



The Tiger Moth Review

ISSUE 2



The Tiger Moth Review

A journal of art + literature that engages with nature, culture, the environment and ecology

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The Tiger Moth Review is a journal based in Singapore that publishes art and literature in English, and works translated into English. The journal prioritises work from Singapore that engages with the themes of nature, culture, the environment and ecology.

Editor-in-chief: Esther Vincent Xueming

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Editor's Preface

Issue 2 of *The Tiger Moth Review* is proud to present the poetry, art and photography of 29 contributors from Singapore and around the world, who each offer unique ways of seeing and engaging with nature, the environment and the world we live in. This issue, my heartfelt thanks once again go out to friends and strangers from the global literary community who have been kind and generous in helping to publicise the journal's second call for submissions, without which, Issue 2 would not exist.

Some exciting news about this issue, which differs significantly from the inaugural issue: Firstly, *The Tiger Moth Review* has made the bold move of accepting works in translation so as to contribute to the diversity and growth of the journal, and the voices it seeks to represent. Committed to publishing works that engage with nature, culture, the environment and ecology, I wanted the journal to expand its understanding of ecology beyond typical biological associations. Being formally trained in linguistics and literature, I began to ponder the meaning of the word ecology, to ask myself if I was privileging one dominant language (English), culture and hence world view in the way nature, culture and the environment are understood, and represented. Did not language, along with its idiosyncrasies of lexis, signs and symbols create ecologies of truth and consciousness for people to navigate the world they live in? To see ecology through language, to see language as the heart of an ecosystem, to offer multiple ways of entering a poem, a theme, a world. That is what Issue 2 hopes to do with the translated works of **Kamaria Buang (Malay)**, **Zurinah Hassan (Malay)** and **Kevin Martens Wong (Kristang)**.

Aside from featuring works in translation, Issue 2 is also distinctive in how poetry and visual art speak to one another, consciously or not. The intertextuality of this issue can be seen in **Marc Nair's** ekphrasis, which responds to a photograph, and **Jayne Marek's** poetic articulation of **Suzanne Eller's** found art sculpture, *Constrained Crane*. Consider how these works stand alone, and how meanings shift when read together. Coincidentally, two contributors from Singapore, artist **Shucolat** and poet **Ow Yeong Wai Kit**, submitted work separately on the same subject matter, Inuka the polar bear, and these works have too been placed side by side in the issue to be read both as independent and interrelated pieces in the hopes of uncovering new understandings.

This issue, we begin with the breath, with song, with wind, with the power of the voice, as invoked by Sto: lo poet **Lee Maracle**, carrying us through **Faye Ng's** sunflower fields, through **Kapuananiokekukui Namiko's** Hawaii and **Ko Ko Thett's** Burma. We trek perilous mountains both literal and metaphorical with **Ray DiZazzo** and **Kosal Khiev**, and we pray by the river with **Vinita Agrawal**. We descend into the deep with **Dorsia Smith Silva** to emerge the same yet changed. May the poems and art in this issue fill you with darkness and light, stillness and song, restlessness and peace.

Esther Vincent Xueming

Editor-in-chief and Founder
The Tiger Moth Review

Two Poems by Lee Maracle

The Call:
Breath is wind,
Voice is wind
Wind is power
[sto:lo teaching]

My Response:

We enter the world wailing, fighting for breath.
First breath assaults the skin, offends the body.
Insulted, we weep, unsure we want to be here.

The woman who bore us murmurs.
Vocables—intended to soothe,
sharpens the surgical light.

This first language recedes under soft incantations,
family chatter intoning us in urgent nonsense
to bond, to connect, to seek joy.

These murmurs lighten the burden of being
in this. Our grand entry into the world of shadow, of light
at times too bright, in folds too dark,

wondering without knowing, looking not seeing.
Breath sparks up courage
to listen and sing back.

Lee Maracle is a Sto: lo [Coast Salish Nation].
The above is the teaching we adhere to when we speak.

Everything begins with song

The sweet mountain breath of wind whispering through cedar—earth's symphony.
Wind taps out tunes to the valley floors, even the howling storm winds sing agonizingly
beautiful songs, arias of painful transformation we come to love.

Songs hooked to the language of wind lessens this burden of being,
couples itself to the promise of language;
voice elevates being, renders life manageable;

There is power in the breath we pass over vibrating vocal chords.
The words carry a charge.
The spark invites response.

The hum of song points receivers in the direction of the good life.
The breath of others takes their own journey through the body,
passes breath through some imagined future.

Odocoileus virginianus

Nicole Zelniker

She is carefully crafted grace,
long legs ready to lope in retreat
when a misstep or hot breath
makes her ears twitch.

I have no pretense,
just too-loud steps on a gravel road
disturbing the meal.
For once, I am the predator.

She makes eye contact,
stares me down warily until I pass.
The other two don't miss a beat,
the grass too good to waste on worry.

She waits for me to reach the corner
before she can feast with the others,
back legs still set carefully,
just in case instinct fails her.

Kupu-Kupu

Kamaria Binte Buang

Setelah benih itu kau tinggalkan
Tuhanmu menjaganya
Setelah waktu beralih sudah
Tuhanmu menjaganya
Setelah menghadapi perubahan
Tuhanmu menjaganya
Setelah rumahnya kau siapkan
Tuhan tetap menjaganya
Setelah lama mengurung diri
Kau intai malam dan siang
Waktumu melihat duniamu
Kau cuba berteman kejora
Waktumu menuntut kebebasan
Kau cuba merumpun senyuman
Pada kembang serata taman
Pada mentari mencari kehangatan
Dengan gemilang sayap kau kembangkan
Kau mencari kepuasan
Dan masa semakin menghilang
Dan akhir lembali kepangkuan

Tiger Butterfly

Kamaria Binte Buang

After the egg was laid you left
God protects it
After time shifts by
God protects it
After it evolves
God protects it
After you built it a house
God still protects it
After a long hibernation
You spy night and day
Your time to see your world
You try to befriend the morning star
Your time to demand freedom
You try to gather smiles
For the flowers blooming in the park
To the sunlight seeking warmth
With the glorious wings you spread
You seeking contentment
Fluttering around for direction
Inhabiting the transparency of time
At last to the ground you fall

Translated into English by Pasidah Rahmat

Sunflowers

Faye Ng Yu Ci

boughs laden with blooms, heads sunken low, like a 12-year-old boy chastised by his mother and repentant for coming in with his shoes all muddy, from running in fields of sunflowers.

this is how they begin, until the steadily humming morning peeks out from over the horizon to make everything a part of its yellow glow. heat warms the hearth and something expands from within; curved spines straighten vertebrae by vertebrae, ray petals unfurling to become a part of the yellow themselves. through the day, they adjust the tilts of their faces to parallel their counterpart's arch in the sky, a parade of petaled witnesses.

at dusk I wander along the fields and cup a bloom in between my hands, marvelling at the textile and contour of its make-up, each vein and vessel a legacy of its geography. the whorls of disk florets spiral into an intricate centrepiece, a mosaic of memories. these *Helianthus* have found the Golden Ratio and known the Fibonacci Numbers even before the man himself, guarding history as it blooms from within the involucre. unhurried time passes as they die a quiet death midsummer, only to return full-bloom the following spring.

I watch the withering and blooming like a lung expelling and filling up again. breathe, pause momentarily, sigh — repeat, in a field full of yellow.

