

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022



Editor

Dr Pragya Suman

Arc Publishing House

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022

Editor Dr. Pragya Suman

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Editor's Ink

Now autumn has arrived, everything looks fresh and pleasant. We welcome to the fourth issue of Arc Magazine. Arc Magazine has two issues, spring, and autumn. Autumn's issue is specific for prose poetry. We firmly believe that prose poetry elevates poetry, not deletes poetry. Since this issue, we have modified the Arc logo. Arc Magazine is now affiliated with the international prose poetry society, Iraq, and is in the process of getting registered by the prose poetry society, the Indian Government. Arc is based in India, but we accept writings from worldwide. We resist discriminatory behavior based on nationality, religion, ethnicity, and race.

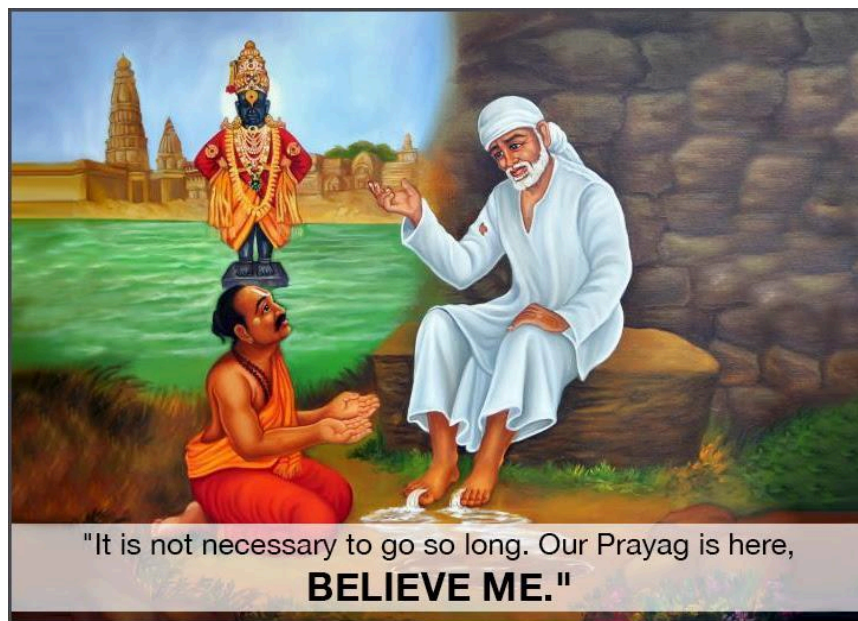
It was amazing that we received prose poems from both emerging and established poets. Besides many new writers, we have poems from Ron Padgett, Micheal brownstein, Dr. Anwer Ghani, Peter Johnson, and Oz Hardwick. Peter Johnson is the featured poet of the anthology, and I have taken an interview with him.

In 2022 we started the Arc award. Chris Green, the USA author, was included in the Judging process. We have selected the best poem of the issue as the winner, and two honorable mentions are also selected. Besides, the Arc lifetime honor award for prose poetry is imparted to Oz Hardwick. Again I want to say that prizes are chosen on a subjective basis, and others' choices could be different. As we see, whole poems are excellent, so they have made space for anthologies. I long listed the poems for the anthology, and winners, and the Judging panel selected the winners. Poems selected for Arc Prizes would be nominated for Best of the Net.

The Artwork is done by Caroline Mcpherson and Dr. Anwer Ghani.

Dr. Pragya Suman
Founding editor
Arc Magazine

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Dr. Pragma Suman

Shirdi Sai Baba/ Our Prayag is Here

The tiny twitter was awaiting sitting on the twigs of the *neem tree*. People still talk about the *neem tree*. Dasganu was pining for a dip in the *confluence of Ganga, Yamuna and Saraswati*. Prayag will wash down the sins; they *ache* in my visions. Big laughter swept down and *engulfed* the whispering wind.

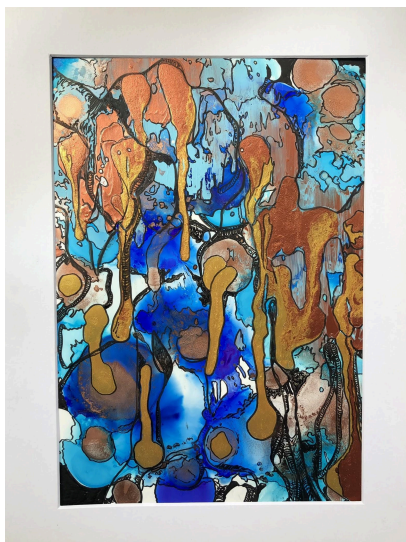
"I am going to be breathless, my God," Dasganu yelled in a *trance*! A pink smile leaped up from the lips of the old fakir.

"Why do you want to go so far, my child? Look down; Prayag is here."

Dasganu bent down to the feet of the old fakir. A gush of water *spurred out* both the toes of Sai baba.

Fakir loves his devotees, His love gleams in miracles!

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Front Cover Artist: Caroline McPherson

Caroline McPherson is an abstract artist from Leicestershire in the UK. Having originally studied art & design at the University of Bradford, she has gone on to exhibit her work in numerous places online as well as in galleries across the U.K. Her work has also recently been featured in 'Artist Talk' Magazine.

About the painting "The Boiling Ocean" she says--

"I wanted to create a piece to reflect the damage which is being done to our oceans and sea life. If the sea dies then we die. Under the vast blue of the sea is a forest which is being destroyed faster than the Amazon rainforest. This means that another huge lung of our Earth is becoming less and less effective as it disappears. We can't ignore what we can't see for any longer because the effects will be devastating."

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Featured Poet/ Peter Johnson/Interview

PS: Can you tell me about yourself? Your education, upbringing, and the steel plant where you worked.

PJ:I was raised in an Irish Catholic neighborhood in South Buffalo, NY where the steel plants were located. When I was nine, we moved to the suburbs, which wasn't much different than South Buffalo. But who I am was really formed in South Buffalo. Everyone was working-class. All the moms stayed home, and the dads worked civil servant or factory jobs. My father worked two jobs. He was a mailman during the day, then would come for dinner before heading out to his second job at the steel plant. Don't know how he did it, but the extra money allowed my brother and I to go to the best Catholic high school in the city where I played sports and studied Latin and classical Greek. I kept that up throughout college. So it's rather surprising that I am

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writing prose poetry instead of sonnets. I did begin by writing verse poetry, but the truth is, it stunk. But I had always liked Kafka's shorter works, and I translated Theophrastus's comic character sketches, so my early short prose attempts were character sketches. I didn't know what a prose poem was, but then I came across Edson's work, which led me to Michael Benedikt's anthology. Poets like Max Jacob and the Eastern European writers in it, like Gunter Eich and Gunter Kunnert, blew me away and made me see that the prose poem might provide a nice safe home for my black-humor-Irish take on the world. Also, that anthology proved that the prose poem was a very welcoming genre. So many different sensibilities in it.

PS: You have been very close to Russel Edson and Charles Simic. Did Russel's absurdities and Simic's dark humor also adhere to their personalities besides literary linchpins?

PJ: Charlie and I really aren't that close in terms of spending time with each other. I took a course with him, and later, when I started my journal, he was supportive. He became a contributing editor and then kindly wrote an introduction for my first book. He's an amazingly generous man, and, in terms of humor, I've always thought of him as a kindred soul. When I write he's always present as an ideal reader whom I would like to please. Russell and I were very close. I have 350 letters from him, some sounding like prose poems. He's incredibly funny, on and off the page. He was reclusive. I appear to be very social, but, in reality, we both always felt isolated from the literary world, and liked it that way.

PS: Is there any truth in this myth that conceptual poets tend to peak young, like Shelly, Keats, Ezra Pound, Sylvia Plath, Dylan Thomas, and T.S.Eliot? But experimental poets tend to peak late: Robert Frost, WByeats, Auden, Seamus Heaney. Eliot has written that "we observe some maturing earlier than others, and we observe that those which mature early do not always develop very far." you are also a late bloomer and got your book published at forty- seven. What do you think about it?

