Masthead

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To the Reader:

If I have learned anything over the last four years — the sum of my time spent as both an UGA student and a member of Stillpoint — it is that there are few certainties in life. Pandemics can descend, conflicts can arise, and lives can be upended with little, if any, warning. I think, for many of us, the future has never seemed as hazy as it does today.

In the midst of so much change and uncertainty, however, the few constants we can count upon have become clearer than ever; and I am happy to report that one of those constants is still the desire — or perhaps, more accurately, the need — to express ourselves creatively, no matter what else is happening in the world.

Within these pages, you’ll find works of poetry, prose, and visual art that ask for you to get lost in them, and in the moments of feeling they’ve captured so well. I sincerely hope, as you immerse yourself in this volume, that you will let yourself experience the points of stillness, and of constancy, that these pieces provide. And remember: no matter what new chaos tomorrow brings, this volume will be waiting for you here, honest and unchanging, whenever you may need it.

Go forth, dear reader, and enjoy!

Clary Bond
Senior Editor-in-Chief
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the house // a home

by Annette Aguilar

you said you built this house for me
all for me

but the uneven tiles from the floor are coming up
even gravity is tired of your steps

and the door to my room doesn’t even lock
you barge in without knocking
feeling as if my space is one which you can intrude
oh, but it can lock from the outside
how sly of you

and there is a huge crack in the wall
right across my bed i stare at it
every night
splitting right through
reminding me that we are never whole

and i hate the color
scheme you chose
the inside blue and green
because you said it was pretty like the ocean
the outside red and orange
because you said it was pretty like the sunset
you took my two favorite things
and made them ugly

one day
it will be mine
i will replace the floor
change the locks
tear down the walls
and
paint over what you left

then it will be a home built for me
by me
After Water Lilies

by Whitney Cooper

250 of the same stories from Giverny
told and retold in oil

over time, the artist becomes less and less
concerned with artistic conventions

never troubled with defining lines
colors lock him in a creative trance

he stares down, focused on the pond’s surface
eventually the horizon line fades

lilies float above, petals spiked like crowns
a melody of blue and pink

of violet and green
pond scum and algae

meld together
under a willow’s tendrils

I know the place in these stories
I know the filmy picture before my eyes

time passes the same way here
as the days I can’t leave the bed

days/weeks/months
blues and pinks and violets and greens

meld together
in that rich, impenetrable haze
Blue Ceramic Piece

by Rachel Warner
boogie board

by Aparna Pateria

give an uncle a boogie board
and not your uncle but an uncle
the kind that had a caterpillar mustache and no beard during college
and also on the mandap in his wedding photos
and moved to America with his wife and decided thank god
to shave it off—yes that uncle
give him a boogie board
after carefully demonstrating how to
paddle into the deep and while bobbing to the
ocean’s arrhythmic beat how to time
the launch onto the board
so the wave carries you like its buoyant, newly-wed darling
and you glide together over the sand
and watching you the uncle will applaud and
say wah-wah, my turn and then
you and seven other youngsters will
frantically guide him from the shore as he swims twenty feet out
yelling now uncle, now, now, jump now
and he shall promptly
lose his glasses in the St. Augustine waters
slammed by an uncompromising November wave
depositing him
flipped over and choking in the
giggling three-inch-tall seafoam
and his nine year old daughter
will shriek at her beached whale
of a father with the joy that only comes from seeing
your parents fail at what you do so effortlessly

and skipping around him she will practically sing,

oh my god it’s so easy, Baba, it’s just catching a wave
Lose yourself

by Alan Barrett
‘s and

by Evan King

My hand along sutures and sand
Pacing touching burning

Hand along sutures and sand
Resisting the urge to scratch
It

Along sutures and sand
I could split off and disappear forever
Yet i wash and clean two times a day

And sand
Stays sand marinates and sand

Cleans

What’s become of me?
1961 - 2021

by Liana Jordan

In the baskets lay the pamphlets
60 years of life in 200 words or less
and at the bottom lay the names of
your wife and son whom will dearly miss
   the gleam in your eyes as you reel in a whopper
   the savory smell of your onion potatoes
   the hint of a smile as you juggle pins in the air
   the drum of your fingers on their bedroom door
and it is those memories they will desperately hold
as they stare at your body.

Cold. Frozen. Stolen.

The thought of what could have been
lingers in the air
because you had a choice
but you did not
get the shot. it got you
in both lungs
unconscious 30 day battle
you lost.


Every day of that fight I told you
if you died I’d kill you.

Instead you killed me
when you took your savory smell
and left me with 200 empty words.
Alone Together

by Liana Jordan

your hand on my head
pushing me below
the waves of worth
or lack thereof

in secret you tremble
on cold biting nights
I light myself on fire
to keep you warm

the holes in your heart
rip me open
red soaks the sheets
is it yours or mine

the burden you carry
you groan beneath the weight
you say no one else will bear it
so I’ll never leave
An Invitation to Eat You

by Crystal Bowden

Slide right in, find your spot at the table,
    Shoulder to shoulder-
A bundling of bodies, and no regard for the next one over;

Fueling your personage supersedes concerns about diversity,
    And intermingling -
How does one reconcile the war between their tummies and their hate?

The watering hole is
    the tamer of lions.
Be sure to shy away from eye contact, in case they
    assume
It’s an invitation to eat you

    Now sit down,
My table doesn’t harbor fools
I am the descendant of these uncaged things
    that chomp and chaw
The fingers that feed them

Recognized by the creature perched on my shoulder as
    The finest beastie of them all
Birthday

by Sam Thompson

Marijuana still heavy in the air,
the rank moisture of sweat and semen beneath you,
your damp hair,
bathed in the scent of his body.

Your eyes are shut,
Trying to block the slant of sunlight
that illuminates
the tears on your face.

Your hands shake
as they reach for your crumpled panties on the floor,

Your fingers tense
as your skin brushes the hairs on his arm,
an arm
wound tightly, possessively
around your body.

You are weary,
flashes of the night before
crawling through your mind.

You think of all the hours,
every breath,
you spend beneath him.

H o l l o w

and shivering
at the whisper of his breath
in your ear.
His pleading,
grasping,
echoes through your sad small heart

Shrinking itself
to hide within his.

As you lay there,
empty

Finally, you remember
that today you’re one year
ger older.
Birthed into time in ruin

by Andrew Bezinger

Birthed into time in ruin,
Contorted spires of bronze flesh
Touch two toes to the tile floor
And hoist history to heaven’s veiled thresh.

A stone’s tenuous balance,
A pose held a thousand years,
All mankind in bronze visage,
A stone’s wry expression - feigned grace? Veiled fear?

Proserpina’s missing thumb -
Was it extended or curled?
‘Tis a member borne on waves,
Wagging farewell in time’s entropic whirl.

Shall we content our closed minds
With this incomplete portrait,
Or may conjecture fill in
For mankind’s unremembered intellect?

Birthed into time in ruin,
Contorted spires of bronze flesh,
A lost finger’s paradox,
The historian’s peerless nemesis.
The new moon is in Virgo which is to say everything is going up in smoke and nothing in the air feels sacred like it used to, not the incense or the humidity or the ash that the Serial Monogamist flicks from the ends of his cigarettes. I wonder if it makes him a hypocrite to be an environmental vegetarian who doesn’t use an ashtray.

I’d ask him, but we only ever talk anymore in lists of reasons why don’t feel sorry for each other: 1. He’d kiss me like he was fighting with himself, and he’d leave like he’d won 2. I puke a goldfish into the toilet bowl every time I bring home someone new and 3. That is all the apology I have ever had to offer.
Chasm

by Rachel Warner

Hope always waits for me,
in the distance wanting me to reach out.

Yet something holds me back, as if I am
not ready to be hurt again. Not ready to
open up to the feelings that were once

Lost.
Stolen.
Forgotten.

They slumber under the surface,
behind the wall. Waiting for me.
Yet I do not reach for them.

Though very close, they are hidden. A
terrible feeling of loss grows with each day.

Is it me that is lost?
I am here, in this present.
But am I really present?
Slowly, a crack forms in the stone.

There they wait, reaching for me
With hope that I will reach back.
The part of me that was lost
wanting to be whole.

Reaching out
The distance closes.
It was hot and heavy in the heat of that moment. Sweat shared and flesh folded. A hard heat, a personal summer. Was it real? Or just another dream drenched, and drained. Shame simmered not at lust or looks, but the value I let it give me. A trade of the dysmorphic refraction for the true reflection of a boy who had beauty, but never believed. My nights trapped in the prison of passion, now lost, but never had. I once lost sleep due to pain so this is just a new one. I can now see myself as an object of desire and this summer is hot: the wildest of fire. Burning and blazing the beauty will burn out. Filled with fear of having no lover at the end of this drought. I grew old, hiding from this feeling. They say ignorance is bliss, but I will insist on my power. Suffocating from the hot hurt of this heat, my logic defies reason but I’m still madly “in love” with this intensely cruel season.

“a Cruel Summer”

by Alan Barrett
Currency

by Crystal Bowden

In this house, you could buy silence
with closed doors, the steady
disembodied hums filtering out
the sounds of the life pressed against
its other side

In this house, you could broker
deals with little, white lies, tumbling
from smiling lips that
knew it was never safe
to ask for too much

In this house, you could get
barbed words for the bargain price
of an ill-timed question,
or a bad day, and
too many of them were bad days
Identity is my greatest performance,
Testing to see how the audience reacts.
A play dedicated to conformance,
Yet writing lines of inaccurate syntax.
Syncopate my heart beats to the dance
Of the stage lights in this romance.

Casted for my heart a contract that binds
Me to the Identity of the ignoble soul.
Onerous rehearsals, refusing to deliver my lines,
Always placed in this bromidic role:
Of empathy only being a tool to abuse you,
Now I worry it may destroy me too.

Five acts of deception: A coryphée or a fox?
Stalking the stage for perfection,
Hunting the viewers as they flock
To the theater for our inspection.
The fox masquerades a dancer in this ballet.
Not a romance but a guileful tragedy at play.