Mālama

Kapuananiokekukui Namiko

Pu'olo (2018)

A Pu'olo is a gift or offering. A sacred Hawaiian precept goes "Anywhere you go, take an offering with you". This is the way of Abundant Flow, honouring Ke Akua (God) and His Creation, which is Nature. This pu'olo is a little packet made to hold a gift, made of ti (Cordyline) leaves, orchids and wildflowers.



Pu'olo © Kapuananiokekukui Namiko

Lei (2018)

Leis were made and worn since ancient Polynesian times. They are artfully made of natural foliage or other materials and objects such as shells, using various braiding, twining or knotting techniques. A lei signifies affection and honour. This lei was handmade from ti (Cordyline) by the Director of Singapore's first official branch of a Hawaiian Dance school.



Lei © Kapuananiokekukui Namiko

‘Ākia (2018)

The ‘Ākia (also called the "bearberry") is a native Hawaiian shrub with a widespread presence in the lowlands or coastal areas of the islands. Its bark is strong and fibrous, and has been a source of cordage for rope and braided material since ancient times. It also has medicinal benefits and is even used to catch fish.



‘Ākia © Kapuananiokekukui Namiko

The Ant Queen

Suhit Kelkar

With my own jaws,
I chewed off my wings.

They nourished me till
my first eggs were laid.

Now, as the pulsing heart
of pullulation,

I fill chamber after chamber
with generations emanating

like concentric ripples
from the bindu* of my body.

The urge to multiply
is heady and fulfilling,

and my destiny besides,
or at least, seems to be.

Sometimes, I feel
a fluttering at my back.

Having sold the sky
for the sake of my race,

if I dream of lost flight,
what of it?

**In Indian philosophy, bindu is considered the point from which the universe originates.*

Tribute to Inuka

Shucoat (Chan Shu Yin)



Tribute to Inuka © Shucoat (Chan Shu Yin)

Elegy for a Silent Stalker

After Kay Ryan; for Inuka the polar bear (1990-2018)

Ow Yeong Wai Kit

“Singapore's last polar bear Inuka was put down on Wednesday morning (April 25) after a health check-up showed that the 27-year-old animal's ailing health had not improved significantly... Inuka's enclosure will be refurbished and might be turned into a sea lion exhibit.”

– *Straits Times*, 25 April 2018

Who wouldn't be a polar bear in the tropics?
A solitary last emperor, an Arctic ambassador
paddling a marionette dance in his own lagoon,
never to be laid adrift on dwindling ice floes
or having to forage for food scraps ebbing soon.
His shaggy pelt, his algae-ridden fleece glows
amidst rations of apples and fish. He lumbers,
the scraggly hulk heaving to bear his own weight.
Resting his neck on his hairy paws, he slumbers
in an air-conditioned palace, his jowls sagging
on artificial permafrost. He knows the tundra
is an inconceivable dream. He has no need to hunt
for an ursine paramour. Trudging across icebergs
of indifference, he licks his fur. Silently, he stalks
nothing more than his own shadow.

Two poems by Ko Ko Thett

The Chindwin

She rises above the flood stage like an overfilled pot — a tight pot that doesn't leak.

Hiccupping like a soon-to-be single mother, she will puke back into your face all the plastic and rubber you've forced into her throat. She belches stale draft. She is a river — hanging on a river hangover.

Rice hoarders will be whipped. Split bean hoarders will be spared. She will show what a dominatrix she is to those who take the rivulet Mu for a river. Cross with the land, she will piss on the road shoulder.

Her refuse will fill disaster relief bowls. For her monthly does she have to know the day of the calendar month? If there's no bloody drought there will be a bloody deluge.

Local poets no longer make a distinction between မြစ်ရေ [river water] and မျက်ရည် [tear].

And now, how will you unfuck her?

Funeral of an elephant

How many men does it take to shoulder the casket of an elephant? How many teak planks needed to make an elephantine coffin? How many wood craftsmen? How many gallons of paint and polish? How many tons of tall nails with textured heads?

Will they attach two pairs of gigantic trousers to the humongous coffin to make room for the elephant's legs, and three holes in the front for the trunk and the tusks? Should the casket be draped in Indonesian batik or a national flag? Eloquent eulogies have been penned. Top florists have been commissioned to come forward with fancy sympathy flowers and designer wreaths.

Perhaps an elephant is heavier dead? When an elephant dies, everybody gets on edge. Even the ivory poachers have sent their condolences. Security is all-time tight. The rumor mill in overdrive — radicals will hijack the casket and turn the funeral into a protest. All the tribal leaders will be there. They will need six deck cranes to lower the bulky box into the grave the size of Lesotho. A 21-gun salute for such a mammoth may be too low-key, too ungenerous.

The embalmers want the elephant embalmed.

"Keep it in a mausoleum. It's good for tourism." they insist.

Lucky for us, the funeral director says the elephant must rest.

"After all it wasn't a white elephant."

New flora

Priya Kahlon

Sea shimmering with the gold of the sun
Hands cupped at the ready
For the shells washed to the shore

There is a new kind of flora
One less malleable
Though still most likely to endure

Intertwined with the seaweed
Making its place amongst the sand
Sticking out like a garish cousin

Its origins are varied
From the factory down the road
To the restaurant doing a 2-for-1 special

Each one now calling this space between the sun and sand home
Standing proudly
Waiting to be collected

By eager hands exploring the surf
Looking for treasure
A memento of their time

To be displayed on bedside tables
Adorned atop bookshelves
Or soon forgotten, awaiting new homes

Constrained Crane

Suzanne Eller

The Pacific Northwest was my childhood playground where I had the freedom to collect treasures from my adventures on the beaches and in the forest. My affinity for beach glass, driftwood, rocks and shells has remained with me into adulthood. Returning to the Pacific Northwest has reconnected me with natural world, and has been the impetus for my self-taught artistic expression in the medium of assemblage art. I am often drawn to the discarded and forgotten, perhaps because of the untold stories those items represent. My affinity for antiquing, collecting and crafting are the building blocks of my work. The inspiration for my art comes from my grandparents who lived in tiny rural towns in California's gold country. Collecting items from nature and other found objects was ingrained into my childhood experiences with them.

Often, a single piece of driftwood or a rusty tool will spark an image of a fully formed piece in my mind, then transform as I bring other bits and pieces into the mix. My pieces integrate masculine and feminine objects, often juxtaposing rusty tools, organic elements and textiles into sculptures. Ranging from obliquely political to whimsical to forlorn, my work is filtered through the lens of my own unique history and is meant to be a catalyst for interesting conversation.

The inspiration for this piece initially came from the antique rug-hooking tool that comprises the body. As often seen in my pieces, there is a unique combination of masculine and feminine elements. This piece was exhibited in 2017 at the 19th Annual *Expressions Northwest* show at the Northwind Arts Center in Port Townsend, Washington.

