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MAGAZINE

A RED BICYCLE BOOKS
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2025 EDITION

A COLLECTION OF POEMS FROM MULTIPLE POETS

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CONTENTS

01 WELCOME

03 POET LIST

04-33 POEMS

34 POETRY MOVES US
2026

35 JOURNALING RESOURCES
& WRITING PROJECTS

36 AUTHOR TOOLS AND
RESOURCES



“

Whether poetry makes
your heart beat slow or
fast, have it beat with
meaning.

- VICTORIA A. WITKEWITZ

WELCOME TO

our inaugural issue of our first free poetry magazine publication, *Poetry Moves Us*. Whether you are new to poetry or have been reading poetry for a long time, we are delighted you have stopped by, with or without a red bicycle.

The collection of poems you are about to read have been carefully crafted by the voices of poets from around the globe. Let their words move you, inspire you, capture emotion, challenge you to think and reflect to explore the unknown, and perhaps, spark the pathway of passion to create your own poetry.

Remember, the most salient story you can write is your own.

Cheering for you every day.

What legacy will you leave today?



Victoria A. Witkewitz
Author & Founder
Red Bicycle Books, LLC



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THANK YOU, POETS

This year features the talent and artistry from the following poets:

IRENA GROCHOLA

SAM HENDRIAN

JULIA ANASTASIA KULCHYTSKY

MAE TOM

LINDA M. CRATE

MARY MAGNANI

SYLVA LARK

YEWANDE AKINSE

IRENA GROCHOLA

As a mother of three, I enjoy putting my thoughts and emotions in a poem. Watching my own children deal with their struggles and strengths, gives me insight of their challenges. Being romantically inclined, I also write about dreams of love.



FAITH IN YOURSELF

Do not consider being crushed
by your peers.

Rewards of self gains
abolished all fears.

Your will inside
builds your strength to fight.

Exceed in all you try
so you may take flight.

Hold onto faith, since that is
what keeps you strong.

Hope will hold you up,
so you have less wrong.

Learn and grasp all you can
to achieve your goals.

Do not lean or bend towards
any of your fouls.

PREPARE

Some can write stories
Many can sing songs
Life's tales are always
With our countless wrongs

Can we find our gird
With faith, love, or hope
World's busy strife stirred
These eerie times spoke

Must we now all brawl
To find common ground
Prepare not to fall
Refuge higher crown.

PAIN

As dark storms strike our lives
Struggling to ease piercing pains
Grasping onto hope's reigns
Praying our strength never dies

Doubt enters the crazed mind
Searching comfort through the tears
Thinking grows with all fears
Our body's pain is not kind

As days and nights are ceased
Recalling when all was calm
Awaiting our life's balm
Tormenting pains are released

Finally, some relief
The storm weakens its fury
This misery's worry
It all ends in disbelief.

SAM HENDRIAN

Sam Hendrian is a Los Angeles-based filmmaker and poet striving to foster empathy through art. Every Sunday, he writes personalized poems for passersby outside of Chevalier's Books, LA's oldest independent bookstore. You can find his poetry and film links on Instagram at [@samhendrian143](#).



DIARY OF A NURSE

15 minutes 'til my 15
Which always feels like 5
Since by the time I get to the break room
All the microwaves are occupied.

Try to hide my nicotine breath
From this lung cancer patient
Who flirts like he's back in fourth grade
Watching cooties evolve into cuteness.

Lately I've done all my lustful thinking
At the laundromat,
Waiting for my pinks and blues to dry
While ogling some slightly more despairing guy.

Wish I could take after my grandma
Floating to heaven on a cloud of delusions
But I've seen enough of hell to know
Paradise is just a Disney Channel show.

Boast a bright banner of bedside manner
Then tear it down in the bathroom,
The one place I can admit
I'm anything but fit for this life.

SHOWED PROMISE

Stumbled across the obituary at precisely 12:00,
The usual time for mid-year New Year's resolutions
As the drunkenness turns to queasiness
And the pleasure starts to sting.

26 and two days counting;
Didn't even have the glory of 27,
Just a halfway thought-out header
That read, "*Showed Promise.*"

Showed promise for what exactly?
Capitalistic success?
Perhaps a Wikipedia page
Or picture on a restaurant wall?

Anyhow, it didn't matter;
Whatever promise was shown had faded
Unless there was an accompanying suicide note
To inspire posthumous adulation.

Wandered to the cemetery the next morning,
Paid respects from a stranger
Which are sometimes sincerer
Than the rehearsed well-wishes of a friend.

Assured him he was more
Than what he had not yet become
And that what he already was
Was all he ever needed to be.

GALLON OF MILK

Downsized to a condo on the second floor
After three decades of holding out,
Unsure which was worse:
Extraneous space or a memoryless place.

