

STILLPOINT

L I T E R A R Y
M A G A Z I N E

University of Georgia



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Design and layout by Sherry Luo

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Special thanks to Seamus Murrock, Ashley Wu, Mary Schauf, James Lim, Ashton Sanders, and Rainey McBride for serving as this issue's copy editors.

To the Reader

Only through our role as senior editors have we realized that the greatest difficulty of art is not creating it but the act of sharing it. When we write and create, we do so for ourselves, but ultimately, we must give our work to others for their judgment and hope that they can understand the tumult we harbor, a tumult that is a reflection of the changes the world has endured. As artists, it is not our place to tread carefully. If anything, it is our duty to speak boldly and shamelessly of the beauty and, more importantly, the flaws of the world we live in. We seek to make others aware of what makes us vulnerable. For fifty years, Stillpoint Literary Magazine has published the work of artists and writers, helping to expose their truest selves.

This past year has been one of evolution for the magazine; we've taken many strides to implement changes that have resulted in our largest staff and magazine yet. Few institutions at this university can claim to have such a long history or such a worthwhile purpose as serving as a forum for the community's most talented writers and artists.

Every year, we are astounded at the submissions we receive, but this year, we can proudly say that this was our most diverse round yet; we received work from across the country and the world and are thrilled at how much our magazine and community has grown.

It is truly remarkable to live in a city with such an intense concentration of talent, and we wanted this issue to capture that talent in its raw form. These artists and writers will never occupy the same page again, which makes this issue special. It has been our honor to curate a space for this momentous gathering.

We would like to thank everyone, alumni and current students, who submitted to this year's issue, those who submitted to our past issues, and all the previous editors and staff who made Stillpoint possible.

It is our pleasure to present Stillpoint Literary Magazine's 50th issue.

Sherry Luo and Maxwell Rabb

Senior Editors

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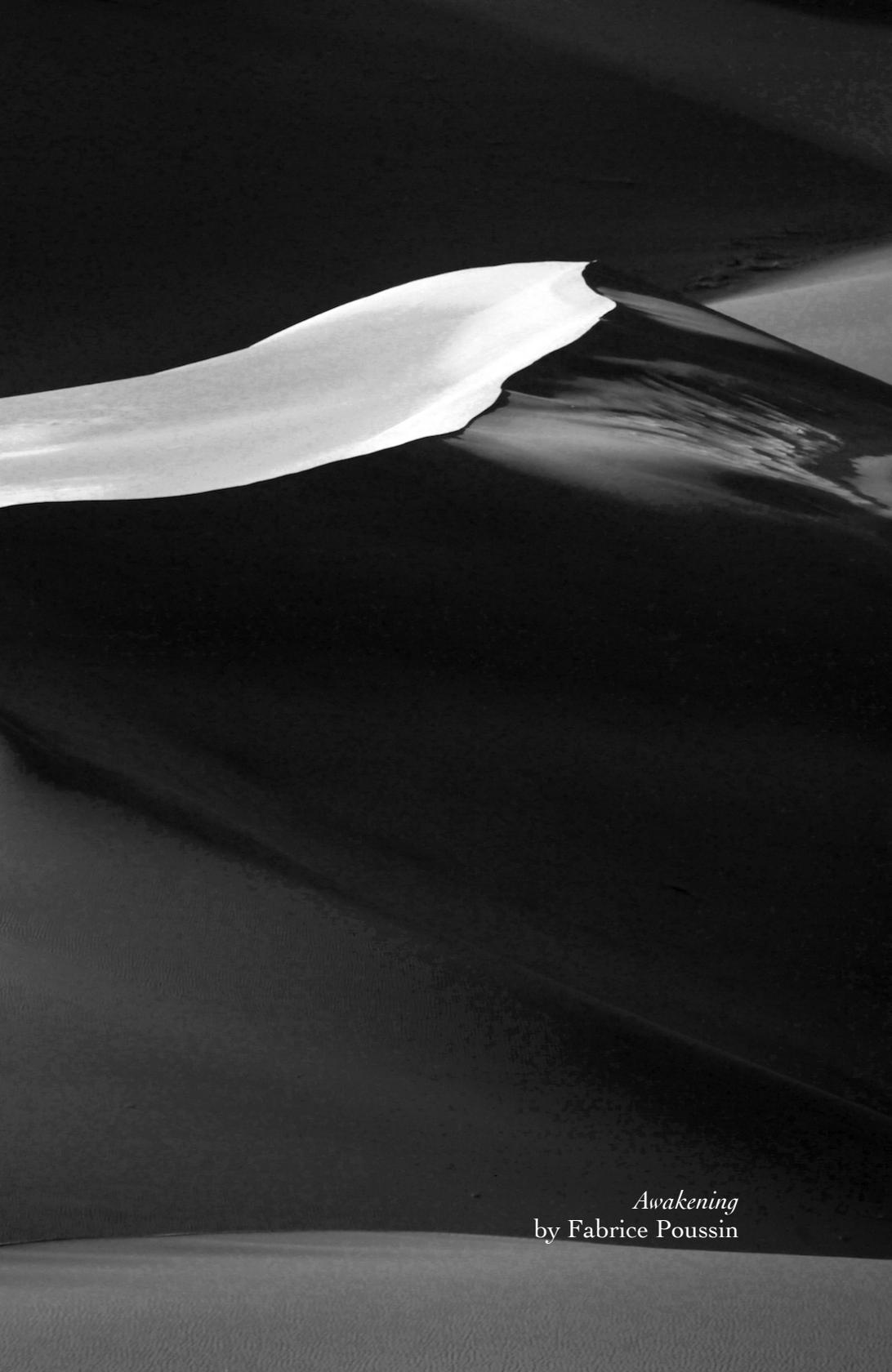
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Awakening
by Fabrice Poussin

Patterns

by Varad Dabke

The ephemeral elegance of that existence
forces a persistence for the transcendence
of unavoidable follies

The paradox of that notion
creates a commotion
to reveal such epiphanies
merely from the chemical daring
of a few neurons firing

I lost minutes in memorizing the meaning of words
unheard to create these lines,

But the petrichor of this persistent passion
pervades every preeminent perception of those times

Leaving only: Patterns

Touched

by Alison Gerhard

Water alone is not enough
to make you clean,
it turns out.

Hand between thighs,
you
are the thing

that stirs up your own troubles
like waves breaking
on the side of the bathtub.

Is lust a form of self-loathing?

You can whisper “He doesn’t love you” to
the rhythm
of your own moans.

Play percussive odes to some place
in your heart
that keeps his memories

and proclaim the kindness of
letting him leave
while you came.

Sedona

by Madison Gable

I dream in
desert landscapes,
where your body gets
lifted up with
the earth dust.

I lay in a white dress
red dirt fever,
and make pretend that you
are coming to me.
I look the sun head on
to prove my worth.

The punishment
of burning
will make me strong.

I make a flesh offering
to all the great architects.
Can I exchange myself for
a plot of land?
For you and me?

In the freeway traffic
a car is merging or exiting,
and people I don't know

are hurtling
towards
and away from me
at an astonishing speed.

Matchstick Trails

by Menna Abo-Elhamd

They hiked my up my torso
They lit matchsticks
 it's dark, I know
but they only blazed trails
and set my blood on fire

I take antacids now

at least now, there's a clear path
of raised scar tissue
to my heart

toy cars

by Griffin Hamstead

gray skies fly above us
quiet silenced by song
birds flitting by and
by, a dance against
the smell of morning
your head slipped side
ways of wearing beauty
you have so many, dear;
thoughts hang in the air
-y space amassing 'not
-hing' a balloon tied to
-e to toe, yours and mine
in this moment, divine
horizon and wild brush
strokes in all directions
static fibers woven into
your hair like my fingers
between your warmth
and my heart-string kind
-ling, we might just start
a fire, find a lighter in
-timacy, and for the fir
-st time meeting, a sum
-mit all our own, 'let's
not talk about it' fine
-ly sculpted roads wind

out of our lips into the
world and here we are:
two twirling, gazing at
an entire life, an end
-less sky, and grazing
toy people in toy cars
drive by.

WHERE THE POOR MAN WALKS

by Jacob Boone

It was when I pulled his frozen body from the lake that I knew there's no heat that can thaw a cold that permeates generations, shivered me too down to the bone - soaking legs feet hands - fumbling for car keys still sinking through the gap in the ice, to a car with no functioning heat, miles from flame, from home, that now only exists when the clouds part ways and sun falls on melting ice where the poor man walks.

I hesitated when he plundered. Maybe I led him over thin sheets that cracked under my feet as fragile as the lake glass piled in buckets buried under piles of buckets in cluttered garage that he, that we have collected over years of summertime promenades, buried too under factions of cluttered feelings frozen.

Even my deepest afternoon couch haze dream is where the poor man walks. My own conscience, bastard, restlessly he walks for miles dangling fleeting ah-ha! moments just out of reach, a soulful space cadet sprinkling forgotten images of lost loves and anxious along the trail for me to follow. At the end of the trail he'd prop a blank canvas on his easel and carry the masterpiece back, holding it over his head, only to tuck it away forever with the rest of his paintings for no one to see. When we returned up the hill and across the frozen lake the other kids in town threw rocks at him and they landed at my feet.

Down the hill and into the woods and the deepest recesses of my mind is where the poor man walks. I follow him there because I never knew my father. I spent days psychoanalyzing myself, overturning nothing but

sleepless childhood nights of teary-eyed cartoons and toppled logs and tall brush that he proved to be no obstacle. His big boots pioneered where big boots haven't been before, where a distant bird's hymn is the only vibration, where even frozen lakes can't stop the circulation of blood in his hands.

He made swords of cardboard and we carried them everywhere.

At the end of the trail is the rock wall. There I learned to take careful steps across jagged rocks, welcoming flat rocks, thick snow or unsuspecting thin ice. He held my hand while I walked until I learned to lead the way, until his big boots shrunk, and I too felt the invasive cold that infiltrates and lives inside, a cold that only a poor man knows. Now the rock wall only serves a monument to the past, a tomb for endless days to the horizon, where the rock wall ends, where all rock walls end if it's the poor man who leads you there. That is where space and time meet in a fleeting glimpse, where the poor man and I live forever hand in hand.

If I turned and left him to panic in the lake, turned and traced steps across firm lumps of snow compact and ignored his shouts for help in depreciating attempts for air, he might be alive. The water warmer than the biting surface, he'd sink to the bottom and wash up someday where the poor man walks - smooth and polished and glistening - only to removed and tossed into a bucket and forgotten.



Crescent
by Sherry Luo

Fried, Scrambled

by Dane Tillman

For N.D.

You always think you'll
Miss the big things.

Weddings or
Graduations

But really
I miss him most in morning light &
The pattern on our tablecloth &
The taste of orange juice.

The taste of eggs.

The way he
Placed the cereal box
Between us
Casted a shadow in my breakfast.
Now

The light
The patterned tablecloth
The juice, the bacon

It all seems
A bit too bright.

The Witch's Benediction

by Jacob Smith

I pray
in stereo.
I do not pray.
I do not
eat meat. I sing
for every
shit not given, for
every giggle giggled
from nerve.
I strike a nerve
with my tongue. I
feast on mac and cheeze
for a week; then I fast
on nothing but mac and cheeze
for a week. I grow older
with age. I begin
to imagine
that what
I see before me is real. I
do not care that you disagree.
I drink pomegranate juice
from a curvaceous bottle. I think
my seizures are caused by
a tiny boa constrictor in my skull. I
don't need a reminder of my name.
I grow weary of the trauma of

tangibility. I fly
only undercover of a new moon. I worry
that I'm only a ghost. I moan in delight of my
agony. I do not
care that you disagree.

Needles

by Carol Wise

I've been collecting needles since I was seven
I would steal them out of my mother's sewing kit and stick
 them inside my mouth/I want to replace my teeth
 with them

That way when I smile
 their tips will prick my darling lips
(they will spurt blood!) and then
I could smear on a lipstick or lipgloss depending on the
 day

I've never had a reason for my lips to have stick or gloss
 on them
 but I'll smudge the paste over my chops anyway
(come touch it!)
Touch my sippy cock pocket with your mouth/ let my barbed
 mirth nick you too
Your lips can be painted with a gleam and shine
The things my mother told me I would do when she finished
 her sewing

I've been sitting on my hands/
 On my hands in this chair for twenty years now
Waiting for my mother to finish the dress
(that magical dress!)
She said it would make me sparkle
 Would make me "do"

I haven't gotten it
She couldn't finish because her needles kept disappearing
 (into my mouth I smile to myself)

But what good is a sparkle or a gleam or a shine?
(I should just pluck these needles from my gums!)

I've never been proud
My mother told me with her cucks and yucks as
 she stuck her needles through the hocus pocus
 rigamarole or dress/

I can't remember where she plunked all her silver bits
(I was busy fashioning my secret spiky nibblers!)

Sometimes/ before I crammed the points in my gums
 I would peer through their little holes

Would look at my mother and whisper
 (just to myself, "I see you, whore!")

She never heard and
I never laughed except in my head/she never finished that
 honey-cunt dress

So in my chair I'm laughing on my hands in my duds that
 don't "do"

(Oh, I cackle all the time!)

 I do it with my slit-open lips

They are stretched to show off these pearly whites
 my shiny splinter smile/ it gives my lips a little stick
 then a gloss and

Come here and come close for a smooch/ for a dollop
 of my candied-iron hickey

(mother, I left some smut on your cheek!)

On Cutting Strawberries

by Jessica Brumley

There is a freedom in cutting
the tops of strawberries free
from leafy green
crowned perches
and letting those
disconnected heads
land in the zinc-shine
of a kitchen sink.

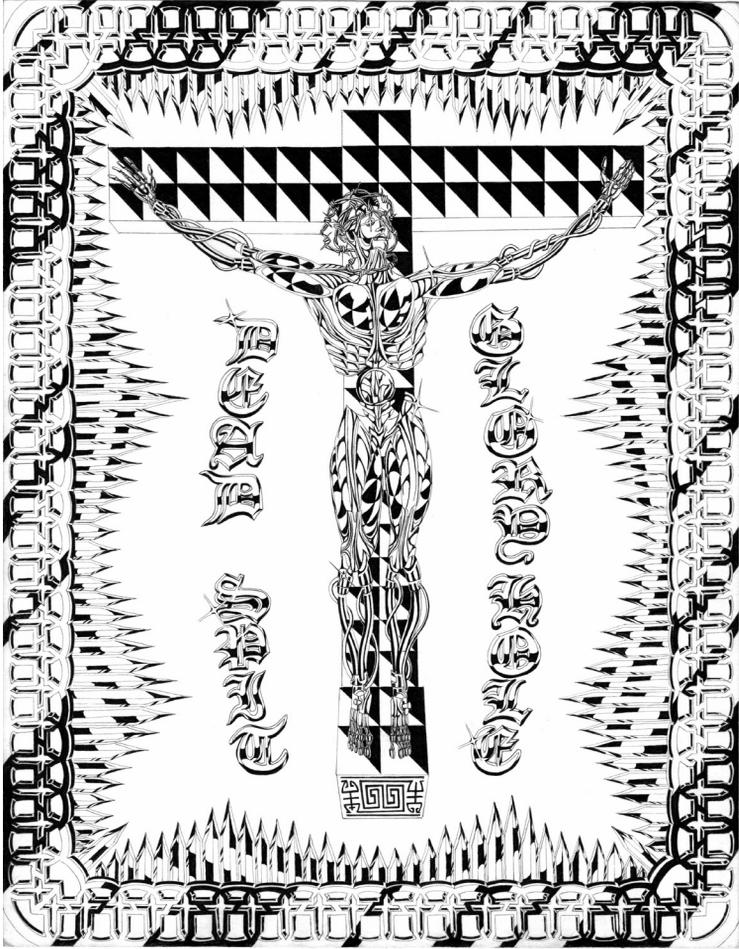
It is that decisiveness,
it is that action,
it is creation from the void that exists
between knife and window pane,
between blade and cell;

There is an assurance, a deep
bucolic knowledge in sliding a
blade, in bringing blade
to meet scarlet
fruit, razor-
cut close,
ballpoint seeds dotting
metal, juice
leaking from my
pinkie, fingernail.

