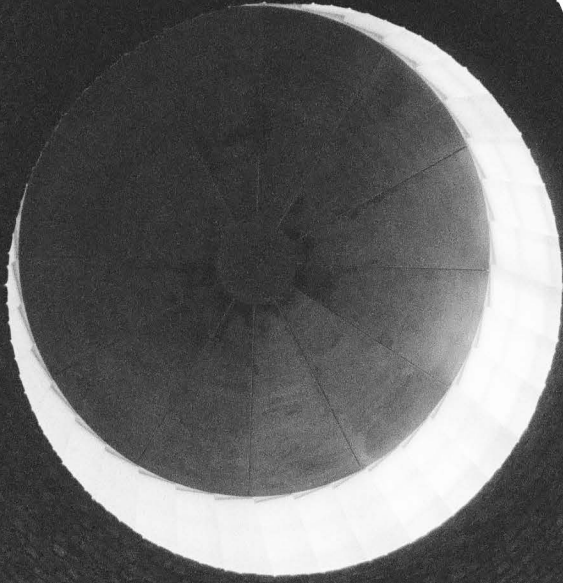


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SNAGGLETOOTH



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DEAR READER,

Welcome to the 12th installment of Snaggletooth, our After Dark edition! In this micro-issue, our writers and artists were inspired by the phrase "After Dark," and all that it evokes. For some, the darkness brought contemplation and clarity, while others resonated with the mystery and danger of the earliest hours. In the following pages, you will find shadow puppets, snails, and NyQuil induced memories, amongst many other sundown musings. This edition takes place over the course of a night, with each piece of writing and art indicating a different point in time. When you begin to read, you will find yourself in the golden moments of dusk. With each page, you will venture further into the darkness, until, finally, you emerge at sunrise.

Snaggletooth would not be possible without our writers, artists, editors, and support staff. We received so many fantastic submissions, and we are so glad to have such talented people contributing to our magazine. Thank you to our contributors, who trusted us with their work and who make every edition of Snaggletooth so distinct. We are immensely grateful to those who came to meetings, voted on submissions, edited poems, or worked on layout. We appreciate your dedication to our magazine and our community, as well as your wonderful insights (specifically, your passion for sequencing). Finally, we must acknowledge our creative, committed, and invaluable senior staff. Thank you to our managing editor and event coordinator Caroline McCarthy, our managing editor Simon Marsh, our secretary and advisor Leslie Jiménez, our community liaison Gail Curtis, our treasurer Julia Neumann, and our website manager and senior editor Audrey Cole.

Every edition of Snaggletooth emerges after weeks of hard work and collaboration, and the heart and energy put in radiates off each page. Thank you so much for reading our magazine. We hope After Dark leaves you with the desire to take an ocean dip, an urge for an evening walk, and many, many questions.

With much love,

Ella Lungstrum, Audrey Esteves, Talia Skaistis, and Liya Simon

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A Eulogy to my front tooth

Some snails have teeth
stronger than titanium.

I tend to curse them
in bed
while George Michael's sultry stare bores a hole
through my forehead.
He died from an inflamed heart and a fatty liver.
Later,
my aunt has a stroke because she drinks so much—
How the hell does that work?
Now she likes to sit in an inflatable chair in our pool.
We have to pump her chair full of air when she comes over,
otherwise she could fall in.

I fell and chipped my front tooth
by spinning 'til I was dizzy — I laughed on the way down.

If I had known
They'd shave my tooth down to almost nothing
to put the crown on,
I probably still would've done it.

Now I count teeth like stars
everytime I catch myself smiling.

Fuck those snails.





ferguson cabin

the lake has been staked out by wooden cabins with flags
people sit on their docks
we do not talk
everyone has their own everything
behind gates, painted signs, dogs

she said, nude at midnight, that the lake doesn't scare her
because it has borders, is contained
the lake's rich velvet swallowed me
I was held, all over
suspended
I lost
an earring in it

exploring the edges of the lake
at midday, we found wild blue berries
I was suspicious of them, not from plastic
I did not eat one



Berlin's got lovers

You wouldn't believe it...
Lying under subways and
Club raves and gravestone death dates.

