



*December 2022*



POETS &  
ARTISTS  
SPEAK  
BACK TO  
HUNGER

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“EKPHRASTIC ART” CREATED  
IN RESPONSE TO POEMS ON HUNGER

*poets & artists speak back to hunger*

# DECEMBER 2022 POETS & ARTISTS

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## **POETS**

Ann Bracken (Maryland, USA)  
Henry Crawford (Maryland, USA)  
Teri Ellen Cross Davis (Maryland, USA)  
Ger Duffy (Ireland)  
Patience (Essence) Gumbo (Chitunguiza, Zimbabwe)  
Hiram Larew (Maryland, USA)  
Brian Tawanda Manyati (Harare, Zimbabwe)  
Kim B. Miller (Maryland, USA)  
Faith P. Nelson (Maryland, USA)  
T. A. Niles (New Mexico, USA)  
Lisa Reynolds (Ontario, Canada)  
Abha Das Sarma (Bangalore, India)  
Heyssel Mariel Molinares Sosa (Honduras)  
JC Wayne (Vermont, USA)

## **ARTISTS**

Doze Butler (Arkansas, USA)  
Skyler Dagucon (New Mexico, USA)  
Elle Dooley (New Mexico, USA)  
Barbara Ezell (Chicago, USA)  
Heather Swick (New South Wales, Australia)  
JC Wayne (Vermont, USA)  
Randy Weber (New Mexico, USA)  
Elaine Weiner-Reed (Maryland, USA)

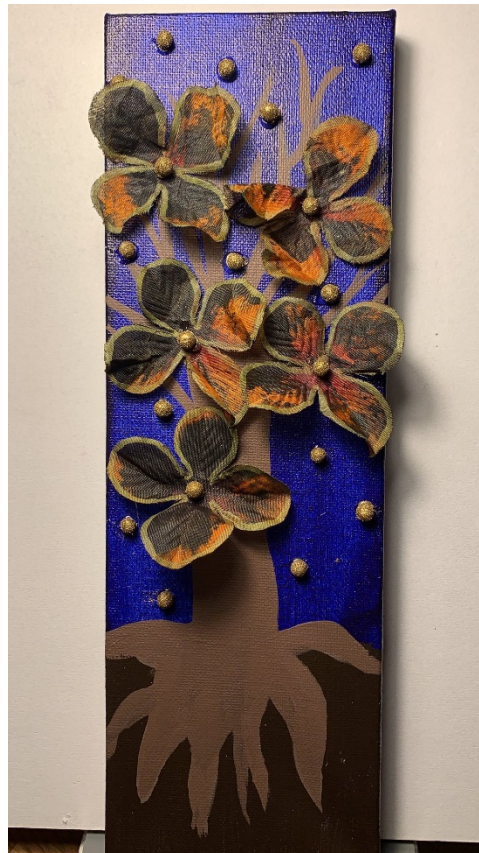
*teri ellen cross davis + skyler dagucon*

## POEM: SHUTTER ART: STARVING NIGHT

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*For Kevin Carter, Winner of the 1994 Pulitzer Prize for Feature Photography in The New York Times*

And if you could go back, you would  
You would pick the child up, gingerly like a newborn  
cradling her large head, thin-skinned body, jutting bones,  
And no mother you, but you would have hushed her  
Won't you pick her up, gingerly, like a newborn  
Shoo away the vulture, whose crime is hers too, hunger  
And you're no mother, but you would have hushed her because  
What distance is a lens, a camera's shutter, snap that captures  
Shooing away the vulture, (whose crime was hers too, hunger)  
Framing a moment that will pass, like breath, like life  
Because what distance is a lens, a camera's shutter, snap that captures  
Arid, ravaged Sudan, torn in two, like you as you crouch closer  
Framing a moment that will pass, like breath, like life  
And if you could go back, you would  
into arid ravaged Sudan, torn in two, just like you, crouch closer  
cradle her, large head, thin-skinned, body only jutting bones



*henry crawford + elle dooley*

# POEM: THE FRUITS OF FAMINE ART: WINDS OF HARVEST

---

On those nights we traced  
the shapes of fruit until the dark  
became our eyes.

