

Furrily Loveable

Cats, dogs, and their people



August 2025

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Letter from the Editor

Hello there, you wonderful human.

I hope you are well. I hope your belly is full, and that you are warm and dry. I hope your loved ones are well, and that your inner sun shines warm.

This issue is a special one. I like to think that all the works sent to me are special, but the ones in this new journal "Furrily Loveable" touch upon a unique topic: cats and dogs. In particular, this issue has a focus of (but is not exclusive to) rescue cats and dogs.

While putting this journal together, I read every single piece that was sent to me. I must say that so many of them touched me so deeply. Many made me cry. They were windows into the vibrant and soulful connection between the humans and these furry loved ones. Each showed a different facet of this relationship, a different glimpse, and a different aspect of living with these Loveable beings.

if you have the good fortune of living with such beings, I am sure you will recognize aspects of your own life within these pages. I certainly hope you do, too, as what I have seen in these pages is beautiful and wholesome.

Without further chattering on, I would like to invite you into the pages. This is our very first print edition, and so if you have the chance, I do suggest buying one. These pieces are lovely to peruse and keep, cherishing for some time while they sit alongside you.

I would like to thank all the wonderful authors and contributors within these pages. They are each and every one of them a moving force without which this journal wouldn't be. So thank you.

And to you, dear reader, I bid you the best. Please enjoy these pages, and do take care.



A Special Thank You

A special thank you is due to two individuals, without whom this journal would not be what it is. To Tuyet Van Do, thank you for the name for this journal.

To Holly B., thank you for your unfailing support.

Lastly, because I can't say it enough, thank you to the many contributors and readers without whom this journal simply wouldn't be.



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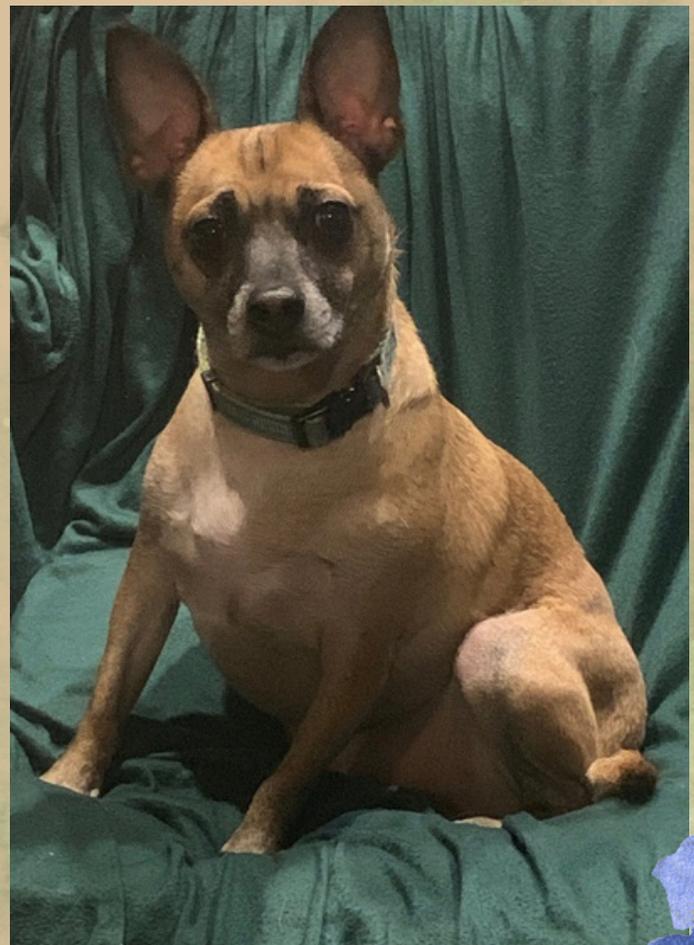


About Smiling Grady and Freddy the Green



Smiling Grady

Freddy the Green



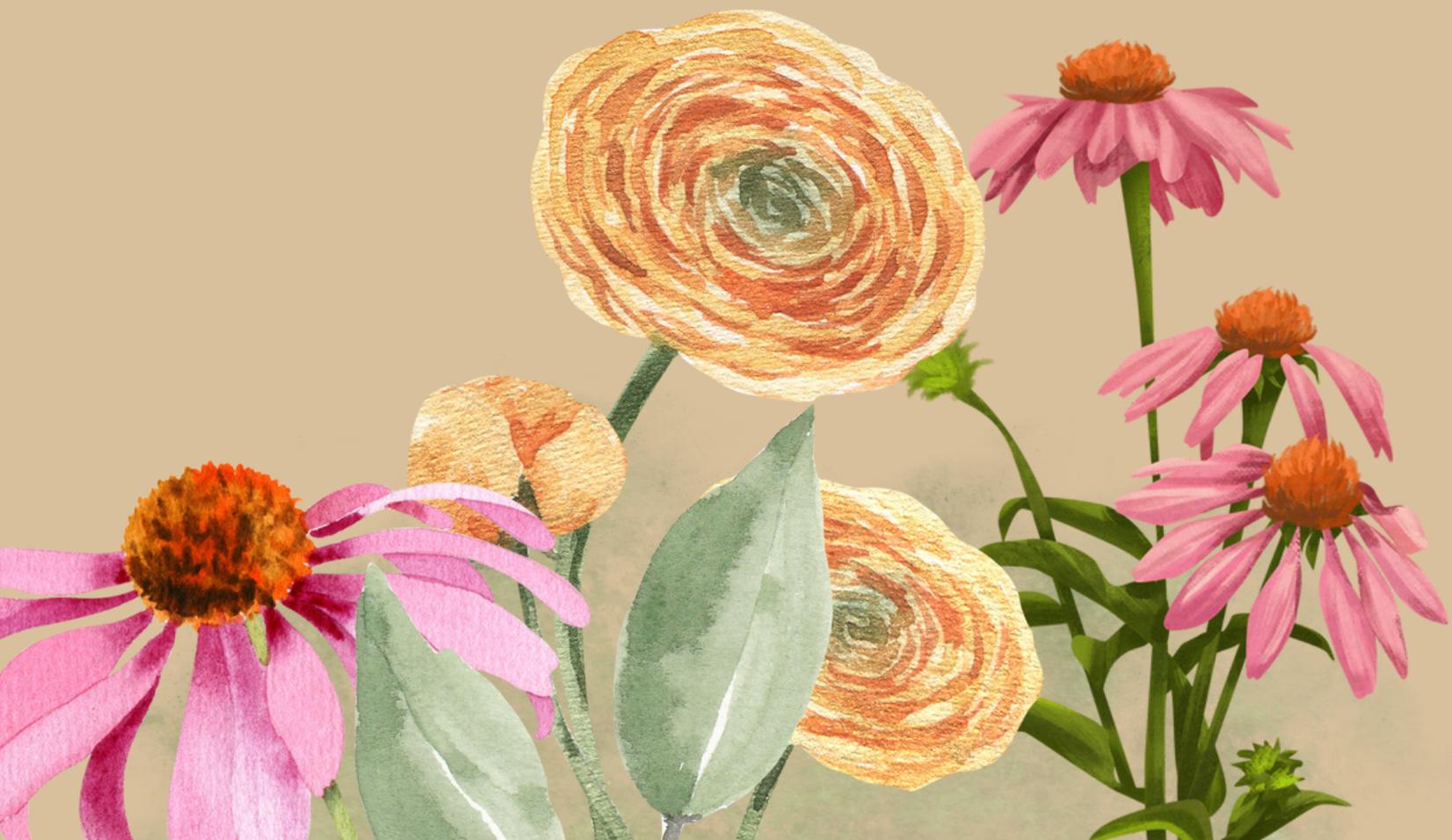
Both Freddy and Grady were rescues. These dogs were brought to New York by way of an agency called Louie's Legacy. My mother and I rescued Freddy back in August of 2017 and Grady in May of 2018. During this time, many dogs from Texas were being rescued due to Hurricane Harvey. I suspected Freddy was one of them, as he would always hide during storms. Grady was extra sensitive to sound and would bark throughout the night after hearing fireworks in the neighborhood. Grady crossed the rainbow bridge in April of 2025.