The grocery store was next door,
Perfect for daily micro visits
Just as an excuse to get out of the house
For something other than an appointment.

Sauntered through the refrigerated aisle
To buy a pint of milk
Only to be brought to tears
By the adjacent gallon.

Swore she saw six pairs of eyes
Reflected on the handles
As the white substance disappeared
Faster than it had from her breasts.

Sighed then picked it up
Along with a large box of cheerios
If simply to pretend
She still had mouths to feed.

JULIA ANASTASIA KULCHYTSKY

My name is Julia Anastasia Kulchytsky, and I am 13 years old. My poetry is deeply influenced by my passion for theatre, acting and performing. I enjoy diving into my interests and expressing the emotions I experience. I also love playing the flute and piano. My family and friends contribute to my writing and atmosphere. I have a Bichon Shih tzu dog named Rosie who brings me so much joy. I am a hardworking teenager, and I hope my poetry encourages others to pursue their dreams and navigate their deepest passions!

OUTSIDE

Outside the wind blows fiercely through the naked space
Outside the tulips bloom and rejoice to the sun
Outside the towering trees move to the whimsical air
that brushes against them
Outside the birds chime their little song
As the cycle of nature keeps moving on
Outside the cycle moves till day is done for generations
to watch
For us children that like to play and run
The outside will always stay
Outside the sun screams a glow
For when it dips down below
Outside the vague cloud creates a shade
For us children who parade
Why shall the moon arise
For we must have to go inside
But there will always be tomorrow
The outside will always stay

REFLECTION

Who's that person in the mirror whose eyes sparkle so bright
The face as bold as a lion and their passion is so tight
No, you shall not coward against
For this is where you are from
Stand tall and look at the reflection of all
So different and similar in so many ways
When emotion takes over give yourself a gaze
At the reflection that is so fair
You might even break a tear
Anger, Melancholy, Joy
They are feelings we all embody
Never forget the reflection that echoes the truth
Yours truly
It is you

LOVE

The tenderness and heartache of love
It can transform into a dove
It is light as a feather
But as heavy as stone
In disguise you might never had known
As complex as it seems
It's one simple thing
Trust in yourself and what you believe
And love can appear anywhere or in anything
It just takes the right amount of heart and kindness you bring

MAE TOM

Mae Tom is a poet and silent film essayist conjuring memory, myth, and melancholy. She curates @fablesiren, a mystical poetry archive devoted to forgotten glamour and ghost-lit verse.



TULIPS

The mirror swallows my face like a pill-
bitter with truth, slick with forgetting.
I plant tulips in ash, red as bitten tongues.

TYPEWRITER

The typewriter coughs up ghosts,
each key a bone in my mouth.
I chew on vowels until they bleed.

WALLPAPER

The house breathes in gasps beside me,
its wallpaper weeping lace.
I pretend not to listen.

LINDA M. CRATE

Linda M. Crate (she/her) is a Pennsylvanian writer whose poetry, short stories, articles, and reviews have been published in a myriad of magazines both online and in print. She has twelve published chapbooks the latest being: *Searching Stained Glass Windows For An Answer* (Alien Buddha Publishing, December 2022).



WHAT GOOD IS LOVE?

is loving me
such rotten
work no one
can do it?

because sometimes
i wonder if i'm
worth it,

left alone so often
when i ache to speak;

i give everyone
love, attention, consideration,
dote on them and give
them thoughtful
gifts—

but in the end does any of it matter?

i never receive all the love
that i have to give,
and when you're no one's favorite
it gets exhausting being full of love;

wish i could be as nonchalant
and indifferent as everyone else sometimes—

because what good is
love,
if all it does it make you
ache?

I HAVE TO STAY

the daffodils are
blooming
yellow
against gray skies and snow,

i guess that i must, too;
be brave—

so i will carry on,
and do what i must through
clenched teeth;
until one day i might remember
how to smile again—

i just miss you,
and i don't know how
the world will ever be okay;

it spins madly on
but i'm lost in the memories—

why did you have to go?
i have to stay,
and all i want more than anything:
is you.

WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE EARTH

we don't own the world,
simply passing through;
as we're part of it—

we have to share the earth with
all of her creatures,

so it grieves my heart
when i see that they want to
bring in loggers where the national
parks are and sacrifice half of the
old trees;

it also enrages me that they think
profit is more important than our planet—

don't care who or what dies
as long as they can line their pockets
with money,
a man-made concept which has
caused more corruption and evil than
i have ever cared to witness or know;

all i want is clean water, clean air, a liveable
planet where we can all survive and thrive
and live our best lives;

when i look at the dandelions and the daffodils
i wonder how people can sell their souls to wickedness.

