

POLAR STARLIGHT

Magazine of Canadian Speculative Poetry
(Issue #20 – August 2025)



POLAR STARLIGHT MAGAZINE

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COVER: *Cracked Earth* – by Lily Blaze

EDITORIAL

By Rhea E. Rose

Issue # 20 begins with a poem titled “The Seeds of Kwah” written by Karen Bingley, a new poet to add to our growing list of lyrical writers. This poem comes to us with permission from Patrick Joseph Prince of the Nak’azdli Whut’en First Nations.

A quote from Karen Bingley, “...could you ensure you also include his middle name, Joseph. Until he was 68, he believed he did not have a middle name. Foster parents told him that no one cared enough to bother giving him one. When he received his birth certificate last year, he saw his name was Patrick Joseph Prince. Joseph being the name of his grandfather. For this reason, his middle name is significant to him. He asked that I make the request.”

Karen Bingley’s poem begins this issue with the author’s myth-like telling of Patrick Joesph Prince’s truth.

Patrick Joesph Prince would have been a bloodline chief for his nation had he not been lost in the system.

Hard to believe but here we are at issue # 20 of Polar Starlight. That’s five years of speculative poetry! Through pandemics and politicians our prose and lyrical poetry proliferates. We’ve all been nominated for awards; our poets have been nominated and won awards. I’ve been nominated for awards and so has Graeme, our poetic stories continue. It’s been an amazing five years. I look forward to the next half decade of specpo revelry.

Rhea E. Rose

THE SEEDS OF KWAH

By Karen Bingley

Chief Kwah of
Nak'azdli Whut'en First Nation
A noble brave warrior
Honored in mint
Decades after his death

As though mint could remove
the bitterness
Of poisoned minds
Of seeds dispersed in foreign lands
Nurtured with hatred, harm and abuse

The seeds of Kwah
Survived harsh environments
With resilience
While changing
Pain into power

Until the truth was known
And the seeds returned
To homelands
United in brave pain
While the drumbeats

The power of the Supermoon
Will light the way
As warriors drum
And seeds inch closer
To their native land

Truth is always revealed
Despite policy designed to hide
Secrets of past greed
The blood of kwah will rise
In his honour

Today a seed of Kwah
after decades of distance
Shows his true blood
And returns home
A brave warrior.

THE MACHINERY OF PLANTS

by Sandra Kasturi

If from the beginning we had started with soft machinery,
the machinery of plants, instead of embracing metal, stone,
the forges and forgeries of things that would sear our palms
if left in the sun; if we had embraced green things,
created machines and tools from palm fronds, fragrant
cradles from woven apple peel, built wheels

from fiddleheads and gears from star anise and mustard
plant, the elements that grow in sun and wind and rain,
we wouldn't need to embank our lives like a road
too often under water, or one so sun-seared
the asphalt has gone runny.

We have always wanted to wrest control from growing things,
wrestle them into submission, concrete them over,
out of sheer stubbornness or the refusal to admit
that chaos is beautiful: it is a lacuna in our knowledge
of ourselves and of the world, a dark paean
to what might have been.

The machinery of plants would have made us different.
We would have corporate gardens instead of towers,
where our data entry would be done by wandering bees
on abacuses of honeycomb. Email would appear on leaves
of rubber plants, etched in chlorophyll. Our only electricity
would be the kind felt between lovers:
a crackling gift whizzed and zapped through
the cumulonimbus to light up a stormy evening.

But we have not embraced this unknowable green and greening,
have turned away from divine chaos, wanting only sharp edges,
beaten steel, harsh agate, and accepted oak
only diluted as cheap furniture. We refuse to know

that, as we stumble from continent to continent,
pave over our hearing, our sight, our touch,
our creations are destruction.

Yet deep in our cells we keep time
with the opening and closing of tulips,
and we are reminded of the choices we have made—
while always above our heads, the dip and sway
of the embanked river of stars.

WINNING THE SKY

By Michèle Laframboise

Under the honeyed sky
your gloved fingers trace
on the tarnished sand
lines of fleeting perspective

dreams of escaping
this old, rusted world
its crust drilled in and out
its scant mineral gouged

look at the golden Pavilions
where legions of heavy-worlders
land on Mars hoping to find more years
their weary bones held by chewing-gum

their hearts pumping too fast
as you gently sponge their tired bodies
finding love at the door of death
would launch you far and free

under another sky

CLIMATE CHANGE RESPONSE

by Greg Fewer

undersea city
on geothermal power
Mid-Atlantic Ridge

EMPTY SKY

by Guy Immega

In a few billion years,
Distant galaxies will drift away
And disappear
Beyond the cosmic event horizon,
Leaving our Milky Way
Spinning alone
In splendid solitude.

