

# FIGROOT PRESS

A classical painting of a woman, likely a Muse, playing a golden harp. She is depicted from the waist up, wearing a pinkish-red, draped garment. Her hair is dark and styled in an elaborate updo. The background is a soft, hazy landscape with a body of water. The foreground is filled with numerous purple and blue flowers, possibly lilies, which are slightly out of focus, creating a sense of depth. The overall style is reminiscent of 19th-century academic painting.

*for my lover, she is fair: a Sappho tribute*



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*Featured in the cover illustration:*  
Ernst Stückelberg, *Sappho*, 1897  
Kunsthau Zurich, bequest of August Weidmann, 1929

## EDITOR'S NOTE

We are very pleased to present to you this special issue, a tribute to Sappho. Each of the pieces featured here speaks to Sappho's delightful body of work in some way. Although little of her poems survive today (an estimated 650 lines out of 10,000), her lyricism and poetic vision continue to inspire us throughout the poetry and art community. Many of her surviving pieces explore themes of love, sexuality, desire, and human nature. You will find many of these themes also explored in the poems in this issue.

Some of these pieces mirror the bracket style that is often used to indicate missing passages in Sappho's original work, as utilized by translators like Anne Carson. Here, it serves as a meditation on what the poem expressly says, and what it doesn't, while also nodding to the translator's pivotal role in preserving Sappho's extraordinary work.

Our featured artist in this issue is Natalia Drepina, a photographer from Russia. Her work embodies much of the spirit of this issue: it is both delicate and powerful, mysterious and vulnerable. Her work is otherworldly, as it evokes a sense of dreaming and waking.

We hope you will immerse yourself in these poems, coupled with Natalia Drepina's mesmerizing photography, as we give thanks to the poetess of ancient Greece who has come to mean so much to so many of us. On behalf of the editorial team and our wonderful contributors, thank you for reading.

*Some men say an army of horse and some men say an army on foot  
and some men say an army of ships is the most beautiful thing  
on the black earth. But I say it is  
\_\_\_\_\_What you love.*

[Sappho, from fragment 16(a), trans. Anne Carson]



NINA SUDHAKAR

SNEHA SUBRAMANIAN KANTA

EMILY BLAIR

FRANCESCA KRITIKOS

LYDIA EILEEN

BEATE SIGRIDDAUGHTER

STEPHANIE L. HARPER

MARGARYTA GOLOVCHENKO

**POETRY**

R. BRATTEN WEISS

M.A. SCOTT

FREYA WHITESIDE

KAYLA KING

JAYNE FENTON KEANE

SUSANNA LANG

EMILY STODDARD

DEANJEAN

C.A. SCHEHERAZADE

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

NATALIA DREPINA









# HOW TO SURVIVE BEAUTY (& FRAGMENTS)

*Nina Sudhakar*

You: fashioning pilgrimage ]  
from yearly harvest, supple ]  
branches linking hands in ]  
quiet contemplation. How ]How  
else to survive the tensile ]to survive  
silence, a beauty that bends ]beauty  
boughs to breaking? Plumes ]  
of moonlit seawater yearn to ]  
put out this holy fire, to leave a ]  
trail of scattered ashes back to you. ]  
]  
Let me tell you: I do not think ]  
the gods pray for us. ]pray for us  
]  
Some say we are hard-limbed ]  
mortals, that having lain ]mortals  
sweet apple on our tongues we ]  
no longer wish to taste anything ]  
but the unforgiving pulp of this ]  
forbidden fruit, to suffer the gently ]  
plucked strings of a stolen lyre. ]  
]  
I say: love is both poison and cure. ]love is  
I say: love will almost kill me. ]  
]  
And is not forgetting yourself ]  
a form of death, have I not ]a form of death  
sought all this time to merge ]  
with your trailing shadow? ]  
Have I not woven myself ]woven  
from clouded incense in ]in  
your liminal image, as if ]  
you were a tender god? ]a  
]  
Let me tell you: only in the feverish ]feverish  
depths of my heart's pillared temple ]  
do I dare dream of immortality. ]dream of immortality

