

BETWEEN THE LINES
IDENTITY AND BELONGING

2024



BETWEEN THE LINES

IDENTITY AND BELONGING

An anthology of poetry, prose, and photographs created by Between the Lines participants from Bangladesh, Cameroon, India, Morocco, Pakistan, Qatar, Slovakia, United Arab Emirates, and the United States, facilitated by the International Writing Program at the University of Iowa.



TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOREWORD	05
PARTICIPANTS	
Aya Mastour	07
Amna Mejren	08
Larissa Dione Mpacko	10
Gautam Josse	12
Hassan Mohd	13
Haya Mohamed Al-Kabaisi	14
Kah Brice Zonkezee	15
Kate	16
Kinjé Mann	17
Naomi Margolis	18
Nnane Ntube	20
Nina Arta	22
Nwanja Faith W.	24
Raniyah Adnan	26
Zara Mamnoon	27
Roudha Alromaihi	28
Sriya Tallapragada	30
Suhani Chadha	32
Tony-JunLin Pan	34
Tatum Brown	36
Yaejun Myung	37
FACULTY & STAFF BIOS	39
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	42



FOREWORD

ROMEO ORIOGUN, BETWEEN THE LINES PROGRAM COORDINATOR

In a world often marked by division and discord, the poems and stories within this anthology stand as a testament to the enduring power of art to transcend boundaries and foster a deep sense of shared humanity. The contributors to this collection—hailing from Bangladesh, India, Morocco, Pakistan, Slovakia, Qatar, Cameroon, United Arab Emirates, and the United States—have come together under the Between the Lines program at the International Writing Program. Through poetry and prose, they have put together a rich gathering of perspectives and experiences celebrating the diversity and common threads of our human condition.

What strikes me most about the works contained in this anthology is the profound love for their craft that each participant demonstrates. Their dedication to honing their voices, their relentless pursuit of authenticity, and their courage to step into the depths of their experiences are seen in every word and image. These young writers exhibit a maturity and sensitivity that goes beyond their years, offering insights that are at once personal and universally resonant.

Equally remarkable is their ability to love and show compassion across cultures. In an era where differences are often highlighted and used to drive wedges between us, these creators have chosen a different path. They have embraced the unfamiliar, extended their hearts and minds across geographical and cultural divides, and found beauty in the diversity that enriches our global community. Through their works, they remind us that empathy and understanding are not just possible but essential for a more harmonious world.

J. M. Coetzee once wrote that, “The secret of happiness is not doing what we like but in liking what we do.” This sentiment beautifully captures the spirit of this anthology. These participants have found joy and fulfillment not merely in the act of creation but in embracing the challenges and opportunities their craft presents. Their passion shines through each piece, illustrating the profound truth that true happiness lies in loving the process as much as the product.

This anthology is more than a collection of creative works; it is a celebration of what can be achieved when we come together with open hearts and minds. It is a testament to the transformative power of art and the enduring hope that, through our shared creativity, we can build bridges that span our differences and unite us in our common humanity.

To the readers of this anthology, I invite you to immerse yourselves in the vibrant world these young artists have created. Allow their words and images to touch you, to challenge you, and to inspire you. In doing so, you will be part of a beautiful dialogue that transcends borders and brings us all a little closer together.

AYA MASTOUR

A Bittersweet Longing

The familiar humid and sintillant green grass,
The same old road, the same old serenades,
The same old father, the same old plains,
The same young daughter, the same old begass.
The wheels keep rolling, and life goes on.

On a fateful day where grass was green,
On a fateful day where water was clear,
The small girl had a burden to bear
That the good father she had has to leave.
The wheels keep rolling, and life goes on.

Next to his old bicycle the girl has stood,
Next to his old bicycle the girl has waited,
Waiting for his return she has wailed,
And his abrupt departure she's misunderstood.
The wheels keep rolling, and life goes on.

The leaves withered, the water disappears,
The older the girl gets, the younger the riders she greets;
It's like the two sides of a wheel: they will never meet
And the cruel rules of the mortal world we'll never beat.
The wheels keep rolling, and life goes on.

The old lady goes to the place where her father took the boat,
Hoping to find a trace of him, a whisper of his ghost,
In the silence of the evening, she misses him the most.
She sits by the water, feeling the memories bloat.
The wheels keep rolling, and life goes on.

Memories flood back as she stands by the shore,
Yearning for the days when he was near.
What was once a lake is now a field,
Who was once a small girl is no more.
The wheels keep rolling, and life goes on.

In the same familiar place they meet,
The father may be gone, but his love remains strong,
In the echoes of the past, where they both belong.
His end was first, her end was near.
The wheels keep rolling, and life goes on.

Now that the pattern is complete,
Father and daughter, united in grace,
In the eternal cycle of life's embrace.
The whole video plays on repeat.
The wheels stopped rolling, and life goes on.

AMNA MEJREN

Deep Dark Void

They say water holds memories
She didn't believe that as a kid
But as the shackles around her ankles tightened
And the tick of the clock frightened
She stood toe to toe with the face of death
Igniting horror beneath the depths of her soul
She didn't weep, nor did she choose to run
Instead, she gave in, not knowing what had just begun
As the deep dark void swallows her whole
Her head spun with the dizzying abyss
Stomach dropping, heart thundering
She collides with uneven ground, staring at pitch black darkness
Vicious waves of gloom strike her
The water missing its glisten, absence of light
Saturated, damp, humid air
She tries to scream, instead, her voice is trapped
Amidst the greedy darkness, feeds off vulnerability
A needle and a thread hemming her lips shut
She fails to resist, accepting her fate,
allowing Nothingness to take over
monsters of her past reside beside her
A voice calls out, sweet and airy
The void seeps deep into her stomach
A knife grazes her shoulder
whispering darkness down her spine
flashes of violent illusions and fantasies
suppressing a secluded misconception
regret, guilt, sorrow...
She tries to run, tries to bail, but in the end, she just fails
Always fails
A Velcro crisps and crumbles beside her ears
Reminding her of the deepest depths of her fears
Detached from the only life she once knew
Only person who brought mere comfort
Left in the shadows, lost
Hope trickles down her fingers
Stuck in the dark, ready to crumble

She tries to run, tries to bail, but in the end, she just fails
 Always fails
 Chasing a dream she knew was impossible
 A peculiar piece of jigsaw following the pretty full picture
 even when knowing that hers wouldn't fit
 She still chases, still calls
 it's too heavy to carry, too different to bare
 She knew deep down they wouldn't really care
 She tries to run, tries to bail, but in the end, she just fails
 Always fails
 A light bulb drops from above, shatters
 Its fragments poke holes through her skin
 Marks of heavy thoughts burn through
 They define her, especially when it comes true
 Bad ideas, consequences follow
 Not every lightbulb deserves to be heard
 Not every voice deserves to be heard
 She tries to run, tries to bail, but in the end, she just fails
 Always fails
 A dark shadow of a figure caught the corner of her eye
 Approaching from all corners, threatening to take over
 Rapid breathing, heart palpitating out of her chest
 Finally, she runs
 The visions of her past haunts her, trailing behind her
 Patters of water spread as her feet bang the ground
 adrenaline ignites, her feet powered by fear
 the rush of adrenaline pumping through her veins,
 terrified conscience taking over,
 soon after, she trips on air
 she collides with the ground once again
 a splash of water reminds her of the end
 as her memories and nightmares and everything in between
 all spun around her, defying space and time
 Vision's a blur amidst all the agony
 finally, she let Nothingness take over, numbness resides
 she's left feeling the blood drain from her guts
 she doesn't run, doesn't bail, instead she gives in,
 and for the first time, she doesn't fail...