Freddy is alive and well.



About their Human

Jacob R. Moses is a poet and spoken word artist from NYC. Publications featuring his work span five continents. He is the author of *Grimoire* (iiPublishing, 2021), *WTF: Writing Through Fascism* (Bainbridge Island Press, 2024), and the co-author of *Tuesday Night Beats with Douglas G. Cala* (Like a blot from the blue, 2025). Jacob (AKA Jack M. Freedman) is a graduate of Southern New Hampshire University with an MA in English and Creative Writing with a concentration in Poetry. In 2024, he was nominated for a Pushcart Prize by New Generation Beat Publications for his poem, "Lottery."



Smoky



“Smoky” is my beautiful, twelve year old plush coated Shiloh Shepherd. He’s a very old man for a dog his size, arthritic, almost profoundly deaf, but his spirit persists. There’s a “knowing” in his dark fathomless eyes. His “sight” goes beyond anything visible to us in this plane of existence. There aren’t words enough to explain how special Smoky is and always has been, so I tried to capture his transcendent vibe in a painting.

About the Artist



I've (Tracey Berrios) always felt a deep connection with animals and a special love for my dogs. As a Reiki Master and intuitive, I help animals and their humans heal and connect on a deeper level, and I use my intuitive gifts to communicate with pets here and on the other side. I also paint animal portraits, capturing their spirit and personality on slate mostly, but I felt called to paint Smoky on a larger scale, thus attempting this canvas portrait. My work on both sides of the veil is all about honoring the bond between animals and the people who love them.

Facebook

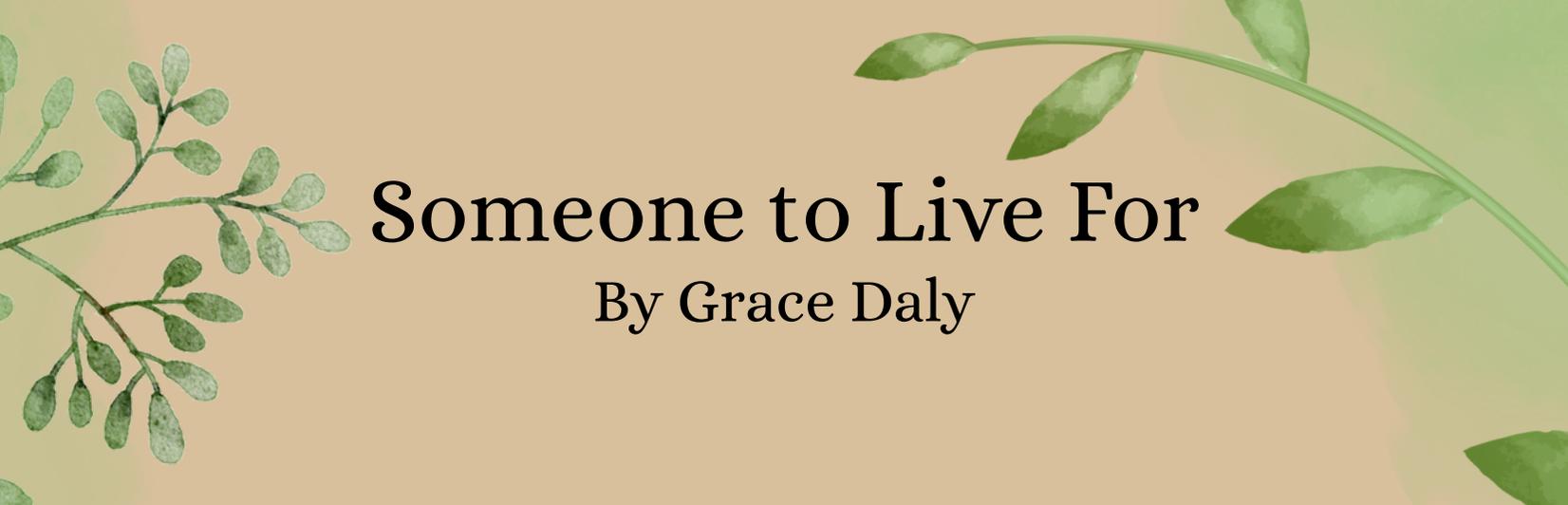
Magickals (art) <https://www.facebook.com/share/1Fn5KFctxf/?mibextid=wwXlfr>

Sacred Paws. (Reiki and pet communication) <https://www.facebook.com/share/1DdipU5SaB/?mibextid=wwXlfr>

Instagram

https://www.instagram.com/magickals63?igsh=a3R4azY3cDcwN2t0&utm_source=qr

<https://www.instagram.com/sacredpawsreiki/profilecard/?igsh=dWl2NDhuMzJzMG43>



Someone to Live For

By Grace Daly

She barely kept it together on the bus ride home. If she cried on the bus every Tuesday afternoon, the driver might notice the pattern and refuse to let her on. She didn't want to walk home so she visualized her tears being hoovered back into their ducts. It worked, but it was difficult.

Today's had been a difficult therapy session.

She didn't like talking about her suicidal ideation. She didn't like acknowledging that she knew how she'd do it (step in front of a bus much like this one). When she admitted as much to her therapist, they asked, "Are you a danger to yourself?"

"No." She was honest.

"Why not?"

"He's at home, waiting for me." She smiled at the mere thought of him. "I have someone to live for."

