautifully complex.

All the light,

*Whitnee Coy
Editor-in-Chief, 912 Review*

**Cover Art - Kristen T. Woodward, Seduction of the Minotaur, 30" diameter, encaustic on cradled wood panel, 2024*

Featured Poet:

Pte San Win Little Whiteman is an Oglala Lakota poet who uses poetry for advocacy and healing. Most of their poetry highlights mental health awareness, environmental, racial, and social justice, land/body relationships, and language revitalization. They are

Brave New Voices alumni and have experience performing on stages such as The Kennedy Center, Native Pop, Black Hills Artist Market, and Poetry Out Loud. They were interviewed for Teen Vogue and Indian Country Today, and they won a publication with the Tribal College Journal for AIHEC's creative writing contest in August 2023. Pte San

Win is a youth coordinator for NDN Girls Book Club and has experience facilitating writing workshops, poetry slams, and open mics. They hope to inspire others to read, write, and perform poetry as it is an act of oral & aural tradition. A practice that has kept many cultures alive today.

Oranges

Pte San Win Little White Man

I do not like peeling oranges.
I do not like the way,
the skin,
squeezes,
its way between my nails,
lurking where dirt and grime hide.
I do not like the residue left on my fingers and hands,
orange mist and stained fingertips,
I feel icky and sticky.

I do not like peeling oranges.

Yet I find myself quietly sitting,
patiently,
with tender,
gentle hands,
I peel an orange for you.

Ignoring grime between nail beds,
only caring about taking a small burden off your chest.

I do not like peeling oranges.

But I'd peel them for you if the same words,
danced off your lips.

A Daydream

Pte San Win Little Whiteman

Pattering on a roof,
trickling raindrops linger down the window of my apartment.
I gaze into the dreary night,
milky, grey clouds wisp through the sky,
while the noise of the city dances in the bone marrow of buildings.
I wonder who kissed the sun first,
skyscrapers, mountains, or the sea?
I sit on my satin couch,
eyes, glued to glass pane,
mind, drifting into a brew of dreams.
A tea kettle screams,
my feet make contact with wood floorboards,
and I stumble over my curiosity.
Tippy-toeing for mint tea,
drizzling honey over steam,
the city lights grasp my attention,
and I am left wondering,
and wondering,
just how long until the city falls asleep,
or where the echoes journey.

Telling The Bees

Bruce McRae

The cat wants in and the dog wants out.
All of my life I've been opening doors
and shutting windows.
I'm being touched by moonlight
while travelling room to room.
Most of my books are never to be written.
Throw a few odd prayers in my direction,
my time being spent in waiting.
I turned thirteen in the Summer of Love.
I've seen flower power shift a million units.
Naked under the skin,
I'm living downwind from America.
I can hear America dreaming,
while never having to leave the house.
I sit on its steps and scrub the stoop,
outwitted by a march of insects,
stymied by impatience,
Destiny and Fortune yucking it up,
the Fates and Furies coupling.
A phone rings and I am frightened.
There's always something strange and new,
something awful and unnatural.
There's always something.

Biography: 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. The winner of the 2020 Libretto prize and author of four poetry collections and seven chapbooks, his poems have been broadcast and performed globally.

On Learning a Lover had Died a Suicide

Con Chapman

I got the news that you had died as I was eating American chop suey, watching the Celtics. This was, I recalled, an issue for you, that I knew when every game would be on TV, but hadn't enough time for you. Also that I was such a peasant that I would rather eat such stuff than take you to Le Bocage. We had our times, but you were not made for my world, nor I for yours. The caller said you'd checked yourself out of the dementia ward; they thought you were taking a bus into Middletown. Instead, you left a note behind that you intended to "do myself harm," a stilted phrase, formal, just the sort of thing you'd say when you were in an uprising against the world. Apparently no one found it for several days, touching off a search of the deep river, where they found you. I found you on-line in motley, a tie-dyed t-shirt, staring into the camera, one nostril smaller than the other, that being the side you slept on, next to me, as we listened to Enescu that night, our bodies humming for once in tune with each other.

