

# BERKELEY POETRY REVIEW

Berkeley Poetry Review: Made at Home  
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BERKELEY POETRY REVIEW

*Made At Home*  
2022

University of California, Berkeley

# *Made At Home*

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Dear Reader,

“I wrap you in cotton, sound / muffled by your filling center / hold me / wear me / thread us together” — these lines, from Jessie Zechnowitz Lim’s poem, “Hold me in Sleep” are strikingly intimate, presenting a possible (re)imagining of the home. They ask: what is the home if not solely a physical space? What does it mean to create a home?

“Made at Home” is a meditation on these questions, within the context of a pandemic which has brought the home into central focus (and, perhaps, offered a possibility of rupture to how we conceive of the home). The pieces housed within move between physical and non-physical understandings of the home, between love and loss, comfort and unease. While this tension rejects the rigid structures of family imposed by white supremacy and colonialism, it is not a rejection of the home itself. We hope that these voices and their multiple understandings show that the home is not any one thing, that it can be continuously made and remade as an act of resistance.

This want to challenge and deconstruct guided us not only on a thematic level but also on an organizational one. We have been grappling with the idea of how to, like the home, (re) imagine the space of BPR. We are honored to publish the voices of many new poets and artists alongside those with more experience, specifically new poets within our Berkeley community. There was also a yearning to bring a multimedia aspect to the issue. As you comb through these pages, you will find bright paintings, collages, drawings, and doodles alongside brilliant words.

In a way, we wish this issue to become a home of its own—housing joy, love, loss, and the community we have built together. We hope you hold it close like we do. Thank you for reading.

With love,  
Oona & Julieta

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*Find more information at <https://sogoreate-landtrust.org>*

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## Contents

MIDORI SAMSON	01	Apt. 1/2
SYLVIE BOWER	02	Impression of quarantine
JAKE SPERTUS	03	The squash didn't turn out, but the fennel did
AFTON HULSE	04	Welcome Home
TORRIN OMOKOH	05	Untitled
GRETEL BUENO	06	mi nuevo hogar (My New Home): A Series of Haikus
LAWDENMARC DECAMORA	07	Maligayang Kaarawan / Happy Birthday
BRUCE ROBINSON	08	Please Hold for Line Seven
REBECCA FAULKNER	09	Sunday Best
REMI RECCHIA	10	My mom calls to say we shouldn't feel alone
SEAN CARRERO	11	Once A Year
AVA MORGAN	12	Gas Can Inheritance, No. 5
KIERON WALQUIST	13	Hillbilly Swimming Pool
	14	
DIANA CHOI	15	goodbye, haste st
KENTON K. YEE	16	ATMOSPHERE AND LIGHTS
GINA LEE	17	UNTITLED WHILE LISTENING TO FRANK OCEAN
	18	MY BLACK FEMALE BODY [TALK THAT TALK]
AISHANI CHAUDHURI	19	the house doesn't know
MARINA BEJAR	20	Familia
SOPHIA LIMONCELLI-HERWICK	21	Untitled
JESSIE ZECHNOWITZ LIM	22	Hold me in Sleep
LUNA PETRA RAMOS	23	The end is near
ANONYMOUS	24	Hot Dog Poem
CLARA SPEROW	25	TOFU PACKAGED POEM IN MY DREAM

## *Contents*

SHIRA DENTZ	26	Hull
JULIA CUNNINGHAM	27	berkeley (bloom) time
RACHEL CHRISTENSEN	28	Riviera Blossoms
MASSIMO FANTUZZI	29	New Tenants
REN DHILLON WEBER	30	Neighborhood Cat
CONTRIBUTORS	33	
	34	
COLBIE MAHAFFEY		Opening & Closing Words





*I have a house full of treasures,  
keepsakes from every  
small piece of my life...*



