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The Sound of Scissors Clipping Banoo Zan/Letter to My Father. Wanda Deglane // There's Something Here Jessie Lynn McMains//Designer Sadness. Shelly Lynn Stone // Reasons I'm a Very Bad Writer. Megha Katoria Wilderness of my Dreams Illustrations by Liz Balise. Aviva Lilith // college List Classifications of Clouds

SGR ISSUE 2 - THE HANDWRITTEN ISSUE LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

I keep a diary - though I have to call it that. The word "diary" Rels reductive to my handwritten world. My notebooks contain so many different aspects of my thoughts & lived experience; my memories, dreams, to do lists, drafts, goals, receipts, appointments, laments delusions, & pure speculation are all there in print. I've never shown this part of myself to anyone else & I continue to write in secret. Despite this, I've always had the fantasy of finding someone elses diary. I wanted to discover someone else's inner workings expressed through their written words.



Amber ¥ Editor, Sad Girl Review @ambervisualartist



This issue of Sad Girl Review was born of the desire to strike a balance between the private act of writing and the public act of display. I want to sincerely thank each contributor (and all that submitted) for sharing such personal work with us. In the following pages you'll see spelling mistakes, scribbles, arrows, and amendments... but you'll also see unique, personal approaches to life that aren't seen elsewhere. In the end, isn't that what art and writing are all about?



M I ride my bike again the day after I am hit by a car, no belovet. The first time, that is. The second time I tuck the strap underreath my chun so tightly I feel like my jaw is stuck. I have no where to put my phone. It breaks. Shetters on the cidewalk, 50 ft from where my hand ripped on the undernire of an engine. I don't ride my bike again A year passes, then three. forget the y-# passuand on the chain that keeps it locked to the wall of the 2nd' level parking basement of my apartnent building? When someone asics me where I got that scar on my hand, I say I did it with my teeth. Weak ending?

I AM NOT INTERESTED IN KEEPING MY FEET CLEAN ANY MORE.

JNy 17. 2018.

Sanna Wani // Bikes with Teeth & Unclean Feet





An a frushed shilness, Stan got shald of myhair, pouring your the hunes. The red of a rose. Jam spawning little hellflames from the roots their hot light flickering, killing virtently All might, flowering lust in my deathgoure I come to you wreathed in blood :

Jue loss. is a Crossings Sare the Mechanical Without Sacrificings

Near a bridge you will a Shoft play

Clare Louise Harmon// Advice from My Teachers on The Performance of Western Art Music

Find Clare on Instagram & Twitten @the hegel project



Erion the side of the Double



Reasons I Have Trust Issues · Grocery Store Sushi. · Carnivals in random parting Lots. · roundabouts. Traffic circles. WHATEVER. · When you call a every woman "my dear · all food purchased at a gas station · Weather Forecasts in Michigan, in April. . The way my dad says he "doesn't drink as much" . The dollar store. Literally everything. · "Thoughts and prayers · people who use other people · Vanity Sizing . The way my man says "you should lose weight and then "you look great!" and then "you are too this" and then women your age who lose that much weight are up to no good · Dive bor bothrooms For so many reasons - The words "let me buy you a drink" · People who ask to be used · People who like Michael Bay Movies . Knowing you don't consider me in any way · Facebook's "most recent" algorithm . The words "wanna make some easy money?" · Shopping mall ear piercing stores and unqualified 17 year old employees Fresh off a smoke break · waterproof mascara The way you sometimes kiss me and it feels like it could go on Forevor but it atorest doesn't and never could Igm

Isabella J. Mansfield // Reasons I Have Trust Issues

An unnemarkable pinot grigis from the sale Section of a grocery Outlet; three full glasses,

dushy bane feet outstretched on the Sota, now three empty gasses, an unopened bank notice on the counter

tobacco under a lip like a snail



Spangle McQueen//1984.



3:22 AM My entire existence feels as if it's caving in, and I don't know how to stop this unwanted sensation or at least slow it down. It starts at the belly button. That's the core of the committion. And then the rest of my body just slips into the sinkhole - leaving the heart disheveled and stretching the brain like putty.





Once a lover took me as hostage He left track marks behind " myknees, in the tender skin of my ankles, used up every good vein, got me high so high - could not escape, not without claw marks or blood.