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PJ: The only rule in writing is that there are no rules. I was probably a late bloomer because I just had too much going on in my life and was often as distracted as a newborn kitten. It's no secret to me that before I met my wife, I had published a lot of poems and some stories, but since we've been together (30 years) I have published about 14 books. She was a settling influence, so the inside of my head didn't seem like a pinball machine anymore. Some find the cliché "the woman behind the man" offensive, but in my case it holds true.

PS: In an interview I read, Russel Edson was apprehensive about the future of prose poetry. But we see nowadays prose poems are gaining wider acceptance, especially as they are now in the mainstream of avant-garde. How and why did his visionary eyes get obscured about its future, a writer of great caliber, he is called the father of prose poetry in America. You can better judge as you were near to him. Was the prose poem facing opposition those days or was there another reason?

PJ: When Russell was writing his early prose poetry, no one was doing much in the genre. He liked it that way, I think. He really enjoyed being an outsider. He was stunned when my journal, *The Prose Poem: An International Journal* (which has all been put online) became popular. In one sense, he was glad to see the genre authenticated in some way; in another sense, he was not impressed with the coming avalanche of poorly written prose poems. He used to say that the problem with poetry, and prose poetry in particular, was that it had "too much language chasing too little of an idea." I agree with him. Even now everyone thinks writing a prose poem is easy. Just sit back and write any crap you feel like. After all, you're a poet, so anything that comes to mind must be significant.

PS: You have told me that you felt freed up by the tyranny of line breaks and enjambments. Now after writing so many books and winning the James Laughlin Award by the Academy of American Poets, do you feel satisfied with creative endeavors, putting them up in postcard shape?

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PJ: I tend to be self-deprecatory and am always disappointed in my writing. I think that's a good thing. Once you think you got it all down perfectly, you'll never write anything good because you'll never challenge yourself. Having said that, I have to admit when putting together my "Collected and New" volume, which will be published by MadHat press in the January of 2023, I actually thought, "Peter, this is damn good stuff." Rereading it all, I felt as if someone else had written it, someone much smarter than me, and that's always a good sign. I thought, "I'd like to meet this Peter Johnson guy."

PS: Michael Symmons Roberts says "a verse novel can only be written in conscious awareness of the novel as a form". Prose with line breaks doesn't count as verse novels. If we think in that way then prose without line breaks is not a prose poem novel. What do you think about the idea of a prose poem novel? Could it be successful in effacing the boundary between fiction and verse, or would it start a separate type of genre?

PJ: One of my novels, *What Happened*, was called a novel -in-prose poems, but I'm very skeptical of that concept. To me the best prose poems are short. But, in reality, it doesn't matter what you call a work. All that matters is that it's good. But I do think that too much narrative kills the "poetic" part of the prose poem.

PS: Now the situation has become a paradox. You have been here for about forty years, over the past half -century. Poetry's specialist audience has steadily expanded, and its general readership has declined. Do you agree that the migration of the American Literary culture to the university has unwittingly contributed to its disappearance from public view? Isn't it right that contemporary writers are poetry professionals operating in the closed world of the university?

PJ: You really hit on the core problem with poetry today. All these MFA programs have created a kind of Mafia. If you don't play along with it all and constantly socialize and suck up to people, the Mafia bosses will hire a hitman to take you out. On one hand, it's great so many people want to write poetry, but no one is really reading much of it. I guarantee you that if you sent your latest book to ten good friends, most of them would

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read a few poems in it, and then put it on the shelf and go back to their own writing. To me the bigger problem is, How do you discover the best poems out there, especially when many editors are using their magazines and presses to advance their careers. Why not take a lousy poem from a poet laureate than a good one from Joe Blow the plumber? The poet laureate might help you get a grant; the best the plumber can do is to fix your sink, which, by the way, I could use now.

PS: Please tell me about your writing process. Does poetry come to you as a god's gift or does it demand long labor and perseverance?

PJ: No, God is asleep at the wheel when I'm writing. He's has a lot to deal with now with all the craziness that's going on in the world. I have come to trust in my imagination and improvisation. I can begin with almost any image or phrase and just chase it wherever it goes until what Edson calls a "shape of thought" develops. Then, after a first draft, the fun starts when my imagination and intellect work in tandem. Actually, none of this is true, except for the improvisation part.

PS: Robert Bly's "Looking for Dragon Smoke" essay explains the new direction in which American poetry was moving during the 60s and 70s. He gave a leaping theory between the conscious and subconscious mind. I read your poems, some of them seemed to shift between two worlds as Bly defined. What do you think about it?

PJ: I agree with you. I wish I could explain how that process happens, but I think it has something to do with giving up control of whatever might ruin the poem: a fixation on an image or narrative strategy for instance. But that's not to say that anything goes

PS: Michael Benedikt suggests prose poetry "is a genre of poetry, self-consciously written in prose, and characterized by the intense use of virtually all the devices of poetry, which includes the intense use of devices of verse," except for the line break. Robert Bly calls the "special properties" of the prose poem: its "attention to the unconscious, and to its particular logic"; "an accelerated use of colloquial and everyday speech patterns"; "a visionary thrust"; a reliance on humor and wit; and an

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“enlightened doubtfulness, or hopeful skepticism.” David Ignatow says lyric is an emotional response while prose poem is the intellectual response. He claimed prose poems offered him dramatic possibilities: to him, prose poems are like theater. your opinion? The simplest definition came from Charles Simic “ prose poem looks like prose on the paper and appears as the poem to ears. In this broad spectrum of definitions, where would you like to fix, agree with them or is it all trick? Try to define undefined

PJ: All of those work for me. I’m not big on definitions, but they give one something to talk about. I’m not fond of looking for “answers” to anything in poetry; to me, all that’s important is the conversation.

PS: You have been editor of *The Prose Poetry: An International Journal* for many years and have seen so many ups and downs as an editor. You say as an editor you found ninety- nine percent of submissions were overwritten, then what was your selection criteria, rest one percent or sometimes you compromised with your taste?

PJ: The best and most unsatisfactory answer I can give is that I have always trusted my intuition. When I began the journal, I had read more in the prose poem than most people, so I always felt I had developed a literary competency. Also, I think my training in classical literature made me more disciplined than other prose poets, who just felt that you could call any piece of short prose a prose poem.

PS: You have written the book *What Happened*, which is a glimpse into the life of a troubled teen. During writing fiction do you read a lot of fiction? Do you anticipate writing more fiction, or something completely different or it is back to prose poems?

PJ: Sometimes, I just need to tell a story. Most of my fiction, unlike my poetry, is realistic. I just had a new book published called *Shot_A Novel-in Stories*, which I think it’s the best thing I’ve done in fiction.

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PS: This is the conventional belief that most of the great literature has emerged out of tragedy. While you have defined prose poem as an oxymoron, a genre of contradictions, which seeks comedy for evolution. Does it mean the prose poem is in low form, and if not then where would you like to keep it?

PJ: Very tough but great question, and a good one to end this interview on. “Tough” because I would never want to limit the possibilities of the prose poem. The most I would ask of poets is to please be hard on yourself. I never know if anything I write is good, but I do know that it’s as good as I can make it. I also know that every thought I have isn’t necessarily worthy of being shared. Life is too short, don’t waste your time or ours if you don’t have anything to say or the discipline to say it in the least possible words.

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Peter Johnson

“Tautology as Political Metaphor”

“Never use ‘you’ in a poem,” the professor said. “Never address the reader.” But how can you avoid “you,” at this point in our inglorious human history when gold medals of valor no longer exist because rich guys have hoarded the damn stuff, or when over-muscled men wear Covid-busting laser helmets in an attempt to stay immune. Shouldn’t someone speak up? “Although it snows in Alaska / There’s gold in Alaska.” That’s Johnny Cash versifying in his *Collected Poems*. I was paging through the book while sitting in an auditorium peopled by anxious, masked undergraduates. Some were texting with their hands in their laps, looking as if they were playing with themselves; others were swearing allegiance to the flag, mesmerized by angry shades of red on blackboard map. Then I heard wailing from an unhinged coed just outside the classroom door. “But I love him,” she said, referring to the professor, who was doing his best to ignore her. “Don’t ever address the reader,” he repeated. “Ever”—this followed by an unexplained trembling of desks, and the reasonable assumption that anything the professor would say afterwards would be a lie.