Thespians caught between cine and machine.
Applause and appeal, bite and bark are equal,
Perfect catastrophe in the last scene,
But do villains get a sequel?
Fears of acting out a faulty script,
Dissipate as curtains fall without a hitch.
decrying eternity

by Clary Bond

the most important truth I have learned,

since I left my childhood dreams behind me,

is that fleeting happiness is no less precious

for its brevity.

I will go weeks unable to feel the warmth of the sun,

unable to be chilled by the cut of the wind,

or the state of the world; I’ll wander for hours

through the maze of my mind,

weak and wild and wary,

waiting for the days when

I can trust again.

but good god, that leaving of the darkness—

that sight of the light in my eyes once more—

well, it’s just a moment, sure;

but it’s one of the most lovely moments

I have ever known.

and there’s those seconds—do you know what I mean?

there’s those seconds,

when the moonlight paints the treetops silver,

when you almost start to truly believe

in magic, once again;

and there’s those times—do you know what I’m saying?

there’s those times, when you find yourself staring

at the autumn leaves—at their dying, burning colors—

when you start to wish

you were made to feel

all this pride in your heart

forever.
I used to think love was useless unless it was eternal:
    that nothing that ends
    can be worth more than
    that which is immortal—
    but oh, how wrong I was!

for we know that life’s worth living because it has to end;
and while I may not love you as we age, or ‘round the bend,
I’m grateful that, right now, as I hold you at my side,
I have nothing but this moment, and I get to call you mine.
Deli
by Alex Coats

Eleven
and I had met you in line;
that word we felt
skated on our eyes—

Hello
and it was over then; goodbye —
that word stood west on the menu,
$8.99

So we sat eating it
and fed each other lies:
Yes, I believe you,
I believe in two of us.

On, then, bus boys
would come cleaning up
the mess; but all it was was
you and I and
wasted time again.

I felt lost,
but who’s a man
to solve the world he’s
living in? Said we could
try again

at noon —
and some fog had
settled over you and I
was feeling deli
cate
Direction

by Alex Coats

No, I don’t know where I’m going this fall;
After all, isn’t this it?

Life is just limbo
and I hardly stand tall.

I’m a bundle of fantasies
maladies
wringing for amnesty,
wearing t-shirts like evening flights and
all the places I’ll leave
waves: the sea, the shore, the blue

Though I couldn’t say what
I’d really do,
keep it coming:
keep it Konami; keep it
Kony 2012
Can’t we just sit and pretend
I’ve got something going
or keep it to
ourselves?

I’m on the
and if this train goes
then it goes
and so what?
I’ll head to
choose to
be what’s
left

but you were going west,
right
? you haven’t
left, right
? are you still going to
be a
dreamer? when do you
start

I could lay forever in the summers
are you a victim of circumstance? stand on shaky bambi legs, view the body of what once
was, now splayed out in the meadow, a halo of high grass and daisies and myrrh. you,
without option, have been made an orphaned little fawn. this is your cross to bear; a
lonely crucifixion for such a small thing; when you die it will be raining, little drops from
angel eyes, mamas watching, papas calling.

fawn

by Kaya Groff
Ghost

by Danielle Davis

Sleeping in the seat by the window
The rain washed away
my memory.

I hoped you would open your eyes
For one last look
Of me.

Floating to heaven on your forgotten dreams
Out the window with
The breeze.
gilgamesh can find out for himself

by Maggie Shaw

despite tyrannical feats of strength
i lose my footing
pasting a paste on papier-mâché wings
me, a huddling clam-shell, & yes the bull glow-ers

your ears and my cracked right
thumb move, crumpling mayflies
to the door-glass,
wanting it in
side and outside

you and me pressing our bellies
into softly rotting altars built with
the cracked palms of
persimmon-cheeked ancestors,
bearing driftwood

i edify my lineage quietly
the firmament engulfs what
i had which
was wild so let me slurp your
barbarism a little while

dripping down my throat like the water
melon we ripped from the creek and smashed
on the rocks, pithy
carnage oozing juice on lapis lazuli

hiding from wolves (and coyotes and
shapeshifters) in backwoods-creek-corners
dropping to the cupped-hands floor of a
shallow immortality
gilgamesh can find death for himself
gilgamesh can fuck himself
i’ll be an olduglymother soon too
Grounded

by Jesus Hernandez

If I could find a proper way
to convey what I want to say
upon this stage, I’d turn the page
on this composition, I’d show
the world my disposition, my
only mission is to find the
right words, the right ammunition
to be heard, to go out with a
bang, and if I fail, I’ll hang my
head in shame, so I pray that I
may find an innovative or
creative way to indicate
the things that we’re too afraid to
say, so maybe the day will come
where someone will understand my
tongue, or maybe just run from my
verbal gun while my thumb remains
on the trigger as all of my
decisions get bigger as the
days go by to decide why I’d hide
the side of my pride that tried to
bide my time to admit that I
want to submit and quit but can’t
commit to making a mistake
that I know that I couldn’t take
back and know I shouldn’t forsake
that beautiful thing that we made
together, so I promise I’ll
get better and I’ll do my best
to weather the weather, the storm
in my heart right before I start
to fall apart and call a part
of my mind that won’t unwind when
I find that I’ve fallen behind
and remind my mind and myself
that my self and my worth are not
defined by my wealth or my birth
and even the Earth and the sun
and the snow will come and go with
time so I suppose that no one
knows where to go or how to show
their feelings because we’re all still
reeling from all the wars that we’re
dealing with behind the doors of
our foreheads, so spend more time in
your bed as you keep concealing
the torment by healing with more
rest and stealing a glance at the
ceiling to forget that you’re not
okay
Guilt
by Sam Yi

cup me in your hands.
lift me to your lips.
i will sate you.
set me on your body.
wash away your guilt.
i will return to you,
trap me in a bottle,
abduct me.
i will follow you,
spill me on the ground,
desert me.
i will retreat to you.
finish me off,
and drown in me.
i will satisfy you.
I want
to tell
you
a story
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or his
face so
I can’t
face him
because
I’m in my
headspace
again I
don’t care
to be
here
but I
need to
so that
I can
tell you
my story
my day
mayday
mayday
doomsday
to day
in two
days on
Tuesday
which is
when I
wrote this
poem
about my
day and
my story
but that
story is
a mystery
and I’m
sorry
The ceramic truck on my desk moves half an inch every night.
It’s driving to the edge as if to drive off,
Mass-constructed student housing haunted by the ghost of a dead boy
while I fumble with your belt on my full-size bed.
The dead boy ghost is trying to kill me in the hours when I am alone.
This is what I tell myself when I wake up one day sad to lock the door behind you,
when I stare at the bones moving underneath the flat of your back
and wonder how they managed to get so close as to be inside you.
I press my hand between your shoulder blades while you sleep,
and the dead boy ghost asks me what it’d be like to
scratch-five-holes-through-your-skin-close-my-fist-pull-out-a-handful-of-your-pulpy-red-insides.
I take my hand off of your back,
and the ceramic truck on the desk moves half an inch, scraping like a sigh.

When the raspberry jam on my toast tastes like blood
and the dead boy ghost screams with the kettle on the stove,
I wake you up, but
when I make you a piece, it just tastes like raspberries.
I.

well—fed Sorrow and Mourning and Grief,
well—dressed Anger and Panic and Fear,
have no concept
of ringing in the new year

to them, all time is the same: the past and future are the present day,
with that looming sky of gray
so all—portending

you can gilt it in gold if you want to;
you can run the champagne bottles dry,
throw up the glitter as midnight strikes,
kiss your lover(s)?)
under the star-studded night

but they’ll be waiting for you, tomorrow:
Anger & Panic & Fear,
Sorrow & Mourning & Grief;
and none of them (I should know) offer relief

II.

you’ll wake up to soft sunlight streaming through the window—
or to the thunderstorm, at last!—
to a January winter, or a January spring,
and still carry all of those days
that lie behind you

you will rage at the world,
no matter how you lower your expectations;
you will weep for what’s to come,
no matter how many times you say
you’ll face it with a smile
January will come, and January will go,
and suddenly, you’ll be standing in the bright white snow,
blinded by the headlights,
and wishing to forget
this horrible year

but forgetting & regretting
will do nothing now, my dear;
life must go on, and
morning’s almost here

III.

there’ll always be things to fear:
I fear my Anger will never leave;
I fear my Panic will eat me whole;
I fear my Sorrow will always grieve,
and that my Mourning will take its toll

but that’s the price we pay, for living;
I’ll dole out my pennies and nickels and dimes,
my unwritten poems, my half-finished lines,
just for one more chance
to see the sun rise

yes, the new year changes nothing;
yes, I’ll roll out of bed tomorrow,
still too tired, and resolution—less,
feeling as though I’m already behind;
and yes, Messrs. Sorrow,
    Anger,
    Panic,
    Mourning,
    Fear, and
    Grief
will mock me mercilessly
as I try so hard to honor
all those I’ve left behind

but then I’ll stumble down to the kitchen,
    crack the four eggs I need—
not perfectly, no, but that’s alright—
    set bacon sizzling on the stove,
slash slices into shallots,  
and hope — yes, I’ll hope!

IV.

I’ll hope for something more, despite it all.  
(And I’ll hope you’re hoping too,  
whoever you are.)
Hereditary

by Meredith Eget

mietlings trade disease like recipes
for meatloaf or
sabbath gossip spoken
of mariettan pharisees
and mothers’ vices.

the sick trickling down our women
from leaky lung pipes
to the very budding center
of the feminine. there was no
beginning of
Life without Pain,
no first breath
free of Fever’s steady hand.

born into the vacuum of her presence,
Gray and lingering,
i inherited the phrase:
Count Your Blessings!

so when you say,
Daughter
with That Knowing
Look in your eye,
i’ll count slow.
i’m alive i am
living surrounded by
love i can
bloom my body
alongside me and
not in spite of me

i break lineal tradition in my vitality, yet soothe
generational faults with the mortar of
always counting
in
my
head.

troubles never erased, but
worn away by willing.
lines of hopeful and
denying blur all too well.

we smile when we hurt,
and when we hurt,
None know.
this is the legacy of our thankful women.
this is the sick,
the hereditary.
Hubris

by Alex Coats

Pried open, I was and
out spoken of us our

rested headrested heads
in Atlanta, spring dreaming

flowerbed flowers set
on asphalt, bitter almonds,
gasoline.

