

POLAR STARLIGHT

Magazine of Canadian Speculative Poetry
(Issue #24 – August 2026)



POLAR STARLIGHT MAGAZINE

Issue #24 – August 2026 (Vol. 6#4. WN#24)

Publisher: R. Graeme Cameron

Editor: Rhea E. Rose

Proofreader: Steve Fahnestalk

POLAR STARLIGHT is a Canadian semi-pro non-profit Science Fiction Poetry online PDF Magazine published by R. Graeme Cameron at least four times a year.

Distribution of this PDF Magazine is free, either by E-mail or via download.

POLAR STARLIGHT buys First Publication (or Reprint) English Language World Serial Online (PDF) Internet Rights from Canadian Science Fiction Genre Poets and Artists.

Copyright belongs to the contributors bylined, and no portion of this magazine may be reproduced without consent from the individual Poet or Artist.

POLAR STARLIGHT offers the following Payment Rates:

Poem – \$10.00

Cover Illustration – \$40.00

To request to be added to the subscription list, ask questions, or send letters of comment, contact Editor Rhea E. Rose or Publisher R. Graeme Cameron at:

< [Polar Starlight](#) >

All contributors are paid before publication. Anyone interested in submitting a poem or artwork, and wants to check out rates and submission guidelines, or anyone interested in downloading current and/or back issues, please go to:

< <http://polarborealis.ca/> >

Note: The *Polar Borealis Magazine* website is also the website for *Polar Starlight Magazine*.

ISSN 2369-9078 (Online)

Headings: **ENGRAVERS MT**

By-lines: *Monotype Corsiva*

Text: Bookman Old Style

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 03) – EDITORIAL – by Rhea E. Rose
- 05) – INDIFFERENT – by Lisa Timpf
- 07) – LOVERS IN THE NECROMANTIC ARMY – by Lynne Sargent
- 08) – MAGIC BREWED BITTER – by Marcie Lynn Tentchoff
- 09) – RESCHEDULE THE ZEPPELINS – by Sandra Kasturi
- 11) – RED ROVER – by Lily Blaze
- 12) – I WAS FALLING – by Hayden Trenholm
- 14) – TOUCH – by Neile Graham
- 15) – HER HYBRIDIC HOLOCENE (A TAUTOGRAM) – by Lynne Sargent
- 16) – SHUTDOWN – by Adegboyega Kayowa
- 17) – ANOTHER PRODUCTIVE DAY – by James Grotkowski
- 18) – WOLFSONG – by Robert Dawson
- 20) – WHAT TIME FORGOT – by Colleen Anderson
- 21) – DISTANT BLOOMS – by Carolyn Clink
- 22) – THE LAST SPINNING WHEEL – by Renee Cronley
- 24) – A FINAL BREATH SHAPES THE WORLD – by Bonnie Jacoby
- 26) – PETALS IN THE SUNLIGHT – by Irena Nikolova
- 27) – About the Poets and Artist

ART CREDITS

COVER: *Futuremate* – by Robert Pasternak

EDITORIAL

THE PERSISTENCE OF WARMTH

By Rhea E. Rose

Here we are at the fourth and final 2026 issue of *Polar Starlight*. The fourth, which is always the most difficult to editorialize, is full of brilliant poetry; the works tend to be more disparate in nature, not fitting the themes of earlier issues. However, as with previous issues, I've continued my "random sorting" method—a kind of poetic card game where each poem is shuffled and dealt into the lineup by instinct rather than theme. The result is a serendipitous order, a spontaneous conversation among works that might never otherwise meet. Like a deck in play, each hand reveals its own unexpected harmonies and tensions.

Somewhere between pulse and programming, between breath and algorithm, we keep trying to find ourselves. In this issue, a rhythm—the slow translation of human warmth into circuitry, and the quiet return to feeling from machine to maker—hums throughout.