LIFE ABIDES

by Hayden Trenholm

Lives are footprints
 in the sand
Washed away by wind or
 wave
Naught but a trace of dusty
 Memory
Then gone Yet

In beds of frozen sand
The feet of our forbearers
 mark a trail we still walk.

Farther back
 the migrations
 of dinosaurs are
 revealed in riverbeds
 during drought
 tenuous
 delicate
 no matter the weight
of those who made them.

Life abides.

We may pass from this rocky globe
Like careless children losing trinkets at the beach
We may wipe the slate of us clean
With a thoughtless swipe of our greedy hand.

But life abides
 in deepest trenches
 on ice-capped mountain tops
 or volcano lips
Life abides
Even as we are washed away.

PACKLIST

by James Grotkowski

lilac in the breeze
roses bouquet for their bush
Mars pack-list, flowers

THE DAY OF THE FIRST MARS LANDING

by Lisa Timpf

That day in 2055
the first humans landed on Mars,
you'd think they might have heard
the collective sigh from Earth.
Some of us, you see, had wanted
to be chosen. Others were glad not to be.
Some thought it a worthy project.
Others declared the venture
a waste of money. In other words,
business as usual. But we all wanted
to see how this particular drama
played out. Not from the eyes of a rover,
but from a human perspective.
There was something in the landscape,
in those early images, that stirred
our souls. You could hear it
in the chosen ones' voices,
as they spoke of coming home
to a place that we once knew.

DEER MIGRATION

by Irena Nikolova

They stand serene.
A pair of deer.
They have crossed
the Siberian steppes
and come to a fertile land.

Gracefully planted on wood,
they see our leafy garden,
watch the squirrel chase
through tree branches.

They dream of
Siberian woods,
squirrels knocking
on windowpanes,
begging for pine nuts.

They live behind glass,
away from home,
secure and safe
in a wooden cabinet.

A hand takes them,
puts them in a small box.

The deer travel
to a distant land
across the Bering Strait.

They wake behind glass.

A PARALLEL UNIVERSE

by Irena Nikolova

Reading books,
living in a parallel universe,
we surrender to our
imagination, gliding
on the pages
of a Saturday night with
Henry Perowne standing
at the bedroom window
watching a plane on fire.
A terrorist act? post 9/11.
The plane “twinkles festively
among the branches and twigs”
watched by an insomniac
in the city of London
in a world encumbered
by threats of destruction, death—
the ultimate levelling agent.

On to the “Zone: < le Detroit >”
in cars rushing along
the 401 through a “poisoned country”
where glass and steel imposed
upon the landscape
have suppressed
the colours of the spectrum,
where highway accidents pounce
on their victims:
a postmodern world
of fear where threats lurk
in the inky darkness
and our umbilical cords,
severed from the world
of nature, have left
us alone to contemplate
the wreckage we have wrought
upon the world.

Note: The novel referred to in this poem is Ian McEwan’s *Saturday*. The poem “Zone: < le Detroit >” is by Di Brandt.

EXPLOSIVE

By Derek Newman-Stille

We are living in an explosion
shards of the universe thrown out in all directions
always expanding
Like your spirit
like the knowledge that you, too,
are too vast to reduce
full of complexities
uncertainties
and oh so much potential

We are living in an explosion
where everything seems insecure
but that means limitless possibilities
for growth
like the universe is growing

We are stuck in the mentality of inevitability
the “it is what it is”
the “old dogs can’t learn new tricks”
the “accept it”
but we can’t accept it
and there is so much we can change

We spin off realities
every time we choose
the unknown is in your hands
to make, unmake, remake
not to make do

There are stars in our hands
in our cells
in our atoms
whole cosmos inside of us

We are the Big Bang
that reshapes everything

PHOTON

By Heath Bleau

ethereal consciousness
eschews the corporeal
ego-loving form
to become a
hypothetical

an insubstantial existence
transitioning between
past renditions and
exponentially vast
potentialities

barely pausing
long enough to laugh
at this phase we call
reality
as its impermanence
blips and fades

skipping into
the slipstream
of mortal consciousness
as matter and mass
dissipates

and are replaced
by enlightened mastery
at an elemental level

FAMILIAL ASTRODYNAMICS: A DIZAIN

by Lynne Sargent

Ocean weeps for her mothers' division
Moon pulls her from Earth's rich, ancient peat,
cuts her from the land like an incision.
Ocean's tides make a steady, grasping beat
reach back to Earth, wishing they would not compete.
Earth holds Ocean too close, suffocating
three relationships crack like that pull of plating.
Ocean refuses rending through pain's tumultuous waves
the love her mothers gave her, now gravitating,
through tides, and reaching what was she saves.

