



daylight

& tenfold orioles

a donated words collaboration (& more!)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

WELCOME **2**

IN MEMORIAM **2**

tenfold orioles about the “traditional” donated words poem, “Tenfold” **4**

Tenfold - K Weber **5**

& daylight about the 17 works created by 17 people using words donated by 17 people **6**

slipper - Sara Matson **7**

Simultaneous Fields - Michael Metivier **8**

Birthday Wish - Sarah O’Brien **9**

Forever the regent of my heart - Tiffany Sciacca **10**

Buoyant / Flamboyant - Preston Danvers **11**

“She’s heartsick...” - Julie Luepke **12**

Absorption - Karen Steiger **13**

Shadowcast - Melissa Flores Anderson **14**

Tapestry of the Living - Misty H **15**

Sheltered - K Weber **16**

Cnut - Scott Nickell **17**

Entering the Haunted Manor of My Chronically Ill Body - Steph Patterson **18**

Keep the Change - Kiley Lee **20**

Song of the Seasons - Millie H **21**

“A heartsick plea...” - Oswald Perez **22**

desired outcome - Will Davis **23**

Twinkling - Marie Marchand **24**

AUTHOR BIOS **25**

THANK YOU **28**

MORE DONATED WORDS PROJECT INFORMATION **29**

COLLECTIONS **29**

PRESENTATION **29**

PRAISE FOR DONATED WORDS POEM PROJECTS **30**

CONTACT DETAILS **30**

SPECIAL NOTES/PROBABLY TMI **31**

WELCOME

In the summer of 2024, I was really into the idea of doing another donated words collaboration. I wanted it to be a little different from the “traditional” donated words poetry projects while also maintaining the core spirit of these efforts. Since 2018, the majority of the donated words poems were written by me. Along the way, I tried different things like having people donate an entire line or write their own poem using donated words. People have sent titles, lines, song inspirations and so much more as we have experimented and found ways to keep these collaborations going while also adding in some fresh perspectives through the years.

This collection begins with the tried-and-true style of donated words poems I have written that hundreds of people have contributed to in the past. “Tenfold” was exciting to write as I built it with the help of 22 people who donated words to one of my poems for their very first time! I am so happy to finally have a fitting home for this piece which was completed just over a year ago.

daylight & tenfold orioles then ventures into new territory where myself and 16 others each authored pieces (mostly poems, but also microfiction!) that infused 3 words that came from a pool of 17 donated words. As we had 17 authors and 17 words, each word was featured in 3 poems. An optional challenge was given to all of the writers as well. Each author has one word in common with one other author and each of the challenges were different. I purposely went to lengths to ensure no more than 1 donated word was shared among writers for more variety but also to show a few examples of how the same word could be implemented by a different author. I will note there **is** one exception to the “3 words rule” in

this collection. Kiley Lee wrote a poem in the first donated words collection in 2019, *THIS ASSEMBLY*, using 5 words I provided. So for this time around, I gave her 4 words just for the heck of it! So you will see *frequency* (donated by Julia Beach) more frequently than the other words. 😊

I used some online tools (have long been a fan of random.org/lists/ to put names and challenge topics in random order... calculatorsoup.com/calculators/statistics/random-name-picker.php is an online tool that lets you pick a number of items such as 3 words to be selected from a list...) and some seriously crafty magic (really just me making notes and rearranging some things to keep some words from being assigned to too many people, etc.). I love how these tools help keep things neutral to where I do not give people certain words based on which words I would like them to use from the ones received. And since I was also taking part, I wanted my words to be selected randomly just as they were to everyone else. If you ever want to see more about how I use tools like this to help make my projects more interesting, reach out!

This project changed titles three times. After several months I realized that, in the past, most titles came to me pretty quickly because I was writing the poems and knew the material and feeling first-hand and so well. Here, there is so much coming from other voices, and I really needed to wait until this compilation felt “complete” so that the title would find itself naturally. In the end, I wanted this collection’s title to bring together elements of the first poem, “Tenfold” – which is very much a representation of how the donated words poems began and continue to be quite abundant – and the rest of this project which

reflects on different twists to the original with input, care and time on behalf of the authoring participants:

- *daylight* is a word that was sent by Oswald Perez that stood out as a must-have for the title. Even more interesting is that, as I was compiling everything for *daylight & tenfold orioles*, I realized Oswald contributed a word to “Tenfold,” contributed a word for the pieces crafted by 17 people, wrote a poem for that part of the collection AND had his word selected for the title! I love finding interesting bits of trivia within these collaborations!
- *tenfold* goes beyond a word I chose to be the first poem’s title. It reverberates through this collection and reflects the many years of collaboration, the tons of words provided and the hundreds of people who have been a part of these projects.
- *orioles* brought more color and a feeling of “taking flight” that is inherent in a completed body of work! Kristin Lueke had sent this word last year and it became a part of the “Tenfold” poem.