Spring hangs her infant



to the next curve GROUND ZERO. Went stops: potential project ine need to draw the connections lidentity 4 Missin 74 VIOLIN-BOOKONE idulogy v. partismolip structure history connect We are all mirrors for each other. Hostage & To The Next Curve Vivian Wagner Here, All of It Here, Allof St. I'm the steady rain On pines this cool, gray morning. I malso the trees.

Sometimes I feel the caress of a trembling rope pushing streff against my throat My indifference scares it away and it ceases to strangle me.

Marion Costentin / Sometimes

antidote for heartbreak

marinate my fresh-dried tears in salted water boiled clean of love's debris - I yearn to evaporate memoriles I choked back in glass thimbles I mistook for nector labeled poison the doctor named heartbreak: he assumed pronouns I'd buried in my womb, prescribing me & tincture with the wrong name, hers so alluring, so sweet, so toxic: 2 crystalline melody tinkling times passage as she slammed shut the doorway between us, embroidered our names on a note I incinerated to cleanse water whole & holy in which to be the my heaving bosom : he said the fumes would numb the pain pricking my heart pounding its slowed mythin routil it fulled back to mild, recrotic tissue esten & discarded, scarred wounds nealed over the water seeping into my flesh wrinkled & ready to wallow in its well, this heavy griff my newfound blanket so hard to wrest the rest I crave I seek I need to let it settle, & ease, & heal.



Jenene Ravesloot/ Sylvia Piath Cento 1 & 11

JENENE RAVESLOOT

TONIGHT THE WAIT'S BEQUE AGAIN. EMPTY I ECHO TO THE FAST FOOT FALL.

THAT'S WHAT I'LL REMEMBER ALAWST THE CRACKING CLIMATE FROZEN, PEACEFUL

DEPATURE, DEPARTURE ip Single FILE -THE STAR-DISTANCE FACES.

MOON'S RICTUS-THE WOODS CREAK, DAY FORGETS ITSELF. I LEAN TO YOU NUMB AS A FOSSIL -TELL ME I'M HERE. I USED TO THINK WE MIGHT MAKE A GO OF IT - IT'S POUTLOSS. SALUTARY AND PURE NOW I RESEMBLE A SORT OF GOD -BUT I WOULD RATHER BO HORIZONTAL.

SYLVIA PLATH CEPTO





I want to peel away the hardness of me

thinking and how I think it

To show you the pearl inside, Still Just as hard

but so much better to look at.

* SHELL *

I want to show you what I'm

Isabelle Rodriguez // Shell

The sound of scissors clipping echoes like: - Sunshine pierced by lightening strikes - birds scratching metal chimneys - prison doors - slamming shut - Voices hurling insults from psych hospetal wards - while birds trapped in fireplaces call for escape - Like empty glasses slid along a wooden bar - and the bartender's question: "More of the same ?? - as birds mourn fallen fledglings - and mothers sign the words of Nat 3 2.m. hope Carle Stein 2018 Carla Stein // The Sound of Scissors Clipping

Lisa wence Connors// Highway Run Summer highway, open before me carbroiting, and air is only colat the vents, A fordest of safety orange construction comes leads unerringly to Dairy Queen. The mile markers count me down just to see you. singing about heartbreak. 1 but I didn't Giant excavating equipment rearing up in the darkness as I drive all night through aliens for War of the Worlds? How did I wind up so last?

Highway Run dragging in hot asphalt and road kill, making the want soft serve ice cream. to nineteen, when I droke all night across the desert with windows down and a . 32 caliber pistol under my seat, Rock tures on the radio - Journey thought I knew what they meant, the mountain passes. Who needs You stept with twelve women, and my only chance is to flee down concrete So lost, even yourney can't find me in night time radio's andio collage. ghostly messages from miles away not coming from you, not meant for me.

Letter to My Father Bano Zan

I found myself a mirror -

of earths and skies -

that left journeys rintold

in the market code of the fazade of wiser me -

I don't believe you -I said -

I don't believe you you said -

On did you say anything you didn't? I showered in the rain

became heavier Than me -

hurried towards the curtain

took a moment off me -

to reflect who will live

August 8, 2018

Bänoo Zan/Letter to My Father.



rent loan =, 1343.50 2 9671. - master class + Music Salan make so minter Cochers Soil tags Plant latter - send elect? figurer Danted



