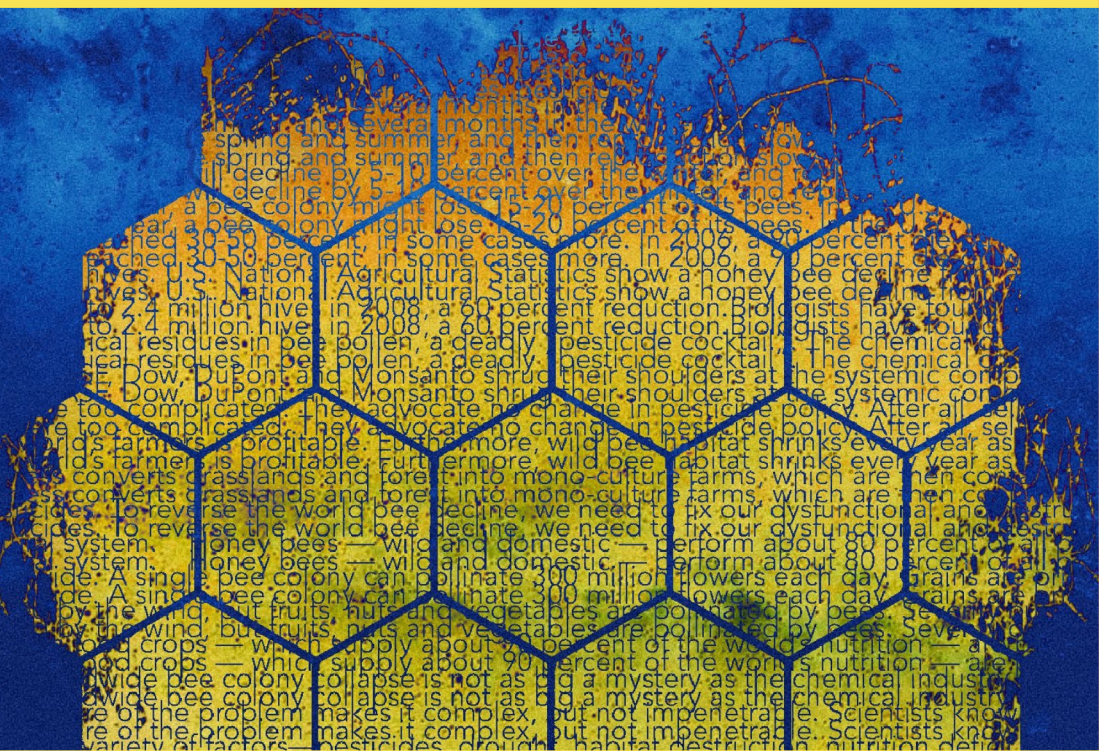


Full House Literary

SPRING
ISSUE
2024
PART 1

POETRY- PROSE - HYBRID - ART



A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

Dear readers,

One of the amazing things about editing a literary magazine is the surprise of still being surprised at how words (and images) move us. You would think that after four years of running the magazine and reading thousands of submissions we'd be immune to a unique turn of phrase or a new structure. Yet every time we are proved wrong.

The pieces in this issue, the first volume of a two-part series, moved and surprised and thrilled us. With contributors from all over the world, they give us illustrations of people looking for connection, whether that be with loved ones lost or loved ones living, with family or friends, or with nature.

This publication started just before the pandemic when people were looking to connect in new ways. It's heart-warming to see that longing has not gone away and that it's still alive in people's hearts and work. The pieces in this issue reminded us of why we started the magazine in the first place and we are so proud to share them with the world.

We feel we've come full circle to where we started, thrilled to present pieces that offer something new, whether that be with form or voice or texture or imagery, while echoing the themes of longing to be connected that were in those first issues. It is fitting then that these two Spring Issue 2024 volumes will be Full House's last. We are so proud of what we've achieved, of the love of writing and art we've celebrated over the past four years, and we want to thank all of you, from the bottom of our hearts, for all the love and dedication and submissions.

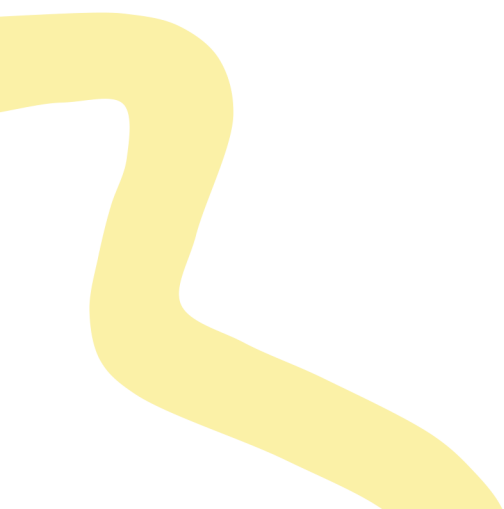
It has been a joy to read and share your work and we are so incredibly grateful that you trusted us with your pieces. So thank you. For your words and creativity and for reading the amazing work we've published.