## APT 1/2.

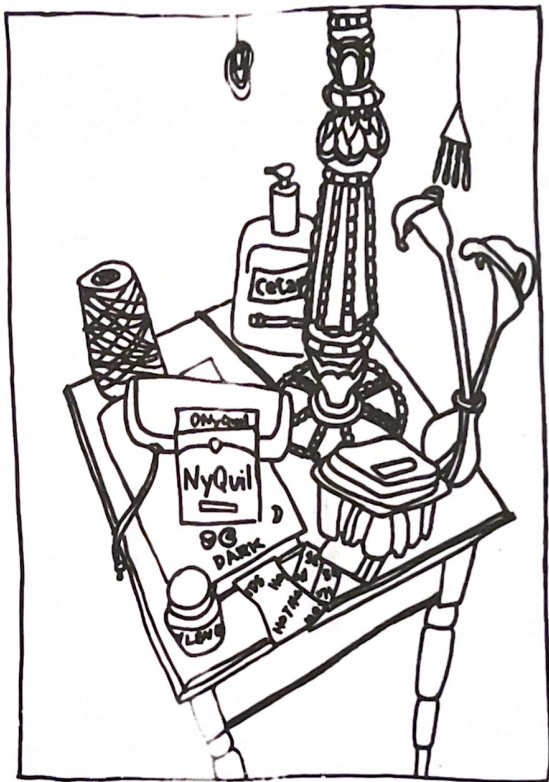
A funny thing happens when you move into a new home: you notice all the curious and characteristic sounds of your unfamiliar space. I had this experience last August, when I settled into my new apartment, the top floor — “Apt. ½” — of a cute house in central Illinois. Coincided with my move, I was falling in love with someone new, too. After years of toxic relationships, I found someone kind, warm, and safe to join me in Apt. ½.

My new composition, “Apt. ½” finds rhythm in the white noise of our shared home: recordings of a car driving by outside, an A/C unit, and a ceiling fan create the underlying beat. On top of that, sounds from our cozy homelife (a whisky cork, the bathroom sink, and the typewriter where my partner, Jared Meunier, writes poetry) create counterrhythm. Spoken excerpts from his new poem, “RE:” float in and out of the meditative musical texture.

This soundscape breathes new relationship energy like the sunrise peeking into the window. It celebrates the wonder of discovering the quirks of a new home. It honors our quiet time in Apt. ½.

You can listen to “Apt. ½” at this link: [bit.ly/AptHalf](https://bit.ly/AptHalf) (case sensitive)





## The squash didn't turn out, but the fennel did

Sometimes I step outside to smoke  
Dry tobacco rolled in desperation  
And I see the figs squished  
Into the sandpaper of the patio.  
Such abundance!  
It's pumpkin season.  
At the store I faced a sea of gourds  
And leapt.  
But I found out last night  
That not all squash is good squash and I  
Am certainly not a good man...  
Though I may be good,  
Because I made pea soup for three.  
I browned the onions and prepared  
Mushrooms and leeks in my own butter.  
I roasted fennel too. Why roast it?  
At my age I find myself  
Partial to mystery.  
You can only imagine what's happening in there:  
The heat blistering salty edges brown.  
The frittering.



*Afton Hulse 2022*

*Welcome Home*

*one of three*



## **mi nuevo hogar (My New Home): A Series of Haikus**

**In the kitchen I,**  
strive to replicate  
mother's delicate hand stir.  
flavor notes not near.

**In the Living Room,**  
sun rays force to peak.  
Conversations mingle here.  
Cushions mold body.

**In My Bedroom**  
Collected spines,  
spiraling vinyl humming,  
memories gather.

## Maligayang Kaarawan / Happy Birthday

Today there is joy in clean laundry. // All is submerged in water: billiard balls, / old paintings, / postcards and polaroids, / the Gramo- phone. // But the roto picture of your ego in white shirtsleeves shows something you'll never forget: how you'll look in twenty years, / how your passion is interpreted in every line and scar that's reflected from memory. // On your day, / I will celebrate your eyes' uncalculated blink as it might change the season from tinder-parched mornings to being fifty-nine and still writing you poems. // You know, / I'd like to brush your hair when things go ugly, / as when a tsunami hits the seawall and there's no one to fix your hair out of fear. // Last thing, please let's do it in church. // It's not what you think, / no. I mean let's do it, / the laundry. Oh the laundry and these honest words? // They're lovely as saying *Maligayang Kaarawan* or Happy Birthday to you in advance. // Honest, / lovely—these words like a drop of blood in your glass of milk. // Tomorrow you are possible and I am very positive that the universe took its time on you, / crafted you first in the order of taste, / a hard bright speck of unicity. // You prepare the art of life like semi-autonomy that takes the reins in the kitchen, / learning still to offer the world at *trinta e quatro*. // The night, blue and laundry-sweet, / opens itself and you enter somehow wondering. // Everything waits for you. // Your day is coming... I'm waiting for it... Blow out the imaginary candles of your imaginary cake. // Think as if you're that nine-year old sucking the nectar out of each santan flower. // Sometimes you'll cut the steak into strips and make 'em look like ribbons. // Think you're celestial for a day without the material, / Japan without a Tokyo. // Sometimes you don't give a damn if Omicron is the love child of CoViD-19 and fascism. // You can dance in the kitchen on a Sunday night, / singing like only a lucky birthday girl can. // Your day will be brighter as these lines humor your heart. // At *trinta e quatro*, / love has come for you, / breezing an effect like the Fujiwhara. //



