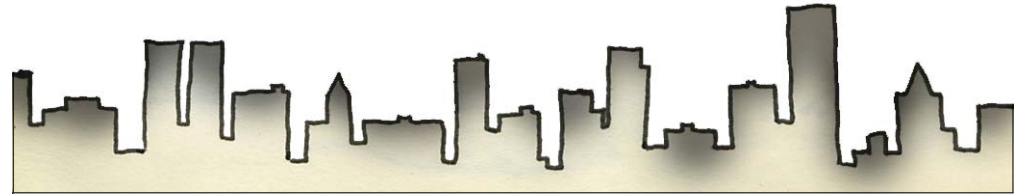




MEGA - ZINE

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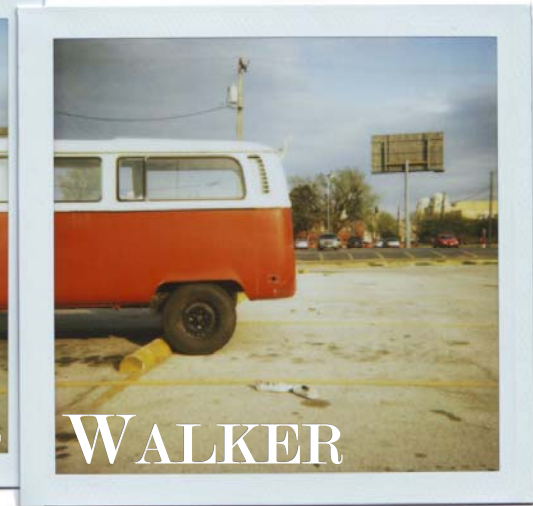
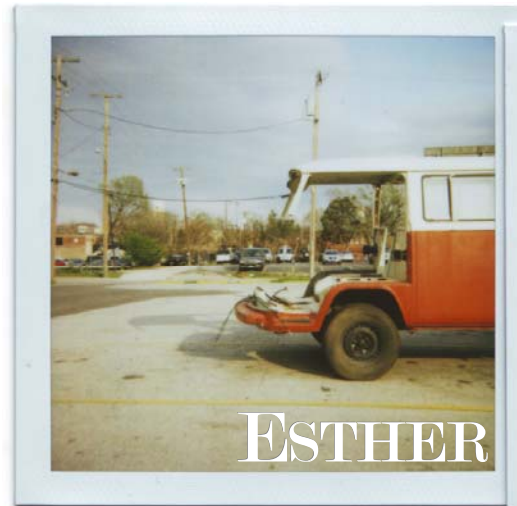
Issue No. 3



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PHOTOGRAPHY BY NOAH KALINA



PLUS:

- SF through the Eyes of a Seagull 4A
- Sunset from a Shopping Cart
- Poetry Architecture

NOTES from the EDITOR

NEXT STEPS, DEEPER, DEEPER...

ONE:

This magazine was born from a love of all things art... from the way we move through our daily chores to the ink we leave scattered on our notebook pages. **It is all art.**



TWO:

This magazine **wouldn't be possible w/out the contributions of friends & strangers** who feel in some ways the same. Otherwise, we wouldn't spend so much time documenting.

THREE:

This issue is now finished. But the magazine is a work in progress. If you want to be part of this project in the future, **please contribute your work**. Submission info is to the right.

FOUR:

This magazine costs nothing. **You're encouraged to download & distribute as you see fit.** However, I ask that all copies are printed in color to preserve the integrity of the work.

FIVE:

Contributors are paid in karma. If you love what you see, please let them know. Where possible, web links & publishing information have been included for each artist.



