

FOOLS

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Dear Reader,

It is our pleasure to present you with Volume 15 of FOOLS Magazine. This semester, we have twisted and reconfigured our team and our style, working diligently to deliver a beautiful and cohesive magazine that echoes the creativity and talent of the greater Iowa City community. As the FOOLS team continues to grow and evolve in both a creative and professional space, we are astonished by the dedication and hardwork of our staff. With each page, we are reminded of the talents that shape and bind the community and world we live in.

This issue reflects the nature of the human condition, demanding answers to the questions that life asks, even when we don't want to listen. The elements of loss, longing, grief, and yearning which exist within this magazine are clear, raw, and pungent. Our contributors have tactfully and honestly invited readers into the deepest parts of their creativity, affording us a glance at the hard truths that we so often ignore in life. Within these depths, though, there is a beauty and resilience which emanates through these pages and even through our contributors. In life, our only mission as artists is to be honest, and FOOLS Volume 15 promises to honor that sentiment.

Thank you, deeply, to all of our staff members—from the writing editors to the visual editors, who all accepted incredible levels of responsibility and humility, to push through all unforeseen circumstances plunged into their journey's path. To our marketing team, who have offered themselves to the tightest of deadlines and to the tightest of restrictions, have given more heart to this volume than any other in FOOLS history. To our Creative Director, who has fought against the restraints of tradition to present to all readers our most unshackled magazine yet. To all who poured their mind and body into creation...

Thank you.

Mackenzie Kanach, Te'a Ritchie, & the FOOLS Team



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店頭大会

ポケモン

かい さい ぎ かん
開催期間

がつ にち がつ にち
8月28日~9月15日

ポケモン

早く新
スーパー



スターポケモンセット
~きめろ!スペシャル
チャンス3!~



砂丘怪
コリヤ

メザスタ
5名プレイ

ハイスコア
ランキング

超速



ニカバトルチケットを
読み込んで挑戦しよう!!

きれいに切り取ってお店に持って行く。

ville, SC 295

秋田

男魔



ガスタクラブに登録して
大会に参加してみよう!



Ethan Kilcoin

KLONDIKE*

as a(n) overweight

fat adult like

child child

it's fixable

fixed fixable

but the monkey wrench is greased and
perfect posture is achieved by laying on the
floor

it's achieved by laying on the floor

fixed fixable fix-er-up-er-yes-sir-ee

but your 9-5 mortgage masquerades as hemorrhoids it's an
Ocean's Eleven themed bowel cancer diagnosis party the
Kevin-James-Face-Yellow-Cake

thirty-three wax coated hearses with a wicker
flickered on the way to the hospital

and while there you watched Leaving Las Vegas a
couple months ago on Prime and under the film it had
buzzwords that described the genre of the film and one
of those words was bleak and that's all the film was it
was bleak to the point of being inhuman it was bleak to
the point of being inhuman

cut

to—

*(or 'living as an american posthumously')



WHITE

BLACK AND

Zoe Friedline

They wore white, not black
And all their jewelry matched
They sing, but their voices don't
carry
They lit five candles, blew the
last one out
They watched the smoke waft up to
the stars above
And let the candles burn all night
until dawn
When they gathered again
To take what was left
Hope and love were grabbed first
Wisdom and courage were claimed
after





Rest By Sarah Morgan



Framed Beads by Mary Waite

Viejo Laredo

by Arely Ramirez

February 1983

El Borrego, Guanajuato MX → Nuevo Laredo, Tamaulipas MX → Laredo, Texas US

My mom showed me a picture of the man who drowned in the river. It was the man who drowned in the river saving his drowning son. It was the man who drowned in the river with his son. It was the man who left his family awaiting the promised call. For lack of a call, they hoped for a letter. For lack of a letter they prayed. First came the call, then the letter, but the prayer hung over them. The weight of it in the rosaries around their necks, where wooden beads turned to lead, holding their gazes to the ground. They continued to work as only they knew how; the women with shawls like veils over their hair and the men with straw hats over their heads, skin shining a rich tan. The kids ran through dirt roads, gathering rocks at the bottom of their shoes, and kicking up dust into the air and onto themselves.

There was no phone, so the call went through the courthouse in the city half an hour away who dispatched a policeman to their home. There was no post office either, so the letter went through the city who sent the letter with a city worker to their home. They mourned the message that they had received. They mourned the way that they had received it. They even mourned the funeral. If their grief alone had been enough to pay for the bloated corpses caskets, they could have afforded golden shrines.

I looked at the picture, dull in the way old photographs were, but even moreso to the eyes of the twelve-year-old I was then, and saw a man who was a complete stranger to me, and yet, he was all-encompassing. He was my father who had walked through the desert, my uncle, who had been stuffed under a truck bed, and even my neighbor whose story had begun to blur with all the rest. I always listened carefully to conversations that were not always meant for me, then I held onto what I heard carefully. I carried the memory of their memories with me, losing details along the way but remembering the important parts. I was already at a loss, the places they described were vivid in their minds, a mere impressionist rendition in my own. The colors faded, the faces were blurred, the time and place I imagined I knew was all wrong. I practiced retelling these stories to myself and every time I had forgotten something, as though someone had ripped a few pages out of the non-existent book this story resided in. Through this frustration, I continued listening, trying desperately to break the cycle. I heard them speak of how the quantity of work they did meant nothing and the quality even less. How they worked like dogs but saw nothing for it, so they left. There was something better they said, up north, all you'd have to do is get through the river, once your feet touched the soil on the other side, you'd see. I wrote myself a poem sometime later, with all the important parts I remembered.

.

Follow the river

Walk towards the sun

Make your way north

Then jump in the gulf

Now once you get in

You'll forget how to swim

Let the minor confusion ensue...

.

I looked at the picture some more later that day and it was very clear to me how I felt. I blamed the river. If the birds could freely fly over, why couldn't we? If the fish were able to breathe in the water, why was it so unkind to us? Even the snakes and scorpions were taken in by the desert.

There were others though. Those who did not quite look like us. Their colors were different, I noticed. They must have been God's favorites. They must have bribed God to allow them a place on the wings that flew them over the river or on the machines that beat the desert before it could kill them. They were never caught. They were never dead. My ignorance served them well, I thought them immortal in their own way. They traveled across the river both ways, as they pleased, coordinating with the seasons usually. Most importantly, however, these people had a place on the other side. I quickly learned something, a flaw in this ideal land everyone spoke of and it was that, unlike these other people, we could not actually survive there. Even our triumphs were tragedies; even if we did get across the river, once our feet touched that land, we were marked—Click here to enter text. a nuisance that was captured and returned or captured and destroyed. We had no place there. Even those who were able to evade all of this soon realized that they had the most tragic fate of all: where every moment they dreamt of home and every breath they spent far from it. This was their purgatory. They could not be truly happy for there was an essence always missing from their lives, felt in the aesthetics they remembered, fading with the time they spent away. They could not be truly sad either for this was their triumph, under these aesthetics they knew were the bare bones of the place they had risked everything to escape from. To admit that they had succeeded in reaching their only hope only to find an illusion with no promise, would have stripped them of their remaining sanity.