# upon waking

*Sneha Subramanian Kanta*

*after Sappho*

an October morning  
i felt submerged  
with rain clogged streets,

Hyperion tapped at my  
shoulders and before any  
trace of Helios, we voyaged

and Charon ferried  
remnants of i, of flaky  
peculiarities, within seas

of the underworld.  
Anemi and Aurae shifted  
gusts of winds and the slants

of breeze, continually  
there were large flames  
of fire, and volcanoes

emitted wisps through water  
where Poseidon swam  
in quatrains of tides,

Zeus and Hera, in the  
midst of revenges, met  
a gaze; anon marooned.

within deep beds of wide  
seagrasses, Atlas posed  
a remark, "You are not meant

for the sublunary sphere."  
yet i woke through blurbs  
of air and stationery, ashore

and skeletal linings of tall  
bare trees over grounds that  
held heaps of burnt leaves,

consciousness,

a blur.

# **this is how two women have sex**

*Emily Blair*

we begin in the center  
of a broad field  
& run  
from one another  
in concentric circles

pass near enough  
to brush arms  
make glances  
smell  
the back of her neck

at once  
a knoll takes her  
for its own

& I  
am alone  
in the tall grass



## THREE POEMS: AFTER SAPPHO

*Francesca Kritikos*

38: “you burn me”

you pour honey  
over my wounds

ρίχνεις μέλι πάνω  
στις πληγές μου

like a Good Husband  
does for a Good Wife

όπως ένας Καλός Άντρας  
κάνει για μια Καλή Γυναίκα

94: “and with sweet oil / costly / you anointed yourself / and on a soft bed /  
delicate/ you would let loose your longing”

spent the night  
on the porch swing  
half-sleeping

πέρασα τη νύχτα  
σε μία βεράντα  
μισοκοιμισμένη

the moon is big here  
bronze, oiled  
an anointed lover

το φεγγάρι είναι μεγάλο εδώ  
μπρούντζου και ελαιωδών  
ένας χρισμένος εραστής

154: “full appeared the moon / and when they around the altar took their places”

i have never  
seen you  
as anything other  
than God

ποτέ δεν  
έχω δει εσένα  
σαν κάτι άλλο πέρα  
από Θεό

am i your altar  
your disciple  
your bride  
or your slave?

είμαι εγώ βωμός σου  
απόστολος σου  
νύφη σου  
ή σκλάβά σου;

# Lesbos Resurrected

*Lydia Eileen*

Your body regenerates every seven years  
& mine even less than that

There is a gravesite in Italy that holds bisnonna's name on it-  
the lady who kissed cannibals, the woman who had hands  
    made of mud, frescos on the backs of her eyelids

who called the stars by name

I ask you to stop looking at me like a meal,  
like you could pick me from limb to limb,  
parting my mouth like the sea  
    when God wasn't there to stop you,  
    like consequence wasn't a thing human beings

were meant to bear  
until the deed was done

& I will be the last to admit  
that no one has imagined us,  
that we did not grow up beautiful and strong  
and in love with the shapes your arms made  
when we cobbled ourselves together from stone

& I am proud to be that lady's grandchild,  
still made of mud, with twice the longing

& I am all of this,  
    but only when you see me



# SAPPHO

*Beate Sigriddaughter*

*previously published in Borderlands Texas Poetry Review (2007)*

*You may forget but  
let me tell you this:  
someone in some future time will think of us  
— Sappho*

I am grateful to the hands  
that snatched the small remaining  
fragments from the blazing library  
in Alexandria

I am grateful to the many hands  
including mine that copied  
words into this future now

you cannot simply burn the past  
and expect it to stay burned forever

it lives like the memory of reptiles  
crawling to land to breathe  
for the first time air

it lives like this one in a garland  
of poets climbing to breathe  
astonished for the first time  
love



# Tempted

Stephanie L. Harper

Were our names droned above deck nobody  
would cock a head toward the source tempted  
into a double take Leaden ignored  
a slithering of esses would bumble  
in the ship's rigging above those joyless  
seadogs numbed by the sail-blunted breeze Sing!