In the later part of this collection, you will find an array of statistics regarding *daylight & tenfold orioles* and the overall amount of participation and contribution to the donated words poetry (and more!) projects I/we have accomplished over the last seven years.

daylight and tenfold orioles has been delightful, robust and filled with a camaraderie of words and people that will extend from within these pages to beyond. I have seen this in action with every collaboration I have hosted and look forward to the connections made through poetry, the readership to come, and

the opportunity to put together more and more of these collaborative projects. There are a million billion possibilities for future donated words poems (and more!).

It is always a thrill to create with others. Thank you so much again to all who took part in this body of work and to those who support with readership and curiosity. Take good care!

K Weber
October 2025

IN MEMORIAM

Going forward, I would like to continually dedicate these projects to those past participants who are no longer with us.

I was saddened to hear of 2 more losses in our community since the last project was completed. The contributions these 3 friends-in-words made to collaborative poetry are appreciated and carry on in the spirit of this series.

These dearly-remembered individuals each took part in multiple donated words projects. What a joy to have crossed paths with them in this lifetime!

Ivor Daniel

Kari Flickinger

Aaron Lambert

tenfold orioles

I am so pleased that this collection begins with what I consider an “original” or “traditional” donated words poem! This is where the collaborations I dreamed up in 2018 began. I remember reaching out to various people and asking if they would like to send me a word to use in a poem! So many people responded with enthusiasm and an array of words like no other.

Donated words poems have been and continue to be such a fun challenge for me. I like that it encourages others to be a part of something a little different but still very much in collaboration with a larger group of people. It connects me to other writers, friends, and family in such a cool and memorable way! I also reconnect with people through the years when they donate a word again. There are quite a few people who have appeared in numerous poems over time and some have even been in nearly every donated words collection!

With “Tenfold” I was really lucky to revisit the experience that came from those first donated words poems. The 22 word contributors who participated in this poem were all donating a word for the first time! These words really covered a lot of territory! It is always an adventure finding a place for each word and crafting a poem that still stands on its own despite inserting words that I did not select. What a gift this experience has been no matter how many times I have written a donated words poem!

Although this collection mostly focuses on having other writers create using donated words, a project will never feel complete without the type of collaborative poem that started it all! It is incredible to see how far these poems and collections have come.

Tenfold

What's unfair is that a **bulwark** has been built and built too high: no climb to sit within **stillness** on top, between two

wars. This **bricolage** of aged brick and outdated mistakes has crafted a too-steady divide. **Tintinnabulation**

tolls in the form of *tsk, tsk* from the cool, hounding mouths of onlooking hordes on both sides. To be in the middle rouses

unexpected fury. An **inchoate** stirring of sound rises in crescendo, sings a swarm like **cicada**. There is stark, **night-dark**

penury inside the **illicit** pockets of apathy. A **cacophony** of **cattywampus** disagreement and the buzzsaw droning

of insects become an **agglomerate**. Fight-to-fight defies real, **oneiric** forecasting of beautiful futures. Shouting **schadenfreude**

seems appropriate while the **sanguine** purr of a kitten irks nerves. Sense goes missing like the ease of **katabasis**; could

have shaken hands and called it a day. What's **fair** is that there is sometimes a sunrise or sunset the color of the belly

of an **oriole**. Maybe it's lurking inquisitively in a mist of **mysticism** fraught with the weight of an under-

lying schism. But it might be in a painting of beach swells waving their Atlantic greetings from **Narragansett**. It could be

from a comic book blaring a good evening outlined with winking of the moon's horizon over gold-shocked iris—star-

bursting "POW!" while the **retina** sleeps. The possibilities are wide as eyes peering from any angle of the **aquarium** glass.

K Weber

Morgan Marion Carey - bulwark
Evelyn Anne Clausen - stillness
Julie Luepke - bricolage
Centa Therese - tintinnabulation
Meesh Montoya - inchoate
Keti Shea - cicada
Alan Parry - night
Anthony Robinson - penury
Christian Garduno - illicit
S. Salazar - cacophony
Callie, Bug & Boo (kitties!) - cattywampus
Victoria Spires - agglomerate
Zach Spruce - oneiric
Ted Jackins - schadenfreude
Pratibha Kelapure - sanguine
cm ellis - katabasis
Mark Nichols - fair
Kristin Lueke - oriole
Zahra Shahrambakht - mysticism
Oswald Perez - Narragansett
Renee Gilmore - retina
Benjamin Niespodziany - aquarium

& daylight

Here is where something new took place and shape! I received 17 words from 17 people when I put out a call on social media back in April 2025. I was having trouble sticking with anything related to “NaPoWriMo” at the time, but knew something more was brewing in the back of my mind when it came to a new collaborative effort.