LARISSA DIONE MPACKO

My End

Sirens sound; incredibly crazy how something which was vital and soothing for my wellbeing rose violently taking away my *life* from me.

I knew I'd die, I wasn't made for this world, yet my utmost desire was to be buried the most dignified manner so the next gen would perceive me as the great being I never was. I didn't get this cause I'm probably the only one who knows I'm dead. No one cares about me, I guess it would be different if YOU were alive or worse.

Taking my last breath as I intensely felt euphoric made me realise what YOU meant by "living".

The wind (they called it tornado) blew so loudly and strong enough I felt it ripped off my scarred skin. Caught in its infinite spiral, twirling me in a hazardous manner made me slowly empty my carcass of body of its blood through my nostrils, YOU would term this "dying" I guess.

Upon colliding with the thousand floored sky scrapper, I felt what YOU meant by "love" as I loved the sound of my bones cracking under the pressure and weight of the debris of what was once a sky scrapper.

I have gotten to understand why since YOU died, YOU chose not to live again, or YOU keep dying... For death is the only feeling worth living for.

Imposter

Believed my own **lies**...

What's a lie? The unspoken truth, an illusion which offers temporal comfort, a deceitful response, something which satiates our innate desire to outsmart others...

I didn't **lie**, we don't **lie**! I'm all **these**, we're all **these**; yeah **imposters**.

Caught in societal norms, the urge to feel accepted; we dim the multifaceted nature of our being, perturbing our sense of self-awareness; embracing the "faking" becomes unapologetically the easiest way out.

I wish, you wish, we wish... We long for and desire that we think suits us best yet we're not worth having them.

We thrive to master the art of contentment, hoping to kill the mirage of our "**mind-selves**" and accept our reality yet become **imposters**.

Would I be happier being my "mind-self", dealing with the calamitous feeling of being misfit or play this role. What's happiness? A phantasm of perfection, orgasm, tasting your blood, defiance, dying...

I am, you are, we are all called to be humans, which remains a daunting task for I guess it is our first time our souls are trapped in this anatomical carcasses. Blessed or cursed I wonder... What's a blessing? Something which fosters our happy mood, a thing others long for yet you got with ease, a temporal feeling of being better than others...

What's a curse? Am I cursed? Yes you are! For your stay here on earth, sums up to performing basic traits of organism and you don't "**live**". It's probably not your fault for no one thus far has been taught how to live

...

I could continue writing down my thoughts on my quest to "**live**" as my "**mind-self**", yet halt for my **soul** (the real me) isn't made for this **world**.

GAUTAM JOSSE

Chasing Rainbows Without the Promise of Gold

Crowded areas and spangled banners aren't the same
My home away from home is determined not by people or physical aspects, by my senses.
Clothes so tight the tag pokes my back as everyone sits knee to knee shoulder to shoulder
The congregation I've hardly known, but has been with me my whole life.
Shema yisrael adonai elohenu adonai echad.

Rising up to the sharp blade and tears which taught me lessons incomprehensible to the young
cerebral cortex
Struggling with the adversity to recall the sensation of the sandpaper-like surface that left before
I could even begin introductions
When the day comes that the boy in the mirror has to step up, step up he will.
A sense of worth when the world as you know it comes crashing down.
Ironical how the most miniscule instances with people heavily influence this character you call
yourself
Scorching hullabaloo uproar as my adolescence still fails to understand society today
I can feel my youth tugging on my long black jeans trying to escape the inevitable burgeoning
reality

Firmly grasping inquisitiveness in pursuit of the unknown shade .
There's not many places where the subtle silence creates its own persona and draws the crowd in
Rather than walking the planned certainty, hike the uneven precarious path of dirt called
uncertainty and take a seat on the process.

HASSAN MOHD

*In the realm of love's cruel game we played,
A mournful melody, the saddest song conveyed.
Within my being, a longing grew,
For your embrace, a yearning I knew.*

*Our fateful meeting, a transformative embrace,
Yet my body contorted, a grotesque embrace.
With hungered eyes, you stared, unkind,
Tearing my heart from its place, unrefined.*

*With savage brutality, you devoured,
My beating heart, its essence overpowered.
Oh, the agony, the pain I endure,
As you consumed my love, so impure*

We are all lonely, but we never admit it.

We would rather keep out lonely hands cold, counting the seconds in our endless nights, rather than hurting our pride by admitting that we need a friend or a lover.

The problem with most of us that we would rather be ruined by love than saved by loneliness.

HAYA MOHAMED AL-KABAISI

Tit for Tat

Indeed with hardship comes ease
They never knew about her battles
She is dressed with values and principles
She has this verse on repeat
Indeed with hardship comes ease

She never plays the victim role
Purity pours into her soul
She would never play tit for tat at all
She has this verse on repeat
Indeed with hardship comes ease

In success and passion they dive
Dead sound of royal cheer comes alive
But give glad tidings to those who patiently persevere
Her prayers meet the sky
She has this verse on repeat
Indeed with hardship comes ease

She doesn't blame the rain
She doesn't blame the pain
On behalf of sustainability she is valid
She has this verse on repeat
Indeed with hardship comes ease

KAH BRICE ZONKEZEE

Yesterday, a dead mouth spoke. Cats are predators in the rat world. But yesterday, Cyril, an immaculate white rat, changed the narrative.

Cyril hails from a dysfunctional family with two dead siblings. In their little garbage house, which smelled like sewage and rotten egg, Cyril and his remaining brothers crammed like a can of sardines. But Cyril wasn't bothered by the smell. He kept thinking about his dead siblings. Every night, he remembers that his brothers are now cold in the belly of cats.

Yesterday, Cyril resolved to confront the cats about the murder. The other rats did not want to hear about such foolishness. They warned him in a clear voice: "Cyril, if you confront the cats, they will eat you." But Cyril was convinced his dead brothers deserved justice. And / or the living brothers deserve safety. So, as he sauntered down the dusty and noisy Cat Street, the rats said a silent prayer and the cats watched with shock.