Fly tempestuous from your caves & sing  
of maiden savagery such that nobody  
would foil the sail's dulcet urgings! Joyless  
& tiresome are the notes we've been tempted  
to low like abject ghosts whose every fumble  
on the floorboards is one more creak ignored

Though we were hushed by the winds & ignored  
by the foam drifts I long again to sing  
for Sirenum to see fresh souls stumble  
upon our craggy strand that nobody  
calls the way home Oh how I stir tempted  
to perform my numbers on their joyless

furrowed brows anesthetized by joyless  
vermin-corked rum—fruitless fusty ignored!  
The more pallid they are the more tempted  
I am by my primal discords to sing!  
Since these lone slogs have yet wiled nobody  
into pursuing my briny mumble

it seems all the same then I should grumble  
presumptions to spur you too my joyless  
sisters to shed your stone tails Nobody  
used to cast us off sand-crustured ignored  
milked dry of our mantic cores! When I sing  
of our sweet shame you'll be sorely tempted

to hear—chances are good you'll be tempted  
to strap on feet if need be to rumble  
shipboard dins to hound those fellows & sing  
them to proper attention! Our joyless  
slumber will not stay shrouded & ignored  
when we wake up from being nobody!

*Tempted joyless Salts are ye to strike for  
yon fair shore? Heed lest ye crumble ignored!  
Nobody will sing while my sisters sleep...*

# If Only Summer

Margaryta Golovchenko

(74A)

— and marvel at the manner  
of a little porcelain [*goatberd*]  
devouring his flock, offering the bones  
to be overtaken by [*roses*] —  
make note of the urge for some semblance  
of order, in the harmony of even clusters.

(74B)

— for what is in common between purple pencils  
and violets, known also as [*longing*],  
is unmistakable sharpness, in victory of word and heart —

(74C)

the embarrassment of orchids (colloquially  
called nectar for the way it drips like [*sweat*]  
before collecting as gold-dusted breath) /  
the dust brought in on long summer nights

(87F)

The sea as absence.  
Living by the coast these years I struggle  
with explaining mass [*to you*]  
who knows it as the way the evening sun  
galloping across glittering fields as if a [*horse*].  
A brief glimpse of the heavens.  
The whiteness of the world in all its presence  
converging with sound.

# The light of the good shines on all

R. Bratten Weiss

That's right smack in the middle of the *Republic*.  
(Which means Plato was probably joking about despising the body).

Beneath the plane trees, where the cicadas sing, the philosopher,  
with a pug-dog face, reclines with his beloved, playing with toy horses,  
one black and the other white. Who's going to ride your wild horses, Phaedrus?  
Forget the shadow-play of fingers spider-walking, donkey-face and rabbit-face in the dark.  
We could become winged insects, thou and I, if we sing long enough,  
burrow into the earth's heart for seventeen years, hoarding up time.  
In the middle of things we'll sit enthroned many-armed like the children of Gaia.  
They'll call us monsters, but they're the ones who never learned to fly.

And when the toy horses are lost or broken, and you're chained to a wall,  
people always comes needing things: a bent spoon. A hair to split an egg,  
like Zeus split men. The last feather from your wing.  
In the middle of something, they come clamoring, and you want to say:  
go away, I was in the middle of remembering, in the middle of singing,  
in the middle of dying. To philosophize is to learn to die.



# her airing

*M.A. Scott*

upon one knee in the snow

possession as she rises

color varying in her

hands fast blushed up to the curls

she burst like a peony free

to shake mouth ready as glass

# Hymn to Sappho

*Freya Whiteside*

you are, I think, an evening star,  
the fairest of all the stars.

but I have never known the night,  
the sky stays within my head.