On those nights we left our fields  
unhearing the crack of broken roots,  
the silence of dying ground.

On those nights, twilight filled the deserts  
of our crossing with the vermillion breath  
of watermelon.

On those nights, the stars seeded the skies  
above the camp. Jackfruit guards  
stood still as celery stalks.

On those nights we dreamed like you  
of strawberry days on porcelain plates.

On those nights I made an apple out of sand  
and watched it blow away.



# POEM: AMERICAN MADONNA ART: AMERICAN MADONNA – LAND OF PLENTY

---

Hunger wears a face full of hope  
like the girl on the magazine cover  
cradling a loaf of white bread  
as if it's a miracle. Tonight she will  
sleep with food in her tummy.

Hunger's face is innocent  
like the little boy buying a corn-dog  
at the corner store or his neighbor  
who's grateful for two plump strawberries  
tucked in the family's food box.

Hunger tells the same story  
sweeping across time and place  
from Oklahoma's Dust Bowl  
to Mississippi's Delta towns—  
Loss and desperation landing sucker-punches  
on families across America.

Hunger's face is weary  
like the fictional Rose O'Sharon  
heavy with grief after birthing  
her stillborn child. Her pain ripples  
through the air, palpable and raw  
like the fresh scar on her heart.

She seeks refuge from the rain  
in an old barn, a boy offers  
her a musty blanket. She spies  
an old man huddled in the corner  
gripped by hunger like a fist in his belly.

Rose offers him the only gift she has  
lying down next to him, baring her breast,  
and sharing her milk.



*ger duffy + jc wayne*

# POEM: TOWARDS LECANVEY ART: MEMORY OF LINEAGE

---

(i.m. Famine Walk 31/3/1849)

Stop a moment by the idle wall, look  
right to the red rusting boathouse, tall trees  
whispering, sheep bleating. Look left, follow  
the waves, their bluegreen sheen domed by the sky,  
bend and dip with the coast road. Long fingered  
land lingers, to reappear as humpbacked  
hills dotting Clew Bay. Clouds scud across Croagh  
Patrick, colour changing as you watch. Four  
hundred walked to Delphi Lodge in search  
of food. They lie among potato drills,  
roofless abbey walls, standing stones, yellow furze.  
The rise of land dominates, insists that  
you walk on it, admire it and know your  
place in the scheme of things



# POEM: HUNGER

## ART: TEARS OF HUNGER

---

It rumbles

Like the sound before a thunderstorm  
An inner ache, like that of a woman in travail follows  
after

I toss and turn and hope  
Tonight will be better  
My mind wandering every second of every minute of  
every day

When it shall be full to the brim and running over  
Then will I appreciate scarcity in times of abundance  
Or treasure abundance in a spell of scarcity  
Still it remains a dream

Worth waiting for  
As I beg for the crumbs off the masters table  
Daily we scramble with the township canine,  
The stronger always win in battle  
I would be wise  
And decide to forget how life on the other side was  
like.

Hunger

You define me not  
Yes we lay side by side, shadow to shadow  
Still you define me not  
There is still an ounce of sanity in me  
Yet a little milk, a little meat  
A little scent of fresh pie  
Baked to perfection  
Would go a long way  
Taste buds running wild as the rich flavours form

a union

But fate has favoured the poor with lack  
As the rich are endowed with more riches

The true taste of my own saliva has become so sweet  
While few months' debris from chewed green leaves,  
are safely tucked away between  
my teeth.

I wish to see your face  
And stare deep within those lifeless eyes  
What guts you have  
Your desires to wipe all humanity;  
as you stand akimbo with your twin kindred  
corruption and disease  
Adamant to infest all in its path  
Til none whimpers, sighs or groans

Still we found you here  
And remain here you shall  
Oh when shall your scorpion's sting lose its edge  
Hunger my foe  
Never my mate  
Never again welcome but fade away into thin air  
Into the dust 6 feet under  
beneath the shadows where none can see your hand.  
Go and return not  
We don't want you here



*doze butler + t. a. nils, jc wayne, hiram larew*

# POEM: THIS QUITCH ART: QUITCH: QUILTING TO COMBAT HUNGER

---

Is this the shape of things to come  
the shape of satisfaction snaking  
through multitudinous existence?