I love writing poems using words handpicked by others but I also love trying new experiments in writing and particularly giving others an opportunity to do something unique. I was overjoyed when, in May 2025, 16 people committed to writing their own works utilizing words from the aforementioned donated words. Including me that made 17 people writing and 17 words that needed to find a home. The number correlation made for some slightly “easier” math when it came to designating each word.

You can revisit the [WELCOME](#) page for the details on how I chose which words were assigned to each of us to incorporate into the writing you will find ahead! You can also find information as to how the optional “challenge” topics (for those who dared to pick a related word) came about.

There are 16 poems and 1 work of microfiction in this rewarding project where people took time out of their usual routines to so generously make this portion of *daylight & tenfold orioles happen!* You will find the words each writer was assigned and their optional challenge word selection after their piece. I am beyond (any more!) words to express how thankful I am for these writers who have been or have become friends through the years. They all have donated words in the past!

The pool of words from which we wrote appears below. I assigned words to all of the writers using various sorts of magic (and tools you may recall from the WELCOME section!) and this most treasured list of donated words from 17 people. Some people who donated a word offered to write a poem! And I believe everyone who donated a word has collaborated with me in the past! I rarely get to donate a word for these efforts as I am usually the sole author, so this was a blast! The unique variety of words made this project so much fun and took us out of our comfort zones at times! Tremendous heaps of thanks to all who gave a word, not knowing where it might land!

APRICITY - Marie Marchard DAYLIGHT - Oswald Perez FREQUENCY - Julia Beach GOSSAMER - Linda Crate HARBINGER - Madeleine Corley HEARTSICK - K Weber KERFUFFLE - Elizabeth Fletcher MIRACLE - Karen Steiger PERMISSION - Melinda Farrar	PROLIX - Meesh Montoya REGENT - m klein SIMULTANEOUS - Norb Aikin SIPHON - Genevieve DeGuzman SYMPHONIC - Patrick Dorsey TIDE - Kris Lindbeck VERIFY - Kim Mannix WOMB - Kashiana Singh
---	--

I am really excited for all to read these poems... for the authors to see who contributed the words they were assigned... and for the word donors to see how their words inspired the authors!

slipper

before daylight, i cleaned
the humidifier + admired my nails
stretching my palms beneath city tide

a single shoe tumbles across the beach
to uproarious applause
a singular moment in time + laces

i explained + explained (in my prolix way)
until it was determined i had done
nothing that could be proved

i find her hand, we leave the scene
and she skips, both of us thinking wistfully
of the shoe

Sara Matson

daylight

tide

prolix

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word related to travel

author chose: **beach**

Simultaneous Fields

for Sadie

It's good to be with you, listening
to the simultaneous fields—

the warbler-filled meadow that yields
alder saplings and milkweed glistening

on May mornings, and the back forty
of the old prison now dotted with nest

boxes where swallows invest
flies and winged ants from sortie

after sortie. And between them the road
with lines for the kestrel to perch

like a regent, surveying the birch
thicket the wind maybe sowed

the year I was born. What does this age
mean in your eleventh year,

I wonder, which has yielded fear
for my part—Thomas's rage

notwithstanding—since my own dad
flew the world: time, grief-filigreed,

dreaded siphon. But today I read
in purple ink on your yellow legal pad:

scarlet, indigo, black-throated blue,
the colors that start and end our days,

and the sorrow subsides. It will always
be good to be with you.

Michael Metivier

simultaneous

regent

siphon

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word that is the opposite of one of the words supplied
author chose: **filled**

Birthday Wish

Orange gossamer curtains adorn the window.
Another day unfolds like a love note.
The man biking by precariously asks the time.
The girl walks her gray pitbull as he sniffs the ground.
My boyfriend ambles to the gas station next door.

Permission to break down, on the brink of revolution?
God wanted me to form a diamond from dust.
I cut strawberries for my daughter's snack.
My baby sleeps the morning away, her tiny body
Curled like a lima bean in the corner of her crib.

There is no regent for today, happening to me
In this most specific manner: a yawn from Trinity,
A sip of water, a ghost, an exchange about the mundane.
I want to be human again, and again.
I want this searing pain if there's that melody playing.

I dreamt I died in an abduction, then a break-in, then a fall.
I wish on a candle as if it's my birthday: I'm not dead.
I can evolve, erupt, enjoy. I can kiss my karma.
The scent of lemon brings me back to here and now.
If nothing else, remember me for my good heart.