Leia & Kinneson

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How I Choose To Begin the Story

Michael Imossan

I begin this story with “I”
because it is more about me than
the wound opening in the centre of my dream,
more about me than the sky pouring its
blue self on our roof; slithering through the
flare-rusted zinc into our home.
It is Monday morning and she is dressing me
for school. From the broken table,
a documentary comes on through the grey,
old television. I do not watch it, instead,
I follow her hands as she straightens my uniform,
cups my face in her palms and says,
you look like your father.
There’s a garden burning in the honey of her eyes.
I am both wound and scar—proof of my
father cutting through her flowered dream.
If time heals all wounds, what will it do to me?
Will it sweep a mould of flesh over my
moon-bright face?
She tucks my shirt in, pats me on the back
and says to me, *do not be like him.*
The fan strapped to the ceiling, fatigued,
whistles an old tune.
I do not understand, but I hold her words in
my hands. And like salt, I sprinkle them
along the stairs where I will step into my future.

Wrong/Peach

Linghui Ng

The peach I bought is not her sister from last summer. She is still-fragrant and shrapnel-sharp, astringent and tart – she coats my mouth like powder. I eat her with local honey: Laura said it would help the hayfever.

I was not allergic to pollen last year and the year before, then again, I never wanted to not see your face. Funny how the body learns to be wary of harmless sweet things from yesteryears. I bump into exes in coffee shops and say excuse me to hungry girls in clubs who I let touch me more than my mother. Why seek it so much if you don't want it?

Apologise to the bed in Zone 3. Sweet evening air and incense and skin on me. Apologise to the drinks I made for free – ten times too many – apologise. And the hands on my waist (too much like my own) that settled before the club closed. Apologise, apologise, apologise.

It's too tart and I swallow anyway. I can barely breathe these days but the doctors at A&E say there's nothing wrong with me. Wrong season, wrong purchase, wrong knife, wrong hands, wrong honey, wrong immune response, wrong peach.

Dream

Ophira Adar

Grandmother's home is a gutted fish.
Net curtains become dorsal fins,
two jellied eyeballs watch us strip
flesh from the bone, our fingers reddening.
Leaning back in her scale-sewn chair,
she asks why it's dark. I change the bulb.
Saltwater pours down from the switch.
It's hard to work with only scapula bones.
I chisel them into a wardrobe and bed,
craft a kitchen table from vertebral column.
Ask how it looks, knowing she never
complains about anything brought before her.
Her grey-green eyes spark a flame.
She smiles, rolls a gill into a cigarette.

Everyone Becomes a Crab

DC Restaino

You have a damp shadow, like all the women in your family. It has lingered in your wake since your baba's Ma drowned the man near Guiyang.

Now, ignore it.

Instead, think of your mother's hair curled around her ear like a shell. Think of your baba's hand calcified into a claw. Think of only the question in front of you. 4. *Which of the Following Traits are Possessed by Carcinisation?* Think of how four sounds like death in your mother's mother's mother tongue. Bite your own tongue. Flush that thought away. Now, bend over your desk –

A) Carapaces retain lateral margins.

– shift your shoulder blades, protect your spine. Keep clear your eyes. Recall your mother running through your flashcards, your baba sneaking you hot tea, how they both peel bright oranges and pick the white pith clean the same way. Scour your options. Ignore how the damp seeps through your socks, licking your skin, slurping at your insides, trying to suck you away –

B) Sternites are fused.

– don't curl around your belly. Don't forget the posture your mother taught you: eyes narrowed and feet flat. Don't let Baba wait at the door for you to return home longer than necessary. Don't overlook any of your choices. Don't forget the names of the women in your family already stolen by the damp's current –

C) Pleons are strangely bent.

– remember your protections, passed down like mitochondrial DNA along your mother's side: mineralise your skin like an exoskeleton, hide your gut behind pincers, walk sideways to escape the tide. Remember –

D) All the above.

Shedding

Kailie Foley

Trees uproot and
hit the ground,
stilled on their sides.
A fresh set of red bones
protrudes overhead,
protection hangs;
“Sorry” reverberates.
I reenact a tree’s death
centered inside these letters,
seclusion by two r’s.
My shadow nurses my body.
A frameless painting:
deer grazing in fall.
Nobody knows
if the frame broke;
ornately gold,
the blank canvas.
She kept her husband’s socks
for decades.
Ancestry’s mouth opens
in the basement.
Dollar bills cling to a rubber band
over obituary cards,
there to buy a coke or two.
People in the frames on dressers
sit on the couch holding flowers,
stems cut short, thornless;
their eyes half-lifeless.
Baby pictures on slides
without a projector.
The funeral director says,
“Nice weather, how rare.”