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Constrained Crane © Suzanne Eller

Articulated Crane

After Suzanne Eller's Constrained Crane

Jayne Marek

If there are wings, let them be strong, dark-burnished as oxidized metal
that was pulled from earth, hardened with fire, spread to the air.
If a neck and head, build them for hunting, rifle-long, bow-flexible,
so the bird's glance can follow the small fish scurrying downstream,
its beak ready as a dart. If there are legs narrow as dowels, if
there are feet, webbed by flesh, let them not be netted by the trash
this world throws into waterways, fields, roadsides,
the paths of all creatures. Let those nets be soft weeds concealing
the padded toes, claws—hooks of iron open for the catch.
If there is a tail, flare it to balance the bird in its watchfulness.
It will lean into its meditation of finding food in the rivulets
that ring its ankles with strings of bubbles. And if
a cloak of feathers, paler along the breast, make those rugged
and beautiful, to decorate, to wrap the hunter's frame.
Bound by its own body, its own needs, this bird can look
a human in the eye, stand among the world's discards
and, whether about to live or die, always show its intention,
its violent nature and openness at the core, that,
for the sentimental, signals where a heart would be.

Two poems by Eugenia Tan

hdb hornbills

their sightings caused
more of a ruckus than awe.
perched unceremoniously
on bamboo washing poles,
bombarding balconies,
beaked burglars devouring
caged sparrows whole.
their fuschia mantle
emanate a haughty air
in the heartlands,
staring down pedestrians
at stairwell nooks, chess table shelters,
overhead bridges, street lamps.
ferocious rebels in
their unfettered youth,
larger than the life
stipulated to them
on the face of a stamp
or a laminated image
on an old phone card.

the bald mynah

my niece's brush
with cancer
left her head
with a coat of peach fuzz
soft as a kitten's down.
she touches it tentatively,
eyes downcast
when she looks in the mirror.

at the park one day,
a bald mynah pecked at our feet,
its yellow head exposed,
bobbing like a life buoy,
joining the other mynahs
after its rounds, lost but found
in the swarm of black birds.

my niece's eyes grow wide
at the odd mynah.
the afternoon sun
blazes on ruthlessly.
my niece throws her
denim round brimmed hat
into my lap, running
to the playground,
bald, young and free.

Nessus Sphinx Moth

Julie Martin

In the middle of June, running
my fingers through the tangled vines
of the potted Calibrochoa,
velvety trumpets of blossoms fanfare
in a cascade of purple-violet-wine petals
that decrescendo into midnight black centers.
Long-stemmed, the tendrils intertwine,
sinuous curls writhe.

As I comb the unruly hair of this daughter I never had,
I explain that pixies tie knots in your hair while you sleep,
whisper incantations in your ears, invite birds to nest.
Constantly working, my fingers twine
through the maze seeking desiccated, shriveled blooms
to snap off, making room for new growth.

One of these deadheads vibrates under my touch
and when I spread it in my hand, I find
chocolate-brown, cinnamon wings,
two bright bands of yellow across the abdomen,
no longer camouflaged amongst spent flowers.
It thrums and vibrates, sending pulsations up my arm
until I am bewitched.

I watch as it rises up, coiling proboscis,
flutter of wings, until all that is left on my palm
is a trace of its longing for nectar.

Mirror

Kosal Khiev

In these works, I depict art and life as parallel, a mirror to each other's reflection.

Flower Pot is a portrait of my beloved Marisa Eve Abraham, who was pregnant with our darling Komari at the time. This work is a reminder to myself that planting a seed of any kind requires not just the act of planting, but the countless acts afterwards. The love and attention. The care and patience it takes to see what we have made blossom. For the viewer, I wish that it may too, remind you, that you have the power to make incredible changes in the world, not only within yourself. It is rare to know or control the outcome of anything. At best, we hope for the best results. What we can control is what we choose to nurture.

Return to Sender is an autobiographical artwork about love and acceptance. Set in a refugee camp near the border of Thailand, Camp 009, I am a year old here. It is 1975 and the Khmer Rouge war begins. In 1980, I was born. In 1981, my family of nine consisting of my mother, grandmother, three older brothers and three older sisters seek refuge in the United States of America without my father. Raised in America, at 13, I joined one of the first Cambodian gangs to be established after resettlement. At 15, I was then sent to a slave labor camp under the guise of a boys' and girls' home, a place called New Bethany Home for Boys and Girls. A year into that, the state shut it down for reasons of child abuse. That same year, I would be arrested and charged for 'gang related' attempted murder. In 1998, I was sentenced to 16 years, 85% with 2 strikes. From 1999 to 2001, I was sent to solitary confinement, "The Hole". From there, I bounced around through a few different prisons until my parole date in 2010. I was then handed over to the custody of ICE Homeland Security and was detained for another year. My refugee permanent resident status was revoked and I became a criminal alien. In 2011, I was deported back to Cambodia. This art is based on an actual photograph that my father had kept of me.

NicoSen is a tribute piece to my nephew NicoSen, whose strength of spirit is one of the strongest I know. Born with a few complications, we were initially told that his tiny life hung in the balance, and that he would not make it. If he did by some miracle, we were told he would not live a normal life. But with a whole lot of love, prayers and a bit of faith, he is well, recovering, and getting stronger by the day, living an extraordinary life. I hope this piece inspires strength and hope from within. That no matter what the circumstances may be, love and life will always find its way.



Flower Pot © Kosal Khiev



Return to Sender © Kosal Khiev



NicoSen © Kosal Khiev

The Climb

For Sean

Ray DiZazzo

There is a way of breathing
known to those who've
walked to the sky on stones and ice,

a way of opening the lungs
in the face of clouds and gasping in
their whiteness.

There is a way of premonition
in the jagged bend
of a blue crevasse,

of panic
boiling in the blood
at twenty thousand feet,

of grace
in boot print mud
drying on the peak
of an impossible summit.

He who created the original paradise, promised to restore what was lost

Frances Alleblas

A deserted tropical island. A utopian setting. The idea of paradise on earth is one that originates back to the Bible, to the Garden of Eden before the fall of man.

Paradise islands are highly desirable places. But does paradise truly exist?

In this series, I photographed a man-made tropical island created for recreation and pleasure: Sentosa Island, historically known as Pulau Blakang Mati, literally meaning “island behind death” in Malay. Upon closer inspection, nature on this island is a facade. The hollow rocks disintegrate with time. They decay to reveal empty shells held up by plastic pipes, some about to collapse, a symbol for a paradise lost.

Through this work, I question the idea of paradise, innocence and utopia.



He who created the original paradise, promised to restore what was lost

© Frances Alleblas



He who created the original paradise, promised to restore what was lost
© Frances Alleblas



He who created the original paradise, promised to restore what was lost

© Frances Alleblas

Nature

Zakir Hossain Khokan

Like you, at times
when grief pours down on me,
nothing can ease the pain
but nature,
an enchanting touch of magic.

While you enjoy the sunshine
and sea waves at the beach,
angle for fish at green riverbanks
and enjoy the gardens,
sweet shelter of trees,
I immerse myself in the noise
of gigantic machines.

For me nature is
soil soaked in
the sweat of craftsmanship,
streaming down every moment
through every inch of my skin.

And in the tea breaks
shorter than a glimpse,
I sail through the pages of poetry
in search of peace.
Still at times, when grief
pours down on my fatigue-torn body,
on roads and in the MRTs
I behold the faces of infants,
free and pure as nature would be.

Two poems by Ellen Chia

The Phenomenon

How I can't resist feeling
we're but rude trespassers
in your presence;
we with our affected appreciation
of your primordial stoic beauty,
imprinting our contrived smiles
and absurd poses on photographs,
shamelessly exploiting you as our backdrop.
Not so much for keepsakes
but more so that the photos
might shine triumphantly through the
copious newsfeed on social media,
placing emphasis on our experiences with
#NatureLover #Slowlife #Breathe #LifelsSimple
etc.