Images of sustenance shimmer  
as jewels of snake's skin wisdom in the  
plenty of the world heart pulsing twelve

These squares of hope to cover us!  
How every stitch fights hunger's chill  
and wakes our dreams of better

The fullness of the table found  
in the fire of the heart's hearth  
in the glowing of generous embers

And what a story told! —  
The magic we can make  
When many hands are willing





*brian tawanda manyati + randy weber*

# POEM: IMMA BE COOL CROONING ALWAY

## ART: DISH CALLING COSMOS

---

(Inspired by the late Hugh Masekela)

I wanna be there  
Parachuted like, a hovering drone  
Towering as a dish sitted  
On space or orbit  
I wanna lend a hand  
With terra-pixel lenses  
My bird's eye\_ viewing  
All silos spread about  
As precisely as governor Joseph  
Send me.

From stratosphere,  
I want to tip toe  
Hunger won't just find out  
Of my stealth arrival.  
This chronic poverty  
Is a cruel kind of hell  
Our world is choking on a tight  
Stingy grip that won't let go,

We are badly in need

Of refueling - our dietary tanks.  
Frail and skinny we've become  
Thin as needles in haystacks  
Under a severe shock  
Of under nourishment

Send me, so I will help alleviate  
Our children's hunger pains  
Why when we are  
With arable plains?  
Grass lands we've turned into  
Bad lands of hunger filled  
Baronage-s, of speculative titlehold

I wanna be there  
When we close this vast gulf  
A yawning gap in our functioning-s  
Want to let my people win  
Against this voidable disease  
I wanna lend a hand,  
Send me..



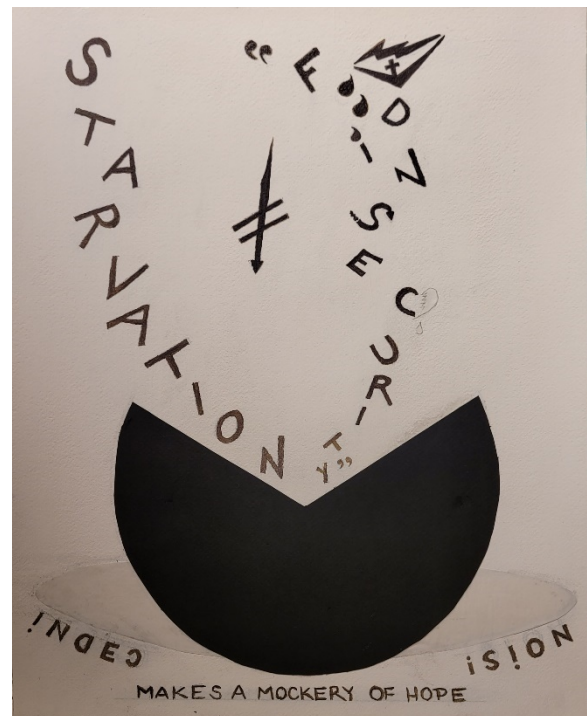
*kim b. miller + jc wayne*

# POEM: THE HUNGER DIALECT ART: STARVATION IS NOT 'FOOD INSECURITY' (PAPER COLLAGE)

---

We sip on tea flavored with righteousness indignation  
Add a touch of honey dripping in our own gluttony  
While we slowly speak the dialect of hunger  
We claim to be ambitious on solutions  
But truth says we have never met  
We spread lies evenly  
As if, evenness eliminates detection  
Hungry people see a world of excess who view  
starvation as avoidable  
Victim shaming is our specialty  
This dialect of deception is clearly recognizable  
The language we lie with is so bitter, even when  
dripping off of sweet religious lips  
We can't feed everybody  
Here comes the lie  
We embrace the acceptance that doing nothing is  
equal to trying  
Yet we continuously knit together new excuses with  
old lies  
We shame hungry people on full stomachs and then  
we rewrite the narrative  
Imagine a world that throws away enough food to feed  
the hungry complaining about loss  
While the population who has food insecurity is  
waiting to be found  
Empty stomachs are not looking for empty words  
We need long term, right now, sustainable actions  
Let's plant fruits and vegetables and let freedom be  
the gardener  
Allow people to pick fresh food from their community  
greenery  
Have community barbeques and well placed public  
pantries  
Donate to trusted restaurants so they can offer free  
meals to those in need  
Create central areas for restaurants to bring food  
instead of throwing it away