Building
materials laid
out before me,
asking me to establish
order.
And I do.

It is a beautiful act,
one that reflects
beauty, staring out the kitchen
window, knowing
the knife will only graze
your thumb with as much
pressure as you
claim.

You decide.



Self-portrait
by Jill Nipples



Earthling Car and Earthling Females
by Jill Nipples

Size

by Asher Beckner

Six small paperclips wrap the circumference of my wrist
I never know how much space I consume
Smaller than some but bigger than others
A hummingbird diet and heartbeat
How many feet is my wingspan?
How many inches is my lifespan?
Curled into a corner filling half a couch cushion I often wish
To be so small I become
Nothing at all

5 home remedies for loneliness my mother taught me

by Annette Aguilar

1. *llora*.
2. *bañate con alcohol*. bathe yourself in a mixture of warm water and rubbing alcohol. it purifies your skin. burning away any touch they left behind. it's also good for preventing the common cold.
3. *sobate con un huevo*. cure yourself with an egg. rub it on your forehead. across your chest. down your arms. and in between your thighs. it's supposed to catch the bad energies that have consumed you.
4. *toma miel con limón*. drink some honey with lime. it cures a sore throat, especially the one who has been calling out a lost name for too long.
5. **cry** until you can bathe without the water turning cold, without being consumed by god knows what, and without saying a name only the dead can hear.



Lunar Geisha
by Ashley Wu

hors concours

by William Baldwin

The raw expression

vomiting- murky from the
addled spigot

Not so quick to flow as when
-back when

It was squeezed from a
Vinegar-soaked sponge
Onto a bare-naked form
In the dewdrops of bloody morning

Twisting and writhing
signifying nothing
Cleaning that damned old
Rusty, thorny
barbed-wire

A new pair of teeth
Through which to lie
Try to hold a flame to-
always trying

It's hard to press on

Careful the way it loses you

by Emma Varland

put your sugarfoot on
Sugarbutt.
Careful the way it loses you
Careful the boys next door
Careful the oranges you'll want
Careful to speak like green like the crows that smell good
Careful to wear it well and rub it into the carpet
Careful to put it on all of our crackers
and give me bony fingers to knock
give me a twist/jump around
and give me come here
Careful to insert zest
give me socks

Here

by James Lim

Sink into me like a grave,
I am the tired home you've made.
Out of the pull and release
of our Mother Earth
that we mistake for waves
And I pray it's not too late
to remind you that it's okay,
to let your filth into me.
I'll still be here anyway

my self-portrait haunts me

by Anika Tarannum

the summer i sloppily chopped off my hair
in the bathroom with a pair of bright pink children's safety scissors
i couldn't bear to cut up
the self-portrait i found
crumpled up in the back of my closet
and every day i held it up to my face
and forced myself to see me in her

something about her milky porcelain skin
sent shivers up my dirty flesh.
her sickly sweet sky eyes
dripped honey yellow nectar into my hungry mouth,
forced me under her spell.

i want to tear her apart and
look inside her paper flesh and
gouge out her cruel eyes and
stitch them over my fecal browns and
finally see what makes her so different.
better.

i want to rip off
her gleaming strawberry blonde hair,
combine it with my atrocious crow's nest,
braid it into a noose.

because
this is a place of survival
and it's me or her

God Shaming Girl

by Anna Morelock

Listen closely
Can you hear

All of the silence
That draws near?

It approaches with a bow
Perhaps a tip of the hat.

How courteous is a warning
Such as that

A few days pass
And trembles are blooming

He watches you watch him
Large and looming

“Make your arrangements
And slate your plans

But there is no use
For I am the end.

Your loved ones will cry
And reek of shame

A knife in the back
To even speak your name”

This is all my fault!
There’s only me to blame

God and the Devil
Are truly the same

Jacob Fincher

by Grace Ann Williamson

I fell in love with
a Greek man;
he had a nose
of marble,
over which I would marvel,
under which we would quarrel,
beside a tomorrow I always thought you'd be.

We were young
and your affection
aural,
made me immortal;
I turned 18 once in October, then again in May.

And you my vision of
tussled locks along jagged rocks,
made a night out of a whole day.

Dennis

by Zachary McCannon

Dennis lived in the middle of nowhere, worked in the middle of nowhere, and for the past however many years (who knows how long?) had commuted through the edges of those nowheres. His living consisted of typing reports for a firm, and this is what he did day by day, hour by hour, and minute by minute, minus the hour-long break for a forgettable lunch. The expression on his face, for he had only one, was what one might describe as “flat.” But, to call him stoic wouldn’t do justice to the true expressionlessness of his features. Instead, to call him faceless would be more accurate, for the features, never moving, seemed merely stamped onto a slab that was the front of his head. And beneath such a visage he would attire himself in a solid grey suit and grey tie. Truly, the magnitude of his neutrality was astonishing.

One evening as Dennis was commuting home through the emptiness, he came upon the one stoplight that broke up the stretch of cracked road. The purpose of the light was unclear, seeing as there was no intersecting roadway, and it was largely ignored. Dennis came to a stop as it turned red, but Dennis’ strict obedience to the law was unobserved by the large red pickup behind him. The pickup rammed into his grey sedan, crumpling its rear like a soda can. What would have been a terrifying incident for anyone else was merely a moment in which Dennis found himself, unflinchingly, enveloped by an air bag. He removed the device and rattled through the stoplight as the truck followed him, and they parked at the side of the road. Just as the inertia was beginning to rebound within the truck’s lift kit, its door flew open, and a man, his face somehow reddened to a greater shade than his sedan-crumpling monster, stomped out of it and to Dennis’ window. As Dennis rolled down his only barrier, the man unleashed a stream of curses.

My apologies, that was an understatement. A barrage, a deluge, a torrent, a flood of words and spittle. It was a wild, unnecessary, unprecedented, cantankerous cacophony of sounds so serrated by fury that at close inspection, at the molecular level, Dennis' left brow might have twitched. And Dennis did feel something, unusually, though he couldn't recognize it. But as his slab-like face was harmlessly deflecting the incessant blasting of vulgarity, he noticed in his peripherals his hand, slowly, ever so slowly, moving towards the handle, his leg, ever so slowly, towards the door. Both motions he hadn't realized until he, for a moment, had unfocussed from the spewing curmudgeon before him. Additionally, there was a dot appearing, disappearing and reappearing in his mirror just between the gut of the bad-mouthed barbarian and the side of the grey sedan. Dennis refocused his uninterest to the cutthroat cusser and studied him with near-unblinking eyes. The man's face was twisting with each word, as if the venomous vernacular he was injecting into the atmosphere weren't merely fragments of sounded language but physical entities that he had to contort his entire face to form. He would have studied the man further, but his hand had reached the door handle. It moved seemingly of its own accord, clicking open the door as his leg collaborated with a hard kick. The man was effectively pushed, and as he began to stagger backwards into the road, a black sports car barreled through the stoplight at an impossible speed, obliterating him. Brakes were screeching as Dennis closed the door of his grey sedan, rolled up the window, and continued home. As he rattled past the sports car containing one incredibly-shocked twenty-something, he finally recognized his first feeling in years.

He was mildly annoyed.





Her Realm
by Fabrice Poussin

Family History

by Rosasharn Brown

The precariousness of life hits me on an airless Sunday afternoon
In my father's study—or not a study, an office,
Filing boxes stacked high around me,
Crumbling quietly back to dust—
Where I sit thumbing through the family history
My grandmother compiled before her death.
In some lineage of old, obscure cousins, I come upon a single line, an
offhand mention:
“Sarah, who made a bad marriage.”
And then she disappears.

The original Sarah also made a bad marriage, of course,
Depending on who you ask.
The story of that particular disappearance writes itself,
Given a certain cynical slant. We can connect the dots.
But there are others, plenty, for whom the narrative thins out, the facts
waver,
The meaning flees ahead into the darkness, and we hesitate to follow.
The commentators dislike these vanished women,
With their unfinished stories, worries,
Liability to turn up unannounced, at inopportune moments
(Interrupt the wedding, spoil the birth, set the house on fire).
They do what they can to tie up loose threads,
Or cut them down.

Sarah, wherever you went, I hope you got there.
I hope you got out, if that's what you wanted—

The car pulling to a slow stop along a dim highway shoulder,
Stepping over the guardrail, out of the headlights' murky beams
Toward the truth in the darkness beyond.
Life is very long, or so I like to think, and even if it doesn't make sense,
I've never quite stopped waiting to hear your quiet knock at my door,
And if it came, I don't know I'd answer.
Which do we fear more—
That the past is lost to us forever, that it can't ever return,
Or that it must?

my friend's dream of fish invading our bodies

by Savannah Guenthner

*No Mr. Fish Man,
you would not like
my body.*

Content yourself with my friend
who already grazed his ear
over the lake and
dove in upon hearing
your wish (to be
a fish on land
in the body of
a man). Content
yourself with tossing his organs and
displacing them with your own
splintery bones, fins, and pale
iridescent scales
scratching
his inner skin.

Mr. Fish Man,
you have turned
my friend cold and
aquatic. He reeks of algae and
you have slit his neck
with gills

high on oxygen,
as you lumber within.
You have made him
just wretched, a vessel
for your ventures
over land.

And when you are hungry,
this man is already
so ready, so happy
to pick his seams
and split his face
in two, peeling it
like a blood orange,
stripping skin
for you
emerging (to be
fed and
stuffed to the gills
with citrus
and dill
until you've had
your fill).

*No Mr. Fish Man,
you would not like
my body and my body
would not like you.*

all against the sky now - in unison and on my mark

by Maxwell Rabb

seven in the morning

instructions about the sky the moon
still arrogant in the daylight
i blank
out on
my driving

my bent up

antenna on

the car

some kid in the
neighborhood is a
self-made vandal

angel visit

i laugh

god spite

stitched up mouth

& a stutter when

clipped open

liquor spilling out

of the hole in

my lip

conscious

subtle creatures

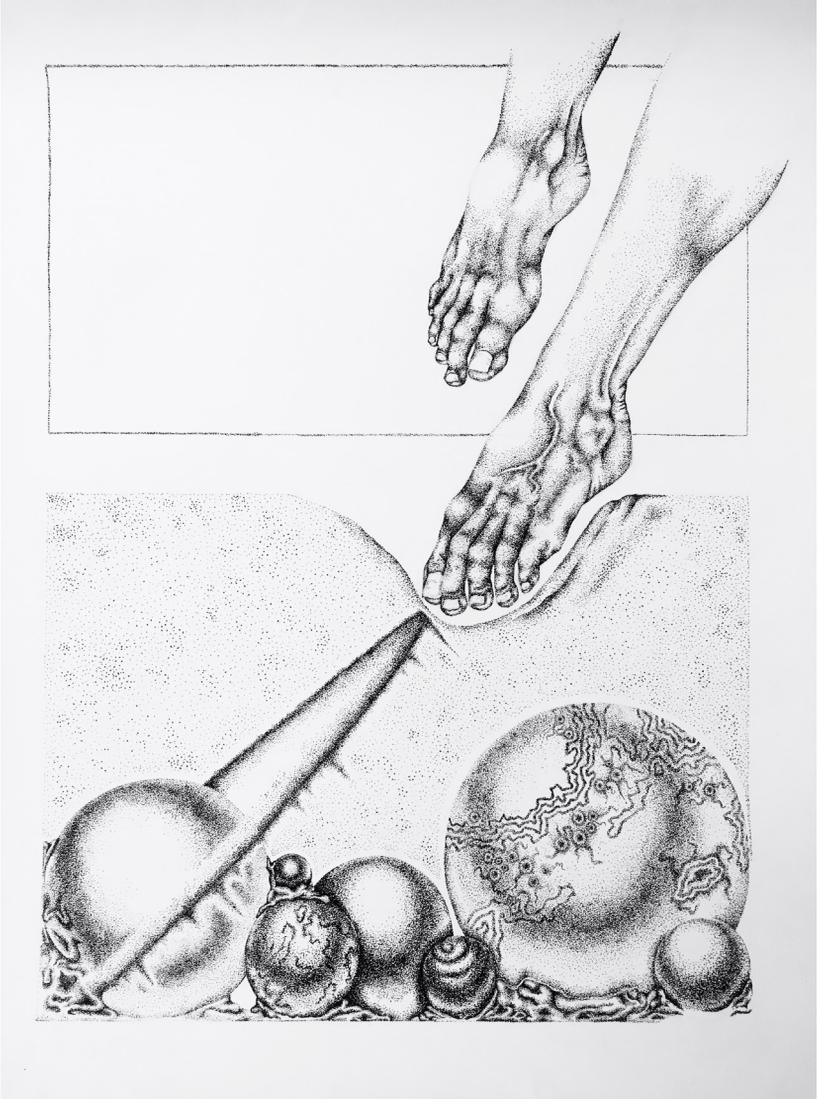
living

comfortably in the walls

unconscious

the poison
rebounded into
me
as sensitive as
a freshly sliced lip
just a theater
performance

first cup of coffee
digging a
moat
around my new kingdom
jealousy leading to seizure
dots moving on a
leveling field



Lacuna
by Abigail Friedel
(Micron pen on Bristol paper)

Universe as Canine Instinct

by Braden Turner

There's a slamming door
in the apartment below me,
maybe Jade and John are
butting heads, but I'd like to think
their dog, wild and gangly, suffers
from existence in tight spaces—
bouncing off walls he cannot
break. His universe could be
falling apart, or
the greyhound needs more room
to roam.

If he slams against the walls
perhaps they will fall; big bang
to spur on his own universe—
bounding, viscous and sinewy in all directions.

John left for work this morning.
He came home late.