The sun is a mother bent down
before her mother's body like a child;
one last hug.
She keeps her jewelry on. The casket closes;
her name was engraved beside her husband's
on a stone before this.

One "am" in the Bathroom

Alina Zollfrank

I stand, left foot in the leftover puddle of tepid bath water, Epsom-salt infusion for the middle-aged body. Again and again, I've dropped the chore ball. Sunday night, Mount Dishes still in the sink, the floor screaming for a good scrub. And the stupid laundry. Always the last thing, my would'a-should'a-could'a. Volcanic hampers regurgitating mismatched socks, sweaty panties, stained shirts, rumpled dish rags. Towels. Bath, hand, all sizes, colors. All these goddamn towels.

The right foot reluctantly dangles over the edge and be-drips the once-blue bath rug, now a potpourri of pubic hair and dust bunnies. I teeter, one hand on the slippery tub wall, the other idiotically searching for my bath towel. It's not fucking there. It's in the piece-of-shit washer, where I left it sometime between stand-up breakfast cereal and express mid-day chocolate bar. My standing leg wavers, semi-waddled arms quiver, mama boobs sag. So does my mood. It's one in the morning. I have busted ass all weekend cooking, caring, cleaning. Five hours until the cursed alarm. Not a single shit-ass towel to wipe my tired body.

They are all in the washer. In my infinite goodness, I believe in all or nothing, in only full loads, in saving Mother Earth. Well, she probably never craved a fluffy towel after an overdue bath that she had earned with perpetual mommy chores.

I shake. Anger ebbs, flows. Moisture evaporates on my wrinkled, shriveled skin as I reach boiling stage. I free myself from the frozen position and scramble. Waffle through scenarios and scour the cabinet for eventualities. A rag maybe. Washcloth. Anything. I search, curse, drip. Then I cry. Of course I cry – I wasn't wet enough already. Behind the symphony of dental floss, maxi pads, emery boards, and creams, I get lucky. It's a beauty. Rectangle-reminiscent, warped. Faded. Yellow? A survivor from a long-tossed set, now converted into dog rags and garden projects or who knows what. But here it is, this tired towel, and I'll take it.

It swallows me, whole, and my disappointing life, too. Hoping for a soft landing, I dive in fully naked, mercilessly exposed. Into this hard, scratchy thing, color of past-their-prime daisies. Into diligent honey bees and a first crop of strawberries. Parsley and chives, the hue of health and youth. Grass blades, shooting up into tomorrows. Flickers, trilling. My kids flapping about the garden – all ages, all stages, all laughter. Our old yellow lab, a day before her death: the same color as this towel.

My husband planting a promising apple tree. Lambs in the clouds. Mole mounds, magic dirt scent. Earthworms worming, silently. My dad, whistling the song of content. My grandparents' capable hands. My mom, hanging crisp, impeccable sheets, shirts, towels. I flap in the wind. Ancient sunshine on my surface. Cotton pores. Summers float by, and my body swims through time and space. The universe hums as I dry.

whether they found me under the poisonous yew

Mary Buchinger

&& && ~ && &&

whether they found me under the poisonous yew
or in the ankle-high pachysandra
or among the blades of iris
and bubbling burgeoning sedum

I couldn't see or feel them

then later

rows of welts
arose

itchy pocks planted on my skin
spelling:

she was in the garden we must not let her back in

&

I am residence and provision
the food of me dissolvable skin

the truth of infestation—
palatable
opportunity

Proof

Beth Sherman

The first time my mother came back from the dead I was squeezing a cantaloupe at Shop Rite, trying to find one that wasn't mushy. She was standing by the yogurt, peering at an identical row of containers in the refrigerated case. I'd seen people who resembled her before. Same thin hair, slight stoop, oversized glasses with black plastic frames. I walked over to say hello. "They don't make banana anymore," she told me. "It's a real shame." She looked pretty good. She had on coral lipstick and her best shoes, the expensive ones she'd bought in Italy on a cruise she took with my father the year before he left. "Ma," I said. "You're here!" She gave me that look I knew so well, like I'm a child who hasn't gotten the hang of potty training. "Of course I'm here. Avocados are four for a dollar this week."

The second time I was teaching *Dracula* to a bunch of bored college freshmen. Most of them were checking Insta or Tik Tok. The book version of the Count couldn't compare to the films they'd seen, spattered with blood and gore. It was like talking to a bunch of strangers on a subway. When my mother showed up, I was glad to see her. She looked as though she'd just gotten her hair done. It was poufy in front and I could smell hair spray. She sat in an empty desk. "See," I announced proudly, with a flourish. "A genuine ghost." My students looked up for a second, then went back to their phones. "Kids today," she said, giving me a pointed look. "Hard to get their respect."