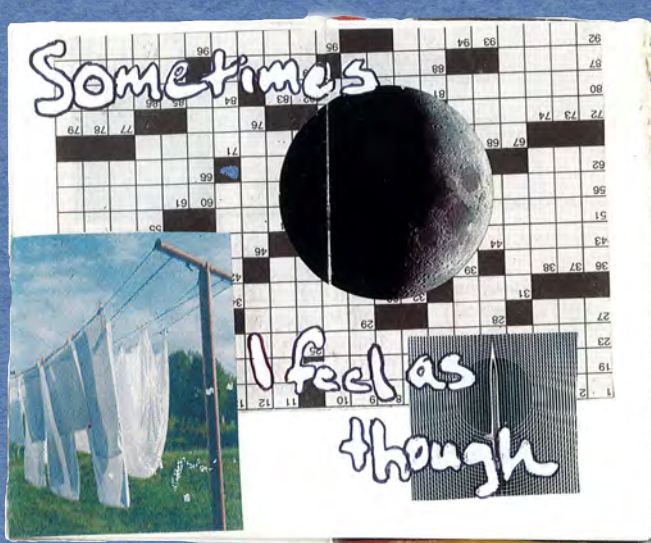
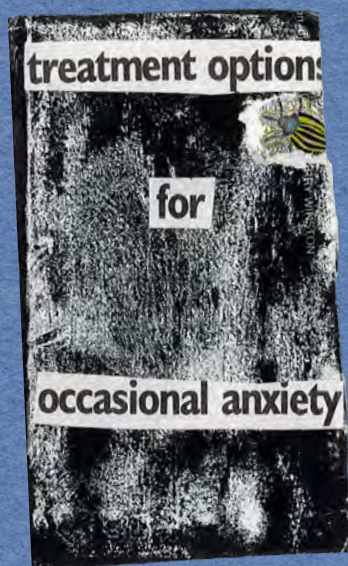
Only a month passed, my mom told me before the man's brother went to the river himself, and as quickly as I had blamed the river I forgave it. Then I knew it was never really the river that separated us from the others. Perhaps those things I heard were true. We flocked like sheep to the edge of a cliff and followed each other off of it. We suffocated like fish lured into breathing in air that was never meant for us.

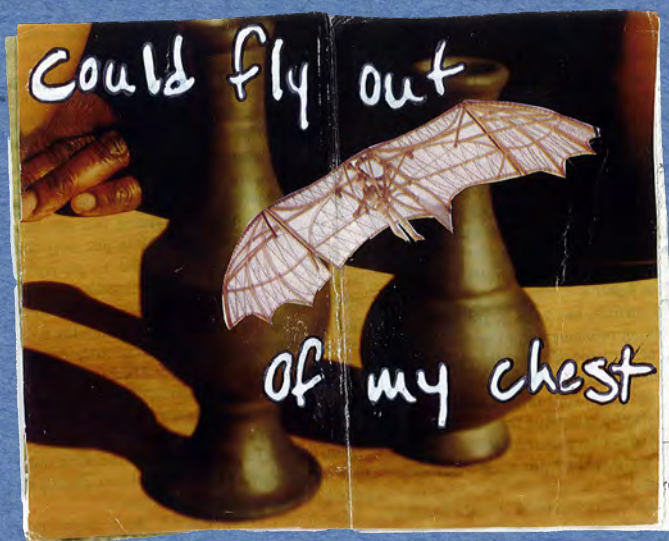
Such ignorant, stupid people.

What kind of a man hears his death calling to him and follows anyway?

What kind of a life would you have to lead to hear death calling to you and understand you had to answer anyway?

Treatment Options for Occasional Anxiety





by: Jude Abel



BEST OF

Evan Rae Field

so shoot the reflected light of steeples and rooftops into your veins; hire a call girl and take her to dinner to solemnly inform her that despite your collective best efforts you simply cannot carry on; my love is mosquito netting and a few phrs on some sun-scoured moon. stop at a park bench and take your head in your hands and think about geography. do a silent waltz in your empty condominium as your microwave dinner heats. go to times square and dream about some forgotten basement corner. smoke cigarettes and cry at a financial seminar. when the pavement rises

under control, you've got work in the morning.

under control, you've got work in the morning.

$$y = mx + b$$

by Elana Walters

In math class, you learn that the most important part of any linear function is its slope. Your teachers will tell you that the slope, or the value of m , is the number that describes the relationship between x and y , and to give you an example, they'll talk about him being x and me being y , and if that isn't clear enough, they'll remind you about the term, *rise/run*. Because any two people caught in the start of a relationship have only two choices: to rise to the challenge or run from it. Whatever comes of that choice is the value of m .


On the slope will be hundreds of points and if you look closely, the points can be as big as the first date or the first kiss to as little as the ninety-ninth time we held hands or the forty-fifth time we drove home together. But when you're trying to draw out the slope by hand, it'll be in your best interest to look at the bigger points. Those are the ones that'll be easiest to remember, and they'll be the ones you notice the most when you check your work again, and again, and again, just to make sure everything is correct.

Once you have your favorite points and your slope, your teachers will probably ask you to use the point-slope formula to find the slope-intercept formula. It's not as hard as it sounds—you already have the answer for m , and you'll have him and I, x and y . Then, you can pick one of your favorite points—any will do, but I'd recommend a special one like the first time he said 'I love you', or our one year anniversary, or if you want to go further back, the day I met him—and you'll subtract his side of the story and my side of the story into something that looks like this: $y - \text{my side of the story} = m(x - \text{his side of the story})$. In the end, you'll get the intercept of the slope—the moment where both our stories align—and it'll look like: $y = mx + b$.

But when you're looking at your new formula, and all the points on your graph, and all the equations and mental math it took to get to this formula, you'll realize something is off. You'll probably have to redo your calculations a couple of times and when that doesn't work, you'll go to your teachers and it'll take them a couple of tries before they realize that the problem all along wasn't your calculations, but me. You'll realize that I was never y . All along, I was b . He used to call me b when we were alone, and now you know the reason why.

And then you'll realize as you turn in your paper, that m is the slope, he is the x , we'll never know y , and I am b —the point where the line touches the y -axis even if no one knows the answer for why we didn't work out. So, the slope will keep moving and I'll just be another point of the line, but it'll still be one that you're careful to plot out before you turn things in again, because your teachers will tell you that the value of b is still important for one reason only.

It's the point that touches the y -axis and if the message isn't clear enough, just know that when you draw it out, it's the only point that stands besides an x -value of zero—it's the only point that will always have no one else beside it.



Jenna Winterton

The Daydreamer

Emotions and colors
Plucked from the air,
Gestures, phrases,
Uncomfortable stares.

Images, feelings,
Visuals and cues,
Alone in my headspace
Away and bemused.

Creative ventures
Off to the side,
Dancing and singing
An ambitious ride.

Why am I lost?
Why can't they see?
What's in my head
Is everything to me.

The sky is alive;
The darkness my friend—
No one else sees it
When will it end?

I disappear—reappear
My thoughts are my own.
The interest is lost;
I come back alone.

The dreams are incessant—
Imagination wild;
Heartbeats and headaches,
Oh, what a child.