BREATHLESS BLUE

By Rhea E. Rose

Speak Earth to me, speak planetary
Spin, a distant beginning, an infinite
End, from the mud and floods
Of time she rises, divine,
Rich black soil, the blue planet
With brown eyes.
Desert storms across her face,
In the space of time
Turns blindly.
Her continents shield
Dewy, salty water skins,
Her atmosphere, a thin
Blue line turned against Sol's
Searing solar winds,
His fierce borealis crown blows hot,
Against her gentle shores licked lightly by
Her ever-rising tides.

To the end of the Earth
She will spin until she dies,
Listen to her dying breath,
A quiet, darkening wind
Softly creeps across blue
Skies, white clouds keep
Poisonous secrets
As they pass us
Bye
To the End of the Earth

DE RIGUEUR MORTIS

By Aaron Grierson

Good folks, did you know you have funerary rights?
We may not all die how we want, but we can thrive
how we wish in the great beyond, classy, sassy
or just a bit chappy, look no further than our
custom inventory of death-done-you-part wares.

De Rigueur handles all funerary dress needs.
We even have options for your breathing stiff. No,
That's not just a tag line—we'll price and bag it too!
Graveside delivery available by hearse
any time, any line, for all you expired spooks:

Starched shirts and suits, with velvet-lined coffins for the
blood-suckers, from Drac to the founding fathers, who
live off the people, for themselves, or perhaps you
feel dogged or bogged by strange weather—our fine furs
will flatter even the most voracious werewolf.

Dad never looked more goth—John, a first-time client

For those closer to the veil we offer very
gently used cheesecloth in dynamic styles—it cleans
spirits, now with a free séance, should someone hide
their unfinished business, keeping your loved ones from
eternal sleep, even once the wake is finished.

For the traditional, we offer to make your
grandma proud! Ranging from Valid Victorian
garb to elegant wraps, headdresses or blazers,
we keep tradition alive and looking good when
the people don't, remaining formaldehyde free!

It doesn't have to be your grandma, either! It could
be someone else's, or the victim of horror

movie wannabes, slashing, splashing, and burning
their way across the nation—we'll bag even the
token remains in vogue, certain to leave your mark.

De Rigueur helped me bury my kids in style—Liz

We'll even tailor to your seasonal needs, be
that a suit for old Saint Nick, some cobweb threads for
Hallow's Eve, even a wish to rise from the dead
of winter with our spring line, featuring every
color of the rainbow, no matter how Holi.

With all your needs met, you can lay your dead to rest
in peace, confident they'll wade into the beyond
dressed incomparably by *De Rigueur Mortis*.
Top quality, dead giveaway prices—a brand
ahead of its time that works to earn your business!

FINAL FARE

By Colleen Anderson

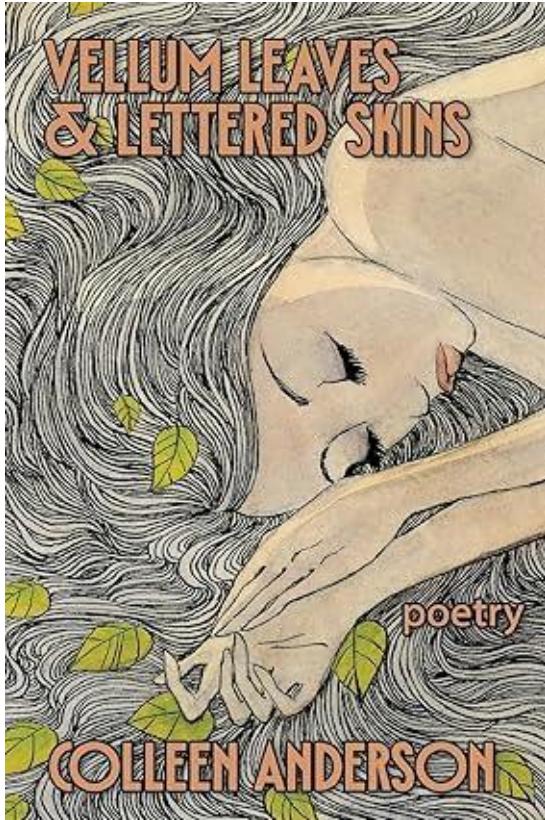
metal coins from every land
placed on vacant eyes
pressing shut the silent mouth
they will carry you across the Styx
their worth, the weight of every word

the price for all life stories
etched on every common tongue

VELLUM LEAVES AND LETTERED SKINS

By Colleen Anderson

As reviewed by Rhea E. Rose



Colleen Anderson's *Vellum Leaves and Lettered Skins* was published 29 July 2025. Be assured, this volume of fairy tale and myth-influenced poetry is a deliciously complex interpretation of the Rapunzel story. The collection reads very much like a novel written in verse.

The title of the collection comes from the book's poem "Leaves... These vellum leaves and lettered skins, whisper of other lives..." Here, the narrator talks about her books, which immerse her in other worlds as she lives locked in her tower.