Trying a windsor in the mirror
YouTube: Tying a windsor
in the mirror, get out
I’ve got it I’ve got
a temper and a hobby

of making do
when I oughtn’t

Two summers, I was
two summers of us
the bus bussing
people are shelves

down town in this city
is this room is fresh fruit is
strawberries.

Practicing my pitch in the bathroom
Google: how to be the best in
the interview, we’re on
we’ve got it we’ve got
hope and a habit
of keeping it
long often
seems to be pride to be prideful wanting things I have eyes for.

Unspoken, I was resistant of us
I am an awful mountain

by Jason Hawkins

I am an awful mountain, and in me
    There is an awful dragon hoarding gold
And maidens. Tail wrapped tight around its loot,
    It sleeps, fitful, within its brittle hold.
At times, a viridescent flame accosts
    My heart: the dragon wakes and deals abuse.
I dream of taking up a saw, setting
    To work on my left arm (the lesser-used).
I’d say: “Forgive me, flesh, but you must go.
    That awful maw — I cannot bear its glow!”

I am an effigy for this cruel beast.
    I ever burn, and out as pyroclasts
My woe is spewed. To put it plainly: I
    Erupt, and quake my frame all through with blasts.
Volcanoes are mistakes: malignant mounds
    That bloom up from those Devil-governed depths.
I’d take a blade and make a space from which
    Escapes the bearer of that emerald breath.
I’d sing: “Thank God, the dragon’s free!
Now all the world will burn with me.”
I am no mountain

by Meredith Eget

settled into the valley
between the blades of your back:

you always said i was the wings of you
and lover, i’d no affection
for a life on two feet.

i am folded, flipped
compressed into—
over and again,
the pleasure of amalgamation.

i am without
mind, in a moment complete
body: just nature and
Needing.

what a peace we breathe
in that between, what
a freedom cupped
in new hands

as the ugly parts of me
reveal themselves
a pearly chance;
you, a willing veneration.
and yet, i wished my wings my own
at times —
desired not the hand that
conquered, but sheltered in

humble adoration:
preserved shoulders as they were,
rid spines of all rhetorical.
no naming me New

Land,
metaphorical, you
claimed rights to my rivers,
copyright of my canyons,
told tales of my splendor to stars
that scarcely listened, erased
my person in the process
of definition.

was there no beauty in my commonplace?
no power in my weakness for
homemade dulce\(^1\) or
a rainy day’s lingering embrace?

and what had become of the
peace we made? was i too
simple a subject posed
against tortured artist’s woes? or had

\(^1\) *Dulce* alone means sweet or candy. My mom and I use it as a shorthand for *dulce de leche*, sweetened condensed milk boiled for three hours to create the most delicious caramel substance known to man. The goodness comes from the patience needed to make it, we say.
my spoken words,
clear as cyan sea,
rejected the Siren
you’d wished me to be?

make no muse of me,
my dear, for i’m far
and better off
Wild.

creature untamed
land unnamed;
i am no mountain.
I don’t know if I should have the fan on or not

by TJ Silva

I wake up on your side of the bed
Almost every morning now.

And reach for your hand in
The seat next to mine at the theater.

Punch drunk, and my pinky
Toe keeps cramping up.

My internal temperature whiplashes
Back and forth on the hour.

Nerve-shattering nightmares where I can’t
Escape people that ask everything from me.

And all I want to do it tell
You all the things I hate.
i know

by Jaylen Parker

these things
never work.

these things
with your friends
where you’re
not friends--
where you hold
each other
through the night.

where you
kiss with
passion,
intensity,
intimacy,
like you
never want
to let them go.

where you
run your hands
over their
soft skin
and they
caress you
in all
the special places
friends just
don’t touch.
where you
wake up
alone
the next day
because they
left while
it was still
dark out.

heaven forbid any of your other friends know.

these things
where
they use
the dark
so they
can be
concealed
from their shame
of caring
about you
too much
and caring
about you
not enough
all at the
same time.

these things
where I sit
and wait
and hope
and pray
that you will
want me enough
for the night
because although
you don’t
crave me
in the
same way,
(the way where we stay together, where we actually love each other),
i will
be able to
hold you
and kiss you
and touch you
and please you
even if
it is only
until just
before the
sunrise.
i’d rather not

by Sam Yi

beer breath breaches and
skunky smoke stenches —
i beg, cling not to me,
sober and somber in this cozy corner.

ear-shattering screaming and
stupid students colliding,
a flight of the bumblebees of
utmost unclassical, unrefined, unimportance.

headied heads swivel on beer-bellied bodies;
glazed over eyes          gazed over to the
frozen fear in the corner;
a reminder of worldly troubles —
i bed, remember me not,
the fly on the wall of a hectic hive.

but bee by bee, they collapse to the ground
until summoned by sunlight and
the weekend’s unfinished workload.

(the desperate fly takes to the now un guarded exit-
o, how he narrowly escapes with his life!
faster fly faster!
begone from your wall,
from that corner,
o, unremarkable wall-
flower,
pest of the party.)
Jane Austen Hosts Tea in Limbo for the Girls who Die Undecided.

by Emily Tracy

For now your body is young and being wasted on distance, on time.
All that skin still would tight for God only knows how much longer;
Jane Austen screams at you from Purgatory, so loud you can hear her in life;
It makes you sigh. Makes you silly. Makes you feel all top sheet skin, all duvet skin,
All in and under yourself,
Taking inventory of the silly women who are just like you in every book you read.
Jane Austen hosts tea in Limbo for the girls who die undecided
On what we were all supposed to be doing.
And you can’t wait to be poured a cup, to try to explain yourself,
That you got mixed up somewhere between what you wanted and what men wanted,
And you paid twenty-one years for an answer.
You’re a silly woman. You’re the kind of woman Jane Austen loves to care for and ridicule.
As you warm your hands on the side of the mug, you will mumble that she’s taking their side,
Poking fun at your offering, all those hours spent waiting.
And she will say sweet girl, everyone is.
LISTEN!

by Mary Williams
What do you call a fish with a medical degree?
A sturgeon.

It started as an itch on the back of his right knee. Soon it consumed his entire thigh. A persistent nagging feeling that beckoned him to scratch and scratch and scratch past the point that he could help himself, but not so much so that he was not aware that something was horribly and inexorably wrong.

It started as three blue strands he picked off his skin, on the back of his right knee. Three. Blue. Strands. There were more afterwards, so many more he lost count, but you never forget your first. Three tiny, inconsequential blue fibers that he picked off and tossed out and thought nothing of until there were three more. And four more. And two more. And he brought up the first three when he expressed his condition to his mother who told him that he was extrapolation. That he was blowing things out of proportion. What was it called? Confirmation bias. He was picking and choosing bits and pieces of his past to make this new narrative make sense. Maybe he shouldn’t have opened up by telling her about the insects.

It’s hard, to have things living underneath your skin. It’s all you can think about.

They don’t skitter the way they do on the surface, on the kitchen counter, on the back porch. They crawl. They burrow. Looking away does nothing. Turning the light off, leaving the room, magnifies the picture you see in your head. The way your skin moves and buckles -- except it’s not your skin. It’s not your meat underneath. “Just don’t think about it,” his mother said, unloading the dishwasher while he perched at the counter, biting his lip and holding his breath and trying with everything he held in his bones not to scratch. “But Mom,” he wanted to say back, but didn’t, “It’s not that easy, living with meat that isn’t yours. With skin that isn’t yours.”

It starts to drive you crazy.

Big crazy, at first. Collecting-hair-fibers-and-sending-them-to-doctors crazy, which, incidentally, is the first thing the forums tell you not to do. You do dumb things. Stupid things. Stupid dumb things like ingesting colloidal silver or drinking bleach. Tincture becomes a part of your everyday vocabulary. The line of Doterra bottles at the local WholeFoods grows more and more appealing. Things that tell them you’re nuts, but the longer you live with it, the more and more you start to realize that’s not the bad part. The real crazy, the bad crazy is like a slow drip. The longer you live, the more you notice the little things. The things that make it harder to relate to people. The things that make it harder to go out. Your face isn’t your face anymore. Your
hands are not your hands anymore. You are the roommate with the ugly things living under your skin and you are a shut-in living in your cluttered room with your bursting medicine cabinet that’s overflowing with things that don’t work.

And if they didn’t listen to him when he had his hair combed back, when he showered twice a day, when he wore an ironed shirt, why would they listen to him now? It wasn’t just the lesions on his skin anymore. It wasn’t the fresh-faced desperation that haunted him those first several weeks and months. It was the haggard hunger and fury that grew there since. Flourished in the recesses of neglect, subsisting on the patronizing tone of the fifth doctor to prescribe him an antipsychotic in just as many weeks. He’d finally had it time and time again. He’s finally had it today.

And he doesn’t know what to do.
It started with a high ring.
It turned into a dull roar.

Blood rushing to his ears, blood rushing to his head, blood rushing beneath all his pores and follicles. The incessant crawling that turns into a thrashing and bucking wave. A thrusting, an insatiable fuck. It closes in around his hands, his legs, his arms, his neck. He’s always found it difficult to breathe, but then his ribs begin to buckle and his lungs become too much. His pores are exfoliating sweet, sticky sloughs of uncovered skin. They are bright and pink and fresh and shiny where there is light. Where it is dark, they are meat. And he has so much meat.

How do you fix a tuna fish?
You adjust its scales.

Sometimes it feels like he has too many limbs. Sometimes it feels like he doesn’t have enough. Today he isn’t sure how many he has, but he thinks he’s lost count. “I’m taking your sister out to buy pants,” his mother calls from downstairs, “Do you want to come? Do you need anything?” and “Of course not,” he wants to say, “The pants you buy aren’t made for the legs I have.”