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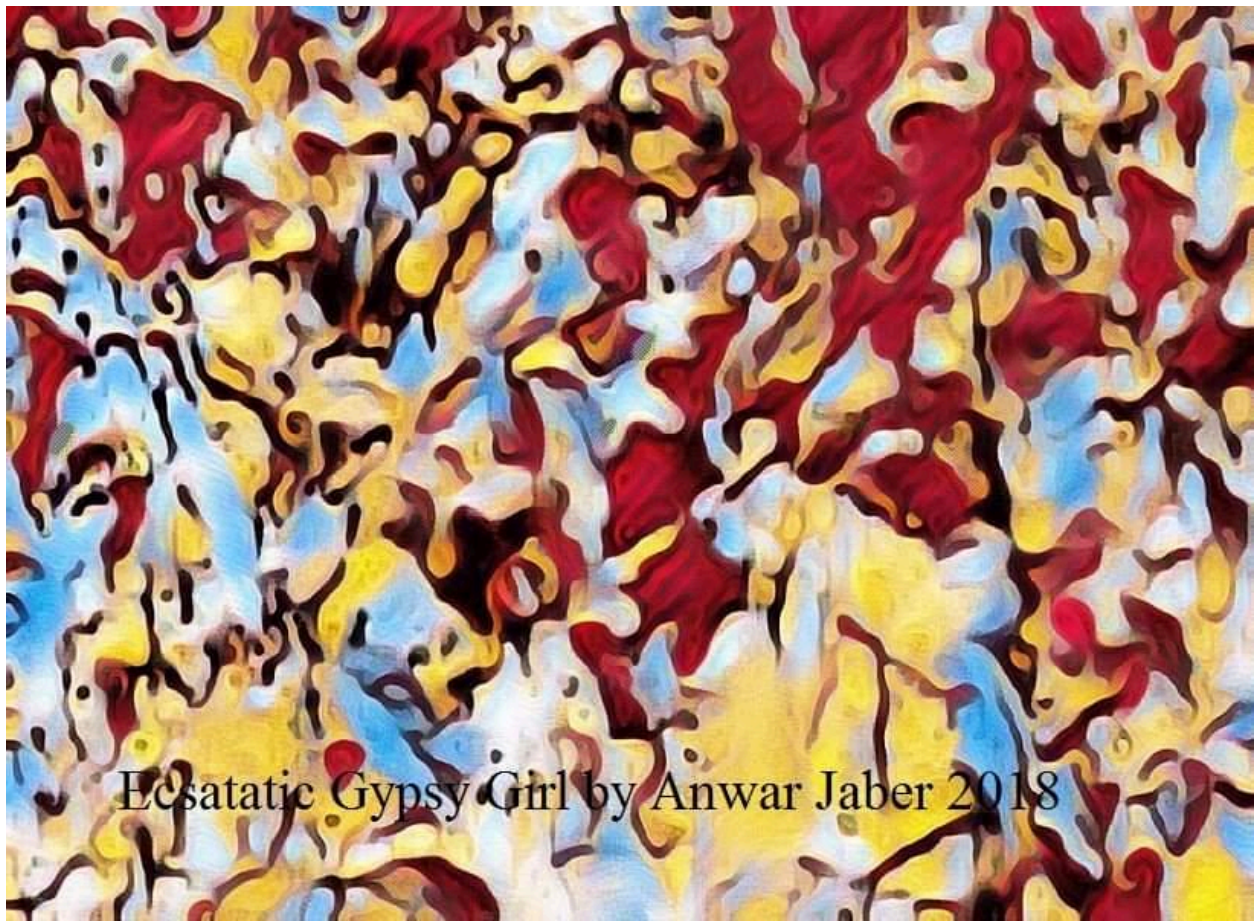
Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Peter Johnson****“Coach Johnson”**

I was a good coach. You might even say I was revered. But who really knows? You scrutinize people, make judgments, think you know them. The guy who pumps gas, the real estate agent with her furrowed brow, their eyes frozen in terror like stars rooted in a winter sky. “There’s a certain sadness to it all,” I say out loud, then reach for my hand sanitizer, adding, “and yet I believe in the inherent goodness of my fellow man”—this baloney from a guy who squandered his life holding his hand over a flame, thinking at some point it might not hurt. Once upon a time I decided that for one year I would only date girls with the first name of Daphne, not realizing I’d have to time-travel to the 1940s to find them. I was focused on the dead-end alleys of the human brain, lost in the endless and depressing mindfuck aphorisms of French philosophers and one particular TM instructor, who burst into tears at my puja ceremony, then stole my white handkerchief and bolted out the door.

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Peter Johnson***"A Day in the Life"*

And now a brief respite from the persistence of epic similes that have dogged me my entire life, creating the kind of anxiety one feels when a genealogist creates a concordance of your most intimate and embarrassing moments. Here, we have no songbirds. But crows, many. I live in an abandoned lighthouse with a renaissance staircase. Each night I descend, teary-eyed, to mourn the recently dead with a family of mice who are trying their best to be attentive. In the sky, above all this sadness, is a meteor the size of a pea, intelligently designed to travel billions of light years to take me out. And the crows, thousands of crows, cawing their approval.

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Keith Barnard

Cosmic Mirror

As I approached the mighty Cosmic Mirror I could see the Ascended Master Saint Germain within the Violet Flame telepathising the energies of the Cosmos eliminating time upon Concentric Circles of fire as I was shown endless incarnations from the dawn of Earth and I observed the "amber - gold - wine - red- lavender" striations locked into intertwining rainbows reaching mystical visions over pulsating molecular panographs illuminating every facet of learning I had committed to memory yet it was only with the power of determination that I was able to shake the manacles of the past and embark upon my Ascension through "upper - dimensional" rays and "multi - angularised" "colour - tomes" explicit in unique translucid grandeur.

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Stephanie Green****“Every Time We Meet”**

Every time we meet, it's the same story. Not a cloud in the sky yet an embrace across ice. Every time, you slip through my fingers like the ice cubes I stole from your glass, after the waiter gave you more than you wanted, that time in the old city. You hated the heat, the crowds and the graffiti, choosing the cool expanse of white hotel sheets while I visited the sights. We argued that night about global warming and the death of the planet. You said I couldn't admit my ignorance. Neither can you, I wanted to say, as I perched on a tall wooden stool, its legs so slender I feared it might break. I didn't say it then, but now I might.

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Stephanie Green****'Sundial'**

At the centre of some old untidy garden, we once sat together, under patches of sun cast loose by eddying clouds. At some point you looked up at me and your face turned into a sundial, pointing towards a horizon of grizzled trees. Under the filtered light of that leafless winter morning, I walked away from the shadow of your eyes, knowing that a straight line can also become a circle. We can't see the axis of the sun, only its effect. The lines and angles of changing light, the rise and fall of what we make or fail. We never needed promises, knowing the light would bring us here again. The same, but different, somehow.