KATE

Something's Missing

One fateful Sunday morning, as Lewis rose from his bed at ten in the morning, he discovered that something was missing from his room. He shot up from his bed and began frantically looking for it. It wasn't under his pillow, not in his closet, nor was it in his safe. Something was missing. He barged out of the bedroom and into the kitchen, opening cupboards, checking the oven, the microwave, the fridge. He ignored the very unhelpful questions his wife kept asking him, such as "Are you okay?" "What are you looking for?" "Why did you shove your hand inside a hot oven?!" Doesn't she know that this is an urgent matter?? Something was missing! And she wouldn't, COULDN'T understand! He rushed into the living room, flipped the couch his mother was sitting on, drove his fist through the television screen, yet it wasn't there either. Something was missing... Lewis stumbled his way to his children's room and rammed his whole body into the wall. Maybe he would find it inside of here? And maybe he would focus better if his kids would stop screaming! But, to no avail, he didn't find it. Something was missing. The man had begun to panic when he remembered one last place he might've lost it in. He once again entered the kitchen and retrieved a knife. He would start with the kidneys, then the pancreas. Maybe check his intestines? Yes... yes!! Something was missing, and he had to find it.

KINJÉ MANN

A Mansion in My Mind

I spend too long, brick by brick,
building you a mansion in my mind
But all I build are empty rooms,
seen by satellites
Where I keep the Spiderman glasses I stole from you
Where I keep the fireplace burning to keep the silence company
I hang your pictures with screws whose heads swallow the
shame and whose necks then throb like Popeye's arms
The screw-driver is weeping and
I am drunk-driving
In a mansion in my mind:
I twist and turn and twist and turn and
I get dizzy following the screw
As it stops turning, I wonder when the world will too

NAOMI MARGOLIS

I guess it's my fault that

half my teeth are rotting:
they're not the pearls you swim in
on your summer vacations to tuscany.
i guess i should have spent more time brushing them with that red, white, and blue Colgate toothpaste;
maybe you'd be happier.

i'm losing my face:
it bends into the skin of a peach: geometrically, losing its amorphous beauty
that i used to have.
i guess i should spend more time pouring hot honey and rubbing golden yolks onto my skin;
maybe you'd be happier.

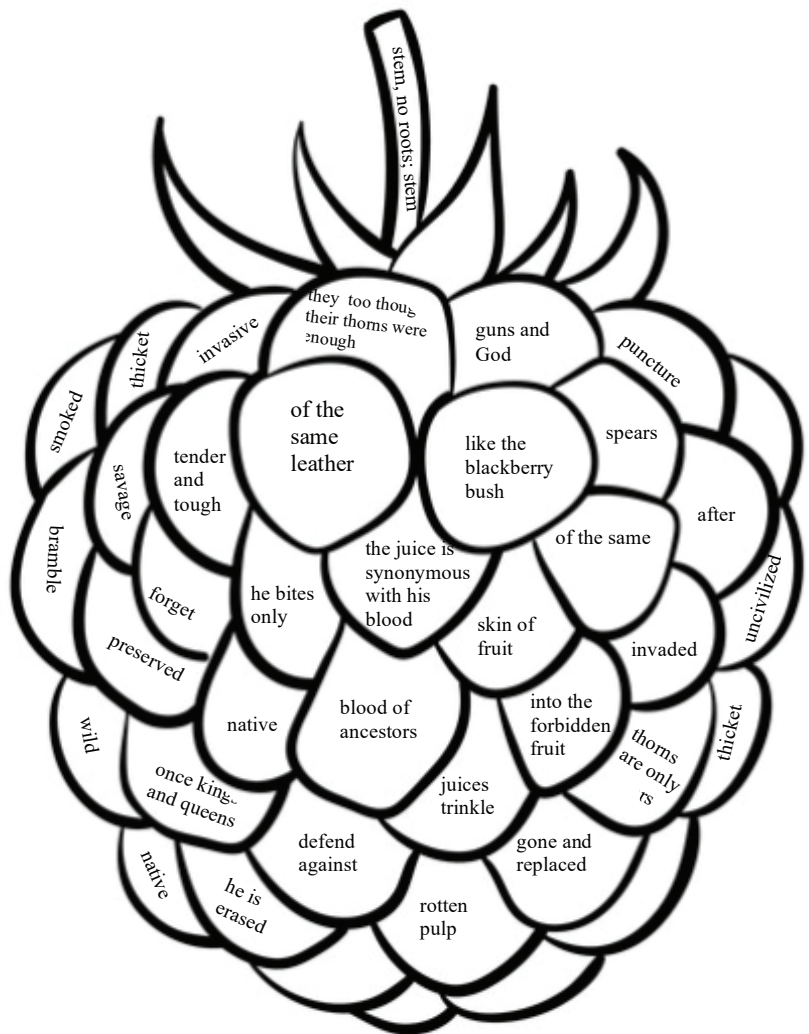
my eyes are surrounded by rocky belts:
we can't have a picnic on a red gingham blanket with
assorted cheeses and fruits, soft vanilla cake, and a crisp champagne.
i guess i should slept longer instead of tending to our child;
maybe you'd be happier.

my back succumbed into the shape of a catholic church:
i can't take out the trash
that's full to the brim with old spice deodorant and old marlboros that you left in the crib.
i guess i should have not grown familiar with the smell of your cigs;
maybe you'd be happier.

my mind cannot function:
to the point where i can't remember the proportions of sugar to lemon zest to salt in the jam
and now it's too bitter to remember the sweet
i guess i should've remembered to add more sugar, only the kind that hummingbirds suckle.
maybe you'd be happier.

my body is a souvenir of broken porcelain whose blue designs were washed
away by your favorite dish soap.

rupus/blackberry (paiute name forgotten)



NNANE NTUBE

Clueless

they say my body is a mirror, an invention of a self imprisoned in this double-faced space.

confined in this dilemma, the center and the west tear me apart. I am an unidentified spacecraft.

with the sun betraying the sacredness of my face, my back is a treasure I have yet to discover.
my silence is nameless, I lost my voice in a multitude of languages.

my name is nameless, behind this glass a door-less door stares. I hear a void sound of my voice
mouthing my roofless name.

muna asks if I know the meaning of “ventriloquism,” I tell him I lost my voice when I lost
touch with my language.

I see scattered mirages of myself sitting in blurred shades.

from the south, I slip through missing lines of history and bruise my fealty.

narratives wear a world on me but I wear out and off in search, a space to grow an authentic
self.

I carry on my body cracks and traces of void. in my emptiness, a friend asks: “where do you
come from?”

I throw my fingers in the cracks, pull the layers apart to show him my splits. in this space, i find
myself in each stripe detached from the soil.

dust boasts on my toes, raindrops beat clueless skins on deadening soil covering the traces of
how I lost my voice and self.

I sit, unmoving, but the world moves.

A Walk Down the Streets of Iowa

Iowa City dresses the day
like a maiden on a date.
Her shy smile is lost
In the stillness of the streets,
That doesn't make her
bitter or cold.
On sidewalks, contacts are made
with a pinch of smile on faces
And a step echoing beside another
In a rather steady beat.
My first encounter with her?
I saw Love beaming with amazement
to behold her vast corn farms and fields.
In my heart, a new home was built
For a silent poet like me.
I've known her for a day or two,
And I can tell her shyness is as charming as her silence.
Who won't love to take this beauty
and make a commendable home?
...I guess with time and space
I'll break the silence between us
And pave a way for soothing conversations.
I know for a fact that her heart yearns
for nothing but creativity and authenticity.