A celebration of our vanity at your expense.

Fortunately, though not so fortunate for you,
the tilapias and carps in the lake can dart
and hide from unsavoury, impertinent ways.
But you, cast in stone, have no means
to avert your gaze or express your displeasure.
As it is, it's hard being a mountain these days,
Especially one as spectacular as you.

Flux

Swarms of miniature flying machines
decked in scintillating orange and crimson reds.
Whirring, hovering, catching sunbeams
on gossamer wings and winged breakfast en route.

On higher ground, the green bee-eater perches
and lands itself in plump luck,
eager than ever to dart a strike,
to break its fast with the gossamer gulp.

Big wings eat small wings eat smaller wings,
the order of the day they say.

It doesn't matter if your species had an evolutionary
head start once upon a few hundred million years ago,
or that your Palaeozoic ancestors once possessed
supersized wingspans that would throw the bee-eaters into a frenzy.

Nature's wheel of fortune keeps its constant spin,
writing and rewriting, age after age, the order of the day.

Two Poems by Michal Mahgerefteh

Not My Place

Wintergreen, Virginia, June 2012

dense forest trees
 decrease daylight
circulating wind sways gaping limbs
 slopes steep in moss lushness
cloaks of maple bark
 rasps of human sound
flay ripened soil and flamboyant foliage
 a paste of infant vines seeps
like ember through my thick Keene soles
 and, *Oh*, the earth
 with great dignity forgives

Untitled

I rather walk
 by rocks and streams,
camp in sunflower fields,
 converse with a dew-drop
on the edge of petals,
 free-paint my imagination,
and speak gibberish
 to the universe.

Bunga Di Kolam

Zurinah Hassan

Kita sepatutnya belajar
Dari bunga-bunga di kolam
Yang tidak pernah tenggelam

Kita sepatutnya belajar
Dari kembang teratai
Yang berlumpur di tangkai
Namun tetap terjulang
Dalam warna cemerlang

Kita sepatutnya belajar
Dari kuntum seroja
Yang tumbuh di kasar selut
Dengan kelopak putih lembut

Arus tak selalu tenteram
Sungai tak selalu jernih
Mari belajar dari bunga-bunga di kolam
Untuk mengapung dan bersih

The Water Flowers

Zurinah Hassan

We should learn a lesson
From the water garden
From the flowers that never sink

We should learn
From the lotus
How the muddy stems
Hold the flower above
Brilliant and lustrous

We should all learn
From the water lily
In the water so muddy
Keeping white petals in purity

Our path may be gloomy
As the river is sometimes dirty
Let us learn from the water plants
To uphold our integrity

Reprinted with permission.

First published in *A Journey Through Prose and Poetry*, Dewan Bahasa dan Pustaka, IIUM Press, 2018.

Cleanse

Bradley Foisset

As an artist, I explore the constructed dichotomy between man and nature. My recent work employs materials that are taken from the land and rivers of Singapore that are being eroded and destroyed. In *Cleanse*, I disrupt the hierarchy between what is considered man-made and organic. Bringing different materials together, I challenge the concept of nature as divorced from culture, and seek to propose a non-hierarchical and interconnected relationship between them. Through strategies of appropriation, juxtaposition and projection, my methods characteristically involve marginalized techniques, and the remaining sediments are later transformed in my practice into what I propose is a “passive-aggressive landscape”. This area helps situate my practice to engage dark ecological philosophies and American cultural traditions; the schism between how we perceive these landscapes and how objects react to them is fraught with suspicion.

Visit the artist's website: <https://www.bradleyfoisset.com/>

Cleanse

Framed digital chromogenic mounted to Dibond

38.5 x 51.5cm

Edition 1/4 +0AP



© Bradley Foisset

Cleanse #2

Framed digital chromogenic mounted to Dibond

38.5 x 51.5cm

Edition 1/4 +0AP



© Bradley Foisset

Cleanse #6

Framed digital chromogenic mounted to Dibond

38.5 x 51.5cm

Edition 1/4 +0AP



© Bradley Foisset

Two Poems by Vinita Agrawal

I Tell The River That I Shall Pray Again

For years I've been trading promises with God.
Offering flowers for mercies,
fasts for protection,
money for more wealth.

And now, it's not as if I've stopped praying,
but something's muted over the years.
When I fold my hands at the altar
I'm thinking the flowers in the vase
need to be changed,
the brand of incense leaves too much ash,
the silver needs polishing, the frames need dusting.

Cremating you
and returning to the raven blackness of our home,
I fastened the urn of ashes
to a clothesline outside the house
because it was bad omen to carry it inside.

Nothing epitomises waiting more
than a boat on the shore
or an urn of warm ashes
tied to a tree or a clothesline.

The river is the end to the wait,
the final quencher of thirst.
Tonight I lie porous.
Tomorrow the river will consume the ashes
and fill me with prayers again.

Grieving

Rivers rounding stones, your memory barbing
my eyes, the last moment

at the hospital clinging to air
beaded with monsoon rain at the windows,

your breath like prints fading
the mist of you alive.

Sunny-side-up-years glistening on us.
Togetherness is so fragile. For dinner

I eat scrambled nights, shoving them around
the plate of solitude. Good you'll never know

hunger now. At the mountain retreat last month
they taught me to let go. Don't destroy your body,

they said. I cropped my gaze to my knuckles,
felt the icy wind's rasping ire. Don't I know how

short patience is with grief? My flight back home
in a rain-drenched craft, bobbing and heaving

like months of the year, finally landing into
a golden afternoon. The weight on my face

responding to light. Fleeing like everything
I'd ever held. Grief, a pleasant friend,

sheepish for always knocking.
Which of my bones lets it in?



Epitaph (ii), Singapore © Tay Tsen-Waye

Epitaph (ii)

An ekphrasis

Marc Nair

She is that wandering dog
sniffing the scent of past lives,
reading years between years,
as the grass between heaven
and hell spills over, wild
with longing, an offering
for untethered souls
haunted by stopped seasons

Prayers bloom against granite
trees with their beveled corners.
Time is softer here, happiness
glints from mosaic that keeps
a familiar pattern; sense of home
in this grave turning to garden

This poem is an ekphrastic response to Tay Tsen-Waye's photograph, and is taken from a larger collection of work entitled Sightlines, published by Math Paper Press.

Three Micropoems by Margarita Serafimova

A group of snakes is crossing my path.
I ask them:
Mistresses, where are you going?

*

The Sea

Of blue gold hammered by the wind—
it answers my heart when my heart answers it.

*

For the Persian mountains,
there is no language.

Only light.

Two Poems by Peggy Landsman

Enturtled

Olowalu, Maui, Hawaii

The gentlest turtles in the world
wear their shells in Hawaii.

The world is their water.
They are at home in their skin.

When a bearded old sociologist
on leave from winter in Buffalo

breaks, splashing, into their water,
his pale skin does not remind them

that somewhere else
it is snowing.

One of the more gregarious
swims alongside the stranger,

welcomes him to their world
of liquid reverie.

By the canal across the street

Pompano Beach, Florida

The three iguanas are here again.
They decorate the retaining wall,
They monitor the road.