Sarah O'Brien

gossamer

permission

regent

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a shape

author chose: **unfolds, form, diamond & curled**

Forever the regent of my heart

There is a kerfuffle in the garden, the hummingbird chirps inside the Monarda. There is something digging in the soil, the back of a hoe hitting rocks and clay, digging further than needed, searching for something no longer there. To make purpose of this daylight, unseen for 23 years.

A shift, pale blue, tiny red roses, drags across soil. She hums, content in movement, at times standing still, hand on hip, taking in, taking in, my little plot of land. Dad would never believe of course, but maybe he'd forgotten when I first put the Monarda in the soil, the way I felt her in the roots, in the stalk, and stem. How the red beat in my hands, beat in the air. Of course, that was last year. But who are we to say when our ghosts will visit? In the movies, it happens in a blink. They come when needed, when missed, sometimes, they come when they come. But Maggie comes as she can, mostly when I'm asleep, or the house still, because she's only checking in, the visits, peace above the stillness, if you know, you know,

Tiffany Sciacca

regent

kerfuffle

daylight

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word related to sound

author chose: **chirps**

Buoyant / Flamboyant

after Maud Lavin's Mermaids and Lazy Activists: A Lake Michigan Tale

This morning, the storm passed,
and a rainbow stretched over Lake Michigan
like Chicago's somehow-gayer aurora borealis,
scarlet and violet temporarily covering mucus-
colored algae. Daylight was gossamer

under the veil of apricity / at any moment
we might freeze every inhibition
like the rocks we skipped, dipping
in time until some wayward mermaid shimmies
to the surface, grins at a technicolor sky
never seen before, and decides to write
in tender splashes a resignation
to the indigo that's buried her.

Preston Danvers

daylight

gossamer

apricity

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word related to a hobby

author chose: **write**

She's heartsick
And doesn't know why.

In her womb
She bears
The harbinger
Of future doom.

Julie Luepke

heartsick

womb
[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

harbinger

Absorption

We thought we were pretty special here,
til the Earth was swallowed by
a giant floating space amoeba.
It loomed, translucent and pearlescent,
pink and amorphous in the sky above.
The tides lurched drunkenly from coast to coast;
simultaneously an eerie wind raged.
We all felt a pressure change deep in our chests,
and a sick certainty deep in our souls.
It extended itself and engulfed us,
and all the fifth graders told us
this was called *phagocytosis*.

There had been no omen or harbinger of this calamity.
Everyone was preoccupied with matters terrestrial,
except for one scientist in Peru
who had been trying to raise the alarm for 15 years,
but no one listened to her then, and no one listened now.
The president was sure mad about it.
The alien that had conquered our world
was some enormous single-celled, brainless organism.
It could not be bargained with or threatened.
It wanted no money, glory, weapons, or power.
It swallowed us whole and kept moving through the galaxy.
Instant planetary defeat, very hard on the morale.

The good news is that it also devoured
our sun, moon, and the rest of our solar system.
And relative to us, everything is pretty much
where it had been before.
The air now has a kind of a murky rosy glow,
like a permanent sunset,
which has devalued the poetry of sunsets,
but it could be worse.
If we're being digested,
it will probably take a very long time.
So we still have to go to work.
We still have to figure out what's for dinner
and pay for things with money.
We still have to see political ads
and ingest microplastics and watch our carbs.
Of course, some people have made a cult of it.

Be one with Mother Amoeba, they tell us.
Like we have any fucking choice.

Karen Steiger

tide	simultaneous [quick link to word donor list] <u>challenge</u> : include a scientific term <u>author chose</u> : phagocytosis	harbinger
-------------	---	------------------

Shadowcast

Siphon the heat of the day
Into the palm of your hand
Close your fingers around the warmth
Press it to my skin
To ward off the desert dip down

The glow once stayed through the night
But now fades before dawn returns
And I shiver in the gray, gleaning

The sun rises across the foothills
Casts symphonic shadows
Across the plaster that holds the walls intact
Hollow inside, termites eating through the studs
A sluggish harbinger of destruction

It is not us entangled
Just the outline of empty bedsheets
Miniature dunes of dust along the baseboards

Melissa Flores Anderson

siphon

symphonic

harbinger

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word related to light
author chose: **dawn**

Tapestry of the Living

I will no longer weave my days
on the loom of loss.
No more warps of memory,
no more wefts of sorrow.

Gossamer threads—
delicate to the eye,
heavy as lead to the heart—
I set them down.

No one can verify love
by circling dates in ink.
Grief is not proof of devotion;
living is not betrayal.

I honor the gone
by laying aside muted threads,
and weaving now with brighter hues:
my child's hums,
her songs like sunlight,
her laughter the bright strand
that carries my shuttle forward.

Line by line.
Color by color.
The rhythm is life.
The cadence is breath.