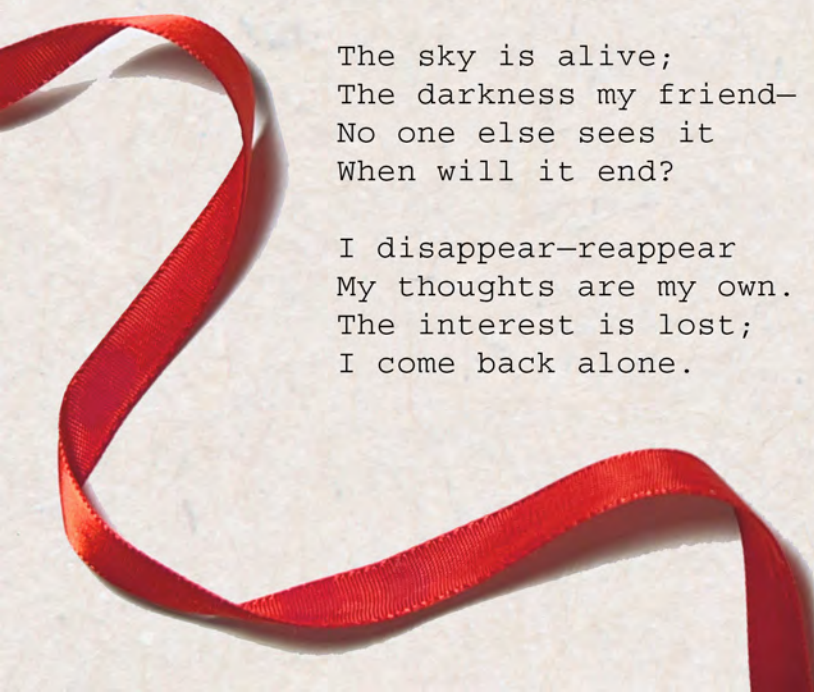
I fake a sweet smile;
My interest decays.
Still no one sees me;
I wish they would stay.

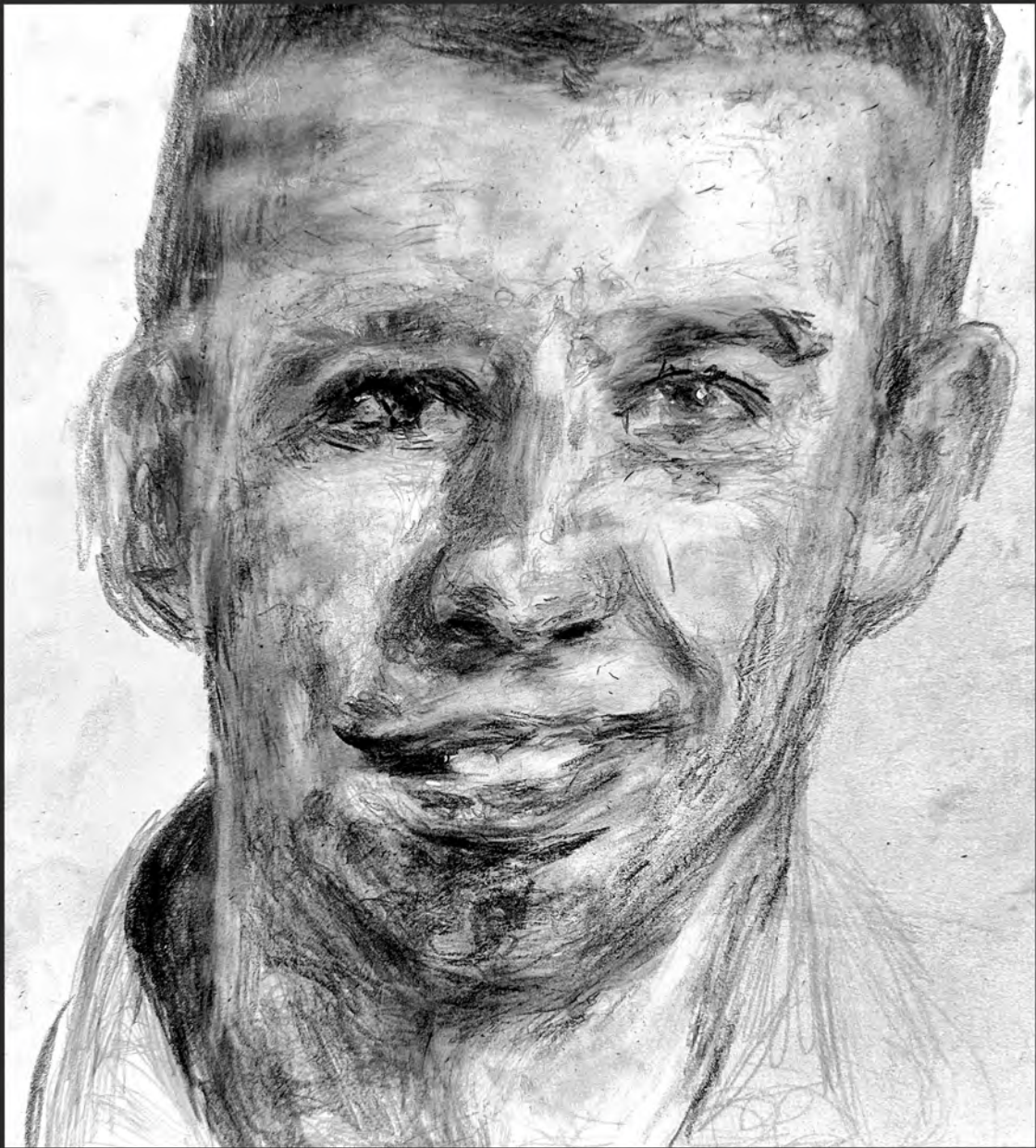
So away I must go
With inspiration fleeting;
Off to the place—
Desolate, but freeing.

For misunderstandings
Are the death of a dream,
And still people choose
Gloom to sunbeams.

But if only they looked
Deep, deep inside,
Would they see what I see:
A land forever alive?

For a Daydreamer sees visions
With revelations so great;
An impossible destiny
Becomes a tangible fate.





Someone Cute on the Internet
by Erik Moon

Addison Paulsen

The Tree In The Center

It stands alone,

Encaged by manmade structures, forcing it to have no space

for a companion. Some may say it is

an honor to be in the center,

everyone would look at you, except

no one does.

It's a distraction, a roadblock to the many

who go around it.

It sags in desperation.

To be loved is to be seen.

It sways in an attempt to reach for help.

There will be no help and there will be no love

because the tree in the center will

eventually see the day when mankind

overtakes it.

The tree will not be missed,

except by the girl in 843.

New Heart *by Aishani Kundu*

It had been six weeks since he had gotten a new heart. He no longer felt the staggering loneliness. The heart that was originally his had failed to keep him company when the bleaker days came around, blanching his face of color. Since the transplant, however, another person resided within him — a fraction of a complete person, to be precise. Yet, enough to make him feel not entirely alone. The aorta of this fraction of someone recognized the need to keep the blood flowing through the narrowest tributaries of his body when the frost terrorized the red blood cells to halt in their place. The rhythmic contractions of his new heart's auricular and ventricular chambers were music enough to fill the silences that were antecedents to the arrhythmia of his old heart, twisting its vice-like grip around him. Personifying the electrical impulses shooting forth from the sinoatrial node of his new heart, he believed them to be a reminder — a quotidian alarm — that a fraction of someone else wanted him to go about his day. Most importantly, the way the cardiac muscles of his new heart never tired — incessantly contracting and relaxing for him — restored his faith that even a fraction of someone wanted to be with him. Which is why when the doctors said that they had seen signs of a possible valve failure, he mistook that as another withdrawal of love. A fraction of someone who had only known him for six weeks leaving the sack of staggering loneliness behind again.