He doesn’t, of course. That’d be the wrong thing to say.
He sits in the quiet, for a while. After his mother leaves, after his sister leaves, after the front door is shut and the key clicks in the lock, and he listens to the dull roar in his ears and the hum of the air conditioning and the drone of the fridge in the kitchen. He wishes for words. Words would give him answers. Answers would give him meaning.

But the thing underneath his skin doesn’t talk.
It makes it itch.
And he scratches it.
Mirada

by Patricia Quinonez
Mis-planted

by Mikayla Connolly

What happens to the garden flowers that bloom late?
Or wilt when the sun shines too hot?
They’re never picked for the grocery-store bouquets,
Their roots are left in the soil to rot.

Maybe if you’d read what the packet hinted
Before digging in with your blade,
You would’ve seen the label, clearly printed:
“prefers shade”
my boy

by Abigail Ryan

You are like the earth
You love so much —
Firm, warm,
Constant, steady, damaged
Beautiful amidst the wreckage.

I feel the pain of my past,
The prediction of my future,
Bending in the wind
At the squeeze of your hand,
The curve of your grin.

I trace your body —
Learning the map of the ground,
The places to shelter,
The places to treasure,
The terrain of a familiar hike.

I know you are safety,
I know you will hold me in the still night,
I will be reminded
Of your solidness, of my reality
Beneath my fingertips.
my identity

by Alyssa Craig

doesn’t exist. I’m a cesspool of every inspirational
spew that’s spat back out: lacking.

Paint the numbers, paint the letters,
paint... painting the wounds. I wanted
to be filled with the bright cyan hue,
but I think I just mixed it into greyish,
empty glaucous sludge. Have you ever
seen grey food?; not attractive
in the slightest. It’s not mixing. It’s not.

Right.

Now a dissonant stain that just won’t stop growing into
acrylic cacophony

    acrylic cacophony
    cryphony
Primary Care Physician

by Evan King

You and your child walk into the waiting room for your annual doctor’s appointment. As you turn the corner past the front desk, every chair is occupied—by child, by mother, by man. There is, however, one chair that has free reign. Anyone walking into the waiting room can see it and understand. The man that sits next to the open chair makes brief, awkward eye contact with you, almost disregarding your presence. As you invite yourself to the open chair, out of your peripheral you notice the man shift and scoot even more towards the open chair and patient entrance. Your walk towards the chair now begins to feel dreadful, almost like with every step, the slinking of weighted chains begin to slither and buckle against your feet. You prepare yourself for the possibility of him reaching his arm out to reserve this open chair for his “other in the restroom” -- that would surely yank your chain right out from under you.

As you sit, you re-think why you decided to sit—“couldn’t you just stand and take the pain your knee caps are giving you?” “Maybe my child’s agitation with tight quarters would be relieved if they had their own chair?” The space between you and the man is tense without acknowledgment. You shrink, your aura shrinks with every thought, and with every blink he makes—forcibly ignoring you. Your shackles begin to buckle with force, making indents around your ankles, blood streaming out onto the carpet and seeping into the lattice fibers.

He absorbs your space. Your space belongs to him. He’s never had to question it. Black hole. Mean girls. A piercing stab of silence, twisting and turning, gouging out your obedience, your listening. Maybe you should just get up. Be the outlier and stand. But why should you?

#29 / ???,???: I do feel colored. I feel colored when unwanted in a sharp white waiting room.

As names are called back towards the offices, the other chair to the left of the man is now available. You take a glance at him. He is staring straight ahead at the wall—almost forcing him to concentrate. “Is my stench too much?” you ponder.

What are his suspicions?

You accidentally graze his shoe, which initiates a putrid reaction, a flinch, an unsuspecting jolt. The man, so concerned about your visibility to himself and others decides to move his hand off of the armrest—your armrest for your chair. You forced your daughter to keep her hands in her lap instead of supporting and balancing herself on the armrest. She wants to move and play and absorb and take space. She’s buoyant. You think “Holy shit, what am I doing??” You are weak. Are you weak? Well, are you?

The man turns to you-- the longest he has held contact of any kind with you as he lifts himself from the chair to stand. You’re seething, restless in place, as the nurse calls your last name. You decide to get up and let your “stench” parade around the room, still feeling discomfort, but aware of your aurora. Let it. Your doctor will see you now.

Inspired from Claudia Rankine’s Citizen: pages 52-53, 131-133
Pterodactyl Skies

by Dalton Sweezy

The gasping of grass under tiny tap shoes
The terrible shriek of pterodactyl skies
A beginning of wonder is the end of laughter
Contingent outdoor evenings reeling inside

If this is a stage and I’m just a player
Where is the curtain to cover your eyes?
These thoughts need some graceful discretion
A ground in which to bury alive

The seeping of rain into household drains
The crackhead screaming at a wall
If someone’s to blame for this constant refrain
Justice and virtue are juxtaposed for all

The ceaseless shining of idioms’ light
The distraction of night into fragments
From inside this house the moon is vibrant
But outside the spotlight is stagnant

If this is a stage and I’m just a player
Where is the curtain to cover your eyes?
These hands need some circular perfection
A fallacy in which to reside

The beautiful fire of car crash explosions
The shooting star waving goodbye
And hence will tomorrows commence?
A sacrifice renders a lie

The ignorant cloud never looks down
The clock is clinging to an hour
Never could a wish for a night to forget
Create bells in empty towers

If this is a stage and I’m just a player
Where is the curtain to cover your eyes?
These dreams need some foreign direction
A soul in which to survive
Rain

by Bita Jadali

Spreading flowers on the pavement,  
Filling the air with an earthy scent,  
Pitter-patter on the leaves, the rush comes down.  
Cumulonimbus puffs gather in the sky, announcing the shower’s advent.

Drizzling down, it makes a sound,  
Shushing the world silent; it floods the ground.  
The leaves now glisten and shimmer like diamonds,  
Little rills cut into the earth—the weeds all drowned.

Like a pot of tea, the world was brewing, steaming,  
Hot and humid, damp and heavy, boiled, aching, straining  
Too much stress, too much pressure, it couldn’t take it anymore—it screams  
And finally releasing, bursts raining.

Cool air, pure and fresh and light,  
Every breath cleanses my life, setting it again all right.  
Emerging like a doe-eyed bride, all flushed from a brief midday shower,  
The world seems to have started anew, all green and young and bright.
Remembrance Prayer

by Natalia Blooming

Drink a pitcher of holy water like Madison did that one time. Remember?
When you drink it all in maybe you’ll feel like a monstrance,
Something sacrestine.
I gave it all up to you because I believed,
I give it all to you.

I just want to write stories with my sister,
And spend the nights in the snow.
And sleep by the window,
Overlooking your lawn.
When the dawn hits we’ll have breakfast,
Then go to the gravel pit and hunt agates all day.
I think my favorite rock is Jaspellite.
But I secretly hope that one day I’ll find
float copper or something new from the rolling hills of Ironwood.

I walked to Ana’s party,
And I didn’t have the wherewithal to turn around or acknowledge my terrified intuition.
Myself and the streetlights,
Magnificent and petrified.
And how could I have known?
All I remember is letting go as I succumbed to something worse.
And I’d like to think I would have been alright;
I’m sitting in her living room now, too afraid to move; offered beer or shots, anything to
make me
lose my shaky awkward stance or the confused way I stared across the room.
I tried to tell you I was hurt but my lips could not form the words.
You saw right through me,
I couldn’t even see the light in your eyes.

A school day long, bright autumn sun,
We’re back home again.
And she’s taking the hog hair out of the Victorian chair we found at the estate sale last
week. And my sister has the dremel tools out,
Her eyes the color of my father’s, gray-green like the summer that swells from her.
And could this be bliss?
The feeling of constance.
To the feeling of tenderness I drink in remembrance.

I worship here, peering down at you from space.
I float through and my feet can’t touch the floor, can’t reconcile with my body; I offer it
to you.
roots (you know?)

by Sam Yi

yellow over black,
like white over yellow,
like west over east.

a blob of burning bleach and
a glob of conformist colorant
to achieve a neat uniformity.

tacky, tactless Roots,
i must dye them every month.
stubborn, selfish Roots,
i must hide them every day.

mom says yellow kills the Roots, but
stylist says yellow looks just fine on me, but
dad says the Roots are the most important but
friend b says the Roots are rude and colorist and old-fashioned, but
friend a says the Roots are totally hot right now, but—

no one likes my hair!
not when it’s black nor yellow.

but if i go all-black, everyone thinks that i’m too you know and if i go all
blonde, my family thinks that i’m too you know and if i have my Roots showing, hair-havers think that i look too you know and if i cover up my Roots, other Root-havers say that i’m too you know and if i pick another color, my hair becomes all you know and if i let my Roots grow out, i get too you know,

i know so

fuck it! i’ll just go bald!

...but then,
aren’t i all Roots?
Sandstone Has a Mohs Hardness of 6

by Casey Jokay

Sandstone has a Mohs hardness of 6.
This means that you can scratch at it
With a nail
Like you would find in your father’s toolkit
And it will shed grit into your hands.

You can take this grit
And press it onto sticky paper
So that you can rub yourself raw
On accident
Because you don’t know where
To get the right gloves.

It is very difficult to find a soft pair;
It is very easy to bear a callus.

I didn’t know you
Could gather up my grit
And press it onto our sticky chests
So that I knew you
Were also rubbed raw
When we held each other with kid gloves.

Deep underground
Sandstone may turn to quartzite
By metamorphic heat and pressure,
Which was yet shallower than you laid me.
You wrapped me into the center of your world,
Into hot and heat and pressing and complete and total
Quiet.

A little sunlight filtered through the curtains
Of the earth’s core
Where we were metamorphosing,
Our grit soothed oil-smooth,
Flowing, cooling, mingling, fusing.
When quartzite returns to the surface
After it is melted down,
It joins into granite and blooms
With quartz and mica and feldspar
And all our nutrient colors
In solid consensus
Between what was grit and grit.