Her soul is consumed by this  
longing.

It is not longing I wish  
to know.

bittersweet, undefeated creature/  
against you there is no defence

feverish, youthful burn of my heart/  
mistress of war you bring my pain

Awed by her splendour

and yet you also

slender Aphrodite has overcome me  
with longing for a girl.

assuage my grief; did the same waters relieve  
your own loss, your love?

Face me my darling

I want to know you

gracious your form as your eyes as  
honey: desire is poured

naturally to see you is to  
adore: how gorgeous you are

Aphrodite has honoured  
you exceedingly

I say it as I am struck  
sincerely by you

you are, I think, an evening star  
of all the stars the fairest.





# Rooted

*Kayla King*

I know the purpose, she says. I know it takes,  
but never gives. But still,  
the sting of choice.

All night you stand at the edge  
of poet's prayer, bent at the knees  
pressed to prose. Wait for  
no one.

But we have roots right  
through us, to feed.  
Our ductwork is drained to  
drown the world  
down with milk  
and honey  
and wine.

She might ask: Is it the liquor you hear  
when I curse our fate? Because you agree,  
we agree, we are three, and we  
guard the gate to Hell.  
We know the river path,  
walked it in almost-spring;  
you ran fingers over bare  
bark. We talked about  
motherhood, the hurt we'd bear  
if ever we were  
full.

We will not be the women  
of glorified gods.  
We master ourselves  
to please none.

And we are not the wives  
of Vikings. No one will  
call us Torch, and mean someone  
else. No man shall  
burn us out.

But we could make miracles  
out of our bodies.

Tell her you are terrified.  
Not from a grave's edge of iamb,  
but here where you sit  
with glasses of wine and freezer weed.

We do not wish  
to hold spirits  
the way we've read trees might.

We are not trees.  
We are not Mother Nature, but it  
is in us, natural to hold  
hair over shoulder of the sick  
as she pukes.

But we are drunk,  
and we are high, and  
we are never enough for anyone;  
we are too much on our own.

We embrace with ambition,  
eck everything into the other.

The moment passes,  
and we know we'll break  
our mothers' hearts because  
we will never be mothers.

We will shush none  
but ourselves in the dark.  
That cry, and cry, and cry.

# The Year of the Highlighter Pen

Jayne Fenton Keane

saffron ξ

“The moon hid its face in shame before her.<sup>1</sup>”

When the moon hides its face in shame before her, I strip  
the veil from my head and walk into the arms of a man  
who cannot see me. In the distance, an anagram of ‘god’  
barks. Rattlesnakes churn mud. A landslide begins its skid.

The veil from my head rests on the shoulders of a man who loves  
me on nights the moon hides its face. On my bed, amnesia stirs  
in a basket of wet mirrors. My face forgets its disfigurement  
my skin its pain, on the nights the butterflies fly off course.

achromatic ζ

On the last measured night in April, Mumtaz Mahal died.  
We drank lemonade and ate banana cake. Arvind

walked me to a spot below a branch blossoming with silver  
and asked me to marry him. I picked the veil off his shoulders

wrapped it around my shameful face and kissed him wetly.  
Cockroaches and silver fish shed in the basket of wet mirrors.

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<sup>1</sup> Court poets, describing Mumtaz Muhal, favourite wife of Shah Jahan, who ruled India in the early 1600s and who built the Taj Mahal as a memorial to his love for her.

solar flare ☄

Her jasper eyes stare at my breathing obscenely.  
Midwives flinch at my body's sores and apply iodine.

Shah Jahan's facets catch the moon's rekindled luminosity.  
I hide my face in shame and pray my baby does not survive.

mint 🍃

This unseen child of mine who I dare not name, is cradled  
by sacred waters where lush temples of banana leaves  
hum with ant language and tides of determined insect legs.