Amanda Woomer // The Princess & The Darkness

< It is today to so I worry sick over loss When salt is in a good mood, the water has a little more time. For the first night of my life it was really sad that you're going. so you Can See I don 4 Know howyou feel. like I gotta doit love you love your face love you too much love you be safe love love you your face be safe tomorrow love you love you forever hope you're feeling well hope you're feeling good please be careful love you Foo much have fun tonight 1.11 be safe tomorrow night love you You pulase come home tomorrow love love 1.11 see you soon 1.11 Sent 11:59pm 07 Æ Text Message be 90 try



There is a rocking horse following me a round town, a retro Radio Flyer steed galloping by in the bed of a red pick up truck. I'we seen it on State Street and at my son's school while the microwave does it's horror film flicker, and yes marriage smells like tar and bacon and lilars and the always-clused antique store sells (ighthouses but won't let you listen to the radio ____ ive heard you can't make a designer handbag out of a sad girl's suicide but please don't think I'm making light of this. I don't make light of anything. (ook at all the darkness carry around The tampons and lipstick. Jessie Lynn McMains//Designer Sadness.

Wanda Deglane //











Reasons I'm a Very Bad Writer Writers are supposed to read. (I've never read Find a most Virginia woolf or Ulysses.) People have I use the thesaurus for every adjectives for 'story") I usually only read 3 sentences of a Make sure this Story before I decide it suchs & abandon it. is 3rd I don't know anything about branding myself. what do you post on Facebook + Iget overwhelmed with Twitter + why would anyone want to join my email list? Glink to my email list. But then J'd have to send out updates what do you write in those? Don't Link) I get Fired of typing it hurts my wrists. And my eyes get Fired if I read too much on the computer. I only listen to audio Dooks from the library because I don't want to Spend money to listen to 3 minutes name and of a socky story. And is its a tual that would Bad narrator, forget it. " use actual that narrator Some one ble narrator Freally just want be a part voice ? to get the stories out of my head, because sometimes it feels like it's going to explode! Insert descrip... Popcozni Corny lol

because if would be a lot easier to finish something

shelly Lynn Stone // I get bored with description, like prescribe a sonset sussets and landscapes. on lands cape. I don't get poetry, even though I should write it shoct. can I make this rhyme or look like a poem? I've never taken a writing class because I'm afmid I'll want to shoot myself from boredom or wont learn anything & waste my precious time. (Is there a famous writing this word sucks class/program I can use as a specific Example ? I don't even know. Should I know? I don't know who my ideal reader is. It's "hav? hard to tell who is reading my stuff because J've only had like 7 views Entine. I don't really want writing advice on how to get better because who are you to tell me how to express myself? (Do other creative people for like this?) I don't write enough to call myself a writer & make it a career because I have to pay bills + there's no security because even if I wrote one good story then the next one might Euch. STOP I really only have thours/week to using week to using week write untit I get old + retire Really? Suck I don't know if I could write a whole nove & can you get paid to write short stories? I could maybe write a novelette, but I've never read a for those. It sands pretentious. up Burd? I'm too bord with my writing to edit this + make it Good

Isabella Kratynski//Pienty of fish Steak Plenty of Fresh Men who don't like drama Gren who can't spell Gren who let you pay and never when it let you pay Men who there they soon put their hands in your lap Min who take you as you are Min who are shorter than you are Men who toke you for your mind <u>Hen who think you're fat</u> Men who won't skip teuching you Men who look their age Mon who lie about their age Men who expect nomen to lie about their age Men who want to date much yanger remen Men who are mere bays Some of the man who are mere bays

DATE: July 18, 2018 Men whe want to meet you straight away Men who want to get to know you before meeting in person Men who don't want anything complicated Men whe thak they're in late with you Men who don't undershind shy you don't lerve him Some whe cancel at the last minute Men whe don't shaw up Man who want your credition number Men who delete their account Men who want to the you up > For the want you to til them up Men who and a proture of your hits Men who recent, to show the world their dick Men who need to esplan why still never work

Poem w/ Lines Mike wrote in Doreski's class: Sava lefsyk/ Mike Merli

I am writing this in the voice of an animal, while reforing lunch and biting the nurse's fingers repartedly. Repeatedly 1 say: come here and let me show you the best tack I ever learned while strapped to a hospital bed.

But my stablemate wakes we her mouth fill of moths or she injects herself wildietnes and then weeps like one.

when she unfolds her body toward the ceiling, she Gays: " In my dreams the house is an elephant wing a Jiamond. I am saying this as if I am speaking into a tape recorder.