NINA ARTA

Do Not Forget Me

The graveyard in my town is old, older than both of my grandparents and their own grandparents too. They all lie buried there. Their graves are kept clean and the flowerpots at the foot of them well-watered and always blooming. Their names are inscribed in gold on the ash gray stone. The letters are periodically repaired every few years when the weather wears them down. The same goes for most of the other graves. Fallen leaves of poplar trees surrounding the graveyard are brushed off, the candles left behind by the living kept burning until they run out. Then, the empty containers are removed so their resting place never becomes a place of litter. The same goes for most of the other graves. The families of their descendants take care of them. Even in death these people are not forgotten. Even in death they are beloved. Well, most of them. For if you look just past the ones surrounding the main path, the clean and cared for ones, you will find those that are not.

They are there, underneath the poplar trees that have been standing here since the graveyard was established. They are there, covered with dead leaves. They are there, waiting.

Most of them are nothing more than a grass hill, slowly sinking into the earth, with no name to attach to the bones rotting within. The others often have a rusted or a broken cross at one end, perhaps a remain of the coverstone and few letters left distinguishable. But only a few actually managed to keep a headstone. They are usually crumbling, missing a large piece, the writing weathered down to only smudges and vague traces. I stray off the cobblestoned paths that lead through the center and venture towards them. It is strange to do so. Layers upon layers of hot evening air of late summer stand in my way. Each step is hard, my feet heavy as if sinking into wet sand. The air behaves like water, making it harder to walk the closer I get. It is like walking into the ocean.

Looking down onto these hills of memory I ponder lighting a candle but then decide against it. Covered with so many dry leaves it would go up in flames in two seconds. I wonder, for a moment, if the person laying in the ground would feel the warmth should their grave be set on fire. Would they stir in heaven feeling the last thread binding them to this Earth being reduced to nothing more than ashes? Bringing bouquets wouldn't have a point either, the dead have no need for something so fleeting and among the grass grow dozens upon dozens of daisies and dandelions, Nature paying her own respects. All that is left is to remember the person lying there. But I do not know them.

If I can distinguish a name on some of the broken crosses, I say it over and over again like a prayer, my mind filling the blanks I have of the human being buried under my feet. If I manage to make out a year it immediately fills with images of who they might have been, what they might have lived through.

Slowly, taking care to stop at each resting place, I make my way through them until only one remains. Grief weighs heavy on my shoulders. Sadness for people I have never met, never laid eyes upon, never heard the voice of. It is a strange emotion. It is an even stranger sensation. A pricking on my skin, silence surrounding this place interrupted only by the soft sounds my steps make on the grass, the rough surface of stone under my fingertips. It is a tug on heartstrings.

The last grave in the row managed to keep a headstone, made from faded black granite, its edges already giving away under the weight of time. The name is unreadable, the numbers that encompass an entire lifetime long faded but still, there is a remnant of writing underneath all of it. Descending onto my knees, the green blades parting beneath my weight, I lean towards the cold stone. I read:

“For what I have done and failed to do, I am sorry. Do not forget me.”

The words are like a stab wound.

Harsh. Unforgiving. Desperate.

My vision blurs and my world sways. I catch myself on the earth below me. My thoughts are racing. They are moving whip-fast, I can’t get a hold of any of them for too long. I only grasp them for a second and then they are gone.

Who was this person to beg so hopelessly for forgiveness?

What could this person regret so much?

Why would this person try even after death to apologize?

My fingers sink into the ground beneath my hands. Somewhere below them there are the bones of somebody who only wanted to be forgiven. Who only wanted to be remembered. And yet now, nothing more remains than a cold stone that no longer bears a name or numbers. It only preserved a plea to the future. The future that couldn’t care less. In the destruction of the identity however, the plea becomes meaningless, doesn’t it?

It doesn’t. It doesn’t.

The person is gone. The flesh is long sustenance for worms and daisies and dandelions. The bones rot. The memory has faded. But it’s not gone. Not yet.

I stand. The stone is too old to glisten in the setting sun that shines on the graveyard but for a moment it loses its chill and instead seems almost warm. For a moment. Only for a moment.

The metal gate creaks when I open it to leave and rattles when I close it. My knees are wet from dew and eyes from unspilled tears as I bid farewell to the ones that dwell here. I turn my back and start walking away. The grief doesn’t get any lighter.

NWANJA FAITH W.

Inside

In patience and sorrow,
We have the need to be wanted,
The hope to be accepted .
People keep judging,
Not know the burden.
They look only on the outside,
Not paying attention to the bright side.
Day after day, hour after hour,
With no idea on how to pour these emotions and intentions,
That feel like decept
Sometimes I stay up at night,
Burdened with the terror of fright.
These people who think they know you,
Keep thinking they can change you.
We live in a society whose entirety is an embodiment of hate and cruelty.
The society is definitely faulty.
Do not let them tell you who to be,
Because you are unique.

Your Story

No one know what it's like,
 People keep telling you what to do, what to say, how to act,
 These voices in my head keep telling me what to do,
 But I shit them out and listen to my heart.
 Fake friends, fake people and fake lives roam around me.
 In the strive to please people and succumb to societal trends,
 We end up loosing ourselves, our voices and our identities.
 Now is the time to rise up,
 Stand for yourself, your opinions and your beliefs.
 Do not let them tell you who to be and how to act.
 Be yourself, own your voice and tell your story.

Goodbye

So precious, so dear, so cheerful and close to my heart.
 He guides me completely and loves me so sweetly.
 He was my rock, my safe place, my teacher, my strength, Some would say my "Achilles heel".
 In the midst of war hate and despair, he always knew how to make it better and look on the bright side.
 His love was my peace.
 Then he went away to a far away place, told me he'd be back.
 I would climb every mountain and swim every ocean, just to be with him .
 Every night I would pray for his safe return back to me.
 Every sunshine, wind, rain, storm , would lead me back to him, to where he said goodbye.
 I waited each day, everyday, all day to no avail. Just wanted to get a word from him, to see his face again.
 Time passed, i grew older, a lot of memories faded away yet I could hear his voice echo in my head day and night.
 But then it dawned on me, he was no more. Tears filled my eyes, excruciating pain filled my heart but his memory will live on forever.

RANIYAH ADNAN

The Clothing Line

The sweltering, sticky heat of Lahore threatened me profusely, yet another warning for me to join the first exodus I could find. A drop fell on my chest but I could not tell what it was. Tears, sweat, blood or the sickeningly sweet mango juice I was drinking—they all felt the same: prosaic.

With the ‘plop’ of another drop of the unidentifiable liquid, the ringing began. I sighed, breathing in what felt like the weight of the household. Breathing out, however, made no difference; my chest felt heavier than ever. I did not bother going to the source of the commotion, I knew the routine all too well: sharp Urdu consonants thrown around viscerally, the cracking of crockery my mother had gathered from all over, and the worst of all—the silence. The deafening silence heaving with rage, misinterpretation and unsaid words.