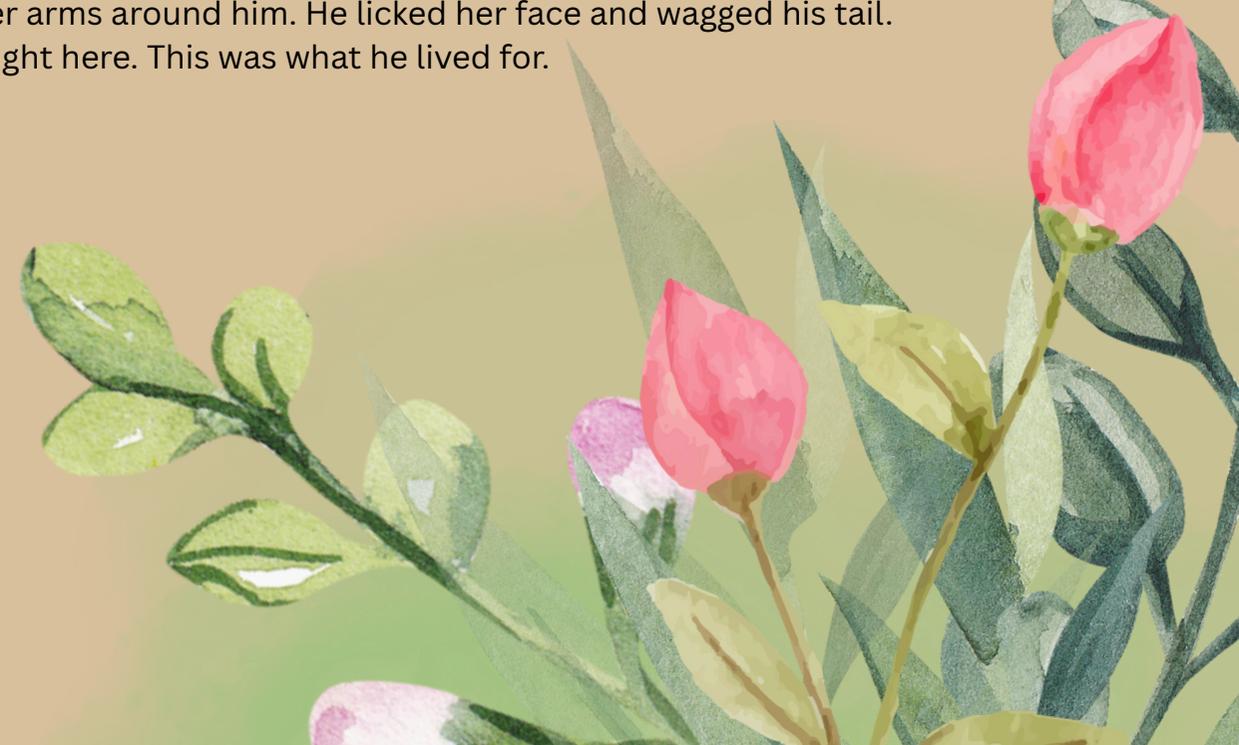
This was her stop. She made it. She thanked the driver, and walked to her apartment.

#

He was sitting behind the door, so close he smelled the wood. He was that excited. When he heard her footsteps on the pavement (he had very good hearing), his shoulders wiggled in joyous anticipation.

A jangling of keys and the door swung wide, bopping him on the nose. He didn't mind, not if it meant he saw her a moment sooner. She laughed through her tears, and wrapped her arms around him. He licked her face and wagged his tail.

Now this, this right here. This was what he lived for.



About the Author



Grace Daly (she/her) is a disabled author with multiple invisible chronic illnesses. She lives near Chicago and spends most of her free time with her dog, who is a very good boy. Her debut horror comedy novel, “The Scald-Crow”, will be published with Creature Publishing in fall of 2025, and her fantasy novella, “The Star of Kilnaely”, is forthcoming with Brigids Gate Press in 2026. She has also been published in anthologies by Ghost Orchid Press and Sliced Up Press, as well as with Allegory E-zine, the Timber Ghost Press blog, and the podcast Tales to Terrify, among others. She can be found at www.GraceDalyAuthor.com, or @GraceDalyAuthor for Twitter/X and Instagram and @gracedalyauthor.bsky.social on BlueSky.

Poor People and a Cat

by L.G. Testa

The system's slaves run desperately.
Their life depends on it. They must integrate,
or someone else will take what they could have had, at least for
once acquiring some modest fortune. Poor people burning out
for money-rewarded accomplishments, not living the joyful,
only the nerve-racking.

A cozy cat purrs,
it affords a nap, sunlit,
a worryless psyche.



About the Author



L.G. Testa is a Latvian poet based in Belgium. Brought up by a poet and encouraged to write poems by her literature teacher, L.G. Testa's path naturally followed toward poetry. Feeling that post-Soviet society did not ensure her freedom to express herself in words, L.G. Testa took an interest in the English language. Beginning as a lyricist for metal music, she continued as a poet, writing both formal verse and prose poetry pieces.

<https://www.youtube.com/@27treecrowns>

Throw Away Puppy

by Nancy Waddell

“What’s that sound?” Worry rose in my voice as Mom and I hiked the trail to the Danube River, past the black poplars and alders swaying in the wind. I stopped and listened. There it was again – a faint, sad squeak carried by the summer breeze.

We followed the squeaks to a small bridge half hidden in the bushes. My heart pounded as I pulled back the sharp branches clawing at my legs. The squeaking grew louder. I poked my head under the overpass and scrunched my nose at the stench – on top of a pile of ripped plastic bags oozing with garbage and moldy cans was a brown ball of fur. A pair of black eyes met mine, and a small puppy with floppy dark ears wriggled out from the trash.

“Where did you come from?” I snatched him up and held him close as he whined and yipped.

“Aww, somebody threw him out.” Mom raised her eyebrows and pet the puppy’s head. “Who would do something like that, poor thing.” Unfortunately, the disposal of puppies and kittens in the landfill was a regular occurrence in Eastern Europe. We were visiting Serbia for the summer, and it wasn’t uncommon to find stray cats and dogs wandering around. Animal shelters were non-existent here in the countryside, and the villagers lacked the resources to deal with unwanted animals.

We carried the new puppy home, to our small cottage by the Danube. “He definitely needs a bath.” Mom chuckled, pulling out a plastic laundry tub. We filled it with soapy water and dunked the dog into the warm suds. “What should we call him?”

“What about Doonchie?” The name seemed to be a popular one for dogs around here, and I thought it was cute. He looked up with adorable eyes and squeaked. I lathered him up and scrubbed the fleas off his plump body. He munched on my fingers. “Ouch, you little munchkin.” I planted a kiss on his head and held him close. “I bet you’re going to grow up to be a big German Shepherd, aren’t you?”