Whether rain or sun or wind or water
Or old rusted nail,
Let us weather and
Not be quarried,
Until each gritty grain
We have yet to shed
Has flowed from our fingers whole
And is lost into infinity’s beach.

Granite has a Mohs hardness of 7.
Sharpness

by Kaitlyn Page

noun: 1. fineness of edge or point such as the end of needle, allowing me to build an armor of someone-elseness through metal and ink, allowing me to scar out any remnants of the gentile South bred in me, each dot a deep sigh from my father, the knowledge that I am young and immature in my little rebellions; 2. Keenness of observation seen in the look on my face when I find papers with my mother’s old last name on it, papers she shreds with quickness before I can read about her first husband, the unknown husband, the no-longer husband whose name she has never said, and I have never asked, the way she refused to look me in the eye when she said she was married once before meeting my father as a way to swiftly end my questions, the ones she doesn’t know she answers in the way she talks about others families’ divorce, her too-complete understanding of it; 3. Pungency to the taste like the rejection of my tongue when swallowing my parents’ coffee, burntness mixed with bitterness, the familiar taste twisted wrong in what-was-once-my-home, in maybe-still-is-my-home, a hope that I can learn how to occupy two homes at once, in a desire to not be cut by the liminal phase of being in my twenties; 4. Severity, harshness in punishment as in the quietness of my mother when she is disappointed, not in my doing but in my un-doing, in my leaving and in my absence, my silent bargain to her for a pardon, the bite that comes from hurting those I love, slicing through my thoughts, the question of if I come back will I still be your daughter?
Show Me The Love
by Carter Wilson

A man doesn’t have time in his life
For superficial love,
For broken hearts,
For being led on,
For being lied to.

FRAGILE
CAUTION
PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE
THIS HEART
IS NOT A TOY

She screamed:
SHOW SOME EMOTION
DON’T KEEP THINGS BOTTLED UP
WHERE IS YOUR HEART???

He whispers in reply:
Don’t you see?
You made me this way:
Where is my heart you ask?
It’s gone.
Where is my trust?
It was broken.

“I love you darling”
“I love you”
“I love you dear”
“I love you sweetie”
“I love you son”
“I love you babe”

You do?
Show me.

Show me the place they call love.
Because that’s a place
Where there’s time for everything.
small animal, sharp teeth

by Kaya Groff

If I called myself a fawn I would be a liar, dear reader. I am no delicate creature. No victims of circumstance here. I am not delicate, nor are you. I think we are, at worst, victims of the fig tree. But, I am not at my worst. Though I am a small creature, I hide teeth like barbed wire just behind the mouth of some soft carnivore. I am eating my fig right off the branch, won’t you come join me?
by Rohini Bose

how to check speeding ticket online
speeding ticket ga 16 over under 21
how many points allowed on license ga
how to plea bargain without attorney ga
why does the top of my head look flat
hair on top looks flat
how to take care of curly hair
curl pattern graph
curly hair routine
how to flirt
hot flirt over text
how to actually meet someone on a dating app
how to set up tinder profile
tinder vs bumble
hair removal natural
hair removal natural permanent
how to lose weight
yoga weight loss
how to lose weight fast
keto before after
why do i get tired when hungry
fair trade meaning
sustainable fabric sources
how to use sewing patterns
sundress sewing pattern etsy
cat monkey sewing pattern
monkey costume for cat sewing pattern etsy
cat standing in overalls meme
 teaching cat to speak with buttons
videos for cats
cat cant jump
cat young cant jump
cat walking on hocks
cat neuromuscular disease
list of neuromuscular diseases cat
prenisolone cat 10mg neuropathy side effects liver
muscle tremor vs spasm vs seizure cat
thymin deficiency cat
thiamine deficiency cat
cat muscular dystrophy life expectancy
cat lymphoma
cat lymphoma treatment cost
cat muscle biopsy recovery time
cat anesthesia side effects
bill gates elon musk fight
ceo entrepreneur born in 1964 je
how to set boundaries
how to stick to boundaries
does my therapist hate me
The Appetite of a Chronic Stress Eater
by Nicole Spektor

The word vomit spills from your mouth
A discolored mush
Of guilt and regret
Heaving bile
Of silly questions
That require silly answers
Chunks of
glaring deadlines and
painful conversations and
abstract problems
the world cannot solve for you
Coughing up the last bit of
phlegm
And flushing it down
Only to repeat
A week from today
Shall I mark it off in the calendar?
Pencil it in
on the second Tuesday
Squeeze it in between
The spiraling thoughts
and the heart palpitations
And unload another load
Of flowery lexicon
into the once clean-white bowl
Now filled with alphabet soup
Flush it.
Flush out your brain
Let the pinkish gray goop of your intestines
Swirl among the vile green-and-orange taunting letters
Gasp out the answers
And spit out the problems
Until your head is as clear
as crystal white porcelain
It’s rewarding, however
When the accolades come
Decked with chocolate and cherries
and vanilla bean swirls
Sickening sickening and undeniably sweet
Fruity red smiles stain your lips
So tear out your tongue and bleed
laughter from a taped mouth
The same words on repeat
spilling out without much care or thought
Select safe words from
color-coded index cards and
annotated articles
It’s only natural to want to fit
Words into neat little phrases
And hearty meals
Describing an ache that doesn’t really exist
Of a quivering lip and a quivering stomach
While you retch the distasteful leftovers
into soapy sudsy sinks
Fill yourself with candy
Gorge on sugar-coated praises
Heavy on the stomach
Sweet on the tongue
Swim on the high of the
golden syrup
trickling down your throat
Leaving you craving for the next dessert
Is it enough now?
Is this enough?
But it’s so addicting
It’s oh so addicting
The nausea that comes afterwards
Is all worth the taste.
The Beginnings of Sonder
by Nicole Spektor

There was a man standing by the river,
He had a stand of portraits and landscapes,
Of the evening Southbank street,
In Melbourne,
Old and withered,
Nothing remarkable about him but,
He
caught my attention,
Nothing remarkable at all except,
The collapse of solipsism,
The withering of egoism,
How juvenile of an idea it all seemed now,
Staring into the face of someone,
With just as vivid a life as I
I bought a portrait of a woman,
He smiled,
“That will be fifteen dollars.”
The Coldest Year

by Gene Carbonell

Just out the window, the sky curls over the Sun
And splays its colors like peacock feathers.
Violet and indigo clouds chase the horizon,
Behind which the Moon rises and blushes.

Avian pilgrims descend in droves upon a
Land that is quickly frozen over.
All around, the forest beckons to the
Newborn stars with skeletal hands.

Winds, colder still, steal away the last rays of
The Sun as it retreats, and draw an omen of
Winter in its place. Yet, here I stay, bathing
In the warmth of your laughter.

The frost may claim my hands before
I ever might love you with them.
And even sooner, the village might
Burn them from me for such a thought.

But I will always remember the truth
That crept from the green of your eyes
Like ivy, and took hold of me,
In spite of any of my protests.

Even when the early night takes hold
Of the world and I am left to that empty peril
So long as there is enough of me to
Remember you, I will always live in
The Summer of your love.
The Cove

by Anna van Eekeren

Once upon a time, there lived a mother and daughter at the edge of a forest, where the woods bled into a nearby grove that was shadowed from sight and pulsed with a mystic aura reminiscent of the Ancient Ones that used to govern it. An enchanted cove, hidden from the mortal, tainted eye of those corrupted by material possessions, lust, and vice that seemed to shimmer and wane as the shifting tide that permeated its alluring, translucent depths.

Each day, the girl would venture from her cottage and pick berries along a winding path, careful to heed her mother’s words and keep to the marked trails. Berries she would find and berries she would return until one day, she found herself among a luscious thicket ripe with fruit she didn’t recognize. Determined to capture more, the girl trudged forward into the vibrant flora, her mother’s fair warning fading into the rich, bewitching environment as she stumbled over vine and onto sand into a clearing of light and beauty. Transfixed, she fell upon the shore of glistening waters that danced and beckoned her to enter its gleaming void of tantalizing illusions and sink into its luminous abyss. Captivated, she peered into the swirling, shifting iridescent sea, her reflection wavering in its dazzling display when suddenly, the searing ball of light above her struck the center of the sky and exploded into a shower of streaming tendrils.

A deafening roar penetrated the atmosphere as streaks shot down and split the lolling crescents in half so that the waves curled sideways and parted like smoke, revealing a glowing pathway from which a shrouded figure emerged. “Come, child. Quench your desire,” the entity coaxed and so, in a trancelike state, the girl staggered forwards, the sea roaring in response as illustrations of fragmented aspirations and broken promises flashed among its churning body. With outstretched hands that gripped men’s hearts, the cloaked creature smiled coyly and greeted the girl, offering her a single, glimmering berry that sparkled and shone across realms, its essence saturated with temptation and plagued with consequence.

Seduced by the visions of those who had fallen before her and a sudden, innate yearning, the girl accepted, and the mesmerizing sheen of the cove shattered entirely, devouring her in giant spell as she succumbed to all the sins and wickedness of humanity that render existence.
The last time I was 19 years of age
by Jamila Reeves-Miller

The crisp air of the mid-winter in Northern Georgia brought a certain comfort to my soul as I entered the Earthly realm. I've dreamed in a past life, I died on the cold but beautifully barren mountain top of Everest, so the southern winter was a lukewarm welcome as I rebegan my existence. However, in this life, I gravitate towards heat, so much so that I have been burned. In 2013, I struggled directionally as I held a near-boiling pot of lasagna noodles fresh off the stove. I stood, contemplating in front of the sink. Which way was I supposed to tilt the pot to strain the water? Needless to say, it is not towards oneself.

I have three physical scars that I could easily explain how I got burned, but there are days I think of the fiery anger I held in my youth. The physical fights I would instigate with my older siblings. The tantrums I would throw over simple things like a chair. I wonder if now, some of these actions would have prompted a diagnosis and if others were a product of mere circumstance.