I am brave.
I stand as close as four or five feet.
Their ancient looks intrigue and threaten.

They ride their claws and are gone.

Paper and plastic cups,
Grey-brown husks of coconuts
litter the canal.

Fractal patterns of oil slide
across the reflections of clouds
in water the color of mud mixed with rust.

At Laguna with a Wine Bottle

Andrea Ramos

The waves curl like a cat's hunched back,
the charcoaled sky running its fingers over her fur.
She pounces on humans as they struggle through,
teeth catching legs and feet. She brings gifts
of seaweed even when we don't appreciate it.
She allows us to ride her back with our boats
and stick our human fingers in her fur.
We abandon her when we are done,
leaving scraps—nothing she asked for.

So she keeps her most important parts hidden,
her paws never revealing the secret places.
She knows we would not be able to protect them.

Coral Crown

For Anfim

Kevin Martens Wong

King of the islands!
The nights I have waited
to swim in your skin,
to dive into your palace
in your room at the foot of the sky.
Neither are we partners nor lovers,
simply two children of the sea.
When we lie together on your caravan of vessels,
I holding you, you holding me,
we are wayfarers between two foreign rivers,
coursing between gardens that God himself forgot.

Before I first listened to the whispers floating through
the markets tied up to the piers of my mind,
any island was any island,
as skin was just skin.
And when I could ignore the bedrock of the stars no longer,
I discovered terrible, inescapable beauty,
in your islands forever shuddering in the eye of the storm,
in a mandala forever at war within.

I still hear the cries of every armada I wrecked on your shallows
when you cling to my shoulder, hopeless, incoherent,
a horseshoe crab still too *senget* to find shelter,
a starfish still looking for an anchor to call home.
I, too, am but a half-remembered memorial
to the monsoons of an older time,
one last glimmering lantern still looking to make sense of a past
where all that remains are names of the ones who took.
If only the ocean could have been held back.

Korua Karang

Pra soneh

Kevin Martens Wong

Re di ila!
Kada anoti yo ja sperah
nadah na bos sa peli
mergulah na bos sa palasu
na kambra na danti di peu di seu.
Nus neng amigu neng par
seja dos krengkrensa di mar.
Kiora nus detah juntadu na bos sa kama di barku,
yo abrasah kung bos, bos abrasah kung yo,
ja buskah kaminyu nubu intresmiu dos riu stranjeru,
ta nabegah intresmiu jarding deus pun ja skiseh.

Antis prumiru bes ja ubih kung sufra ta boyah
ilagri di bazar marah na bara di yo sa mulera,
ngua ila fikah ila namas —
peli fikah peli.
Kiora yo impodih sigih diskuniseh strela sa korsang di pedra,
Ja buskah isti buniteza trabalu,
na bos sa ila sempri ta trimih na sentru di olu di samatra,
na mandala cheu di gera.

Yo inda ubih gritu di kada armada ja fundah na bos sa praya,
Kontu bos gapeh yo sa ombru, impodih sperah, impodih papiah,
chuma blangkas impoku senget,
chuma strela di mar ja buskah kaza nubu na angkru.
Yo, pun, ja fikah memoria tantu ja skiseh,
memoria di samatra mas belu,
aloleng di fing inda kereh lumiah eli sa pasadu,
inda kereh buskah nomi di jenti ja tomah tudu di yo.
Kontu na pasadu mar podih parah...

But we moor ourselves both to the solace of one glorious day
that has lasted for centuries too many to count,
the day when I did what no other dared to even conceive
and found the crown that you let tumble into what were my straits.

My lord, my liege, my brother,
I return these to you, your southern islands.
You are their king, their Sultan *soneh*, once forgotten by the sun.
And you do not want the crown.
I can never hope to understand why
my shores are not your shores.
Yet I have learned to sail them as best as I can,
to set my eyes beyond your horizons,
to see farther than the farther you think you know,
into the morass that dims the abyss of your coral heart:
The lagoons your skin nudges my fingers of water into,
filled with undeserved riches,
explorations of penance that your futures never asked for,
voyages of loneliness
that will never come for them again
because your sea has become mine,
just as the mangroves beyond the promontories of my unfailing
sovereignty
have become yours.

King of the depths,
shipmaster where all my lands end and all your islands begin,
I have mapped but a fraction of all the sorrows
that still dot your secret bays.
But I also have lain in quiet defenselessness upon your reefs,
filled with the strength of grief a thousand tides over,
and I long for the day when you too will be able to bask, once again,
in the delicate beauty of your own waters
where there is always saffron to be sought in the sampans along the
coves,

Nang asih, nus marah nus onsong na akeh dia selenti
ja durah pra mutu tantu sekulu,
akeh dia kiora yo ja buskah nggeng ja figurah podih buskah —
bos sa korua, akeh korua bos ja bateh na yo sa stretu:

Re de isti ila, yo sa prispi, yo sa irmang,
Yo dah birah isti ila, bos sa ila-ila di sul.
Bos olotu sa re, olotu sa sultan soneh, ja skiseh di sol.
Mas bos nggeh korua.
Isti yo impodih intindeh, kauzu
yo sa praya ngka bos sa praya.
Mas yo ja predeh nabegah naki,
olah mas lonzi di bos sa peu di seu,
olah mas lonzi di lonzi bos lembrah bos sabeh,
na rentu di bos sa korsang karang sa fundeza:
Laguna-laguna undi yo sa dedu gostah nadah;
cheu di rikeza yo nenang mereseh,
kaminyu di penitensia pra bos sa futura,
kaminyu onsong
nggeh birah
kauzu bos sa mar ja fikah yo sa mar,
chuma paya mas lonzi di praya di yo sa
reinu
ja fikah bos sa paya.

Re di fundeza,
kapitang undi yo sa tera kabah, undi bos sa ila komesah,
Yo ja ingkontrah namas unchinyu di tudu tristeza
Inda fikah na bos sa bara sigredu.
Mas yo pun ja detah seng pardi na bos sa terumbu,
cheu tristeza sa forsa mas forsa di mil di maris;
yo sperah dia kiora bos pun podih alegrah, ngua bes mas,
na buniteza fineza di bos onsong sa agu,
undi sempri teng safrang pra buskah na barku ilagri
kabernu keninu,

where there are always songs for the kingfisher who leaps across the
purple sky,
where even otters and tigers always seek to swim in peace.

undi sempri teng kantiga pra rajawali ta buah na
seu roisu,
undi lontra kung tigri pun kereh nadah juntadu.

Singapore Mermaids

Shuolat (Chan Shu Yin)

The Singapore Girl, a national symbol of beauty and grace. What if we juxtapose her with our native wildlife? This series is a playful take on the iconic Singapore Girl, highlighting the often overlooked aspects of nature in our island city. The series features the striated heron, dugong and smooth-coated otter.

Postcards of Shuolat's art can be purchased on her website.

Visit the artist's website: www.shuolat.com

Visit the artist's Etsy shop: <https://www.etsy.com/sq-en/shop/Shuolat>

Striated Heron

The Beauty and the Bird.