In smooth wet wood, mushrooms rupture in gelatinous fans  
of cream. Carnelian and malachite glitter on the Taj Mahal's  
domes as tandoor smoke snakes in giant plumes of spice.

The moon hides its face in shame before her as Shah Jahan lies  
on his prison floor, too weak to look across the river to his love.  
On the banks a thousand unveiled women stand in mud

holding up wet mirrors.

# To Sappho

Susanna Lang

*...quick sparrows over the black earth....*

New leaves thick enough, their color  
dense enough to screen the sparrows; and then  
the tulips, red with a depth of red  
I had forgotten, a pulpy breathing red, under the wind  
that rattles my papers, the words I'd crossed out  
and tried again—a prayer like yours  
though I don't pray as a rule, that someone  
will reach down, deliver our desire,  
if we set the right words in the right order.

*]but all at once*

*]blossom*

Today all the weeping cherries bloomed  
at once, a drama they'd rehearsed—you can  
almost see the girl bent over with grief,  
hair trailing in what gardeners call  
a drooping habit: someone left her,  
she cannot straighten her spine or reach  
her arms, draped in blossoms, toward  
another; accepts that wind and a few  
days passing will take what remains.

*]other*

*]minds*

*]blessed ones*

Not what you were thinking. You  
weren't the one who decided against the words  
inside the brackets, the ones we can't read—  
wind or rain or mold did that, or fire; we're left  
with the suggestion (not yours) that other minds  
are blessed, while yours, mine, are not; and yet  
you spoke to the goddess as easily as to your lovers,  
called her name in the same way you called to the water  
that *makes a clear sound through apple branches.*



# Savior Ellipsis

*Emily Stoddard*

God made me a woman,  
believing I'd find it easier  
to be a pariah

Left me out of the stories,  
wanting me to trust the weight  
of silence

Gave me no cross  
except the one I make  
with my own hands

Bore me into history  
unannounced, except when others  
would prostitute my name

God made me a strange woman,  
to travel better in the shadow  
of a mythical man

Knew that to be the man,  
I'd be hailed as only one thing  
and the ocean is never one thing

God made me a hungry woman,  
to travel deep waters with a neck  
that cranes toward surrender

God is counting on my hunger now,  
seeing how shallow one man's death  
can become



## our night

*Sneha Subramanian Kanta*

*In the crooks of your body, I find my religion.*

— *Sappho*

our touch left crepe like exchanges  
within folds of the conservative night  
and defined passion as being a reservoir  
that unlearns of scalded wounds this  
world leaves, of many doings and undoing.  
apropos of strained alphabets muffled  
their voices to propose kisses and roll over  
to sleep though morning did not yet abide.

the vague figments i saw on lines of my lover's  
palms shone with startled sighs and looked  
like an evening that witnessed the deep sea  
as its vivid blue waves surged and escalated.  
outside the glass window darkness brimmed  
and covered the arch of our curled skins.  
one night there must be for every infinite hour  
with perseverance to carry every hour such.

at morning; a teapot shall rest over the table  
cloth and doubt if the wide night perished at all.

# unshelled

*M.A. Scott*

concealed in a grove

ripe as morning

little rosy islands

floating in cream

*we will sober ourselves  
under the ferns  
with a wreath of stone*

empty cage above

faces toward the sun



# To Gongyla

*DeanJean*

*i*

Darling,  
                  here

will stand

my consummated grave

if you reject me.

When the sound  
of watery gongs

whip the hull  
of Charon's boat,

will I then only  
accept defeat -

*ii*

I will not have  
question marks

slipping out  
from your mouth.

These open wounds  
                  were created

from where Truth,  
silver mare

                  Persephone

sprang forth.

Tonight, we will only  
burn

                  scandalous  
                                  melodies

for beloved Aphrodite

*iii*

Tell me again. I want to listen  
to your voice.

Sing of how  
you begged

and tore your dress  
in the Delphi -

then, we will mourn  
the story of our curse.

Gongyla – you streak my  
unworthy love  
with wasted tears.

