

TILTED

HOUSE

REVIEW

issue five

spring 2022



TILTED
HOUSE
REVIEW

number five spring 2022

new orleans la

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Even among flowers,
Sad to say, I can't open
My manuscript bag.

—Bashō

My therapist has told me that writing seems to be solitary. I struggle alone, and when I get published, not many people recognize the enormity of work behind the small act of success.

I've timed myself. When a poem or short story gets accepted, I'm happy for exactly seven minutes. I combat the excitement by having a cigarette, and by the time I sit down inside again, I think, *what now* and *will I ever have a book published or will I die like this?*

I like thinking about Saint Agatha, who preferred for her breasts to be excised with pincers rather than marry some random Roman. Or Saint Lucy, whose eyes were gouged out. In line at a Saint Joseph's altar for free spaghetti, a lady told me that *Cassatines* are cookies shaped as Agatha's breasts. Then I started noticing all the pies with Lucy's eyes.

When people tell me they're moving away from New Orleans, I think, *sad for you*.

Because people really live here. They eat to die. They love to the death. And there are so many artists. At parties, we don't ask what people's jobs are. How they make money is irrelevant.

This was my first season reading submissions for Tilted House. I just want you to know that we're artists, too, and young and broke. So open your blushing manuscript bag. Send us your flowers and your blood.

Xo,
Christine Kwon
New Orleans, LA

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Idols

Look how easy
the sky shifts.

Says nothing. Just spits
and dents all the moon roofs. How
refreshing.

Shut up, I'd yell, if I were
that blanket.

Look at how cute
I am. How all-encompassing.

How mercurial, all bejeweled.

Nellie Papsdorf

Scrolling

The house looked looted.
I meant to pack the silverware
but time goes by fast on the internet.

The loose mirror leaned sharp
against the closet. In it my face was alien
blue among the pockmarked walls.

I watched a lot of videos.
Made one of my face in the
front-facing camera, deleted it.

Eventually I curled away
from the screen. I wasn't asleep but
my eyes were closed.

Outside it was a late summer
evening. People walked past the open
windows together.

They tinkered with my things, let loose
on the sidewalk. Their voices so strange
and warbled by the box fan.



Elliott Stokes

"Untitled"

Polaroid SX-70 print, 3.108" x 3.024"

Gristle

There's this look the worm gives me
when I get a little shifty.

You can't
just pull me out, it says.

It has the receipts.

With a grin so
fucking precious, there we are

together in the photo albums,
shadow boxes, yearbooks,

doing our very best.

Landscape

After Willem de Kooning

See sand dance
a séance and lace
decal an apple.

Peace can lapse—can a spade?

Scan a sea, add
a cap an esplanade
can deem a leap.

A cascade laps
a need asleep.
A lash of pee

a dash of nape.
Sadness pales.
A salad dapples.

Can a seed escape
a palace? Depends.

Sabrina Fountain

Buying A Vowel

a: *anca*, Italian for hip, access, assess, three asterisk-shaped scars on the left upper-thigh, where they went in, three dots turned into an A, attaching them with ballpoint pen like freckles turned into constellations. A for Andromeda, a woman chained or falling, or both. The paradox of both. Bound, in motion. *anche*, also, as well. At the head of Andromeda, the brightest star in the constellation, Alpha Andromedae or Alpheratz, actually two stars in close orbit so they seem like one, being chained and also falling, so they seem like one. *anca*>*anche*>*ache*. Mirach, at Andromeda's left hip, another of those two stars that look like one, a red giant, also the brightest (both/and), a "semiregular variable star." The left hip, semiregular, variable. That left hip, Mirach in the Babylonian MUL.APIN, is The Deleter. This red giant, this semiregular, variable, Deleter. A for negation.

e: exit, two bodies exiting another body, leaving that body with ecstasy and a wound longer than a hand. E for euphoria, elation, the opened body receiving the two it has fed by blood but not by eye. Extract, this pulling of life, new growth drawn from the wound that becomes ache that becomes scar, this extant story of child drawn from mother. Asclepius, the healer, the god of medicine, pulled by Apollo from the body of his dying mother. Asclepius, the Serpent Bearer, the serpent elevated for healing, the emblem of Asclepius on the excessive bag from the pharmacy; extra, unused medications after the three holes to enter the hip. Semiregular, variable pain. Patience, time, the hand of Asclepius extending his serpent rod over the eager body of Andromeda, her belly-scar the length of that expert hand. Andromeda extracted from the honey. Rod of escape, or evasion, evading chains, evading the fall, except>accept.