## Please Hold for Line Seven

Yes, I leave, and the dog stops  
barking. I have an apartment  
in the heights with flaking

issues of the World Tele  
gram & Sun. I bathe

for dinner, table for fears,  
*we are experiencing higher  
than normal wait times;*

*please hold for line seven:*  
check my suit for moths, wind

the watch I haven't worn  
for years, lurk  
in silence for the telephone

that seldom rings  
*please stay on that line*

*and the next receptacle  
will be with you shortly:*  
at least never rings

when I am here.

## Sunday Best

We shiver in Southend's gin-sodden drizzle, pick my cuticle  
my tongue marzipan thick. Gran languishes in the ashtray

blue rinse set for tea on best china. Her flat smells of pets  
long dead & husbands, wrinkled like the fivers she sends

at Christmas. I savor the rind of marmalade, half-smoked  
Dunhills rationed on the hour. *I danced a foxtrot in my heyday*

those nights on the pier all satin & sparkles, she hung on  
like hydrangeas, in spite of frost. *Don't pack me off her breath*

a nylon crackle. But we didn't stop the movers that March morning  
my patent leathers tight, slippy on the carpet of ward B

the place for wayward women. Mum said be polite, *tell her about school*  
Brine-soaked Gran, words eaten by doctors with battle lines drawn

rusted spells & shoulders brusque. I want to shake her back  
to the ballroom, bellow in her good ear - *let's go out in our frocks!*

We can drive a long nail through bleach, unlock tangled roots  
& mildew. As the days shrivel she'd tell me about men

with shellshock smiles, women who endure. But I sat -  
looking & not looking at death - closing the door tight.

## My mom calls to say we shouldn't feel alone

when my brother dies. We shouldn't feel guilty or afraid. As children, we played doctor. I checked his pulse, he shot me up with my yearly guardian angel. How were we to know

the hurt wouldn't stop? The syringe never full enough? I thought I understood addiction. An addict was brain-dead. Drugs were a numbing, selfish pastime. A willful

self-destruction. In the school cafeteria I would try to separate our dignities. Where he was, I was not. I see now the needle is often one way to say *I miss you*. To say *where is home*.

When my mom calls, she doesn't say *how are you*. She doesn't say *I love you*. Instead: *we shouldn't feel ashamed*. *We should spread his good name*. *Funny, smart, talented*.

Is that what an addict needs to be proved worthy of remembrances? Do the unkind, the lazy, the unintelligent deserve erasure? We erode with stones the undesirables like white

water rapids eating shoreline. We do not say their names. My mom tells me her feelings in code. *Proud* means *mortified*. *Larger than life* means *I wish I'd only had one son*. It means *I won't look*

*outside the window and see him tapping against the glass, flushed, begging to come back in*. His sweat like a feathered halo. His arms like beams of light.

## Once A Year

I know as much about death  
as chicken gizzards know how to be eaten.  
I fold what I know about it into memory.

My cousin David knows more—discovered  
his mother's body against a tree  
in their backyard after school. His mother was dead

a sinful gust of lead, she shot her head.  
There was no one else to clip  
the eldest's toenails, to leave that once a year

red lipstick on my pale face  
or get excited to watch Dorothy's return home.  
This poison stains us instead of your lipstick.

I know as much about death as chicken gizzards  
know how to be eaten as an appetizer once a year.  
I am the size of a centimeter on a yard stick,

a boy's fist fits the rug floor  
feels rugged anger brush his knuckles  
alive without her. I fold

what I know about death, less  
than what my cousin saw firsthand:  
a human body against a backyard tree

a bullet pierced clean through her brain.  
A poem reads differently after the poet dies.  
I read you distorted after you have died.