Am I not here now?

Take courage,  
Gongyla!

In the morning

we will now start  
weaving another tapestry

only just  
for  
the both of us.

# HANG THE MOON & THE STARS WILL WEEP

*C.A. Scheherazade*

i. the citadel chandelier of your limbs undulates between unhallowed pilgrimage and sacrosanct catafalque, as you hitchhike across the shards of crepuscule-teethed boys with surrendering knuckles, and the arabesque fissures of girls composed of kintsukouri hearts suspended on monsoon-tinged clavicles.

ii. the hunting grounds of your body are a ritual game of scavenger hunt, with people harvesting saudade-swollen gooseberry offerings from the moon-stung grooves in your rumpled bones, and unstitching the vermilion threads of your unfettering wounds-needling tithes onto garlands for the monuments of others constructed in your ruins.

iii. your legacy lies within perfume blots of siphoned gladiator sweat ; you are the ghost of an aftertaste that won't be exorcised despite being glutted- the petrichor-stained residue of the last feral thing they've yielded to.

iv. oh, girl of showered meteors and slaughtered gods, your love is a cosmos liquefied, unfurling rapturously to bloat bodies that cannot contain you - do not apologise for their inadequacy. ether-boned darling, the average distance between two universes is twenty trillion light years; both of you are pullulating with galaxy feathered wings steering you towards a collision- remember, phenomenons take a few wrong orbits to form their rightful alignments across skies.

v. frothing cicadas of want, of warbling ache, pulsate against the dimpled planetarium of your hips in withered yearning- bearing witness to the birthing of eros's arrowheads rupturing constellations on your thighs.



**To Carry**  
*Emily Stoddard*

A gray wolf slopes the hill  
with an eager tongue I recognize

but which one of us is Leto,  
heavy with unborn weight and

hunting the unmoored island?  
How we are hinged together

in the exile of devotion—  
hungry for the safe place

to birth the gods  
in our wombs











THREE POEMS: AFTER SAPPHO by *Francesca Kritikos*

These poems, meant to test the limits of translating and modernizing Sappho's poetry, are based on Sappho's fragments and include a Modern Greek translation along with the English. The title of each poem correlates to its mother fragment in *If Not, Winter: Fragments of Sappho* (trans. Anne Carson, 2002).

IF ONLY SUMMER by *Margaryta Golovchenko*

"If Only Summer" is a poem sequence composed of four fragments. Each of the fragments was based on Anne Carson's (trans.) *If Not, Winter*, and the italicized words in brackets were retained from the originals that were used to create these found poems.

HER AIRING & UNSHELLED by *M.A. Scott*

These are found poems, both based on Louisa May Alcott's novel *Little Women* (Dover Publications, 2000). They are explorations in what unexpected love/sexual/ambiguous content can be unearthed by removing large passages of text from familiar works.

NOTES

TO SAPPHO by *Susanna Lang*

Sappho's lines are quoted in Anne Carson's translation, *If Not, Winter* (Vintage, 2002), and are taken from fragments 1, 78, and 3. Carson uses brackets to indicate destroyed papyrus or illegible letters. Lang has borrowed her brackets and used ellipses to indicate where she quoted part but not all of an existing line.

PHOTOGRAPHY NOTES

All photography by *Natalia Drepina*.

"Watercolor Etude"

"Little white flowers"

"Silent Melodies"

"Evening of Stolen Moments"

"Winter Stillness"

"Haze"

"Bitter rowan dream"

"Despair with pomegranate taste"

"The braid"

## FRIENDS OF SAPPHO

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### NINA SUDHAKAR

Nina Sudhakar is a writer and lawyer currently based in Indianapolis. Her poetry has appeared in TRACK//FOUR and *Rising Phoenix Review*; for more of her work, please see [www.ninasudhakar.com](http://www.ninasudhakar.com).