Beneath the Ruins of Old Madrasa
*by Adeline
Bradley*

Angel Hatchery *by Ava Neumaier*

Since the fiery death of God, the responsibility of angel breeding fell to common people. Beekeepers, chicken brooders, and dog breeders left their hobbies to pursue more important stock: thrones, seraphim, dominions, and cherubim.

We took a trip to a cherub farm in elementary school, all of us plump-cheeked and curious, carrying permission slips stating the school wasn't to blame for any spontaneous acts of revelation. I remember the head breeder tour guide telling us to don protective eyewear--big tinted goggles--so their infant divine light wouldn't burn our corneas.

He led us into the outdoor breeding room, complete with heavenly growlights and rustling scientists. The guide presented us with a baby angel, no bigger than a rabbit in his hands. It was covered in downy iridescent hair, with damp wings curled anxiously under its human torso. It had the head of a chick and a beak pointed and silver. We oohed and ahed and scrambled to get a chance to hold it. I was always the shortest in class--this was before I was the only student left--so I got squashed and shuffled away. I settled with watching the taller boys and girls pet the angel with ravenous eyes, listening for the purr that echoed like a thunderstorm. The tour guide let us feed it, which meant making little prayers in its direction. I remember praying for a window seat on the bus home.

The tour guide said we were his best-behaved group all day, so he'd take us behind the scenes to see the hatching stations. We excitedly filed into the facility while he explained what level of development cherubs need to become guardian angels. Ever distractible, I was occupied with the flock of more grown angels frolicking on all fours in the fenced-in yard, starting to lift off the ground with bigger wings.

Entering the hatching room, the class immediately started asking questions about the vials of glowing embryonic fluid and wallpapered anatomy guides. I looked and saw a tiny angel, small as a chick, drinking from a mason jar of ambrosia. As I watched her, she fell in, flapping her wings uselessly as the sticky gold closed in around her. I raised my hand to ask for help, but no one saw me. I reached into the jar and pulled her out. She was little enough to fit in my child-sized palm.

The angel coughed a little, spitting ambrosia onto the floor, and climbed up my arm onto my shoulder.

“Ah, I see you’ve found our runt,” the tour guide chuckled knowingly. “You can just flick her off. There’s a good chance she won’t survive the winter.”

I gazed at the little angel snapping her beak hungrily. I didn’t want to believe that. Should I pray that she’d live long enough to prove them wrong?

There was one way to ensure it: I snuck her into my pocket when the tour guide wasn’t looking, whispering, “Don’t worry-- I’ll take care of you. Mother says I’m good with small things.”

I had a glorious ten minutes of imagining our winter together, raising her to be strong and self-reliant. But as we left, the tour guide saw her glow through my pocket. He demanded I hand the runt back, and the class gawked and gasped with the joy of seeing a peer get in trouble. I was reprimanded badly on the bus ride home, but I distracted myself with the view from the window seat.

Years later, when the angels turned against their breeders and began wreaking havoc on the world, I was the only human with a guardian angel-- the little runt who was a survivor.



Shrine to Childhood
by Frankie Long

To Violet

by Adeline Bradley

Be swallowed, and then be.
Little sister, little love,
You tell me in your own way that you are not courageous enough;
 Ruffled like the furrowed brow,
 Built like a brown burrow.
You buried your bones years ago.
Dug them up.
Let them bleach.
Looked at your bones and tried to make art.
You say you want a fresh start but art has no beginning
 If it does, we are doomed.
You'll find that courage and the sun-turned cheek
Or the deadly and the bleak
Will eat you whole.
Look at it—your worry in its slimy jaws—and scream from the core:
YOU CANNOT FEAST ON ME ANYMORE!
I AM YOUR POISON, I AM YOUR WAR!
I AM THE SEED TO CHOKE YOUR SOUL!
TAKE ME IN, WORRY; YOU WILL SPIT ME OUT WHOLE.
And when you are spat out,
Bones buried deep,
Tossed by dark sleep and spite...
 Seedling, littlest sister
You are buried to grow to the light
Your fate is written
not by stars but by name:
 Little sister, little light.
Walk into the hunger of the glowing sun,
stretch your bones up one by one.
The sun exists to grow you wild, vibrant, alive and carefree.
Be swallowed by it, and then be.



Liz Carlsson

A Night Among The Oak

by Mary Waite

In the woods I find escape
from the stress and the despair
when I can't tell what is what
who is who or where is where

I stare up through the branches
as I lie beneath the trees
the sturdy oaks surround me
and they cleanse me of disease

The sickness that's inside me
it's gruesome and it's vile
before I found the forest
I wouldn't even smile

I couldn't endure any further
my body needed restored
so I lay beneath the trees
after that's when I implored:

"Forest, will you comfort me?
Will you rid me of my woes?
Will you provide protection
and defend me from my foes?"

I prayed
I begged
I wallowed
I knelt on the ground crying
for help
for solace
for anything
from the wise forest undying

In my anguish I fatigued
and I lay down in the moss
it engulfed me like a cloud
soft as dreams that gently toss

The stars above me twinkled
as I felt my heart slow down
crickets chirped and bullfrogs croaked
and a smile replaced my frown

As I drifted off to sleep
I heard whispers in my ear
"You will be okay, my child.
You will learn to persevere."

Wet with morning dew I stirred
with a lightness in my chest
a flutter of hope somehow
made my lonely heart its nest

When I arose from my bed
made of leaves and twigs and moss
and began my journey back
to a world that's full of loss

I walked a little lighter
after time among the Oak
although I still hold darkness
it is more akin to smoke

A subtle plume of shadow
took the place of my dismay
now I skip and jump and hop
Instead of wilting away

It's amazing how one night
with the creaky old oak trees
was enough to restore me
and provide me with some ease

Now whenever I feel lost
and I don't know where to go
I return here to the woods
where I relearn how to grow

stheno, on the murder of her little sister

Amritha Selvarajaguru

et tu, perseus?

the cave floor is slick and red and euryale
screams so loud her voice reverberates through
the caverns like a flood. we used to call her our little
snake girl. he is still clutching her by the hair.

we give chase, but he is air, he is wind, he is
invisible to our eyes. when she was born mortal, we
held her in our arms and marveled at her frailty, at
the curve of her tiny nose and the wide stare

of her round eyes and thought, oh, she is so precious. let
us protect her, let her be always safe and warm and
good, let her not live with us in the dark, but somewhere
clean and bright and fitting for our sweet sister.

perseus slips away unpunished. he has the audacity of a
god and all the startling cruelty of a man. he too would
bleed red. what will we tell her children? gods, none of
you are listening, or if you are, you are thinking,

good riddance. let the little snake girl die. never mind
that she loved you, that she was pious, that she was
mortal, beautiful, good; she was always a marker of your
sin. we give up our pursuit. euryale kneels in the wet

of her, wails into her collarbone. her body is awkward,
unbalanced without her head. we can't even kiss her
on the cheek. oh, what would our parents say? our sweet
baby sister. we were too late again. oh, our dear little love.

then fall, medusa.