We lost the backwoods, the house. What can I pass down?

Always my urge to preserve, to collect:  
Memory as possession, my magpie's  
treasure trove of aluminum cans.

Like all before, something *better*,  
something other than cabinet stuffed into  
a garage, a dollhouse.

Hope for a son with curly hair, a tooth for home-canned peaches  
and the mind to avoid the gas can, make sense of the shrapnel.

## Hillbilly Swimming Pool

To be in those Aprils again  
    when the red truck  
        parked on a hill  
+ it rained enough,  
    so we shoved kitchen towels  
        down the tailgate crack to keep  
the hurricane from draining;  
    picked leaves + sticks from the flood  
        + waded in, sat crisscross-applesauce,  
our bony backs against questionable metal,  
    + shouted at father to *Drive as fast as you can!*—  
        how he did, then; took turns like a madman,  
pumped the brakes way too often,  
    the water a bathtub-wash  
        over us. We screamed + shivered,  
sliced open  
    with such incredible                   joy.



## **goodbye haste st**

I dont feel so haunted by you anymore, so i  
thank god everyday

I wake up with a kiss on my lips toward the sky  
and i move on because i cant do anything else

I am the best ive ever been in the midst of  
this covid scare, i don't fear haste st anymore,  
okay kaya goes in one ear and out the other no  
one needs to scramble to skip it anymore,  
breathing feels easier, hell loving feels easier too  
I feel prettier these days

so here, i'll sit, and thank you god for this meal. in His name I pray,  
amen.



## ATMOSPHERE AND LIGHTS

A man changing a tire is in the midst of progress.  
Who knows? There's something to wet, damp nights.

Neon signs / sirens / waves of shadows.

Flats don't happen in a vacuum.  
There's something to atmosphere.

I like to believe answers mean progress.  
What's in an answer? Not always a question.

Let's just call booze jazz.  
An answer without a question is music.

Our shadows cast farther than our light.

What we're doing when we live  
is dream. When we stop, we know.

## UNTITLED WHILE LISTENING TO FRANK OCEAN

I lost my wallet in New York City  
once / Harlem to be exact / and

a bag of morality in Atlantic City / on  
a little wheel of bad luck / I lost my

babyface in my hometown / at the exact  
moment my young pussy discovered her

sovereignty / and my tongue to a meat-  
grinder / in my own home / in front of my

daughters no less / It was a slow  
grind / but I never lost my power to speak

## MY BLACK FEMALE BODY [TALK THAT TALK]

My black female body is the exception to fire pain theft.  
My [unprotected] black female body demands language that,  
Acknowledges [my] survival [my] death,  
The destruction detest and arrest of [suffering] flesh.  
What you say now?  
[American-built] black suffering flesh.  
Talk *that* talk when you talk about my [black] [female] body.  
My black female body is hunted in the night.  
A solar panel by day for charging wolves.  
My black female body is a shadow preyed on in bars.  
Kissed under whisky lies.  
Intrusive hands laid on, and for all my wicked woman sins,  
Prayed on in churches.  
My black female body is mocked in the light of standards.  
My black female body is a thankless job.  
Underappreciated when penetrated,  
Brain [power] and pussy [power].  
My black female body is a whim [love] affair,  
Target practice.  
Talk *that* talk when you talk about my [black] [female] body.  
My [magical] black female body rests [in peace],  
On an altar of exceptions.  
I like to observe my black [female] body under circumstance  
And slaughter.  
Blood under siege.  
I don't like the taste of whisky 99 percent of the time.  
My black female body dances steady under fire.

## the house doesn't know you

it remembers a girl three years shorter, three years rounder, three years brighter. it looks for her in the bathroom mirror, framed in the doorway (and the bedroom beyond it is still your parents' but it doesn't warm to you). everything is a little lower, the house shrinking away from your outstretched fingers. the piano sings readily enough, but it is hoarse after three years silent, and you think *it'd suit a girl three years silent better, too*. you think *this used to be mine, and this, and this* as you rifle through the desk, but your fingers don't curl surely around anything because *they're hers now*. you think, because it was true the last time you thought it, *this chair i can lean against* but it skids along the floor, away from you and your unfamiliar weight and your body three years wrong and you stumble. (you have forgotten things too; jammed windows, leaky faucets.) you stumble, and the tiles ring false, and she laughs from a distant room but when you push the door open the air tastes stale and secret and you know you won't find her. not on her bed, not in the mirror (you raid your mother's closet today, that old mystery, because your clothes aren't dry, because you can now, and you smile but the house does not) (your reflection is wrong). when you leave, fleeing back home, you leave a part of yourself behind, too, to doodle on the desk and hide in the curtains because you can't. you can't, so you think *i will never be thirteen again*, and lock her away.