### SNEHA SUBRAMANIAN KANTA

An awardee of the prestigious GREAT scholarship, Sneha Subramanian Kanta reads for her second postgraduate degree in England. She is the recipient of the Alfaaz (Kalaage) prize for her poem 'At Dusk With the Gods' and the co-founder of Parentheses Journal, a literary initiative that operates across hybrid spheres. Her work is forthcoming in *Rise Up Review*, *Bindweed Magazine*, *Wild Women's Medicine Circle* and elsewhere.

### EMILY BLAIR

Emily Blair is a poet and English instructor from the mountains of Virginia, currently residing in North Carolina. Her work can be found in *The Lavender Review*, *Vagabond City*, and *Spry Literary Magazine*, among others. She currently volunteers as a fiction co-editor for *Rabble Lit* and editor at *Screen Door Review*.

### FRANCESCA KRITIKOS

Francesca's poetry has appeared in *Bunny Mag*, *Hobart*, *Peach Mag*, *Alien She Zine*, and more. She also has a chapbook, *IT FELT LIKE WORSHIP*, that was recently published by Sad Spell Press.

### LYDIA EILEEN

Lydia Eileen is a writer from the Midwestern state of Michigan. She has been previously published in the *Half Mystic Journal*, where she now works as a regular correspondent, and *Hypertrophic Literary*. Her self published collections include chapbooks such as *Heda* (2016) and *Dog Poems* (2016). You can find her on Twitter @lydbidness.

### BEATE SIGRIDDAUGHTER

Beate Sigriddaughter, [www.sigriddaughter.com](http://www.sigriddaughter.com), is poet laureate of Silver City, New Mexico (Land of Enchantment). Her work has received several Pushcart Prize nominations and poetry awards. In 2018 FutureCycle Press will publish her poetry collection *Xanthippe and Her Friends* and Červená Barva Press will publish her chapbook *Dancing in Santa Fe and Other Poems* in 2019.

### STEPHANIE L. HARPER

Stephanie L. Harper lives with her husband, two teen children, and a dwindling geriatric menagerie in Hillsboro, OR., where she performs the beatified deeds of a home schooling parent and writes poetry, sometimes simultaneously. Stephanie is a Pushcart

## FRIENDS OF SAPPHO

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Prize nominee, and author of the forthcoming chapbook, *This Being Done* (Finishing Line Press). Her poems have been published by Slippery Elm, Rattle, Ground Fresh Thursday, Tulip Tree Publishing, LLC (in the anthology, *Stories That Need to Be Told*, nominated for a Colorado Book Award), and others.

### MARGARYTA GOLOVCHENKO

Margaryta Golovchenko is an undergrad student at the University of Toronto, studying Art History and Literature & Critical Theory, and is an editor for *The Spectatorial*. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in places such as *Dear Damsels*, *Luna Luna Magazine*, *Contemporary Verse 2*, *The Murmur House*, *In/ Words*, among others, and is the author of two poetry chapbooks: *Miso Mermaid* (words(on)pages press, 2016) and *Pastries and Other Things History Has Tried to Kill Us With* (dancing girl press, forthcoming). She is a recipient of Chamberlain-Goodison Prize in Poetry and the Northrop Frye Center Undergraduate Research Fellowship, and can be found sharing her (mis)adventures on Twitter @Margaryta505.

### R. BRATTEN WEISS

R. Bratten Weiss is a lecturer in English literature, and organic farmer, residing and writing in eastern Ohio.

### M.A. SCOTT

M.A.Scott's poetry has appeared in *Crab Fat Magazine*, *concis*, *Heron Tree*, *Plath Poetry Project*, and *The Nancy Drew Anthology*. She lives in Westchester, NY.