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THANK YOU

Matea Basta
Pamela Klaffke (Editor-at-Large)

FEATURED ARTISTS

Charlie Lumanlan (San Francisco, USA)
Beth Ables (Charleston, USA)
Adam Garland (Fort Wayne, USA)
Micah Escamilla (Riverside, USA)
Esther Walker (Dallas, USA)
Noah Kalina (Brooklyn, USA)

[the rest of the world is stargazing]



Charlie Lumanlan
San Francisco, USA

WWW.FLICKR.COM
/FRAMEBYFRAME

Charlie Lumanlan
San Francisco, USA

WWW.FLICKR.COM
/FRAMEBYFRAME



THE AIRPORT AFTER, THE MORNING BEFORE

We had this idea to take a rock from each significance
we've seen. And always, books.

These cumbersome things. This weight.

Not a burden, but some sort
of tether, binding us
as we lift, twist, and pivot
on the cusp
of days and days.

Beth Ables, Charleston, USA

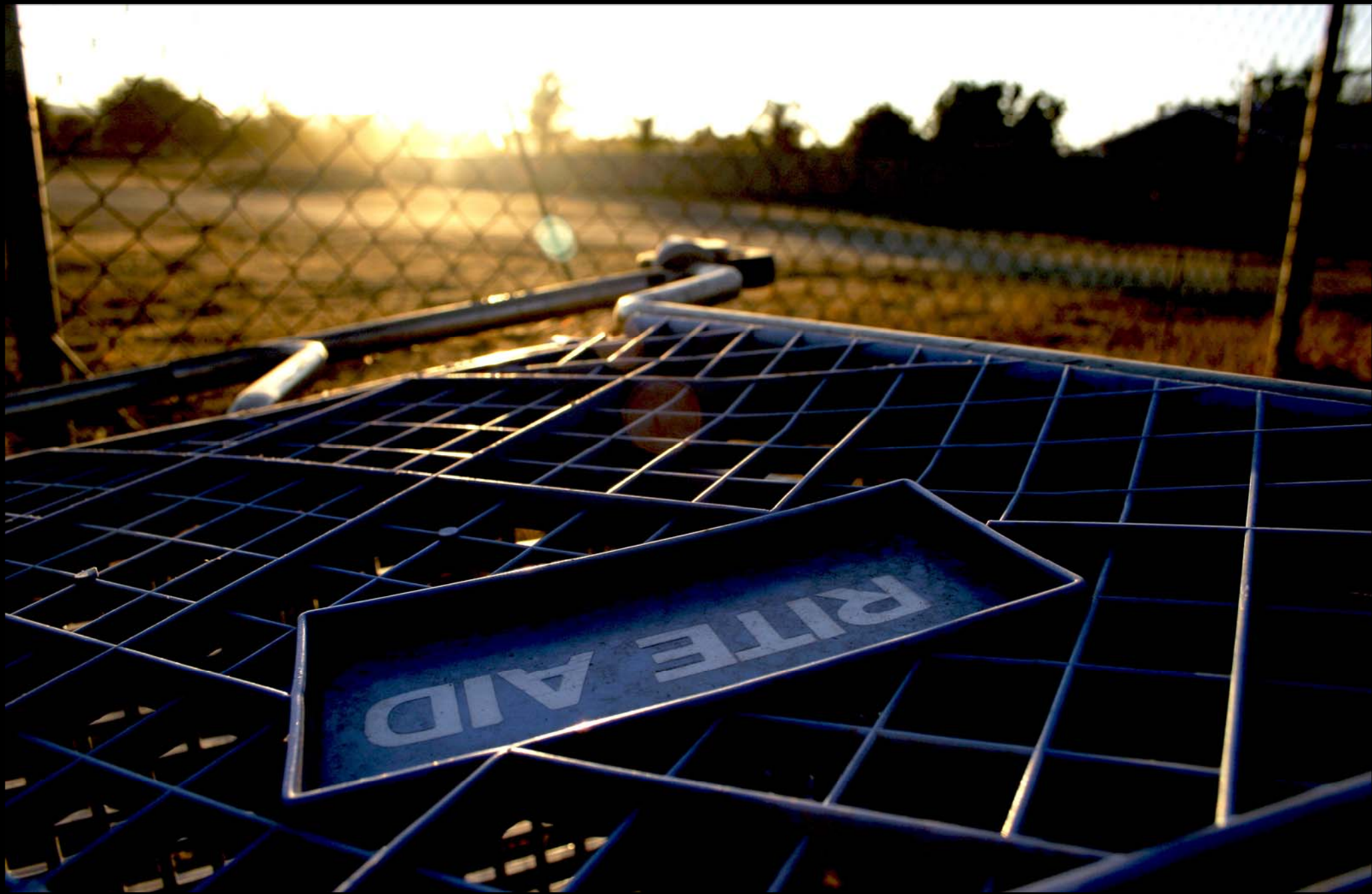
BETHBROWNALES@GMAIL.COM

So that hurrying to the rest
of our life, (I was still
getting used to the idea) we carried a heaviness.
Really—stones (this pocked and rusty
from the Punchbowls, that dark and softly sleek
from Cannon Beach, another mortared
and substantial from the first-night cabin) in my purse.
And books—overweighting my luggage
so much so that we ran and ran
still missed our flight
and learned to wait together for the next
way home.



Adam Garland
Fort Wayne, USA

WWW.
ADAMWGARLAND
.BLOGSPOT.COM



Rite Aid

Micah Escamilla, Riverside, USA

WWW.ILOVECHOPSTIX.BLOGSPOT.COM



Esther Walker, Dallas, USA

WWW.FLICKR.COM/ESTHERWALKER



POETRY ARCHITECTURE

Editor, San Francisco, USA

dumb words are dead bricks in the city of luggage
lunch hour power nap on the wet grass of city hall
where twenty bums choke
on old coke cans & smoke
filtered cigarettes from the street
a friend says the sight of sick birds makes his head hurt
more than his lack of junk but still he'll find a quick fix
like the mayor finds party tricks