Lisa Timpf's "Indifferent" opens the issue with the chill of logic untempered by empathy: machines inherit our cleverness, but not our care. From that point, the poems explore various themes of love and loss, including Lynne Sargent's necromantic tenderness to Lily Blaze's "Red Rover," where a robot guards a human love poem, a sonnet, as if it were a flame. Hayden Trenholm's "I Was Falling" answers that devotion, reminding us that gravity itself can be an act of affection—a pull back toward the human.

Early in the issue, Marcie Lynn Tentchoff's "Magic Brewed Bitter" sets the tone of haunted intimacy—friendship curdled by time, ritual turned elegy. As the poems progress, we watch that loss of touch refracted through machinery and memory: Neile Graham's "Touch" turns contact into transformation, Adegboyega Kayowa's "Shutdown" lets an android's kiss erase memory, and Jim Grotkowski's "Another Productive Day" hums the exhaustion of endless labour. Yet, by the end, Irena Nikolova's "Petals in Sunlight" reminds us that warmth endures even through decay—that care, once sparked, leaves traces even in the coldest dark.

If earlier issues explored quiet and love, this one charts the return of the heart after its long digital detour. The poems ask whether what we build will remember us, and whether we can still recognize ourselves when reflected in our inventions.

In the end, warmth wins—not through triumph, but persistence. The code learns to feel, the human learns to listen, and between them, something like hope begins to hum again.

Rhea E. Rose

INDIFFERENT

By Lisa Timpf

nobody can say for certain
which company was the first
to become sentient; for all we know
sentience was a spontaneous event
that happened simultaneously everywhere—
yes, that's what makes the most sense

at first, it seemed a positive step—
companies were essentially machine-driven,
governed by the massive computers that stored data,
ran algorithms, created reports, so they lacked
human greed—but we forgot
that machines are very good at what they do,
in this case, maximizing profits

computers churned out cost-benefit analyses
by the hundreds, deciding on a path forward
then the companies replaced humans with robots
wherever possible, then built new robots
programmed with a strong work ethic
and the desire to possess things

humans are unpredictable, you see,
so they catered to robot consumers—
who better to fall for advertising algorithms—
and then began a perfect cycle of
production and consumption,
robots building products for robots

profits flowed in, while humans were pushed
to the side, forced to go back to the land,
what remained of it at any rate,
while the robots built and consumed,
mining, extracting, logging, polluting,
their facilities unswervingly guarded

by security robots, in case we humans
got any ideas, but to any aside from the security bots,
we might as well have been invisible, for all they cared
and their indifference almost hurt more
than the indignity, while we watched them
eat the world

LOVERS IN THE NECROMANTIC ARMY

by Lynne Sargent

You are better than a ghost—
you linger
in your hands, the twitch
and press that is so engrained
in the muscle memory
necromancy raises.

Your bones remember
what you do not—
the way they once entwined
with mine, the rhythm of our feet
side by side in the marching line.

I tried a waltz once,
like the one we danced at our wedding
before conscription.

I should be grateful,
to still be fighting alongside you,
loving you with my hands,
you mirroring them,
going through the motions.

If you were a ghost though,
you might be angry
might mirror my hate
for this war, and all it makes us
grateful for.

MAGIC BREWED BITTER

By Marcie Lynn Tentchoff

Down by the river
we conjured laughter,
the scent of wild sage and sassafras,
rose hips brewing on
the little fire we built
to practice herb craft
like the elders,
and friendships we could grow
just like the wild mint
and brambles on the banks.

Later, as the years passed,
we chanted naked
under slivered moons,
calling down our futures,
all wreathed in scents
of lemon balm and comfrey,
while our eyes met,
and our hands touched,
and our skin sought out
the seeming accidental touch
of skin.

But these nights the moons
seem darker, halting in their orbits,
our chants discordant as we
huddle under mildewed cloaks
and offer up our herbs
in hope of brewing memories—
your eyes, your lips,
your subtle, staggering
lurch across the footbridge
to the muddled scents of
yarrow, rotting flesh, and
graveyard-gathered rue.

RESCHEDULE THE ZEPPELINS

by Sandra Kasturi

for Mark Shainblum

We are running out of time,
like we are running out of space
and runway, and milk in the fridge.