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Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Oz Hardwick**

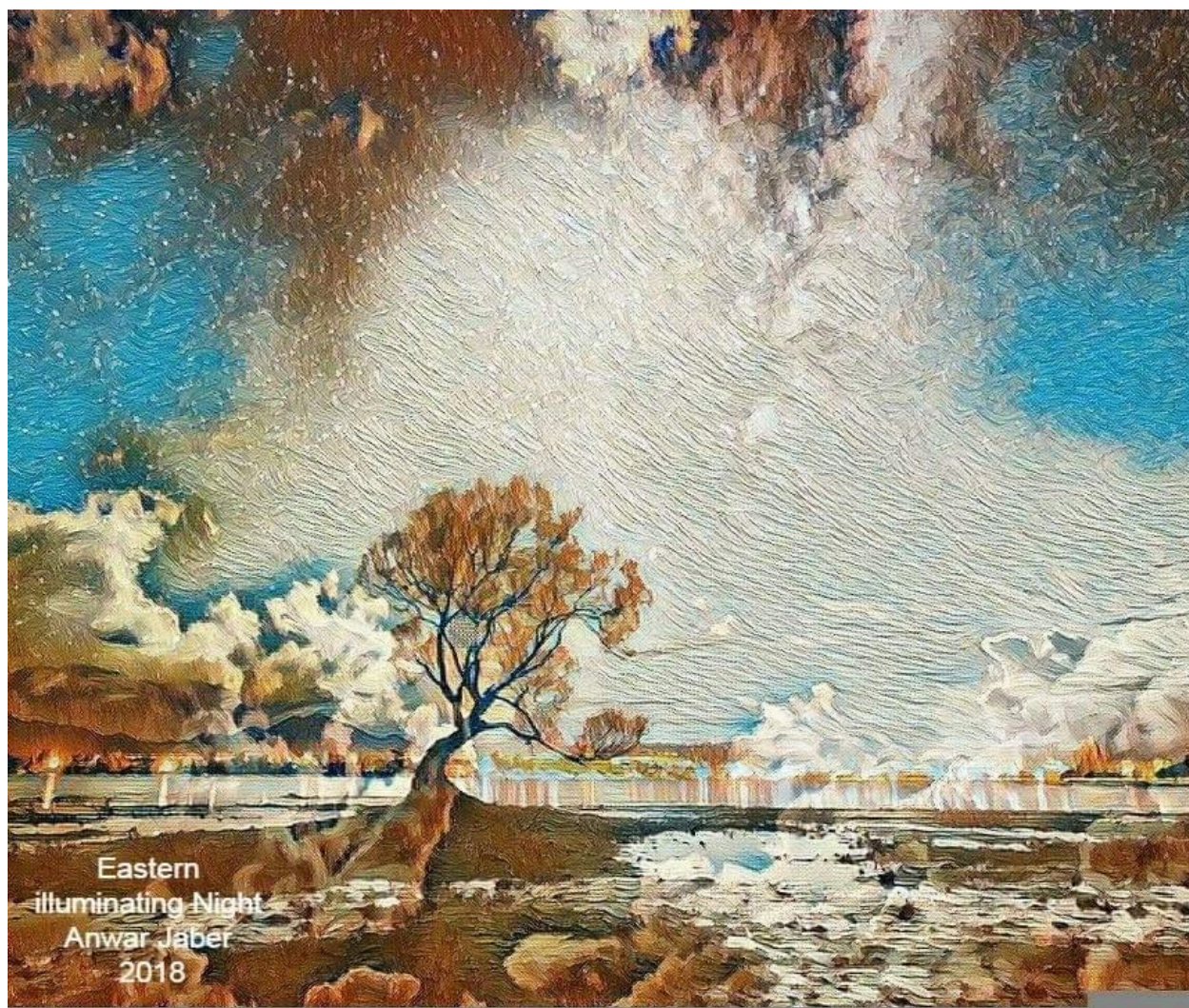
Geek

Stripped of myth, the Other's just a freak, measured against *Normal* and found wanting. It wants a thread through the labyrinth but Ariadne's tidied them all away. It wants a mirrored shield but Athena's sold all her clutter on eBay. Stripped of even its own shadow – nesting moths in a locked/lost box that must never never never be opened – the Other self-identifies as inanimate; something between stick and snake, between body and bird, repulsive to touch. It wants winged sandals but its toes are broken. It wants a ring of confidence or, at least, invisibility, but its fingers are swollen like balloons. Most of all it wants silence, but the sky is nothing but thunder and even its own name hangs just out of reach.

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Oz Hardwick****All Fall Down**

Metamorphosis is only skin deep, and the child sheds his scales but never sheds his inhibitions. He looks out of the attic window, because that's what he's read lost children do, his face paler than the Moon and his name momentarily forgotten. There are roofs and gardens, gas-lit streets, a fairground silent for the night, and the silhouettes of cats cut out of pre-war magazines: there are nursery rhymes that allegorise plague and desire. When he sings the world falls silent, and when he stops singing his walls fall down. What could be laughter could also be thunder, and his breath still clouds the window long after everything else has changed.

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Brandi Clark

The Serpent and the Rat

I always put the spent dishes on the counter if they're still asleep and not in the sink. If I put them in the sink they will clatter, and that will start them raging and then it starts all over again. As soon as they get up, I fix it. The last few bites go down like bits of plaster, my esophagus contracting around them like a snake swallowing a rodent. I know this is wrong. I realize I am wrong and they are wrong and that this is not normal. I also realize I may no longer know what any of that means or how to fix it.

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Jyotirmaya Thakur

THE ARTIST

The coffee stain had drawn his eyes. Once a muddled blemish was now a lively whale swimming through the waters. Around it he had drawn frothy lines of ocean waves and above it grey clouds. He gathered dregs of coffee left over and diluted with milk in varying degrees for varying shades. He brought out the white paper mats and with a plastic spoon dipped into the cups splattered onto the paper mats. Then he took a felt tip marker and started to draw on it. He waited for it to dry and then repeated the process. A plethora of landscapes of fantasy moved with his arms passionately in a fury. The white paper mat once trivial and disposable was now a work of art. The unknown artist gushed forth from his heart with a mysterious and vague joy. The manifestation of divine sensation had triggered an act of creation beyond imagination. A retrospection on his passing years proved a life of deception. A fast turning wheel without exit. The confused and vague splotches were some peephole or portal to another realm of a fury of myriad notions and strange countenances. An artist was born in contemplation.

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo****The Deafening Silence"**

With only the ticking of the clock on the wall and the tapping raindrops on the roof, the splashing sounds as they hit the ground, as gray clouds hover over the gloomy sky above; My mind drifts to wander with thoughts of the distant past, a perturbed soul searching for answers, with questions no one can even decipher. The deafening silence puts me in a trance and makes me sail away to a different dimension trying to untangle confusing dreams and makes me lie awake in the wee hours of the night. Where am I? Who am I? Why am I here? It is in silence that answers come rushing through, when you can listen to what your heart is trying to tell you. My mind is in a labyrinth-like maze with blinding lights chasing my shadow to illuminate my dark path as I await for the Perfect Time when all these would make sense, the deafening silence whispers his thoughts to bringing me back to this chaotic reality. My home is not here but in the heavens one fine day, when the Master up above calls me, then I can't make myself stay...

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Gurupreet K. Khalsa****Pieces of Time**

For a while I pretend I'm of an earlier era, digging clay at the edge of the bayou. Perhaps I'll make a vessel to hold honey harvested from an oak tree beehive, or dig a pit and make neat brick squares to harden in a smoldering fire, embers glowing in a quarter moon's lonesome light, to build my dwelling. Clay, gray, red, uneven, ancient, elemental, primeval. I find a plastic bottle cap, my illusion collapses. Waste and destruction, fractured fantasies of importance the heritage of my era. I lurch in stunned acknowledgement at the feebleness of my endeavors. My sister and I laugh about it, pondering without words the immensity of time, as we bury shards of Mom's 1950's ceramic pitcher in the clay to stabilize the bayou's verge. These days at high tide water flows daily over the banks into the yard. When the water recedes in the next ice age (after once again flooding these plains to deposit shells of sea creatures four hundred miles inland, a cataclysm to happen long after I'm reduced to ash), a lone traveler may poke around at the water's edge and wonder at the nature of my civilization as she patiently fits together the pitcher pieces and considers the hands that buried them.

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Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Robert Beveridge**

Dodge

The old man, a flagellant, speaks of the Berlin wall.

On camera, a fuzzy black shape runs a zigzag pattern, perhaps dodging bullets.