i: inane scars, inevitable, some insipid move, a stray bread knife across the left index finger at the knuckle, deep enough to wonder if it needs medical intervention; same knife, same finger, half an inch down before the initial wound has healed. Burn scar at the left wrist, pulling a pan from the oven. Eta Andromedae at the left hand, the

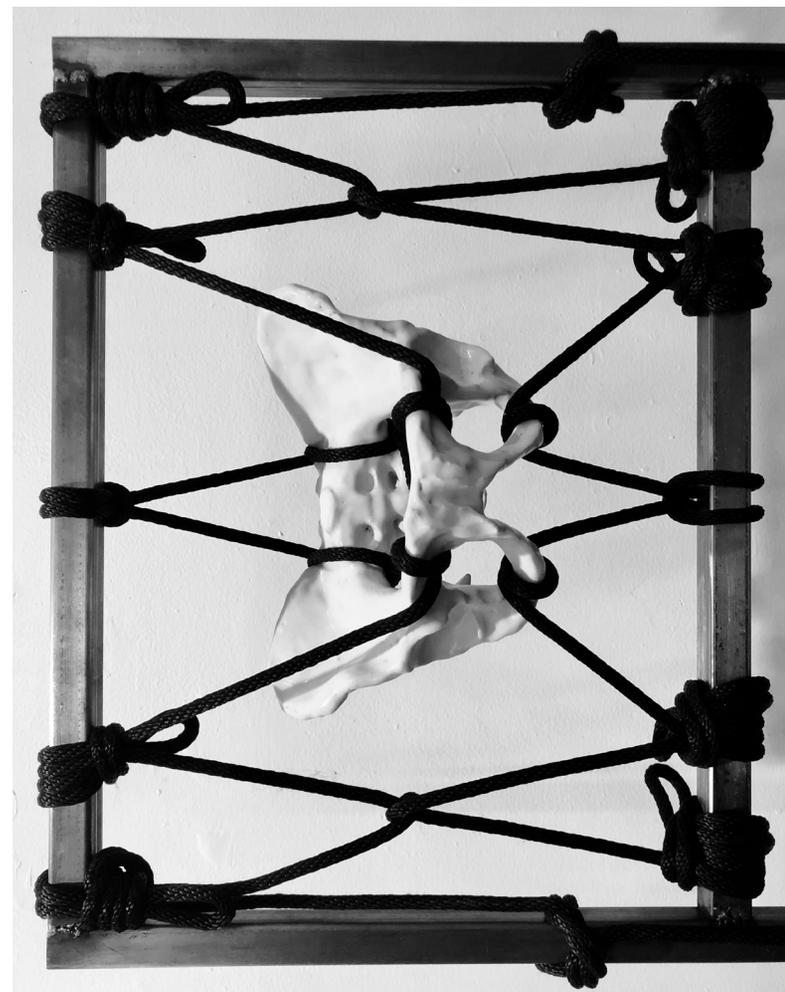
left wrist in the constellation of Andromeda. Another binary, not one but two, two giant stars orbiting each other, the inertia of the turning wrist, holding two immense bodies in rotation. The peculiar surprise of two bodies where it seemed like one, like one pregnancy one child that becomes one pregnancy two children. I for infants, ineffable, immeasurable, *inaspettati*, never imagined. "They said you were immeasurably empty / but you are not." (Anne Sexton)

o: obscure, opaque, scars so faded they become part of the whole, overlooked, mostly forgotten, obsolete. The mother's four-year-old head, opened on some windowsill, the son's head, split in the same place by an old brass door hinge, three decades on. Those two scars that were once injuries, the two stars of Alpheratz at the head of Andromeda, that brightest star that is two, the open question of what makes them seem like only one. The mother and son touching foreheads, matching their scars, his still the color of opals, hers lost in the onset of a wrinkle halfway between the brow and the hairline.

u: unknown, unattributed, storyless scars, a vague thumbnail-length echo of an incision on the left foot (left again). Body that remembers, mind that doesn't. Indelible but unaccounted for. Andromeda's left foot, Almach, foot of the chained woman. Almach, again not just one star, but this time a "multiple star system," seeming like a double star when actually it is a bright golden star next to a dimmer indigo one that is actually three. (Until other definitions, until those bodies show their histories.) Almach, The Plough in the Babylonian MUL.APIN, The Plough scarring the earth for a reason. Undergrowth, underground, underneath, unseen. A quadruple star system hidden at the foot of the chained woman.