When I speak as it I am speaking into a tape recorder I say things like: The wind had seemed like a good idea. Like the time I brished my gown against the animal and a landscape of pheasants opened over my heart.

Once, when I whispered into the ear of an animal,] Said . I always imagined our eves would open together. That's when I spilled a thousand empty moonsinto an actual forrest of vegetables and tears. I had to. Sara Lefsyk// Poems w/Lines Mike Wrote in Doreski's Class.

Wilderness of my dreams dreams of my life's wilderness Slithered like silky black snakes Among the yellow tainted books That sleep silently from acons ago. On the shelves of old wooden racks Which are inhabited by ghosts of the past, Swishing silent whispers, That made loud thumping in the heart, Cobwebs of entangled lives (9 Makening hand shiver like is fish out of water In a violent spasm, The book of secrets of Makes a sound - THUD, US It falls to the earth And like wild weeds Spread the wilderness of my dreams - Those bubble dreams, Etched onto pieces of paper, Etched onto cards of love and promises, Etched onto spetches and drawings of "lls", Sustaining my hope in hopelessness I still wait ... like a half-burnt moth - Megha Katoria (India)



A SPELL FOR ARTISTS A hear on the casel, Abrush dipped Manyther. Yaint your magic on a carras Cap any day and doubt let a per garde year words, let if now across the page arets up new worde, your startes are usale placefor hore who are hurting. an answir & unsystem quittions year salptime it a gell. Soit the act of sculpting_ we have paner to manifest Pall, Forth _ your mention setting the work ought. There is coursed in creetion there is may te mit. It you squar gour eyes, you can see if Catherine Garbinsky// A Spell for Artists. Illustrations by Liz Balise.



To bring to college clothes lonly selected bed material limited foods bathroom stuff art supplies notchooks limited electronics artwork // Wall decas Fresh Flowers selected shoes selected lewelry







Caitlin McKenzie // Nov. '09-Jan. '10 English = 1 paragraph on Friar, look up online Englis: Recourch papers. Remocrat / Republican. to canada this coming January. giright, so one of the hardest times in my life most likely is upon me. I am moving back to Hickwille Conoda. There was crying involved and such. because I matched with templite wontes え Thatent watched any of the Jane nge 0

by 12 of Torture 111 = wow i'm Dumb! PUT THIS DOWN AND DIDNT WRITE ANYThing. Oh well. _of torture 1/8/10 TODAY is my LAST day of school here. HIS Scan), but I'M acting ok. I have 4 "A's" on my report card so that's a plus. I'll have I "C" from math which will be hard to explain to my now but besides that I'm good to go ... I'm leaving for an intirely clifferent place. Perhaps " if life suched here I might be excited. But its relativly good in the place i've been since and try to stay optimistic, but I'm scared to death. Petrified. "Mik's got a note for me and Haris to read. I think its about her being bi. We'll see. 1 got her note, it's about the whole rape thing. The had what she had happen. Oh well. But of course she goes to viki about it first. I hope vin fere filoping great about herecif. I also hope that they think that i'm not that good of a friend. I don't give a crop about them and what they think. Thanks to shem I'm alone, so sola

Although 1 still like them enough to hang out with them a day tomorrow, and tonight. I'm probably just letting but my greifindinght. an A 1/26/20 1'm ce Are you going to own a moose?" On-"No were just going to stock pl 20 41-4 is that my favorite prince 55" in a princess Novallepse" it The how yest at shem all" my first entry in canada. Its been awhile here. We made friends and there's been very little angst here. Until now. I like a boy. obviously. That is the only source of unrest in my life usually. Besides the pack that feel live im going) no where in life. I don't care about school. So one and so forth. But lets talk about this boy. His name? Satter pudding. (matt Gooding) he's got really capturating leyes and he's most utery the only intelligent boy within miles. or, at least, nettligent in the things I value, alla movies, iterature, acting, art. soll enough i can't stop daydreaming about having some sort of romance actured on it I am not an addressent gui because 1 am. I like boys, I some to go out