“Our national conscience,” the old man says. He pauses. “The wall was our national conscience. We became the wall, and now the wall is nothing.”

That is the name of God. The black shape on camera falls.

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R.Gerry Fabian

Trolling For Souls

The knock on the front door was so persistent that I broke my rule number four and opened the door. There he stood with the usual literature in his hands. He was a slight man in his mid-forties wearing a worn dark blue suit. The collar of his white shirt was frayed at the points. A green and brown tie hung from his neck and did not coordinate with his suit. On his feet were scuffed brown lace tie shoes.

“Can I have a few minutes of your time.”

“May, not can.” I corrected him. “And no, you may not.”

Before I could close the door, he asked me if I had found Jesus.

Resisting the urge to tell him that I didn’t know Jesus was lost, I replied, “Yes I have found him.”

Before he could get to his next rehearsed question, I finished with, “Try the lady next door, she loses everything.” Then promptly closed the door.

Note: This was written after an encounter with a man seeking to save my soul.

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Michael H Brownstein**

SHADE

She had a shadow that weighed more than her brains and a sharpness that lifted her up and carried her home. She was not a member of any crowd, but a member instead of the cloud, in demand and not in demand, not popular and some of the times popular, happy and unhappy. A fog. She would hold its must, build rainbows and scatter them across a volume of beach near the Sea of Exposure and Lack of Experience. When the day came to go prom, she stood up all four of the people who invited her. When it came time to cross the stage, she did not cross. The day she was to enter college, she was somewhere else. She wrote poems in sand and flash fiction with maple syrup. When her period came, she entered the stage before a large audience at an important festival naked, a piece of string exposing her sanitary napkin, sat with her legs wrenched open and sighed for the most part of an hour. Then she rose, bowed to the audience backwards, and walked off stage. She became a valuable personality. A year later she married a very rich man who had many mistresses and she spent her days making rainbows and her nights in dark and moody fogs. He did not know what hit him, but most importantly, he never cared. She allowed him to breathe. That was all that mattered.

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Donall Dempsey

Dónall of the Dempseys

The wolves still tell the tale of the human in the red cloak. The wolves cuddle closer to each other, curl around each other like a parenthesis within a parenthesis...talking with the invisible words...of thought only. The story makes them shiver but they hunger for its words...salivate with each syllable. And so the tale is passed down from pack to pack with its aura of being real & not-real in the all-at-once. Little wolf eyes glow wider in the dark as thought caresses the words...the un-known-known. Their hackles rise as the well-worn words, slightly torn at the edge of the telling...rise into being...become her... "Once upon a long long ago.." the teller of tales closes his eyes to see her all the better. The tale tells of a wolf(all fall into the trap of being this wolf of words)tracked through the forest by the human in the red cloak. There is no escape. No escape from love. "Oh what big eyes she had!" drools the tale-teller as she materialises in each and every word in each and every mind. "Oh what white white teeth she had!" as each remembers a smile that has never been seen. "Oh what soft hands she had!" the teller slobbering over his hoard of words. And each, in his own darkness, is touched. Touched. And so, the human in the red cloak touches them with love. There is no fear in her green-green eyes. Her smile is blinding white. Her touch is sunlight. Each wolf feels itself touched by such gentleness until like the wolf-in-the-story....the word-wolf...they too are turned into human...assume their human...shape again. Each a fine young handsome man worthy of inhabiting a fairy story. Each feeling her tears fall upon them like a blessing from those green-green eyes as if it were the first time they had ever been seen. Until they too cry green-green tears. The sun stretches forth its fingers and reaching through the thickest thickets lays its hands upon them.

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Rafik Romdhani

A Scream from Her Eyes

A scream from her eyes ignites my dry fingers. I write the ache of fire on her shrimp shadow. A scream loud enough to rip off the hearts of wolves. It crosses the leaden skies as if it has been suppressed for so many centuries. This beauty explodes In front of my freezing body from the roaring cold wind and the salt of distance that wiped out half of the flowers I have been watering with reassurance. A woman is as avid as waves to cling to the top of a nearby mountain, as ready for anything as the blood in my veins, knocking on my lips with her whispers. Her tears are sown in broad sweeps like the seeds of love in my mind and soul. Snow sold winter its dreams surrendering to her hair and arms. A distant silver star on the forehead of dawn illuminates this envious dark night. These rooms have increased in size as if to receive the torrential emotions. These windows suddenly turned into blue cameras to photograph a couple of ripe doves sleeping on her chest.

A second striking scream as she steps into the room breaks out like the hiss of a morning train that stops at no station, that knows no destination The door closed behind us. I devoured the snow stuck on her arms and we feasted upon the defeat of winter, laughing and burning like two engines under test. Night felt left out and all the wolves fell silent. My words drowned in the pond of her maddening images and we collided into each other like two magmas from separate volcanoes. I don't remember anything in that healing heat except me asking or maybe imploring:

"Don't knock on my heart again. Let it languish in its own cell."

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Anwer Ghani

Red Conversation

-Dear, there are a lot of scenes for our TV.

-Oh, fantastic. You do well.

-The desert's air is so dry and there are a lot of wooden plants, and dead animals. There is nothing here but redness and hungry shadows of wars.

-Oh, surprising subject for our audiences.

-Yes, but there is no water here, just blood and no food here, just burnt bones.

-Oh, come back. You will go back later on.

-Yes, you are right. The water is bloody, and the air is red.

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Margaret Kiernan

Paradigms-

New earth

Ophiuchus is calling us to heal, to honour the divine feminine with the sacred masculine. To harmonise their duality, create order from chaos, allow the suppressed loving side of man to rise, become a shelter from storms while he cries. I ask living water, light and wisdom come to us, help us remember what we have forgotten. Move us from stand-alone patriarchy into a oneness, with the Cosmos. When new communities of truth and justice will heal and shift that Capricorn goat into a loving way-of-being. Extend a sacred frequency to co-create. What was toxic, cast it into love, into forgiveness. Become the new earth.

*Provocation

Arose from the global need to bring harmony to humankind.

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Lucy Alexander**

It is Certainly Yesterday

It is certainly yesterday because the fig tree is naked now, the ground is smothered with yellow wiltings topped with fuzzy frost. Each excited child brings sabres of ice from water bowls and puddles leaving them to liquefy like ideation on the floor. In the nubs of the branches, just where the leaves were released, pulling them in and down I put my eye against the new folds the tree intends for spring. It is certainly yesterday when the whomping cold bruises us with arctic promise. Summer's figs will never ripen.

Yesterday I remind my mother that the currency changed in 1966. She sits on a green cane woven chair, the velour flummoxed by her bones. She talks to me from out of time. Not even the names of her beloved dogs act as avenues to return her - as if somehow through saying them (Ninus Moon, Boy Jasper, Queilie, Sambo, Birri, Izzi) I could call her home: act as an antidote to the sabred plaques and severed tangles.

Yesterday in 1966 – when she had the green scarf and left for London on a boat –
and lost or misplaced that ten pound note.

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Rikki Santer

Shopping Center Topsy

Hey, Tequila Mockingbird, there's a sparrow's nest in your sign's O and a line of rock pigeons perched like a shortage of ideas, warming their feet on the electrical wires that italicize your parking lot. Over there a ragged man in a motorized shopping cart commandeered from Walmart draws circles around the SUVs that pose like elephants resting on their haunches. And I am wondering how many parading goslings it will take to discourage that purple-haired motorcyclist. On the sidewalk in front of Nothing Bundt Cakes a signature of chewed-up bubble gum wads declare F U C K U which makes me chuckle because I'm trying to stumble on happiness that doesn't mind liquored up pretense or woodpecker persistence for every small enterprise to feel like a puppet reboot of Dante's Circle of Angels. Yet maybe I shouldn't be in the mood for projecting but I am in the mood for another blunt and hell no not a gummy that sugars its intent but a sequence of long&deep&out that reminds my lungs that I'm still in charge.