Homage to Elizabeth Jennings

Con Chapman

I'm sure had we met I would have overlooked you as plain,
ordinary; yet reading you now, eight years after you died,
is a bit like the light you wrote about in Delay, which left
the star years ago, and glowed on a face below after it was spent.
You wrote of the road up Calvary, and how idle onlookers may
have joined in the scorn heaped upon the Savior for a thrill.
Isn't that the way it works; two or three with a stake in the matter,
the rest indifferent until caught up in the madness of others.
Barred from hotel bars and restaurants because you drank too much,
and perhaps because of a failure to attend to your person and dress,
you won the prizes but seemed to disdain the people who gave them,
mere merchants of art who saw the light but felt not the fire.
They put you away in the mental home, where you could see
yourself as if from afar, still vibrating like an electric coil.
In youth you'd gone to the circus, but now remembered only the bus ride
there, your mind making a better show than the one before your eyes.

Of a Friend Whose Brother Died Young

Con Chapman

I heard as we leaned, drinking beer,
against our cars on a low-water bridge
that a friend lay crying, in a field
for a brother, dead for several years.
There was no logic to the thing;
he'd left to drive his girl around.
She had lived and he had died
that's just the luck that chance will bring.
The place was much too far away
for us to do him any good.
We pictured others helping him
and so we stayed, and so we stood.
The sky above us was the same,
a carousel that spun around
a pole star blinking overhead
that didn't know its earthly name.
I saw it as a cobalt blue
I guessed to him that it seemed black
as beer flowed o'er my rising gorge
and he lay weeping on his back.
The bridge beneath my feet was dry,
the ground on which he laid his head
was wet and cold to chill his heart;
he asked "Why did you have to die?"
We heard the tale from someone else
who saw him and relayed his words.
The earth's indifferent to us all,
and so no answer would be heard.

Biography: Con Chapman is a Boston-area writer whose poetry has appeared in The Christian Science Monitor, Light, and a number of literary magazines. He is the author of: "Rabbit's Blues: The Life and Music of Johnny Hodges" (Oxford University Press), winner of the 2019 Book of the Year Award by Hot Club de France.

Life and Times of a Forgotten Town

John Grey

A stagnant river
oozes under a rusty bridge
that connects east and west sides
of a stagnant town.

The streets remind me of a safe
with a door swung open
and all its valuables gone.

The diner's shuttered.

So is the public bathroom.

The sign to "Grove City - ten miles"
has pointed in the wrong direction
for fifteen years.

A card game
in the home of a retired factory worker
is the sole entertainment
for any male over 60.

The old women with walkers
are the girls they once danced with.

Biography: John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in New World Writing, North Dakota Quarterly and Lost Pilots. Latest books, "Between Two Fires", "Covert" and "Memory Outside The Head" are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in California Quarterly, Birmingham Arts Journal, La Presa and Shot Glass Journal.

Searching for the Minotaur - Series

Kristen T. Woodward



Seated (orange) Minotaur, 12" diameter, encaustic on cradled wood panel, 2024

Searching for the Minotaur - Series

Kristen T. Woodward



Blue Minotaur, 12" diameter, encaustic on cradled wood panel, 2023

Biography: Kristen T. Woodward received her BFA in Printmaking from Syracuse University, and her MFA in Studio Art from Clemson University. Her zoomorphic paintings combine encaustic and print processes, and often utilize found collage materials. Woodward is currently a Professor in the Department of Art & Art History at Albright College, teaching drawing, painting, printmaking, and gender and the visual arts. She has recently been collaborating with an environmental biologist to explore tropical ecosystems in Costa Rica.

Him

John McMahon

around him
the wildlife breaks
his edges;
crows in hedges -
Bluebirds buzzing
to and fro, tiny
lightning bolts -
no longer up addictions
alleyway -
he likes it here

Biography: John McMahon is a poet from sunny Dumbarton in Scotland. He lives with his wife and daughter. He has appeared in many magazines and anthologies. He self-published his first collection of poetry last year. He has bipolar disorder, but he tried to live by the statement that he's more than his diagnosis.