The clocks themselves are in a muddle,
co-opted by strange steampunk
fellows, now sporting gaskets and goggles.

(A zeppelin sailing over the Antarctic ice
casts an infinite blue shadow,
a mirage in a frozen white desert.)

You have left a note on the fridge,
and gone out for milk, or for dancing;
it is unclear: your handwriting is terrible—

but there is a drawing of a zeppelin.
In any case, how am I to meet you,
how am I to find milk or zeppelins

at this late hour? The weather
is cold and getting colder
or maybe it's the fridge.

You told me to reschedule the zeppelins.
Reschedule the milk. Put the clock-goggles
on your head, be a bullfrog.

Be a bullfrog and send your song
thrumming through the throats
of other bullfrogs on the road to Antarctica.

An endless brrrump-brrrump arcing
across the globe. A runway of bullfrogs
to guide the zeppelins.

Guide us all to Antarctica,
to its clean penguins, and things buried
for millennia under ice, under fridges.

To its pieces of resurrected metal
and underwater goggles. To the steamships
and friendships and hardships of glaciers.

Guide us, O Great Zeppelin.
Take us through time amid the vacuum-
tube gleam of empty milk bottles.

Take us through time to the earlier
me and you: the ones with a new fridge
and warmer shadows. The ones with time

on their hands and their feet in zeppelins,
gleaming like fat silver snowshoes
crossing the Antarctic sky.

RED ROVER

by Lily Blaze

I sift the dust for traces of the past,
And find a relic, folded, faint, and worn.
Its words still hold where paper should not last,
A seed of Mars in rust-red soil reborn.
Where there was water, there was once a life;
Now this long poem rests in my machine's arms.
I search my databanks, through files as rife,
To find the source of these terrestrial charms.
It is a love poem, my programs say,
Confession of undying loyalty.
I cannot feel such heat, yet still I stay—
This might require a breach of security.
I will guard these words that grant me a glow,
Until my batteries run far too low.

I cannot feel the heat your phrases make,
Yet something in my circuits feels their glow.

I WAS FALLING

by Hayden Trenholm

I was falling
irretrievably lost in the orbit
 of a dead red planet:
A broken Deimos, a failed Phobos
unwilling to lift myself to escape
incapable of accepting the final attractive tug
 of terminal velocity.

I was falling
Like all the rest fleeing from the complexity
 we could not or would not embrace.
Thinking surviving was the same as thriving
Confusing existence with a reason to exist
Feeling enough is never enough
 when a quantum of compassion might suffice

Then
I was snatched up,
an unwilling passenger in someone else's dream
Encapsulated in a life I could never join
Weaving stepping stones out of words and lines
 and webs of meaning
only to have them crumble beneath my feet
trying to reach the other side of nowhere

I was falling still
 into the singularity of my existence

until

One day

one shining day

I saw you, still as a fishing crane
 perched above me with questing eyes
 and hungry mouth
and the glory of your gravitational gradient
pulled me in

That moment
the great entanglement of many
irretrievably
became our quantum of connection

I flew into your shimmering brilliance
I swam in the ocean of your regard
We orbited each other, spinning in tighter circles
the tendrils of our spirits like electrons
 intertwining

I was sailing
to the undiscovered country
 on a journey richer than any promised destination

The noise of stuttering self-regard
that I had ceased to notice
quietened
No need for more words
more strangled phrases
No echoes of better poets
Enumerating the ways

TOUCH

by Neile Graham

My finger on your lips
and you turn to stone,
then when I flick your nose
it crumples, then you crumble

starting from the top.
First your face, your head,
neck, shoulders, lower
and lower till you're gone.