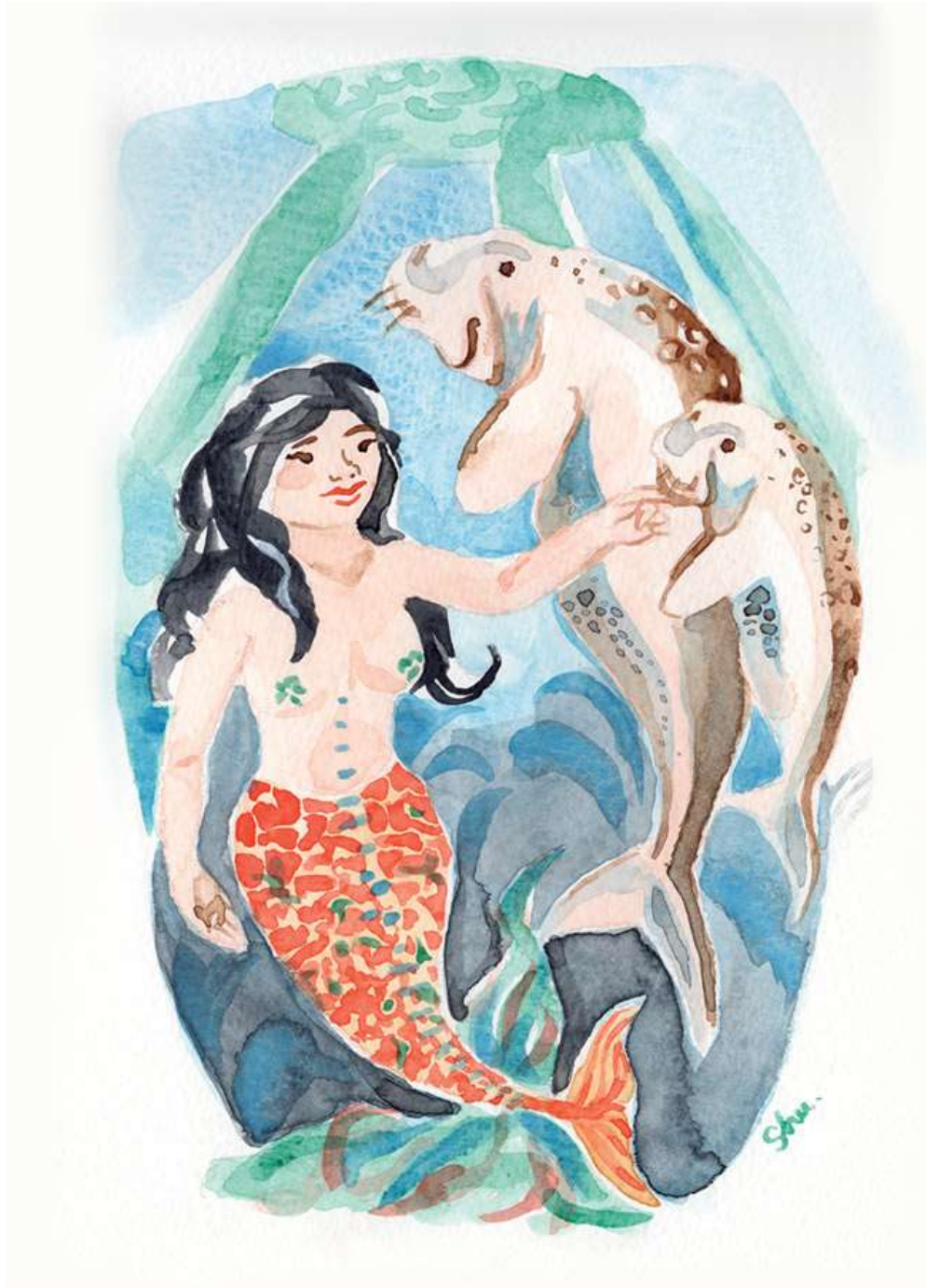
How does one define beauty? Are our eyes open to the flora and fauna flourishing in the canals or would the canal debase Beauty's exquisiteness?



Striated Heron © Shucolat (Chan Shu Yin)

Dugong

Dugongs can be found off Singapore's coast. Feeding on seagrass, they are sometimes called Sea Cows and can live up to 70 years old. The baby clings to its mother's back while she munches on seagrass. Dugongs are listed as "Critically Endangered" in the Red List of threatened animals of Singapore.



Dugong © Shucolat (Chan Shu Yin)

Smooth-coated Otter

The smooth-coated otter seems to have become the nation's favourite animal in recent years. Their increase in numbers and photogenic nature have made them a poster-child for nature living alongside humans in urban Singapore.



Smooth-coated Otter © Shucolat (Chan Shu Yin)

Into the Blue

Dorsía Smith Silva

We descend into the cool deep dark, so far down until
all is black for a moment.

When I see the glow of the anglerfish's lore,
I notice that I am surrounded by a new world of vertebrates:
balloonfish, stonefish and hatchetfish.

They zigzag in between the striped brown tube worms,
like children playing hide-and-go-seek.

Here, I find comfort: gulper eels tickle my feet,
yellow sea anemones wave to greet me
and octopuses share their bounty of coconut shells—
their tentacles extend to drop the brown mounds like presents.

Inside the shells, I find jewel boxes of rich treasures:
fragile pink sea urchin, Johnson's sea cucumber,
rough limpet, spiny brittle star, eroded periwinkle and whale worm.
At this cross into the world of invertebrates, I understand
how easily we encounter each other
like a symmetry of familiar strangers.

Contributors



Vinita Agrawal is an award winning Mumbai-based author of four books of poetry including *Two Full Moons*, *The Longest Pleasure*, *The Silk of Hunger* and *Words Not Spoken*. Her work has been widely published and anthologised in *Asiancha*, *Constellations*, *The Fox Chase Review* and elsewhere. She has read at various book fairs and literary festivals like the FILEY Book Fair, Merida, Kala Ghoda Arts Festival, Lucknow Literary festival, Cappuccino Readings and Women Empowerment events. She is on the advisory board of The Tagore Prize and can be found at her website www.vinitawords.com.



Frances Alleblas is an artist from The Netherlands whose work includes photography, film and drawings. She is currently working on a project, *the island*, which traces her lifelong fascination with tropical islands and the fantasies she has about them, fed by the imagery of adventure films and novels. She has spent twenty years living in Southeast Asia, first in Indonesia and since 2002, she has been residing in Singapore. She can be found at <https://www.francesalleblas.com/>.



Kamaria Binte Buang is a full-time housewife by day and a sewing instructor for The People's Association (PA) at various Resident and Community Centres. An avid poet, she writes primarily in the Malay Language. Her poetry was first published in 2005 by *Berita Minggu*. To date, 100 of her poems have been published by *Berita Minggu*.

In the Anugerah Persuratan 2009, Kamaria was awarded in the poetry category with her piece entitled, *Anak Tertangga Kelantan Lane*, which was included into the MOE Malay A-level literature textbook *Bergitulah Kata-kata* and *Sandalku Milikmu* (2015). Her first book, *Tanah Di Sini, Aku Bersemadi* (poetry) was published in 2015. She is a member of ASAS '50, a literary community of Malay Language writers.



Currently an art therapist in training, **Shucolat (Chan Shu Yin)** is also a visual storyteller, giving a voice to the nameless and unfamiliar through illustration and comics. Her art traverses the realms of nature, human's relationship with it, as well as existentialism and the human condition. Shucolat graduates from LASALLE's MA Art Therapy programme in 2019 and hopes to incorporate nature into her art therapy practice as she believes that both nature and art have the power to heal. She can be found at www.shucolat.com.