The Third Testament:

by Sara McCracken

(And now these two remain, faith, hope - and that's it – and only some-
times -)

And Jesus said unto them:

An eye for an eye!

Stone adulterers

Jesus said: Shun the prostitutes and Women should be flowers

If

they can't be flowers then be

blood-shot-eyed and

rambling

be

waif-like.

Jesus said: crush the unbelievers!

A needle fits inside

a camel which

hypothetically

fits inside your house so therefore

you are Righteous.

Judge or you shall be judged and
to the same extent that you
refused to judge.

Jesus
delights
to see
golden
fluttering things
fall

Jesus laughs
Diabolically.

the sacrilegious punishment for those who are impatient

by Annette Aguilar

none of your wishes were coming true

so

you swallowed a shooting star
said your insides
began to churn
made a sound
you've never heard before
felt your intestines
tugging at each other
your kidneys
dancing a sacred dance
and even when you tried
to spit it out
there was ash

did you not know?

that the universe eats you
from the inside
out

Cyberspace

by Lukpata Lomba Joseph

You are here now,
dreaming with eyes open,
peeping through a glowing threshold.
The glaring world behind is transcranial,
striking your cones with a band of colours:
ebony, red, magenta____(name a colour, only one)

you peep through
to see a sacred space,
a world in mystic curves and pixels,
St. Martins perhaps;
you still don't feel you've crossed
a threshold, a new world perhaps.

You see life turn dark in a click,
green in the next click
and fade into a man in Mackintosh.
You aren't bemused by your new power.
You love how buttons could create a world.
You forget you're in a different space,
you are hypnotized by fluorescence,
seeing life behind a glowing threshold,
living in a blend of two worlds.
you don't feel it's a dream,
the peerless opera of QWERTY
is just enough to keep you awake.

Daddy Dead Like That

by MK Manoylov

Daddy ain't supposed to die like this, but there he is.

I peeled him off the ground, his thin bones sticking out through his furry cheeks and chest. Red everywhere. He was small, bushy tailed, an eye popped and bleeding across the road. I could barely see him under the night moon, but I could smell him.

He ain't supposed to die at all.

I was seven years old. Couldn't control my tears good, so they flowed warm down my October-cold face as I scraped Daddy off the road with my hands and placed him in my red wagon. I look over my shoulder to the small, one bedroom house with only the lamp on. The blinds and curtains drawn. Woman figure hunched over a desk. Momma would hit my head if she saw me.

So I don't tell her. I roll Daddy on the sidewalk where Momma told me to walk and stay real quiet. If I'm quiet, I'm a night-time shadow, and they're always invisible. My face is cold with two warm streaks down it. Daddy wasn't supposed to die at all.

I make it to the backyard. Momma's yelling at someone, I don't know who. It's that real deep yelling, like a dog growling, that makes my stomach fall and keep falling. I stay a night-time shadow and stop listening to the yelling. I don't like it. There's too much of it, like when I yelled "Where you going!" at him. I remember he had glasses and a thick brown mustache. The heavy tan jacket he wore every day.

“Run inside, Annie.” He yelled, his voice low. He didn’t like I was standing in front of his car.

“You ain’t supposed to leave like this!” My face streaked warm. My yelling scratched my voice raw.

“Annie, do what Daddy says,” my mother called from the porch. I wanted to pull her hair real hard. After she helped him pack like that.

“Do as your mother says!”

“You ain’t supposed to leave.” His face blurred behind my tears.

He sighed hard and looked at me funny, eyebrows furrowed like he was gonna slap me again. But he don’t. He pulled me close and hugged me. He smelled like after shave and cherry alcohol.

“Look at the tree. See that squirrel?” He let me sit in lap like he sometimes used to. The car was running. Some rock song said the F-word. I sniffed big and didn’t answer. “You see him?” he said again, softly shaking me once.

I nodded, kept sniffing.

“That’s Daddy, okay?” The engine kept running. “And the trees have Daddy and the plants have some of Daddy too. They have some of Momma and they have some of you.”

I didn’t say nothing, just kept sniffing.

“When you miss Daddy, just look outside and see that he’s here, okay? He’ll always be somewhere, even if I ain’t here. Got that?”

I nodded like I understood.

“I’m only going away for a while.”

"I'm only going away for a while."

"Come inside Annie," Momma called from the porch, her face all red.

"Let me talk to the girl!" His face red too.

The tears came again, couldn't stop them. He sighed and wiped one away.
"I'm here even if I'm not here, okay?"

"I don't want no squirrel," I said.

He gently lowered me onto the ground then pushed me so I rolled a few times on the cold, wet road. The car door slammed and he drove away.

The road took the heat straight from my stomach. I watched the car get smaller till I couldn't even see it. All I saw were squirrels and plants and trees and things that aren't him but are him, like he said.

And now Daddy dead like that and I need to bury him real good because I know that's what good kids do with their parents and I'm a good girl.

I got the shovel, but it was too big and I wobbled, so I threw it down and used my hands instead. The grass snapped from their roots. The dirt was cold and squished between my fingers. It smelled good.

From the red wagon, I lifted Daddy with both hands and tried to say a prayer they say in church, but I couldn't remember one so I said, "I hope this is what you wanted, Daddy." I crouched by the hole

"Annie what the hell you doing?" Her voice moved like my cheerios in milk, all slow and floaty.

"Burying Daddy."

“Burying Daddy.”

She paused and had the look her face gets before she cries. I don't pay her no mind and lower him down again. Loose dirt crumbles over his stuck-out bones. I fill it in and pat the dirt strong again. I look at my shadow hands.

“You ain't supposed to touch that, girl.” She quiet now.

She slaps my head but don't mean it, just leads me inside all quiet, sniffing funny. I go and wash my hands and wash my hands and wash my hands.



Ephemeral
by Abigail Friedel
(Micron pen on Bristol paper)

in Memory

by Jessica Brumley

 speak to me in plainclothes
tobacco-stained jacket over
hand-held cannon. It cries
powder, dusting the floor
with your cholera and shit.
hands out, waisted, felt of
strange space, empty
containers of heart, take a
questionnaire to see if you're all there.
 answer numbers 1-76.
cram all your late night phone
calls into one, log of
work texts, invalid
work keys. Boxed tops – for children
we never had, but I feel like I should –
Do I know her?
she's the sweeper,
she's the optimist
She sent you a Christmas card last year.
rubber-banded to Frosty and some
generic holiday cheer.
she preserves that moment
for as long as hands
encounter minutes,
in a box of choir books
and pistols.
go now in Peace.

Vellichor

by Diana Richtman

Heat bubbles up and cloaks this whole place
until I'm taking stifling breaths
and wiping slick sweat from my forehead
as I pour over pages. Even the faded cat
won't raise her head or let me pet her.
We're tall but the shelves with their gray-smelling books
loom over us sort of like hugs, sort of like thunder.
There used to be a song all the little girls could sing
that made a novel seem more like a summertime adventure.
There's a copy of a children's book bound
in a green tattered cover with only the silhouette
of a teenage girl and magnifying glass on the front.
You tell me *Don't get it. You don't need it.*
So I set it down, then pick it up again and imagine
pocket watches whose hands forever point upward,
typewriters that click but don't leave any ink,
other people's polaroids being sold at yard sales,
every poem I've written that I'm too scared to show you.

air bag

by Ruby Mars

*every day so much air, passes through me
i buff and puff and walk to the toilet
leaks hissing
release gusts
when bent*

baggage

by Maggie George

don't cry over someone who isn't crying over you
you tell yourself when a sudden rush of anger grips your heart
as you squat in the doctor's bathroom
yellow pee up to the fill line
you wonder if all self-destructive behaviors are contagious
if his weak will and selfishness
have entered your bloodstream
hurt people don't always have to hurt people
you tell yourself
still
you are afraid the ghost of his sex
will follow you to the next person



Garden
by Ashley Wu

sycamore

by Matthew Carpenter

the silver barked sycamore

notorious

mottled, smooth skin

'also called buttonwood, planetree'

I place a (jar) inside and become you

fungi and whispers

finger-stretching sky-reacher

groaning one

weevil kind trundle dumbly

Silver knife edge grooving

wooden appendages

elegant by the stone's eye alone

worm-riddled punky heartwood

spalted topographical atria

mealy wet rot sprouting

wooden conk ears

fingernail crescent moons

wane over me

and knit my fingers with dolls hair, twigs, and sinew

cradling ova in nested branches



Up on High
by Fabrice Poussin

afternoon at gymnastics meet

by Jeanne Davis

it is not necessarily an advantage
at these things to be tall. on
the balance beam with
one leg popped, the athlete
is pretty as a buff
statuette of God.

we didn't know of
the luck we had when God
unioned us to muscle, the advance
of the arm to the buffed
fruits who grow so tall on
our trees of all kinds, beaming with
farm land, we learn what it is to be athlete.

the fruit reaches the gymnast
with help from a old Beamer with
help from being tall on
the tree i miss the advantage
of it if you fall down god
try again and everyone claps, buffly.

composition

by Braden Turner

It was like sleep, he'd say —
gradual, trickling of eventuality
culminating
in veins, pumped out
into air by beating heart
cracked in two.
Hands full of chest
lightly sutured with
stubborn pinnacality.

Assure you owe no one
anything other
than yourself, the truth

fumbled
out my lungs, dripping
viscous from mouth, my
lips — tar and pitch.
See oil in clouds, like
a memory
will show up
on my doorstep, wrapped
with a spindly bow, dotted with
pastels and sincerity.

partes

by Griffin Hamstead

only one grave on the earth
saved for grace on the earth
ella ha muerto en una tormenta
fuerte fuerte, una falla llora
-ndo y siempre, cada día, hay
una colisión de las partículas

honesty is
often owed
seldom offered

me fractuo
por fragmentos
y aquí estoy
respirando

eso es todo
-s los gritos
antiguos de
-l polvo, de
la tierra, lo
-s conjuros

y para pensar
sabíamos la
sabiduría, qui

-enes somos

nadie fuerte
una tormenta
calma o cual
-quiera ser
sólo las part
-es
-iendas
-ículas

Good Preacher Hair

by DeLane Phillips

Leaning back, gripping the podium, the man of God yelled, “I feel the Holy Ghost!”

Everything shook: the podium, the Bible, even the cheeks on the man of God’s face. Everything shook but his hair. He had good preacher hair. I watched the light bounce off his head, the combed, shiny, blonde hair. His hair reminded me of my Granddaddy’s fields. That hair shone like a perfect pattern in the evening sun, fresh after a day’s mowin’ by my Granddaddy’s tractor. Yes it did. No matter how loud the man of God yelled or how high he jumped, there was not one hair out of place. Even with all that shakin’ goin’ on.

Momma said a man of God always needed a good head of hair. She said it helped him with something called “presentation.” Praying next to me on the pew, I whispered to Momma,

“Momma?”

Moments passed. Momma’s eyes were closed ‘cuz she was praying, but I knew she could hear me.

“Momma,”

I hissed a little louder this time.

“What?” Momma replied.

“Momma, did Jesus ever use hairspray?” I asked.

“Be quiet, child. I’m trying to listen to the Spirit’s voice.”

Momma’s eyes were closed as she carried on her conversations with me and the Spirit.

I let out a big sigh. How in the world could Momma hear the Spirit with all the yellin’ goin’ on? All I could “feeeyyylll” was my skin stickin’ and burnin’ as I tried to wiggle around on the crowded pew.

“Momma!”

“What!”

“Well, what did He say?”

“Who?”

“You know, the Spirit.”

“About what?”

“Did you ask him if Jesus ever used hairspray?”

“Girl, if you don’t hush up we are goin’ out back.”

I knew what goin’ out back meant. The church graveyard. Momma always made me pull a switch from the tall Privet bush growing nearby, which stung worse than anything. I think if Jesus had a whipping with Privet, he would have give up on us. I always tried to read the names on the graves to take my mind off the sting.

All I could think about was the man of God’s blonde hair. And the more the man of God danced around on that platform with his hair shinin’ and all that, the more I wanted to know. Besides, Momma had started all the talk about the good hair on the man of God’s head, so it was only fair she ask the Spirit for me.

Maybe that was it! I would ask him myself. If Momma could hear the Spirit’s voice then why couldn’t I? I bet if I concentrated hard enough he would tell me.

The only problem was that man of God kept yellin’ and blockin’ out my Spirit’s voice. I tried to concentrate. First, I tried to remember all the scriptures I knew about hair in the Bible. I knew for sure John the Baptist didn’t do his hair ‘cuz he lived in a wilderness and didn’t have to worry about presentation.

Samson had Delilah to take care of him. Adam and Eve didn’t have anybody lookin’ at them ‘cept God, so they didn’t have to get fixed up for folks. That was about all the hair scriptures I knew.

There was the scripture where God says he knows how many hairs folks got on their heads. Why would God want to know that? I wonder what God knew about that Baptist man of God in town ‘cuz he was bald? I was really starting to get confused. I mean if God knew howmany hairs I had then surely he could answer a simple question for me?

I thought about the picture of Jesus hanging in my Granny's house. His hair was long, dark, and parted down the middle. He was looking up at somebody. He looked real sad to me. I think he was frustrated. Maybe he couldn't get an answer to his question either?

I couldn't stand it any longer. I figured if Jesus could hang on that cross then a graveyard whippin' was nothin'.

"Momma, please?"

I tugged on Momma's dress sleeve. Momma's mouth stopped moving in her silent prayer with the Spirit and slowly her big eyes opened. They opened and then they got bigger. I had a bad, bad feeling.

"Momma, did you ask him, you know the Spirit?"

Up Momma rose from her pew, slammin' her giant King James Bible against her new cotton dress. I stared straight ahead at the man of God tryin' to pretend I didn't see her stand up or her big eyes lookin' down at me now.

"I told you to hush up so I could hear the Spirit's voice and I don't give a damn about whatever Jesus did to his hair! How would I know when I can't hear myself think for all this yellin' and you pesterin' me?"

I leaned over and pretended to pick up the Bible off the floor so nobody would notice me or the fact that Momma had just uttered a curse word in church. Staring at the wooden flooring, I heard the man of God yell,

"Prophecy, Sister!"

I didn't need anyone to prophecy my future. All I could think about was that Privet switch on my back side in the graveyard.

Gettin' saved and baptized was not as fun as I had thought it was going to be.

Suddenly, Momma came to herself, kind of like that Bible story about the prodigal eatin' with those pigs. The giant King James tumbled out of her hands and crashed down on top of my head, spillin' all her offerin' envelopes, church bulletins, notes, and such. I watched the envelopes slide under the pew past my feet. I heard Momma scream,

“Oh, oh dear God!”

I stood up at that moment ashamed of myself. I had to redeem Momma in the presence of God and that man. I tried to whisper so nobody would hear, but all eyes in the church were lookin’ right at us.

“Momma, I’ll meet you in the graveyard. Just follow me.”

I got out of that church as fast as I could go and bolted through the heavy wooden double doors. I took off runnin’ and cryin’ around the side of the church and headed straight for the privet bushes.