Doonchie was a rambunctious little thing and he grew quickly over the next few weeks. One day, I noticed some of my clothes went missing. “Where’s my white t-shirt?” I found it crumpled by the window. From the corner of my eye, I caught the furball dragging my underwear away in his teeth. Naughty puppy – he had stolen my clothes along with some other laundry from the hamper and snuck it across the room to his secret hiding spot.

Although we loved having Doonchie as our special puppy, our one room cottage soon became too cramped for all of us and we had no real yard for him to play in. I wanted him to have some space to run and chase other dogs, so we resigned ourselves to finding him a more permanent home. An older relative who lived on a farm agreed to take him in and Doonchie enjoyed herding chickens and playing with his newly adopted family of dogs and humans.

He never did reach the size of a German Shepherd. Instead, he grew to be a cross between a Dachshund and a country mutt with stubby legs and a long body. Funnily enough, the relative told us Doonchie was actually a girl and Mom and I had a good laugh over our mistake.

I was sad to give her up, but it was for the best, since we would be returning to Canada anyway and couldn’t take her with us. On our last day in Serbia, Mom and I visited the farm where Doonchie lived, and I caressed her soft fur and planted a kiss on her head. Her tail wagged furiously, and she sat content in her new mom’s arms. Doonchie had found a good home, and for that we were thankful.



Doonchie



About the Author



Nancy Waddell is the publisher and contributing writer of The New Canadian Stories Magazine, a literary publication featuring short stories and poems from writers across Canada. Her Sci-Fi short story collection, *An Orb Over The Strawberry Moon And Other Sci-Fi Tales*, was recently published on Amazon and is available on Kindle and in paperback. She loves animals, and wanted to be a vet when she was a child, but settled on professional writing instead. Her story, *Throw Away Puppy*, is based on a visit to Serbia when she was a young adult, and her encounter with one of the many animals dumped in landfills across eastern Europe every year.

Visit her website at

www.nancywaddellauthor.com and

subscribe to her Substack at

writerpublishernancywaddell.substack.com



Nancy with Doonchie

Furever Besties

by Christina Chin

Uchechukwu Onyedikam

the dog and cat—
best friends since
the day they met
*introduced early in life
a puppy and kitten*

they wrestle
and sleep on top
of each other
*spiraling in
a bond*

tiny kitten
and big dog cuddle
together
*mutual interaction
a mold*

best friends
in the making
don't be too ruff
*tugging on —
its tail*

dog realises he's
overdone, lavishes
kitty with licks
*wags off
a high tail*

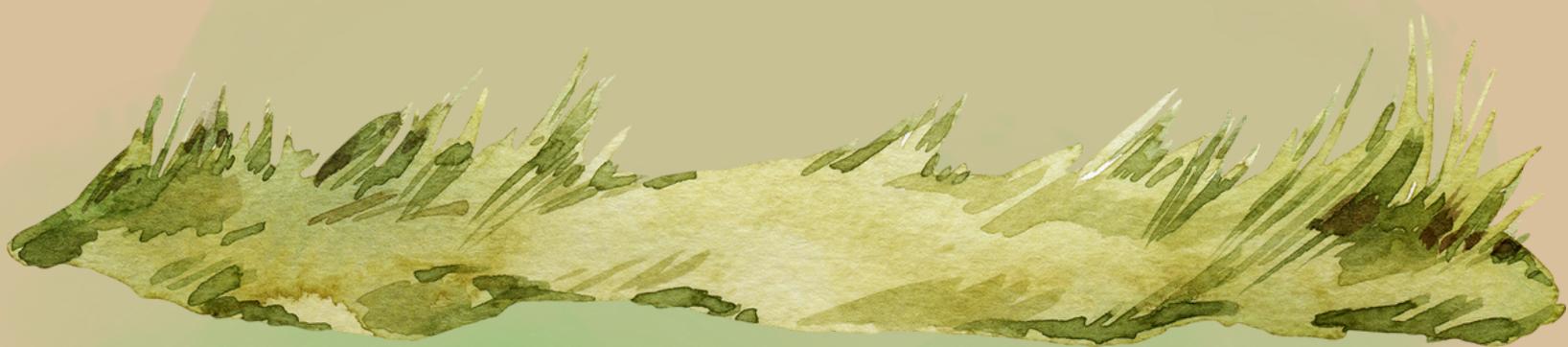


About the Authors



Christina Chin is a painter and haiku poet from Malaysia. She is a four-time recipient of top 100 in the mDAC Summit Contests, exhibited at the Palo Alto Art Center, California. 1st prize winner of the 34th Annual Cherry Blossom Sakura Festival 2020 Haiku Contest. 1st prize winner in the 8th Setouchi Matsuyama 2019 Photohaiku Contest. She has been published in numerous journals, multilingual journals, and anthologies, including Japan's prestigious monthly Haikukai Magazine.