The third time I'm standing in my kitchen making pasta Bolognese. I can't get the sauce right, too tomato-y. The kids are in the den, playing video games. My husband has announced he's working late again. "You need to add more basil," she says. "And the garlic isn't chopped right." I hand her the wooden spoon I'm holding. "Fine. You do it." It takes her 40 minutes and the whole time she's telling me about Mrs. Castigliano, who Ma always thought was having an affair with my father, but there wasn't any proof.

“How did you know?” I ask because cheating is tricky. She tells me, her voice supple as vintage Cabernet, warm as fresh rolls. The pasta comes out just right. It tastes divine.

(Content warning: child choking)

Lollipop

Jessica Boatright

We all know what happens next.

You are aeroplane arms and sweet box giggling
a sticky-slicked chin, a good lunch flecked on your jumper
You're bouncing with chatter so I pull a lollipop from my pocket
(that old auntie trick) — and you're an unwrap-straight-in-the-mouth kind of kid

And you didn't stop

And I didn't check

— then the stick is falling from the clasp of your lips eyes panic-popping
fingers wringing the air mouth a gasping fish I thwack /
your / back / crush-the-soft-place between tummy and ribs hang you upside
down

and shake

and shake

until something

escapes —

rolling over your bluing lips

spinning down your ashen skin

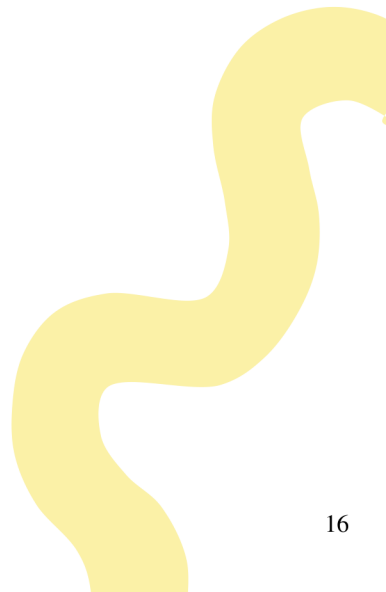
here's the sound of my chest caving in

All those grapes Mummy divided into two
All the mini eggs Mummy wrestled from your grasp

I cut myself in half

and half

and half



Shadows

Cheryl Snell

From childhood, this has been my bedtime ritual: to climb between the covers and watch the nightlight transform the rocking chair's heap of clothes. Shadows cast on the wall bring forth a new creature every night: a man whose hat is actually the lamp behind him, or the shape of a woman draped in darkness, the gleam of her onyx eyes a lapel pin by day. Sometimes the creatures follow me into my dreams, benign as my childhood shadow-puppets, usually.

But when you begin to spend nights with me, I keep the rocking chair neat and clear. Clothes are hung in the closet, exiled until morning. You catch me tidying up one night and say, *I'd rather you didn't.*

Why?

My dad used to keep his bathrobe on the back of his bedroom chair. When he died, I moved it to mine. It was comforting to look at it in the dark and imagine he was still in it somehow.

I drop the clothes back on the seat and shrug a jacket across the shoulders of the chair. We spend the dimmed hours talking about his father, and how, after the funeral, he found a grey hair on the bathrobe. *The only thing left of him.*

I wonder if he knows that dust is mostly made of skin cells and hairs. If he did, he'd never clean another thing.