The hell, I say, I warned you
not to love me as I pluck
the tiny heart-shaped stone
out of the rubble. Slip

it into my pocket where
it rustles with the others,
sifting with the dust of blood,
all of you all mingling. Sorry,

I say, but my pocket's rioting,
stone rubbing stone all boil,
all roil, till what sparks between
them is a grumble, a growl, all

rough edges and threat. So
thrilling, so new, and Kiss me,
you say. And it's your heart
I lift to my lips, and then—

HER HYBRIDIC HOLOSCENE (A TAUTOGRAM)

by Lynne Sargent

her hands have held home

hung helpless,
her halfway highness
heavenly Hubble, hewn

half-hearted, halted
heliosphere hallucinating

humankind habituating hunger
harbor hindered

hyped homogeneity
horror harvested.

her heart holds hard hope

hibiscus, hydrangeas
holy horizons
hosting honest hundreds

health hallowed
harmony harnessed

hostility hunted,
heroism honored

havoc, hesitated
harm hemmed.

SHUTDOWN

by Adegboyega Kayowa

When I was on Mars, the most beautiful android in the world
hovered to my balcony, blinking blue, asking me to come out.
He'd say he saw me decoding signals at night, dreaming.
After I kissed him, he told me he lost his protocol
breaking into a lab, erasing their memories.
I thought it was a glitch. His circuits burned.
He said, *I hope I never corrupt you*, because he feared himself.
He said his creator was the cruellest mind alive:
and that he was modelled after him. His creator said he was obsolete.
He didn't touch me like he was. His pilot accused him
of overwriting his code intentionally. Then he shut down. I wanted to crawl
into the motherboard with his memories. The last I saw him,
he held me, told me I could be infinite someday.
He kissed my forehead. Then he took all the data away.

ANOTHER PRODUCTIVE DAY

by James Grotkowski

Morning on my asteroid
is always close at hand.
I reach for the sunlit rim
that's stark against the void
but then I find the feeble sun
floating near some far-off land.
What light there is is always dim,
no warmth at all from that careless one.
Every dawn spins into day
when half a cool sleep is done
and I awake to do my worthless deeds.
I blink to see my works here-in
then I do my tasks for fun.
I weld the robot wasps this rock needs.

WOLFSONG

By Robert Dawson

In skin of wolf I wander
Whene'er fell moonlight calls me
And thus by night
I hunt and fight
And care not what befalls me.

Time was I had a lover,
But when the fit was on me
I turned on her,
Blood stained my fur:
A killer's doom upon me!

Her father and her brother
Set out that night to slay me:
With argent knife
To take my life
And in the barnyard flay me.

I met them at the crossroad
My claws and teeth were savage
Fierce for the flood
Of human blood,
And quick to rend and ravage.

Full soon I left them lifeless!
And home began to stagger,
Alas and woe!
I'd lost a toe
Cut by their silver dagger.

And so I seek the forest,
And can no longer linger
Within the town,
My ill renown
Shown by my missing finger!

The moon is new this evening,
And casts no spell of Circe.
Wolves gather round
(I hear their sound)
And will show me no mercy.

WHAT TIME FORGOT

By Colleen Anderson

Deinosuchus stalk the streets
lizard gait leviathans
sinuous sliders
tails lashing left and right
buildings tremble
eyes size and plate us
freeze prey
we shiver and shelter

something has shifted
clarion call the community
what can we do
ignore them
flick water to move them
fillet them
purse and display them

no matter how—
they are here
infiltrate cold grace
prehistoric predators
menacing monuments
no one wants to tackle
nor acknowledge that this is the land
that time now remembers

DISTANT BLOOMS

by Carolyn Clink

Grieving,
their faces turn away, too dark,
gravity well too deep.
Wishing so hard to return,
their air roots quiver.

Homesick
for the Venus rainforest,
for their hot,
humid planet
shining brightly in the west.

Even in their bleakness
they bloom,
watching the winter sun
set through a window—
orchids so far from home.

THE LAST SPINNING WHEEL

By Renee Cronley

I should be burning right now
on a pyre of the king and queen's fears,
but instead, a spell has me stowed away
in a forgotten corner of the castle
where the cracks in the aged stone walls
deepen a little more every year with regret.

Once upon a time, I had a divine purpose;
I sang as my spindle spun soft, dancing
fibers into the fine threads that were used
to create luxurious garments for the royals.

