





E LAE

Ava Morgan

Maman was a bird woman— ighty, and
“fettered” to the ice box.

Zoe Schacht

I would walk to Peru with you

A quick weekend trip

You

Me

We

Us

Morgan Sierra Brown

I have found solitude one of my better companions.
In my younger years, it was kindly remarked to my mother
my tendency to drift from the other children.
Dragging pink fingers along wired fence.
Unleashing the dandelions.

the desire of seclusion,
felt at times even amongst the beloved.
Wilting eyes, dulled face, spell of delay
appear of insult.
I beg:
an exhaustion
of articulation, tread.

With oneself, accountable to none,
there is ascent to the dreamt.
Tracing a past home
or elementary school,
encountering the ghosts of those once known.
Reminiscence of the sweetened ease.
Recalled are the nights worth remembrance,
even those of sol

Dylan Carpenter

today, my unapologetic legs
stroll down pavement that will
be here long after I am gone and
I use my satisfactory lungs to
savor every molecule of the
autumn air that is fixed in its freshness.
seasons are much like scales on a fish:
already dying from the moment they take shape.
and I wonder why ice has those same properties;

if my own body would tragically dissolve
when left in the ocean long enough.
but children's books still tell the tale
of tails so much different than ours.
like how a mermaid's bottom half can
sparkle — completely star-crossed.
what kind of fate do the cosmos tell about plastic,
then, when such an entity seems deathless like a star?
or about the way the waves stand just a little higher each year,

on their tippy-toes beating against foreign walkways.
if a fish were to stand on their tippy-toes, gasping for air,
dwindling like a season, shedding scales and hope entirely,
what kind of book cover would suit them best?
would children still envy the sea?
good news is like Atlantis to me.
constantly searching for a buoy to tether myself to,
but sometimes I go overboard before I get the chance.
I spiral in gyres and shiver under cool currents —

with nothing but my useless legs. but how lucky I am
to inhale grievance and exhale sympathy. that my own lungs
will never know what it's like to live in a place where the air
is grainy and the space is hostile. how lucky
I am to be scaleless, gill-less, clueless.
it is said that we know more about space than
we do our own oceans, perhaps because it is
more exciting to look through every corner of
a treasure chest than a trash can.

but I wonder if mermaids know anything about us —
whether we are the aliens that have come to exterminate them
or just another unforgiving god. what if some alien race decided
to sprinkle wrappers on our heads until our babies' babies
had bendy straws for arms and plastic bottles for hearts,
cycling microbead after microbead throughout their
cardioplasicular system? I wonder how I would fair with a tail —
and should I come across the Mariana Trench, I wonder what I would do.
to go deeper, confronting the unknown, or to press my back against another

familiar sand bar full of yesterday's grocery bags
and rotting friends and family. I hear the beeps

Kenlie Rohrer

Vortex waves through water of the worlds where
spindled spines of lace trickle and tally.
Floating among those vapid whorls
 nd shrimp- sh, glowing iridescence, dust
lay gently atop, a so mud-foam.

Kenlie Rohrer

the stately dire need
of the glassy, milkweed surface
was breathing at me: heavy
words, like that of a snowfall
so thick and blank you couldn't hear
your own ears, smudged with that tarnish
of a hot and bothered new year's night,
smoldered upon the quilt of bad ideas,
turned to spinning evenings, and you
only a drop of sick in an amber cup
but it was tall, and spindly looking
almost looked it was made of diamond
of water rushing up from the ground
and it caught you, a gushing fountain
a raving gully, and brought you up with it
ung from the open wings of misery,
it was I who kept you, dashed to the dregs
in a leathery red dress, etched skin-like
as a rash upon your tanned skin.
drunk in a chipped jade bathtub,

Beau Farris

the earth pirouettes like a single mother
the moon's surface lacerates like a chalkboard
the mariana trench mangles like a father's hand
the paci c devours like a deceased photograph
the himalayas escalate like an empty gas tank
the great barrier reef dwindles like an anxious ngernail
the chihuahuan desert chars like a new pornographer
the grand canyon burrows like a used pillow
the victoria waterfalls over ow like an acquainted armchair
the old faithful geyser descends like a stray bullet

Beau Farris

to be a child in an open field. fingers and hair digging down the dirt
desperate for soil, and nothing more. swaths of grass uprooted like broken eye contact.
when did my hands stop plunging into the snake's den? those black coils promised
perfection. now my shoulders poke through the tall grass

and a bare path shuns my agnostic bare feet. maybe it's less dramatic
when my eyes could not differentiate one reptilian eye
and used a stolen scalpel to sever snake scale from entrail:
a communion between my fingers and dead organs.

curiosity probably didn't belong to the cat. even looking back to
the life I've disassembled, my hands cover my mouth
like two hands make the steeple. the entails of dawn paint wheat red,
but I've conditioned myself to look away. when adolescence meant

taking apart bodies like the remote control. my fingers organized into someone else's
to see how their flesh worked, like a prayer between bird wings. falling.