Let there be no kerfuffle
over how I remember.
Trust that I do.
If I must walk back through the shadow,
I will ask.

Until then—
I choose the vibrant strands,
the living threads,
the tapestry still on the loom.

Misty H

gossamer

verify

kerfuffle

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word related to music

author chose: **rhythm**

Sheltered

Beyond the hill the shed
sits drab. Tilted to sun-
up, the rough roof wears

worn sandpaper. No
garnet. This less-gem
was once gun-struck. Saw

gardens in full green
dotted with daisies, tomato
orange and wilted

peppers and smelled dead
dog under the dirt lump.
Basked in February's *apricity*

that baked and cooled
old wood until bowed,
swollen, eased again, then

splintered. Youth climbed
out of the lea's womb
onto the eyes of it; seated

upon great panes. Masts,
swells and monsters
floated the grassier seas

of spring. The mission was
no permission and true
dare: jumped and hid

the spoiled apples
of kneecaps scraped
by scraps in escape

from the family's branch.

K Weber

apricity

womb

permission

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word related to cold

author chose: **cooled**

Cnut

The tide is out of joint; though once the flood
would warm and feed the pools where urchins crawl,
the ebb now leaves a bruise of brackish mud,
the stench of fish or kings hangs over all.
This unwound frequency of spring and neap
desiccates the nurseries of love.
Too many are content to bask and sleep,
heedless of the heat of hate above.
Those who slumber dream themselves exempt,
exonerated from the headsman's axe.
But those who wither in the sun's contempt,
tied to the tides, can verify these facts:
The years of drought deliver shriveled knives
unless we heal our dehydrated lives.

Scott Nickell

tide

frequency

verify

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word related to scent

author chose: **stench**

Entering the Haunted Manor of My Chronically Ill Body

The windows of the body of the house watch
as I approach the rotting threshold,

They have watched me before
as I howl at the moon,
Pain floating across my body in a haze,

This time I approach on human legs
drawn inside like an inhale,

The walls are raw and embracing me
with bleeding arms,

Whispering for me to continue
into the belly of the halls,

There, horned demons wreaking havoc,
ripping insulation from the walls,

Continuing on to the hall of mirrors,
ghosts of who I'd been before reflected
vanishing, one by one, when I go near,

Their whispered words continuing through lips of vapor,
An endless prolix chatter hisses in my ears
telling me I cannot turn back,

I feel like I'm being buried alive in ectoplasm,
I claw my way back towards the front of the manor,

To enter an unnecessarily opulent ballroom
clad in spiderwebs and corpses,

Undead dancers swirl out of tune
Both time and space suspended,

The dancers bump and fuse together,
randomly creating masses of
grotesque melded matter,

Those masses follow my every movement,
They will not leave me alone,

There are no miracles here
in this nightmare sentient house,

I cannot verify where my body
ends and this house begins,

We breathe as one,
The odds are that I will stumble
around the innards
of this crumbling estate
until the next full moon.

Steph Patterson

prolix

miracle

verify

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word related to a game

author chose: **odds**

Keep the Change

You and me were talking like static on the sea.
– Hello June

Some June tune carries the phasing out
and in of every miracle season just following
along the settled way of doing things

Symphonic tones fill spaces and lines
constantly pleading to only be understood—
If only listening were the true intent

Sensing frequency is a gift,
kerfuffle simply means
willfully adjusting the dial

Kiley Lee

miracle

symphonic

frequency

kerfuffle

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a month of the year
author chose: **June**

Song of the Seasons

Blooms all around, bursting with life
Wonders and miracles ever free of strife
Growing and sprouting, soft to the touch
Relaxing then done, claimed by the bunch

The frequency of the buzz that the bees left behind
Flying through the flowers with a goal in mind
Warmth and pollen floating through the air
Laughter and giggles flowing without a care

Leaves on the ground, bare trees around
Calm and collected, graced by the sound
Of animals burrowing and migrating
To homes where they can't be found

Missing the seasons that you can't go back to
Heartsick and frozen from the snow that surrounds you
Gather near the hearth with people you love
Staring through the window at the stars up above

Millie H

miracle

frequency

heartsick

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word related to an animal

author chose: **burrowing**

A heartsick plea
To the universe and all the deities

For permission to seek out love
Letting go of my hangups
The shyness, the lack of self-belief
A simultaneous, silent release

To kindle the sparks needed
Letting my heart roam free

Maybe, I'll find that person
Whether it be another girl
Or, embracing all of me

This is my plea to the universe
It's time now, to set it free

To see where in the world
An opened heart and soul leads me

Oswald Perez

heartsick

permission

simultaneous

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)
challenge: include a term related to heat
author chose: **kindle**

desired outcome

in its jacket, prolix
and battered—
a blossoming deified

an ocean placed upside down
and strung in playful disarray, almost

a torrent, a babble

reaching a symphonic
corpse in its regards to light
exposure

the most jaded, left exposed
wandering mostly

in the bite of a brittle sun—
the search in a chilled field
leafing for apricity's address

through a prayer book & hymnal

Will Davis

prolix

symphonic

apricity

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word that is a palindrome
author chose: **deified**

Twinkling

I siphon all the beauty I can
from this evening at the ocean.