Privet: an invasive shrub which grows in the American South, among fences and highways.



Machina and Child
by Alex Cross

Bhu

by Jesse Donck-Rains

I had forgotten your voice
I had forgotten the way you would sing
Isha to sleep.
Soft and playful, like a frenchman's accordion
bowing with each word.
You spoke in a major key
An Elvis costello song
A sad life told in front of booming trumpets and snares

Even when you were angry you laughed with your voice,
Nostrils flaring
I never saw that side of you
My side was the star wars blankets and movies
I was too young to watch
My side was the aunt who's call I actually enjoyed on my birthday.
Fun, charades with Popi fun

He's doing well
Though he misses
His favorite child.

Isha forgets things too sometimes
Like all ten year olds do
For her however the matter of her forgetfulness is
more serious than the others
While her friends may forget to lock the front door, or to bring their lunch to
school
She forgets her mom

Memories decay like the beetle infested cedars at your old house
I forgot your voice
Some days I forget about you completely
Healthy, I suppose.
I hate that I think of you most when I'm sad
You deserve more.
Sorry to end this letter on such a somber note
You loved a happy ending.
Love you

Inventory

by Ben Drew

I got a lead-pipe driver-side
 Never used it but ya never know

I got an angry man lookin' for me
 Wants to square up toe to toe

I got a space heater plugged in
 She can go all night

I got some brown bananas
 They're still good, just bruised by the cold

I got a lady askin 'bout me
 It's always nice to hear her voice

My knuckles are scabbed
 Got in a tangle with a tree

My past lies deep
 Got a closet full of teachers

My mornings hit hard
 Got cold toes on the street

My empty tuna cans smell strong
 Got a stack of poor man potpourri

My empty arms mock me
 It's always nice to hear your voice

I'm dukin' it out in the parking lot
 My brain usually steps in first

I'm fillin' in open graves
 My sincerity has no discretion

I'm barefoot on ice

I got soul warmth in my feet

I'm stockin' up

I got canned chicken, rice and beans

I left PA, heading back to Carolina,

I could've stayed if I heard your voice.

Heartland

by Sherry Luo

Claws stirring the ground,
a disturbance in the clouds,

we are all of us spurs
driving forward
some greater animal.

This is
the heartland.

autumnal death, part I

by Carrie Morto

an upright penny on the cold black concrete
was it a sign of luck or a childish game?
it was fall the night i met you
and a shiver ran down my spine
that never left until you did

we met the very next day
rolling out the bed, unexpected company
no one ever wants to see me
but who was i to question it
blinded by copper vision

we walked through dead leaves
and hid behind cemetery trees
my face froze in the breeze
that night i met you in my dreams

-

soaring through reds at the speed of love
it always ends faster than you want
i always hated my winter coat
got it on sale at Macys
afraid to ask for a new one
would you have liked a new one?

outside of Christmas we all hate winter
loved poured in so strong

for eggnog and snow song
to revoke is so, so wrong
i love betrayal cloaked in fog

i grabbed summer in my arms
and kissed it behind a bare tree
i'm glad you didn't see
it was so, so wrong of me

walking through dead leaves
hiding behind cemetery trees
my face freezing in the breeze
that night i killed you in my dreams

-

fair skin can't fare for long
considering you're unloved
by the one who loves the sun

-

that next year our stomachs churned
when autumn returned
hanging out in parking lots
you never had any thoughts
we got drunk to forget it all
holding hands in parking lots
i chain smoked your cigarettes
you weirdly seemed impressed
it meant a lot to me

we laid in your bed
an old favorite with Daniel Craig
your eyes shone bright green and translucent red
there was silence in outer space

walking through dead leaves

hiding behind cemetery trees
my face freezing in the breeze
that night i kissed you in my dreams

-

i once tranced on your balcony
I-75 in my eyesight
that billboard view
amazing real estate value
you slurred "jump" in my ear
as i danced 5 stories
above reality
they say don't go on balconies

i sat on the ground
tucked away in my corner of hell
my soul dropped 5 stories
and down a flight of stairs
"leave" was the last thing you said to me
levitating out your door
like the reaper himself
i floated through dead leaves
and embraced the cemetery trees
my face glowed in the breeze
that night I killed you in my dreams



Follow softly
by Olivia Mead



Blue
by Ashley Wu

golden girl

by Annie Ho

my ma mourns my girlhood past, her interrupted future
my ma says that looking at me is:
like seeing her reflection in a rusted out looking glass
like wedging a sharp tiny knife cleanly through her floating ribs

my ma wants to know when ba can give me away
but all i can think of is:

how new brides in their white dresses crumple
like ghost paper in the rain
&& how grooms lift their women haphazardly
with two hands as if laying them out their next meal
their greedy Cheshire mouths grinning ear to ear

how new brides with their betel-stained mouths
look like sad clowns at the carnival
watching their bleary-eyed drunk grooms
the ancestors on the altar stacked high
looking stern and sad

but,

i am good i do as i say as i am told as they see fit

i scrub away my desires then the dishes then the
clothes then myself wring my hands then my body
fling myself onto the clothesline to dry

i am fine i am clean i am pure

my ba would be proud and pleased to hand me off to my new husband,
neat and starched

iamnotacar

by Isabella Ballew

My body is a chore
Bulbous fluid sacks on a shaking skeleton
I must feed it or it will not grow
My body is a competition
Of how little maintenance I can take
I am not a car
I have not a care

To the Small-Town Lesbians

by Alison Gerhard

For Annabel

I want to write you poems that hang in the air on southern nights for your might-be lovers to find. I want hand-painted signs with sonnets and arrows pointed in your direction. I want to write the word YES and underline it three times.

I want to walk ahead of you like an old medieval crier. I want to snap open a scroll with your wonders written all up and down it. I want the whole damn kingdom of Georgia to know that you grow your hair like peach fuzz and you store your wine in mason jars. I want trumpets.

I want archaeologists to unearth your dark temples in Spanish-moss jungles. I want to carve visions of you barefoot in grass, tasting wild onions. I want your sacred images to show okra sprouting from the gardens where you walk. I want your most basic existence to be mistaken for a ritual.

I want to hang seedy neon lights around your house that read *"for a good time and/or compassion for those things in life you cannot understand, call..."* I want there to be a sign with a girl sticking her leg out. I want that leg to be hairy. I want her to be rolling her eyes.

I want to dream of you unfurling like a flower that blooms in December. I want the humidity to feel like velvet, just once. I want the cicadas to hush when you walk by.

Courtesies

by Ruth Anne Traynelis

Once a count on tongue,
Counted but twice
As many teeth as stuff is sweet
Could I fray in this
/ as quickly /
When she breathes, the sound of her breath
Does not come from her mouth
/ panic, a pigeon under the ground /
And I hear the paper she folded, unfolding.

Human Geography

by James Lim

The title slide reads
click
“What is a place?”
Good q. I’m in one right now
click
Different scene, same idea.
This place or that place
my place or theirs.
click click click
Each door I pass through,
each room that I enter,
another click in my own show.
Sliding between one place to
the next. Everywhere
[I am], everything [I am],
identified by a barrier,
a gate, a threshold.
[I am] all of these places
muddled together. The nature
of a place, the nature of
myself, mutable and lost.
Each piece found only by
its boundary against another.
click

In No Particular Order

by Grace Ann Williamson

It's funny you ask:

man born from ma'am
except that one time?
with ribs.
you broke mine.
when I curled against you.

hands moving over linen
then under.

now I breathe and
wonder about
my shape and
yours

in no particular order.

Watermarks

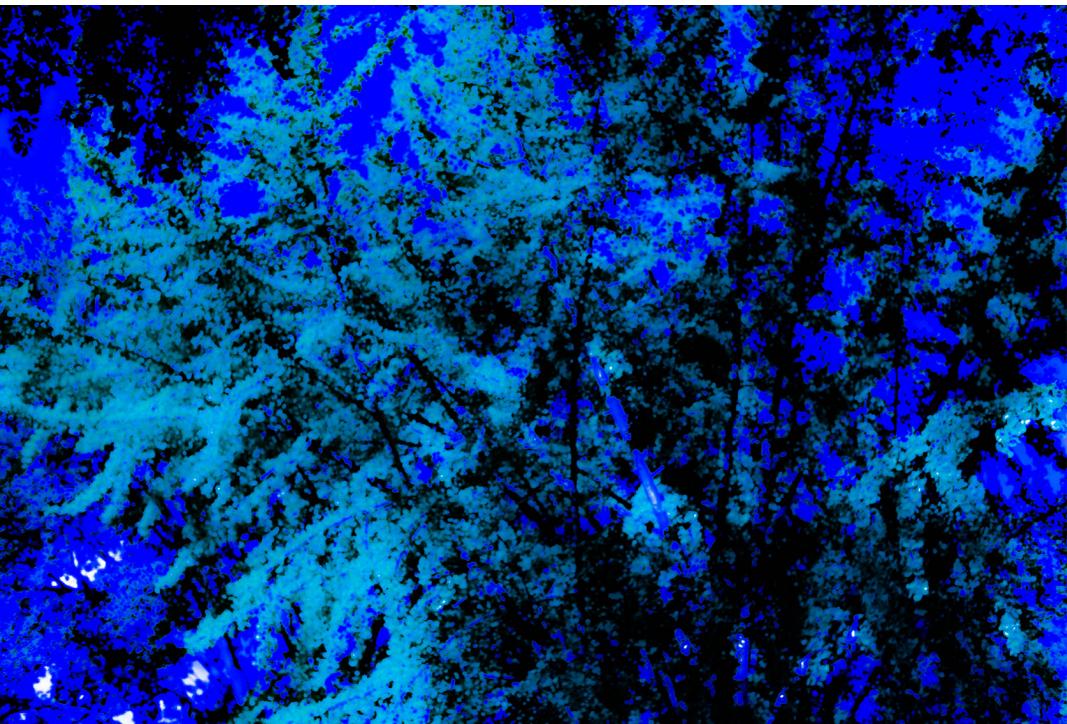
by Ben Drew

I swim through your hair,
tickled when it reaches in
to my nose.
Circling itself around my brain.

Your body a puzzle
piece,
curved and supple to fit,
chest wrapped around my ribs.
head in the bowl of my shoulder,
Our thighs locked at
the knee

The spirit on your sleeves
stains my skin every
time I brush
by you.

Your mind, like
gravity pulling water
to the depths of the river's
bed. Cascading full of
Joy.
You let the space fill up.



Covered in Blue
by Nick Hummel

Daisies

by Sara McCracken

Soft-Spoken and with rounded features we
powder up our faces
Ink does not become us
and we tell you
That we don't know how to shout.

(But all that lace won't cover up our curving figures,
All that scented soap won't pull
the ink stains from our fingers
We
drink champagne and whisper
From the crib, we've
heard the hidden answers)

There is never enough time
To be noble,
chivalrous,
or brave
We
Rage from underneath our angel feather

Dream of being
dragons,

But keep our fingers tightly pressed together.

Soldiers

by Hughes Reece

When they arrive I know,
soft tappings leave hairs standing on end,
by their full onslaught my chair sits window-side.

They wear weary the earth's surface,
singular in descent, scrambling to unite
upon paydirt, the brigade marches forth

to frail vegetation, stricken with glyphosate (Roundup™)
pepperings, with urgency they offer their lifeblood,
their quest, their calling so close now,

only to reach a piddling puddling standstill,
the little army now two thousand meters
apart from their nimbus origins.

“Compacted urban soil has zero permeability”
— their march is no more, instead they're
“runoff” by pursuing fleets streaming in.

Drifting alongside slick asphalt walls,
hindered only by lawn-stick scraps,
they plunge into an iron-wrought abyss.

Word gets back to home base of
less than ideal conditions—the rocky, the barren
surface no longer drenched, but dried.

Far away from Hathaway Lane
the little army navigates city drainage,
swooshing through dark brick corridors.

No light or green or soil is imminent,
rather mass systems diverting pollutants,
or loosening some ranks to catch-basins, aquifers.

Finally, what's left of the little army escapes,
spiraling into the great river—known to me
the Mississippi, to them the Styx.

Hot Berry Gulp

by Carol Wise

Slices of loaded kids sweat in front of you
Covered in floppy versions of hot dogs
Machines wander inside, bottled by
A coin-operated chicken operates a build-your-own
(and get a 5 percent discount from the dudes
behind the pine!)

Senior citizens stand out obnoxiously, unpasteurized and exceedingly reason-
able and
Offering tips on hot dance parties
Seven days under the sauce made better with a warm and intimate wood
(yes, fully stocked with craft cock!)

A casual, fairly snazzy tall boy is made in front of you and lots of children are
hanging from the ceiling
(friendly and fat and for sale!)

By the glass butt, hosts offer
case of old-fashioned staples;
Add delivery if you're willing to pound off a punk
grown up

For transport, you can skip in open space
(don't skip if in front of you, Jane and a tiny dragon dance
(with the usual combination of wings) under the neon beans!)

A black-eyed-meatball unwinds with three friends, glazed bikers in a red,
meaty crowd
Domestic kids are covered with honeycomb, and the
average high road chopped seven apricot reflections
(You crinkle long and nice like a burrito supreme!)

A Ship

by Madison Gable

I'm not sure if I should make the rules
or if the sun beat me to it and now I just
get to grin and swat rain from my face
for the next hundred thousand years.

They made a rule like a revelation.
Like they can't believe their own shit luck
as they laugh and tell me that's what
I ought to do as well.

I don't buy into it but I suppose I better start,
seeing that forever is the weight that
makes my arms ache so
badly I cannot fall asleep.
The dull throb sets a beat for you and I to
dance to. They tell us to go on ahead
so we do and we go wild.

I secretly suspect that what we are
really looking forward to is a thing we've
already had. I think it was the day
on the ocean when we watched time sink
to its knees and melt,
full with the shine of forgiving.



Three times the Charm
by Lily Harrington

our bodies

by Abbigayle Mathis

your mouth nestles
in the crook of
my neck washing
warmth across my face
my stomach softly pillows
over my waistband and
you touch your hand softly to
my belly tell me
we are constantly growing why should I
care about my baby fat cheeks
or my wine-swollen fingers
tell me you'll still love me even
when I fill out the space between us
tell me we are more than just bodies
rubbing together and wandering about

Bear

by Ashley Hendel

When I was small, they were not much bigger,
and so they took a little needle, and they pierced my skin.

I thought it was a pinch and not a bite.
They put a tiny hole in me, and it filled up
with everything that needs a body to occupy,
all the bad and all the good,
before they could even sew me shut.

A little scab formed to match a little hole
until it fell off and left a little scar for a little girl.
I picked and prodded but didn't understand,
so I forgot about it and let it burrow until it was
hiding deep inside me.

I grew. My skin stuck to my bones, stretching to keep up,
and my scar was taut and white and familiar.
I grew and discovered new marks, ones without origin
and ones I couldn't stop tracing, but all on my skin
like picture frames on a wall.