Bridge

Michael Diebert

Funny—now that they're not here anymore, I can see them
as I never saw them before, at their usual table

in the great beyond, my mother sipping a Collins,
smoking again, head down and dealing hands, she is North

and my aunt is South, my uncle is East and my cousin
is West, my other cousin just arrived and is standing by,

they are sharks, they are whispering into their cards, the bid
one heart, my cousin is gin and tonic, my other cousin

is pinot grigio, my aunt is beer, my uncle is strictly
soda, happy hour, the lounge filling but never full,

new tables, new specials popping up every second,
all volumes of voices, all resumés, saints and reprobates

side by side, clean slate, regret is a time-suck and beside
the point, jazz quartet warming up, feeling their way back

into the same set as yesterday, now and then new
ostinato, new grace note, no matter, my mother will wait

all night for "Moon River," that one was hers and my father's
and she will sing along off-key, proudly, no more mumbling—

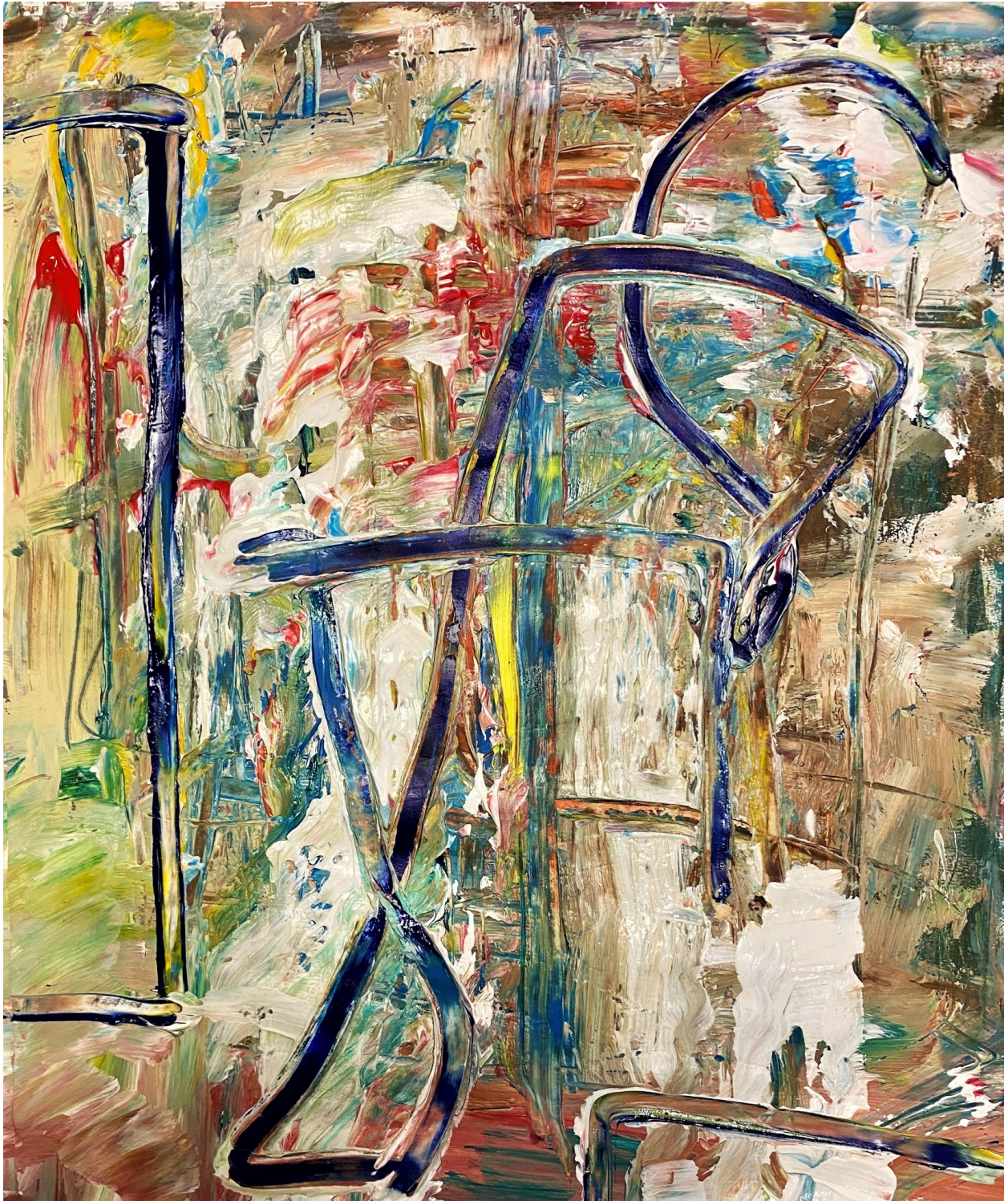
they don't need me, they're living. While I've been rhapsodizing
my mother has made slam. She kills her drink, waves over