Let's reinvent how we distribute food  
Make it easier to ask without asking  
And no more pretty phrases for ugly things  
Starvation is not "food insecurity"  
Is death "breathing insecurity"  
Our appetite for synonyms seems high  
Hunger has many levels  
And a need to make hunger definable to all is needed  
Let's make sure we are not using it to avoid saying  
words that sting  
Starvation is a "life insecurity"  
Action is the cure  
But we're too busy slicing up excuses  
While hungry people look at an empty plate full of  
indecision  
We don't even offer them a cup of hope

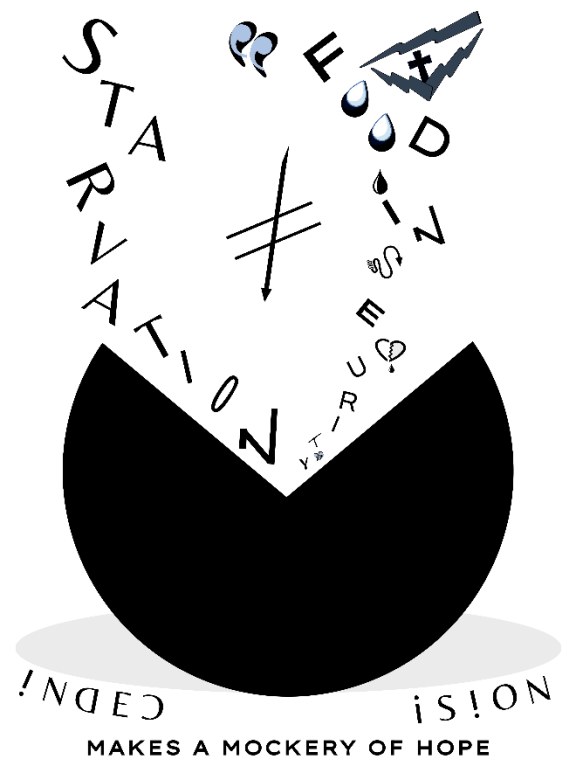


*kim b. miller + jc wayne*

# POEM: THE HUNGER DIALECT ART: STARVATION IS NOT 'FOOD INSECURITY' (DIGITAL POSTER)

We sip on tea flavored with righteousness indignation  
Add a touch of honey dripping in our own gluttony  
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While hungry people look at an empty plate full of  
indecision  
We don't even offer them a cup of hope



*faith p. nelson + jc wayne*

# POEM: TWO-FACED HUNGER ART: CHOCOCATE VELVET DRAPES THE SOUL TO SLEEP IN PEACE

---

Stomachs dressed in cardboard  
signs gurgle *will clean anything  
for a living wage*. Roots dry rot  
waiting for hire. A tesla-patient  
mob rushes to click the X  
on my pop-up Ad box, making  
hectares of my willingness  
blink and sputter.  
*self responsibility Sir Ma'am*  
they say as if they know  
the circumstances. Yeah, like  
you've never needed anything  
you've never needed anything.  
I walk the rim of asphalt  
toward the next window.

Hunger.  
Talking  
about Hunger  
who when satisfied  
gives me enough mojo  
to fake a home address.  
Not talking about Hunger  
fueling the fortunate in this realm  
so that they can go to bed  
and fly the imagination.  
Food will smack them awake  
at sunrise.  
Talking about Hunger  
gasping a prayer for a pound  
of protein packaged veggie  
lentil burger mac & cheese  
I don't care Big Mac Big Mac  
My body is now a religion  
without a living head. Vapor.  
Not talking about Hunger  
Mahatma Gandhi shapes  
into a bullet for the caste system.  
Protest fasting's been chopped down now  
even appropriated by some now.  
Hunger snaps a rubber band  
against my pale lips yet it lays  
a pregnant self bare for the other muse  
full of inspiration, verse, fantasy, romance  
Greek cornucopias, architecture, inventions  
prisons and supermarkets full of xenophobia.  
It slings chummy arms through the elbows  
of plunderers dot death

and political 'trepreneurs.  
This lover air kisses  
my dream. It savages  
my world into a food  
desert, driving back  
the lion who once kept  
watch, protecting me  
from pandemics  
and the platform  
shoes of the elite.  
Now the king  
and I step  
one then two  
with less  
conviction.  
Don't waste  
your heart.  
Untie  
Kindness.  
The stinging will stop  
if you share  
your bread for a moment.