MARY MAGNANI



INEVITABLE

This death building inside me
It's all I ever wanted
Everything I asked for
While I twisted in knots
Fumbling through darkness
No light, no tunnel
Just stifling silence
and endless noise
I give up willingly
This flesh and blood
My last breath
To find peace

MAZE TO NOWHERE

Is it me or is it you
that turned me upside down?
I'm lost in this maze
an endless spinning space
Every turn takes me further away
Deeper into nowhere
Until I don't know your face
Until I have no place
Until I have no name

SYLVA LARK

Sylva Lark is a poet whose work delves into identity, memory, and the shifting self. Her writing blends introspection with lyricism, exploring the quiet complexities of becoming.





THE DEPTHS OF BECOMING

my tears
water the roots
of my strength

SYLVA LARK



THE WILD GEOMETRY OF HEALING

healing is not linear
it is messy
like wildflowers
growing through cracks

SYLVA LARK



PETALS AND TEMPESTS

my mind is a garden
sometimes wild
sometimes calm

SYLVA LARK

YEWANDE AKINSE

Yewande Akinse is a Poet and Author of three collections of poetry, titled, “The rise and fall of rhymes and rhythms” (2025) “A tale of being, of green and of ing” (2019) and Voices: A collection of poems that tell stories (2016).



IN THE WAKE OF SUNRISE

there is a space I inhabit
of perpetual summers, sun and scorch
of forces perpetually keeping grounded
this space is green, brown and yellow.
I have returned to the green of my youth
of subsistence agriculture and have found within the scorch
the brown baked earth and reflecting shadows
that I cannot run faster than.
the yellow burns hot in this sahara
and I wonder what shall become
of my genera and culture
in the wake of climate change.

there is a space I inhabit
of penetrating heat and night sweats
of unmined lands, eclipse and slumber
of once green fields filled with fallen lumber
I have returned to the blue of my youth
to find aquaculture depleting in volume
as I have found within the skies of my prime
that my home is where gravity binds
that home is where the scorch blinds
and I wonder what shall become of
of my genera and culture
in the wake of sunrise

A LITTLE SECRET

the secret of fairies is not in lilies
or in trees
or in a magic wand
their secret is in the peaceful wind

the wind blows and blows tears away
it blows heartache away.
if you listen as long as I have
to the rhythm of the wind

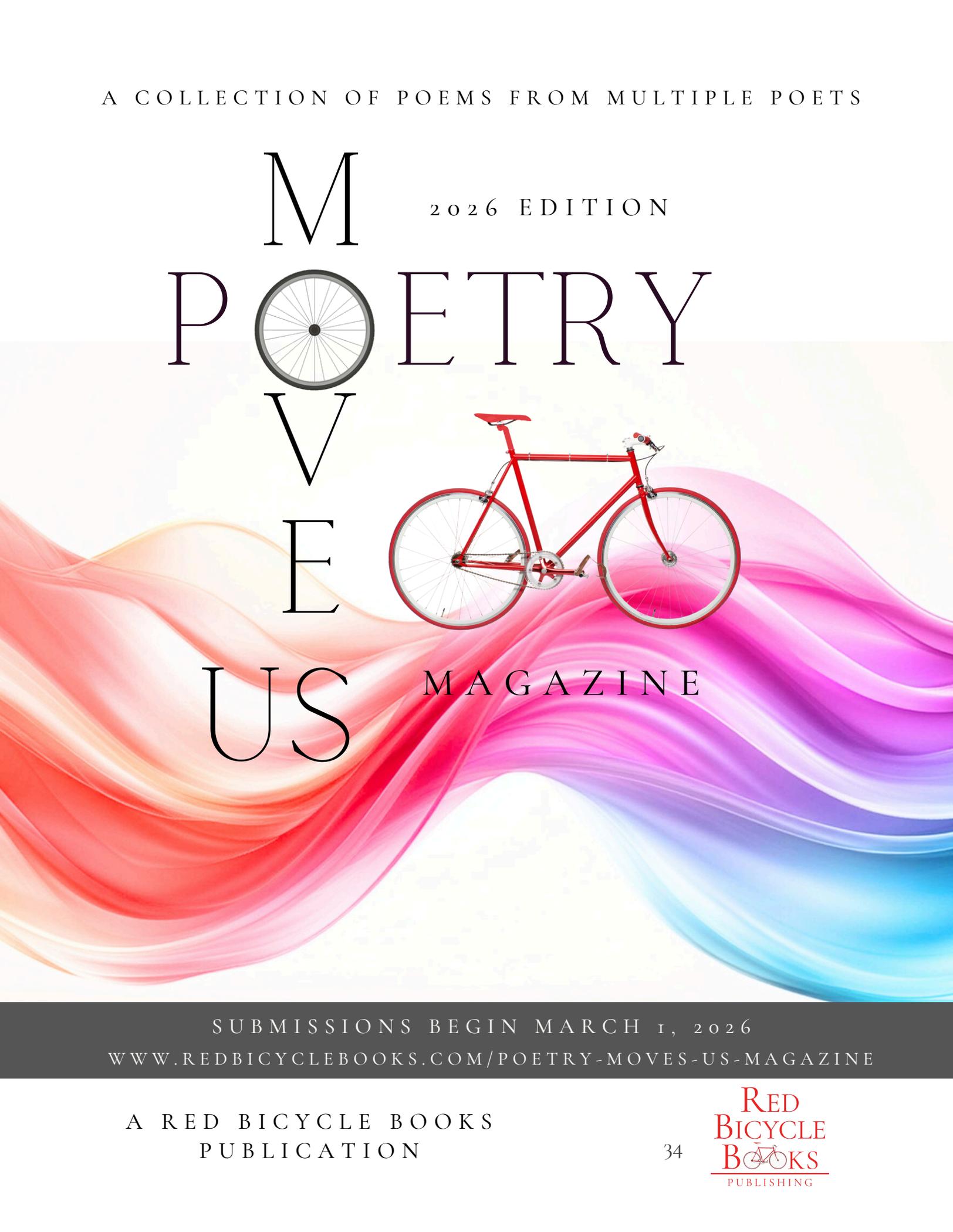
you will know
when life holds in chokehold
the secret
is to gasp for air.