So here I am crouching on a concrete lip in front of Sentimentality Is Us thumbing Morse Code messages onto my key fob to remind the Fiat that it won again in our parking lot game of hide and seek but wait the honks from a V of Canada geese heading for a nursing home pond where a plastic swan has sunk into a murky bottom remind me that's where my mother waits for me—
now late for lunch again—but this time our last one together.

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Barden Hofeling**

Snow White

The day after one of the worst storms in Portland, in recent years, the power went out. Ice-cased leaves dangled under all the pressure - beautiful Snow Whites in glass caskets. We helped a car back out, removing branches like knotted fingers. Panicking, he wanted to go to the store. There were throngs, more than I'd ever seen. They huddled; dwarves wandering to and fro, tethered to carts overflowing with plastic gems. We went inside, looking frantically for nothing in particular.

In the end, we walked out, empty hands coal dusted, backs burdened by tension and split decisions. On the way home, we saw trees lying cold against the ground, beautiful in their white lace gowns. Finally, I knew how they felt, how heavy slumber flutters gracefully along the eyelids of those who have tasted of the forbidden fruit. After he left me for one of the last times, I huddled under the weight of a heavy blanket. I could've waited there for eternity.

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Martin Ijir

Undisclosed lid of myths

If the traditionalist blew their flutes and the fluidity of notes, elicits dances. What uplifts souls is prose in the flutes and the vortices of voices, which breaks from the note of time, then the gold in the prose -poetry is found in deep of secrets. These are myth that demystified the mysteries behind a misunderstood mind as trembling heart of a poet. And inside this cauldron of tickets, the bangles and trinkets of the lines, breaks the long sound of silence. The poet listen to the notes of his heart, as a whirling waves traversing the cloud of the desert and the dunes of the long notes of silence, calming the blues of the sea. If truly, you understood this, you would see the myth of time and time in an undisclosed lid of myths in our world.

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Joan Mazza****Inside the Box**

I'm staying inside this box of memories and journals, wandering up and down the timeline to find the arc of this old story amid cobwebs, musty odors, a film of dust coating papers, letters, photos. I'm thinking inside this box, keeping the lid down so I don't flee to other stories irrelevant to this one, or leap onto newer tales of bullies, cult leaders, adoring followers. One story to hold the focus of a reader, to keep pages turning. The box must be small to constrict and squeeze the reader's attention. Have you been held hostage? This could be you or your children. True believer? Bound by faith or love? This could happen to anyone. It takes years to dig out of that dark cellar with only a pen to scratch in the dirt.

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Bruce Gunther**

Sisyphus Inc.

The guy working on the line next to me said he'd been with the company for 100 years. His skin was as thin as Kleenex and spotted with purple blotches. No one ever saw the supervisors smile; one wore a horse-riding outfit every day for some reason we never figured out. We made parts for the auto industry but weren't told what part of the car they belonged to. We so often banged our hands and knuckles on cold metal that we could hardly grasp our mugs of beer later. The plant manager watched us from above in an office with tinted glass. Our lunch – served by an old woman who spoke a language none of us understood – consisted of hard bread and cheese. "How did we end up here again?" someone asked every now and then. Instead of answering, we laughed like hyenas warning a predator. They were long, long days. When our shift ended and we emerged into the relentless glare of late afternoon, the boulder on the hill in the distance rolled back to earth.

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Ron Padgett

At Benny the Bungalow

Once upon a time there was a bungalow named Benny. Inside the bungalow were two chairs, each with a little table next to it.

On one table was a vase of red flowers. On the other table was a brown paper bag.

Rabbit and her little boy Clyde knocked on the door of the bungalow, then they chuckled and went on in. It was their bungalow!

Rabbit picked up the vase of red flowers and sniffed them, sighing, "Ahhh!"

Clyde reached into the brown paper bag and pulled out a magic wand and a sandwich. The sandwich started to grow bigger and bigger, but when he tapped it with the wand it shrank back to its normal size. Then he took a bite and munched.

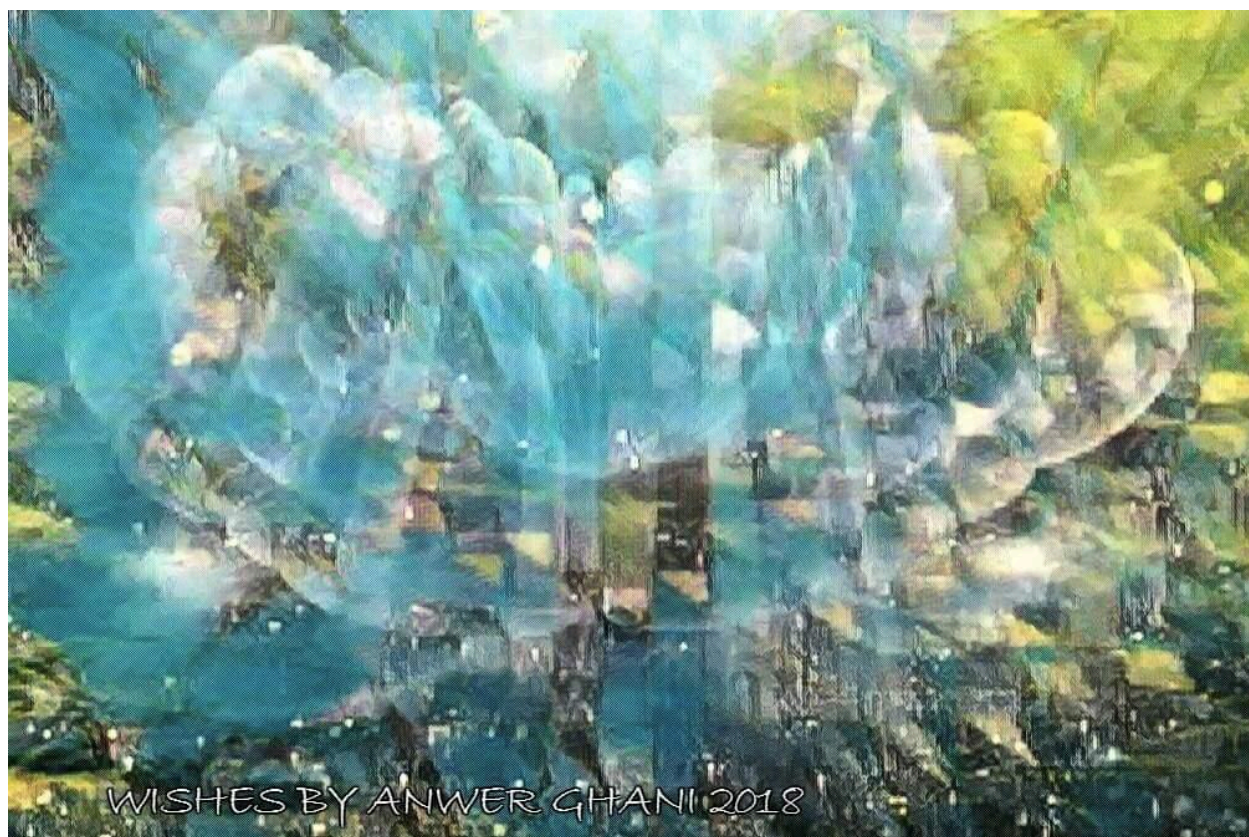
There were two knocks at the door. Rabbit and Clyde went over and looked out the window.

Outside were two people who looked exactly like Rabbit and Clyde. Neither pair could tell whether they were looking through a window or into a mirror. But this was the kind of thing that happened at Benny the Bungalow. It happened all the time.

Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022**Ron Padgett****F**

I'm thinking in my sleep about the word *fetal* because I realize that's the position my arms are in, and then the variant spelling *foetal* clicks into place. Was the initial *f* a modernization of *ph*? Or do all *f* words come from Latin and all *ph* words from Greek? *Fantastic* and *phenomenal*—these words start to whirl around, both inside my head and outside my body, then they fly up onto a distant hilltop that is backlit by the sun that will soon rise. I uncurl my arms.