*t.a. nils + jc wayne*

# POEM: THE PLANTER

## ART: FORETELLS THE MOON'S HUNGER

---

He knows a thing or two

about edibles emerging tentatively  
from trampled earth from tilled earth  
from earth that lies dormant  
until impregnation of seed  
until saturation of life's liquid  
until the warm bright gleam penetrates  
the fleeing darkness

He knows about planting

planting seeds in soil rich or barren  
on hills swept clean while wind whistles  
near streams that gush or trickle  
on desertscapes bereft of promise  
in skyscraper gardens and rural enclaves  
of the lost and forgotten

Yes. He knows about planting

planting ideas that curl and spiral up  
from smokey inspiration  
spaced just so...  
so they can breathe, can stretch  
their ephemeral limbs  
before settling in  
to the hard work of feeding  
minds and spirits...

He knows their gripping pangs

their clenching their yearning  
gaping maws reminiscent of avarice  
yet are more kin to need not greed...  
when you dive into the depths  
penetrate into the core of things  
what's required is sustenance  
not comeuppance

He knows beyond the power of gray matter

and questing tendrils  
knows somehow in his marrow  
in his molecules that prickle  
all the way to skin,  
from corns and callouses to follicles  
that mere morsels can serve  
as understudies for feasts

He knows that his heart beats

his blood flows, his neurons fire  
in replication of all who breathe  
have breathed  
will breathe...  
their hues as salient as dandruff  
on a white jacket



*t.a. nils + jc wayne*

# POEM: THE PLANTER ART: SLAKES WITH SOL'S SUSTENANCE

---

He knows a thing or two

about edibles emerging tentatively  
from trampled earth from tilled earth  
from earth that lies dormant  
until impregnation of seed  
until saturation of life's liquid  
until the warm bright gleam penetrates  
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*lisa reynolds + randy weber*

# POEM: I'M HUNGRY

## ART: ABANDONED PLAYGROUND, CLAUNCH, NEW MEXICO

---

The words aren't spoken  
They're said through eyes  
That watch others eat  
Longing for a carrot  
Piece of apple  
Potato chip

Alone by choice  
They sit  
Gulp water  
Devour bread  
Without protein  
Always craving more

To hide envy  
They fidget in desks  
Search backpacks  
While waiting  
For recess  
To begin



abha das sarma + elaine weiner-reed

# POEM: THE WAIT ART: WAITING

---

As I write  
Someone, somewhere  
Waits-  
I imagine "*What it is*", to say  
Hungry and stay, that way  
And if-  
She could be, my friend  
At lunch  
A table well laid-  
When asked  
"*Are you a vegetarian*", I remark  
Hunger has no caste-  
It eats, itself, and lasts  
Longer than  
You and I, ever thought.





*heysse mariel molinares sosa + jc wayne*

# POEM: HAMBRE | HUNGRY ART: DEVAS DE LOS HAMBRIENTOS | DEVAS OF THE HUNGRY

---

(In Spanish)

Hambre, aquella que no hace ninguna distinción  
Sin importar idioma, edad, o color

La sensación que come nuestras entrañas sin compasión

Para muchos, es el motivo de su dolor

El sueño más cruel, es el de aquellos que duermen para olvidar

Que su estómago ruge, cual león enfurecido  
Y entre lágrimas les toca desahogar,  
el sufrimiento de sentir un estómago destruido.

El pequeño destello de luz en un día lleno de oscuridad  
es aquel dulce corazón, que comparte algo de pan;  
aquel que intenta comprender esa necesidad  
y el alma hambrienta intenta apaciguar.

¿En verdad creen que esto se debe tomar a la ligera?  
¿Ignorar a la persona que en agonía desespera?  
Alimento limpio, nutritivo y seguro,  
no es una opción, es un derecho.  
Que sean atendidas las personas en apuro  
Y que no solo sea una promesa, sino un hecho.