when boy's longy like most a bit and I am going to write about everything I teel in attempt to fully understand my addresseent urges play for me reader. I may not survive. I'm thinking I should tell sat Ruchding of how enomined i an with him. perhaps make-out with him because I can. 171 pull a summer and not want a commitment. He is be fine because he's so hormonal and servarily frustrated that here just want any action he can get. it's at so Yun a wark to Remember and tell him not to tail in love with me. All I know is that I clont want love 2 right now. 1 j's + wan + some Airight, so apparently this kid is gay. Niki sund it, stephen said it. Ick. plus i've ried to sait scillral times. I neld to stop the wing. It isn't needed. I'm just way too much of an actor. I hate actors. that sat has really nice eyes, and really nice lips, this swin is soft. So which if I'm physicarly alleacted to him? im talking myself out of any because it is better to not be crushed by a dumb crush on an 11th grader with expressive eyes. I should just not sit with them tomorrow. Go to the library or something and read my book. Try to actually Karn from @ mail. scasb.on. Jane Eyre. CON chail cran. 100.

Lauren Lopez// The Autobiography of Lola Calvillo

In this series, artist Lauren Lopez pairs representational scans with photographs to convey a sense of place. The flowers and objects scanned are imbued with meaning from floriography (the language of flowers) to deepen the narrative of each piece.

> check out Lauren's website @ www.laurenelenalopez.com

Whisper to me until I believe you



I'm wonderful with myself at dancing













Liz Balize // Liz is a long-time resident of Scranton, Pennsylvania who grew up in Springfield, Massachusetts. Most of her working life has been devoted to human services and to teaching English in public schools. Poetry entered her life as a teenager, but real love for it was infused by her relationships with her high school English teacher, Mabel Moril and her Marywood College teacher and mentor, Barbara Hoffman. The other great influences of her life have always been art, nature, and the sea.

Lisa Wence Connors // Lisa is retired military and is currently working as a contributing writer and social media manager for several web-based businesses. Her work has appeared in Colorado Journeys, Gyroscope Review, Inspired, and Bluestem Literary Journal.

Marion Costentin // Marion is a French-born artist and cosmic witch living in Berlin, Germany. For many years she worked exclusively in shades of black and white, sometimes integrating poetry into her melancholic, haunting drawings. She is currently developing a new body of work with a colorful palette, inspired by her own spiritual growth and her experience of womanhood. She is self-taught and has collectors worldwide.

Wanda Deglane // Wanda is a night-blooming desert flower from Arizona. She is the daughter of Peruvian immigrants and attends Arizona State University, pursuing a bachelor's degree in psychology and family & human development. Her poetry has been published or forthcoming from Rust + Moth, Glass Poetry, L'Ephemere Review, and Former Cactus, among other lovely places. Wanda self published her first poetry book, Rainlily, in 2018. twitter: @wandalizabeth

Kay Ferguson // Kay is a nonbinary queer poet living in NYC. They love smoking on fire escapes, delivery food, and their two pet rats and cat.

Catherine Garbinsky // Catherine is a writer, a witch, and a worrier living in Northern California. She holds a degree in The Poetics of Transformation: Creative Writing, Religion, and Social Justice from the University of Redlands. Catherine is the author of a chapbook of Ursula K. Le Guin erasures, All Spells Are Strong Here (Ghost City Press, 2018). Her work has been featured or is forthcoming in Rag Queen Periodical, Rose Quartz Journal, Venefica Magazine, Pussy Magic Press, and others.

Lisha Adela García // Lisha is a poet who has México, the United States and the land in between in her work. She has an MFA from Vermont College in Writing and currently resides in Texas with her beloved four-legged children. Lisha has a chapbook entitled, This Stone Will Speak, from Pudding House Press. Her book, Blood Rivers, from Blue Light Press of San Francisco was a finalist for the Andrés Montoya Prize at the University of Notre Dame. Her most recent book, A Rope of Luna, was published in 2018 by Blue Light Press. Lisha is now in love with visual poetry.

Marilee Goad // Marilee is a queer poet who attended the University of Chicago and has work published or forthcoming in Ghost City Review, rose quartz journal, OUT/CAST, Persephone's Daughters, and Georgetown University School of Medicine's Scope arts magazine. You can follow her on twitter @_gracilis and find her website at marileethepoet.tumblr. com

Clare Louise Harmon // Clare is a poet, aspiring illustrator, and recovering classical musician.

Megha Katoria // Megha is pursuing her doctorate in English Literature from H.P. University, India. Formerly, she worked as an Assistant Professor/Lecturer of English in different universities and institutes in India. The Search Report and Gen-Next Times are the newspapers she has been associated with as an Assistant Editor. She loves reading, writing, painting, sketching and all activities that involve creativity. An avid reader and writer, Megha has made a contribution of her writings in the form of research papers, poems, stories, articles, and book reviews in various journals, magazines, and newspapers like The Criterion, Galaxy, Dialogue, Ruminations, Research Chronicler, and more.