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JP Seabright

Trauma Symptom Checklist

Traum/A

Traum/K

Traum/U

Exhibit A

Special K

Falling Slowly Upwards

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Traum/A – Exhibit A

I am dreamt into being.

The German word for dream is traum. The English take the word trauma from the Greek (along with many other things) yet there is a deeply wrought/thought/felt connection between dream and trauma.

The latter word comes from wound. Dreams are also scars of a kind, mental rips in time and place and memory. A gap through which our mind slips and reinvents itself, reimagining an alternative reality. Whilst sleeping we enter this wound in time. The trauma is in the return to our waking state.

It is all too easy to forget that these places we visit - sometimes briefly and never to be found again, sometimes returning to every night like a drug - do not exist. They are only dream. I am your dream, existing only in your imagination. Like a recurring dream, trauma sleeps next to you at night, seeps inside you, keeps you company when all else has fallen away. Falling. Slowly. Upwards.

Trauma loops, stutters, skews, resurfaces. It is part of the same continually repeating and extending present.

Fran Lock in an interview with Matt Bates:
A transformational chase to confound all predators,
 published by The Mechanics' Institute Review, 14 October 2021

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Traum/K – Special K

I don't do hard drugs. I do soft squishy ones. Sometimes prescribed, sometimes over-the-counter. Washed down with hard liquor. I find that works best. The soft and the hard combination. Harder the better when it comes to the liquid. Like London's own hard water supply. Hard, like taps and pipes and crusting bits of kettlised limescale.

Kettling. Ketamine. Special K. Pass the milk, I'll have the horse tranquilizer for breakfast. I remember the time my friend was offered 'K' by a work colleague. I turned it down, too afraid of becoming addicted to something else, something new, something more uncontrollable. Or harder to obtain. Or too expensive. Alcohol is everywhere, it's the great social leveller. Addiction across the great divide. Class, that is. That's the great divide.

She assumed (I assume) he meant cocaine, so accepted some of the powder he chopped out onto his coffee table as one might a small, chilled sherry before dinner. Being the literate sort (a fellow librarian no less) I always wondered why she was confused by the alphabet in this moment. K is a whole world and seven letters away from C. If this had been a book misfiling, I would have had serious cause for concern. As it was only a spontaneous partaking of recreational drugs, albeit one that can cause amnesia and hallucinations, I had no immediate worries.

This was, however, to prove naive when she went into a serious K-hole on our return journey home and insisted on being dropped off in the middle (literally, the middle) of the Highbury Corner roundabout.

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Traum/U – Falling Slowly Upwards

We lived and died and lived again.
Each time dying a different way. Each time living again anew but knowing what was to come. Knowing that it will all end, again, someday. With this knowledge we set about changing the world,
one small death at a time.

My process through this life/world –
not progress, never that -- my process has been falling slowly upwards. Upwards towards death. Sometimes forward, often backwards, usually towards, but mostly outwards.

And then inwards again.

It has not been a journey.
This suggests an intention, a destination in mind. Movement from A to B. There has been no discernible movement, no 'progress' of any conventional description. A and B are where they have always been,
and I am stuck between.

Life is only an arbitrary collection
of fragmented moments of subjective reality. There is no 'this' or 'that which it is'. Arbitrary, because the accumulation of these days and moments - the act of memory and recall - will vary according to the time and place of remembering.

Not so much where I was, but who I was at the time.

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Contributor's List

Peter Johnson was born in 1951 Buffalo, New York. He received his BA from the State University of New York at Buffalo, and his MA and PhD in English from the University of New Hampshire. He is the winner of the 2001 James Laughlin Award for his second collection of prose poems, *Miracles & Mortifications* (2001). His other books include *Eduardo & "I"* (White Pine, 2006), *Pretty Happy!* (1997), and the chapbook *Love Poems for the Millennium* (1998). He is also the author of a novel, *What Happened* (Front Street Books, 2007), as well as a collection of short stories, *I'm a Man* (2003). Johnson is the founder and editor of *The Prose Poem: An International Journal* and the editor of *The Best of The Prose Poem: An International Journal* (White Pine Press)

Oz Hardwick is a European poet, photographer, occasional musician, and accidental academic, whose work has been published in countless journals worldwide and who has read and held residencies in the UK, Europe, the United States and Australia. He has published ten full collections and chapbooks, including *Learning to Have Lost* (IPSI/Recent Work, 2018) which won the 2019 Rubery International Book Award for poetry, and most recently the surrealist political chapbook *Reports Come In* (Hedgehog, 2022). His next full collection, *A Census of Preconceptions*, will be published by SurVision Books in late 2022. With Anne Caldwell, Oz has edited *The Valley Press Anthology of Prose Poetry* (Valley Press, 2019) and *Prose Poetry in Theory and Practice* (Routledge, 2022). Oz is Professor of Creative Writing at Leeds Trinity University and remains at best a rudimentary bass guitarist. www.ozhardwick.co.uk

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded international author and poet from the Philippines. She has two published books: *"Seasons of Emotions"* (UK) and *"Inner Reflectionppis of the Muse"* (USA) and a co-author to more than 100 international anthologies in the USA, UK, Canada, India, Japan, Africa, Belgium, Iraq, Romania, Ecuador, Argentina, the Philippines, etc. Elizabeth's works are translated into 15 languages. She is also an Ambassador of Peace and Goodwill to the Philippines for Naciones Unidas de las Letras, Argentina and a Cultural Ambassador to the Philippines for Inner Child Press International.

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Anwer Ghani is an award winning poet from Iraq. He was born in 1973 in Babylon. His name has appeared in more than fifty literary magazines and twenty anthologies in USA, UK and Asia and he has won many prizes; one of them is the "World Laureate-Best Poet in 2017 from WNWU". In 2018 he was nominated to the Adelaide Award for poetry and in 2019 he is the winner of Rock Pebbles Literary Award and the award of United Spirit of Writers Academy for Poetry. Anwer is a religious scholar and consultant nephrologist and the author of more than eighty books; thirteenth of them are in English like; "Narratolyric writing"; (2016), "Antipoetic Poems"; (2017) and "Mosaicked Poems"; (2018), and "The Styles of Poetry"; 2019.

Jyotirmaya Thakur currently resides in Medway, Kent, in the United Kingdom (UK) with her family. She has written about forty poetry books and won the Arcs Prose Poetry Award.

Ron Padgett is an American poet, essayist, fiction writer, translator, and a member of the New York School. Great Balls of Fire, Padgett's first full-length collection of poems, was published in 1969. He won a 2009 Shelley Memorial Award. In 2018, he won the Frost Medal from the Poetry Society of America. Padgett is the author of more than 20 poetry collections, including Great Balls of Fire (1969, reissued 1990); You Never Know (2001); How to Be Perfect (2007); How Long (2011); and Collected Poems (2013). Seven of Padgett's poems are featured in Jim Jarmusch's 2016 film Paterson, including three written expressly for the film. Like Padgett, Jarmusch studied poetry under Kenneth Koch at Columbia University. Padgett collaborated with poet Ted Berrigan and artists Jim Dine, George Schneeman, Bertrand Dorny, Trevor Winkfield, and Alex Katz, along with Joe Brainard. Padgett is also the author of nonfiction works, including Blood Work: Selected Prose (1993), Ted: A Personal Memoir of Ted Berrigan (1993), Creative Reading (1997), and The Straight Line: Writing on Poetry and Poets (2000), Oklahoma Tough: My Father, King of the Tulsa Bootleggers (2003), and Joe: A Memoir of Joe Brainard (2004). Padgett's novella Motor Maids across the Continent appeared in 2017 from Song Cave. His numerous works on education and writing include The Teachers & Writers Handbook of Poetic Forms (editor), The Teachers & Writers Guide to Walt Whitman (editor), and Educating the Imagination (co-editor). He was also the editor of the three-volume reference work, World Poets (2000).