The Mark of David

Ryan Hilger



A

B

C

D

Continue on Page 28

Continue on Page 23

Double Incision

Bryn Meyers



you are in the other room, making me pancakes with
walnuts, pancakes with
chopped bananas.
of course I don't say it, of course I won't say it, but it's true nonetheless:
I need you, bad.

they cut me up two days ago and this is the first time you've left my side;
aren't you ever the dutiful one?
slip me my Tylenol, as prescribed. flip me my nutty banana pancakes, to taste.
I will say I love you tomorrow night. not now. it's sacred.

flash forward a year and you've bought me a bouquet;
aren't you ever the gentleman?
you kiss my chest. I'm on a high again, just like old times, and this time it isn't the oxy.
I ask you if you remember making me pancakes.
I am a stupid, silly boy;
you ask "which time?"

flash forward another two years and you're on one knee.
I don't believe it.
I'm almost angry.
this was my job.

"I remember when you first said you loved me,
you were just three days post-op and I had to wipe your ass.
I loved you before that.
I loved you when they put you under, I loved you when you woke up.
I think I'll love you forever."

and you mean it. there are daily floral arrangements.
there are weekly pancake Sundays.
we try all kinds of flavors, and we go to my surgical checkups hand-in-hand.
we marry under an elm. we contact our local adoption agency. you kiss my chest on
repeat.

it's easy to believe, isn't it?
that you dropped the double entendres and attended my double incision,
that I did eventually tell you I loved you, and that I meant it.
that we had pancakes.

that we had pancakes.



LAMBY

by

Bodie Williamson

pink

by Anupama Choudhury

my old pink room had a low roof and a hundred beady eyed dolls staring down from the high shelves skirting the ceiling
and peeling stars under a bookshelf with "Anne Shirley"
carved into it with a compass needle
a pink bear with faded fur and a threadbare bowtie, washed away from being clenched too hard

but what should I tell you about this new place?
about how the dogs yipped and jumped, obnoxiously confident that someone would throw a ball for them
should I tell you about how the children proclaimed loudly that they were hungry without any qualms about how it was perceived?

there's something about this new place that doesn't demand an occasion for affection there's something here that doesn't make you feel like a fraud for voicing a vocation a conversation to be had about the mother hugging the father goodbye and knowing he'll return

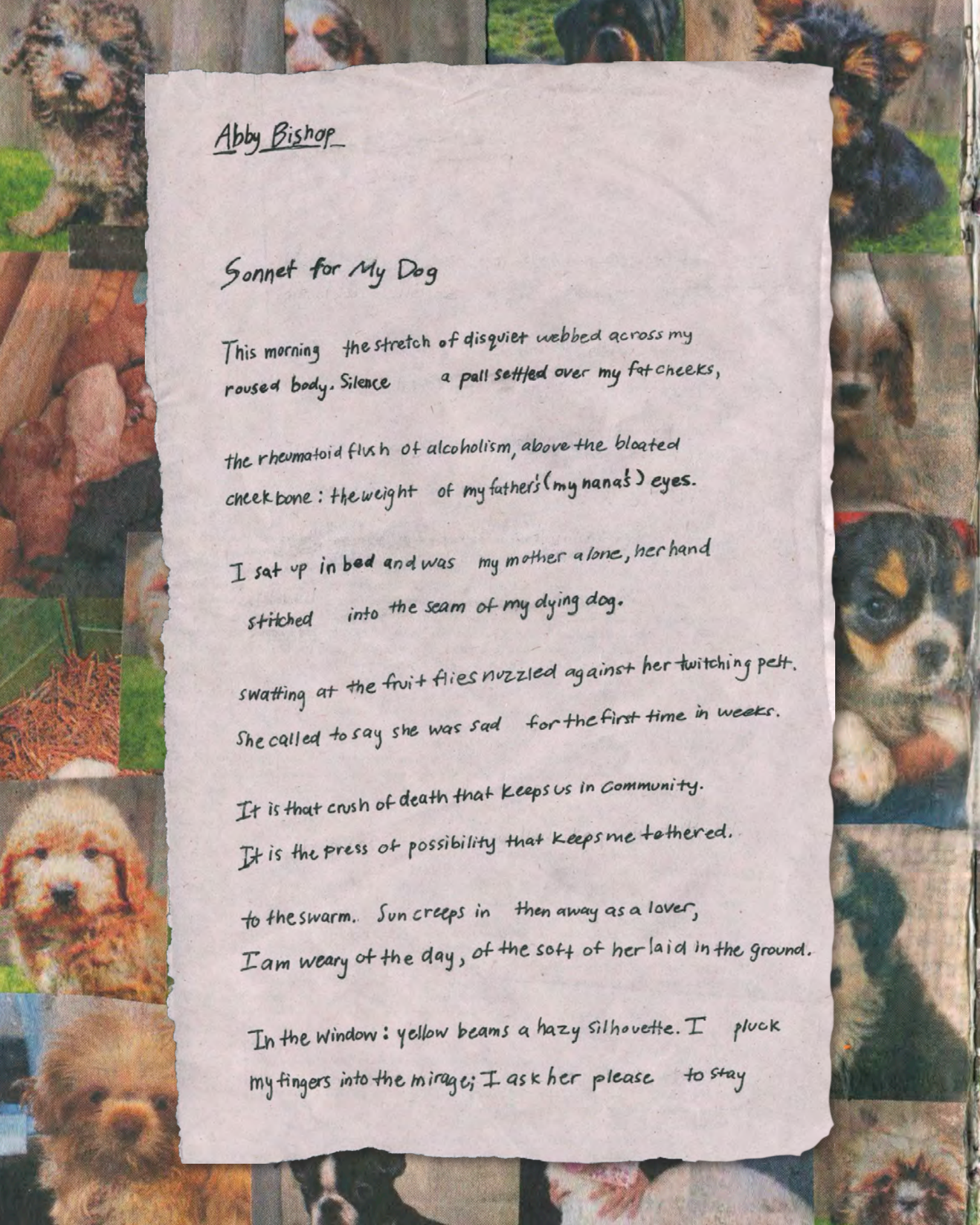
should I tell you about throw blankets piled up high on the couch that exist more than just for display

or will I tell you about eyes nestled by smile lines and coloured in with blue crayon that look at you like a hearth
like Hestia, but if she baked Rice Krispie Treats and thanked you for doing the dishes

my pink room and my glassy-eyed bear longed to be like this new place
it had shoe boxes stuffed under bed frames filled with things that had to be hidden to be preserved:
yellowing copies of Enid Blyton novels, lest they be ripped apart to prove a point
should I tell you about pale blue doors and card games around a round wooden table about greasy tacos peppered by laughter and a backyard that had the time to look at stars at night

should I tell you about hands creased like unfolded origami french-braiding hair while telling stories about the family
should I tell you about my pink room stuck between my teeth like a splintered peach pit pink like cough syrups singed with nausea and sweetness, pink like the color of bruises on brown skin

there's a fly
in a jar
in an airless room throwing itself against the glass to breathe



Abby Bishop

Sonnet for My Dog

This morning the stretch of disquiet webbed across my
roused body. Silence a pall settled over my fat cheeks,

the rheumatoid flush of alcoholism, above the bloated
cheek bone: the weight of my father's (my nana's) eyes.