Isabella Kratynski // Isabella edits boring articles about business software for a living, but blogs about her mildly more exciting reading life at http://magnificentoctopus.blogspot.com. She has recently embarked upon the weird adventure that is online dating.

Sara Lefsyk // Sara lives in Lafayette, CO where she handmakes Ethel, a zine of writing and art. Sara's first book, We Are Hopelessly Small And Modern Birds, was released this past year by Black Lawrence Press.

Jackie Lemmon // Jackie is an artist, arts writer, and music teacher based in the USA. She writes for Beautiful Bizarre Magazine, likes to cuddle her 6 guinea pigs, and is experimenting with her artistic voice. If you really must find her, you can visit Instagram @jackiemlemmon.

Aviva Lilith // Aviva is a poet and creative writer at the New Hampshire Institute of Art where she dabbles in collaging, cloud gazing, and making magic with her array of flowers and crystals.

Lauren Lopez // Lauren is a graduate student at Texas Tech University in Lubbock, Texas. She is pursuing her Master's of Fine Arts in Photography. She is an interdisciplinary artist, working primarily in photography and video. Keep up with Lauren's work on instagram @LaurenElenaStudio.

Isabella J. Mansfield // Isabella writes poetry about anxiety, body image, intimacy and will occasionally break her "no rules" rule for haiku, tanka and senryu. In 2018 she won the Mark Ritzenhein New Author Award. Her book "The Hollows of Bone" will be released by Finishing Line Press in 2019.

Caitlin Mckenzie // Caitlin is an emerging poet and playwright based in Barrie, Ontario. Her work has been published in literary journals like The Northern Appeal, Tower Poetry Society, and Sewer Lid Magazine.

Jessie Lynn McMains // Jessie is a poet, writer, zine-maker, and small press owner; a collector of souvenir pennies and stick & poke tattoos. Her words have recently appeared or are forthcoming in Wyrd & Wyse, Juke Joint, Occulum, Memoir Mixtapes, and others; she's also a contributing writer for Pussy Magic. You can find her website at recklesschants.net, or find her on Tumblr, Twitter, and Instagram @rustbeltjessie

Spangle McQueen // Spangle is a happy grandma and hopeful poet living in Sheffield UK.

Sharon Wright Mitchell // Sharon is a teacher and poet from Athens, Georgia, where she lives in happy chaos with her daughter and cats. In their spare time they read books, share ideas, and go exploring for inspiration and photo-ops. She recently contributed to the anthology I AM STRENGTH: True Stories of Everyday Superwomen by Blind Faith Books. Sharon is a card-carrying, out-and-proud introvert who isn't afraid to say, "Go away. I'm writing."

Leigha Montes // Leigha can be found at Penn State writing down story ideas in her dorm or shamelessly singing and dancing in public. She's an English major with a creative writing path, and she hopes to turn all of her embarrassing and angsty stories into a novel one day.

Stasia Porter // Stasia is a Forest Witch from Maritime Canada who moved to Seattle in 2003 & spends her time doodling, writing poetry about love & decay, & making positive message Ouija boards with pink hearts, cats, & glitter.

Jenene Ravesloot // Jenene has written five books of poetry. She has published in After Hours Press, the Caravel Literary Arts Journal, Connotation Press: An Online Artifact, Packingtown Review, The Miscreant, Exact Change Only, THIS Literary Magazine, and other online journals, print journals, chapbooks, and anthologies. Several of Jenene's poems have been made into video poems by the filmmaker Paul Broderick. She is a member of The Poets' Club of Chicago, the Illinois State Poetry Society, and Poets & Patrons. She has received two Pushcart Prize nominations in 2018.

Isabelle Rodriguez // Isabelle recently graduated from Flagler College with a BA in English and a minor in Creative Writing. She is currently working on her personal writings and is a Lead Editor at Capulet Magazine. Twitter: @roseemojis. Website: <u>isabellerodriguez.carrd.co</u> Janette Schafer // Janette is a freelance writer, nature photographer, playwright, part-time rocker and full-time banker living in the Pittsburgh area. In July 2018, her play Mad Virginia won the Pittsburgh Original Short Play Series. Recent publications include: Yes Ma'am Zine; PublicSource; Eunoia Review; Unlikely Stories V; Mayday Magazine. She begins her MFA Studies at Chatham University fall 2018.