the server, lights another, grins like she rules the kingdom.

Biography: Michael Diebert is the author most recently of *Thrash* (Brick Road, 2022). He teaches writing and literature at Perimeter College, Georgia State University. Recent poems appear in *Book of Matches* and *Ponder Review* and will appear in *San Pedro River Review*. His work has also been featured on the podcast *Secret Architecture: The Process of Process* and in the zine *Not My Small Diary*. A two-time cancer survivor, Michael lives in Avondale Estates, Georgia with his wife and dogs.

Remind Me After the Rain

Ernest Williamson III



Acrylics on paper

Red Chair By Bay Window

Ernest Williamson III



Acrylics on paper

Biography: Dr. Ernest Williamson III has published creative work in over 600 journals. Williamson has published poetry in over 200 journals, including *The Oklahoma Review*, *The Roanoke Review*, *Pamplmouse*, formerly known as *The Gihon River Review*, *The Copperfield Review*, *The Penwood Review*, and *Wilderness House Literary Review*. Some of his visual artwork has appeared in journals such as *Columbia: A Journal of Literature and Art*, *The William & Mary Review*, *New England Review*, *The Tulane Review* and *The Wisconsin Review*. Currently, Ernest lives in Tennessee.

Rock On

Troy Schoultz

It's ninety degrees in the VIP area which resembles
Recess for prisoners of war. My buddy of thirty years is
An alcoholic Peter Pan, torn, faded Iron Maiden shirt
Chain-smoking, two four packs of Milwaukee's Best tall boys to the wind
And a twenty borrowed from me that I'll never see change for.
I'm worn down with a bad right knee and heatstroke,
My drinking days in the rearview, sipping Mountain Dew
And eyeing the fading club queens, tanning bed legs and
Halter tops grinding away at each other as if
Relieving themselves of that post-divorce itch.
The second opening band play R&B with a brass horn section
As the old 70's tune goes "it ain't what they call rock and roll."
They look to be my dad's age
But are possibly younger than I.
My buddy flips them off and tosses his empty pack at the stage.
Mutters something about stupid fucks only wearing flip flops to a mosh.
We wait for the main act to drag us back to the spandex and eyeliner
Rage of our youth. Its my knee that screams louder than the lead singer,
Longing to join those lounging on the grass
with their lawn chairs, coolers and blankets
Lightning splits the clouds and the rain falls cooling off those around us.
Security motions the soundboard to cut it short,
Which means I get to go home, get into something dry
Brew some tea, dig out some vinyl
And turn up the stereo.