Any shreds of goodness,
I tuck away for rainy days—

the kind words, head tilt
the sun, the sun, the sun

glinting on vanilla cream waves,
a cool frothiness my toes can taste.

I am a creature swimming in the deep
womb of the universe.

Though half-drowning, perpetually,
I twinkle to the frequency of stars

waiting to be born.

Marie Marchand

siphon

womb

frequency

[\[quick link to word donor list\]](#)

challenge: include a word related to flavor

author chose: **vanilla**

AUTHOR BIOS

Julie Luepke is a reader, poet, and composer who lives in the Midwestern US, at the meeting of two rivers.

K Weber obtained her BA in Poetry from Miami University. Her words have been featured in publications such as *Stone Circle Review*, *Exacting Clam*, *Writer's Digest*, *Memoir Mixtapes*, *HNDL Magazine* and more! Including *daylight & tenfold orioles*, K has self-published 12 free, PDF-based writing collections (some have audio versions with original soundscapes and K reading aloud). 8 of these are online projects featuring donated words (& more!) in collaboration with hundreds of people since 2018. Her publishing credits and online books are at kweberandherwords.com. She has recently been a featured guest on several episodes of the They're Just Records podcast.

Karen Steiger is a poet, fiction writer, and breast cancer survivor living in Schaumburg, Illinois, with her beloved husband, Matt, and two dogs, Horus and Lexi. Her work has been published in *The Wells Street Journal*, *Arsenika*, *Black Bough Poetry*, *Ang(st)*, *Perhappened*, *Kaleidotrope*, *Mineral Lit Mag*, *Rejection Letters*, *Versification*, *Sledgehammer Lit*, *Bombfire Lit*, *Lamp Lit*, and others. Her debut collection, *Clean Margins*, is available through Kelsay Books and Amazon.

Kiley Lee is a Pushcart-nominated poet and artist, with work in multiple publications and exhibitions across the United States. She lives in the Appalachian foothills with her family and loves staring at the clouds. For more information, including a list of current and previous publications, please visit: linktr.ee/kileylee

A Pushcart Prize nominee, **Marie Marchand** is the Inaugural Poet Laureate of Ellensburg, WA. Her poetry has appeared in *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Crannóg Magazine*, *Catamaran Literary Reader*, *California Quarterly*, and *Tikkun Magazine*. She is the author of *Gifts to the Attentive* (2022) and *Mostly Sweet, Lovely, Human Things* (2025). She is a graduate of Naropa University and The Iliff School of Theology where she studied psychology, religion, and peacemaking. Her two passions are poetry and mental health. She enjoys living on the sunny side of Washington with her two rescue min pins, Benny and Joon.

Melissa Flores Anderson's work has been featured in more than 40 literary venues and anthologies, including *swamp pink*, *Chapter House* and *HAD*. Her flash "Nesting Doll" has been selected for inclusion in the *2025 Best Small Fictions Anthology*. She is the EIC of the *Broken Hearts Gallery Literary*, an Instagram project that features photos and micro stories (@brokenheartsliterary) and a reader/editor with Roi Fainéant Press. Her first full-length short story collection *All and Then None of You* is out now (Cowboy Jamboree). Follow her on Twitter/Bluesky @melissacuisine or IG/Threads @theirishmonths. Read her work at melissafloresandersonwrites.com

Michael Metivier (he/him) is a poet and editor from Vermont. He is a lexicographer at Merriam-Webster and his website is michaelmetivier.com

AUTHOR BIOS (cont'd)

Millie H (she/her) is a freshman in high school who loves music, playing the piano, her dog Monty, baking, and much more, which would take forever to name. She keeps herself busy with lots of activities, namely marching band, A Cappella Choir, and her school's engineering club.

Misty H is an up-and-coming pentagenarian fueled by naps, Coca-Cola, and fiber crafts. She travels through space and time with Millie, her boundary-setting badass of a daughter, and Monty, the dog who doubles as comic relief and emotional support. Misty weaves a life of comfort, curiosity, and mischief.