i'm surprised each time i greet a smile like an animal in the wild
resents a show of sharpened teeth & lose my soul to all this meat
if i could just sleep again
w/all these fogs rolling in
would i even know when the dream begins & who was sent to heaven
& who's in hell for sins we'd all commit if we were sick on 7th avenue
but lucky for you & me we choose to see the side that asks for change...
then only think of money

somehow it's always sunny in the right part of the city
but they don't think sunrise looks as pretty from here
through the plastic bags & bottles
the boney trash in rags for models
& god forbid they try to stay
& even pray before a dream
can find their thoughts outside at night
beneath a sky w/out light enough to see

sirens are the bird songs downtown
because the birds are calling no one
& something must be done about it
maybe the old man walking w/the girl in pink died thinking
an angel was singing him to sleep when the ambulance came...
i watched him die from an alley down the street & ran away
past fond parking lots & office blocks
to the pier w/the tower clock & candy

the water rippled as the ships docked
& tourists snapped shot after shot off
i found the whole damn thing odd w/people suffering just up the street
funny how the rain drops hard instead of sweet when you have to sleep
& the leaves drip long after the showers quit soaking through blankets
if the earth quakes from the weight of these wet storms
pray the ground shakes coins
from those hands to the floor

because no kind of tossing can stop them from talking or shopping
& nobody's shocked when they find their pockets are picked clean
think of all the electricity
this silly city needs to eat
just to keep billboards a clean white in the nighttime
just to breathe neon into the dull lamplight of a disco
& here a pistol packs
the punch of a missile