The narrator's hair is a dual instrument in the poem "Locks" because it functions as a toy and an imprisonment system that people use for climbing and controlling purposes.

Anderson presents birth's physical aspects in "Labour" without hesitation by depicting the speaker's transformation through a raw, vivid survival experience.

These poems examine isolation and identity, transformation and motherhood from the point of view of a single narrator who is at once Rapunzel, Medusa, Godiva, and other mythical females (and a few males) with hair as the symbolic thread. The long hair of the narrator functions as a recurring motif that is both a bond with others and a weight. It also sometimes serves as a tool to measure personal development.

Anderson demonstrates exceptional skill in linking personal development to natural elements through the poems “Weeds” and “Seeds” which use a garden sprout analogy and a daisy falling to explore themes of possibility and fear. The collection demonstrates that change brings both suffering and essential development.

While there are several standout poems in this collection, my favourite is “Vegetable Love,” which seems to riff on the poem “To His Coy Mistress” by Andrew Marvell and his line, “My vegetable love should grow.” Still, Anderson’s poem takes love to a wild, organic-consuming place overrun with roots and fruits. It is not quiet and consuming but messy, physical, and somewhat parasitic.

The fairy tale and myth-inspired collection *Vellum Leaves and Lettered Skins* presents a deep exploration of personal development through experiences of isolation and loss and connection with others, demonstrating exceptional speculative poetry by uniting fantasy components with authentic emotional experiences.

You can purchase it here: < [Vellum Leaves and Lettered Skins](#) >

CATS AND DOGS IN SPACE

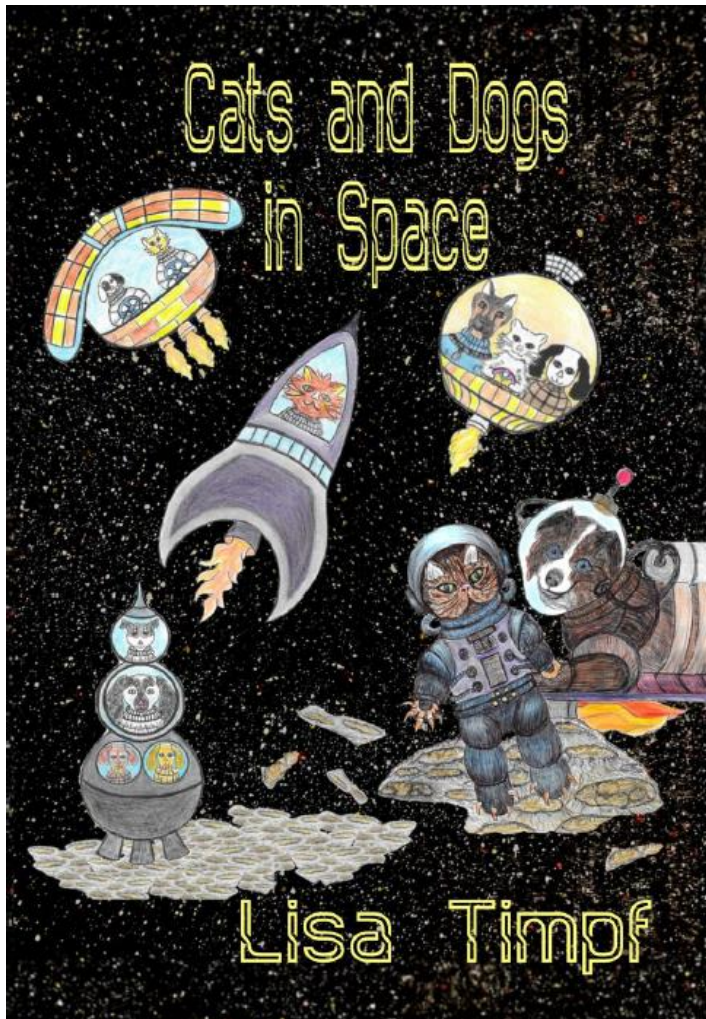
By Lisa Timpf

As reviewed by Rhea E. Rose

I got the book a little while ago and was waiting for a quiet night to start reading. I loved it. It’s reverent and healing and permitted me to feel all my love and sentiment for the cats—and the few dogs—I’ve ever lived with. Reading it felt like a big cuddle with every animal companion I’ve ever known.

I’ve been slightly annoyed with my cat, Beerus—Mr. B, for short—but the poetry in this collection has made me feel softer toward my beautiful beast. The cover design by Marcia A. Borell is whimsical and fun, featuring cartoon dogs and cats floating in space. The interior artwork, black and white sketch

portraits by Teri Santitoro (editor of Scifaikuest magazine), brings these cats and dogs to life, perfectly complementing the poems.