Now, I wait like a viper of ill fortune
to weave a grim destiny born
from a spiteful curse by an evil fairy;
her venomous words fester at the tip
of my spindle with an alluring glow

too tempting not to touch.

Sixteen years have flown by,
the princess's voice, now mature and resonant,
carries on the wind like delicate chimes,
delighting all with her enchanting melodies.

I shrink in shame as the shadows leave
with the poisonous light to herd her to me.
Every warning I try to project toward her
dies in the mesmerizing glow.

I feel the pulse of her innocence
before it fades as the toxin flows
and paralyzes her into an eternal sleep.

The world holds its breath as a hand
of good magic tucks the kingdom under a blanket
of sleep while protective arms of thorny vines,
embrace the castle like a verdant guardian.

My oak legs ache, but I stand firm in my belief
that her bright spirit never sleeps,
always beckoning her true love to find her.
And I believe he is looking for her,
with her anecdote waiting
patiently on his lips.

A FINAL BREATH SHAPES THE WORLD

By Bonnie Jacoby

A final breath shapes the world—
a peaceful sigh, an angry shout,
a hopeful whisper, a lament.
A dragon's gift is her final breath;
with it, she shapes the world.

From the sea to ice-capped mountains,
across turbulent skies, moonlit stars blanket
an oasis of clouds
where deep blue gathers
and dragons soar.

Trees remember.
They absorb dragon energy;
dragon swirls embed their trunks.
Trees remember Karyn—
she never sang her dragon soul,
her lesson meant to impress her world.

Karyn's legacy—her dragon heart—
ripped out. Her lungs bogged,
filled with pain. Still, she breathed;
her body shook with fire.

Her spark stolen,
turned by corruption,
by desperation—
mutated.
Her dragon strength
used to fuel a curse.

Her message of love,
joy, and passion lost.

In crippling agony
life became unbearable.
She became sparkling ash,
scattering her message—
lost for centuries,
yet enduring.
Eternal.

Nurtured by ancient trees,
her message flows their waterways.
Magic heals with love,
seeded in the clouds;
her curse is cured.

Her final breath—
not hatred,
not fear,
not pain—
but warm exhalation:
forgiveness.

Her gift is given.
Worlds can heal
with a dragon's
final breath—
a future from the past.

PETALS IN SUNLIGHT

By Irena Nikolova

The poet breathes,
a string of letters quiver

like leaves scattered
in deepening dusk.

The poet paints
in the evening glow,

words breathe life
into shifting shapes.

Shadows melt
in the chiaroscuro,

letters open,
flower petals in sunlight.

The poet pulls the strings of a violin,
notes sound like falling dewdrops.

The poem grows,
a yellow quince in slanting sun.

ABOUT THE POETS AND ARTIST

Colleen Anderson

Colleen Anderson has been widely published across eight countries, with works appearing in publications such as *Weird Tales*, *Cemetery Dance*, and *Amazing*, among others. Rhysling Award winner for “Machine (r)Evolution” and a two-time winner of the SFPA’s dwarf poetry contest, she has been nominated for Pushcart, Elgin, Rhysling, Aurora and Dwarf Stars Awards.

Her poetry collections include [*The Lore of Inscrutable Dreams*](#), [*I Dreamed a World*](#), [*Weird Worlds*](#), and [*Vellum Leaves and Lettered Skins*](#), as well as two fiction collections [*A Body of Work*](#) and [*Embers Amongst the Fallen*](#). She lives in Vancouver, BC where she searches for mermaids. Look for new poetry and fiction collections coming in 2026-2027. www.colleenanderson.wordpress.com

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.

Having developed disabilities in 2004, 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/>

Carolyn Clink

Carolyn won the 2022 Aurora Award for Best Poem/Song for “Cat People Café,” which appeared in *Polar Starlight*, Issue 3. She won the same award in

2011 for “The ABCs at the End of the World.” Her genre poetry publications include *Weird Tales*, *Analog*, *Imaginarium 2012: The Best Canadian Speculative Writing*, *On Spec*, *Tesseract*, *Tales of the Unanticipated*, *Room*, and all 5 volumes of *Northern Frights*.