Lovers, they pile -
Brutalistically inspired -
Stacking in drab,
Functional fashions.

Stumbling out technos,
Berliners bob their lil heads
And cut down their DJ's
Until they take big, wide

Sidewalks home towards
Clean fucking stations and
Cuddle in spacious seats
Or hang through hand loops.

Berlin breeds partners,
With black shoes and puffers.
Train hopping hoppers willing
Policers won't check their train vouchers.

Berlin's got lovers but so too do
Loners and readers sit
Inexplicably silent, reading their pamphlets
At three in the morning.

Amongst lovers are me and the beggars,
Demanding attention,
And solos and slobos,
Needing solace and comfort.

Berlin bombed out the culture,
Yet lovers, they flower
Up street cracks,
Up towers.

Berlin needs me,
And Berlin needs my lover,
And my shoes and brown puffer,
Pushing past passers.

Berlin needs insight -
External extraction -
An insert of local -
Attraction and passion.

Berlin needs nothing.
It's got lovers,
And movers,
And techno.





I Hope You Have an Inkling

My neck cranes
as I stare
at the winking stars.
Here, I am bare.

I feel you in my veins.
Though I claim I'd never dare,
My thoughts are plain.
It is only of you that I could be thinking.

I long for you as the moon wanes,
to be in your presence, no matter where.
This love floods, spans time and space.
Alone in winter's chill, my cheeks are pinking.

As time passes, across this distance, my heart strains
overflowing with all the care
I have for you, with all your scars.
Though I cannot tell you, I hope you have an inkling.

To you, I swear:
your mark, it remains.



return

languid voices vibrate through lofted beams
of a barn built before we were born.
they tell me they feel trapped,
these torn up kids, taken by the world,
withering. showing me their fleeting feelings
dripping
 dripping
 dripping

until they,
like the wax candle I hold now,
dissolve.

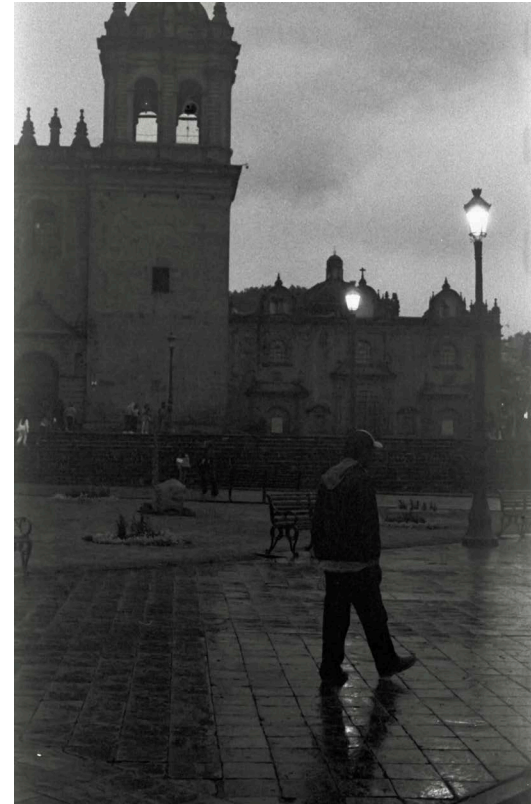
you would know what to do, I know you would
but you're not in this barn
with me
with these kids
with their hearts.

but, then, you held my heart in your hands
even when the wax dripped down,
past the tin foil cartilage,
and left you with scalding streaks.

did you sit and think about what to do with me?
you must have.
as I was once torn up,
with pages flying away in the wind,
withering as my spine folded and folded
until it became too soft and ripped apart.

I thought that when the wax
dripped
 dripped
 dripped

down and pooled in my hands, I would know.



but I am just left with burns on my fingers
and a one-hundred-year-old barn
leering at me,
laughing at how I glued myself back together,
with pages that are still out of order
but are all there
after you helped me find them.

the flame flaunts its light for one last second
before it flits away and turns to smoke,
the wax solidifying as
my heart stills

and beats again.

tomorrow I will come back to this barn with
a beating heart and a stump of a candle
and give them to these torn up kids.