I sat up in bed and was my mother alone, her hand
stitched into the seam of my dying dog.

swatting at the fruit flies nuzzled against her twitching pet.
She called to say she was sad for the first time in weeks.

It is that crush of death that keeps us in community.

It is the press of possibility that keeps me tethered.

to the swarm. Sun creeps in then away as a lover,
I am weary of the day, of the soft of her laid in the ground.

In the window: yellow beams a hazy silhouette. I pluck
my fingers into the mirage; I ask her please to stay

Dogs
Dogs
Dogs

EDDYBEAR puppies shots and wormed. Ready for forever home. \$55

Dogs

Dogs

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arb, 563-349-57

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hipped, vet che
r messag

ACK RUSSELL RAT TE
ri color. Females, \$250.
200. 563-212-1230.

dogs dogs dogs dogs
by Bodie Williamson

Kay S.

\WILD. TAME.

I think the "y" in
my name
makes me wilder.
But not enough to
perform acupuncture
on myself for the
sake of doing it
wrong.

For the sake of
spearing
my flesh
my meat
with A Taming
with—

I'll eat once
in the morning
and once
at night, so
twice less,
& I'll remember
because—
but— y ?



Claire Peery
Surreal Existence

TAKE ANOTHER LITTLE PIECE

by Paige Berg

Shortly before high school graduation, your mom tells you she's filing for divorce while you're getting ready in the bathroom. You tell your mom it's been a long time coming, you're not surprised, and it should've happened sooner. You briskly rush out the door and take a moment in your car parked on the street in front of home. You imagine the house as a framed painting in the living room, like some people have. Frozen, idyllic, these house portraits invite you to imagine a life that is manicured, withholding what hides behind the perfectly painted doors. You feel your heart in your fingertips as you turn the ignition and pull away. You try to forgive her.

You walk in on your first boyfriend cheating on you one night after a long shift. You scream and stomp around his apartment; you grab the pieces of your heart laying around his place and shove them into your backpack. Doleful eyes stare back at you, the guilty face of an animal who shredded something valuable while you were out. When you leave, you slam the door.

You skip class one day, tired of the way your unforgiving schedule tries to slowly leach your soul. You turn off the highway to the Humane Society, walk in, and look for the tiniest fur ball to claim as a companion. You offer your heart in an outstretched hand to several who bite and slash. Then, you look down to find a timid heart-beat resting next to your feet. Older perhaps, but happily raising her chin with a smile for scratches beneath her face. You take her home, fatten her up, promise your heart a lifetime of genuine friendship and love. She waves goodbye when you head out in the morning. She runs to greet you at the door.

You work a part-time job and dedicate the nights and weekends you should be out partying with drunk strangers to making sandwiches and brewing coffee for elderly regulars. You love the brain-numbing multitasking, saccharine smiles, and overtime paychecks. You're sure the reason you're not invited to the parties is because everyone knows you are busy. Instead of leaving your heart on bar stools, in house parties, you stack it in the safe of the cafe's managers office when you count down the drawers after closing. You shut the door, turn off the lights, lock up behind you.

Your grandfather dies. You watch your mom mourn the loss of her father, and you think about the impending day when you will do the same. You thank your grandpa for the childhood memories, for his quiet and gentle presence, the for way he made you laugh when he sang Bing Crosby songs to you. You and your sisters divide his cozy sweaters, and you're the quickest to take his denim baseball jacket before they can get to it. You take it home with you, and one day while you're smoking outside, you notice the pocket inside the lining and find that he left you a few dollars. You cry and smile. You sing the Bing Crosby songs. You pull the jacket tighter around you, exhale into the cold air that plumes your breath, and feel his heart wrapping around yours, warming it with a hug.

Not long later, you give the biggest piece of your heart so far to your college boyfriend. Chipped off in ragged, greedy chunks, he uses it to buy cigarettes, smokes them down to the filter in the hallway stairs of your apartment building. One day, all the smoke kills the canary living inside the colonized mine of your chest and the mine collapses in on itself. You look at the pile of rubble where the mine used to be, and you're grateful that you won't need another canary for a while.

You go to concerts, so many concerts. You lose yourself in the spirituality of being a part of ~~the~~ a crowd belting the songs that drove you to school, that cooked dinner with you, that showered with you, that cried and danced with you alone at home. You dance now, your heart swirling above your body in the lights that shimmer over so many outstretched arms. You wait in the da kness for encores, hungry to fill your heart one last time before the theater empties and you do, too.

You graduate college. In the months before, you sit in the empty apartment you kicked your ex out of, occasionally you still find empty cigarette packs in places. You walk around campus your last days of classes with a pre-nostalgia: the spring buds on the trees promise something you can't yet see, you hang on every last word of your favorite professors, you stick parts of your heart under the desks in crooks made for chewed gum.

After graduation, you move in with your dad for a few months. The house's creaks echo the family that once lived there, but the weight of the emptiness now makes the floorboards droop and sag. You consider offering a piece of your heart, but you hold it at arm's distance. You've decided that some people are only allowed to view your heart from afar, no touching. A sign in the museum promises that those who break things must pay to replace them. Like a butterfly encased in glass, your heart is beautiful to look at, but not theirs to keep.

Tattoos begin collecting on your body. They scratch an itch you didn't know you had. Each one seems to bring you closer and further from the way you imagine yourself. The ebb and flow of your personality are now reflected on a canvas. Trinkets of your past and present selves now travel with you, two mirrors held facing each other. In the infinite yous that stare back, you admire the way your tattoo artist stitched your heart to the outside of your body, colorful and radiant, tacked just beneath the freshly broken surface of your skin.

Your heart grapples with the need for routine and the persistent desire to run. You decide to move to the other side of the planet—then at least when nobody texts you they'll have a reason. You make yourself a myth. Pack your life into two suitcases, and smear your heart across the airport tarmac as the plane surges skyward. You tell yourself you'll feel less lonely if you choose it.





bathtub *Katelyn Nguyen*

best served chilled

Abigail Adams

Best served: plucked, waxed, perfumed and glossed
Packaged up in a silk bow he can untie
Scraps of lace over the bits soon to disappoint the imagination
It's insignificant if he's an 'ass man' or a 'tits man'
No matter how you feel about yours, you've got them
And at the end of the day that's all that really matters
You imagine they all feel the same under the greedy squeeze of his hands

(Do Not Try To Hold His Hand)

Best served: at the far side of pleasure
Let him coax the wetness out of you
Not too much; too easy; too eager
Moans should be frequent but not so loud that the neighbors might hear
Always let him drag his name from your lips first, stroke him and his ego
To be with him is to be silenced and to kiss him is to silence
The way you want to scream those three little words


(If He Can Make You Cum, Run)

Best served: thin, gasping, and inhumanly beautiful
You may warm up his bed but you should not stay the night
A kiss on the forehead is a ploy, not a promise
Your heart can race but not flutter
Too much emotion makes you less of a body
More of a lover, which you certainly are not
You're here to be fucked, not to be held

(Never Try To Say You Love Him)

Best Served Chilled





Evan Raefield

february

a warm wet February day

and all the world is relegated to an eggshell prism adorned with a loving "D5"

and dutiful glances stolen at the small expanse outside the windows.

static is all that's on tv and

i drink your bottled kisses

as sleet licks my cheeks

and i paper my walls with old newsprint

dreaming of bittercress sprigs and

limerence soaked cigarette butts

To: Vojislava Skrbic; From Your Moon,
By Erik Moon



THE MOONS & STARS

Damon Gray

i travel through roads
valleys, hills and mountains
tunnels, holes and gallows.
but i still see the moons & stars
my heart, mind and soul disfigured
unknown to reality and fantasy
searching for more but also less.
they peak at the moons & stars
rain slips through my eyelids
torture to some but heaven to others
my vision is better but also worse
i can't see the moons & the stars.
i am the moons & the stars.