NOAH KALINA

Brooklyn, USA

WWW.NOAHKALINA.COM

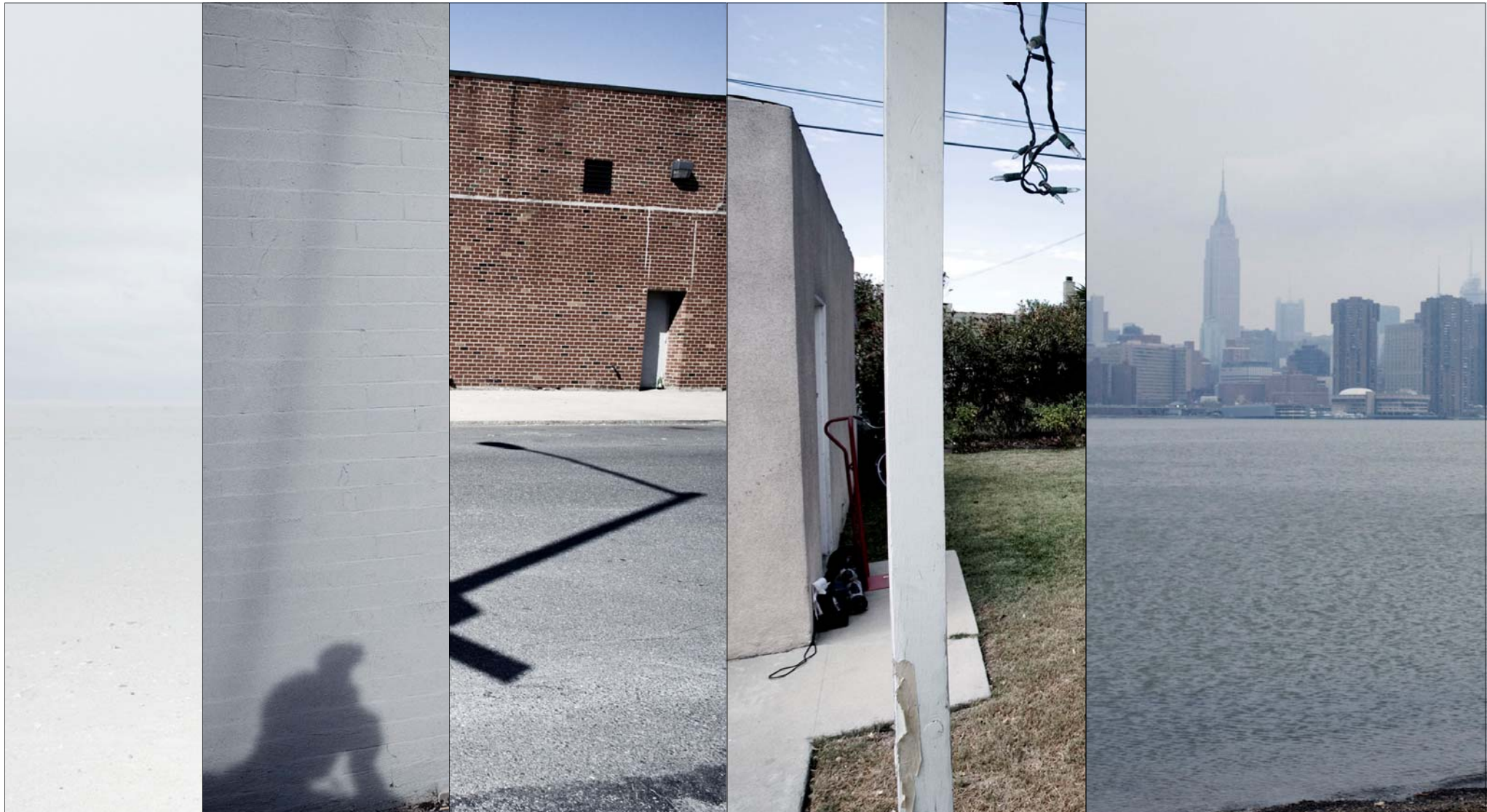


NOAH K. EVERYDAY

WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/NOAHKEVERYDAY

For more information about this ongoing 8-year project, please see:

WWW.EVERYDAY.NOAHKALINA.COM





SELECTIONS FROM *LOST & FOUND* - A PHOTO SERIES BY NOAH KALINA



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