## Hold me in Sleep

my body is a quilt  
stuffed and seeming  
patchwork of dramaturgy  
each square a pattern I've  
worried with busy fingers pricking  
spindles and arched neck hanging  
in the air, a survey of the lands

undone and redoing at all minutes  
skins of sun parts and pale of private  
hairs standing by charge of violins  
strung by your silhouette in the every day  
undercovers soft hidden between  
layers for fright of cold, battened against  
the falling down feeling of floating apart

I wrap you in cotton, sound  
muffled by your filling center  
hold me  
wear me  
thread us together

in stitches of laughter  
long and unspooling in heaps  
of morning mischief, the weak  
light catching the streak of our  
knitted limbs, our bleary eyes  
I the blanket and you the bed  
nothing is pressing but this

## The end is near

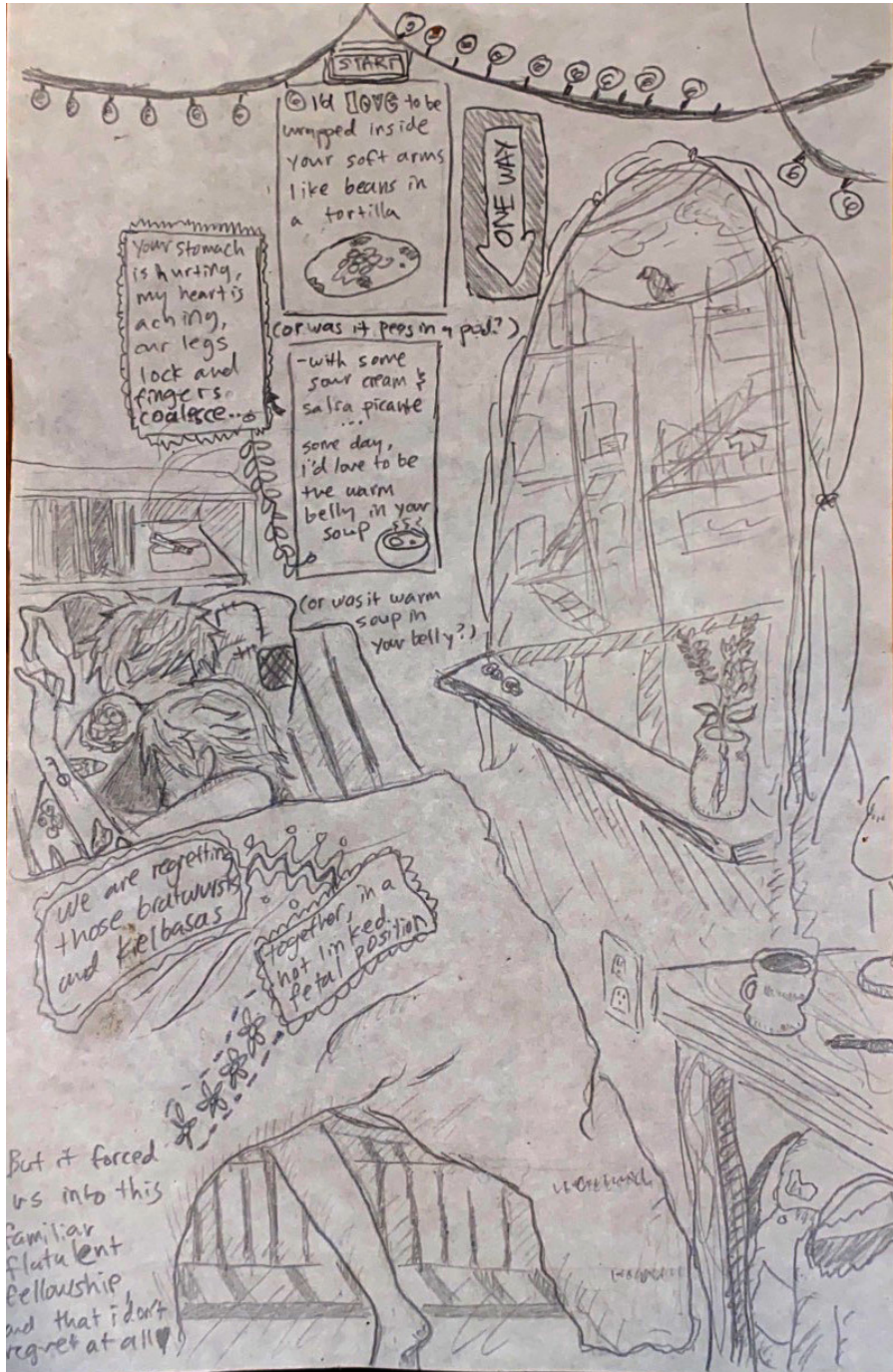
I think every cis person should  
pay for how hard it is to be trans  
There is a storm coming that is  
supposed to put out all the fires  
Except next year the trees will be  
dry again