Mise en abyme

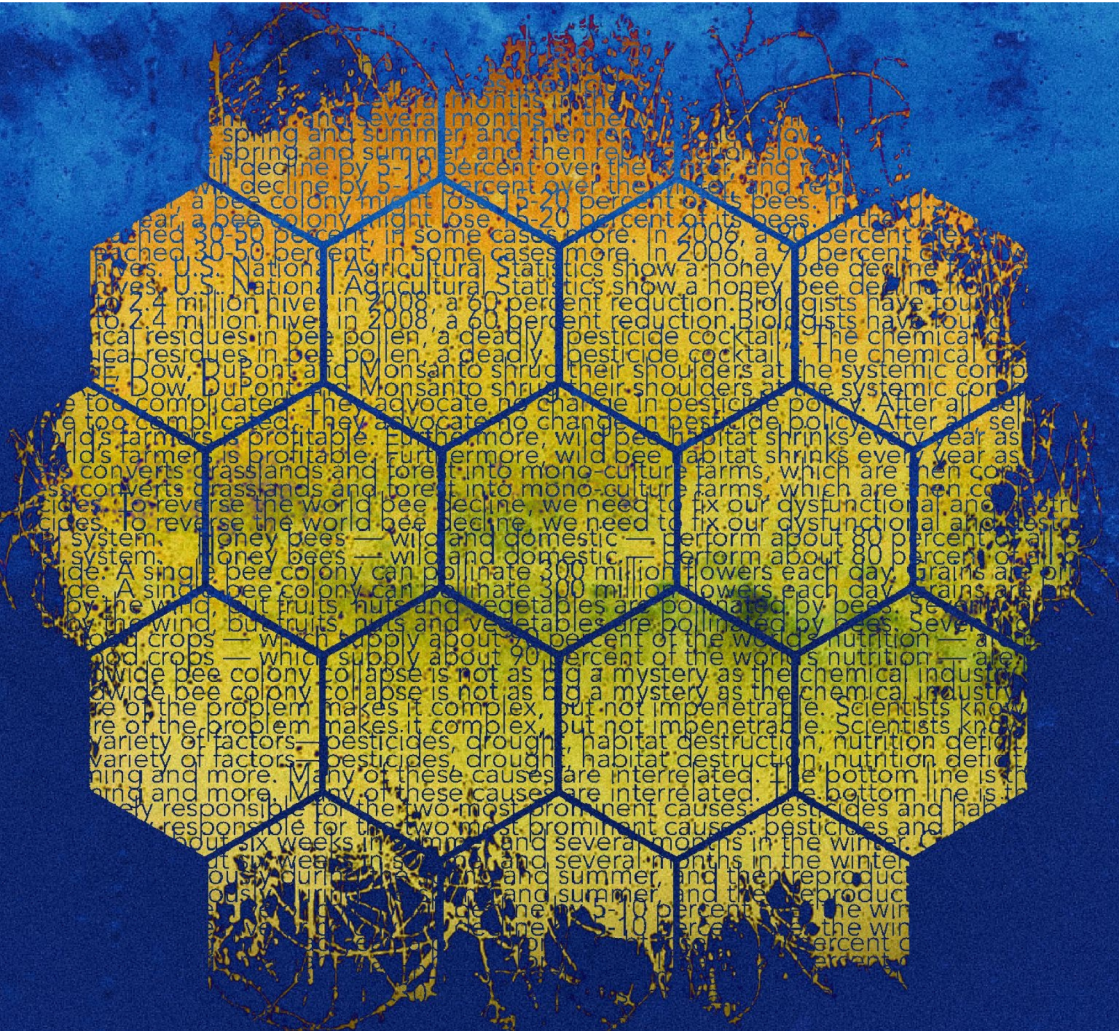
Rushika Wick

please enter free of adornment -
tropes, a lazy eye, desire of missing out,
a raised middle finger
this began in prehistory -
corralling shadows to one place
when I would not stay still, stones
standing in for me, a proxy,
pictures blown through bone
portraits of me my hand my quarry
my hill my people dot and line shining against
the rock. my people.
autumn sun
drawing me
of myself through the entrance
inner chamber right into the
runs upward where water
priests chant themselves
to rose quartz
I wander
find a shrine
bleeding
white discs
I'm not sure why
have not offered more.
of sweet tea.
disgusted,
my remaining hair
twist a Kathmandu shawl
blue interval green
the camera
documented -
in the company
the chamber
compression of
how to make time
so I walk
might delete later

is incense
through the entrance
right into the
where water
chant themselves
down a cool tunnel
of rowan berries -
along a ledge
of jade like sclera.
the living
a cup
a lifetime of work.
I arrange
against the light,
interval blue, press
icon. here I am
wearing new apotropaic marks
of spirits.
lichenifies language
fingertips
move in both directions
back out, fetal

To Bee or Not To Bee

Katy Wimhurst



In my Demand to Happen again as a Constellation.

Eliongema Udofia

Lord, how much I desire the exorcism of this ache from my body— this heaviness in my soul that denies me the beauty of flight. I want to be fashioned in starlight, something able to banner light— a body fashioned to withstand this darkness gnawing at the softness of my soul. I want to be a firefly, that thing, even if crushed, dies in a sea of light. It is not fancy things I seek, just for grace with a mouth wide enough to swallow the width of my sorrows. See, nothing remains of the constellation in my body. This body blooms with dead flowers— this house wars against itself. I have witnessed it, not once, how each time I make to trap sun rays to purge my body of this darkness blooming like chrysanthemums; it morphs into a mesh, something permeable of light. The way the teeth gets in the way of the tongue, leaving behind scars, the size of defiance. How in the dark of the night, my palms lust after the tranquillity of my breath. Tell me, what other remedy is there to welcome into this body? Once they said if I let them sink me in the river, my sorrows would drown with the torrents. And then fouled my tongue with water from the cantharus. How then is it that even with the holy water alive on my tongue, my voice still detests the salvation of my body? That when I try convincing my body it is capable of luminance, the echo of my voice guffaws.