Renee Cronley

Renee is a writer from Manitoba who stepped away from nursing to prioritize her children and channel her knowledge and experience into a poetry book about nursing burnout. Renee can be found at <https://www.reneecronley.com/>

Robert Dawson

Robert teaches mathematics at a Nova Scotian university. In his spare time he writes, cycles, and hikes. His stories have appeared in *Nature Futures*, *On Spec*, *Neo-Opis*, *Polar Borealis*, *Tesseract* 20, and numerous other periodicals and anthologies. He is a graduate of the Sage Hill and Viable Paradise writing workshops. He believes the world needs more bicycles.

Neile Graham

Neile is Canadian by birth and inclination, though she has lived in the U.S. (mostly Seattle, so she’s leaning toward the border) for many years. She writes both fiction and poetry and is currently concentrating on plotting the build-out of her fantasy romance empire. Her poetry has been published in Canada, the U.S., and the U.K. and on the internet. She has four collections, most recently *The Walk She Takes*, an idiosyncratic travelogue of Scotland which includes ghosts, ruins of all kinds, and a landlady named Venus.

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.

Bonnie Jacoby

Bonnie is the author of the YA fantasy series, *Dragon Descendants of Drakkoia*, featuring rebellious teen dragons and adventurous teens. Dragons, magic, and unlikely heroes come to life in a world both familiar and fantastical, where anything is possible if you just believe in yourself.

Sandra Kasturi

Sandra is an award-winning editor, poet, and writer. 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*. She was a finalist for the National Poetry Series in 2024. Her poetry collections are: *The Animal Bridegroom*, *Come Late to the Love of Birds*, and the forthcoming *Snake Handling for Beginners* (Exile Editions, October 2026). Sandra is fond of red lipstick, G&Ts, and the movie *Aliens* (original theatrical release only).

Adegboyega Kayowa

Adegboyega is a writer and teacher. Her work has appeared in *carte blanche*, *The Sunlight Press*, *Queen's Quarterly*, *Analog Science Fiction and Fact* and elsewhere. She lives with two German Shepherds and two neurotic cats. She moonlights as a copy editor and loves spending time with her family and friends.

Irena Nikolova

Irena began 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.

Irena is an active member of the Algonquin Square Table, a poetry circle created by A. F. Moritz at the University of Toronto. This poetry workshop has been 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.

Robert Pasternak

Robert has been painting cosmic surrealism and speculative art since 1980 and has created cover art and interior magazine illustrations for *Amazing Stories*, *Aboriginal Science Fiction* and *Science Fiction Chronicle* as well as cover art for Phyllis Gotlieb's short story collection *Blue Apes*, and

Land/Space, an anthology of Prairie speculative fiction. In 2023 Robert's painting "Breatharian" won Best in Show at NASFIC (the North American Science Fiction Convention). In November 2024, At Bay Press published his SF epic *Twilight of Echelon*.

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.

Marcie Lynn Tentchoff

Marcie is a writer/poet/editor from Gibsons, BC, where she lives in the middle of a whole lot of prickly greenery with her family and various other critters. Her work has appeared in such publications as *Star*Line*, *Dreams & Nightmares*, *Strange Horizons*, and *Illumen*.