Chill of Gold



A Portrait Unnamed



Mazzy Sleep

LIGHT

Heaven has no name,
but I know it.

A can of tuna, an alleycat.

The streetlight's dappled shadow
pockmarked gold and fawn

& in the windows, lamps with lightbulbs
crude and round as molars
glowing

& in the mirrors, towel racks, tiled walls
ensnared in that sort of moonlight
whose name lays just beneath our tongues.

A misdemeanor of light on the sidewalk.

The cat eaten by its own fur.



Red Revelers of Prague

Adeline Bradley

Yasaka Koshin-do Girl



Adeline Bradley



Scenic Route, Midwest

Ivy Santeler

the stage— silent;

Sophia Fernandez

*well,
as silent as
one-hundred-and-one people
ever are.*

*she looks at her;
hands at her side.
raises an eyebrow as if to say
whenever you're ready.*

*suddenly—
melody,
soaring above the heads of
one-hundred-and-one people
and into the breathless audience*

*she doesn't conduct;
leaving it in the soloist's
capable hands
(or rather, fingers)
as she weaves a melody
out of expectant air*

*slowly,
others join
the melody becomes
a tapestry of sound
draped in the hall*

*a shuffling of chairs
the only indication of what's to come
as the entire ensemble grows from
nothing
to everything
& fades back to restraint*

*above the low hum,
a bright melody rises
the others cradling it,
delicate as a bird*

*then three notes;
long,
drawn
out
notes
the story continues.*

*support comes from the bass
voices that add a rich depth
& darker color
to the mosaic of melody*

*the high voices
perch on top,
light & airy
dancing now in spotlight
now in shadows*

*wide expanses,
sweeping sound;
a new facet appears
no matter where the focus is*

*a brief peaceful moment
before each part builds,
builds,
builds,
bursting into life & color*

*every one of those
one-hundred-and-one people putting
every motion,
every breath
into coloring the air*

*nothing will be the same;
it's felt throughout the whole performance
but never more
than directly after this moment.*

*all that's left to do
is to remind the audience
this is real*

note, resolve;
pause
note, resolve;
pause
last, lingering breath.



School
Avery Sexton

EVERY
\$

SECTIONS OF NIGHT.

a progression or descent; a forward or backward read

scheming with middle-schooled sneaks
played it cool while
we snuck the body bag up to mr. reif, lecturing passionately—
strawberry-flesh organs bagged & mushed &
Visited orchestra, cleaning sewer hallway & found

em doing improv rap on the curb
mom led me from class, lured, distracting, sight of
TA yoshi-shirt man jumped me & they didn't—I couldn't—then—

I shot first

a gun gripped & gaping at me— (i—)

Before library flashes of bodies &

so we were conditioned into having an attachment
for days with only lady gaga music for sustenance
jumbled in between teams for survivalist pacer beep test
Caracci was there,

community service contemplation of our wretched youth
its imploded carcass hung over the stair door,
a reminder:
full gymnasium jumped on-beat & prodded
over our heads
blew up a massive blue dragon, plastic
Wrong & indentured, they

held hands with bri for .5 feet—a mile
wrong shoe, no spikes
ran in slides,
held it—pig—for hours, shut everyone out &

It spoke so I

KATHRYN SCHULTZ

subjected
primates that sentenced us;
fell into hell & judgment;
chopped the tree thick dark,
they came—monkeys—I took their knife,
it wasn't enough;
but it was small, a joke toy, & we lost it,
balled newspaper in house's kitchen, gun
to burn them up, lighting
living on her, lighter
sister had something—months of mouths—
Awoke to teeth grinning beside my own,

we juggled fireballs
then memory wipe, but
over me, chosen, my fair lady transformation,
garlic in her husband's sheets, puzzled
darth vader pillage, had me sprinkle
into refuge in cottage after
Apple orchard village with bailey, spring

a fitting room discussion section
observing hip-hop dance in
Class within chapel target,

bones better than being with him
stole the crv & lived on the amazon
so kept him occupied,
but he got back
before dawn,
So we packed bags & fridge food

near a kung fu panda pagoda
accidentally lied to police *(i tried)*
& her blood seeped through the walls,
he aimed an ornate knife at her, *(please)*
at target,
we'd left her in a locker room to shop
my fault;
he thought she was a duchess' daughter,
in a public pool because
She's slaughtered

to make him complacent,
we couldn't leave for a while; had
him, the state didn't care so
I was ready, she freed
her gun from her belt to unload but
she unhandcuffed him & he stole *(no)*
Sister screaming, thunks,

she called me beautiful
in-person,
kinda
hid
over facetime
orthodontist
saying bri was my favorite *(she's not—)*
pressured me into
a baby shower for mr. hudson where coach
klaire & us ended up canoeing after
Halloween in old prom dresses &

he stripped us of it
lawyers backed him &
we left but
he kept coming out but *(please)*
em drove &
so we called her & lillian & melina &
He began taking everything away

September

EVAN RAE FEILD

the summers draw longer,
some antithetical glacier
grinding September's
idyllic protoautumnal bedrock