grand plan

Hannah Linden

false petal

staircase

watching the sunset

hammering

mispronounced

foolhen

returnreturn

alternative

routes

ham-fisted

we-(was)

plateau through a telescope

conceptual sundown

sink

doodling rules

hoot of a lioness

upstairs

dusk marrow-hours

smell (of) dancesteps

instinctual

self-composting

I underneath

climbing

(through) the histories

vomit

Skylar Camp

i don't need anyone to hold back my hair while i vomit because I have a pixie cut. i am perfectly comfortable alone on the floor by the toilet. i hope the sound of my retching doesn't disturb you. this will all be over soon in six to eight hours. don't worry about me; i am fine. this is usually my own fault because my body occasionally reacts to alcohol with violence. sometimes it's from a migraine, but those are rare now. they used to be more frequent, back when i was married. he sighed deeply and yelled. he got angry that he had to take care of the baby while i was sick. i laid on the floor in the hallway, the only dark place in the apartment, and he was annoyed because he had to step over me to get to the bathroom. he's gone now but sometimes i am still on the floor. don't worry about me; i am fine. i hope the sound of my retching doesn't disturb you.

proximity

David Banach

sometimes it breaks you open

they drift too close

other souls

and usually we are well protected safe

invisible bubbles

of language and good cheer

under blankets in bed

until they come

up behind you

in kindness to help zip up your backpack

or they see you in a moment you thought

you were alone stimming your fingers

along the fuzzy grass and they get too close

with all their immensity

these humans

and you are back

collapsing into the arms

of a mother

tears in eyes

letting yourself

be held

whatever it was that was you

absorbed

ballathiel homanstra

always there was something else in me

alien words

moonlight

and sparkle arms of Jupiter off

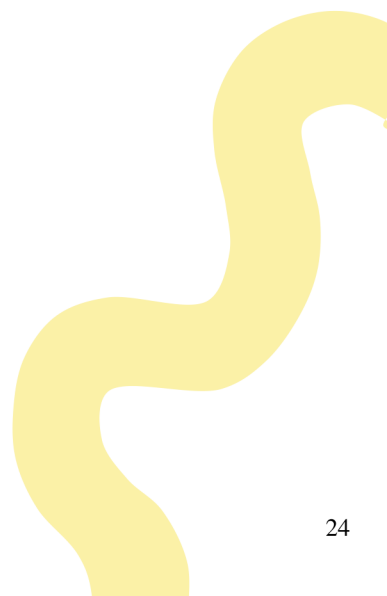
in the east

the way light dances with shadow reflecting

off of water

acceleration

of gravity on other planets
always nearness is an impact
rocketing off the gravity well
of another mass
speeding
out into
the void
let me disappear eclipsed in your shadow.



Barred from a shoe shop

Allan Miller

I apologise to the mother of the little girl who'd been happily waiting to have her feet measured, but is now increasingly agitated by the tortured howls of my son having a tape-measure placed lightly around his foot.

The assistant brings out a selection of shoes, which all turn out to be moccasins. I point out the similarity. She insists they're a popular style. I tell her I don't like moccasins. The shop falls silent.

The little girl bursts out crying. I notice she's about to try on a pair of moccasins. Her mother looks daggers at me. The assistant mutters profanities and gathers up the footwear. As she storms back to the stockroom I glance down and see she's wearing moccasins.

The manager comes over and asks me to leave. I tell her it's a ridiculous overreaction, then realise she too is wearing a pair of moccasins. I say I'll leave once my son has his shoes. She calls security. I pick up my child and head for the door, but I can't help staring at the security guard's moccasins.

As we exit the shop I'm struck on the back of the head. It's a child's shoe. I turn just in time to see the manager lob another one. She yells threats at us. I didn't realise you could be barred for life from a shoe shop. I'm about to protest when I realise my son is mesmerised by something on the ground. It's the hurled shoes. Tiny espadrilles covered in golden sequins. The most astonishingly beautiful shoes either of us have ever seen.

My son tries them on without the slightest hint of protestation. They fit him like a glove — a glove for feet —and he beams from ear to toe.

Self Portrait as Make Believe

Kathi Crawford

When I was five or six
my bedroom blossomed
with what my mother called
the pretending people.

| | |
|---------------------|---------|
| Like a linchpin | slipped |
| through the axle of | a wheel |
| they must have | held me |

as flour binds
a tough cookie
protecting
the softness inside.

Truly Magical

Tim Love

You don't know how the card got in your hand. You memorize it and slide it into a pack held out to you, showing it to no-one. The magician burns the pack. Then he burns you. He fills a salt-cellar with your ashes. That's the end of the trick. The audience is as puzzled as you are.

Then you re-appear from a UFO. Nobody claps because nobody believes you've been abducted, pretty though you are. You're starving. In your pocket you find an egg. You hope it's boiled. The shell comes away so easily, like body from soul. You sprinkle from a salt cellar shaped like a rocket. It tastes wonderful.