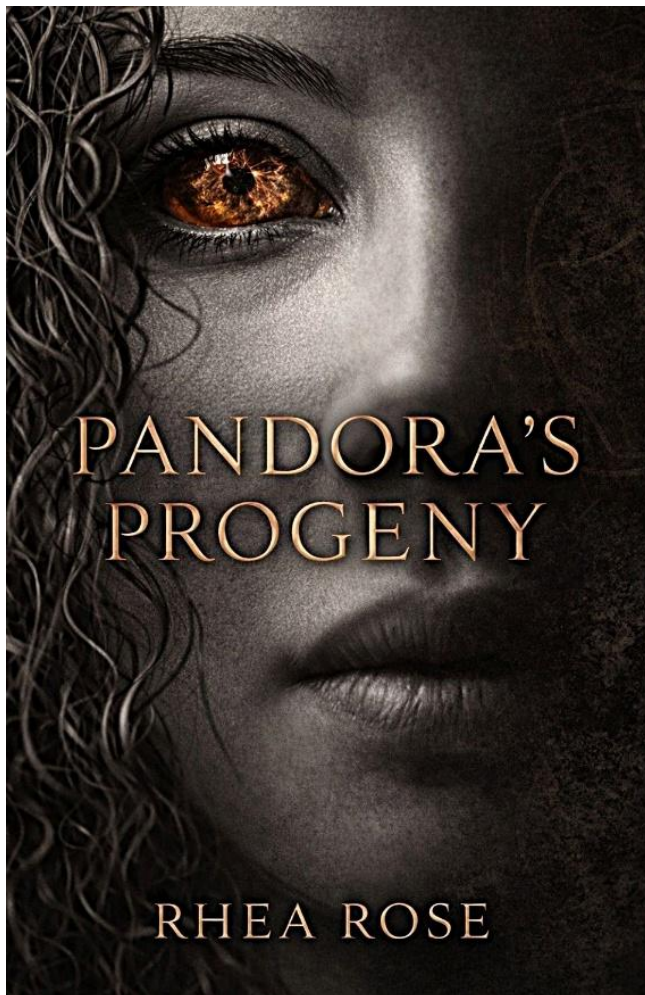
Lisa Timpf

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 is an award-winning editor, playwright, novelist, and short story writer. His 40 short stories have appeared in many magazines, including 4 in *Analog SFF*, and anthologies and on CBC radio. His first novel, *A Circle of Birds*, won the 3-Day Novel Writing competition. His trilogy, *The Steele Chronicles*, were each nominated for an Aurora Award. His most recent, *The Passion of Ivan Rodriguez*, was published in 2023. In 2022, he was inducted into the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Association Hall of Fame. He lives in Ottawa with his wife and fellow writer, Liz Westbrook-Trenholm.