Carla Stein // Poet and visual artist Carla Stein began writing word pictures about the same time as she discovered crayons and finger paints. This love affair with language morphed into a career in both broadcast and freelance journalism, which included stories aired on CBS and CBC radio. Her artwork has been featured in Ascent Aspirations, Island Arts, and the Stonecoast Review. Both Carla's art and poetry have been published in Sustenance, An Anthology of Nanaimo Poetry, Ascent Aspirations, Friday's Poems, Island Woman magazine and Please Hear What I'm Not Saying. She has recently released her first poetry chapbook, Sideways Glances of an Everyday Sailor. Carla is co-founder of 15 Minutes of Infamy, a Nanaimo-based performance venue for wordcrafters and the artistic director of Wordstorm Society of the Arts. Her artwork can be viewed at: www.roaeriestudio.com

Shelly Lynn Stone // Shelly is a writer and her short stories have been published in journals and on websites, including the Same, CEO, Revolutionary Poetry and The Junction. She still struggles to call herself a writer, but she now has "writer" accounts on Facebook and Twitter @storybyshelly.

Kailey Tedesco // Kailey is the author of She Used to be on a Milk Carton (April Gloaming Publishing) and These Ghosts of Mine, Siamese (Dancing Girl Press). Her manuscript Lizzie, Speak recently won White Stag Publishing's fulllength poetry prize. She is the editor-in-chief of Rag Queen Periodical and an associate editor of Luna Luna Magazine. You can find her recent work featured or forthcoming in Grimoire, Phoebe Journal, Bone Bouquet, Sugar House Review, American Chordata, and more. For further info, please follow @kaileytedesco.

Natasha Teymourian // Natasha is a Brazilian poet and artist based in San Diego, where she got her BA in Literature & Writing Studies from California State University San Marcos. She is the Editor in Chief of Epigraph Press and author of Recurrent Events, published in 2018. Natasha can be found in local coffee shops, museums, and on social media (@ natashateym).

Vivian Wagner // Vivian is an associate professor of English at Muskingum University in New Concord, Ohio.

Sanna Wani // Sanna Wani is Kashmir, Muslim and an undergraduate student at the University of Toronto. She is Editor-in-Chief of Acta Victoriana and you can find more of her work in Manifest Station, Half a Grapefruit Magazine, Glass Poetry Press and more. She is usually thinking about flowers, birds, or trees.

Effy Winter // Effy Winter is a contemporary romantic poet, provocative by nature. Her work explores eroticism and heartache while portraying the spawning of a carnal hunger for witchery, lust and self-sacrifice. Effy's poetry appears or is forthcoming in Rust + Moth, Soft Cartel, Cauldron Anthology and other literary publications, and her debut collection, Flowers of the Flesh, is set to be released in December 2018. She currently works as the managing editor for Vessel Press and is a contributing writer for Witch Way Magazine, PUSSY MAGIC and Rose Quartz Journal. Follow Effy on Twitter @ fleurwomb and find out more about her at https://effywinter.com.

Amanda R. Woomer *//* Amanda received her first award for her writing at 12 and has works featured in various anthologies and literary magazines around the world. She began writing poetry after her brother, Jed, passed away in 2015. She lives in New York with her husband and cactus collection.

Bänoo Zan *//* Bänoo Zan is a poet, librettist, translator, teacher, editor and poetry curator, with more than 160 published poems and poetry-related pieces as well as three books. Song of Phoenix: Life and Works of Sylvia Plath, was reprinted in Iran in 2010. Songs of Exile, her first poetry collection, was released in 2016 in Canada by Guernica Editions. It was shortlisted for Gerald Lampert Memorial Award by the League of Canadian Poets in 2017. Letters to My Father, her second poetry book, was published in 2017 by Piquant Press in Canada. She is the founder of Shab-e She'r (Poetry Night), Toronto's most diverse poetry reading and open mic series (inception: 2012). It is a brave space that bridges the gap between communities of poets from different ethnicities, nationalities, religions (or lack thereof), ages, genders, sexual orientations, disabilities, poetic styles, voices and visions.





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Day 23 - Self Portrait (with Obie) by @artistmaggie

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