Oswald Perez, aka OP Writer is a writer and a poet from New York City known for the poetry book *A Poetic Journey, Staying at Home*. He had his set of poems, "An American Tourist In Italy," published in the 2020 edition of the literary anthology, *Groundwaters*. His second book of poems, *The Dawn of A Poetic Summer* was released in paperback in the summer of 2025. He was a 2025 writer-in-residence for the International Artists and Writers Residency at the Chateau d'Orquevaux, France.

Preston Danvers (he/him) is a Pushcart Prize-nominated poet with an MA in English literature. He can be found on Instagram @prestonspantry talking about baking, poetry, and fairy tales. He has two chapbooks (*RED ROVER*, *RED LOVER* and *JOAN:ARC*), and his work appears in *Fairy Tale Review*, *Tilde*, and *Perhappened*, among others.

Sara Matson (she/her) is a poet in Chicago and host of the seasonal online reading series, Words // Friends. Her microchap, *Ardently*, is part of the Ghost City Press Summer Series and available now. Find her on Instagram @skeletorsmom or Bluesky @saramatson.bsky.social

Sarah O'Brien is a poet, painter, and comedian from Woburn, Massachusetts now living in Lincoln, Nebraska. She published two books of poetry: *Shapeshifter* and *Lover Sar*. She also authored six chapbooks. She is working on a debut novel called *Twin Flames*. She loves her daughter Trinity even more than sunsets and chocolate. Follow her @fluent_saracasm on social media to learn more.

Scott Nickell (he/him) lives in Watertown, Wisconsin. Working in software quality engineering and technical support, he spends his free time at home with several furry animals. His work has previously appeared at abyssapexzine.com and in Lester Smith's series of Halloween anthologies from Popcorn Press.

Steph Patterson (she/her) is a writer from Delaware with a love of horror and dark fantasy. She's a chronically ill ghoul that identifies as bi. When she's not conjuring strange tales, she devours books, tends to familiars, or connects with her coven. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Alien Buddha Press*, *Scavengers Literary Magazine*, *HNDL Magazine*, *The Morgue Literary Magazine*, *Suburban Witchcraft Magazine*, and others. She lives with her family in their cozy home on the edge of the forest. You can find her on Instagram and Threads: @spookyspatters

AUTHOR BIOS (cont'd)

Tiffany Sciacca works in Chicago, IL. Her work has appeared in *Pidgeonholes*, and *Blink-Ink*. When not writing microfiction, she loves to watch horror movies and haunt her local thrift stores.

Will Davis is a native plant in their bluegrass and works as a nurse. They remain gleefully unemployable as a poem scribbler. Favorite side hustle: immutable fire escape. More scribbles @ByThisWillAlone.

THANK YOU

Thank you so very much again to all who participated in the creation of the 18 works - 17 poems and 1 microfiction piece - that comprise this collection! A total of 17 authors were involved! 39 words were donated to these pieces by 37 people. 16 more words come from authors who participated in the addition of a challenge word. 55 words were contributed in total! Several people took part in more than one aspect of this compilation. Overall, 49 people made *daylight & tenfold orioles* happen! This has been a great group to have involved in the creation of such a satisfying project! This whole thing took a year and a few months to come together so I'd also like to express really big thanks for being patient with me as I really wanted to compile something special and not rush the process!

I want to send and reiterate extra-special thanks to those 16 other authors who took on the task of writing a new poem or microfiction piece! Every single person who initially signed up to write for this was able to contribute. To have each of you involved from start to finish throughout the months has been very inspiring! I am so glad you trusted me with your words!

Preston Danvers and Norb Aikin have been with me since almost day one with every zany writing experiment I put together and I hope they will continue along with me for the long haul! Melinda Farrar, Kim Mannix, Kiley Lee, Misty H, Millie H and Sara Matson are poets/artists/friends involved with *daylight & tenfold orioles* who have contributed to a vast majority of the donated words projects since we started and it makes me so happy to see their names take up so much real estate in my long-winded donated words data spreadsheet!

As always, I'd like to shout special thanks to all who have contributed to my/our 8 donated words poetry projects and collaborations over the years that yielded 121 poems (including 21 original poems by others & 1 co-written poem)! To date, these 370+* people have trusted me with 900+ words & 72 more items (themes, lines, artwork, etc.)! I have had 26 people provide me with quotes about their experiences with these projects (see PRAISE FOR DONATED WORDS POEM PROJECTS section) and 12 people acted as editorial assistants in my first donated words project, [THIS ASSEMBLY!](#) Thank you to all who have supported my creativity and imagination and made these projects so significant!

I continue to be inspired by others' collaborative and experimental work. I encourage people to try writing using prompts, hashtags and projects that connect others. As of this writing, I see quite a few of these opportunities out on Bluesky. This is such a good way to ignite memorable writing experiences. It's been awhile, but I enjoy joining in on these from time to time as well!