FRYE STREET NIGHT

After Sketches by Boz

Frye Street is most itself in the night.

Patches of ice extend across the pavement in black, reflective puddles. The moon is a curved sliver in the slate-gray sky, the barest tip of a white fingernail. Three or four stars poke their silver needles through the vast black fabric above. A lazy fog hangs low and heavy in the air. Students walking home bury their noses in scarves and pull hats down over the tips of their ears. Their hands find refuge from the piercing cold in the depths of jacket pockets. They see through the night only by the glowing porch lights of the houses.

The porches are not all empty. Students idle in lopsided circles, sitting in chairs with blankets pulled over their laps or slouching against railings, jackets zipped up, backs turned against the sharp teeth of the breeze. A tightly-rolled, small cylinder with a chattering orange flame circulates among them, passing between hands. As they exhale into the cold air, smoke pours from their mouths along with their misty breaths. Their conversations stretch out, long-limbed and lethargic. Their voices are quiet, mixing in with—rather than disturbing—the surrounding solitude. A familiar stray cat might be witnessed slinking among the shadows of the street, a silent observer, its black fur blending in with the dark and dampened pavement.



It is nearly ten now. The sun dropped below the horizon over five hours ago. Slowly, a stream of sound starts to weave through the stillness of the night, the mellow notes flowing through space like liquid warmth. The music feels like a comforting touch, an embrace. It wraps around its listeners like the heat of a tame fire against one's skin. The folks on the porch quiet their conversations. They tilt their heads toward the sound, close their eyes, and listen to the music with smiles on their lips. The saxophonist plays on, unaware of their audience.

Midnight passes. The street seems to blink its drowsy eyelids, stifle a yawn, growing tired as the moon reaches higher in the sky. The saxophone player has stopped. The smokers have retreated from their snowy porch into the snug warmth of indoors. The houses creak softly as if wishing one another Good Night. A train horn blares, loud and whistling and resonant, somewhere in the distance. Once, twice, three times.

The street drifts into sleep.

Tomorrow morning, it will be slow to wake.

Talk of the town:

some old guy I saw
I remember I sat
there spellbound, watching shiny-eyed
you,
after swigging too much NyQuil

I'M MELTING; MY WICKEDNESS!

I went out then went inside
again, falling so hard,
wasted!
I'll tell myself
I can
I think I'm lousy
with a mind for geometry.
Wherever I see it,
I just stand there,
wondering why
it's taking me hours to
run into
the
wind.
Probably a
lot of NyQuil.



Cops and Robbers

(and Archaeologists and Investment Bankers)

where are all the bodies?

*intrepid young people were carefully
bringing up buckets
full*

*recovered with one
white dress shirt ... one
t-shirt displaying a 'puma' logo*

dirt and debris and
table scraps
in your lungs

you cry into the arms of a stranger and think of your
kid brother

he plays video games, he is
violent and
your mother thinks there is a connection

video games have been around a long time, ma
but violence has been around longer

*the syndrome bloomed in
france and later flourished in
america, which is still its
home*

you sit on rusting buckets and write
letters home – ma, be patient


he will not grow up and be a soldier
he will never hold a
gun

*viewers of tv cop shows may be inured to
bones sitting on tables
but it's another thing entirely to see actual human
bones arrayed before you*

he will be investment banker to the stars

he will be bonesetter,
reunion of broken parts





Blue over

Blue over my eyelids on swimming
Day turn on my back sometimes but
I swear I am still sinking

Like a sunflower, turning and turning my
Head swimming like a sunflower floating like a
Cannonball

It used to be like

Does it ever feel like you're always brushing
Your teeth? Washing your hands
In $\frac{3}{4}$ time and thinking how he cat-called you
Baby maybe you're too flattered to be a
Feminist taking baths just to thaw yourself
Out after the still blue over your eyelids
Fell asleep to it until it hit you on the nose

All the baths in the world could not rub me as raw as this
Saltwater plunge, dear, I am seeing

Birds like weird jazz overhead like mother's
Records after dinner like laying on the carpet to stretch
My full belly like

Wave after wave after wave

First signs of life and it's not
How I thought it would be
Not at all.