The world is ending  
The world is ending  
The world is ending  
I care more about how sad I feel

I will continue to trip over roots  
And try to make meaning out of it  
These days every little thing feels like a catastrophe

There is a river flowing  
It calms me if I am quiet enough to listen  
The message is love.





START

I'd love to be wrapped inside your soft arms like beans in a tortilla

ONE WAY

Your stomach is hurting, my heart is aching, our legs lock and fingers coalesce...

(or was it peas in a pod?)

-with some sour cream & salsa picante...

some day, i'd love to be the warm belly in your soup



(or was it warm soup in your belly?)

We are regretting those bratwursts and Kielbasas

together, in a hot im ked-petal position

But it forced us into this familiar flatulent fellowship and that i don't regret at all

## TOFU PACKAGED POEM IN MY DREAM

- i. grandma's onion side of the cutting board.
- ii. while showering when home alone, i leave the bathroom door open in case my housemate's cat gets lonely.
- iii. a grocery list: upstairs bread, sugar kiss melon, honey bucket, indoor girlfriend.

## Hull

I like the feeling of story  
in the absence of the knowable,  
something you can fold out at times  
like a Murphy bed  
in a small space where  
everything takes place.

## berkeley (bloom) time

spring on southside is blooming new  
just for me 'cause it knew i needed  
7:00 pm sun yawning air and flowers  
orange as the fruit on trees giving  
citrus sunsets to my mouth opened wide

there's nothing like spring in california  
where the seasons forget their names  
and we forget them too because  
it's 75 and sunny on a january afternoon  
but poppies in april make us say spring  
and i sure am glad they remind me of Time  
giving herself over to me generously as she does

because last year i thought i died  
with the poppies when life became monotony  
but their rebirth reminds me  
i'm here. i've been here  
sulking through southside hoping  
that luck chooses me forgetting  
that Time chose me again



## New Tenants

*We are at your front door,*  
    (soaked wet tails  
muffled scent of foliage  
impromptu you their arrival  
about the cobblestone driveway  
the runaway of carpets  
    ornamental branches  
for a recite of grasshoppers  
flourishing hall and stairs)

*Where there should have been one,*  
    (soaked wet tails  
muffled scent of foliage  
impromptu you their arrival  
about the cobblestone driveway  
the runaway of carpets  
    ornamental branches  
for a recite of grasshoppers  
flourishing hall and stairs)

*Open!*







*...and when people come over  
they know they are loved and  
cared for, they know they are in  
a place they can call home.*

**MARINA BEJAR:** Marina is a first-year at UC Berkeley. Her piece is called “Familia” and was made for her grandma during quarantine.

**SYLVIE BOWER:** Sylvie is a fourth-year sociology student at UC Berkeley starved of creative outlets, currently experimenting in screenprinting.

**GRETEL BUENO:** Gretel is from southern California and attended Los Angeles City College where she received her associates degree in English as well as in Arts and Humanities. She is currently a third-year transfer at UC Berkeley and studies comparative literature with a focus in the Spanish language.