“I am taking your uniform off the clothing line, Haris,” my mother screamed, tired of her husband, tired of the weather and tired of the past 23 years she had been pressured into conforming to.

“Uff! Are you stupid, you useless brat! We cannot afford dryers like your father could! I need to work, unlike you,” he retorted, using the same insults I had been mouthing along, the memory of the words etched into the colour of my skin and the roughness of my hair.

“It will rain soon! And, do not insult me for not doing what you have forbidden me to ever consider! “

Back and forth. Forth and back. A few plates.
And, then a shriek.
Silence

- (few hours later, around Maghrib time)

It began. The rain poured down with the stubbornness of my father and the grace of my mother. A sharp taste of metal flooded my mouth as I bite my tongue, but my satisfaction outweighed the pain.

My mother and her liberal ideologies served victorious, cornered in the cramped 2 square meter area of the balcony behind the clothing line. My father and his staunch patriarchal beliefs with a touch of what seemed like his own Islam were present behind the line—the house, the health and a sense of power. It seemed like he was incomparably superior to my mother but she had one essential element he did not.

Fresh air rolled behind the balcony, originating from somewhere north—maybe Murree, maybe Islamabad. A glorious expanse of colour streaked the sky with hues of crimson like the rage in my house, blue, like the serenity of the comfortable silences and yellow like the euphoria us women felt in our small moments of triumph.

My mother had something my father did not.

ZARA MAMNOON

How To Get Into a Prestigious College: A Very Serious Step-By-Step Tutorial

Disclaimer: This is dedicated to the unrealistic academic standards that students have to keep up with, and the ‘Embellishers’ (everyone else is excused and admired).

Let me tell you how to get into a prestigious college. Don’t worry, I’m a reliable adviser; my father’s friend’s daughter went to Yale.

Step One: Create a Common App account. Make sure that the email address you’re using sounds serious and not like the name of a Harry Styles fan account.

Step Two: Start your application early. Remember, the early bird gets the worm...unless you’re settling for the crumbs. Still, all-nighters are the way to go, and if required, feel free to replace water with coffee.

Step Three: State all the APs you aced, the summer classes that made you discover who you truly are overnight, and the hundreds of art competitions you won although you swear that you only do art for ‘fun’. Bonus points if you have founded a non-profit organization, preferably with a social motive.

Pro Tip: While writing the essays, make sure to mention if you ever got bullied or discriminated against because of your race, gender or beliefs, or if you’re from a low income family, or perhaps if your parents are divorced Oh, they’re not? No problem, just make sure to embellish a few stories here and there. You are of no use if you don’t have a heart-wrenching backstory.

Warning: Bear in mind that you need financial aid, so denote your parents as low-income but not so much that they can’t ‘donate’ a whole building to the college.

Well, that’s it for our session. Do these right and there’s a generous 2% chance that you might get in. Oh, and don’t forget to listen to the new Taylor Swift album with your headphones at volumes that will make you go deaf by the time you’re thirty while you’re doing these. Good Luck!

ROUDHA ALROMAIHI

The Glass Garden

In the heart of a bustling metropolis where skyscrapers reached towards the heavens and the cacophony of city life echoed through every alley, there existed a whispered legend—a tale of a hidden sanctuary known as the Glass Garden.

Elena first heard whispers of the Glass Garden from an old man whose weathered face bore the lines of a thousand stories. His eyes, like polished amber, sparkled with a hint of mischief as he spoke of a place where the impossible bloomed amidst the concrete jungle. Intrigued by the tale of this secret oasis, Elena embarked on a quest to uncover its mysteries.

Guided by cryptic clues scribbled on worn parchment and whispered rumors that drifted through the labyrinthine streets, Elena navigated through hidden passages and climbed stairwells adorned with graffiti that told stories of rebellion and longing. At last, she found herself standing before an unassuming door tucked away in a forgotten corner of the city—a portal to the fabled Glass Garden.

As the door swung open on silent hinges, Elena stepped into a world that defied all expectations. Before her stretched a garden unlike any she had ever imagined. Glass flowers—crystal-clear and refracting the city lights—sprouted from beds of shimmering moss. Each bloom was a masterpiece of delicate craftsmanship, capturing the essence of nature's beauty in a material as fragile as dreams.

The air hummed with unseen energies, weaving a tapestry of sensations—fragrant blooms that exuded scents both familiar and otherworldly, a gentle breeze that carried whispers of forgotten melodies, and a soft glow that bathed the garden in a surreal, ethereal light.

Elena wandered through the Glass Garden, mesmerized by its surreal beauty. She encountered creatures of glass—butterflies with wings that caught the moonlight and scattered it in a cascade of colors, birds that sang songs composed of tinkling chimes, and even a majestic unicorn whose horn glimmered with an inner light.

In the heart of the garden, she found a pond where water lilies floated on surfaces as clear as polished mirrors. Beneath the surface, fish of iridescent hues darted like living jewels, their scales reflecting the garden's brilliance in a mesmerizing dance.

But amidst the wonder, Elena sensed a melancholy—a whisper of longing that echoed through the glass petals and shimmering leaves. She realized that the garden was a fragile oasis, existing at the fringes of a world that marched relentlessly forward, its beauty threatened by the encroaching shadows of progress and indifference.

As days passed, Elena returned to the Glass Garden, each visit revealing new wonders and deepening her bond with this hidden sanctuary. She befriended a glass squirrel with eyes that sparkled mischievously and a glass fox that darted through the moonlit foliage with grace and mystery. Together, they explored every corner of the garden, uncovering its secrets and forging a connection that transcended the boundaries of reality.

Yet, as she grew more enchanted by the Glass Garden's ethereal beauty, Elena couldn't shake the feeling that time was fleeting—that the sanctuary she cherished was slipping through her fingers like grains of sand. The city pressed in from all sides, its relentless pulse threatening to drown out the delicate whispers of the garden.

One night, as she stood beneath the canopy of glass flowers that shimmered in the starlight, Elena heard a faint melody—a haunting refrain that seemed to echo from the heart of the garden itself. Following the sound, she discovered a forgotten corner where a lone statue stood, its features carved with exquisite detail.

The statue depicted a figure—a guardian of the garden, perhaps, with eyes that gazed into eternity and hands outstretched as if to cradle the fragile blooms. Around its base, inscribed in ancient script, were words that spoke of love, loss, and the eternal dance between beauty and impermanence.

As dawn painted the sky in hues of rose and gold, Elena reluctantly bid farewell to the Glass Garden. She carried with her memories of a place where imagination bloomed unfettered—a testament to the power of dreams and the enduring magic that resides in the quiet corners of our hearts.