My parents used to argue with heat. I think like a match swiping against the box it came from, I learned to light myself aflame. I used to bring each parent one of my stuffed animals as they fought, possibly to ease their pain, but the fights continued even as I grew out of said stuffed animals. I learned that fires cannot be contained on their own. I think back now, at that correlation, and it brings me pain, even more so when I think about rosy retrospection. We shape our memories, we mold them, and we remember them in a more positive light than what we experienced.

I do not want to live my life in constant heat again, and a gentle warmth is what I desire, but I chill easier as I grow. I’m afraid.

I climbed mountains
I bore the cold
With frostbitten fingertips
And foreboding woes
I imagined my lips sticking to my first love
Purple mouths frozen in place
Preserving the love I wished
And the slow rhythmic heat within my chest burned like a dying fire
Warmth within a frozen tundra
Fading to tepid, then gone
Ice caps always seem inviting
Glaciers called dream homes
I walked miles on white
And on blue I would float
With numb toes guided by the force of my breath
I leapt over chasms of grey depth
To grip raw, biting stone
As oxygen spun in my blood
And sat in my bones
I lost my breath

The last time I was 19 years of age
I celebrated my birthday alone
No Sherpa to lead me through rough terrain
I laid upon a frozen hill
Letting tears become ice
While my baby, woven in womb
Cried over the evasion of time

Still born
At nineteen years of age
I climbed mountains to reach a restless sleep
The Seed

by Andrew Benzinger

Do things really want to live, I inquire.
Does the seed desire the sprout? Sprout, the tree?
The process occurs, the seed rounds the gyre.
Self-reflection mounts self-replication
To produce infinite wailing desire.
Would our world’s self-fulfilled apocalypse
Be a shame without our souls’ crying fire?
The planet explodes, despair turns to joy,
And the seed in heaven shrugs its shoulders.
The Sinking City

by Anna van Eekeren

The city sleeps during the day and awakens at night.

A neon-infused landscape that stretches with each surge of the tide, feeble concrete walls trembling against Poseidon’s fury. Water crashes over the edge, pouring over the barrier’s cracked sides before seeping into disintegrating streets as the capital flickers to life – insects crawling to the surface after a maelstrom of destruction, desire, and deceit.

A crumbling remnant of the vibrant megalopolis that once inhabited these submerged roads.

A deteriorating behemoth subject to society’s capitalistic cage and oppressive regime. Civilization’s fractured fantasies, discarded dreams, and tortured scars of abandoned ambitions. An entire era of longing and consequence wasted to the shifting, incessant demands of time and prosperity.

Groaning, its inner metallic workings creak amid a clash of technicolor hues that swirl with each shaking sigh. Drifting figures wander through crumbling alleys, traces of the past lingering in weeping shadows, whispers faint and malign echoing among mankind’s meaningless design.

A sunken meridian. A flooded wasteland.

Colossal decrepit structures puncture the sky – Charybdis jutting from the sea, reaching for something forgone. Collapsing ruins scattered in a graveyard of decaying buildings wrought by man’s dire rapacity and lust for vacuous chaos.

Fallen are society’s gleaming states and thriving junctions, replaced by this final fragment of humanity.

A drowning vessel

    hinged on stolen time

    in an already faded world.
The Tiger

by Rohini Bose

Unhinge your jaws and feast
My hesitation waits for you
Garnished with rose petals on a silver platter.

I’ll be prepared to hear
that you don’t like it
That it’s too sweet or too sour
That there’s just too little
Or there’s just too much.

And yet—

You will never hear the shakiness when I speak
Nor the bitterness when I weep
For if you do, you will
only grow hungrier
and there is only
so much of me
that you can

eat.
they say the owl was a baker’s daughter
by Clary Bond

it is normal to fear what we do not understand; we always have.

I have always feared the things just out of reach:
the joyous laughter echoing in the dark cave,
the dead stare in her eyes I knew not how to name

\[
\text{it was hopelessness, the end of wanting}
\]

sometimes, I fear the birdsong in the morning;
sometimes, I fear the cup I hold in my hands,
fear the warm liquid pouring out its heat
beyond the limits of what I can grasp

we can understand something, and then forget
what it all meant in the first place.

I remember when all I was was fear;
I remember when I had nothing more to comprehend
than \text{confusion and darkness,}
\text{dead eyes and wanting and heat}

back then, I could never bear
the hateful shouting in the hollow house,
the pain in his eyes I knew not how to name

\[
\text{it was hopelessness, the end of wanting}
\]
\[
\text{despair has many faces; I wear his face in mine}
\]

there will always be things we would rather kill than understand,
would rather lock away than heal.

I want to drown myself in liquid warmth,
burn away the questions I don’t ask,
wash away the wanting and the darkness,
those eyes that know the end

and oh god, how I fear for us all

\[
\text{how I fear us all}
\]
what will become of us? (what will we become?)

for we know not what we may be,
and barely seem to understand
that which we are.
To My Dad, The Artist

by Casey Jokay

Packing away December, I am looking for new dishes.  
You did not hesitate in your offer:  
Go through the cabinets, the shelves  
Of our home  
And take your pieces.  
How could I hesitate in accepting?

I knelt on the dining room floor,  
And you pulled up a chair beside me  
To save your back.  
Then together we drew out  
Those packed away plates and bowls and platters  
Of yours.  
Dust does not obscure their glassiness,  
But neither does years of use.

We study them one by one,  
Checking the fired-in dates  
Stippled next to your initials.  
You made many of these before you even made me  
Your loving fingerprints  
Have been smoothed into both.

I take a bowl into my hands,  
Enamored by the calm greens and blues  
Glazed onto fawny brown clay,  
Dripping glossy down the sides.  
Seafoam laces the wave’s edge,  
Somehow frothy and slick all at once.

You tell me the weighting is off,  
Point out your various falters in balancing.  
Maybe they would be a bit heavy  
To some stranger, economy-shopping.  
But these are the kind of sturdy bowls  
That a bump to the table doesn’t worry about spilling.
These are the kind of bowls meant to be filled
With stewed ’til steaming goulash,
Warming the hard clay into a hand’s softness,
Just the right width in yours
To make you feel a little smaller again.

A smile molds my mouth unbidden,
Not that it need be bid.
My clay cannot resist the happy shape,
Reminiscent of the way you dipped several of
Your pieces, rim held perpendicular,
Gently into color, coating even crescents.

You point out the four-bowl set,
Which lives on the wall’s display.
I remember the four of us
Eating together from them when I was a child:
Stewed ’til steaming goulash.
They haven’t been used in a long time.
I can’t take those with me
Anymore.

When I spring from this house,
In a week or two,
I will bring some of home with me.
I wonder if,
In a week or two,
You will do the same,
And what will be left when I return.
To The Man of Many Faces
by Ezi Ononuju

Man of many faces, I want nothing more than to meet you.

Though I’ve never seen your face, every day I see you in friends and strangers alike. As I mold their faces into shapes they were never meant to form. And pretend I finally found you after all these years.

But while your face shifts, I stay the same: The one working for love that requires patience, not labor.

Though there’s an inherent beauty to change and creation, Instead of shaping beautiful masks for faces they can’t fit, Perhaps, I should reconsider my own countenance.

And so, while I wait for you, I will sculpt myself a new face. So that no matter what visage you settle upon (if any),

I will be satisfied just peering at the face reflected in your eyes.
What J Left

by Taylor Drake

at my house after fleeing his father’s in the middle of the night:

Nineteen pairs of sneakers and one red pair of sandals still wet with dew, all of them either lined up under my father’s dusty bench press or stacked against a crate of clothes and hand sanitizer. So many shoes my little sister had to climb into the bed of my boyfriend’s father’s truck to retrieve them, her emaciated body limned in flickering white. So many things he’d missed while he was away in New York that he could barely get a word in edge-wise. So many trips back and forth our tracks were dark trenches dug through the lawn. I told him it didn’t matter that his feet were twice as large as mine; I’d wear layers of socks or stuff paper towels into the difference.

A keyboard, a white speaker, and a turntable—the former two laid out on the bench press, the latter hidden under hoodies and sneakers. The same equipment we’d piled into his back seats at three a.m. two months into the summer. A different house, a different blow-out. **Do you still listen to those songs sometimes, too?** Nowhere was the golden guitar I’d carried for him then. J said with bloodshot eyes that he’d had to leave it with his father.

A three-hundred-dollar box of Japanese Pokémon cards about the length of a cookie sleeve. On the cover is Mimikyu, a ghost so desperately lonely it disguises itself as the franchise’s mascot to try and make friends, jagged smile scrawled on with thick black marker like a child making their first Halloween costume.

A blue Gameboy with a copy of Pokémon: Leaf Green still stuffed inside. J said that the current save file contains every creature his ex-girlfriend has caught since the age of six. According to legend, the first time she and J ever fucked was on the stained mattress now propped up against my basement wall. My last good memory of them together is on that bed, all wrapped up in each other as we silently listened to Kendrick, the music so thick it weighed our veins down.

**Do you ever miss it? I want to ask you. Not her, but the chaos of it? The way each day promised some sick new adventure?**

Stickers of his old DJ logo scattered all over the floor. The same bonsai tree in black and scarlet was on the shirt he wore when we first met.
A red sleeping bag slip from which a box of Yu-Gi-Oh cards and the green, bulbous head of a T-Rex jut out, clothes stuffed in like meat into sheep intestine.

A messy white bed in my sister’s old room, a quarter-full bottle of tea left on the floor. Before his arrival, I had lingered in the living room, listening to my sister deride our parents, her cheer squad, her intimate knowledge of cigarette burns. She said that J could leave his junk in her basement, but he wasn’t going to sleep on her couch again. She once said you were more of her brother than our real one. I don’t want to ask what she really thinks of me.

Three cups, three bowls, and three spoons in the sink, sticky with soda and chocolate ice cream.

An empty necklace box.

A crockpot by her record player and my brother’s stacks of manga.

A shower cubby still in its wrapping.

An unused toothbrush.

Bottles of bleach we can’t send through the mail.

A large trunk I haven’t looked inside yet, edges of a violet bedsheets dripping over like wine from an overfull glass.

An old pig plushie I’d only remembered to give him once we were already en-route to the airport.