<https://christinachin99blog.wordpress.com/>

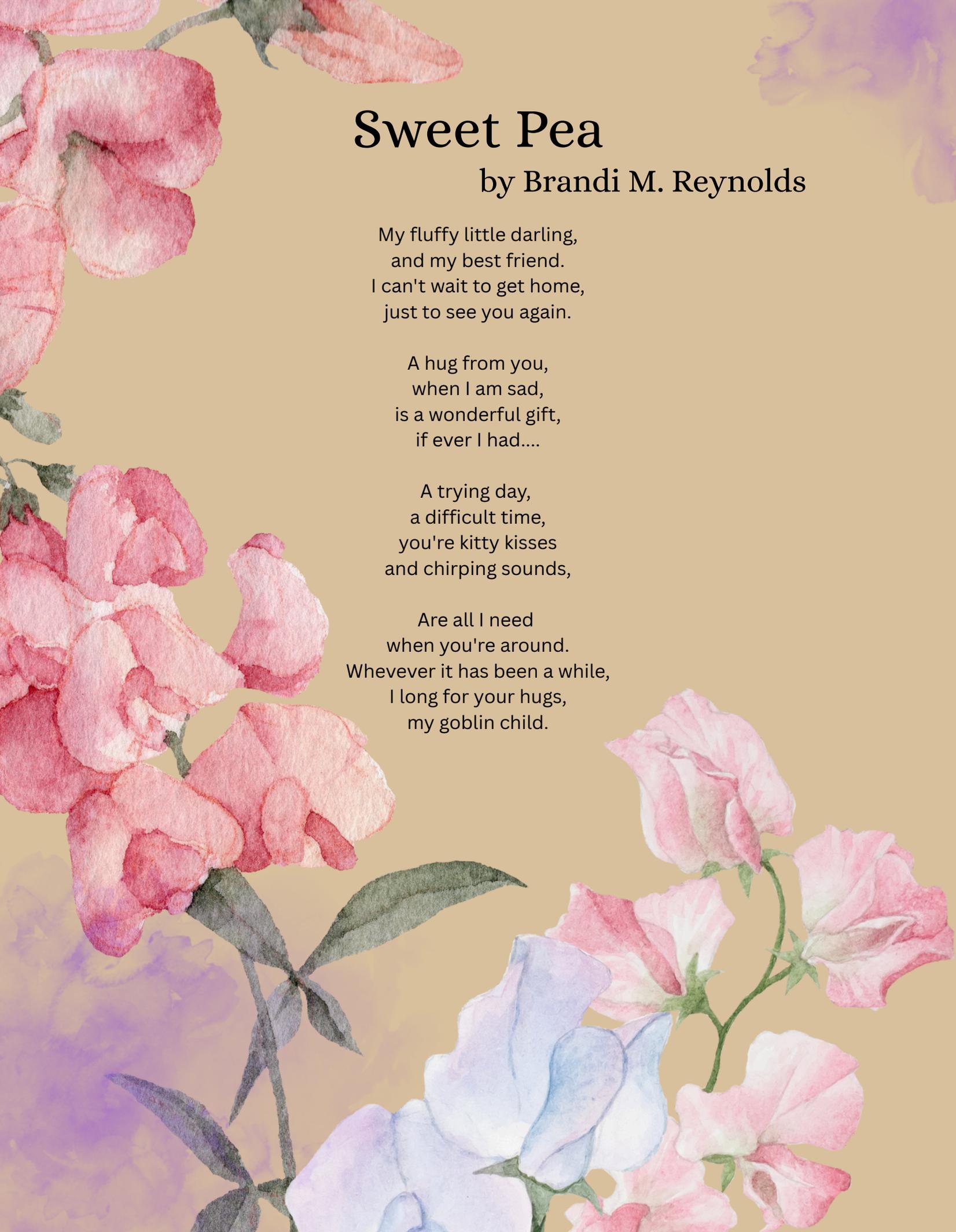


About the Authors



Uchechukwu Onyedikam is a Nigerian 'mad' creative artist based in Lagos, Nigeria. He's a well-published Poet. His poems have appeared in Amsterdam Quarterly, Brittle Paper, Poetic Africa, Hood Communists, The Hooghly Review, Unlikely Stories Mark V, and in anthologies both print and online. He and Christina Chin has co-written and published two poetry chapbooks – Pouring Light On The Hills (December 2022) and Clouds of Pink (March 2024).

X – @MysticPoet_



Sweet Pea

by Brandi M. Reynolds

My fluffy little darling,
and my best friend.
I can't wait to get home,
just to see you again.

A hug from you,
when I am sad,
is a wonderful gift,
if ever I had....

A trying day,
a difficult time,
you're kitty kisses
and chirping sounds,

Are all I need
when you're around.
Whenever it has been a while,
I long for your hugs,
my goblin child.

Sweet Pea's Story

by Brandi M Reynolds



Whenever Mom & I adopt kitties, or any critters, it's usually a feral cat that has befriended us. We have also gotten kitties from friends who could no longer keep them (such as Sweet Pea). In short, we wait for the cat distribution system to send us our assignments. This time, we got two gingers (or cats of the single brain cell). Mom got Punky and I got Sweet Pea (also known as Tater).

I'm glad I waited, as I almost went with a breeder. I cannot imagine not having Sweet Pea. He is the sweetest, softest kitty I have ever had. He gives hugs and kisses when I am feeling down and is the biggest cuddlebug ever. I guess it goes to show that sometimes the best things in life really are free.

<https://www.facebook.com/brandi.reynolds.2025/>

<https://www.instagram.com/brandipreynolds82k/>

Angel Cat

(for Kat) by Patricia Carragon

Two shining stars, like jewels from winter's sky,
all matched her eyes of bluest gray. A stray
cat made her home beneath a car and she
was quiet. People, too involved with thoughts,
never saw those rare jewels from winter's sky—
the angel cat that lived beneath a car.

She'd sit and watch a scene of passing legs—
her face was like a mask that's carved from snow.

She wore two pairs of mittens and a bib
that's made from soft white fur to keep her warm.

The cat was quiet yet hungered for love,
until I looked at her and saw her eyes—
the shining stars that glowed beneath the car.

I walked over to the cat and offered
my hand to greet her. The angel cat came
beside me, trusting me to take her home.
Her cat-like magic danced around my legs—
she encircled me, giving all her trust.

Standing so proud, she adored attention
as I stroked her soft white and ginger coat.
But I had to leave and walked up the path.
In silence, she watched her friend disappear—
a stray cat made her home beneath a car
and she was quiet yet hungered for love.

I passed her by, but never saw the cat—
the angel cat that lived beneath a car.

Then days later, she ran over to me,
so puppy-like, so pleased to see her friend.
Her cat-like magic danced around my legs—
she encircled me, giving all her trust.
She loved to be caressed. She stood so proud
as I stroked her soft white and ginger coat.
She mewed for adoption, but I said, "No."
She followed me and through the opened door,
her cat-like magic danced around my legs.

I shouted, “No,” and then, without a fight,
she slowly backed away. No cries, no purrs.

I went up to my flat before she fled—
a stray cat made her home beneath a car
and left without her human’s love or trust.

Days later, I saw her beneath the car—
her head was ripped, missing a chunk of flesh,
her brain—exposed, and fear destroyed her smile.

Her eyes of bluest gray had lost their shine.
She saw what happened. Sadness knew the truth.

I said I was sorry and for the last
time, I left her there and headed upstairs.

I forgot about the kitten until now—
two shining stars, like jewels from winter’s sky,
all matched her eyes of bluest gray. A stray
cat used to make her home beneath a car
and she was quiet yet hungered for love.
I passed her by, but never saw the cat—
the angel cat that lived beneath a car.