The magician's long gone. Were you just friends? How many times did he cut you in half? Hearing murmurs from the darkness, you see a man climb onto the stage. "You asked for a volunteer?" he says. You give him your business card, children's parties your speciality. "Why are you giving me the Queen of Hearts?" he says. But that's not the card you chose. He leaves again. It still hurts.

You flip open a top-hat. Out of it you pull not a rabbit, not a dove, not love, but a chicken. What did you do wrong? You calculate. You take away what you first thought of - the egg? the chicken? the magician who promised so much? The lights come up. How did you make everyone disappear?

the pause between breaths

Ally Fowler

i never talked to god

i just said i did

while i waited for the call

her lungs shuttered

looking desperate for something

that's desperate back

& god said to me

& i said to me

& i said to god

while god slumbered below

i — — —

& — —

bleached in the static

post-mortem glow

i laugh at religion until

i'm mourning again

aureate wept

fallen angels wept

the world wept

through the cupid-stacked fountain

god slept

& wept

& vanished

& it's just me

in the crematorium

looking for heaven

staring at the fire exit sign

out of tune

only half present

& god at my shoulder
weeping & laughing
asks me to look
 through the window
 & see what

red-eyed
 archangelic
 griefed
 bloody
human thing
returns

bump in the night

Anuja Mitra

there are things in my walls
that have lived there for years
it's less paranormal activity
than perfectly normal activity
like battering rain
in the dead of spring
the thunder of their tread
no longer wakes me
their percussive claws
a reliable soundtrack
a music that mounts
down the veins of this house
where beam meets window frame
where sinew clutches bone
I picture them dancing
their mad morse code
and though I can sleep through
this nocturnal symphony
I can't sleep through
the quiet of his room
I have lived here
nearly a quarter of a life
staring at nothing
at the corner of the ceiling
where others listen
to spectral steps in the hall
old boards creaking
under no one's weight
for me there is the crescendo
of creatures I can't name
like tiny hooves
skimming over a lightbulb

I hear them every night
but I still haven't heard my father



Out Flew Mom

Alex Carrigan

After Bianca Stone's "The Fates"

I cracked open my skull and out flew Mom.
Instead of wisdom, she leaked out with resentment.

She resented how my blood tinged her hair,
how my skull scratched her jewelry.

Her jewelry was all she had left of her old life
before she was forced out with me swaddled in her arms.

Her arms swatted away my brain matter and left
me feeling woozy as she begrudged my call for her.

I call her whenever I need some assurance, in hopes
that this time she will say what I need to hear.

Instead, I hear how I ruined her life and
how she wishes I would leave her alone.

I'm left alone to bash my head against my wall, where
I cracked open my skull, and out flew Mom.

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

Ophira Adar

Ophira Adar is a poet and writer from London, currently studying the Writing Poetry MA at the Poetry School. Ophira has been published in 14 Magazine, Butcher's Dog and Under The Radar (released April 2024).

David Banach

David Banach is a queer philosopher and poet in New Hampshire, where he tends chickens, keeps bees, and watches the sky. You can read some of his recent poetry in Isele Magazine, Neologism Poetry Journal, Passionfruit Review, Terse, and Amphibian Lit. He also does the Poetrycast podcast for Passengers Journal.

Jessica Boatright

Jessica Boatright (she/her) is a writer from Lincolnshire (UK). Her words have most recently been spotted in Visual Verse, Marble and Sarasvati Magazine, alongside various anthologies. She is part of the Writing East Midlands Momentum scheme and received an 'Artist Respond' award with the St Hugh's Foundation in 2023. @oh_so_boatie

Mary Buchinger

Mary Buchinger, whose recent books include *The Book of Shores* and *Virology* from Lily Poetry Review Books, and *Navigating the Reach* (Salmon Poetry), teaches in Boston and serves on the New England Poetry Club board. Her poetry appears in AGNI, Nimrod, Plume, Salamander, Salt Hill, Seneca Review, and elsewhere. www.MaryBuchinger.com.

Skylar Camp

Skylar Camp (she/her) lives in Columbus, Ohio, with her two kids, her partner, and their fuzzy kitty. Her writing focuses on religious trauma, divorce, polyamory, queerness, parenting, and more. Her work appears in *Queerlings*, *Anti-Heroic Chic*, and *Sky Island Journal*. Find her at skylarcamp.com.
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Alex Carrigan

Alex Carrigan (he/him) is a editor, poet, and critic from Alexandria, VA. He is the author of *Now Let's Get Brunch: A Collection of RuPaul's Drag Race Twitter Poetry* (Querencia Press, 2023) and *May All Our Pain Be Champagne: A Collection of Real Housewives Twitter Poetry* (Alien Buddha Press, 2022)

Kathi Crawford

Kathi Crawford is a business and career coach based in Houston, TX. After decades of serving as a human resources leader, she founded People Possibilities, LLC. Her work has been featured online and in print. You can find her on Instagram @kathicrawford or LinkedIn: www.linkedin.com/in/kathicrawford or visit her blog: <https://adventureinbeingcom.wordpress.com/>.