Namiko Chan Takahashi has been dancing and making art since she was five. Today, she is one of Singapore's most accomplished portrait artists, working in the style of contemporary realism. In 2012, she established the Singapore branch of a Hawaiian Hula dance school under the direction of her beloved teacher Kumu Hula Leihi'ilani Kirkpatrick of Kaua'i. Namiko's given Hawaiian name is Kapuananiekekui. In 2014, she and her poet-writer husband Aaron Lee co-founded the Laniakea Culture Collective, an intercultural art practice that has a mission to build community through excellence in the arts.



Ellen Chia exchanged her corporate heels for paintbrushes in 2007 and has since embarked on a journey from Singapore to Thailand as a self-taught artist. When she is not painting, Chia enjoys going on solitary walks in the woodlands and along beaches where nature's treasure trove impels her to document her findings and impressions using the language of poetry.



Ray DiZazzo has published fiction, poetry and criticism in commercial and literary magazines, newspapers and books. Some of those publications include *The Berkeley Poetry Review*, *Poetry Now*, *California Quarterly* and elsewhere. He is the recipient of the Percival Roberts Book Award and the Rhysling Award. DiZazzo is also a Pushcart Prize nominee, whose works have been anthologised in *The Alchemy of Stars*, *Burning with a Vision* and *Contemporary Literary Criticism*. In addition, he has published four books of poetry: *Clovin's Head*, *Songs for a Summer Fly*, *The Water Bulls* and *The Revlon Slough: New and Selected Poems*.



Returning to the Pacific Northwest has reconnected **Suzanne Eller** with the natural world, and has been the impetus for her self-taught artistic expression in the medium of assemblage art. A single piece of driftwood or a rusty tool will spark an idea of a fully formed image in her mind, then transform, as she brings other bits and pieces into the mix. Her pieces integrate masculine and feminine objects, juxtaposing rusty tools, organic elements and textiles into sculptures. Ranging from obliquely political to whimsical to forlorn, her work is meant to be a catalyst for interesting conversation. Visit www.suzanneellerart.com for more information.



Bradley Foisset has participated in various group and solo exhibitions including *Monarch* (Chan + Hori Contemporary, 2018), *Peculiar Textures* (Galerie Steph ARTSPACE@Helutrans, 2015), *Cam Biasa* (Art One 21, 2014), and Asia's largest art platform with *Singapore Art Stage 2013* (Singapore Institute of Contemporary Art, Marina Bay Sands).

Bradley Foisset holds a Bachelor of Fine Arts from LASALLE College of the Arts / Goldsmiths University of London (First Class Honours, Summa Cum Laude, Presidents Award, McNally Award Fine Arts Representative). He is also a recipient of the Winston Oh Travel Award (Mekong Delta, Vietnam). Growing up in downtown Buffalo, he graduated from The Buffalo Academy for the Visual and Performing Arts (Photography 1997).

He can be found on Instagram: https://www.instagram.com/bradley_foisset_art/.



Zurinah Hassan is the first Malaysian female writer to be conferred the title of Sasterawan Negara or National Literary Laureate. She received the SEA Write Award from Thailand in 2004 and the Sunthorn Phu Award (Asean Literary Prize initiated by Ministry of Culture, Thailand) in 2013. Zurinah began writing from her teenage days and has published several collections of poems, short stories, memoirs and a novel. Her work has been translated into several languages, including English, Spanish, Russian, Mandarin, Japanese and French. Zurinah graduated from Universiti Sains Malaysia, has a Master Degree from Universiti Putra Malaysia and a Doctorate degree in Literature from University of Malaya.



Born and raised in Perth, **Priya Kahlon** is an Indian Australian poet who was selected to be part of the Indian Ocean mentorship program for emerging writers. Balancing a career in law, Kahlon's poetry explores the ideas of identity, belonging and the use of language to break free from the structures and expectations of modern society.



Suhit Kelkar is a magazine editor who lives and works in Mumbai, India. His journalistic work has been published by various Indian and international publications such as *Caravan*, *Open*, *Al Jazeera Online*, and *Gulf News' Friday Magazine*. His haiku have appeared in *The Heron's Nest*, the *Asahi Haikuist Network*, and *Naad Anunaad: An Anthology of Contemporary World Haiku*. His poetry and prose have appeared in *Vayavya*, *Elsewhere Lit*, *The Bombay Literary Magazine*, and elsewhere. His poetry chapbook entitled *The Centaur Chronicles* (2018) deals with themes of otherness and exclusion.

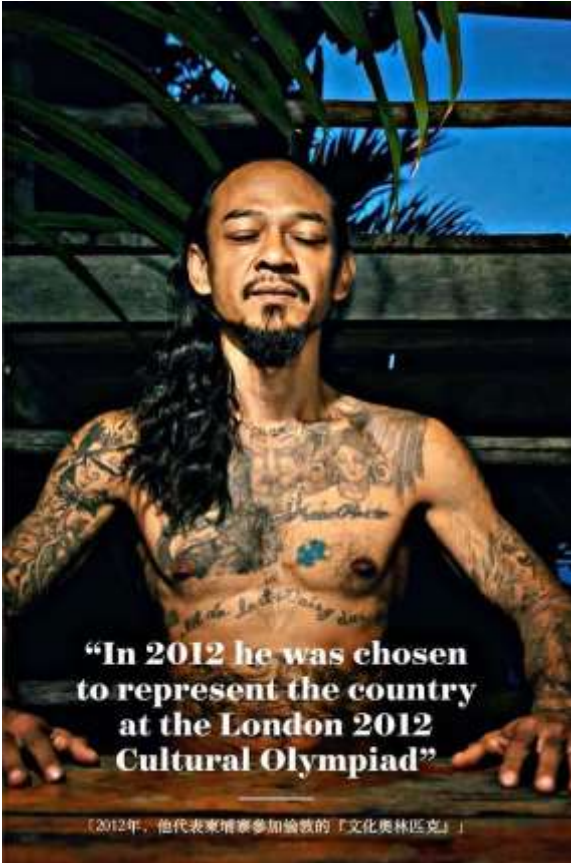


Photo credit: Jaime Fullerton

Kosal Khiev is a multi-gifted artist. Since being released from 16 years of incarceration and forcibly deported back to Cambodia in the spring of 2011, his life seems to be one made out of the movies. Without knowing how to navigate his newfound freedom, he sought art to lead and guide him. In 2012, he was officially invited to the London Summer Olympics as part of a Cultural Olympiad representing Cambodia as its first premiere poet. This can be seen in his critically acclaimed multi-award winning documentary *Cambodian Son* by Studio Revolt. Abandoned by America, the world has accepted him all over. From facilitating creative writing workshops, to live performances, Khiev has graced the stages of Berlin to Copenhagen, Singapore to Malaysia, London to Paris, Bali to Bangladesh. He again collaborated with Studio Revolt alongside CAAM (Center of Asian American Media) and pbs.org, and together created *Verses in Exile*, a stunning visual webisode series shot in four parts. Now, with a few films under his repertoire, Kosal is diving into the world of Visual Art, which has been his first passion that began with doodles and sketches. His first solo exhibition was held in Siem Reap at the Little Red Fox Espresso. A success for having sold multiple works, he now wishes to further other mediums of art to see how they may inspire or engage conversations between and amongst individuals and communities.