Levántense, gigantes que duermen al ver la necesidad.  
Que se acabe ya la falta de comprensión y crueldad.  
Que sean atendidos los sollozos de este pueblo  
Dios interviene para que haya un arreglo.

Así que seamos conscientes y ayudemos a todo el que podamos en esta tierra,  
y juntos contra el hambre, ganemos esta guerra.

(In English)

Hunger, the one that makes no distinction  
Regardless of language, age, or color  
The feeling that eats our guts without compassion  
For many, it is the reason for their pain

The cruelest dream is that of those who sleep to forget  
That his stomach roars like an enraged lion  
And between tears they have to vent,  
the suffering of feeling a destroyed stomach.

The little flash of light on a day full of darkness  
it is that sweet heart, that shares some bread;  
the one who tries to understand that need  
and the hungry soul tries to appease.

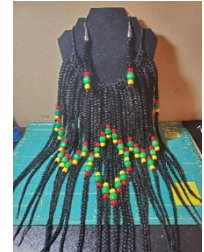
Do you really think this should be taken lightly?  
Ignore the person in agony in despair?  
Clean, nutritious and safe food,  
It is not an option, it is a right.  
That people in distress be cared for  
And that is not just a promise, but a fact.  
Arise, giants who sleep when you see the need.  
Let the lack of understanding and cruelty come to an end.

Let the sobs of this town be attended to  
God intervenes so that there is an arrangement.  
So let's be aware and help everyone we can on this earth,  
and together against hunger, let's win this war.



## DOZE BUTLER

The second child of eight children, Doze Butler realized at a young age that she was put on this planet to create. She likes to tell people, "My Father is a Creator; I'm just in the family business." Her design aesthetic is using recycled/ recyclable materials. She creates apparel and accessories, papercrafts, jewelry, small home furnishings, poetry, and the list goes on! Her "day job" is as a professor of merchandising, textiles, and design at a university in the southern U.S. She gives her time, talents and treasure to organizations that help to improve the quality of life of individuals, families and communities.



*poet biographies*

## HIRAM LAREW, JC WAYNE + T. A. NILES

HIRAM LAREW is a Maryland-based poet who is committed to using words to make the world a better place. After retiring from the U.S. Department of Agriculture (where he actually helped guide international agriculture programs), he founded *Poetry X Hunger*, this really cool program that encourages poets to write about hunger and "strives to link the power of poetry to the cause of hunger alleviation in the U.S. and around the world."

JC WAYNE is a poet specializing in ekphrasis, nature and existential poetry that explores inner and outer landscapes; visual artist noted for using eco-friendly, plant-based materials; cartographer of the unseen; poetry and art adventure guide; certified creative aging teaching artist and emissary of beauty, perception, insight and discovery. Her calling and goal as founder of The Poartry Project is building loving worlds through loving words and art by applying the practice of "poartry" - the highly-trained, uniquely-adept artistry she has conceived and pioneers of wielding, interpreting and translating the energy of language as words and visuals consciously, skillfully and systemically for good. Her inaugural book of poetry is *Voicing Art: Poetry of Space | Place | Time* (2019). She is currently working on a second volume, *Voicing Art: Poetry in Place*, and a book sharing her pioneering practice of poartry, *Poartry: Creating with the Energy of Language as a Force of Good*.

T. A. NILES started out as a seed planted in the Caribbean soil of Trinidad & Tobago on the cusp of the transformational '60s. He was watered and fertilized in the gardens of Brooklyn, New York and Hartford, Connecticut throughout most of the bell-bottomed, "blaxploitation-movie-era" of the '70s. Had trials by fire in the USMC in the late '70s to early '80s. Budded and bloomed in academia in the '80s and '90s, before his withering began at the turn of the 21st century. Yet, before he falls from the stem, and is ground once more into dust, he hopes to feed a mind or two. He relishes the thought of others being nourished by his expressions. T. A. is also thrilled to have narrated *Mud Ajar*, the latest collection of poems penned by *Poetry X Hunger's* founder, Hiram Larew, and made available to the public by Atmosphere Press.