SRIYA TALLAPRAGADA

Block and Report

I'm 12 years old and I just discovered the internet. Everyone is joking about killing themselves. Mental health disorders are used in adjectives; *ugh, the weather is so bipolar; school today is making me suicidal; my boyfriend is so schizo; my teacher literally has OCD*. They take screenshots of screenshots of screenshots, using words you can't find in the Bible, or in any dictionary, for that matter. We have our little fights: *is the dress blue and black or white and gold? Is it because of what she was wearing? Did she deserve it?* Suddenly someone is #metoo'ing, and then everyone is #metoo'ing, and it becomes an #ustoo. Suddenly an orange man with racoon hair who SA'd a women becomes president of the US. I start a quasi war on Twitter. I post memes, where my sincerity becomes warped and fragmented under layers and layers of sarcasm. I can't tell if I'm joking or not. I talk about politics and the state of the world, and a boomer blonde woman with a Corinthians 5:7 verse in her bio tells me to off myself. *Block and report.*

I'm 13 years old on the internet and I meet a boy. He plays on Twitch and runs a Discord channel and follows Andrew Tate. He likes me, or maybe he just likes skinny girls with thigh gaps... I can never tell. We talk in emojis: smiling cat emoji, winking face with stuck out tongue emoji, angry face emoji (he used that one alot). Never the red heart. Never any heart, in fact. He tells me he takes creatine to get jacked. He posts gym pics, and I pretend to care. He tells me Kanye made Taylor Swift famous. He only speaks in slurs. He has a "Trump 2024" flag in his bedroom. He scares me. He tells me he will kill himself if I break up with him. We never meet in person- he lives a world away. If I try to reach into my computer and feel him, I will only get blackness. The only time I hear his voice is over the crunchy static of a facetime call gone bad. He calls me his soulmate. He asks me if I send nudes. *This is not real love*, I read from the space between binary digits. Real love is picnic baskets and movie dates and Disney weddings. Real love is my dad selling his bike to buy my mother her Prom dress. Real love is a boy transcending the internet to be with a girl. This is not what I want. I never had the energy to fight him. I never really had anything I wanted to say. *Block and report.*

I'm 14 years old on the internet and I begin to pick up sloppy role models from the "It Girls" I read about from tabloid covers. I want to have a nose as straight as Bella Hadid, a skin as smooth as Zendeya, an edge as sharp as King Kylie. I do ozempic, watching the fat drop straight from my belly. I only eat salads for lunch... scratch that, I don't eat anything. I spritz my mother's "Chanel" all over my face, twirling around in red Louboutins that are just a size too big. I melt atop reddit channels advertising "skinspo", counting calories and critiquing Victoria Secret models. I post a bikini picture online, PR'ing myself, my pose, my body for others to critique. A boy from my school, the one with greasy hair who vapes in the woods, comments that I look chubby. I pinch the extra fat in my stomach and vow to lose it. I share my progress with fellow redditors; they tell me "nothing tastes as good as skinny feels", and I believe them. My skin stretches tight across my ribs, and my mother (the real one, flesh and bones) gets scared. She deletes reddit from my phone, removing all the "skinny idols" I've looked up to, one by one. *Block and report.*

I'm 15 years old and I made my first internet friend. Her username is theGrundyGirl899, and it feels like she really gets me. She drives two hours to my house, where she looks larger than life; black eyeliner smudged across her lids, a streak of red across her jet black hair, platform boots that force me to look up when talking to her, a confident swagger to her step. Emma talks to me about boys and other drugs, while I smile and nod. She tells me we can drink in the parking lot outside of our local strip mall; although I try to be cool, the cheap vodka burns as it travels down my throat, and I can't help but spit it back out. Just like that, I lose my first friend. Sighing, I click *block and report*.

I'm 16 years old, and I'm sitting in my engineering class, drumming my finger against the icy cold feel of the keyboard. I learn that memory is getting cheaper every year. Finally! I buy enough electronic chips, stack them up like dominos and watch them tumble. You can almost see the storage spilling out the slide, forming storm clouds of data. This technology is new-and-improved, cutting edge, really brilliant. I reach out for my phone. It's cold, but not cold like ice cream or snow flakes. Cold like the graveyard dirt around the cemeteries and the white marble of the supreme court building. It's "kill 'em will icy indifference" cold. The worst kind possible. My hand, subconsciously, drops the screen and falls to my side. My room gets covered with a million shards of glass, but if you squint just enough, it kind of looks like glitter. *That* is innovation that inspires. I get a "C" in the class, a red mark in a perfect transcript that I am quick to *block and report*.

I'm a grown-up now, with nothing but a driver's license to show for it. The internet is big and wide, and the graveyard of blocked voices hangs low in my chest. But I'm pretty big too. I feel my wrinkles become a constellation, each vein in my wrist leading out the path towards eternal salvation; call it a holy basilica, the way my tears cleanse the ground around me and form an ocean. I dive in, escaping the cloud, swimming past the O's and I's that comprise my life. I get rid of my phone. *Block and report*. And I start to live my life.

SUHANI CHADHA

Contours

Rivers meander in ‘S’ shapes.
Perhaps they are distracted
by cherry trees and pine forests
on opposite sides.
Perhaps they don’t know the way.

Like them, you are torn too,
between what you want to be—
A man or a woman?
A commoner or a spearheader?
A patriot or a rebel?

Rivers find different paths,
one through the Eastern plains,
one through the Western plains,
but they converge
into the same basin.

Like them, humans tread different
jobs, roads, wins, and losses,
yet they return to the soil
from which they grow.

Rivers only meander on flat terrain,
for steep slopes scare rivers—
you feel that too.

On plains, you relax, explore,
immerse in your work.
School, though, is a steep descent
bent at a 60-degree angle.
You’re steadfast, straight,
not making a mistake.

Rivers collect souvenirs—
sediments and stones and even trees,
gifts from the motherland,
and memories of her touch.

Unlike them, you never gathered
Mother’s caresses,
or spoke your language in foreign lands—
the pieces that define you
still beyond your grasp.

Rivers leave behind fragments–
 called ox-bow lakes–
 when deposition of rocks
 cuts the curves of the ‘S’s off.

You feel like that ox-bow lake,
 left behind without your parents
 to crane their necks,
 and look for you.

But ox-bow lakes sustain
 not only themselves,
 but woodpeckers, tanagers, otters–
 Life finds a way.

Similarly, isolation sharpens
 your focus on work:
 trigonometry, geomorphic processes,
 and W. H. Auden.

Often ox-bow lakes evaporate
 when cut off from sources of water,
 yet some rejuvenate
 with groundwater.

Most human ox-bow lakes
 survive– at least,
 that’s your hope.

When you see the water of the river
 you were separated from,
 there’s a pang of loss
 for other streams flow faster,
 teeming with pickerels and waterlilies.

As you walk alongside
 the river’s path, you ask:
 Is it alright to be an ox-bow lake, O river?

It’s a natural process, my dear,
 life finds a way,
 it replied.