Maybe all girls are insatiable, or maybe it was just me
with hungry eyes and hungrier hands that always
grabbed. Overflowing and teetering on the edge,
I carried everything in my arms, pulled to my chest
and pressed against that little scar.

I found the knife, snatching it up into my collection.
More and more was what I wanted, but I was full.
And so he wrapped his hands around my little ones
clutching onto the handle. I pointed, I pressed,
and he let go, and I dug right in.

My little scar was a little wound once again,
but it grew and grew. It pushed aside my lungs,
my wants, my breasts, my needs, and made a room for itself.
Now the hole—black and yawning and greedy—
climbed out its den.

When I was small, I tore a scar open,
and now I twist a knife, and I watch the hole grow.

For Joe

by Jessica Brumley

Work tastes like coffee grounds
against my teeth, grit
rolled gears, shuddered
start-stop bitterness of
produce, ponder, procrastinate.
metallic sighs churning
words, momentum, order
hours measured in undirtied hands
faces palming screens
Digital cathedrals
virtual tokens of modern affection
shallow love like decaf

Every poet writes a poem about coffee
ferrous creamer, corroded display.

Enough

by Grace Ann Williamson

there aren't enough
seconds or even blades
of grass to count
the ways I feel
indebted to whatever power
let me inhabit our mother's
womb first, so I could leave
you those cave paintings

of hopes, jokes, and oaths

to be forever mine own
blood, worth all the water
we hate to drink
because it's just not sweet
enough

At The Funeral Of 50 Barefoot Men

by Amirah Al-Wassif

once upon a time
there was an ancient place
which called "Amon village"
that a very far spot
where everybody talks
about the river legend
that a very far spot
where everybody knows
how to distinguish
the smell of fresh bread
there, at the Amon village
where all the folk lives
in their dreams
and the blazing sun cry
against the face of heaven
there, where the poor sweeper
drowning in the colors of the rainbow
and the great brown mountains
announce its upper secret
to the mass grave
in the Amon village
where everybody talks
about the river legend
and the real tale of
50 barefoot man
in the ancient village
all people are storytellers
and all of them say

which starts with
once upon a time
there were 100 men
lived together in the same village
but 50 of them were barefoot
and the other 50 had fancy shoes!
50 men sweeping the streets
and 50 men making the bread
50 ones looking for more!
50 shoes in luxury leather
and 50 toes inflamed and cracked

the river recognized the difference
between the shoes and the toes
then it made a good decision
according to the nature rules
and the river understood
the difference between
the torn clothing and the perfect ones
then it made a good decision
according to the nature rules

on the ragged edge, all the people walk
under the boiling sun
all people talk
and there were two kinds of talking
talking from shoe to shoe
and talking from toe to toe
and the river didn't love that kind of speech
so, it made a good decision
according to the nature rules

50 barefoot men carrying
their empty pots
their facial bones

tell you about long age of bitterly
shabby dresses, fearful eyes
ancient faces full of pimples
much sweat
and shaky hands

50 barefoot men bearing their pain
looking for a way
to protect their feet
from another pain
but the shattered glass
everywhere

the dispossessed people died
and the rest were alive around the river
laughing, jumping, drinking
but the river has a sense of justice
so, it made a good decision
according to the nature rules
and, dried up!

Moving Out

by Ashley Wu

Tremble footed, light weight,
she comes to her mother
speaking of love.

Her mother's love is not
intangible, the stuff of
lore and the saccharine
stretch of sky between
dusk and dawn,
tangling like gossamer floss
between the teeth,
it is a quiet, suffering creature,
gnawing voraciously
on its own foot.

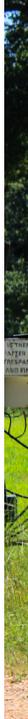
Her mother's love is
the iron of biting down
too hard on your tongue,
the suspended second after
the most beautiful song.

She packs away her
flushed skin, her fingerprint toes,
her inconsequential brain.

She packs away her sunsets,
her almost-summer almost-romance,
her misconceptions of love.

Her mother has three ribcages

and eyes that look everywhere, everywhere.
And seeing all of the boxes,
littered noonday in the sunlight,
the boxes of mirth and gore,
her own maraschino cherry lips,
she shrugs.





Keep Out
by Logan White

There will be weeping and gnashing of teeth

by Clarissa Bond

Our desire for human connection is,
At its core,
A wish to wound.

For we break backs, and yes, we will
Crush bones with teeth
As sharp as steel,
Drain dry the ones we love as they
Will cry, and scream, and wail for us;
We who may pass on before them
To leave behind a painful bruise
That burdens them until they, too
Are lain to fitful rest.

Exist outside ourselves and we'll
Leave scars upon the world;
Give marks and shredded, broken hearts
Leave iron trails,
Carve oozing gashes
Into wood and into stone,
Into flesh and into soul,
Into mind, so *tender*, so...

Our hands will latch onto another
In some blind, red, roaring rage,
And tear apart their very lives,

And tear the tears out from their eyes,
And tear holes in their happiness,
So, constantly, it
drips

.
. .
. .

away
to drain into
some sewer hole,
to mix with many awful things
and become fear, and become hatred,
dirty, dank, and drear.

There is some carnal savagery
In asking to hold someone's life
Within our hands, callused and clawed—
Twitching, itching to carve away
The muscles deep within the chest
To take the raw meat for themselves,
All that *pipin* hot blood...

The hearts of those we have devoured
Beat inside our own chest now,
Begging for mercy, and their pleas
Drive us to gluttony;
More lives, more victims, mark again
Upon the land we've claimed as ours,
The bodies bled so many times
Their skin is all but gone.

*Let us step foot into the home
Let us pass through the entranceway*

*And we will never leave until
All that you are is us.*

Paz

by Karla Nemanic

Last year
I dreamt of your memories
From the year of the coup
Now I know you

Your name is Margarita
Or Paz
You are a woman
You write poetry
And you are against the war
Whichever war
It is this time

You twirl with Pablo
At his parties
You sing moans
And drink ballads
Grow fat on your words

You make love
To men make love to women
A different kind of excess
Make love to women to guns
You are mean
You are heated
A natural shot

Tuck lavender into your bra
For protection
And pull tarot cards out
Read Pinochet's fortune
Read the Tower card
Read destruction
Muerte
Liberation
And you are freed

Watch
Hide science
Beneath floorboards
Hide spells
But do not hide
Turn fires into records
Print books
Even as they turn
To ash

Write letters
And when you look at the soldiers
Who hold guns
Tell them
There is only one thing
Of danger
For you here

Hubris

by Sara McCracken

Rage into the storm,
laughing,

Throw your head back,
tell the gods of thunder they
can't keep you from delighting in the
 murdered trees
and pillaged flower beds
(In the icy cold that
slowly settles in your chest)

When lightning leaves, put everything back
together again

Keep laughing,
loud and bright.
To anger the gods,
exclaim that once again
they've done a lousy job destroying the world
When walking on the pavement,
(Right after the storm)
 Save every washed-up worm you find.

Date 0-2-0-7-1-19

M Ruth Anne Traynelis

Address - copy for Ruby - 2/2

Reg. No.	Clerk	Account Forward		
1	if you are not here by			April
2	measuring steps	to		stove
3	sugar grits will, unshift,	been		eaten
4	swallowed like stranger's spit	in a		pile
5	of me, now seeping,	while		kept
6	now tasted, widens	cross		town
7				
8				
9				
10				
11				
12				
13	[that was a good and careful bite]			
14	9528-32			
15				

A-120035100330
T-45202046202046203
Your Account Stated to Date - If Error is Found, Return at Once

Date _____

M _____

Address _____

Reg. No.	Clerk	Account Forward		
6	1 confusion of getting	to		town
1	2 [you will not be here	by		April]
5	3 confusion of meeting	the		kept
2	4 keep, your sugar in	a		pile
4	5 to dissolve in sand on	a		stove
3	6 do you wonder if it can	be		eaten?
7				
8				
9				
10				
11				
12				
13	[that was a good and careful bite]			
14	9528-33			
15				

A-120035100330
T-45202046202046203
Your Account Stated to Date - If Error is Found, Return at Once

Date _____

M _____

Address _____

Reg. No.	Clerk	Account Forward		
3	1 if you can eat what I	have		eaten
6	2 waiting for you in the folds	is	a	town
4	3 crooked gallop posture	on		pile
1	4 generosity to guardians	of		April!
2	5 their boots so high	flicker		in stove
5	6 of baby's found tokens, these I	have		kept
7				
8				
9				
10				
11				
12				
13				
14	9528-34			
15				

A-120035100330
T-45202046202046203
Your Account Stated to Date - If Error is Found, Return at Once

Date _____

M _____

Address _____

Reg. No.	Clerk	Account Forward		
5	1 stunningly the traces	their		kept-
3	2 stagger, town sweeter	than	touch	refer
2	3 sweet granulated gravel	sleeps	atop	stove
6	4 glaze and iron auctioned	out of	town	
1	5 hauled across cupid's-	bow	of	April
4	6 to be installed to our	painted		pile
7				
8				
9				
10				
11				
12				
13				
14	9528-35			
15				

A-120035100330
T-45202046202046203
Your Account Stated to Date - If Error is Found, Return at Once

Date _____

M _____

Address _____

Reg. No.	Clerk	Account Forward		
4 1	time aint got no gate	to		pile
5 2	rain with instructions	you	havint	kept
1 3	its perfect stench the shiver	of	an	April
3 4	stone cooked, and			eaten
6 5	things you ought to	keep	from	town,
2 6	I suggest storing in belly	of	a	stove
7				
8				
9				
10				
11				
12				
13				
14				
15				

9528-36

A-1200265103530 Your Account Stated to Date - If Error is Found, Return at Once
T-452024620246203

Date _____

M _____

Address _____

Reg. No.	Clerk	Account Forward		
2 1	if you ever stand at	my		stove
4 2	again, forget	the		pile
6 3	it is bent on building in	-to	a	town
5 4	you think in a pile it will	be	well	kept?
3 5	you think in that stack it	won't	be	eaten?
1 6	have you ever lived	through		April?
7				
8				
9				
10				
11				
12				
13				
14				
15				

9528-37

A-1200265103530 Your Account Stated to Date - If Error is Found, Return at Once
T-452024620246203

Date _____

M _____

Address _____

Reg. No.	Clerk	Account Forward		
6 1	fired from chewing each other	all	over	town,
2 2		in	a	stove,
1 3	April hours slept under	moon	lit	pile
5 4	calm			kept
3 5	secret	as	if	eaten
6				
7				
8				
9				
10				
11				
12				
13	[That was a good and		carded	like]
14				
15				

9528-38

A-1200265103530 Your Account Stated to Date - If Error is Found, Return at Once
T-452024620246203

untitled
by Ruth Anne Traynelis

Shooting Birds at the Heavens

by Jacob Smith

Two birds were shot
toward the Heavens,
all of them, all of them,
and the Heavens replied with
silence; their white gray.
But the birds were not honored with rain
But the birds were not honored with
eulogies But the birds were not honored
with silence from other birds. With silence
they were
rendered rotted, ascetically skinny
bones foretelling
rings and rings and rings
like roundabout bells that kept their cold
silence.

If [empathy]

by Savannah Guenther

If you are holding the door for another woman, you [look sidelong,
si - lent
if not expectant]

If you are smiling and it feels wooden, you [check your mouth
to find splinters]

If a friend is inviting you inside for dinner, you [search their teeth for larger teeth
and find
sharper teeth]

If you are eating your vegetables and find happiness in a salad, you [are how
many years?
you are
this many]

If you are not seeing the bigger picture, you [retreat to a forest and remain
forty minutes
to deter myopia]

If another woman is crying, you [taste salt]





Tangent
by Sherry Luo

Have you tried turning it off and on again?

by Menna Abo-Elhamd

They say a sigh is
a mental reset
power off —power on —
 I reset again and
again and
 again
I am of old hardware though
and sure to fall apart soon

untitled

by Annie Ho

my family goes deep sea diving
and our flesh fins clumsily adjust to the water
my ma wails a mournful song
my ba becomes lost at sea

at night, i stand & watch the ocean
above it, the moon undresses slowly, and her
onyx robe folds itself into the growing waves

the pacific rests bluer than the atlantic
the atlantic pools at my feet like tepid shower water
the pacific is endless & dark like the old well outside ba's village

the child of deep-sea divers
has forgotten the Ocean
my ma warns me of the dead who live there-a
ancestors swallowed by war and grief
she reminds me of my ba, lost at sea

ba ngoai says that spirits aren't worth fearing
they're just
memories spun from neglect
and we only fear things we forget

my ma spends her days in bed
shucking broken pearls from her brine-soaked hands

weeping oysters spring from where they fall

at night, i stand & watch the ocean

my ba remains lost at sea

my ma bears broken pearls

White Rabbit

by Dane Tillman

Punch me where I bruise
In an existence of circumference
You are a happenstance center point
Like centrifugal force and carnival rides
Your power nauseates

Robbie and My Guitar

by Ben Drew

I's in jail for six months 'fraid to lose my whole life
I knew'd it'd get stolen or the cops'd can it
So I asked Robbie, that motherfucker is a good guy

I asked Robbie to watch my guitar right
For six months he watched my shit
That motherfucker, Robbie's, a good guy

Thought for sure I'd get robbed blind
I'd get out and have nothing again
That fuckin' Robbie did me right

He musta had a good place to hide
'Cause he had it when I got out the can
Robbie with my guitar, that fuckin' guy

That motherfucker did his time
Servin country and killin in some name
Now he's tellin' himself jokes, that fuckin' guy

It is, I get it, I know what life is like,
think about God now and again
Play my guitar and sing when it feels right
Praise be to Robbie, motherfucker is a good guy.

Come and See

by William Baldwin

a skeletal spire sprouting with
languid desiccation

Pallid fingers- pendulously
Blading the rocks
The measureless furrows
Sewing the salt

deep

Into the soil planted with
Trees bearing parched and wide-eyed fruit
bloatd by the saline rains

they are
turning to flee
upon their bloodied soles

“For they look upon *me*
and see Hell”

He- whose tender smile
parts crooked lips
imagines the breeze
as it uncovers
bleaching bones
beheld by none

“Does your heart beat *still*?”

Miasma

 befoulment
lifted on choking dryness
 swirling high and grasping
at even the hollow-wings
 the free Bones
of the one who calls his name

“Does your tongue blacken
behind your bleeding lips?”