Two-hundred-and-eighty in cash on my bed to pay back all of the shipping. Over the next few days, my boyfriend and I will use up eight boxes and one-and-half rolls of tape mailing J his microwave, his clothes, his toiletries, his pills and charging cables—and a child-sized dinosaur my sister wants us to “lose” so she can keep.

Two empty binders and the essay I’d helped J you write a few hours before it was due. The one about your Ritalin and my ambitions and Samuel Beckett’s wanting a life bigger than any life is meant to be. A few months ago I tried to tell you how I can only write about us in terms of stomachs and the taste of bile that lingers on the back of your throat, but I don’t remember what you said, only that you’d liked it. I’m sure you got it, though. Now I stand under the gibbous moon as you take a phone call in my boyfriend’s father’s truck and mouth to myself, This is what you wanted, you know.
Counting Hours on the Evening Shift

by Katie Kellam

I am the watchman and all is well, the gate is resting closed.
Lazing in slow sunshine.
The satin weight of sunshine
drapes richly over skin and stone. All day the gate stands open,
But I come in the evening. I have to use the code—5:00.

The greenhouse tunnel stands and grows, like the fern behind our garden hose.
Grows in age and algae,
polythene, earth and algae,
and little plants with curling leaves in neat, green rows.
Soil clings to roots like muscle cleaves to bone. I pull another weed—6:00.

I walk the gardens of Babylon, my blue plastic bucket and I.
Here in the cool of the evening,
with ghosts that walk in the evening.
Ghosts of bygone summer days; half-remembered, sweet and strange,
a taste that lingers like fruit from trees that once knew distant skies—7:00.

The sun bends low to brush the fields, and gilds the earth with fire.
Magnolia and jujube,
Osmanthus, fig, and pumpkin vines.
The sky, a pale gold river, sinks into a patchwork quilt.
I smooth the flank of a tractor, sleeping; his people are home by now—8:00.

I sit beside the beehives, and kick off muddy boots,
and hear the amber humming
in the dying amber light.
I peel the skin from a muscadine. I spit the seeds in the grass.

Alone on earth, for this little while.
devotion

by Aparna Pateria

a heady prairie
of sound,
the nighttime
crickets’
mystical
thrum cleaves
my morose
mind from its
shame and self
condemnation—
good grief, just
enjoy the crickets!
their insistent
joyous invitation
and the green
starbursts on
drowsy trees
and the violet
night’s chilly
breath and even
how a gentle
pinprick tells
me a drop
of my own
blood is now
entering the
mosquito’s
sleek proboscis:
a red jewel
set in the
smallest of
daggers
Magnolia Woman

by Katie Kellam

She’s nonchalant
with branches bare:
a lady’s lithe limbs and sinuous form
and flowers in her hair.

Fill your petal-cup with last year’s wine
and tell your lie that spring is here.

Flushed with victory,

and the cold.
Man Groves

by Whitney Cooper

They stand, blue-green water
slipping between their roots,
slipping between feet swollen and aching
from running between land and sea.
Not mangroves, but man groves,
with branches of thunder and leaves of sun.

My father ate the fruit of man groves.
He tore the flesh around the pit
and tossed the seed back into the earth.
My mother tripped over a root, skinned
her knee, spilled blood, and I was born—
born in the shadow of twists

and wooden arabesques. My hair coils
tight at the root; my lips close taut
between two languages. I lie in the gap
between soil and water, under the weight
of black and white, straining to listen
for birdsong, catching only the wind’s empty groans.
particles

by Aparna Pateria

I press my face into the grass
and inhale geosmin: the particle
that, through my nose and bundle
of nerves, signals to my brain
the sweet, sweet scent of earth—
geosmin, geosmin
issued forth by a feisty microbe
that shall remain unnamed (it
populates my verses, but it shall
not ruin their meter nor music)
a roundish fellow that, in order
to survive without food, resorts
to eating itself and spraying
poison to rupture and to slay all
its tiny neighbors indiscriminately
and high above this strange battle
field of this cannibal bacteria’s
life, I smell the earth, her deep flush in
anticipation of the rain’s gentle kiss,
the heady goodness that whispers
promises of all the sweet vegetables
that can ripen in her bosom, the
tightness in my chest remembering
monsoons of another place, another year
past: all coldly manufactured
by a ruthless bacteria—and isn’t
this exactly this what makes poets so
despicable: our desire to wrangle
the world into some semblance of
metaphor, to drag aesthetic
to the most clinically incomparable
incomprehensible facts of life; so I
apologize for telling you of the
microscopic bloodbath, and I
apologize to the bacteria
whose lives I dishonestly twist
into my poems, and I apologize
to the lovestruck for reminding
you of the tiny insects living on
your dearest’s batting eyelashes,
and I apologize to the young
for telling you of telomeres, the
fates’ threads all tied up in your
genome—and I thank all these things
for reminding me that my poems are not
stories, they are not beauty, and they are
not goodness nor glory declared nobly
on the page—they are a simple
byproduct of my own nature, a
clinical fact of my life, an
unsuspecting result more than a grand
gesture, the smallest of particles
issued forth from wondering hands
Snail Song

by Katie Kellam

I have lain down in a garden when the sun was lying down,
and watched a little snail eat the leaves off coral bells,
and seen a little truth like a single vesper star:
a snail, like the world, is an infinite mystery.
And I am older than this snail.

I have heard the singing in my blood that matched the cricket song,
and felt the earth spin quickly, like a barefoot dancing girl.
Like Eve and Venus, every day I am older and she?
she is young, so young – still a child. I say,

Mother Earth is no mother of mine.
Not my mother;
laughing in the kitchen,
quiet when she listens to the friends, neighbors, strangers
who tell her their problems.

Deep well, my mother.

And nothing like this snail.
This tiny, sticky traveler. Wears her whole world like a shawl
of shiny glaze, brown river clay, and fingerprint ridges.
A potter’s mark, maybe missed, not smoothed away.

She grows, like the universe, in a slow immortal coil
and she is the soul,
the very living soul,
of a child that smiles cruel innocence,
with shining full-moon eyes like mirrors in the dark.

Dreaming dreams of mystery.
Thinking thoughts of nothing.

This little dancing sister whom I love.
the drawbridge lowers

by Aparna Pateria

over my gloomy moat
I could eat a thousand suns, I cackle, while your
withered flames barely lick the water’s heavy womb

can you see me inside?
can you see me inside?

I wring my hands, feverish, singular
I remember, record, calculate every wilted magnolia
that bloomed too late
but I am just another village idiot counting confusedly on my fingers

what is mine, mine, mine, and yours, yours —

ah. you are aghast. for

I am sharp and loyal, bent
over like at a bonfire,

warming my hands over this cooling corpse
and I do not need your help.
The Earliest Memory

by Whitney Cooper

I.

The earliest memory
of a magnolia bud
is the branch from which it springs
egg-smooth and white
it clings to its branch
among the leaves
their crowded copper undersides
leavened in morning light

II.

I sit in the courtyard
after a hard preschool day
concrete hot under my palms

I go deaf to the yowls
of other children as she approaches
the river of bodies parts
my magnolia
comes to me and extends her arms
her branches
so beautiful
and so tired
trazadone II

by Whitney Cooper

my psychiatrist approves halving the dose
so each night I pull the pill
from its orange cylinder
and with my teeth
snap it along its crease
transforming it into a half moon
of bitter chalk

the sleep comes slower
feels lighter
than the full dose
but still black as lenten ash
so as every night
I become dust
and to dust I

return
again
Contributor Biographies

_Anette Aguilar_ is a recent alumna from the University of Georgia. Currently in graduate school, she has neglected her writing for a bit. Please be patient with her.

_Whitney Cooper_ is a second-year MFA student with the Bluegrass Writers Studio at Eastern Kentucky University, where they also served as editor-in-chief of Jelly Bucket, the graduate literary journal run by the university. They also work as a reader for Atlanta Review. Their work appears in SHARK REEF and Right Hand Pointing.

_Aparna Pateria_ is a fourth year student who is studying English and Biology at the University of Georgia, seeking to teach after graduation. Regrettably, she prefers reading poetry to writing poetry, and writing poetry to writing biographical statements.

_Alan Barrett_ is a 4th year student at the University of Georgia pursuing his B.F.A. in Ceramic arts and an A.B. in Advertising.

_Liana Jordan_ is a third year Finance major with Theatre, Film, and Spanish minors at the University of Georgia. Outside of the classroom, she enjoys afternoon naps and trying to make sense of the world through poetry.

_Crystal Bowden_ is a poet, mixed media collage artist, and writing coach living outside Atlanta. She prefers to hide away in the woods, chugging coffee, covered in cats. You can find her poetry and collage work featured in Dreamers Creative Writing Magazine, Unlost Journal, Tiny Spoon Literary Magazine, and others.

_Evan King_ is a fourth-year undergraduate at the University of Georgia studying Theatre, English, and Nonprofit. His current work centers on the Black experience in America. This is his first publication. Aside from performing, writing, and studying, you can find Evan purchasing books that won’t be read until 2025 and listening to Amy Winehouse. Post-graduation, he hopes to open a casting agency devoted to underrepresented communities, performers, and models with special needs.

_Danielle Davis_ is a fourth year English major in the Franklin College of Arts and Science. She loves writing, but hates writing brief biography statements.
Alex Coats is one of Stillpoint’s social media managers and an English major at UGA graduating in Fall 2022 with an emphasis in creative writing. He likes pepperoni and sleeping in.

Kaya Groff is a first year English and Spanish student in Franklin College.

Maggie Shaw is a fourth year English major at The University of Georgia.

Jesus Hernandez is a 4th Year, English & Asian Languages/Literature Major, University of Georgia, likes to read, write, listen to music

Sam Yi is a third-year English major at the University of Georgia and has only recently started to write poetry.

TJ Silva is in his first year of the MAT in Mathematics Education program at UGA. He is originally from Eatonton, GA. He loves breakfast, collecting dumb things, coffee, cooking, reality tv, movies, and reading.