Chillin’



Across the Street



Time to Eat



Solace from the Sun

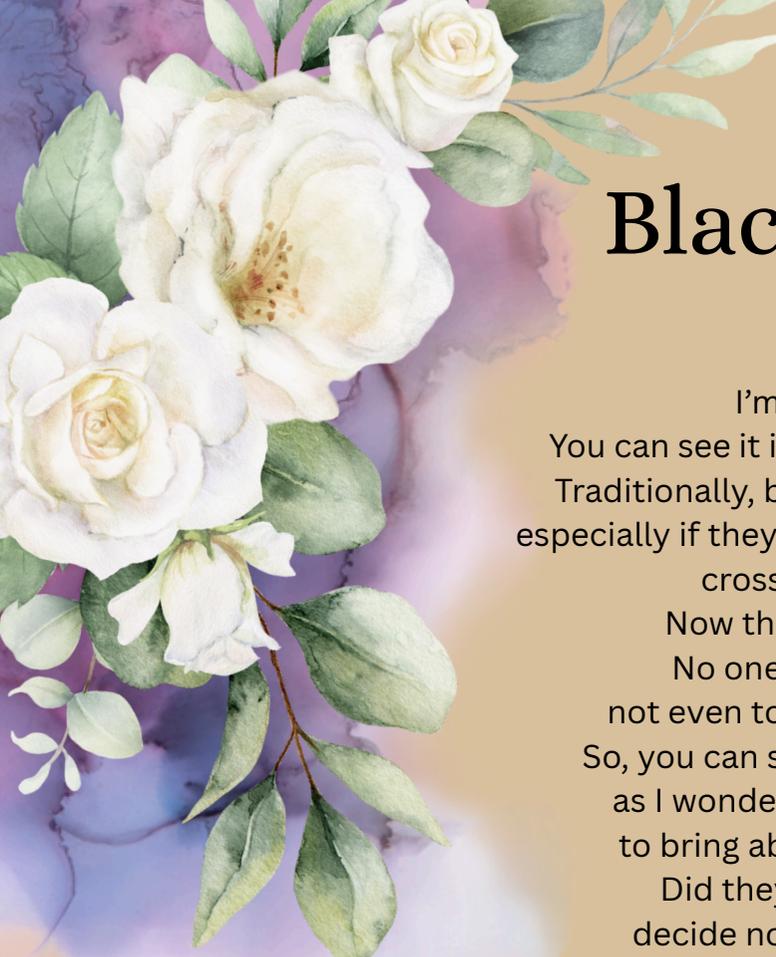


Local Diva

About the Author



Patricia Carragon received a 2025 Best of the Net nomination for her haiku, “Cherry Blossoms,” from Poets Wear Prada. She hosts Brownstone Poets and is the editor-in-chief of its annual anthology. She is the editor of Sense & Sensibility Haiku Journal and listed on the poet registry for The Haiku Foundation. Her jazz poetry collection, *Stranger on the Shore* from Human Error Publishing, is forthcoming this year. Her latest novel is *Angel Fire* (Alien Buddha Press, 2020). Her books from Poets Wear Prada are *Meowku* (2019) and *The Cupcake Chronicles* (2017). Her book *Innocence* is from Finishing Line Press (2017).



Black Cats

by Lynn White

I'm puzzled.
You can see it in my face, can't you?
Traditionally, black cats were lucky,
especially if they could be persuaded to
cross your path.
Now they're unlucky.
No one wants them,
not even to cross their path.
So, you can see why I'm curious
as I wonder what happened
to bring about this change.
Did they, ever catlike,
decide not to co-operate
with the path crossing business
and turn tail to scarper
in the opposite direction?
Or maybe stand their ground
and snarl
and spit
and bare their teeth
like fearsome demons.
Perhaps that was it
or perhaps it must always
remain a puzzle,
a curiosity.

First published in Event Horizon, Issue 6, November 2018



Murphy

by Lynn White

Murphy was a poodle.
He didn't choose to be a poodle
and he certainly didn't want to be a poodle,
but he was born that way.
It happens.
He hid it well.
No one knew.

Well, no one would have known
except
for the one time each year
when he was taken to a poodle parlour
and given a shampoo,
(oh, the horror of it)
and a clip...
a clip that made it clear
that he was a poodle,
probably with French poodle genes.
Quelle horreur!

His shame was enough
to keep him indoors for weeks
He emerged hesitantly,
always on a wet day,
where he could be sure
of finding mud to roll in.

Soon, he would feel like Murphy again.

First published in Crocodile, June 2022



About the Author



Lynn White lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy and reality. She has been nominated for Pushcarts, Best of the Net and a Rhysling Award.

<https://lynnwhitepoetry.blogspot.com> and <https://www.facebook.com/Lynn-White-Poetry-1603675983213077/>



Barks and Furlines

by Christina Chin (plain)

Jerome Berglund (italic)

throttle
of the mailman
neighbourhood barks
*the wind
shakes things free*

////

a pet ball spins
the dog and kitten
play catch
*russian
nesting yachts*

////

a jumping puppy
with a missing hind
leg
adoption centre
*stunted, misshapen
still borne*



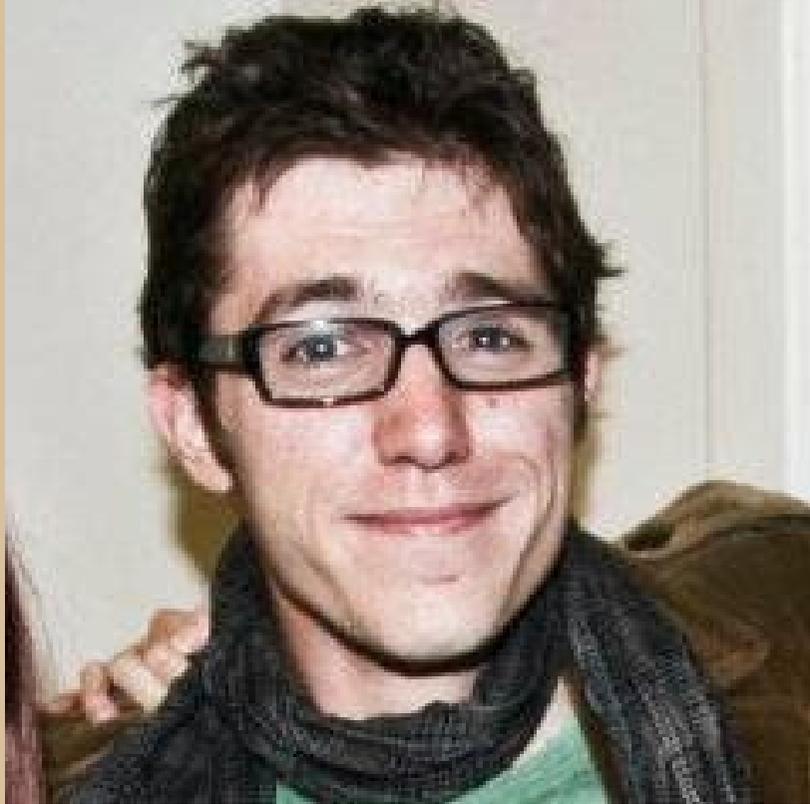
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About the Authors