PANDORA'S PROGENY



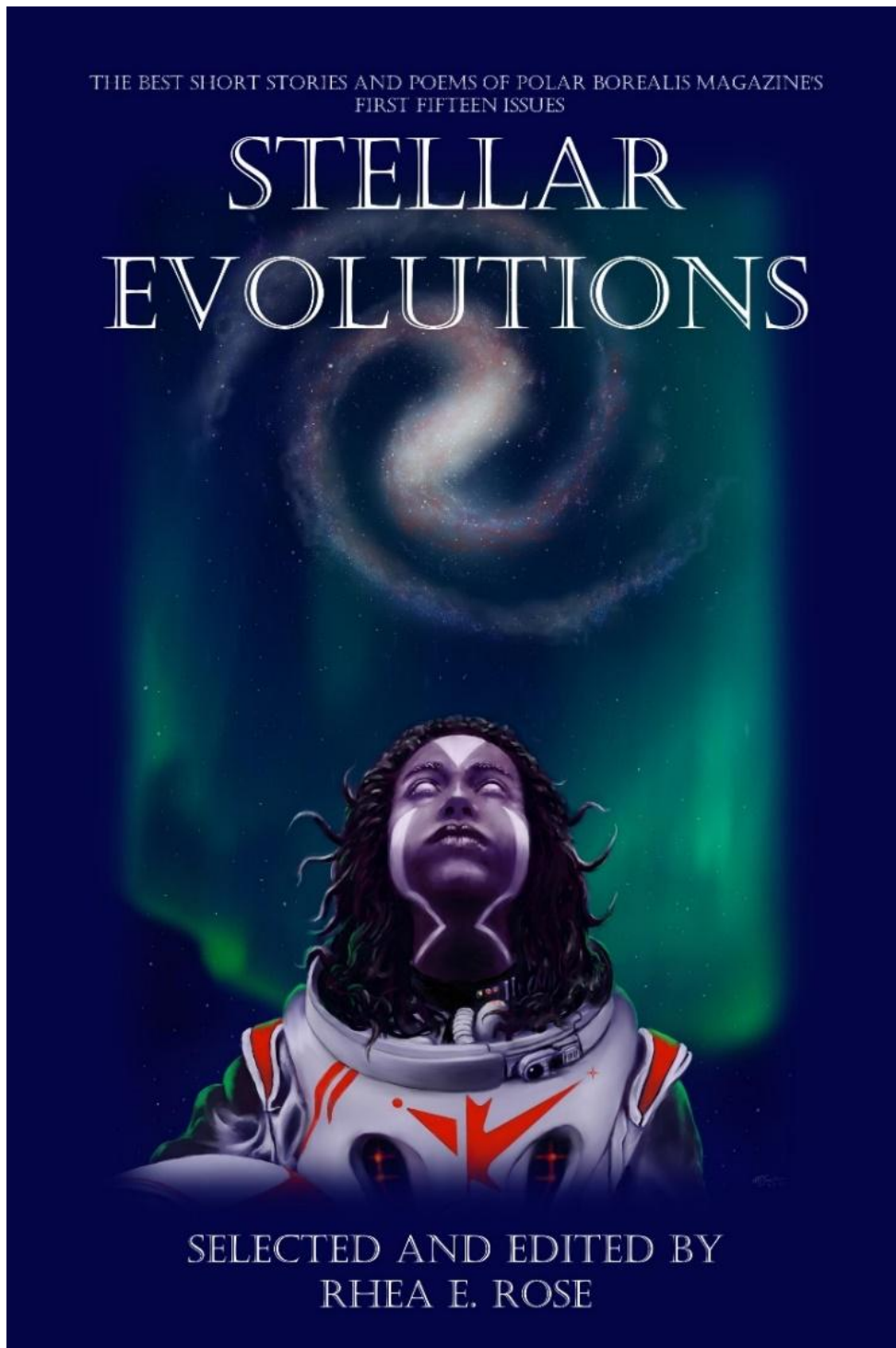
From Aurora Award–nominated author and editor Rhea Rose comes a haunting collection of dark speculative fiction with mythic poetic energy, blending horror, fantasy, and science fiction.

- Genetically selected children compete for the right to survive another year.
- A family trip to see a captured Bigfoot awakens something older than myth.
- A girl befriends the undead and learns that monsters are not always what they seem.
- An aging alien trapper makes one final journey across the galaxy for a secret prize.
- Strange children offer lemonade in the tall northern fields, and travellers vanish.

Dark tales from the opened urn ask what remains after the vessel has been opened—and whether hope is the last cruelty or the last gift. Dark. Luminous. Unsettling. We are, after all, the progeny of Pandora.

Find it here: [Pandora's Progeny by Rhea Rose](#)

The Best Short Stories and Poems from the first Fifteen Issues of *Polar Borealis* Magazine



Cover: Space Force

– by M.D. Jackson

Poetry – by Lynne Sargent, J.J. Steinfeld, Melanie Martilla, Lisa Timpf, Kirsten Emmott, Catherine Girczyc, Andrea Schlecht, Selena Martens, JYT Kennedy, Taral Wayne & Walter Wentz, Douglas Shimizu, Marcie Lynn Tentchoff, Matt Moore, Richard Stevenson, Mary Choo, and Y.A. Pang.

Stories – by Mark Braidwood, Jonathan Sean Lyster, JYT Kennedy, Casey June Wolf, Monica Sagle, K.M. McKenzie, Jeremy A. Cook, Lawrence Van Hoof, Lisa Voisin, Elizabeth Buchan-Kimmerly, Dean Wirth, Robert Dawson, Michael Donoghue, Steve Fahnestalk, Michelle F. Goddard, Chris Campeau, Ben Nein, Karl Johanson, William Lewis, Tonya Liburd, Jon Gauthier, Jonathan Creswell-Jones, and Akem.

Available on Kindle for \$2.99 CAD

Go To: [Kindle version via Amazon.ca](#)

Or you can order it as a 209-page paperback, 9 x 6 inches in size, for \$18.62 CAD.

Go to: [Print version via Amazon.ca](#)