Martin Ijir is a social entrepreneur, teacher, mystic, poet, social & right activist, editor, humanist and thinker. His voice has appeared in various anthologies both online, offline,

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and bookprints which include ANA Review, LangLit Journal, Rock Pebbles Journal, Azahar Spanish Magazine, Arcs Prose-Poetry Magazine, Amritanjali Quarterly Journal among others. He is the author of the Vulture, Songs of Protest and Eeries of Silence. Winner of 2020 Arcs Prose Poetry Award, a finalist of Sentieri diversi Associazione Culturale Poetry Prize, winning premio internazionale d'onore in 2018 e 2019, Italy. He loves walking, meditative prayer and music apart from writing. He lives in Karu, Nigeria.

Rikki Santer's poems have appeared in various publications including Ms. Magazine, Poetry East, Heavy Feather Review, Slab, Slipstream, [PANK], Crab Orchard Review, RHINO, Grimm, Hotel Amerika and The Main Street Rag. Her work has received many honors including six Pushcart and three Ohioana and Ohio Poet book award nominations as well as a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Her tenth collection, *How to Board a Moving Ship*, was released last year by Lily Poetry Review Books. She lives in Ohio, USA

Michael H. Brownstein's latest volumes of poetry, *A Slipknot to Somewhere Else* (2018) and *How Do We Create Love* (2019) were both published by Cholla Needles Press.

Braden Hofeling is an emerging poet located in Portland, Oregon. He has two self-published collections of poetry out and is hoping to publish his third book through an independent small press. His work has been featured in the Gival press ArLiJo issue 153 journal, Death Rattle's Penrose Vol. 2, Prometheus Dreaming, Lace and Whimsy creative magazine as well as BYU-H Kula Manu college journal.

Robert Beveridge (he/him) makes noise (xterminal.bandcamp.com) and writes poetry in Akron, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in *Of Rust and Glass*, *The Museum of Americana*, and *Quill and Parchment*, among others.

Brandi Clark is a writer and English professor living and working in Southwest Alabama. She enjoys experimenting with the written word and sharing her works with others.

Gurpreet K. Khalsa is a current resident of Mobile, Alabama, having lived previously in Ohio, Washington State, India, New Mexico, and California. She holds a Ph.D. in Instructional Design and is a part time instructor in graduate education programs. Her work has appeared in *The Poet*, TL;DR Press, *New York Quarterly*, *Far Side Review*, *Necro Productions*, IHRAF Publishers, *aurora journal*, *Last Leaves*, *Delta Poetry Review*, *Ricochet*

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Review, Pure Slush, Arc Magazine, and many other online and print publications. Multiple poems have won awards.

Joan Mazza worked as a medical microbiologist, psychotherapist, and taught workshops on understanding dreams and nightmares. She is the author of six self-help psychology books, including *Dreaming Your Real Self* (Penguin/Putnam). Her work has appeared in *Crab Orchard Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Slant*, *Prairie Schooner*, and *The Nation*. She lives in rural central Virginia.

JP Seabright (she/they) is a queer writer living in London. They have three pamphlets published: *Fragments from Before the Fall: An Anthology in Post-Anthropocene Poetry* by Beir Bua Press; the erotic memoir *NO HOLDS BARRED* by Lupercalia Press, and *GenderFux*, a collaborative poetry pamphlet, by Nine Pens Press. More info at <https://jpseabright.com> and via Twitter @errormessage.

Bruce Gunther is a retired journalist and writer who lives in Michigan. He's a graduate of Central Michigan University. His poems have appeared in *Arc Poetry*, *The Comstock Review*, *Modern Haiku*, the *Dunes Review*, and others.

R. Gerry Fabian is a poet and novelist. He has published four books of his published poems, *Parallels*, *Coming Out Of The Atlantic*, *Electronic Forecasts* and *Ball On The Mound*.

Lucy Alexander is an Australian poet and writer of fiction. Her poetry has appeared in *The Australian* and *Meanjin*, and her poetry books *liquesence* and *Feathered Tongues* are available from the author. She also reviews Australian poetry, mentors school students, runs workshops and writes occasional journalism.

Stephanie Green has published short fiction, poetry and travel essays in Australian and international journals and recently included in recent anthologies such as the *Anthology of Australian Prose Poetry* (Hetherington & Atherton, 2020) and *The In/completeness Book*, edited by Julia Prendergast, Shane Strange & Jen Webb (Recent Work Press, 2020). Her most recent book is a collection of prose poems, *Breathing in Stormy Seasons* (Recent Work Press 2019). Stephanie is currently Adjunct Senior Lecturer with Griffith University.

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Dónall Dempsey was born in the Curragh of Kildare, Ireland, and was Ireland's first Poet in Residence in a secondary school. He has read on Irish radio and appeared on TV there. He moved to London in 1986 and has continued to write and perform his poetry ever since. He is well known for his dynamic delivery when reading, his surreal imagery and his tenderness, a poet in love with the world. He has a strong presence online, and publishes a poem every day on Facebook, Twitter and in online groups. In pre-covid days, he was to be found at poetry festivals in France, New Delhi, Ireland, the Edinburgh Free Fringe, Cheltenham and Swindon, among others. Dónall's poetry has been published in numerous magazines, anthologies and journals, both online and in print. He has published five collections, *Sifting Shape into Sound*, *Being Dragged Across the Carpet by the Cat*, *The Smell of Purple* in 2013, and *Gerry Sweeney's Mammy*, and *Crawling Out and Falling Up*, the fifth, which was published in November 2020.

Rafik Romdhani was born in Rakada Kairouan, Tunisia in 1981. He is a poet by passion and an English teacher by profession. He cut his teeth on the poetries of both Abu Elgacem Chebbi (a famous Tunisian poet) and Charles Baudelaire, the author of *The Flowers of Evil*. Romdhani studied English language and literature in the Faculty of Arts, University of Kairouan and later started teaching English in 2006-2007 in Tunisia. Five years later he traveled to the Sultanate of Oman where he taught English for four years. Romdhani began writing poetry in 2000. His influences include Charles Baudelaire, Herbert Zbiginiew, Dylan Thomas, Seamus Heaney and Fernando Pessoa. *Dance of the Metaphors* is Romdhani's debut collection. He has also authored a second collection entitled *The Crash of Verses*. For the time being he is working on two poetic projects, one of which is with a poet from South Africa and the other one is with a poet from Great Britain.

Keith Barnard is a composer and poet from London, Uk and has appeared in many countries playing his music. In 1991, he took part in a world congress of poets, held in Istanbul, where he read his poems to an international audience.

Margaret Kiernan is author from Ireland, 2021 Best of The Net Nominee for Creative Non-Fiction. She writes fiction, non-fiction essays, memoir, and poetry. She has had poetry and prose published, in hardback, in ebook, online. Literary Journals and magazines. She has multiple stories and poems in anthology collections and cultural publications.

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ARC PRIZE

JUDGE, 2022

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Chris Solis Green is the author of four books of poetry: *The Sky Over Walgreens*, *Epiphany School*, *Résumé*, and *Everywhere West* (Mayapple Press, 2019). His poetry has appeared in such publications as *Poetry*, *The New York Times*, *Court Green*, *Prairie Schooner*, and *Poetry East*. He's edited four anthologies including *I Remember: Chicago Veterans of War* and the forthcoming *American Gun: A Poem by 100 Chicago Chicagoans* (Big Shoulders Books, 2020). He teaches in the English Department at DePaul University, Chicago.

More information can be found at www.chrisgreenpoetry.com.

Poems selected for Arc prizes would be nominated for Best of the Net.

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ARC POETRY PRIZE (AUTUMN 2022)

is awarded to

OZ HARDWICK

For a lifetime devotion and service to the cause of Prose Poetry



Dr. Pragya Suman

FOUNDING EDITOR

Arc Magazine

Chris Green

JUDGE



Arc Prose Poetry Anthology 2022



ARC POETRY PRIZE (AUTUMN 2022)

is awarded to

LUCY ALEXANDER

For her poem " It is Certainly Yesterday "



Dr. Pragya Suman

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For her poem " Inside the Box "



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