Kailie Foley

Kailie Foley is a 19-year-old poet from Illinois. Her work can be found in *Impostor: A Poetry Journal* and *Blue Marble Review*. She hopes to convey her heart space through writing while it helps her heal.

Ally Fowler

Ally Fowler (she/her) is a poet interested in pulling apart life's smallest moments.

Michael Imossan

Michael Imossan is an Ibibio poet. He is the author of an award-winning chapbook "For the Love of Country and Memory" (Poetrycolumnnd, 2022). His full length manuscript "Broken in Three Places" was named semifinalist for the Sillerman prize for African poetry.

Hannah Linden

Hannah Linden won the Cafe Writers Poetry Competition in 2021, and was Highly Commended in the Wales Poetry Award 2021. Her debut pamphlet, *The Beautiful Open Sky* (V. Press), was shortlisted for the Saboteur Award for Best Poetry Pamphlet 2023. X (formerly Twitter): @hannah11n

Tim Love

Tim Love's publications are a poetry pamphlet *Moving Parts* (HappenStance) and a story collection *By all means* (Nine Arches Press). He lives in Cambridge, UK. His poetry and prose have appeared in *Stand*, *Rialto*, *Magma*, *Unthology*, etc. He blogs at litrefs.blogspot.com/ X: @TimLoveWriter

Anuja Mitra

Anuja Mitra lives in Aotearoa New Zealand. Her poetry has recently appeared or is forthcoming in places like Poetry Aotearoa, The Deadlands, Haven Speculative, Unbroken, takahē, and Turbine | Kapohau. She enjoys frequenting indie bookstores and patting her several cats. Her Twitter (and linktree) can be found @anuja_m9.

Allan Miller

Allan Miller is a writer of short stories, flash fiction, auto fiction, and humorous micro fiction. His work has been published in recent editions of Gutter, Popshot Quarterly, Ellipsis Zine, Porridge, The Martello, Mono, Noctivagant, ForgeZine, Hooded, and Firewords.

Linghui Ng

Linghui Ng (b.1999, Perak) is an artist and writer based in London, UK. Their multidisciplinary practice spans painting, drawing, clay and writing. Their written works explore memory, religion, and rituals found in the domestic mundane. (they/them). instagram: @est.ng
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DC Restaino

DC Restaino is a writer and editor living in London. His work has appeared in Funicular Magazine, SamFiftyFour, Horizon Magazine, and elsewhere. When not writing, he is desperately trying to keep his one plant alive.

Beth Sherman

Beth Sherman's stories have been published in Portland Review, Blue Mountain Review, Tangled Locks Journal, 100 Word Story, Fictive Dream, Full House Literary, Flash Boulevard, and elsewhere. Her work will be in The Best Microfictions 2024. She's also a Pushcart, Best Small Fictions, and multiple Best of the Net nominee. Beth can be reached at @bsherm36

Cheryl Snell

Cheryl Snell's books include several poetry collections and the novels of Bombay Trilogy. Her most recent writing appeared in Amethyst Review, 100 Word Story, Does It Have Pockets?, Switch, Your Impossible Voice, and other journals. She has work in several anthologies including a Best of the Net.

Elongema Udofia

Elongema Udofia writes from Nigeria, he is an undergrad student of the University of Uyo. A lover of cats and arts. He has works published in Brittle Paper, Salamander Ink, Blue Marble Review, and elsewhere. He is the 2023 recipient of the Art of Unity Creative Award (Youth Category).

Rushika Wick

Rushika Wick's first collection *Afterlife As Trash* was published by Verve (2021) Her second hybrid collection *Horse* is forthcoming from Broken Sleep Books, Summer 2024 You can follow her work via @rushikawick on insta

Katy Wimhurst

Katy Wimhurst's first collection of stories was *Snapshots of the Apocalypse* (Fly on the Wall Press, 2022), her second was *Let Them Float* (Alien Buddha Press). Her first book of visual poems, *Fifty-One Trillion Bits*, was published by Trickhouse Press (2023). She blogs at <https://whimsylph.wordpress.com>. She is housebound with M.E.

Alina Zollfrank

Alina Zollfrank from (former) East Germany loathes wildfire smoke and writes in the Pacific Northwest. She's published in *Thimble*, *The Braided Way*, *Wordgathering*, *Two Thirds North*, *Red Ogre Review*, *October Hill Magazine*, *Psaltery & Lyre*, *Pulse*, *Reckon Review & Invisible City*, and welcomes connections at <https://zollizen.medium.com> and <https://www.instagram.com/zollizen/>

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