If you've ever been adopted by a cat, a dog, or several of each, I guarantee this collection will bring a tear to your eye as memories of beloved companions flood in. But don't get me wrong—this collection isn't all sentiment. It's funny, smart, and deeply reverent.

The poems are grouped into four sections: *From the Headlines: Poems Sparked by News Stories*, *Legendary: Riffing on Myth, Legend and Folklore*, *The Great Hereafter*, and *Cats and Dogs of the Future*. I'll mention a favourite from each section—though it's hard to choose because while the styles are eclectic, every poem reveals something tender or profound about what it means to be a cat, a dog, or a human. We're all part of

the same pack, clowder, or crew.

From the Headlines, one standout is “The Cats Have Their Say (A response from a feline viewpoint to the previous poem),” the previous poem being “For Laika, The First Dog In Space.” When reading the former, my mind went straight to *Lady and the Tramp* and the scene with the Siamese cats! Full disclosure: I'm a cat person. I love dogs, but I'll always pick a kitty if I can only have one or the other. So it's no surprise “The Cats Have Their Say” is one of my favourites.

From *The Great Hereafter*, the poem “Over the Rainbow” is a quiet, reflective ode to our deep connection with our animal companions—even after they're gone.

From *Cats and Dogs of the Future*, I must give a shout-out to “The Sand Dogs of Mars,” which I was honoured to publish in Polar Starlight #12. It imagines the discovery of an unexpected kind of life on Mars—one with wagging tails.

Finally, I recommend reading all of the poems from *Legendary: Riffing on Myth, Legend and Folklore*. It’s a short section, but the final poem, “The Last Dog,” delivers a powerful message about the dissolution of a primordial bond.

Reading Lisa Timpf’s *Cats and Dogs in Space* is almost as good as curling up with your own furry companion. Almost.

You can purchase it here: < [Cats and Dogs in Space](#) >

ABOUT THE POETS AND ARTIST

Colleen Anderson

Multiple award-nominated and award-winning author Colleen Anderson has been widely published across seven countries, with works appearing in publications such as *Weird Tales*, *Cemetery Dance*, *Amazing*, and the award-winning *Shadow Atlas*. She is a Rhysling Award winner for “Machine (r)Evolution” and a two-time winner of the SFPA’s dwarf poetry contest. Based in Vancouver, BC, she has been a Canada Council, BC Arts Council and Ladies of Horror Fiction grant recipient. Her poetry collections include [The Lore of Inscrutable Dreams](#), [I Dreamed a World](#), and [Weird Worlds](#), as well as fiction collections [A Body of Work](#) and *Embers Amongst the Fallen*—all of which are available online. [Vellum Leaves and Lettered Skins](#) is her fourth poetry collection, published by Raw Dog Screaming Press.

www.colleenanderson.wordpress.com

Karen Bingley

To quote Karen: “I am a white, severely disabled woman. I learned of Pat because he helped me, did odds jobs that I can no longer do for myself. I helped Pat discover the truth. Being white does not exclude me from learning past secrets, meant to marginalize. The truth is still the truth even if it reflects poorly upon a society that involves me.

“The path to learning was lengthy, cumbersome and made more difficult by a government intent upon shielding the truth. The Sixties Scoop has had a devastating effect on indigenous people. The shame reflects upon all Canadians, including me. I am proud to have helped him, ever a believer that we need to be concerned for one another, that we are placed upon this earth to do good.

“Together, an indigenous male victim of the Sixties Scoop and a white disabled woman discovered the truth of horrors and lies of the past.

“The intent of the poem is to help raise awareness of the Sixties Scoop, its harm, and the resilience of people in the face of adversity. We, as people, are stronger when we work as one.”

Lily Blaze

Lily is an author and a former graphic designer. She’s lived in four Canadian cities, enjoyed many adventures across North America, then settled in the Prairies.

After developing disability, Lily’s focus has changed, and now she dedicates her time to a writing career. Her story “The Lonely Mr. Fish” was published in *Polar Borealis Magazine* (#7, Oct/Nov 2018).

Website: <https://www.lilyblaze.art/>

Heath Bleau

Heath is a Canadian Permanent Resident married to a Canadian Citizen. They live in Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. A photographer and poet, he draws his inspiration from the beauty and horror of nature, science, and societal issues. His work explores themes of mental illness, intimacy, and the darker side of the human condition.

Greg Fewer

Greg originally hails from Montréal, Québec, Canada. His speculative fiction and poetry have appeared in (among other places): *Cuento Magazine*, *Lovecraftiana*, *Monsters: A Dark Drabbles Anthology*, *Page & Spine*, *Polar Borealis*, *Polar Starlight*, *Scifaikuest*, *Star*Line*, *The Nafallen University Course Catalogue*, *The Sirens Call*, *Utopia Science Fiction*, and *Worth 1,000 Words: 101 Flash Science Fiction Stories by 101 Authors*. He has twice been a Dwarf Stars finalist (2021, 2023).