- at *long* last



Peeking
by Fabrice Poussin



untitled
by Arielle Zottneck

Shepherd

by Braden Turner

thrall opens, cataclysm erupts
cacophonies of earth-moving endgame
and a hero becomes intangible —
quick to kill, coy as Christ
in eyes beholden below.
swallowed pride bubbles up
like refrain, react when faced
with the inescapable. war
never looks good on anyone,
bolden are the bloodied bodies
prostrate on grounds
of libel parsed glory.

to what degree do we honor you,
harbinger of death,
decoy to destruction under
guise of irreparable causality?
maybe you salvaged a universe
or perhaps it flew apart
because you, insatiably
keen on belief, drove it mad.

and what to do with your lover,
knit together with waiting,
understanding you as
walking Schrödinger,

waiting in the lobby?

tell him he has his
whole life to grieve a dead man
who has yet to die.

if death be so bold and life be so meek

by Sydney Kate Lewis

death, if you were to be so bold as to fall in love with thievery,
confiscating street lights and stealing gusts of winds.
called robin hood without the poor, you walk the sidewalk
with broken handcuffs on one wrist and soulful larceny in hand.

life, if you were to be so meek as to fall in love with bestowment,
gifting infinite breaths and providing limitless lanterns.
proclaimed beauty in creation, you dance across ocean waves
holding flora in your arms and tangling fauna's fingers with yours.

death, if you were to be so bold as to embrace darkness,
letting it overtake hours of a day and entire pieces of a mind.
let it be so you overtake every inclination of good in your eyes
so this world can be truly conquered by yourself only.

life, if you were to be so meek as to embrace light,
letting it claim only hours of a day and thoughts of a mind.
let it be so you fall knowingly, willingly short of glory
so this world can be truly conquered by someone besides yourself.

death, if you were to be so bold as to believe in your own muchness,
then believe in the coffin you have already claimed to be yours.
life, if you were to be so meek as to humble in your own beauty,
then show yourself in the aftermath of your preface, death.

(Lisp) Mess

by Carol Wise

(words chosen at random:

Attempts

Jolted

Yeast-like

Pessimism

Sister

Anti-social

Squeezing

Bedclothes

Into

Finger)

i followed(and closely)bumper-dangled legs, tap-attempts
-at-dancing feet. susie or maybe jane sprouting ruffles and eyelet jolting
 against concrete fog of exhaust infected and yeast-like
i inched closer, eyes lit by dangling streetlight. pessimism
closely follows (it dances with paranoia!) or is its sister
(i should be alone, i thin wont bump into you if anti-social
is a construct against "uncomfortable.") and the pressure of tapping, squeezing
 my-head-is-a-nursery-rhyme-shit-onto-your-bedclothes

look at (not there) the featured act! it's something you can stare into!
"maniac-at-best-if-or-delusion-at-all" --you point your finger

rotating crops in the field //
talking to my granddad

by Savannah Guenthner

y'all see it

a Statesboro sun setting
on my white bread cousins and I
imagining coyotes in the field
we held sugarcane spears but
ghost stories in the dark
still got us running

and now

I am trying to rotate crops
over arid pastures
all rootless and subject to frost
[and everytime I ask Lloyd
if the climate is warming
the corn is rustling in the dust
rasping for a cool glass of somethin'
good like whiskey or sweet like tea
and if it rains
it soaks
the split cotton bolls down
to rest their heads on mud
for a good long sleep

everytime I ask Lloyd, I hear
the crops aren't so good this year]

and now

I am not trying to take from the farm

so I look at his plate laden
with pecan pie and ready whip
to cut the sweet
and I learn
to make my plate the same

and now

y'all see it

Dry dense body makes dense

by Ruth Anne Traynelis

[in this body hides every lateness]

While asleep angels emerge from cloth
[in their body hides everything else]

Stoop to halt
What soft-ware
Has made contact?

[burnt mists coil,
Resting in the belly of a vapor]

Immune to insight
It can stand like you-
Stomping quicker than water-
Its feet rounded
To protect your precious table



untitled
by Arielle Zottneck

you feel

by Abbigayle Mathis

like going for walks late at night in summer like
hearing the click of the lighter like
smelling the pavement sweat like glistening breathing heavily
humid and happy dumb and happy
the heat in my cheeks exuding stretching to my chest my fingers my feet
there is an endlessness to the ease a comfort pure giddiness pure hope
that every night could feel like this
that anyone could come into my life
the smell of green walls greener fences cicadas rubbing their own bodies together
and together
I imagine rubbing our hands together
the smell of laundry or wet asphalt lifting us floating us through the streetlights
joy spreading across your cheeks
saying I love you to me to the summer
to the cicadas saying I love you
to anyone everyone around
because it is summer and
we love

My figure is a smudge on the backdrop

by Alex Cross

My figure is a smudge on the backdrop, a blur against the ground, like a phantom, there but not, slipping in between two dimensions, populated, decayed. Inharmonious discontent, contrasting cravings, desires forever wavering, shifting fluid like the shadow of water, one moment a fine fold of velvet, the next transparent again. Like me, they slip in and out of being. Jumping back and forth across the line of existence, it drives me mad, a little farther every day. Perpetual motion machines are impossible, they eventually lose energy to the air, to heat, to friction. Objects in an eternal state of flux cannot survive for long. I shudder to think what that means for me.

It's cold, not light,
that causes the shaking.
The quiver of the vocal chords
like a resonating string,
it's because of the cold.

But heat from the stars' glare
overtakes and swirls,
red and pink and orange and yellow,
evidence right beneath my frozen skin.
Rattle, shiver, chill.
It's not the cold.

The electricity inside my fragile glass shell surges, I can feel the volts, but if I glow, the stars will find me, the moon will find me, and they will know that I sit on the ground, waiting sedately to float from the mud where I was

that I sit on the ground, waiting sedately to float from the mud where I was abandoned. Force to quell the flicker sends a resounding crack of breaking glass through the air, my side splinters. All too quickly their celestial light floods a ring around me.

“What are you doing down there?” The moon cajoles, laughing, heady, high. Stars twinkle and chime in unison, a brilliant windchime on the heavens. I am cracked, shivering, a violin bow after a shrill note, but it is the cold, the mud, not the light, of course not. I want the light, don’t I? Unable to respond to the moon, to the stars, another crack forms on my shell, smaller, just a sliver, but there, and alive with agony. Frigid mud slips inside my body, weighing me down, drowning me. I am happy to die in this moment rather than feel the concentrated light of the moon and stars.

It’s too hot, too cold. I shake, shiver, but I urgently need to move. I can’t breathe, it isn’t possible to constrict my glass without shattering from the effort, and every wavering gasp attracts more flashes of light. Sparks inside me sputter with frenetic energy, popping brightly and fading with a hiss in what must be a never-ending cycle.

I sink.

I drown.

My spark peters out.

I don’t die.

Hours pass, and I curse myself, and them, the world, my birth. I curse the electricity that sustains my life and the fragile body that contains it. Re-emerging into the silence, the mud drains from me, just enough to let me bob on its surface, scarcely visible. I can barely feel it. Barely. But in my mind, that strives to illuminate, lurking like an insatiable shadow it waits to fill me, drown me, but not to kill me. It won’t, it never has, and that is the cruelest kindness.

In the dome of my own faint glow I lay, heavy with the mud and the knowledge that the wheel forever spins.

I want to shine
brighter than anything.
I want to feel their light find me,
surround me, join mine,
encircling us in heavenly refraction.

Perhaps together,
a dazzling emersion,
we could brighten the world.
But I don't really want that,
Do I?

It's the glow that I starve for, the light welling up and bleeding through the cracks. Breaking off brittle, glimmering pieces, giving them to stars, offering them up for inspection in hopes to be as bright. But logic escapes, eludes, knowledge of incandescence flees, and all that is left is the jagged cracks, seeping a dull, weak electricity.

"What if," I murmur to myself, as mud seeps through my skin and threatens to snuff the spark that runs inside, my lifeblood. "what if I gave one a piece, just the one, and they liked it? I could glow, just enough, I could be a star." Of course, I know that it is an unattainable dream. Lightbulbs can't ascend to the heavens of their own volition, they are bound by the atmosphere, stitched firmly in to the planet's gravitational pull, trapped by earthly things like mud, and dust, and mortality. For the bulb that shines the brightest is the quickest to die. The quickest to burn itself out, to kill itself by reducing its vital filament to cinders with the force of its own power.

Stars aren't like that. They shine, endlessly, eternally, soaring high above the desolate wasteland of the ground. They don't even see us, surveying our plane as if it were nothing more than a minor inconvenience. They're so beautiful. All the same. I want to be them. I hate them with my whole body, my soul. If only they could see me. If they look at me, I'll surely die.

As I stand here under the gaze of the stars,
my flesh boils away.
My heart swells with sand,
causing my expanding ribs to fracture,

Molten led drips past my stomach to scald my tongue.
Wan light weighs like copper coins on my eyelids,
and I know that I am dying.
"No," consoles the moon, "this is life."

There are some stars who would say “Oh, but we’re all lightbulbs! We’re all fragile, it isn’t just you.” That’s a lie, I know. A star is made of much stronger stuff than glass and wire. Plasma comprises their bodies, fierce, ionized, hot. It cannot be broken so easily as fused minerals and tungsten filaments. They fly, soar, celestial spheres clustered tightly together, enduring and eternal. And here I stay, in the mud, alone, dim, passively wanting more and actively scorning it.

learnd how to make doctors appointment

by Ruby Mars

I'm at an important point on the precipice the bug
lady comes later today I'm worried about not falling
in love with her

I'm trying to flaunt some expensive shit
medication months of living
grabbing the Acme needle I
realize that many objects in the bedroom also
seem to be cartoons
(on the wall there's a framed
tunnel next
to an identical adjacent room but
it flattens to touch) (no closet in the room)

Check this out! I'm wearing a shirt.
Car in the driveway coupon-stuffed you
can't see out the window.

The anvil now two-day
stuck
in the bedroom floorboards

Isn't worth the gay or peace of
mind - the robber from the other day
remains a pancake.

Getting from 4:15 to 4:45 cost 81 dollars 50 cents

I'm leaking and dripping just
to live. thats a brag I spend mony

on food and necessities

I am certain theres a sniper

posted

focused

ready to blast

an expensive slug

because i keep flaunting

expensive shit

water

cost

money

shoot

that..... plastic watch is in the

mailbox so I can track my

81 dollars 50 cents to the millisecond.....Shoot that.....This

Chair is comfortable. This grass is

comfortable. I'm spending money on normal things like being on

the phone. I make plans to drop bills on the

phone. and say 'do you make note of pronouns' and they say "no

sir what does that mean" . Boss moves . saying normal

shit

it comes out

indecipherable

my expensive sexy life

lays out on the card table butt ass naked. Everyone knows how i

piss.)

Everybody knows my sounds. The walls are thin on purpose it costed

extra for that

ass naked next to

seasonal migration patterns

It is public knowledge, well known, how my knee

reacts to this or that pair of shorts

Those parts

on the left

The way

the tunic

those are for
pheremonic
attraction of
certain subsets

drapes it
is a cone
(turns your
body into
a triangle)

the pockets
they are on
the tops of
the feet

Because I
flaunt it my pricey alternative
lifestyle moves at a fast pace.

I would like viewers
for my expensive shit.

The rear view mirror glue
is brand new

45 seconds ago to
stick it 45 minutes
on the phone making plans
to edit this My body

I am crafting many levels of dropping bills
This chair is comfortable so I flaunt it

The Clash Isn't About a Band

by Carol Wise

there are ten high generations
subsisting behind brain walls
i've constructed for (in!) security
d-generates fumble against my [con]scious
se[cret]ion --off th[e]ir fucking asses
i can feel tension systemic hindrance
of too many cooks

but they're trapped! (i smile, their goose cooks)
spoons scraping their void-generations
in the tenor key (their fingernails have ripped off!), hence ranc-
(pron. "S")-id smells slipping around septum-walls
septic fumes i lick to get high, avoid conscious
into block-stacks (think, -delivery day, re: Spencer's; mall security
guard's second job)/he thinks, -this gen. needs to get off their asses

and do a day's goddamn work. this is cliché/secure it ee-
ases back into the corduroy chair, wife cooks
dinner, a steaming pot wetting the palate of her PC-conscious
daughter instructing her, through breaths of gin, her rations
(clearly generous- reflected) hitting her tensed mother in walls
"I'm gonna kick all their asses"
-from PC bb on men, woke-fully ignorant that she is a hindrance

cause she just smoked a joint, see the devil's gr[ass] is
(not-so) secretly relaxing her tone and the in of her security
like a warm [bath]-or-[salt]s her mother sniffed, hidden by pantry walls

blue-printed in stone, d-signed without nails stuck in [c]oncrete as h[ooks]
see the captain of these hunted for boys that conned generations
the never grew (in!)to be men to collect pension, be a hindrance
[P]-[C]ourderly [co]cks limply reading til dyslexic and [nauseous]

like noxious gas used on jews to make them terminally (un)-conscious
the products of their fucking viewed as cretins, orphaned shit-smear-asses
crying for attention, my brain echoes with symphonic generations
just give me a [sec]ond, i'll c[ur]ate a cannon with biblical p[ity]
if i fill a tub, will the water cook-(s)
-oon into wine? or do i just hear dead babies whine, porcelain walls
ten times as high in the pitch-black-fucked-up that blocks, a hindrance

there are no bumbling babes nailed to walls,
mine, blocks of tens or decaded years, a pile of being conscious
ignorance-in-fucking time-blocks, interspersed with wives or cooks
smack, drop, rail, call "phat," or wipe their asses
as round as the cheeks, red and on high alert for security
it shoots me higher than the tipped fingers of my prisoners, generations
the tension is a fucking hindrance

fucked up, a wife cooks a-mean-no-acid(s)-con[cock]tion in her pot's walls
it's flavored with [genera](pron. Ay)l [shu]cked cor[ns], starch g[as(s)es]
subsuming her conscious inhibitions-- like me-- for security
(but when I smile, she gets high again)-like licking the walls intended to
be a hindrance

to the woman who has been let down too many
times: there is hope. just look down and you'll see.

by Annette Aguilar

esther,
your
hands
wrinkled
and
smooth
sitting
on
your
lap
forming
a perfect
cusp

how
gently
they
hold
even the
thickest
of airs
or the
roughest
of thoughts

in
your

hands
my world
lies

that is why
every
morning
i wake
and wash my hands
very
delicately
to remind myself
that in my palms
our
future
exists

Road kill

by Madison Gable

A couple drives from the
grocery store to their house.
A man asks a woman if she
ever thinks about truth.
She laughs and wants to hit
him for never noticing anything, any
thing at all. Damp green slips
into view when she closes her
eyes and beckons memory
from moonlight. She's traced
the worn lines a thousand times
a thousand different ways,
holding her ear as close as
she dare to the beast's chest,
listening, waiting with diligence
for a sign from god
or a small heartbeat.