TONY-JUNLIN PAN

Dispar(i)ty

most of New York is immigrants bleeding
into dimly lit streets i crawl from graffiti
& dirty sinks to love a country is
to concede to innate inheritance
& leave behind my wounded history i don't remember seeing on TV
unsheltered "New Yorkers" sprawling
across gleaming streets blanketed with sodden sheets
and quenched dreams so this is what they call america
this is what they call New York, this is what they call home
to wallow in the luxury of Saks Fifth Avenue also
means to leave behind streets fumed
with tobacco remains
beyond pungent yet we New Yorkers inhale its sourness for a taste of home

"What is this? smell like dumped waste."
my mother coughed as she spluttered
in "broken" english, was what people in public would say.
i wake up to bruised lips, prickled & shriveled skin
parting my teeth and severing my lips to speak this language-
because english is what they call universal,
what they think superior.

it's one thing to be in this country, another to be a part of this country
it's one thing to be in this city, another thing to be part of this city so let it be known
that I'm tired and drained most of what we call
america is disparity mismatched pavements
dig into manholes ablaze within dimly lit streets
we were never happy abroad
with littered streets & rotten sheets
but we still aren't happy now so this is what they call dispar(i)ty
this is what they call the Big Apple this is what they call amer(i)ca.

How Writers Tell Angry Stories

is a gifted secret told through inexistent words,
or better yet – existence.

I. Rage

I clench fists that encompass more stories
than any book I have come across.

To write about rage –
you must be brave enough for firsts to meet walls,
what follows the sounds of door slamming brakes;
your ears kiss the door
as your heart beats swells your chest.

Anger erupts through the slightest kindling of resistances,
just as singular matches set forests ablaze
decimating all that there is left.

II. Loss

is something that evades the surfaces of palms.
Squeezing my fingers together as hard as I can
to only discover what I refuse to believe as
disappearing gaps, brutal culprits to memories.

Minds grow calluses, for that
They are nurtured through constant trauma.
To grief, we must have instilled formidable value in things lost.

O, to find the joy in grief,
we must have morphed new identities;
we must have lived other days.

TATUM BROWN

I Choose

We are told to celebrate our differences,
That everyone is special and unique.
But why not celebrate our similarities,
The fact we are all human,
Evolved from the same, shared ancestors?
Our skin colors may not be the same,
And our backgrounds may be different,
But we are all members of humanity.
Supposedly the smartest creatures on planet earth,
We kill each other for not sharing the same
Opinions and religions,
Abuse people who are not the same
On the exterior,
Claiming they are inferior.
But don't we all share human brains, hearts and souls?
Aren't we cut from the same mold?
To care is rare in this age,
To show kindness a form of madness,
To love for love's sake, weak and indulgent.
When did the very things that unite us divide us?

I choose not to follow these absurd rules,
I choose to lead with love, to treat others equally,
To look past the exterior,
To unearth the goodness in one's heart.
I want to learn about others and their cultures,
To find the similarities and rejoice in them,
To show that I care about others, their feelings, hopes, and dreams,
To unite and to be united,
To listen respectfully, not shouting, accusing, or bullying.
I will not tolerate the belittlement of others based on prejudice, bias or fear.
To be a part of humankind I choose to live by the simple request it describes,
Be kind.

YAEJUN MYUNG

PH0420

Our milk is BEST-BEFORE-03-23. Before
white runs yellow and Chul-yi could run
away to some world up above, appa spoons intestines
from blood-red pho. Appa said
he's probably alive or something, reaching
for skin-white noodles drowning
amongst floating vegetables, to be consumed later.
Chul-yi was broke and tired, except
in grime and sadness Hye-min was everything
to him. She made his empty stomach feel full,
and when she left, Chul-yi needed
another release. Appa spoons
me a radish. I told him maybe Chul-yi too could be like
umma and appa, since umma's birthday is coming
up, 03-23. Appa told me to live in the moment,
pepper-flakes speckled on his teeth like dates
on a tombstone.

FACULTY BIOS

JOSÉ OLIVAREZ is the son of Mexican immigrants, and the author of two collections of poems, including, most recently, *Promises of Gold*—which was long listed for the 2023 National Book Awards. His debut book of poems, *Citizen Illegal*, was a finalist for the PEN/Jean Stein Book Award and a winner of the 2018 Chicago Review of Books Poetry Prize. Along with Felicia Rose Chavez and Willie Perdomo, he co-edited the poetry anthology, *The BreakBeat Poets Vol. 4: LatiNEXT*. Alongside Antonio Salazar, he published the hybrid book, *Por Siempre* in 2023.

MANSOURA EZ-ELDIN (fiction; nonfiction, editor; Egypt) is an award-winning author of 10 books. Her book “Walks in Shanghai” received the Ibn Battuta Prize for travel literature 2021, her novel “Emerald Mountain” received the award of the best Arabic novel in 2014 from Sharjah International Book Fair (SIBF). The Serbian edition of her novel “Shadow Specters” was shortlisted for the Miloš Đurić Prize for literary translation issued by the Serbian Association of literary translators, and the French edition of her novel “The Orchards of Basra” was shortlisted for Le Prix de la Littérature Arabe 2023.

Her short story collection “A haven for the absence” was shortlisted for the prestigious Al-Multaqa Prize for Arabic short story 2018 and Sheikh Zayed Award for literature 2020. In 2009, she was selected for the Beirut39, as one of the 39 best Arab authors below the age of 40.

Her writing has appeared, among other places, in *Granta*, *New York Times*, *A Public Space* and *The Neue Zürcher Zeitung*.

COUNSELOR BIOS

DEVANSHI KHETARPAL is an MFA candidate in Fiction at the Iowa Writers' Workshop. Her work has been published in *Indiana Review*, *Pleiades*, *The Masters Review*, *Public Books*, *Poetry at Sangam*, and *The Bombay Literary Magazine*, among others. She received an Honorable Mention for the 2024 Prufer Poetry Prize by *Pleiades Magazine* and was longlisted for the 2023 Toto Award for Creative Writing in English. Devanshi holds a Master's in Comparative Literature from New York University. She is from Bhopal, India.

ELIZAVETA BUKATINA is an MFA candidate in Literary Translation at the University of Iowa. Her interests mainly include contemporary Russian autobiographical prose. She is an editor at *Exchanges: A Journal of Literary Translation* and a teaching assistant at the Department of Asian and Slavic Languages and Literatures, where she is the primary instructor for Elementary Russian. In her free time, she enjoys teaching ESL online.

BRENDA HASKIN lives in Coralville, IA and is entering her 28th year as an educator where she has had the joy of teaching reading and writing to students of all ages. For the past 16 years she has been a Teacher Librarian responsible for curating a diverse collection of books that students see themselves in and can relate to. She has also had the pleasure of teaching college ESL and hosting foreign exchange students coming to study in the U.S. She is grateful to be a part of IWP's Between the Lines program!