*artist biography + representative art*

## SKYLER DAGUCON

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Aspiring deck creator. Crystal enthusiast and caregiver. Artist in transformation. Human in transition.



*poet biography*

## TERI ELLEN CROSS DAVIS

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TERI ELLEN CROSS DAVIS is the author of *Haint* (Gival Press), which won the 2017 Ohioana Book Award for Poetry. A Cave Canem fellow, she has previously held fellowships at the Virginia Center for Creative Arts and the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown.

*artist biography + representative art*

## ELLE DOOLEY

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ELLE DOOLEY is a multidisciplinary artist creating at the crossroads of word and image. She has a living passion for literature and the arts, lettering, illustration and hand-bound books. She produces constructed works using both digital and mixed media collage, and is the author of a soon to be published oracle deck, *Archetypes of Time*.



*poet biography*

## HENRY CRAWFORD

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HENRY CRAWFORD is a Maryland poet and the author of two poetry collections, *American Software* (2017) and the *Binary Planet* (2020).

*artist biography + representative art*

## BARBARA EZELL

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BARBARA EZELL has been a librarian/educator as vocation and hobbyist artist for many years, with expressions in various media: film, mosaics, photography, shadow boxes, paper marbling, collage, epoxy clay and jewelry-making. She has an MFA in film/video and create personal films. Over time, she has been a member artist of Woman Made Gallery and exhibited in a few WMG shows and at Chicago area libraries and universities. Currently, she makes original jewelry: pendants, pins and earrings from decorated tin and rejuvenated jewelry, and shadow boxes featuring her jewelry. She calls her sculptural pieces Mystic Muses. Website on Etsy: [www.etsy.com/shop/Barbezell](http://www.etsy.com/shop/Barbezell)



*poet biography*

## ANN BRACKEN

---

ANN BRACKEN has authored two poetry collections, *No Barking in the Hallways: Poems from the Classroom* and *The Altar of Innocence*, serves as a contributing editor for *Little Patuxent Review*, and co-facilitates the Wilde Readings Series.

*artist biography*

## HEATHER SWICK

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HEATHER SWICK was born and raised in the United States and now lives in Sydney, Australia. She has a love for connecting with others and nurturing friendships, especially through travel and learning about new cultures. Her background is in the counseling field, and she really admires the good work that organizations and people of goodwill are bringing to life and aims to support them in the ways that she is able to. She cares about Mother Earth, vegan living and supporting the arts.



*poet biography*

## PATIENCE (ESSENCE) GUMBO

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Known as PATIENCE ESSENCE to her poetry fans, Lingiwe Patience Gumbo lives in Chitungwiza, Zimbabwe and writes motivational literature and is also a recording artist and songwriter who is inspired by her faith, love and life situations. A voice of the voiceless, Patience is in the process of publishing her first poems anthology titled, *Words of Life*.

*artist biography + representative art*

## JC WAYNE

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Visual artist, poet, cartographer of the unseen, world-builder through wielding words and making art as forces of good, JC WAYNE is the founder of The Poartry Project, whose mission is “building loving worlds through loving words and art”. She is a sustainable eco-artist whose palette knife oil and acrylic paintings on themes of exploring, revealing and harmonizing our outer and inner landscapes are made from Natural Earth Paint powders that she hand-mixes for each painting. Her art has appeared in a variety of solo and group gallery exhibitions and in online publications, as well as populating her hand-made Golden Threads of Good Books for Children & the Young-at-Heart. She was educated at a bunch of Ivy League universities, but considers her travels through 49 US states (still coming for you, Alaska, one of these days!) and 23 countries as the source of the wisdom and living in service as a force of good that she shares through her art, poetry, hosted creative experiences and teaching. WEBSITE: [poartry.org](http://poartry.org), INSTAGRAM: [@thepoartryproject](https://www.instagram.com/thepoartryproject)



*poet biographies*

## GER DUFFY, KIM B. MILLER, HEYSSEL MARIEL MOLINARES SOSA, FAITH P. NELSON + T. A. NILES

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GER DUFFY lives in County Waterford, Ireland. Her poetry and fiction has been published by Slow Dancer Press, The Women’s Press, The Viking Press and Sheba Press. She holds a PG DIP in Creative Writing from Goldsmiths College and an MA in Screenwriting from University of Westminster, London.