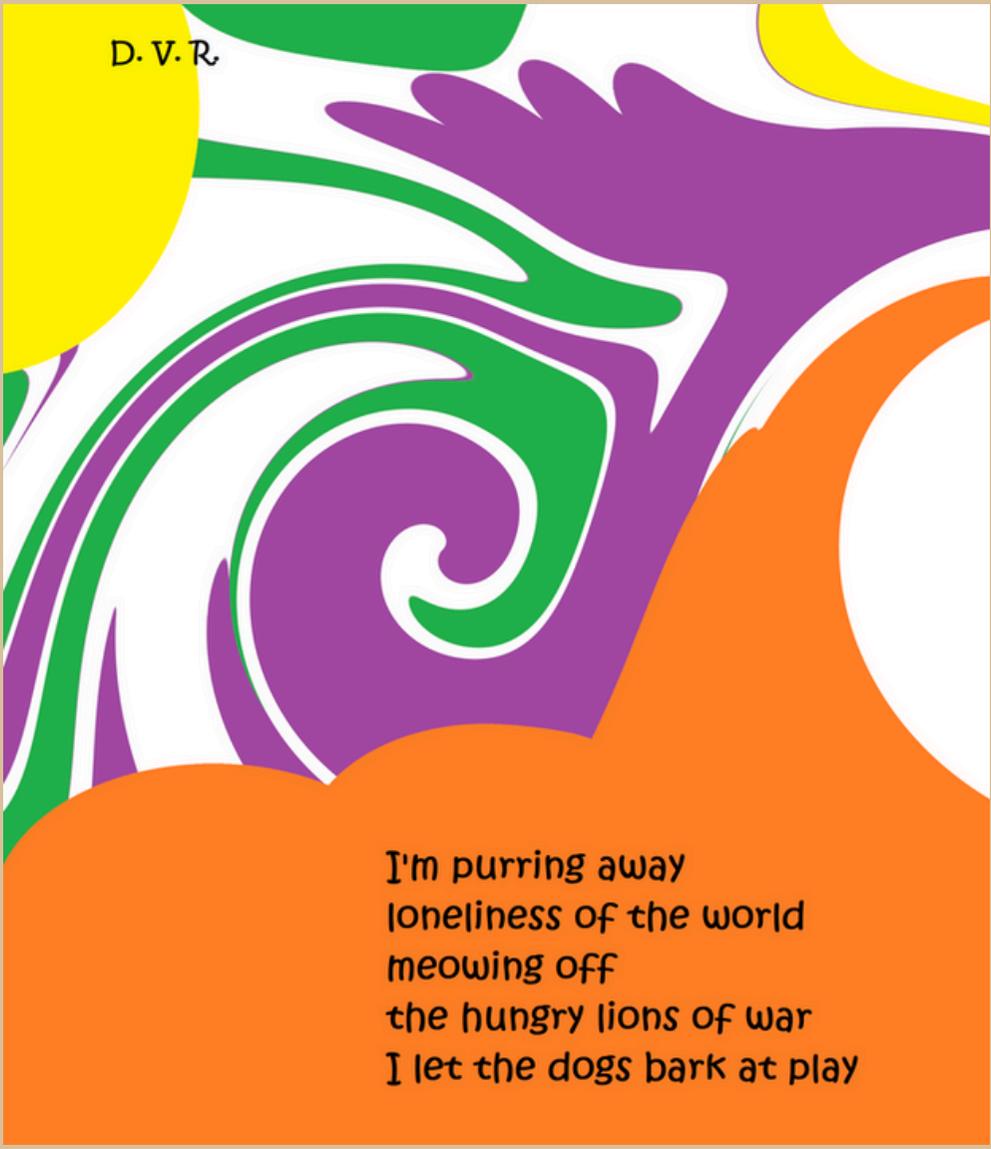
Jerome Berglund has worked as everything from dishwasher to paralegal, night watchman to assembler of heart valves. Many haiku, haiga and haibun he's written have been exhibited or are forthcoming online and in print, most recently in bottle rockets, Frogpond, Kingfisher, and Presence. His first full-length collections of poetry were released by Setu, Meat For Tea, Mōtus Audāx press, and a mixed media chapbook showcasing his fine art photography is available now from Fevers of the Mind.





That Orange Cat

by Djurdja Vukelic Rozic



D. V. R.

I'm purring away
loneliness of the world
meowing off
the hungry lions of war
I let the dogs bark at play



About the Author/Artist



Djurdja Vukelic Rozic is a Croatian writer and translator, she writes poetry and prose in Croatian, Kajkavian and English. So far she published 23 of her own works. For twenty years she was editor-in-chief of a number of journals and anthologies in the field of short Japanese poetry forms, often awarded for her work. Some of her haiga may be seen at

<https://www.dailyhaiga.org/haiga-archives/?q=djurd>

more about her <https://haikupedia.org/article-tags/durda-vukelic-rozic/>

She is a retired bank officer, married, mother to one son and lives in the town of Ivanic-Grad, Croatia.



Untitled

by Barbara Anna Gaiardoni and Andrea Vanacore



This shahai poetry is dedicated to Rudy, our dog.
In this photo, he is wearing the Alpine hat that belonged to my dad.
Three years ago, Rudy crossed the rainbow bridge.

About the Authors



Barbara Anna Gaiardoni and Andrea Vanacore, known as gaia & vana, are finalists in the “Writings Leith” competition in Edinburgh. They have been working together for thirteen years. One of their works was exhibited at the "Artfarm Pilastro" contemporary art. Douglas Pinson of “Spinozablue - An Eclectic Journal of the Arts” describes their work “Fine art/poem.”

Barbara and Andrea are life partners residing in Verona.

<https://andreavanacore.it/>

<https://www.facebook.com/andreavanacorephotography>

<http://barbaragaiardoni.altervista.org/blog/haikuco-2/>

<https://www.facebook.com/barbara.gaiardoni/>

CANINE INDULGENCE

by David Clémenceau

It was a dark and stormy night. Topper was home alone. When they would be back, there was no way to tell. Maybe they wouldn't come back at all and leave him here, all on his own. That would be terrible. Or they could get lost in the storm. Storms could be bad, he knew. Topper didn't like storms, especially when he had to do his business. Then he would rather keep it in and wait, but they always insisted he went anyway. But he remembered very specifically they usually came back, eventually. He also remembered a similar train of thought the last time they went away.

Outside, the wind was howling through the streets. Inside, the air was warm and comforting, and smelt of cinnamon and vanilla. Maybe he should check if everything was well in the kitchen. It would certainly please them to know he did. And, perhaps, he would give a peek at the table, too. Just a quick one. Nothing to worry about. Topper was a good boy, he thought, and always seeking confirmation. Things somehow made sense that way. It felt right to be a good boy.

First, he looked around and listened very carefully. Maybe they were coming back right now, he pondered. But nothing. All was quiet but for the wind outside. He rose from his cradle and prodded through the twilight of the living room to the kitchen. The air was most flavoursome here. Baked treats were laid out on a large plate on the table. The oven was still warm but empty now. Topper knew this because the light was off. When there was food inside, the light was on. He remembered that, too, with almost absolute certainty.