**SEAN CARRERO:** Sean earned his MFA in Creative Writing from the University of New Orleans Creative Writing Workshop, Spring of 2019. He teaches 11th grade language arts in Broward County, Florida. Poems of his are in Issue #9 of “angel city review,” which is based out of Los Angeles, California.

**AISHANI CHAUDHURI:** Aishani (she/her) has always defined herself as a word-lover. She writes poetry when the inspiration hits, and has been recognized for it by the Hong Kong Young Writers Awards. A high school senior, she hopes to become an astrophysicist and not-so-metaphorically reach for the stars.

**DIANA CHOI:** Diana (she/they) is a first-gen 4th-year American Studies major + Disability Studies minor. They write in the dark in their bed or their friends’ living rooms or her childhood dining table. Home for them is Koreatown/LA <3

**RACHEL CHRISTENSEN:** Rachel is a current student at UC Berkeley and pursues art as a passionate hobby of hers. She has been painting and drawing all her life using a variety of media. Rachel enjoys transforming nature, cities, and people, using her creative abilities to craft together a unique canvas.

**JULIA CUNNINGHAM:** Julia is a queer, disabled writer and student at the UC Berkeley where she studies English and Disability Studies. Her work has appeared in Anti-Heroine Chic, Matchbox Magazine, and the Berkeley Poetry Review.

**COLBIE MAHAFFEY:** Colbie is a first year at UC Berkeley and wants to major in English, with a minor in Creative Writing. Their favorite activities are reading, roller skating, and spending time with their family. Colbie loves to write as a way of connecting with others and expressing herself.

**LAWDENMARC DECAMORA:** Lawdenmarc is the author of “Love, Air” (Atmosphere Press, 2021), “TUNNELS” (Ukiyoto Publishing, 2020), and “Dream Minerals One” (Ghost City Press, 2022). His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in Pleiades, Michigan Quarterly Review, The Common, Seattle Review, The Columbia Review, among others. He lives in the Philippines.

**SHIRA DENTZ:** Shira is the author of five books including SISYPHUSINA (PANK, 2020), winner of the Eugene Paul Nassar Prize 2021, and two chapbooks including FLOUNDERS (Essay Press). Her writing appears in many venues including Poetry, American Poetry Review, Cincinnati Review, Iowa Review, Gulf Coast, jubilat, Pleiades, Plume, Denver Quarterly, Lana Turner, Brooklyn Rail, Colorado Review, Idaho Review, New American Writing, Poets.org, and NPR, and she’s a recipient of awards including an Academy of American Poets Prize and Poetry Society of America’s Lyric Poem and Cecil Hemley Awards. Currently, she lives and works in upstate NY and is the 2022 Visiting Poet at U of South Dakota. More at [www.shiradentz.com](http://www.shiradentz.com)

**MASSIMO FANTUZZI:** Massimo is a British-Italian dual national living in Leicestershire, where he works in special education. Editorial board member at Triggerfish Critical Review, his poems have appeared in Poetry Salzburg, Bombay Gin, Orbis, The North, In Parentheses, Night Picnic Press, Alba, BlazeVOX, Quail Bell, E-ratio, The Honest Ulsterman, and elsewhere.

**REBECCA FAULKNER:** Rebecca is a London-born poet and arts educator based in Brooklyn. Her work is published or forthcoming in journals including New York Quarterly, Solstice Magazine, SWWIM, The Maine Review, CALYX Press, CV2 Magazine, On the Seawall, and Into the Void. She is the 2022 winner of Sand Hills Literary Magazine’s National Poetry Contest and the 2021 Prometheus Unbound Poetry Competition. Her work has been anthologized in the Best New British and Irish Poets 2019-2021. Rebecca was a 2021 Poetry Fellow at the Saltonstall Foundation for the Arts. She holds a BA in English Literature & Theatre Studies from the University of Leeds, and a Ph.D. from the University of London. Her debut collection is forthcoming in the US and the UK from Write Bloody Press in spring 2023. [www.rebeccafulknerpoet.com](http://www.rebeccafulknerpoet.com)

**AFTON HULSE:** Afton is from Buffalo, New York. She is currently a student at Brigham Young University studying Art Education. Afton works with any and all materials she can get her hands on. Recently, she has been working with crochet, printmaking, and acrylic paint. Her work centers on coziness and wonder.