Biography: Troy Schoultz is a lifelong Wisconsin resident. His poems, stories, and reviews have appeared in *Seattle Review*, *Rattle*, *Slipstream*, *Chiron Review*, *Santa Monica Review*, *Adirondack Review*, *Palooka* and many others in the U.S. and U.K. since 1999. He is the author of three collections of poetry, and is a two-time Pushcart Prize nominee. He is also an analog collage artist, and hosts *Mr. Troy's Lo-Fi Motel Radio Hour* on Oshkosh 101.9 FM. He currently resides in Oshkosh, WI.

How Embarrassing

David Hadbawnik

How embarrassing to have died and not
be present when those who did not die speak
of you even in fondness not to be
able to turn one's head away from such talk
how embarrassing to be dead when your
name's called over the loudspeaker so that
you can't answer can't approach the front desk
to pick up the package or understand
what the hell's going on if there had been
roses for instance what would you have done
but arrival is often confounded
has a way of slipping from the grasp like
a false spring nestling the house with warmth that
falls into the embarrassment of death

Biography: David Hadbawnik is a poet, translator, and medieval scholar. Recent books include a translation of the *Aeneid* (Shearsman, 2023); an edited volume, *Postmodern Poetry and Queer Medievalisms* (Medieval Institute Publications, 2022); and a book of poetry, *Holy Sonnets to Orpheus and Other Poems* (Delete Press, 2018). He currently lives in the Minneapolis area with his wife and family.