December's Deluge

1

We've already weathered
the Solstice,
but storms like that
December's deluge
are sobering.
Stodgy old
Moon,
let go of things!
Gently decline,
dipping closer and closer
to the water's surface
and suddenly it doesn't feel
that
you're gonna go.
There is so much
shame
here
perhaps even once it
will allow you to
ask to stay the night.
If you were
to consider your role
in this place:
just to wake up
and be
and love each other.



2

Now you can open
into the new and
unscathed.
You'll continue
to see old friends and
more confidently commit to
raw ambition
and mysterious vertical terrain.
An oceanic trail
climbs high,
looks inward, and
watches the planet turn
one step, then another.
You think
we're here to stay.
In other words,
you write down your relationship expectations.
You sail into
the human collective
— live and be loved —
take this one step,
then another,
particularly on behalf
of those who don't write
down their relationship expectations
or anything at all,
for that matter.
You wish them well;
even better, you wish them
your heartstrings
pulled from your chest
and pressed to theirs.
Here's the thread.
Take it.



On Dawning

i let you / out of the house / today / for just a minute /
everything was still / and frost-covered / and all that moved / was the
smoke curling from your mouth.
then the sky flared / with the golden banner / of time / come again / to pass.

Sacred Pacific

In seventh grade I cried to my mother about the girls at school and the pit in my stomach and the general lack of meaning to the world. The next day she told the school I was sick and we drove to the ocean.

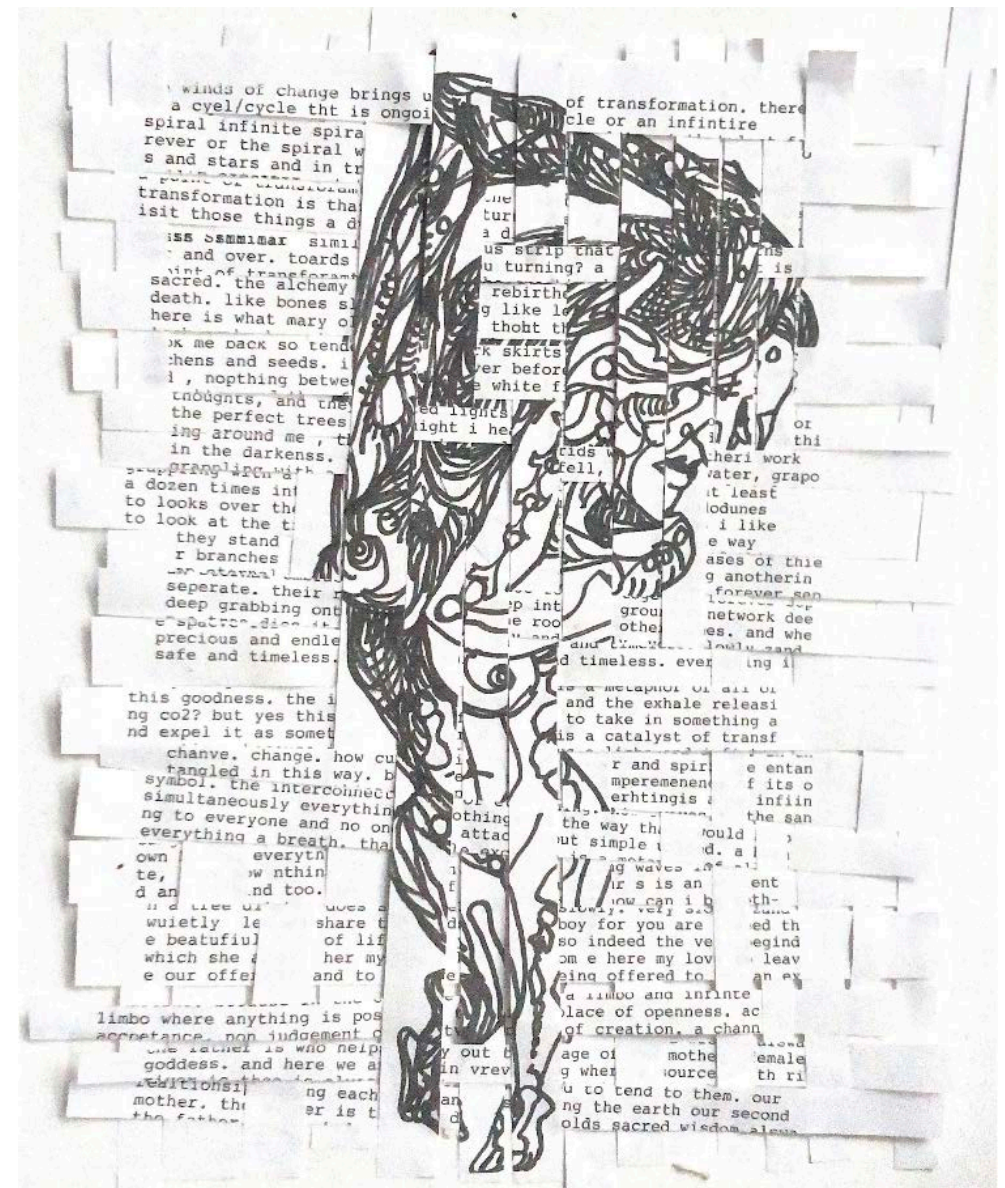
Last November I was burnt out and fighting with my father and had no interest in going to college. Reluctantly, my mother called the school and I drove myself to the ocean.