Peggy Landsman is the author of a poetry chapbook, *To-wit To-woo* (Foothills Publishing). Her work has been published or is forthcoming in many literary journals and anthologies, including, most recently, *The Hypertexts*, *Gyroscope Review*, *Nasty Women Poets: An Unapologetic Anthology of Subversive Verse* (Lost Horse Press), *SWWIM Every Day*, and *Mezzo Cammin*. She currently lives in South Florida where she swims in the warm Atlantic Ocean every chance she gets. Visit her at peggylandsman.wordpress.com.



Lee Maracle is the author of a number of award winning and critically acclaimed literary works, including *Sojourners and Sundogs: First Nations Fiction*, *Polestar/Raincoast*, *Ravensong*, *Bobbi Lee*, *Daughters Are Forever*, *Will's Garden*, *Bent Box*, *First Wives club*, *I Am Woman*, *Memory Serves*, *Celia's Song*, *Talking to the Diaspora* and *My Conversations with Canadians*. She is the co-editor of a number of anthologies including the award winning publication, *My Home As I Remember* and *Telling It: Women and Language across Culture*. Born in North Vancouver, Maracle is a member of the Stó:lō nation. Mother of four and grandmother of seven, Maracle is currently an instructor at the University of Toronto. She is the Traditional Teacher for First Nations. In 2009, Maracle received an Honorary Doctor of Letters from St. Thomas University. Maracle is a Senior Fellow at Massey College, U of T and has served as Distinguished Visiting Scholar at the University of Toronto, University of Waterloo, and the University of Western Washington. She is distinguished for the following awards: the 2014 Ontario Premier's Award for Excellence in the Arts, the 2016 Ann Green Award and the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Medal, the Officer of the Order of Canada, the Blue Metropolis First Peoples Literary Prize and the International Festival of Authors award in 2018. Her book, *My Conversations with Canadians* was shortlisted for the 2018 Toronto Book Award.



Michal Mahgerefteh is a poet and artist from Virginia. She is the author of four poetry collections and is currently editing her 5th collection. Mahgerefteh is the managing editor of the Anna Davidson Rosenberg Poetry Award and the Mizmor Poetry Anthology. Visit her website here: www.Mitak-Art.com.



Jayne Marek's poems and art photographs appear in *One, Light, Grub Street, QWERTY, The Cortland Review, Slipstream, The Lake, Stonecoast Review, Spillway, Women's Studies Quarterly, Sin Fronteras, Notre Dame Review*, and elsewhere. Her most recent books are *In and Out of Rough Water* (2017) and *The Tree Surgeon Dreams of Bowling* (2018). Twice nominated for a Pushcart Prize, she won the Bill Holm Witness poetry contest and was a finalist for several other awards. A former professor of literature and Indiana Master Naturalist, she now studies the natural history of the Olympic and Quimper Peninsulas in Washington state.



A poet and a public school teacher, **Julie Martin** lives in Saint Paul, Minnesota with her husband and two teenage sons. Her poetry has appeared in *Alpha Female Society, In Want of Jasmine, Ancient Paths Literary Journal, The Poetry Super Highway, Pasque Petals* and *Dreamers Creative Writing*. Visit her website here: <https://sphinxmothrising.blogspot.com>



Marc Nair is a poet and photographer from Singapore. He has published ten volumes of poetry and is a recipient of the 2016 Young Artist Award. Nair has performed spoken word for over fifteen years, representing Singapore in international poetry slam competitions. His latest collection of poetry is *Sightlines*, an ekphrastic collection of poems and photographs created together with Tay Tsen-Waye.



Faye Ng Yu Ci resides in Singapore. Her works have appeared in journals and anthologies including *Raven Chronicles*, *Bookends Review*, and *ASINGBOL: an Archaeology of the Singaporean Poetic Form*. She believes in the power of nature to reflect and affect our lived experiences, and finds inspiration from morning runs through the Singapore Botanic Gardens.



Pasidah Rahmat is a Senior Officer in DBS Bank. Her first Malay short story was published in *Berita Harian* in 1983. After marriage, she left the literary world and only returned in 2016, where she was shortlisted as one of the 35 participants for Mencari Kristal, a short story competition organised by *Berita Harian* and the National Arts Council. She has written more than 20 short stories and about 20 poems, mainly in Malay, which have been published in newspapers and several anthologies. Currently, she has once again been shortlisted for Mencari Kristal 2019. She is a member of ASAS '50, a literary community of Malay Language writers.



Margarita Serafimova was shortlisted for the Montreal International Poetry Prize (2017), Summer Literary Seminars (2018 and 2019), and University Centre Grimsby International Literary Prize (2018), long-listed for the Christopher Smart (Eyewear Publishing) Prize (2019), Erbacce Press Poetry Prize (2018) and Red Wheelbarrow Prize (2018). She was nominated for Best of the Net, 2018. She has three collections in Bulgarian. Her work appears in Agenda Poetry, London Grip, Waxwing, Trafika Europe, and elsewhere. Visit: https://www.facebook.com/MargaritaSerafimova/?ref=aymt_homepage_panel.



Dorsía Smith Silva is professor of English at the University of Puerto Rico, Río Piedras. Her poetry has been published in several journals and magazines in the United States and the Caribbean, including *Portland Review*, *Saw Palm*, *Aji Magazine*, *Gravel*, *Adanna*, *Mom Egg Review*, and *POUI: Cave Hill Journal of Creative Writing*. Silva is editor of *Latina/Chicana Mothering* and co-editor of six books.



Euginia Tan is a Singaporean writer who writes poetry, creative non-fiction and plays. Her poetry collection, *Phedra*, was nominated for the Singapore Literature Prize (2018). She enjoys cross-pollinating art with multidisciplinary platforms and reviving stories. Contact her at eugtan@hotmail.com.



Ko Ko Thett hails from Burma, leads an itinerant life and often winds up in Myanmar. He serves as poetry editor for Mekong Review and is the author of “The Burden of Being Burmese” (Zephyr Press, 2015) and “လေယူလေသိမ်း [Accent]” (Seikkuu Cho Cho Books, Yangon, 2018). As of 2019 he can be spotted at the Golden Triangle area of Norwich, UK.



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Zakir Hossain Khokan is a writer, poet, freelance journalist, editor and photographer. Born in Dhaka and a graduate of the National University of Bangladesh, he moved to Singapore in 2003 to work here. Presently he is a quality control project coordinator in the construction sector. His two poetry collections, a non-fiction book and a song album have been published in Bangladesh and Singapore. He is co-editor of *Migrant Tales*, an anthology of poems by migrant Bengali poets in Singapore. Recently, he served as co-editor of *Call and Response: A Migrant/Local Anthology*. Zakir won the first prize for two consecutive years at the Migrant Workers Poetry Competition in 2014 and 2015. Since then, he has been a prominent figure representing the migrant worker community in

Singapore. He was invited to give Ted Talks where he gave his audience a glimpse of the migrant worker's life through the lens of his poetry, photography, books, and other literary activities. He tries to use the little fame that he has to give back to the community, whether by advocating for worker rights or by starting initiatives within the migrant community, such as through Migrant Writers of Singapore. His *One Bag One Book* project encourages migrant workers to read more books. He can be reached at zakir.journal@gmail.com.



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