Covid Color - Series

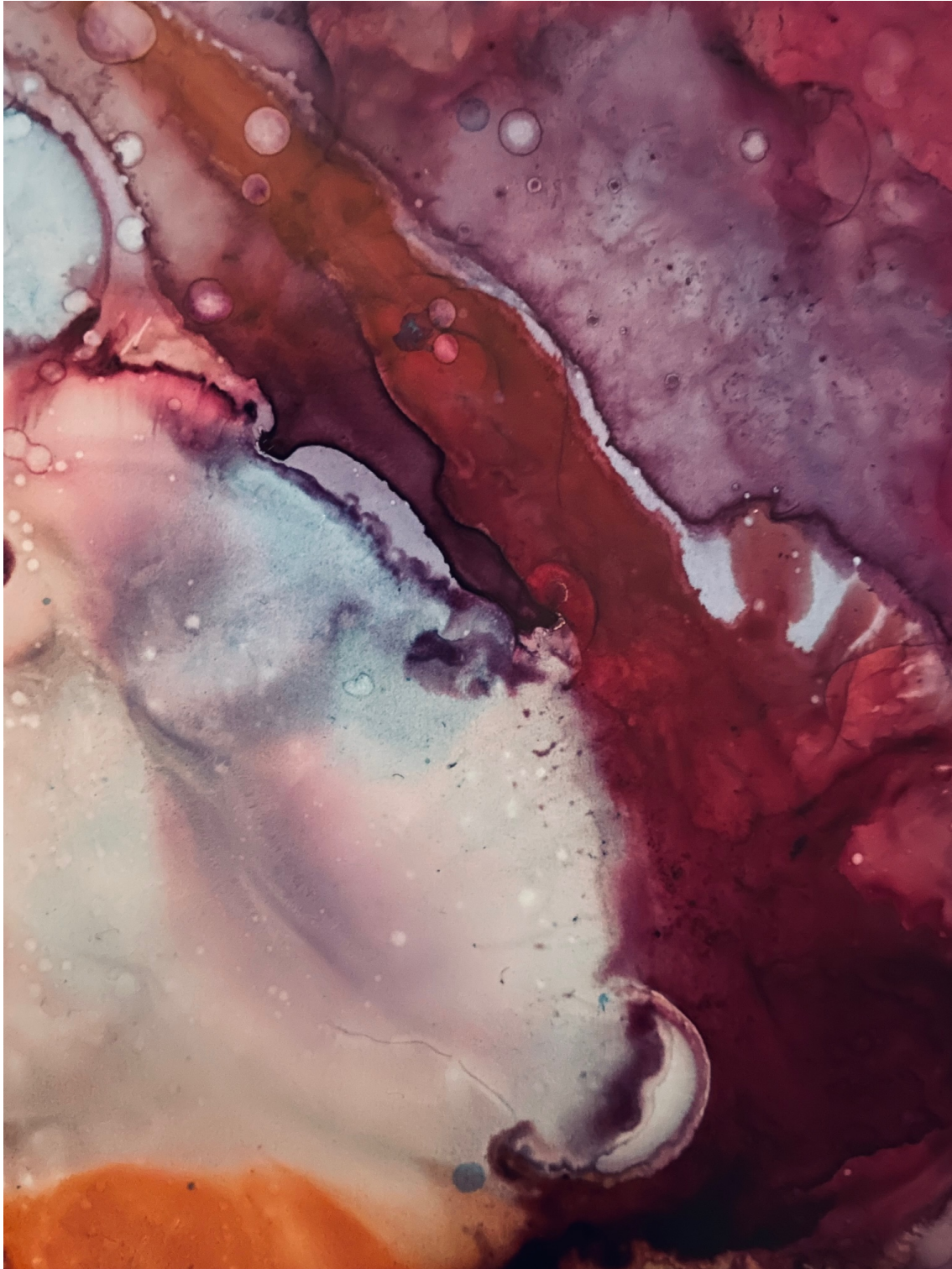
Cynthia Yatchman



Untitled, alcohol ink painting made in 2022-2024 based on nature

Covid Color - Series

Cynthia Yatchman



Untitled, alcohol ink painting made in 2022-2024 based on nature

Covid Color - Series

Cynthia Yatchman



Untitled, alcohol ink painting made in 2022-2024 based on nature

Biography: Cynthia Yatchman is a Seattle based artist and art instructor. A former ceramicist, she received her B.F.A. in painting (UW). She switched from 3D to 2D and has remained there ever since. She works primarily on paintings, prints and collages. Her art is housed in numerous public and private collections. She has exhibited on both coasts, extensively in the Northwest, including shows at Seattle University, SPU, Shoreline Community College, the Tacoma and Seattle Convention Centers and the Pacific Science Center. She is a member of the Seattle Print Art Association and COCA.

Sister Cities

Christian Garduno

Nothing is impossible on a night like this
on a ship without a sea
reluctant fifth notes
watching silent films on mute
I live in the basement of your dreams
hanging on by a tendon
I'm pretty sure the clouds were drunk that night
I felt you sighing in your sleep

Biography: Christian Garduno's work can be read in over 100 literary magazines. He is the recipient of the 2019 national Willie Morris Award for Southern Poetry, a Finalist in the 2020-2021 Tennessee Williams & New Orleans Writing Contest, and a Finalist in the 2021 Julia Darling Memorial Poetry Prize. He lives and writes along the South Texas coast with his wonderful wife Nahemie and young son Dylan.



Scene & Said Series, Mike Stanko, #7, acrylic paint on canvas

Autumn Garden

L. Shapley Bassen

These Helens came late to the party.
They won't leave without the drummer.
October plays a mean snare.
The beat is gonna get you.
Blue sky so clear but there's a scent
of smoke somewhere. It gets
in your eyes. Troy is burning.

Biography: L. Shapley Bassen's grandmother was a telegrapher on Wall Street over a century ago who taught her to read and tapped messages to her in Morse Code. A New Yorker living in Rhode Island, she is a multi-published & prize-winning author of fiction, poetry, & drama. [2nd novel BLUE MONKEYS accepted for Winter '24 – Spring '25 publication by SHY CITY HOUSE (Chicago).

Biography: Mike Stanko is an NYC/LI artist whose images have often appeared with interviews as covers on Dan's Papers in the Hamptons. He's also been featured repeatedly opening WCBS-TV's "Sunday Morning".

Aunt B

Gerald Yelle

To hear her tell it
the family put the best
face on our
mother breaking
vows to leave
the convent and marry
a high-school
boyfriend, the kind
of guy who
wanted more kids
though her diabetes
was getting
worse and another
pregnancy
would've killed her.
As it was
she needed dialysis.
They cut her
leg off at the knee.
She died and Aunt B
reminded us
that he saw
the Devil when he
looked in the mirror.
She feared for
our safety.
To hear her tell it
our mother lay
in the hospital too
weak to get
out of bed and all
he talked
about was shacking
up with his
one-legged gal.