The highway west out of town melts quickly from suburbs into farmland, then into thick forest. For miles a two lane road unzips the ancient growth, revealing a sliver of sky ahead. Fog clouds get caught on the tops of the tall pines, pulling and stretching like candy floss. It's quiet. The trees are like a thousand ushers, showing me to the sea.

When I was eight I had my first holy communion. I wore a silk smock dress with a rounded collar. My mother surprised me with a flower crown of bright white roses. I walked diligently down the chapel aisle, poised, with my head held high. She gave me a St. Christopher medallion and said it would protect me on my adventures. Her words echoed belief.

In seventh grade she parked the car on a residential street in Gearhart. In November I parked it in the same spot. There are only a few trees on the grassy bluff leading out to the ocean. Their branches are hunkered low from the constant windsweep. The lowest limbs curve down from their trunks, the branches hanging inches from the ground. In seventh grade I only passively considered this mushroom shape. But in November I came to understand it much better. The beach trees grow sideways because they can't grow taller.

In November the sea was the same blue gray as the sky. Salty wind blew low and constant, erasing all but the newest imprints in the slate gray sand. I considered the endless footprints below my freezing feet, buried but not fossilized, never to be seen again.



One must never enter the cold ocean slowly. Agony is inevitable in the exercise, and so why prolong it. I run into the ocean the same way each time. Starting from high above the water's edge, feeling the wind in my fingertips, I run joyously, freely, into the frigid, sacred Pacific.