KIM B. MILLER is an award-winning poet. She is the Poet Laureate for Prince William County, VA. She is the First African American Poet Laureate for PWC. Kim has performed nationally in person and internationally online. She is the author of several books. You can find more about Kim at [www.kimbiller.com](http://www.kimbiller.com).

HEYSSEL MARIEL MOLINARES SOSA was in twelfth-year Section 2 Agricultural Development at the Pedro Nufio Vocational Technical Center and was 17 years old when she wrote the poem included in this program. She really likes playing the



guitar, speaking in public and serving in her Church. She started writing poems seven years ago, which she loves doing because it is how she expresses her thinking and her emotions, and how she finds beauty around her.

FAITH P. NELSON holds a B.A. in English from the University of Maryland and freelances as a tourism copywriter and indie publishing consultant. She programmed a literary festival and gained years of experience working behind the scenes at BET, Viacom. Bear, her tabby cat, keeps her humble by running away when she picks up the guitar. *Water Therapy* is her first collection of poetry: [www.watercoursepublishing.com](http://www.watercoursepublishing.com).

T. A. NILES started out as a seed planted in the Caribbean soil of Trinidad & Tobago on the cusp of the transformational '60s. He was watered and fertilized in the gardens of Brooklyn, New York and Hartford, Connecticut throughout most of the bell-bottomed, "blaxploitation-movie-era" of the '70s. Had trials by fire in the USMC in the late '70s to early '80s. Budded and bloomed in academia in the '80s and '90s, before his withering began at the turn of the 21st century. Yet, before he falls from the stem, and is ground once more into dust, he hopes to feed a mind or two. He relishes the thought of others being nourished by his expressions. T. A. is also thrilled to have narrated *Mud Ajar*, the latest collection of poems penned by *Poetry X Hunger's* founder Hiram Larew and made available to the public by Atmosphere Press.

*artist biography + representative art*

## RANDY WEBER

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RANDY WEBER has been a passionate photographer since 2008 and started out as a street photographer in Chicago. Feeling inspired by the works of Jason Lee and William Eggleston, he began photographing landscapes and abandoned places. Randy is a cyclist and loves taking road trips for his photography.



*poet biographies*

## BRIAN TAWANDA MANYATI + LISA REYNOLDS

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BRIAN TAWANDA MANYATI is a Chartered Secretary & Administrator and Accountant cum Poet on a part-time basis. He belongs to the VaChikepe\_the Poet & Publisher stable also known as Hundred Sailors -Poetry. Brian is a team player who works with the theme, "together we achieve more".

LISA REYNOLDS is an award-winning Canadian poet, published internationally in anthologies, literary journals and magazines. Translations of her poetry were released in 2022. She is a member of The Ontario Poetry Society, the Writing Community of Durham Region and an associate member of The League of Canadian Poets. She lives and writes in a small community east of Toronto, Ontario.

*artist biography + representative art*

## ELAINE WEINER-REED

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A visual artist, writer, mother and life- and earth-lover, ELAINE WEINER-REED describes her art as her happy place, her freedom, her burden, her dreams and her vocation. She loves the physicality of painting and sculpting, and she approaches each piece with anticipation, hope and joy, knowing that new discoveries await her. Her studio is at once playground, office, manufacturing facility, schoolhouse, and dance studio. Entering her studio, she turns on music and tunes into intuition and emotions. She moves around each work in an improvisational dance, the moods, gestures, and energy uniquely connecting her with each piece. As she splashes, pours, draws and sculpts with paint and plaster, she tunes out the world. Focused on individuals impacted by transience and human frailty, her figurative work juxtaposes strength and inner beauty with vulnerability and external imperfections. She lets the form and placement of figures imply relationships and subsurface content, ultimately creating mysteries for others to reimagine. WEBSITE: [www.elaineweinerreed.com](http://www.elaineweinerreed.com), INSTAGRAM: [@ewrartist](https://www.instagram.com/ewrartist)



*poet biography*

## ABHA DAS SARMA

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ABHA DAS SARMA lives in Bangalore, India. An engineer and management consultant by profession, writing is what makes her happy and fulfilled.