Biography: Gerald Yelle has worked in restaurants, factories, schools and offices. His books include *The Holyoke Diaries*, *Mark My Word and the New World Order*, and *Dreaming Alone and with Others*. His chapbooks include "No Place I Would Rather Be" and "A Box of Rooms." He lives in Amherst, Massachusetts.

Half Kisses

Michael Brockley

after "This Old Heart of Mine (Is Weak for You), the Isley Brothers

I once sang about being weak in the legs for a lover who'd left me a hundred times, while driving my '76 Nova through the backroads of Delaware county with a brown-eyed girl. During our hunt for a kennel with a litter of sable German shepherd pups for sale. She flew box kites above the playground near the diamond where I played slow-pitch softball, a right fielder/catcher who always batted tenth. She loaned me back issues of Rolling Stone and albums by Buffy Sainte-Marie. The Procol Harum LP with the hit about turning cartwheels across the floor. I could never hold Ronnie Isley's falsetto notes. Always serenaded her off key. While parked across from her house, she recalled the year of Bible study when she learned how to make love the Christian way. Of her desiring the erotic intimacy of a faith shared. Yet she stalked Rod Stewart in catsuits and stiletto heels whenever he toured the Midwest. Wore Emeraude perfume to his concerts with the black-heart necklace I gifted her one Valentine's Day. And shoplifted The Hunger from the used bookstore where I subbed. The woman with a hundred names had a rose tattoo on her right breast. She asked about speed reading, about my history of chugging Hoppin' Gators and wrestling in the dorm as Gorilla Monsoon. About my history of swinging late. She swore if we ever made love she could never see me again.

Biography: Michael Brockley is a retired school psychologist who lives in Muncie, Indiana. His poems have appeared in Last Stanza Poetry Journal, Trailer Park Quarterly, and Visiting Bob: Poems Inspired by the Life and Work of Bob Dylan. Poems are forthcoming in Prole, Poetry and Prose, The Prose Poem, and Alien Buddha.

Sea Floor

Katie Hughbanks



A marigold is submerged in water to create an other-worldly image.
Photograph taken with an Olympus T6

Saturday's Dream

Katie Hughbanks



Water droplets on a simple feather make interesting patterns in the light.
Photograph taken with an Olympus T6

She's a Daisy

Katie Hughbanks



A wild fleabane daisy underwater has a large air bubble attached.
Photograph taken with an Olympus T6

Biography: Katie Hughbanks is a photographer and writer whose art has been recognized internationally. Her photos appear in various publications, including in *Peatsmoke Journal*, *In Parentheses*, *L'Esprit Literary Review*, *New Feathers Anthology*, *Glassworks Magazine*, *Azahares*, *Etymology*, and *Black Fork Review*. She teaches English and Creative Writing in Louisville, Kentucky.

Seeing

Nicola Jennings

I never thought
I'd see the day when
I would need
my grandmother's magnifying glass
now I use it all the time
to read documents, maps,
and letters,
identify long lost faces
in fading photographs
and every time
I use it I see her
impossibly old
sitting in her chair
with the cat on her knee
reading the paper
and eating peppermints

Biography: Nicola Jennings lives in Dublin. Her poems have been published in the *The Plane Tree*, *Crannog*, *The Waterford Review*, *Burren Meitheal*, *The Stinging Fly* and online poetry magazines *A New Ulster* and *The Pickled Body*. Her collection of short stories *Horse* was a finalist in the 2012 Eludra Awards (Hidden River Arts, Philadelphia). Her short story *Muscle Memory* was included in the *Hennessy Book of Irish Fiction 2005-2015*, New Island Books, 2015. She is a member of Airfield Writers, Dundrum, Dublin, Ireland.