**GINA LEE:** Gina earned her MFA in Creative Writing at the University of Texas, El Paso. Her poems have been published in Rio Grande Review, Berkeley Poetry Review, Beyond Words Literary Magazine, Rappahannock Review, and forthcoming in Obsidian: Literature & Arts in the African Diaspora. New Jersey is home.

**JESSIE ZECHNOWITZ LIM:** Jessie is a florist by day and poet by night, living in California on unceded Ohlone land. She holds an MA in Art History. Her work has been published or is forthcoming in The Chestnut Review, California Quarterly, FEED, Litbreak Magazine, The Bold Italic, and Mother Mag.

**SOPHIA LIMONCELLI-HERWICK:** Sophia is a first-year student at UC Berkeley. She is a visual artist that has spent many years of her life drawing and painting, but she has recently expanded her work to other mediums, such as collage. She primarily creates art that explores humanity and the inimitability of people.

**AVA MORGAN:** Ava is an undergraduate at the University of Colorado, Boulder. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in the University of Colorado Honors Journal, Green Ink Poetry, and Rogue Agent, exploring genderfluidity, Americana, and surrealism. They enjoy knitting, exploring dirt trails, and listening to music as loud as possible.

**TORRIN OMOKOH:** Torrin was born in Minnesota and raised in Utah. Her parents raised her in a strong religious faith that she is still attached to. She got married in 2021 in the Provo City Center Temple and they soon left Utah to live in Idaho for a year. Once her husband finished his degree at BYU they returned to Utah so she could complete her degree at BYU. They currently live in Utah with their cat, Shia.

**LUNA PETRA:** Luna has been a writer since she made a tumblr account in the sixth grade. She calls the East Bay home and loves bodies of water and her friends. She hopes her words land in the hands of other trans girls.

**REMI RECCHIA:** Remi is a trans poet and essayist from Kalamazoo, Michigan. He is a PhD candidate in English-Creative Writing at Oklahoma State University, where he serves as an associate editor for the Cimarron Review. A four-time Pushcart Prize nominee, Remi is the author of Quicksand/Stargazing (2021) and Sober (2022).

**BRUCE ROBINSON:** Recent work by Bruce appears or is forthcoming in Tar River Poetry, Spoon River, Rattle, Mantis, Two Hawks Quarterly, Peregrine, Tipton Poetry Journal, North Dakota Quarterly, and Aji. A graduate of Kenyon and Johns Hopkins, he divides his time uncertainly between Brooklyn and Albany, NY, as do, though not without protest, his several cats.

**MIDORI SAMSON:** Midori (she/her) is a composer and educator. Professionally, she teaches bassoon at Illinois State University and is a social work scholar. Personally, she is a bisexual, mixed-race Asian woman. With her identities influencing everything she creates, her soundscapes use field recordings and distortion to explore trauma, resilience, and relationships.

**CLARA SPEROW:** Clara (she/they) is a writer and multimedia artist who loves making and writing about desserts, joy-centered memories, & queer love and home. She graduated from UC Berkeley with a degree in English & Creative Writing, and she is currently earning her MFA in Creative Writing from San Francisco State University.

**JAKE SPERTUS:** Jake was raised in the snug bluffs of Missouri and is now a PhD student at UC Berkeley. Rounding thirty, they are interested in the immanent, ethereal, and ecstatic in art and life. They live with two beloved roommates and two difficult (but lovely) fig trees in South Berkeley.

**KIERON WALQUIST:** Kieron is a queer autistic poet and hillbilly from Missouri. His work appears/is forthcoming in Best New Poets 2022, Hayden's Ferry Review, IHLR, The Missouri Review, and others.

**REN DHILLON WEBER:** Ren is majoring in Psychology and minoring in Disability Studies at UC Berkeley. She is from San Francisco. Ren is a sporadic writer, a frequent crocheter, and above all a fleeting fever dream.

**KENTON K. YEE:** A UC Berkeley and Iowa Summer Poetry Workshop alumnus and former Columbia University faculty member, Kenton recently placed poetry in Constellations, The Threepenny Review, Rattle, The Indianapolis Review, South Dakota Review, Plume Poetry, and Pembroke Magazine, among others. Kenton writes from northern California.

\*Promotional material to request submissions for the *Made At Home* edition of the Berkeley Poetry Review was created by Chloe Clair

\*The illustration on the opening page was created by Sabrina Kim