CHIBUEZE DARLINGTON ANUONYE, a doctoral student in the English department at the University of Nebraska–Lincoln, is the curator of *Selfies and Signatures: An Afro Anthology of Short Stories*, co-editor of *Daybreak: An Anthology of Nigerian Short Fiction*, and editor of *Through the Eye of a Needle: Art in the Time of Coronavirus. Unbound*, his co-edited anthology of contemporary Nigerian poetry is forthcoming from Griots Lounge Publishing. Anuonye is a contributing writer for *World Literature Today*, *The Hopkins Review* and *Brittle Paper*.

STAFF BIOS

ROMEO ORIOGUN is a Nigerian poet, essayist, and the author of *Sacrament of Bodies* (2020), *Nomad* (2021) and *The Gathering of Bastards* (2023), as well as three chapbooks. A graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop, he has won the Nigeria Prize for Literature, the Alice Fay Di Castagnola Prize, the Brunel International African Poetry Prize, and was a finalist for the Lambda Prize for Gay Poetry. His poems have appeared in *Poetry*, *The New Yorker*, *The Nation*, *Harvard Review*, *American Poetry Review*, *Narrative Magazine*, *The Common*, and elsewhere, and are translated into several languages. As of 2023, he coordinates IWP's youth programming.

RAZAN HAMZA is a senior at Cornell College, studying Psychological Sciences and International Studies. She is a poet and an eboard member for Lyrically Inclined, Cornell College's poetry organization. Also for Cornell, she is a coordinator for the International Student Orientation. A member of the International Student Association there as well, she takes part in the annual Culture Show, for which she represents her home country of Sudan. Razan spends her Saturdays tutoring immigrants and refugees in English, and all in all enjoys every opportunity in which she can engage with people of various cultures.

GRACE MORSE is an essayist from New Orleans, Louisiana pursuing her MFA at the University of Iowa's Nonfiction Writing Program. She is emphatic about her passion for memoir, her birthstone, and the ever-deepening politics of her body. Her most recent essay is forthcoming in *CRAFT Magazine*, where it was also shortlisted for the 2023 *CRAFT Flash Prose Prize*.

HAYA MOHAMED AL-KABAISI, also known as Miss Haya, is an English second language coordinator/teacher for high school in Qatar. I am passionate about teaching; I would do whatever it takes and seize any opportunity for educational and personal development. Luckily, my first poem was honored to be inspired by Iowa City. I get inspired to innovate and lead initiatives that benefit youth and society. Whether it's implementing new teaching strategies, designing inclusive curricula, or spearheading projects that address pressing social issues, my identity fuels my creativity and drive to make a difference. As a leader in education, I inspire others to join different community service activities to support youth and contribute to the betterment of society. My inspiration from my students sparks my creativity and drives innovation in my teaching practice. As I observe my students' unique talents, passions, and perspectives, I am inspired to design engaging and interactive lessons that stimulate their imagination, critical thinking, and problem-solving skills.

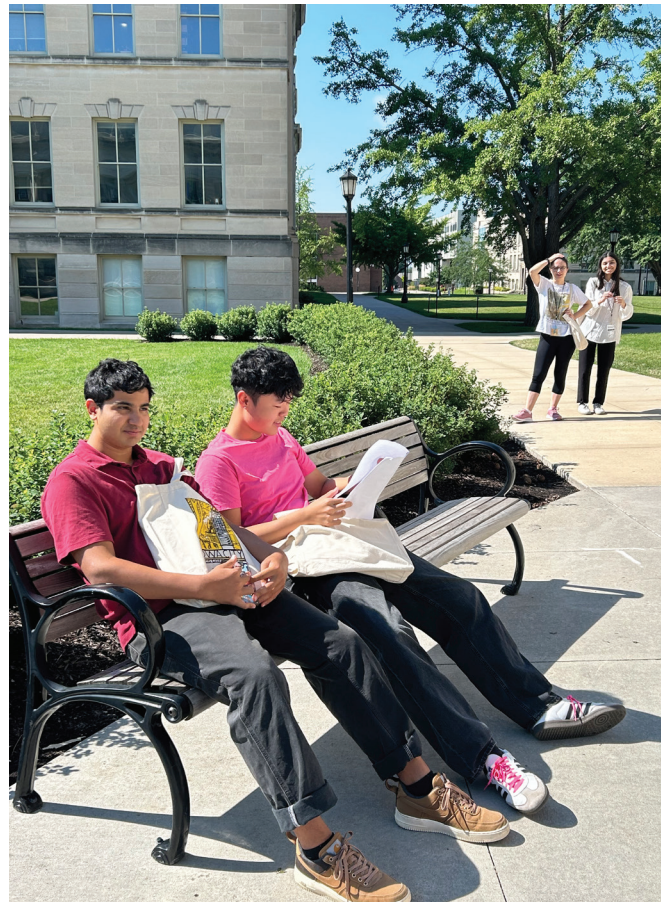
NNANE NTUBE hails from the south-west region of Cameroon. She is a bilingual teacher (English and French). In 2020, she authored her first poetry collection titled *Litany of a Foreign Wife*, one of the leading books that advocate for the respect of human rights in her country. In 2022, she hosted the fifth edition of the African Writers Conference in Douala, Cameroon. Her poems have been featured in about 13 national and international anthologies, some of which include *Bearing Witness*, *African Drum: Anthology of Poems from Africa*, *Ashes and Memories*, *Corpses of Unity*, *Old Love Skin: Voices from Contemporary Africa*, Best "New" African Poets 2018, etc.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Every year, since its inception in 2008, Between the Lines has pursued innovation and growth. This year's pursuits are possible because of generous support and funding from the Cultural Programs Division of the U.S. Department of State, and the dedication of individuals and organizations that support the program's mission:

Christopher Merril, Director; and all the staff of the International Writing Program, University of Iowa; Jill Staggs, Anita Ghildyal, Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs of the U.S. Department of State; the program's instructors: José Olivarez, Mansoura Ez Eldin; the on-site staff: counselors Brenda Haskin, Chibueze Darlington Anuonye, Devanshi Khetarpal, and Elizaveta Bukatina; BTL program assistants Grace J R Morse and Razan Hamza; BTL program coordinator Romeo Oriogun.

And our thanks to our special instructors: Christopher Lysik, Dana King, Lauren Linder; Prairie Lights Bookstore, for hosting BTL faculty reading; and finally, to all the participants of Between the Lines for making this program so extraordinary.



BETWEEN THE LINES

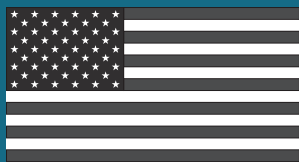
IDENTITY AND BELONGING

An anthology of poetry, prose, and photographs created by Between the Lines participants from Bangladesh, Cameroon, India, Morocco, Pakistan, Qatar, Slovakia, United Arab Emirates, and the United States, facilitated by the International Writing Program at the University of Iowa.

INTERNATIONAL WRITING PROGRAM

The University of Iowa
100 Shambaugh House
Iowa City, IA 52242

iwp@uiowa.edu
iwp.uiowa.edu/programs/between-the-lines
www.facebook.com/btlwriters
www.eca.state.gov



IOWA

International Writing Program
Between the Lines