Aaron Grierson

Since completing his undergrad from McMaster University in English Literature and History, Aaron Grierson (he/him) has continued striving to be a published storyteller and poet while exploring the world, especially through society's extensive merging with technology. He is a First Reader for *Flash Fiction Online* and former Senior Articles Editor at *The Missing Slate*. Always hungry for more literature, references and puns inevitably sneak into his musings. Previous publications appear in *The Missing Slate*, *Marisa's Recurring Nightmares*, and are forthcoming in *Polar Borealis* and *Polar Starlight*.

James Grotkowski

James is a native northern Albertan who now calls Calgary home. He holds a degree in geology and presently works in IT systems development for the aviation industry. He is a long-time member of the World Haiku Club with dozens of his poems included in its published reviews with another dozen haiku offered in releases of *Polar Borealis* and *Polar Starlight*. James has begun his short story writing endeavours with a couple of works having been published in *The Enigma Front: "Onward" and "The Stories We Hide"* anthologies and with another couple in *Polar Borealis* #21 and #26. Humans are in short supply in James' works, if you read them be prepared to fly far off-world. A collection of his short stories and a book of poetry are on the way.

Guy Immega

Guy is a retired aerospace engineer. His company, Kinetic Sciences Inc., built autonomous robots for the space station, robots to clean up nuclear waste, and patented miniature fingerprint sensors. He served in the Peace Corps in Africa and vaccinated nomads in the Sahel against smallpox. In 2018, he presented an invited paper at a conference in Abuja, Nigeria on an engineering plan to save Lake Chad in the Sahara.

Guy is currently working on a scheme to counteract global warming with solar sailing mirrors in the L1 region of space between the Earth and Sun. See his website: www.planet-cooling.com.

Guy's hard SF debut novel, *Super-Earth Mother*, published by EDGE SF&F (Calgary), is now available from all online booksellers, and in bookstores.

Sandra Kasturi

Sandra is a mixed-race editor, poet, writer, and book reviewer. Her work has been published in various places, including *The New Quarterly*, *Rattle*, *CNQ*, *Prairie Fire*, *ARC Magazine*, *Taddle Creek*, and *80!*

Memories & Reflections on Ursula K. Le Guin. Her two poetry collections are: *The Animal Bridegroom* and *Come Late to the Love of Birds*. She was a finalist for the National Poetry Series in 2024.

Michèle Laframboise

Michèle feeds coffee grounds to her garden plants, runs long distances and writes full-time in Mississauga, Ontario.

Fascinated by sciences and nature since she could walk, she studied geography and engineering, but two recessions and her own social awkwardness kept the plush desk jobs away. Instead, she did a string of odd jobs to sustain her budding family: some quite dangerous, others quite tedious, all of them sources of inspiration.

Michèle now has about 20 novels out and over 80 short stories in French and English, earning various distinctions in Canada and Europe. She won a 2023 Trillium Award for, *Le Secret de Paloma* (David, 2021) a SF novel that deals with teen angst and grief on a remote, hostile world. Her latest novel, *Rose du desert*, David, 2023) follows a very pessimistic heroine on the autism spectrum.

You can stop by at her website michele-laframboise.com to get a taste of her fiction!

Derek Newman-Stille

Derek (they/them) is a Queer, Nonbinary, Disabled, Fat, Femme settler Canadian (Turtle Island) author, poet, academic, editor, visual artist, and activist. They are the 9-time Aurora Award-winning creator of the digital humanities site “Speculating Canada” and the associated radio show. They frequently use fantasy and science fiction as a means of elucidating possibilities and potentials, reimagining the way that we situate identities and ideas. Derek has published poetry in fora such as *Fat Studies In Canada*:

(Re)Mapping The Field (Inanna) and *Whispers Between Fairies* (Renaissance Press), performed and published poetry for Artsweek Peterborough's SHIFT: Post-Code Tour, and performed poetry for Peterborough's Arts Ability: Taking the Stage.

In addition, Derek has published short fiction in *Dark Waters* (Poise and Pen Publishing), and *Nothing Without Us* (Renaissance Press). They have edited the collections *Over the Rainbow: Folk and Fairy Tales from the Margins* (Exile), and *We Shall Be Monsters* (Renaissance Press). Additionally, they and Nathan Frechette co-published their collection of short fiction *Whispers Between Fairies* (Renaissance Press).

Irena Nikolova

Irena began her life as a poet when she developed an obsession with the poetry of the English Romantics P. B. Shelley and J. Keats. This obsession brought her from Sofia, Bulgaria to the continent of North America where she pursued her graduate studies in Romanticism at Eastern Illinois University in Charleston, Illinois, and Western University in London, Ontario.