Thank you for reading *daylight & tenfold orioles*! I am wowed by the continued participation and readership through the years!

AND... as I have said in many projects past (with some new wording to reflect the addition people authoring their own works here):

“It never gets old when people say they can’t wait to see how I/we crafted a poem containing their word selection. One word can change a day, a mood, the world.”

THANK YOU SO MUCH AGAIN AND AGAIN!

*Math and chronic migraines don't mix! Some of these values are not 100% on the ball, but they are close! I am humbled!

MORE DONATED WORDS PROJECT INFORMATION

COLLECTIONS

- *daylight & tenfold orioles* (2025) is the 8th donated words poetry (& more!) collection! All of the projects in this series are available as a free PDF. Some of the earlier collaborations also had an audio version that included me reading the books aloud and I created musical soundscapes for the background. As of the October 2025 release of *daylight & tenfold orioles*, there is no audiobook companion being released concurrently. Follow me on social media or look for an update at kweberandherwords.com if/when that is made available.
- *A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 3* (2024)
 - Free PDF: tinyurl.com/2024asoopp3
- *SCREAMWORDK* (2023)
 - Free PDF: tinyurl.com/screamwordk2023
- *Reunion Fruit Synergy* (2023)
 - Free PDF: tinyurl.com/rfs2023
- *A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 2* (2023)
 - Free PDF: tinyurl.com/2023asoopp2
- *A Sum of Our Poetic Parts: Vol. 1* (2022)
 - Free PDF & audio version: tinyurl.com/2022asoopp1
- *TEAMWORDK* (2021)
 - Free PDF & audio version: tinyurl.com/teamwordk2021
- *This Assembly* (2019)
 - Free PDF & audio version: tinyurl.com/thisassembly2019

PRESENTATION

I was fortunate to give a presentation in July 2024 about collaborations in writing and other methods I use to play around with words. It covers some of the details of the 7 previous donated words collections! You can find it at tinyurl.com/kw2024nbp

PRAISE FOR DONATED WORDS POEM PROJECTS

daylight & tenfold orioles is one of several writing projects I have put together since 2018 that involves collaboration with many others! Hundreds of words have been gifted to me by hundreds of people to include in so many poems. Now, with this latest compilation, even more words have been included in writing by other authors! When I was working on [TEAMWORDK](#) in 2021, I asked if anyone would like to put together feedback in the form of a short quote or blurb about their participation in and readership of donated words poems. I received an abundance of responses! You can read all of these generous quotes in this supplementary document:

<https://tinyurl.com/donatedquotes>

This will remain a “living document” to which I will continue to add write-ups about our collaborative poetry projects! If you would like to share your experiences and thoughts on these poetry projects, you can connect with me through email and social media under CONTACT DETAILS below! So much gratitude to all who have provided me with lovely words and perspective!

CONTACT DETAILS

I do these collaborations on a whim sometimes and other times it is more structured. The best way to get in touch is through my social media and email.

Instagram is my preferred social media app. Find me at [instagram.com/midwesternskirt](https://www.instagram.com/midwesternskirt)!

I am also on Bluesky: bsky.app/profile/donatedwords.bsky.social

You can email me at donatedwords@gmail.com if you like.

Or just go to my website and click “Contact Me” kweberandherwords.com

SPECIAL NOTES/PROBABLY TMI

The cover art is by me, K Weber. I used the free version of the Pixlr app and basically scribbled colors I felt fit the overall collection on a book cover-sized image. I then used various Liquify tools to gain the achieved effect. Particularly, I enjoyed utilizing the Shrink function to pull those colors together.

I used Google Docs for the creation of this layout. Gentium Book Basic font is used for the cover and some page headings in various sizes. The majority of what appears throughout is Georgia font, size 12, but with some variations in poem titles and such.

This collection is a free PDF. You will never be asked to pay for this compilation! With technology moving rapidly and the overwhelming chaos of AI, we have to be vigilant in ensuring our creations are not being utilized in any way other than that for which they were intended!

Speaking of AI... nope! I did not use any AI tools in the creation of this project. I mentioned “no AI” as a stipulation when I asked for writers to take part in this, too! The authors in this collection have stand-out, unique voices and do not need a robot to generate poems for them.

Authors featured in this collection are welcome to submit their *daylight & tenfold orioles* works for publication at other journals or for projects, collections, etc. that allow previously-published works. I just ask that this project be given credit for publishing your piece first. And I would love to hear from you if something you wrote for this project is published elsewhere!

This being a one-of-a-kind project with much collaboration, there will not be any award nominations. I highly value the unique writings created for this project but also look at this effort being a collaboration of many people. I am beyond lucky to present this whole big deal to the masses!

Did you read this far? I hope you have the best of days! Thanks again!