### KAYLA KING

Kayla King is a graduate of Buffalo State College's B.A. in Writing (2013), and the Mountainview MFA (2016). She is an editor and contributing writer for *One For One Thousand*, an online magazine dedicated to the profundity of flash fiction. Kayla is the Blog Manager and Staff Reviewer at *Young Adult Books Central*. Her work has been published by or is forthcoming from *One For One Thousand*, *Germ Magazine*, *Five 2 One Magazine*, *Plath Poetry Project*, *Cat on a Leash Review*, *MockingHeart Review*, *Souvenir Lit Journal*, and *Twelve Winters Press*. You can find more about Kayla King at her website and blog: <http://kaylamaeking.wixsite.com/kayla-king-books>.

### JAYNE FENTON KEANE

Jayne Fenton Keane is an award winning poet and playwright who has published works across a range of media including books of poetry, plays for radio and stage, CDs, interactive installations and new media collections.

## FRIENDS OF SAPPHO

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### SUSANNA LANG

Susanna's new collection of poems, *Travel Notes from the River Styx*, was released this summer from Terrapin Books. Earlier collections include *Tracing the Lines* (Brick Road Poetry Press, 2013) and *Even Now* (The Backwaters Press, 2008). A two-time Hambidge fellow and a recipient of the *Emerging Writers Fellowship* from the Bethesda Writer's Center, she has published original poems and essays, and translations from the French, in such journals as *North American Review*, *Little Star*, *December*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Blue Lyra Review*, *Prime Number Magazine* and *Poetry East*. Her translations of poetry by Yves Bonnefoy include *Words in Stone* (University of Massachusetts Press, 1976) and *The Origin of Language* (George Nama, 1979). She lives in Chicago, where she teaches in the Chicago Public Schools.

### DEANJEAN

DeanJean's writing stitches a myriad of her own interests together, which also include astrology and Greek mythology. Her poetry has been published in *Blue Nib Poetry*, *Figroot Press* and *The Wire's Dream*. She also writes as Zelda Reville on her own website, [zeldareville.wordpress.com](http://zeldareville.wordpress.com). DeanJean currently lives in Singapore. Having said her piece, she would like to take this opportunity to celebrate Sappho's work and to always remember the limitless power of love.

### C.A. SCHEHERAZADE

C.A. Scheherazade embraces all the theatrics she inherited with her *nome de plume*—the bibliomaniac insomnia, the trivia-bingeing fetish, and the incessant cycle of simultaneously hoarding and expunging words in the maelstroms she masquerades as poetry. Her wandering muse frequents [calphascheherazade@tumblr.com](mailto:calphascheherazade@tumblr.com) occasionally.

### EMILY STODDARD

Emily Stoddard's writing has appeared or is forthcoming in *Tinderbox Poetry Journal*, *Rust+Moth*, *New Poetry from the Midwest*, *Menacing Hedge*, *Hermeneutic Chaos*, and elsewhere. She is an affiliate of the *Amherst Writers & Artists Method* and leads writing workshops online and at her studio in Michigan. More at [www.emilystoddard.com](http://www.emilystoddard.com).

### NATALIA DREPINA

Natalia Drepina was born November 19, 1989, in Lipetsk, Russia. She is a self-taught photographer, a poet, videographer and composer. Natalia specializes in female portrait photography and emotional self-portraits. On the faces of her subjects, their gestures, and in their eyes, there is a story and Natalia is the author. A photographer working in Russia, Natalia Drepina is often also the subject of her own work. She has taken photographs since 2009. Her style is characterized by the bleakness, fragility and minor mood of the past.



Her work has been featured in a number of specialty journals, including *Beautiful Bizarre*, *Bleaq*, *Literary Orphans*, *Bad Acid Laboratories, INC.*, *ND Magazine*, *All Black Magazine*, *Biophiliart*, and *Les Éditions du Faune, Folio (XXX issue)*, *Anathema*.

She the participant of exhibitions in Moscow (*Perfumer* and others), St. Petersburg, the Macs Museum (Italy) , Lviv (*Arts without borders*), Lipetsk, Belgium (Animalia event), and she is laureate of Lipetsk Creativity Award.

Special Issue  
*for my lover, she is fair: a Sappho tribute*

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