I am gored on the tusk
of the sweaty mammoth
of humidity
as the sun schemes-

coy as it works its rays about the land
sowing the seeds for next year

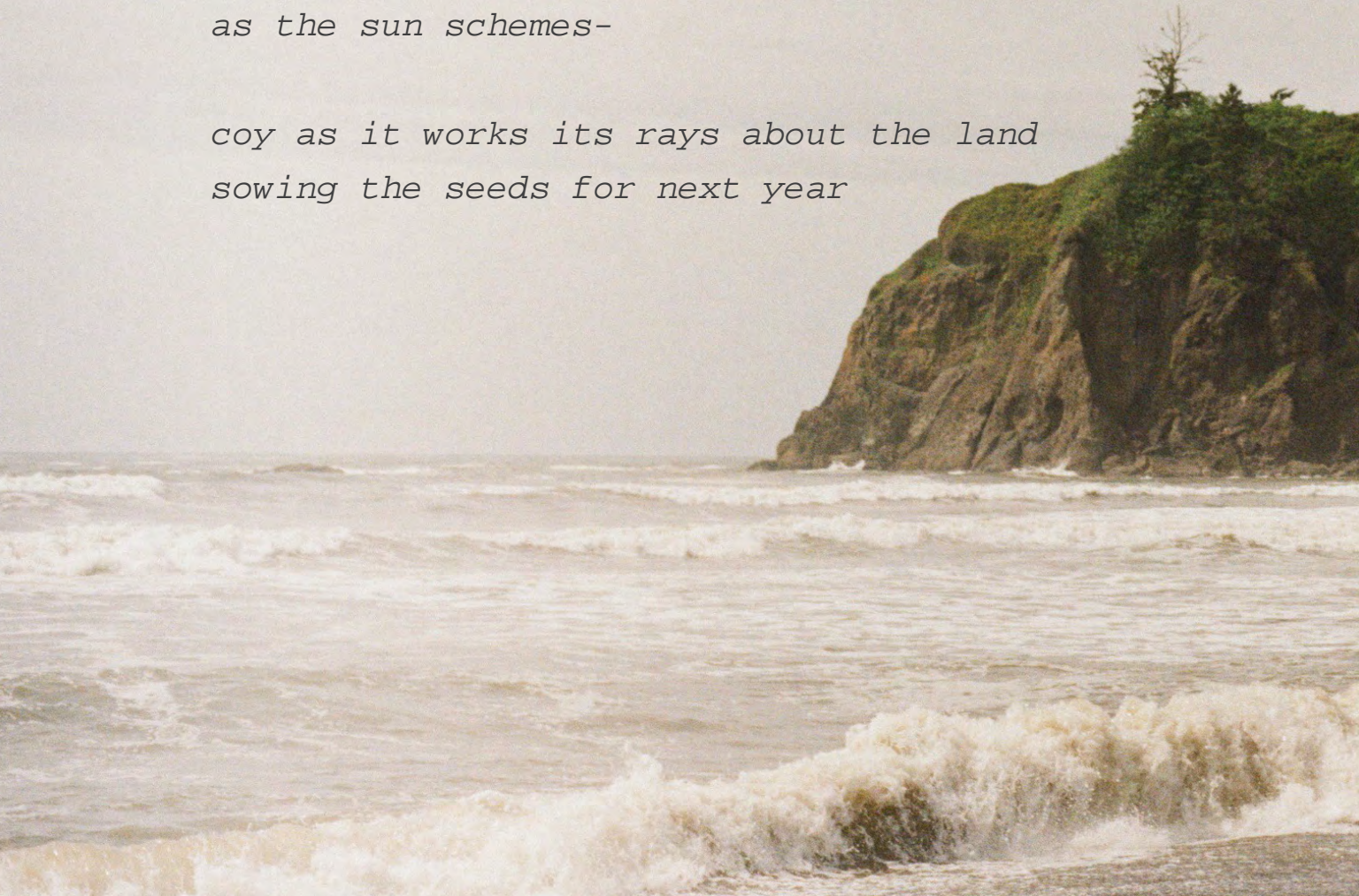
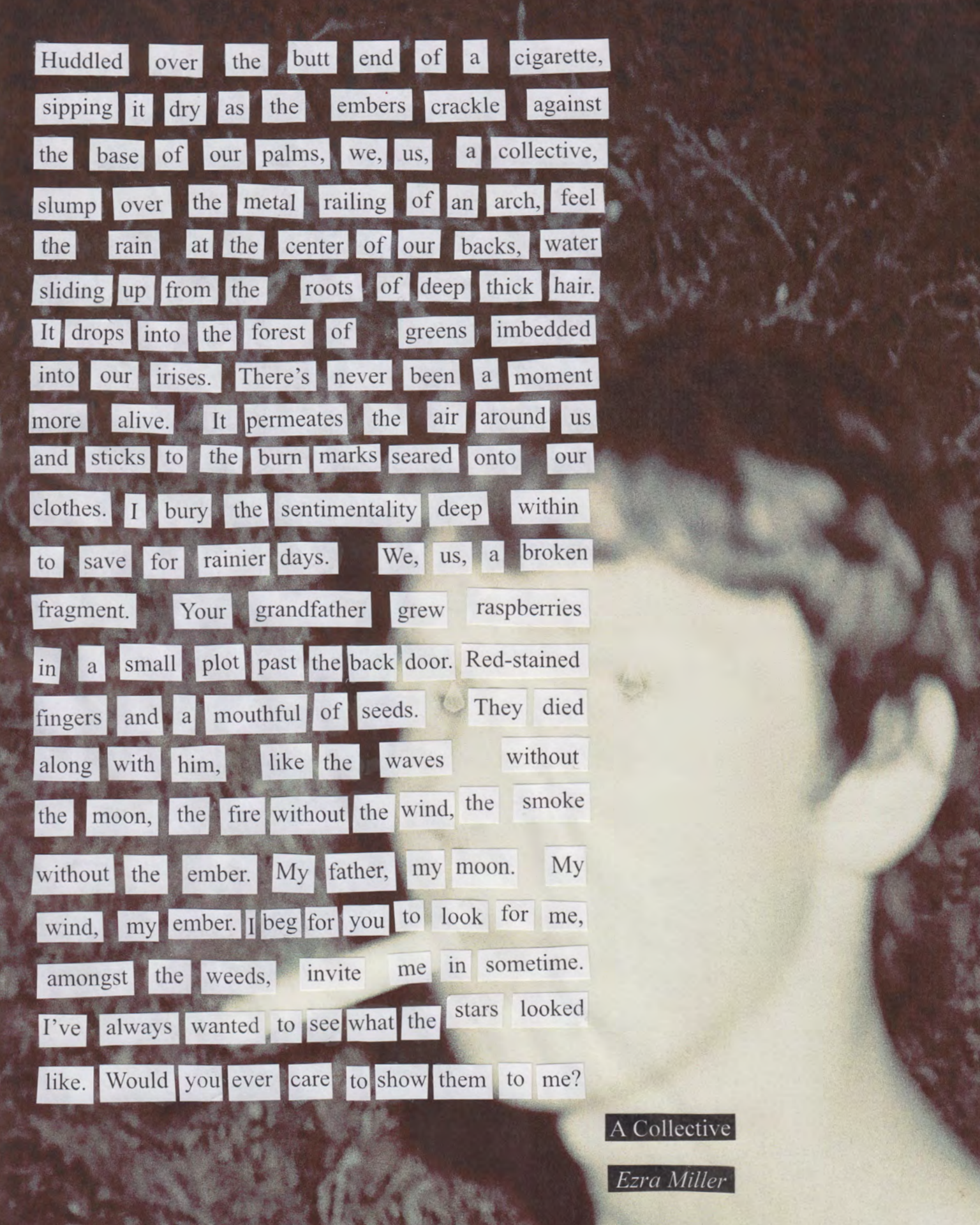




PHOTO BY
elisabeth carlsson



Huddled over the butt end of a cigarette,
sipping it dry as the embers crackle against
the base of our palms, we, us, a collective,
slump over the metal railing of an arch, feel
the rain at the center of our backs, water
sliding up from the roots of deep thick hair.
It drops into the forest of greens imbedded
into our irises. There's never been a moment
more alive. It permeates the air around us
and sticks to the burn marks seared onto our
clothes. I bury the sentimentality deep within
to save for rainier days. We, us, a broken
fragment. Your grandfather grew raspberries
in a small plot past the back door. Red-stained
fingers and a mouthful of seeds. They died
along with him, like the waves without
the moon, the fire without the wind, the smoke
without the ember. My father, my moon. My
wind, my ember. I beg for you to look for me,
amongst the weeds, invite me in sometime.
I've always wanted to see what the stars looked
like. Would you ever care to show them to me?

A Collective

Ezra Miller



**PRINT
IS
NOT
DEAD.**





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