Beau Farris

When this year's second hottest day starts raining, my dog drinks from
divots in a toolbox. I watch her lap collected drops: the anthrop

ocene isn't far off. A new epoch, as defined by geologists, in which
Earth has been altered so dramatically by an ocean of anthrop

ologist's warnings: ozone alert. Nevertheless my gas canister empties
into the mower. I cut the grass and she runs through anthrop

ocentric grass lines, four paws avoid spinning blades. Bone
in mouth, maybe a last ditch effort to save tusks from bonfire? Anthrop

omorphic? If the third planet had arms like its conquerors, would it pluck us
one by one, or limb by limb, until it was natural again? It could feed us, anthrop

ophagy style, differing from cannibalism. It is the wish of humans to be eaten. How much
to feed her, when factories devour countries like kibble. Immeasurable, unless anthrop

ometry: the distance between my body and the steering wheel to avoid an airbag.
The distance between my body and the exhaust is inconsequential. An anthrop

osophy. Not believing in me. Not wishing to be you. Yearning to touch.
Learning the bumps and grooves of the scars and grass. Listen to me, anthrop.

FRIDGE POETRY

*swinging through
another tornado listening
for the quiet*

M turns to me
Her smile lighting up
My heart
As it has countless
Times tonight
She points to her poetry
Pieced together on my fridge
And proudly shows
Her thoughtful addition

She must have stood
In in front of my fridge
For ten minutes

POPSICLE JOKES

*How does the ocean
greet the beach?
It waves*

We used to be able to
Laugh at anything
Fits of giggles would come
No matter the occasion
With any small joke
From any tiny print
On a popsicle stick

We used to be able to
Talk about anything
Hidden away and protected by
the branches of our tree house
Which still stands by my home
Built in a labor of love
Kept by a labor of trust

We used to be able to
Dream of anything
Grand schemes were planned
In the dim lights
Of sleepover excitement
Never to be ruined
By the rising sun

Things have changed
Things have changed.

We no longer have
Popsicle stick jokes
Only our jokes
Forged by years
Of trust
Of friendship
Of love

FORTUNE COOKIES

*Take a chance
On that big decision
You've been pondering*

M laughs at the paper
Which says to him "You've been pondering"
"But I don't know what to do."

Emily Archambault

They always blame the sailor
When a body is found at sea
Because one plus two could simply not
Equal anything but three
While a leviathan stirs beneath
Poseidon's breath casts salty breeze
It's the sailor's hands called red
And so he crashes upon the lee

What enduring wonders they are ignoring!
Blind by reason (logic's whoring)
See the faults of truth outpouring
Anchors up, let's go o-shoring
Songs and shanties will steal your breath
Stomp and holler one plank from death
Here souls and waves both come abreast
So keep your spirits and leave the rest
The world's different in these waters
Full of monsters, siren's daughters
Odysseus calls and Ahab wanders
Mermaids flirt with pirate's slaughters
It's magic, darling, understand
To be born of what's beyond the sand
And with this power the tides command

We see at sea and go blind on
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Evangelyste Eliason

SEPTEMBER 19, 2021 @9:49PM

berceuse
it seems i've found
a quiet place
deep within me
that has allowed me
to make peace
with

SEPTEMBER 19, 2021 @11:41PM

the cost of empathy
it is both a blessing & a curse
to hear unspoken words
to taste the bitterness of hidden pain

to hold an entire universe
a galaxy of promise
a nebula fraught with emotions that are
not your own

too tender
too gentle
and maybe just a little too broken for this
shattered world

to the quiet soul
that swallows the blows of this world
so as to absorb its harshness
and spare others from its bitterness

guard your body
your soul
and your mind
or else you will most certainly

poison yourself
~ee

SEPTEMBER 23, 2021 10:49AM

sonder
and just like that
im free of every anchor
that used to hold me down

bound

by an invisible chain
between me & my past
perhaps some things are better left unsaid

or maybe it was all just in my head

so used to compliments
about the chain dangling from my neck
but a noose made of diamonds & pearls is

still a noose
~ee

SEPTEMBER 26, 2021 @10:19PM

a soliloquy
"another day"
and it's that same story
that same record on repeat

bitterness & fear
anger & despair
trying to eat me alive—from the inside out

it's silent battles like these
that ignite a deep longing within me
longing for all the things i cannot have

perhaps
i'm lonely, but not alone

perhaps
i'm lost, but not trapped

perhaps
i'm limping, but i'm not broken

not yet

i guess we'll see if tomorrow is yet
"another day"
~ee

OCTOBER 1, 2021 @12:19AM

letter a leader
crazy how nobody tells you
that true leadership is
a battle
against your greatest demons

a ght
against those voices that say
i am not good enough or
i will never make it

a journey
that breaks you down in
just the right places
chipping away at your sturdy walls

leaving nothing behind
but a raw
and vulnerable
soul

OCTOBER 9, 2021 @11:39AM

obetice

i am silent.
silenced.
but for long?
~ee

OCTOBER 31, 2021 @2:39PM

anesthesia
i heard that
music is what feelings sound like

thank god for
melodies
and
minor keys

for they capture the pulse
of human emotion
in a way that human language

cannot
~ee

NOVEMBER 2, 2021 @11:31PM

solitary con nement
i o en question

if i want to be loved
if i want to be held
if i want to be seen

i think i want it.
i do.