She has taught British Romantic poetry, Science Fiction, Speculative Fiction and other literature courses at the University of Sofia, Western University, and the University of Ottawa. She has written about the symbolic imagination of Wordsworth and Romantic representation in Shelley and Keats.

Irena is an active member of the Algonquin Square Table, a poetry circle created by Prof. A. F. Moritz at the University of Toronto and chaired for many years by Carolyn Clink.

Irena's poems have appeared in *Polar Starlight*, *Polar Borealis*, *Qwerty*, and *Poetry Pause* of the League of Canadian Poets.

Rhea E. Rose

Rhea has published many speculative short fiction stories and poems. She is a four-time Canadian Aurora Award Nominee, a Rhysling nominee, and recipient of several Ellen Datlow honourable mentions. She was the featured author in a recent issue of *Pulp Literature*. She is an active member of HWA, SF Canada and SFPA and is the editor of *Polar Starlight*, an online magazine of speculative poetry by Canadian authors. Her latest short story appeared in *Polar Borealis Magazine*'s 2025 issue #35.

Website: www.byrhearose.com
(sign up for her newsletter)

Lynne Sargent

Lynne is a queer writer, aerialist, and holds a Ph.D. in Applied Philosophy. They are the poetry editor at Utopia Science Fiction magazine. Their work has been nominated for Rhysling, Elgin, and Aurora Awards, and has appeared in venues such as *Augur Magazine*, *Strange Horizons*, and *Analog*. Their work has also been supported through the Ontario Arts Council. To find out more visit them at scribbledshadows.wordpress.com.

Lisa Timpf

Lisa is a retired HR and communications professional who lives in Simcoe, Ontario. When not writing, she enjoys bird watching, vegetable gardening, and walking her cocker spaniel/Jack Russel mix Chet. Her speculative poetry has appeared in *New Myths*, *Star*Line*, *Triangulation: Seven-Day Weekend*, *Eye to the Telescope*, and other venues. Her collection of speculative haibun poetry, *In Days to Come*, is available from Hiraeth Publishing. You can find out more about Lisa's writing projects at <http://lisatimpf.blogspot.com/>.

Hayden Trenholm

Hayden Trenholm is an award-winning editor, playwright, novelist and short story writer. His first novel, *A Circle of Birds*, won the 3-Day Novel Writing competition; it was translated and published in French. Each book in his trilogy, *The Steele Chronicles*, was nominated for an Aurora Award. *Stealing Home*, the third book, was a finalist for the Sunburst Award. Hayden has won five Aurora Awards—thrice for short fiction and twice for editing. He purchased Bundoran Press in 2012 and is its managing editor. He lives in Ottawa with his wife and fellow writer, Liz Westbrook-Trenholm.