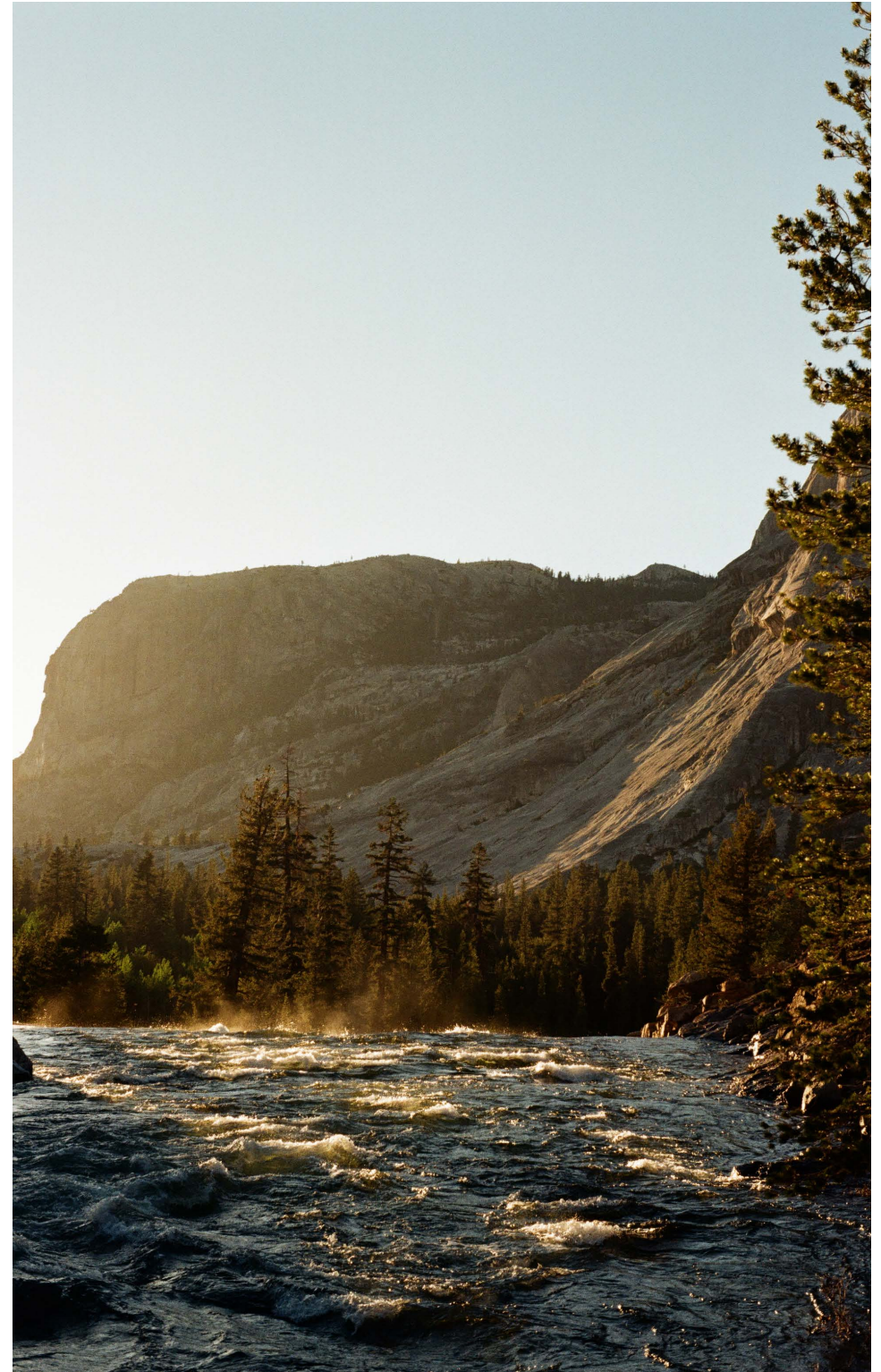
At knee depth my run turns into a trudge through the dense water. Waist deep and the sea knocks the air from my lungs. Fast breathing turns to heavy, desperate gasps for air. At chest deep the freezing water pierces my skin like bitter metal rods. I stand with arms outstretched, my thoughts blank as my brain codes only for survival. I wait, and wait, the seconds feeling like minutes.

And then adrenaline strikes like a match. I trace the warmth as it spreads through my body. I breathe. My deepest, most human breaths I have breathed in the sea.

I pull myself under. Water pours over my head and for a moment I am only a being at the mercy of the waves. Salt stings my eyes like open wounds. It is loud and chaotic and hellish below the surface, but without those few seconds I would feel no gratitude for my first breath of air.

When I walk out of the Pacific I am momentarily clean. Faith radiates from inside me like heat against the harsh breeze. In seventh grade I didn't quite appreciate it. In November I drove home and hugged my mother.

Yesterday I drove to the Atlantic. The water was the same color as the sky. It was quiet. I didn't bring a swimsuit. I only stood with my jeans rolled up, ankle deep in the water, smiling.





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CONTACT

snaggletoothmagazine@bates.edu

www.snaggletoothmagazine.com