to be love
to be held
to be seen

i thought i wanted it.
do i?
~ee

NOVEMBER 6, 2021 @8:33AM

the paradox
no matter what
you've been through
i believe you
~ee

NOVEMBER 24, 2021 @9:16PM

narcissistic trauma
in the delicate limbo between
the seen and the unseen
all opposition has been silenced, but

she knows.

slyly, he smiles
knowing his tactics have
always gone undetected, but

she knows

she won't forget because
the body remembers
what the mind has erased
~ee

NOVEMBER 26, 2021 @1:40AM

untitled
the past is just as it seems — passed
i can hold space for the girl i once was
now, i trust i will catch myself when i fall

i'm safe now.

love out loud
there's nothing worse than
love in the dark
~ee

NOVEMBER 26, 2021 @11:57PM

joy
a smile
a sunrise
a warm embrace

all of which will become
foreign
if you become addicted

to your own sadness
~ee

NOVEMBER 27, 2021 @11:34

disillusionment pt two
with all of the anguish
suffering & sorrow
in this world

the flag should
always
be half-mast
~ee

NOVEMBER 28, 2021 @8:45PM

dolente

when you over flow
it will be with

whatever.1 (t) -4:5 33272727cm B27 28, 202 (er) -4(k3.27272770 0 6r) 7.4 ((i) 8. w)0 12 55.275 330.9844 T 0.96 c1 Tf (%) Tj7727!662.1844Tm Xc7 1 Tf ((il) 4.

Trie Hall

Suns rise and set in outlines
Of a single day, hot in form
and function
Moons come to follow
Eye winking slowly, a lazy cat
peering down

Watching brush and grass and us
Together we whisper as one
out of tune
We stand still, alone
Millions of years, together at once
all the same

We work hard to survive them -
Each frightening day and gentle night
and evening
But not the morning
The creeping heat wakes up our bodies
Gently, like lovers' hands
and teeth

But here, are we not alone?
Our bodies house us, are our own
a comfort
In a world where death
Reaches out; Our only guarantee
waits to bite

Or are we known and loved?
Our bones we have left behind us
hidden gifts
Our deaths a blessing
To make way for you and your children
Are you loved?

I can stand beneath the stars
And watch the lights far above me
tamed fires
Trapped in place and time
As me, and my kind, will surely be
all too soon

Perhaps I don't want to go
I am not ready to leave this
sacred place
With the snakes and cats
And the beasts who lie in wait for me
And my kind

I can imagine my body
Buried down in the earth below
slowly rotting
While my bones settle
In loving hands, tender and in awe
and full of wonder.

M.Rapp

I look into his eyes
the moon hangs
High above the mossy trees
the marsh howls
the night birds hum warning
Black bruise sky sickness stomach twisted

They are green, so
His palms upwards, extended towards mine
the clouds, grey, charcoal, so soft, breakable, churn
engulf
My fingers smudge the charcoal, the earth crumbles, the wind throws handfuls of hair in my face
ghosts linger

Tornado swept ravage rip revenge
the golden wheat is stripped from the fields by the wind
Mud clump body, lagoon lungs
Earth worms wiggle, suspended between water and moon
Birds' nests splinter, speckled eggs crack open too soon
the swamp clasps its hands around my ankles

the mountain crackles, ancient, cold, dull, stone groans
the crickets scream, the trees try to speak but their wooden lips cannot move
So leaves break way from branches as they shake
Roots gasp, grasp for something to hold onto

Ears underwater food bubble warp
Arms limp, frozen
I wiggle, suspended between water and moon

I long for the dry, powder, sunbaked soil
Wild flowers like thorny blankets
Clouds cushioned parasols
Rocks secluded tanning beds
the sun's palms reddening my cheeks with his touch

But I do not know where the storm ends
If,

Abigail McCreedy

Chasing after the sun
felt relentless
the odds of blindness and 3rd degree burns
99% chance of rain

But wouldn't it be a complete waste of time
Wouldn't you call me a fool
If I didn't try to clear the clouds
Open my umbrella

Abigail McCreedy

Remind me tomorrow
Today I want to play Alice
Trip on caterpillar dreams

Today I feel like lavender and lilac tea
Serenity in the air, responsibilities royally fading
Is it foolish to wish for impossible things?

Remind me next week
What I need are morning glories, lupus, cosmos,
balloon flowers, serendipity adventures

Hey I'm talking to you little girl
the self that never ages
Promise me to never trade in your imagination

Remind me in a couple months
Still, I'm honeysuckle stuck
Who do you wish to become?

Life seems to gravitate away from meditation

Remind me never
Today I became Alice
Found the white rabbit

I bought a plane ticket to places
with more windows and naps
Argentina, Japan, New Zealand, France

I think I'll be happier with the flowers

Abigail McCreedy

You fell like a flower
weeping by Wednesday
wilted on Friday

You were stage three on Sunday

ARTIST STATEMENT

Disclaimer:

put the heat on simmer, and the hissing
of my precious liver kissing the body oil and body fat
a sexual ritual, habitual of my