Alex Anteau is a first year masters student studying health and medical journalism at the University of Georgia.

Mary Williams is a third-year double major in Film Studies and Entertainment and Media Studies at the University of Georgia. When she isn’t writing, she enjoys talking about Steven Spielberg movies and drinking iced coffee.

Jason Hawkins is a poet and short fiction writer. He is a second year at the University of Georgia studying English and Computer Science. He strives to give form to both the joys and the pains of life through his writing. Most of the time, he’s reading sci-fi short stories, watching horror movies, or playing RPGs.

Jaylen Parker is a second-year at the University of Georgia. She is pursuing a B.A. in Cognitive Science as well as a minor in Philosophy, where she finds plenty of opportunities to voice her opinions through writing. Growing up with journalists for grandparents, she learned to love writing at an early age. When she was in high school, she developed a love for poetry after reading Ilya Kaminsky’s “Dancing in Odessa” and began to write poems of her own. Jaylen now uses poetry as her everyday outlet as she is finding her voice in college.
Patricia Quinonez is a Landscape Architecture and Spanish double-major at the University of Georgia. She tries to balance her passion for art and creativity along with her interests in sustainability and languages. She spends a lot of time working in studio and photographing her environment whenever possible. Her photography style is dynamic and changes often to accommodate her curiosities.

Abigail Ryan is a second-year double major in Music (A.B., piano) and Social Work (B.S.W.) She is doing her best to be happy in the present moment. She can be found online as And Abigail on Youtube and Instagram.

Alyssa Craig is a fourth-year English major with an emphasis in creative writing and a Korean minor. She has been very interested in frogs lately.

Bita Jadali is a fourth-year majoring in Biology at the University of Georgia. When not fretting over her impeding future after graduation or spending time with her lovely, loving family, she enjoys geeking over old Hollywood, overindulging in shoujo mangas, and fangirling over BTS.

Natalia Blooming is an artist and poet from McDonough, Georgia. She pursues art and poetry as a form of storytelling and is currently concerned with the trappings of her upbringing and the concept of identity as it relates to the home, haunted spaces, and relationships. Her poetry is a way she processes emotions and deals with change and she considers it a way she explores her own narrative.

Nicole Spektor is an undergraduate third year English major from UGA. She enjoys writing comics and watching animations.

Carter Wilson is a second year Fashion Merchandising major within the FACS (Family and Consumer Sciences) College. He has always had an affinity for the arts and all things creative. This affinity fostered a deep love for music (which in turn led to an interest in poetry) and fashion. Today, he is actively participating in various activities and organizations in the pursuit of a future career in the fashion industry.

Rohini Bose is a third year Public Relations and Philosophy double major with a minor in Business and in Law, Jurisprudence, & the State. She spends her time writing, reading, making art, playing music, and bothering her cat Charlie. She hopes to unlock the secrets of the universe in the next 48 days.
Gene Carbonell is a third-year Cognitive Science major who likes to try and be a writer. Some days he actually is one, others he pretends.

Anna van Eekeren is a second-year Entertainment and Media Studies major at UGA with a minor in Film Studies and a New Media Certificate student. She is passionate about the environment, social justice, culture, and media. She enjoys reading, writing, playing video games, listening to music, swimming, traveling, and taking personality quizzes.

Jamila Reves-Miller is a second-year Fashion Merchandising student with an emphasis in brand management and minor in Studio Art at the University of Georgia. She enjoys making art, singing, and dressing up.

Ezi Ononuju is a first year student at the University of Georgia. He is a Computer Science major from Alpharetta, Georgia. His hobbies include making video games, scenario writing, and stargazing.

Taylor Drake graduated with a BA in English from Agnes Scott College and is currently pursuing her MA at the University of Georgia. Her other work has appeared in Persephone’s Daughters, EX/POST Magazine, Stone of Madness Press, Wrongdoing Magazine, and Storm Cellar Quarterly. You can find her online at https://taylordrake.carrd.co/.

Katie Kellam is an English and Linguistics major at the University of Georgia. She is an officer on the university’s club sailing team and when she isn’t practicing on Lake Lanier or losing during team poker nights, she spends most of her time gardening at the horticulture farm or practicing embroidery.

Casey Jokay is a second year English Education major at UGA. He loves drawing, making pointless spreadsheets, watching good movies a lot, watching bad movies even more, and anything to do with language.

Sam Thompson is a second-year English and Comparative Literature major at the University of Georgia.
Staff Biographies

Clary Bond (Senior Editor-in-Chief) is a senior majoring in Biology and Classics. In her free time, she enjoys making terrible puns, playing the piano, and finding new film versions of Shakespeare’s “Hamlet” to watch.

Andrew Benzinger (Junior Editor-in-Chief) is a senior majoring in English and minoring in Criminal Justice who loves pubs, pugs, punk, playing the drums, and watching terrible slashers.

Abigail Friedel (Junior Editor-in-Chief) is a senior majoring in Entertainment and Media Studies with a minor in Studio Art. She is passionate about multimedia storytelling, post-Impressionist paintings and the smell of new books (and REALLY passionate about coffee). She optimistically hopes that one day movies will finally be as good as the novels they are based on.

Anna Goellner (Submissions Editor) is a third year English and Religion double major who loves matcha lattes, stickers, and poetry. You can find her at the Jit Joes in 5 points, Trader Joe’s, or binge watching Criminal Minds.

Rachel Warner (Arts & Design Editor) is a second year English major with a possible emphasis in Medieval Literature and a minor in Art History. Her passions lie in anything Tolkien and the Classical periods of Rome and Greece. She can always be seen with a book in one hand and boba in the other. She’s always ready for an adventure, fictional or reality.

Claudia Butler is a Political Science and English double major. She enjoys reading fiction, writing poetry, and doing yoga. Outside of Stillpoint, Claudia leads in UGA Food2Kids and Strike Magazine UGA. She is an aspiring lawyer and relentless advocate for justice.

Ryan Bohn is a first year English major at the University of Georgia. He loves listening to music and reading great literature.

Kaitlyn Page is a third year English major from Richmond Hill, GA. When she’s not busy watching Love Island, you can find her explaining the plot of whatever she is reading to her STEM and business roommates.
Alex Coats is a third year English major and math minor. His favorite creators include Natalie Wynn, Phoebe Bridgers, and Duolingo’s social media team. His favorite type of poem is erasure, but only whenever the spaghettios have been spooned carefully onto the page.

Mikayla Connolly is a second-year double major in English and Journalism from Virginia. She loves Jittery Joes, Joni Mitchell, Jane Austen, and alliteration, apparently. In her free time she loves to play guitar and write poetry. She hopes to spend her next few years in Athens getting more involved in the music scene.

Anika Eechampati is a second year majoring in International Affairs and minoring in English. Her favorite genres are dystopia and coming of age fiction and you can usually find her either listening to Sufjan Stevens, reading, or baking.

Meredith Eget is a third year English, Spanish and maybe Women’s Studies major with an emphasis in creative writing. When she isn’t writing poetry from notes app confessional apps, you’ll find her baking cakes, thrifting or singing Last Christmas in awkward silences.

Gale Evans is a third-year English and Comparative Literature double major. They can talk about Renaissance literature for hours, but can never spell the word right on the first try. In their free time, they enjoy knitting, thrift shopping, and trying to start a journal over and over again.

Daniel García-Pozo is a first-year English Education major at UGA. He has previously had his work published in the iliad Literary-Art magazine, and won the Lorien Award for his poetry. He attended the Sewanee Young Writers Conference in 2020, and has since attended various writing workshops at UGA. His main literary inspirations include Gabriel García Márquez, Jorge Luis Borges, and Jorge García Granados.

Isabel Hutchinson is a third year English major with a minor in Law, Jurisprudence, and the State. After college, she hopes to work in publishing, go on long sunny walks holding delicious oat milk lattes, and watch a lot of sunsets.

Celeste Kazani is a fourth-year English major with a minor in Sociology. She plans on going to graduate school and eventually working in publishing for an academic press.
**Summer Porter** is a second year English and Entertainment and Media Studies major at the University of Georgia. At any given moment there is a 97% chance she is consuming an ungodly amount of coffee, forcing someone to watch La La Land, or being a dork about language. Please feed her addiction and send all film and literature recommendations her way.

**Regan Saunders** is a second-year English major only slightly worried about the course her life will take after college. She listens to copious amounts of Taylor Swift, participates in the worship of Pride and Prejudice (2005), enjoys putting cheesy romances next to pretentious works of fiction on her bookshelf, and is the new single mother of a fiddle leaf fig plant.

**Russell Spearman** is a 3rd year Journalism student at the University of Georgia. He hopes to have a fulfilling career in writing, editing, and publishing.

**Nicole Spektor** is a third year English major and Russian minor with an intense passion for the gothic and the dystopian. In her spare time, she loves to create comics, write short adventure stories, and often spends more time getting lost in world-building and making detailed character bios than writing. She hopes to work in publishing in the near future.

**Dalton Sweezy** is a third-year Philosophy major. He enjoys exploring underground culture through consuming a variety of different kinds of literature, film, and music. His favorite musical artist/writer is Lou Reed, who he listens to religiously, with Bob Dylan and David Bowie close behind. His favorite filmmaker is David Lynch with Mulholland Dr. being a highlight among many masterpieces. He hopes to one day hold a candle to the level of meaningful expression his favorite artists have been able to achieve throughout their works.

**Sam Thompson** is a second-year English and Comparative Literature double major who drinks way too much coffee. She loves romance movies, torrential downpours, and desperately wants to learn how to knit.

**Henry Tollett** is a 4th year English and Theater student from Georgia. One day he might even finish writing something!

**Emily Tracy** is a fourth-year student from Cartersville, Georgia majoring in English and minoring in Linguistics. She writes horrible love poems, makes a phenomenal grilled cheese sandwich, and probably tweets more than a respectable young woman should.
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 2022 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 Arts & Design Editor and Abigail Friedel using Adobe InDesign CC and Photoshop CC on a MacBook Pro. The type is set in Palatino, Minion Pro, and Didot from Adobe Typekit.

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