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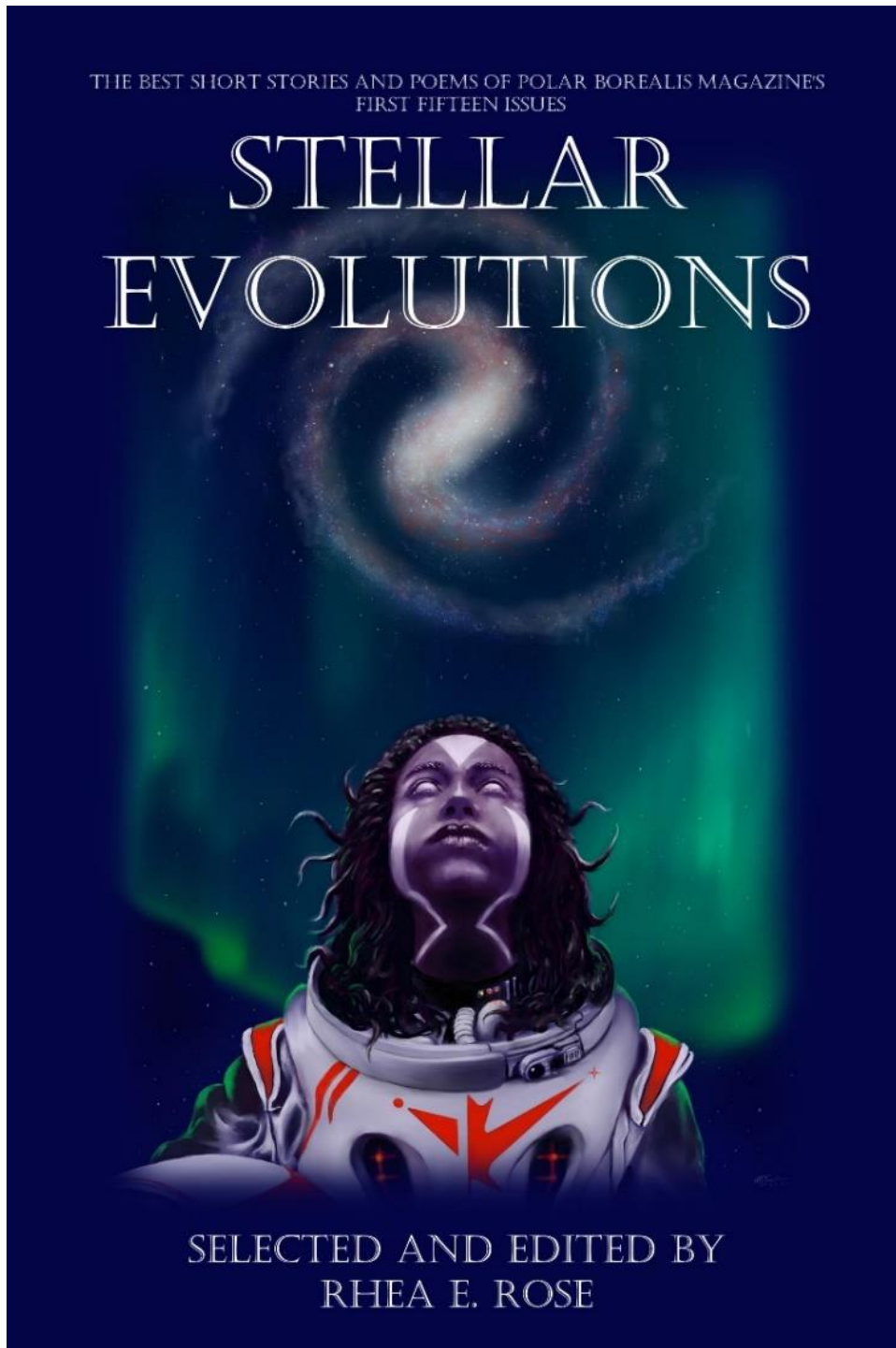
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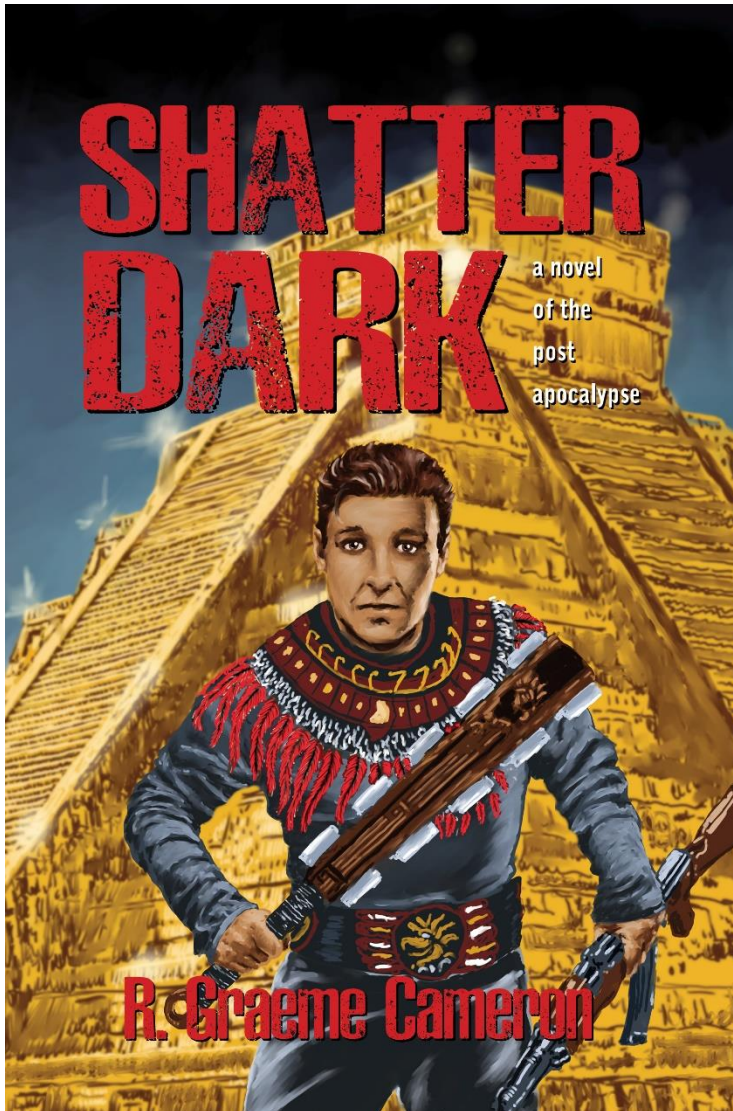
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