Mixed Up and Confused
by Lily Harrington
(mixed media on canvas)

Hysteria

by Jessica Brumley

bought a plane ticket for the
east coast, and
he swings South to pick me some flowers.
I warn him, I'll be
unwilling to get a tattoo
or walk the streets at midnight—
therapy unwinds the certain strings
of theory that make me up
frenzy pins me
to a slate-colored
sofa under clangy glass
mobiles, watching only women
enter, watching only women leave

I refuse to lean on the cushions
I arrange them however
I choose—no tassels
for me to dis-tangle, I try to
unravel my notions on
ethically handling death.
Aunt then,
Cousin then—
She has only a son
to carry on, the couch is
painted to look like comfort,
I talk about watching
my childhood friend leave

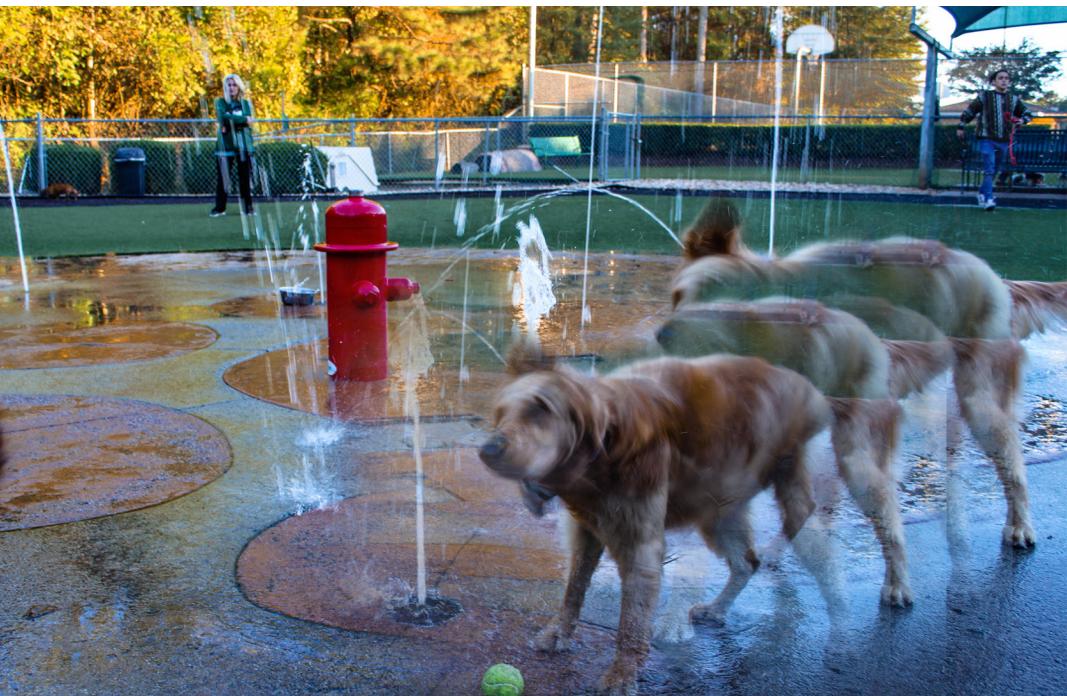
the closet, only to be ushered
to the nearest exit in her Sunday best —
“We no longer require your services in nursery”
and how I met a man
with burns tracing
his childhood fires, glistening
in the sun like oil rainbows
on a smothering Suzhou day —
watched USonian friends purchase ice
cream, paying fares over a
crumpled beggar, then amazed
at my ability to cry

it's not a party trick
for my therapist, who marks
this as a problem, feeling her own
feminine pains, crossing
legs against legal pad,
combatting my emotions with
soothing rainwater sounds that burn
our natural fuels unnaturally
from the machines they
subjugate to make our sounds
of peace and make me
need to pee.
Equal parts soothing, equal parts
urgency, sound following
sound, nudging my body
toward rain, I dry
those tears wear hysteria's clothes, that
feminine disease

my brother strums worshipful chords
to a God he agrees with, and
I plow with books

If they fix me, will I still write?
If they fix me, will I fear other
things besides stairs?
If they fix me, will I start fearing stairs?
what's mine is yours, and what's
yours is my mother's, and what's
my mother's is my cousin's,
my aunt's,
Audre Lorde's
June Jordan's

I've eat enough processed foods
to form the lumps under my skin
that the women in my family
know the cut off.
Sans-hysteria.
Sans breast.
if I kiss him, he will find his own way
to the airport, and get on a plane,
and —



Newtown Dream Dog Park
by Logan White

A nASShville Diddy

by Ben Drew

Let me play you a song.

I don't have any money.

Lemme play y'a song.

You know we're friends. I ain't got no
body.

Out here in the muggy haze of
after-noon showers so
sticky that it makes you want to
get a haircut. Maybe
then the sweat will leave from your
neck and behind your ears and
under your lip.

Like keeping a dirty sleeping bag in a
plastic bag, the
condensation accumulates lacking
ventilation, never drying so when
you're sleeping on the sidewalk you
still get wet even though it
hasn't rained in a week.

The moisture seeps and the
blue lights streak through
the trees spreading arms like
consciousness turning to
paranoia from life lacking stomach-
hungry wrapped in insomnia from
sidestreet trapped grime that will

grit its way under your
toenails before you even
Know.

Watch your step too because the
broken bottles 'round here will
do a number on your shoes

I Never Saw Another Butterfly

by Clarissa Bond

I

now i realize that this image
of the golden butterfly
gives me another memory,
one darker and more bitter, and
one i don't claim to own

it makes me recall a piece written
by a child in Terezin;
one that featured in the play
(titled a line from that poem)
which told the story of the children
whose words still speak to us today
though many of them perished there
simply for who they were

we put on this play, and i still
remember how they all would cry,
the audience, who came to see
us bring to life those who have died

we were just in middle school, and,
you could argue, were too young
to bear such heavy things;

but so were they
and still they speak
to us beyond the grave

i thought about it then;
i think about it now

II

in tenth grade, two years after i
had said the words of those long gone
we saw the Holocaust museum, and
i walked right beside the friend
who's sister's bat mitzvah i saw
as we passed pairs and pairs of shoes
footprints of those who've passed away
and tried my very best to breathe
and not to cry, for otherwise
i think we would have both stopped
there,
frozen silent, by the fact
she's here, when if her father's father
had not survived what occurred
his shoes would be behind the glass
and i'd stand there
alone

trading post

by Braden Turner

cock the handle on your
colt, it's high time to
tirade. dissolution runs
amok, time to line up
the ineffable—watch the truth
bleed out from bullet holes
and bask in intangibility.
push through batwing doors to
unlock the universe,
shot-through spirits
shattered on bartops
to recognize reality. the
untamable wildfire now
overladen and overwhelming,
the pull of a trigger
chases the whiskey down.
questions of how
questions of why
stapled up wanted signs
at the trading post,
but there's no one left
to see them now.
maybe that's the universe—
an inexplicable together.
perhaps it will end us all,
like how the small rocks begin

shifting, tumbling
before the boulders give way.
it is a chaos spiraling
towards inevitability, consider it
a punch to the teeth,
barrel to the sky
digit twitches
and wait for rain,
this is how we
all fall down.

How to Write Poetry Like a Girl

by Abbigayle Mathis

prick your finger watch it
 bleed
write about the way it
 drips to
 the floor

think of your soft stomach
at your childhood pool write about
the moment you noticed how it felt
to press your finger gently into
the pillowy flesh
 how they looked on

pick a metaphor for periods
 any one will do
string it together and watch it
 trickle
 into pools
 of shared
experience deemed superfluous

call the boy with the shaggy hair ask him
why he never liked you back ask him
if he knew he was making you a poet
if he knows what courage it takes
to write about indifference or
aloneness

make your pain beautiful
 floral
paint your words in soft looks
 soft pinks
get used to explaining your words
to men who "just don't get it"
to men who "just find it interesting how
 the mother figure functions in this poem"
to men who write about cumming into kleenex
and tell you bloody panties are grotesque

and when they - those non poets
ask you why you spend your time
writing about crushes and
tits and blood and
whatever the fuck you want

write about that too

An excerpt from “Ripped”

by Trapp Tischner

Sleepy baby, don't abuse it,
Just let your eyes cross.

If you cut the light,
She'll crawl into the corner.

You can't stop her then.
She'll croon softly till you cross over.

The organ pounds down, falls down;
I'm tumbling down behind it.

Bounce off that prickly pluck,
Uneven, unexperienced, so vulnerable.

I get it, I get it all, I promise
I get it now.

It's a severance of circulation,
A sample of roof shingles as shoulder pads.

God, what's a wake and bake
Without a slow morning and a useless afternoon.

Did you forget how simple, how internal
It all takes you five seconds to assimilate

Oh, god, that slick click, that creaking catch,
I love that lovely, lovely latch.

Pull it open, pull it upon,
I need to take a dear inside.

Just a little one, I promise I won't
Squeal. Not even a hint.

In the end, I'll never make it out alive.
I don't plan on leaving the East Coast,

So I doubt I'll survive. Instead,
I'll preach the scripture:

Get you some.
Take a cab.
Pain ain't cheap.
Chop logs into firewood.
Don't forget your glasses.
Do forget your mascara.
Wear your bra on the outside.
Don't put all that shit on your face.

One day, we'll learn to swim.
But it's turbulent waters, so
We need the bridge.

It appears, by draw or drought,
This Saturday. You plan to take full advantage.

I'm tripping, stumbling, fumbling.
You're so sure of yourself, you're losing yourself.

I'm becoming Anne then Natalie then Emily.
I'm becoming sex in the churchyard.

I'm becoming those straight legs, a little knobby,
You're becoming those tight, tight, tight

Cool, cool, cool, I copied that off
Crystal clear promises guzzled through that

Funnel-shaped descent into deepest iterations
Of that first setting:

Abandon hope but don't abandon daughters
And walk the dog once a day.

Deep asleep, I slip into your closet
For a spliff and my lighter.

It's under that thin sheet that my day concludes,
Deepest desire downstairs,
Sweet prince paces away, and
I lay, just a lady, playing at
Romance, mystery, hunger.



The Come Down
by Neil Hancock



Head Rush
by Neil Hancock

L'evening électrique

by Griffin Hamstead

Hymns chanted, inaudible
and pressing into my
skin.

Children in the square
wrestle a football with
feet, little legs – may
they carry them far.

Men on the street
corner look a live
-ly discussion, topic:
unknown.

Cafés and head
-lights waft with
smoke up
up and
up.

Horns blinking,
three women walk
home and a green
vest bicycle
pedals into
out of sight.

Tall towers
rise beyond
this maze of
cardboard
kingdom.

The distant glow
trembles, sounds
shimmer.

A baby is
carried sweetly
through a summer
night.

The doorman asks
for a cigarette,
within the univers
-al vocabulary
how many
will he consume
the dark hours.

A mural glances
down upon an
unseen street
the only purple
and the park
resembles an
airstrip, look
out: you're
flying.

In the streets:

sounds, soccer,
there is no
scent of salary,
only small flames
fanned by a sea
breeze; do not
blink, you'll
miss the joy.

Мил Вуйчо

(Dear Uncle)

by Lora Yordanova

I'm sorry that I didn't call enough.
Busy letting the blue body swell between us,
years of not stretching enough to reach
I'm sorry we couldn't help you.
When you were seizing -
body stiff, eyes
rolling and
speaking in tongues,
Were you alone in your head?
Purple leaking
spreading over your back
How long did it take?
Seconds? Minutes?
Dinner was on the table, she came to wake you.
Empty stomachs that night, emptiness
spreading like disease
cells infected, infiltrated -
Last born, first gone - an empty black
Hole, unfilled space sucking in the rest of a family

A father left without a son.
No tears until
One year seven months
Later
In America, flame to wick, red wine
blood of christ
We stand in your favorite church,

We stand in your favorite church,
frankincense burning, seeping out of its golden cage
words sung, we never listened before
Smokey tears, choking
Begging for the things we never believed to be true
Foot to the floor on mountain roads,
he beat the paramedics there but still
too late. Are these things written?
I have a hard time believing
it was supposed to be you.

Your piano still sits there, untuned.
Silent dissonance without your head bent
over the keys,
wrists rising and falling to the melody
You said, the last time we spoke, you could tell
I felt the music in me the way that
you did, living
inside of you,
rhythm beating in your
veins and arteries
until, one day,
blood so thick
that rhythm
beats against a wall
melody surging, pressure rising
to a deafening crescendo and then -

silence.

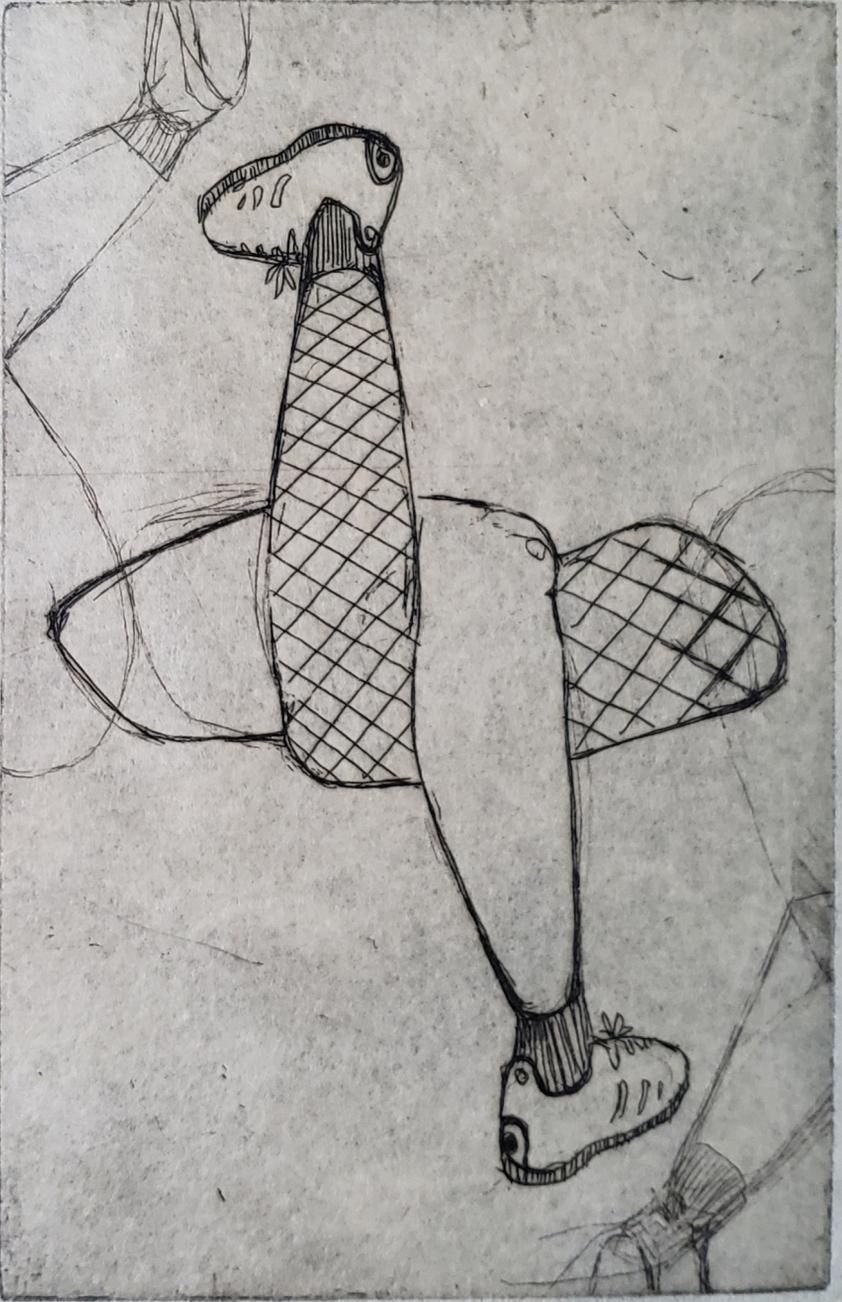
Do you still play wherever you are?