Just a peek. His eyes emerged from the horizon of the table and there they were. Fresh, warm baked treats. Topper realized it wasn't several small but one big treat that smelt so deliciously enticing. Maybe they were planning a piece for him, after they have had theirs. It had happened before. Yes, it had. He had waited very patiently beside this very table until they were finished, without begging – a good boy doesn't beg – and got rewarded handsomely for his good behaviour. So, maybe he could have his piece now. If he was to get one later, why not help himself now? A nibble. Almost nothing at all. Perhaps, they wouldn't even notice the difference.

Topper carefully leaned back on his hunches and raised his front paws onto the ledge. He lifted his trunk, stretched his neck and opened his mouth when he heard the door.

Although he rushed back to his cradle posthaste, somehow, inexplicably, they already knew he deserved scolding. He landed flat on his stomach with his head between his paws and the ears flat on the ground. Flat and inconspicuous. Now, the eyes. He knew, the eyes did most of the job. Topper applied himself to look as innocent as he possibly could, hoping for leniency.



“Topper,” the female cried. “What have you done?”

Yes, he knew he had done wrong. He wasn't a good boy. He was a bad dog. But he hadn't meant to, and that fragrant deliciousness was just too much for him to resist. And he barely even had a nibble. He had been so patient before.

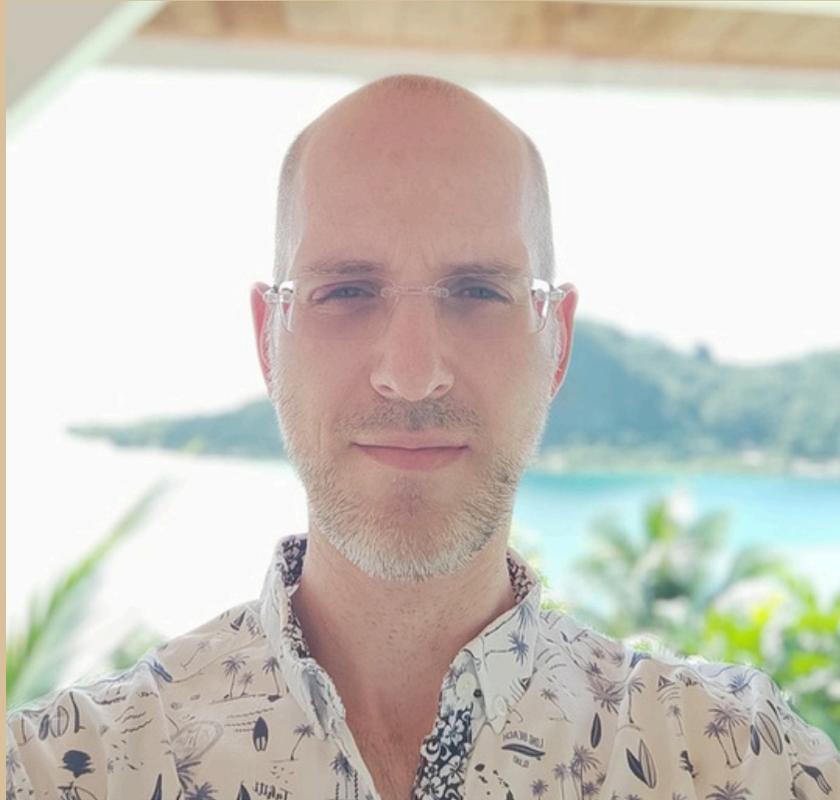
“You're a bad dog, Topper,” the male admonished. “That's not a good boy at all!”

Topper really didn't like being a bad dog. It felt bad. He put all his efforts into the big bubbly eyes to look as innocent as a pup.

“Well worth it,” Topper thought and licked his chops.



About the Author



David Clémenceau's work has appeared in print and online in USA, UK, Canada, India and Australia and can be found, among others, with Idle Ink, Welter at University of Baltimore and Dark Rose Press. His short story, Müller's Mosaico, won the 2019-20 Twist & Twain Story Writing Contest and has been reprinted since in Nzuri Journal of Coastline College. His short story, Alter Egos, has been published in England, India and USA. He is of French and German origins and lives in Germany where he teaches secondary school English. He is very fond of his son, Greek mythology and the English language.

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Furry Friend

by Linette Rabsatt

A cat can never be a copycat
And a catfish can never compare
Its catechism is one for peace
Although the cathedral may not welcome it
Categorically connoted as a calming force
Because no catalog can contain it
Caterpillars are neither food nor foe
And while it is catatonic at times
While taking a catnap
In one moment
Catastrophe may fall on
One that steps on its tail -
And it would never play with cattle
Yet there's no cataclysm
In its existence
Because a cat caters to itself
And its existence has catapulted
From the jungle cataracts into our homes



by Linette Rabsatt



Cat



Cats & Hen

About the Author



Linette Rabsatt is a Virgin Islands poet with roots in the BVI and USVI who began writing in 1996. You can find her work in her Kindle book, "Be Inspired: Poems by Linette Rabsatt," in Pulse Poetry Magazine, on her blog, "Words of Ribbon," and on the Visual Verse and Micromance Magazine websites. She performs at local events, and online poetry readings and was nominated for a 2024 National Spoken Words Award for Best International Artist.

<http://wordsofribbon.blogspot.com/>



Untitled Pieces

by Paul Callus
Christina Chin

missing cat
the fluttering posters
in the neighbourhood
the alleyway whispers
its own emptiness
Paul Callus (Malta) / Christina Chin (Malaysia)

teacup tilting
from the coffee table
a shoulder meets hardwood
a dog's sixth sense
cushions her fall

Christina Chin (Malaysia) / Paul Callus (Malta)

adopted
by an excited dog
at the kennels
wagging tail writes
their new family tree
Paul Callus (Malta) / Christina Chin (Malaysia)



About the Authors



Paul Callus is a retired teacher who lives in Malta, Europe. He has been active in the literary field for around 50 years. He writes poetry, short stories, and lyrics for songs, mostly in English, Maltese, and Italian. His work has been published in various anthologies, journals and online sites. He is an active member in several international poetry groups. He is also a translator and proofreader.

https://www.poetrysoup.com/poems_poets/poems_by_poet.aspx?ID=45886

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100001997509815>



About the Authors



Christina Chin is a painter and haiku poet from Malaysia. She is a four-time recipient of top 100 in the mDAC Summit Contests, exhibited at the Palo Alto Art Center, California. 1st prize winner of the 34th Annual Cherry Blossom Sakura Festival 2020 Haiku Contest. 1st prize winner in the 8th Setouchi Matsuyama 2019 Photohaiku Contest. She has been published in numerous journals, multilingual journals, and anthologies, including Japan's prestigious monthly Haikukai Magazine.

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