the fairies know all too well
not to fret much
but to spin and fly
knowing the wind will lead somewhere safe

never forget this little secret -
the magic you seek in the world around you
will be found
when you are at peace.

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34

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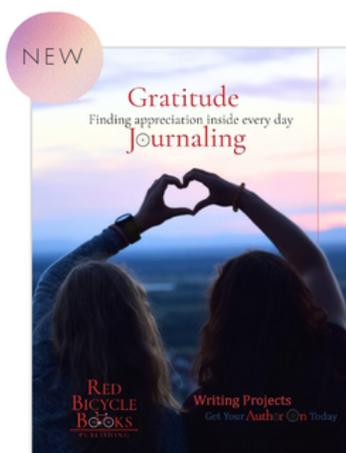


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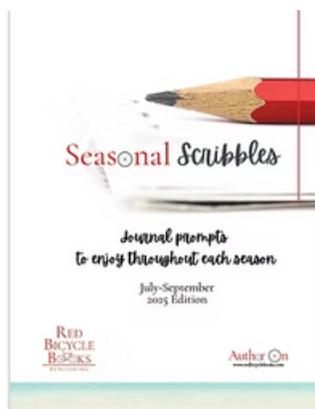
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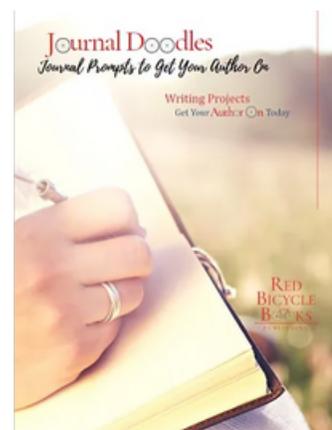
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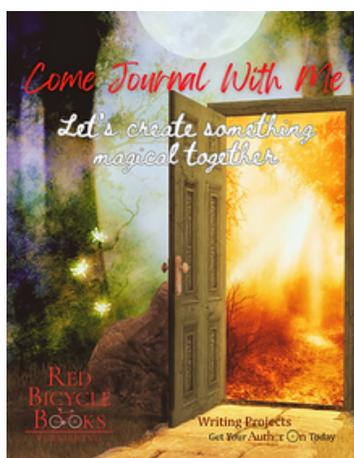
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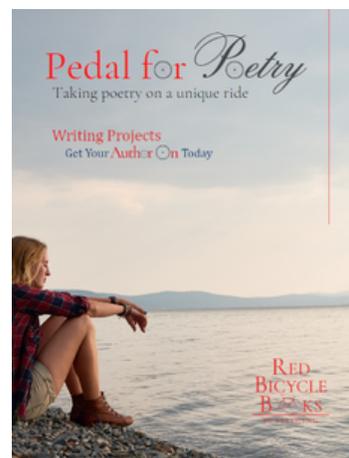
Seasonal Scribbles is a quarterly publication with journal prompts to enjoy writing about for each season.



Give your journal a little exercise with 35 **Journal Doodles** to get the creative juices flowing.



Come Journal With Me provides older children and teens a door to open to explore their creativity and imagination. Unlock the magic of writing.



Pedal for Poetry invites you to connect inspiration from the world of your bicycle to the world of words.

Looking for some additional inspiration? Visit our blog [Cheer Up Whine Down](#).

Cheering for you every day

Looking to write your first book? Check our resource center page with a wealth of information including our [Writer's Block Workshop Series](#), [Author Tools](#), our exclusive member portal with [ebooks](#), templates, planning guides, and tools for authors, and [Authors' Notes](#) articles.

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