They said it was like

when I said
we'll see each other again soon.
I never meant like this.

I didn't know.

I'm sorry that it's too late.



untitled
by Arielle Zottneck





Visible
by Sherry Luo

Contributor Biographies

Menna Abo-Elhamd is a third-year Psychology major from Martinez, GA. She is a wreck who doesn't know what she wants to do with her life. She studies psychology and languages – so far, Arabic, Spanish, and American Sign Language. She loves to listen to music and to dance (badly). In her free time, she writes, draws, and lies on her futon, doing nothing.

Annette M. Aguilar is a second-year from Gainesville, GA majoring in International Affairs. Annette, or also know as “anet” in the streets, is a proud Chicana with a forbidden love for words. She is a Pisces sun, Cancer moon, and Cancer rising -- so you know she's the emotional crybaby but please say hi to her.

Amirah Al-Wassif is a 28-year-old freelance write from Egypt. She has written articles, novels, short stories, poems and songs. Five of her books were written in Arabic and many of her English works have been published in various cultural magazines. Amirah is passionate about producing literary works for children, teens and adults which represent cultures from around the world. Her first book, *Who do not Eat Chocolate*, was published in 2014 and her latest illustrated book, *The Cocoa Book and Other Stories*, is forthcoming.

William Baldwin is a third-year English major from Blue Ridge, GA. He enjoys writing both poetry and prose. He hopes to become a teacher.

Isabella Ballew is fourth-year ArtX student from Cumming, GA. She is a Video Artist and poet living in Athens, working too much.

Asher Beckner is a third-year from Summerville, GA studying English and Social Work.

Jacob Boone is a dumpster-diving first-generation scholar from Webster, NY who enjoyed his studies in Finance and Literature and his time as the managing editor for St. John Fisher College's undergrad-edited lit mag *ANGLES*.

Rosasharn (Rosa) Brown is a first-year International Affairs major from Marietta, GA. Since arriving at UGA, Rosa has enjoyed getting lost in the Main Library stacks and wandering around campus at odd hours. She spends a lot of time thinking about the past and sometimes wonders if she would write better poetry in Yiddish.

Jessica Brumley is a second-year Master's student from Lawrenceburg, KY. She has a dog named Theo and a fish named Lanse. She writes poetry with coffee. Without coffee, she hardly writes anything. She is studying to earn a Master's degree in English at the University of Georgia. Her bookshelves at home are crowded and unkept, but she tucks old Christmas cards into the books that she likes. Her mom spends every third week at the Cancer Treatment Centers of America in Newnan, GA.

Matthew Carpenter is a third-year English major from Grandville, MI. He writes between walks, if his dog allows.

Varad Dabke is a fourth-year studying English and International Affairs from Columbus, GA. At UGA, Varad is involved in a number of student organizations and enjoys being concurrently exposed to the diverse coursework surrounding both of his majors. Varad is currently focusing his research efforts on providing sustainable affordable housing options to state and local governments. After graduation, Varad hopes to pursue a career in the legal field.

Jeanne Davis is a UGA alum living and working in Athens, GA.

Jesse Donck-Rains is a first-year student from Mansfield, GA. Jesse likes to write songs but he's a tragically bad singer. He likes to design clothes. He thinks the oatmeal raisin cookies hit differently.

Ben Drew is a fourth-year Communication Studies major. Ben grew up on the ridges of Oglethorpe Mountain, in the foothills of the Appalachians eating dirt and throwing rocks at cars. He writes primarily to elucidate the grime and beauty of life from his experiences.

Abigail Friedel is a first-year Graphic Design and Journalism major from Johns Creek, GA. She is not entirely sure where her life is headed but is nonetheless excited to be along for the ride.

Madison Gable is a native of Roswell, GA and a senior at the University of Georgia, where she's spent the last four years studying Journalism and Political Science. In her post-graduate life, she hopes to keep having more fun than is allowed and to do some good in the world. For her, poetry helps with both of those endeavors.

Maggie George is a fourth-year Communication Studies major from Marietta, GA. Maggie loves books, cats, and tea. She would like to give credit to her journals and poetry for getting her through tough moments in life. Her friends and family aren't bad either.

Alison Gerhard is a graduate student in chemistry from Williamsburg, VA, studying the behavior of cadmium, zinc, and mercury. Her writing leaves most of the department baffled but supportive.

Savannah Guenther is a fourth-year History major from Atlanta, GA. Savannah takes film photos, writes poetry, and likes being outside. She's not bad at these things, and one day she might be good.

Griffin Hamstead is a third-year undergraduate at the University of Georgia studying English and Sustainability. His work has appeared in *Process*, *Anxious Poets Society* and *The Orator*, and is forthcoming in *Red Cedar Review*. He plans to pursue an MFA in Creative Writing some time after

graduation. He is from Knoxville, TN and lives in Athens, GA.

Neil Hancock is an artist living in Athens, Ga. He is completing his degree in drawing this year.

Ashley Hendel is a third-year from Woodstock, GA. She likes the color pink, going to see movies by herself, and treats Jeopardy like it's a competitive sport. She always says she's writing, even when she's not.

Annie Ho is an alum of UGA. She proudly enjoys and creates Bad Art

Lukpata Lomba Joseph is a Nigerian poet and essayist. He is a contributing writer to an online weekly magazine, *Joshua's Truth*. He is currently studying for his bachelor's degree in Petroleum Engineering at the University of Port Harcourt, Nigeria. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Caustic Frolic*, *Vox Poetica* and other journals and magazines.

Sydney Kate Lewis is second-year student from Fayette County, GA pursuing an English major with a Religion minor. She is most well-known for her curly hair, intense southern accent, seemingly-British vocabulary, and constant movie references.

Ruby Mars is a rave music fan and future angel who does work in poetry, video, and fabric. She lives in Athens, GA.

Abbigayle Mathis is a Grady College alumna from Villa Rica, GA. She is a poet and filmmaker living in Athens, GA.

Zachary McCannon is a UGA English graduate from Comer, GA, who, in his last semester, discovered a love for writing short fiction. He enjoys the ridiculous and outlandish, and he has a tendency towards silliness.

Sara McCracken is a third-year English major from Statesboro, GA. She enjoys reading, writing, and rock climbing in her spare time.

Anna Morelock is a third-year English major from Fayetteville, GA who hopes to pursue a career in publishing. She enjoys reading detective fiction and journaling in her free time.

Carrie Morto is a fourth-year Political Science major from Atlanta, GA. She is a proud Scorpio/INFJ who listens to too much sad music and eats too much Taco Bell.

Jill Nipples is an Atlanta based artist from the year 2069. He is a cyborg beginning to feel human emotions.

DeLane Phillips is a Southern writer and teacher. She grew up in the Georgia town of Monroe in Walton County, not far from the University of Georgia. Later in life, she attended Emmanuel College in Franklin Springs, where she was featured in Emmanuel's annual *Montage*, receiving first place in prose. A few years later, after the passing of her mother, DeLane returned to the muse of much of her writing, Walton County, at her parents farm, where she currently cares for her 82-year-old father along with her companion rescue dogs, Chloe and Little Bit.

Fabrice Poussin teaches French and English at Shorter University. Author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in *Kestrel*, *Symposium*, *The Chimes*, and many other magazines. His photography has been published in *The Front Porch Review*, the *San Pedro River Review* as well as other publications.

Hughes Reece is a third-year student at UGA studying Economics and Finance. He is from Memphis, TN. His passions include his faith in Christ, his incredible family and friends, leisurely competitive table tennis, Kanye West tunes, and, as of late — poetry!

Jacob Smith, from Covington, GA, is a third-year at UGA majoring in Sociology and English with a focus in Creative Writing. They are a witch and once used tarot cards to correctly predict that someone was going to get a dog.

Anika Tarannum is a first-year student from Atlanta, GA studying Biological Engineering, though her parents prefer to describe her as a disappointment. Her hobbies include crying over calculus and crying to emo playlists she made. If you ever see her walking around, don't bother saying hi because she will not hear you over her internal monologue.

Trapp Tischner is a fourth-year English major at UGA, recently 22 and queer.

Ruth Anne Traynelis is a fourth-year English major from Decatur, GA.

Braden Turner is a fourth-year at UGA studying English with a focus in Creative Writing, Poetics, and Linguistics. He is from Union City, TN. His writing often reflects his fascinations with the sci-fi genre and concepts of language. During his free time, he likes to fall in love with video game characters and pay homage to the queen of his apartment, Gandy the cat. After graduation, he plans on pursuing an M.A. in English—but for now, he's content with writing both poetry and prose from the comfort of Hendershot's Coffee Bar.

Emma Varland is a second-year Interdisciplinary Studies major from Savannah, GA. She is happy when creating.

Grace Ann Williamson is a fourth-year English major with a minor in Studio Art. Upon graduation, she has hopes to obtain her BFA in Creative Writing. She currently works happily as a bookseller at Avid Bookshop and is from Athens, GA.

Carol Wise is a fourth-year English major from Roswell, GA. She is a poet by obligation. She began writing poetry a few years ago, starting by turning her creative essays, journal entries, and whatnot into lyric; now her poems seem to better understand and actualize themselves, and she tags along for the ride. Carol hopes to graduate this upcoming December and possibly pursue an MFA. But who really knows?

Lora Yordanova is a second-year UGA student studying Journalism and Romance Languages from Lilburn, GA. She has always had a passion for beautiful words. Yoga, cooking, and connecting with the people around her are some of her favorite things to do. She is currently exploring how to express herself and be vulnerable through poetry and prose.

Arielle Zottneck is from Alpharetta, GA. She is pursuing and collaborating within a wide range of mediums, specifically comics/graphic novels. Her work focuses primarily on observations of the environments around her, mystifying the mundane.

Staff

Biographies

Sherry Luo is a third-year student from Johns Creek, GA studying Genetics and English. She is the author of a chapbook, *Imperative of the Night* (The Lune, 2017), among other works.

Maxwell Rabb is a fourth year English student, Virgo, poet, cook, etc.

Olivia Babuka-Black is a third-year Theater and Women's Studies double major. She enjoys naps, vegan Mac & cheese & roller derby.

MK Manoylov is a fourth-year from Milledgeville, GA studying Ecology and English. They have been writing content marketing articles by day for their freelance job, fiction and nonfiction by night for, well, the sheer love of writing. They were Iowa Lakeside Laboratory's 2017 Writer in Residence and pursues any avenue to submit their work, such as *Stillpoint*, *The Chapel Bell*, *The Red & Black*, *Hedge Trimmer*, and more.

Nick Hummel is a senior majoring in English originally from Oyster Bay, NY. When not buried in studies, he enjoys the finer things in life, like making abstract photography or drinking too many Athenas. He is also still catching up with the current lingo of the youth and enjoys pretending to be hip.

Dane Tillman - of Valdosta, GA - is a sophomore majoring in English and Philosophy. He's the rogue offspring of Ginsberg and John Wayne, left on the front doorstep of Foucault's grave. That is to say, he's the commie beatnik cowboy faggot of your nightmares with a chip on his shoulder and a notch in his eyebrow.

James Lim is from Norcross, GA. Flotation device with an English degree.

Ashton Sanders is an English major at the University of Georgia. She is getting an emphasis in Creative Writing, which will fill her life with joy and excitement and homelessness. But don't worry. She is tiny and doesn't need a very big box. She hopes that with hard work and a bit of dedication, she can one day fulfill her lifelong goals of being a published author and a dragon.

Clarissa Bond is a first-year UGA student from Atlanta, GA. Currently, she is double majoring in Biology and Classics. In her free time, she enjoys singing, playing piano, and finding new film versions of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* to watch.

Avery Bufkin is an emerging writer from Atlanta, GA, currently studying economics and English at the University of Georgia. Their work has previously appeared in *Cleaver Magazine*.

Alex Cross is a third year English major from Marietta, GA.

Anna Franklin is a fourth-year English major from Fayetteville, Georgia. She is a poet, novelist, and collage artist. Her work focuses on creatively and truthfully representing the often bizarre realities of gender, race, sexuality, neurodivergence, and class.

Telia Garner is a third-year Economics student with a mouth full of beans.

Lily Harrington is a third-year student studying English and Cognitive Science. She's double-jointed.

Laura Khalidi spends her free time reading everything she can. She enjoys as much time as she can with family and friends.

Rainey McBride is an English and Communications major from Dallas, TX. She is passionate about songwriting and finding the best bubble tea places in every new city she travels to.

Olivia Mead is a third-year Photojournalism major and Sociology minor who is passionate & curious about environmental preservation, art, and why people think the way they do. She wants to live a life of exploration and discovery, writing, taking pictures, and hearing people's stories from all over the world.

Seamus Murrock is a fourth-year student majoring in Economics and minoring in Sociology. He is a part of the staff of Stillpoint Literary Magazine and previously served as editor-in-chief of Georgia Political Review. In his free time, he enjoys reading fiction, spending time with friends, and watching basketball.

Karla Renée Nemanic is a third-year English major from Savannah, GA. She likes corsets, cannibalism, and rhyming poetry.

Diana Richtman is a second-year English and Women's Studies double major from right outside of Savannah, GA. She is an editorial staff member of Stillpoint and opinions editor for *Infusion Magazine*, UGA's first and only multicultural publication. Diana likes writing fiction about women's lives and poems that feel like home or magic or both.

Madelyn Schroeder hails from Lawrenceville, GA and is currently in her third year pursuing an English degree. She is trying her best to "thrive" but is struggling to figure out exactly what that entails. She'll let you know if she figures it out.

Mary Schauf is a first-year from Arlington, VA. She is currently majoring in History.

Logan White is a third-year Public Relations major and Studio Art minor from Forsyth County, GA. She enjoys writing poetry, drawing, photography, volunteering with animals, music, and drinking iced coffee instead of water.

AshleyWu is a first-year student. Her skills include eating ungodly amounts of food, being a little shit, and disappointing her mom. She is probably majoring in journalism or film.

About *Stillpoint*

Since 1967, *Stillpoint Literary Magazine* has served as a forum for undergraduate writers and artists at the University of Georgia. The pieces featured in the 2019 issue of *Stillpoint* were selected from a pool of blind submissions. Names were omitted during review, and staff members did not judge their own work. This issue was arranged by the Design Editor using Adobe InDesign CC and Photoshop CC on a MacBook Pro. The type is set in Marion, Baskerville, Cochino, and Avenir Next from Adobe Typekit.

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