Chained and falling, semiregular variable, gold and indigo, one but two, pain but elation, sorrow but joy, scarred but healed, healed but in pain, names thick with vowels, each vowel on the body of Andromeda, Andromeda who says why but doesn't ask it, Andromeda who holds in her body The Deleter, but beneath that the one-in-four that is The Plough; The Plough, the first constellation of the year, the beginning of spring planting. The first day of spring, the new life of the year, the beginning of growth, new but early, fragile, cutting the plants

out of the body of the world. Tender green shoots, sticky green leaves, semiregular, variable, variable, a somewhat irregular regular, semi-healed, semi-wounded, scarred, semi-chained, semi-falling, is semi- always an even half, chained and falling in equal amounts, but what of the third element, or the fourth, where does the semi- go then, what is the difference between half-healed and partially-healed, does the even fraction make a difference, and which is more hopeful. The chained and falling and immeasurably full woman who says sometimes why, sometimes why.



Elio Baseman

Untitled (Pelvis)

*Metal frame, shibari knots with black rope,
hand-built ceramic pelvis bisqued & glazed, 48" x 17"*

I'm Always So Serious*The Golden Shovel*

All the continents now pulled apart by Earth's knowledge of us, we
 are a silent choir of buzzing in different hemispheres. A knife cuts at our combs and the both of us reel
 back into our honeys. I know we both cool
 and warm the floors of oceans with our light. We,
 the carriers of our lungs, could have moved to any country you wanted, left
 the land of greedy mouths and childish things to tour every blade of wheat and build a school
 for our troubles where we teach them to sleep. We,
 the unalarmed and unconcerned for anyone who isn't us, show the children how to breathe in the hours of lurking,
 break open the eggs of robins and prepare breakfast late.
 Here, give me the gun, and I'll blade open the head of a coconut so we
 have the meat of something worth striking,
 never having to explain to your parents and set the story straight.
 Who are you to step into grief and not apologize? I we
 -nty-three and human. Listen to us: me, tough, and you, good, sing
 with all our teeth and then softly, like the spot on an infant's head or anything else sin
 can create. Of course, of course. We-
 ariness is a wire and reason. Of course, we'll all disturb the earth at the end of our thin

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lives when called, and begin
 our stay in the ground. We-
 eping, the cicadas buckle their ribs into a tremendous jazz
 and give me another reason to hate June.
 But there is now winter on the leaves and we
 are aware that the arrival of everything unsteadies
 you. Your body not yet heavy with dew. The air not yet birthing the inevitable monsoon.

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Note: "I'm Always So Serious: The Golden Shovel" uses The Golden Shovel form developed by Terrance Hayes. Each line's last word spells out the poem, "We Real Cool" by Gwendolyn Brooks.

Brzoskwinie

uwielbiałeś siedzieć w bujanym fotelu
podziwiał ogród
i jeść brzoskwinie

przekopywać glebę i siać nowe nasiona
twoje ręce brudne od ziemi
ale to było zamin

dostałeś raka
zanim spokojne wieczory
zmiały się w długie bolesne noce

zapytałeś mnie wtedy czy jestem szczęśliwa
i wysłuchałeś jakiejś głupiej opowieści
o chłopcu z którym się spotykałam

potem pokroiłam brzoskwinie
i położyłam ją na talerzu
przy twoim łóżku

kiedy przyszedł sierpień
ścięłam wszystkie kwiaty z ogrodu
i złożyłam je na twym grobie

Written in and translated from Polish by the author

Peaches

you loved sitting in the rocking chair
admiring your garden
and eating peaches

digging the ground and planting new seeds
your hands dirty from the soil
but that was before

the cancer took hold of you
before the peaceful evenings
turned into long painful nights

you asked me then—are you happy
and listened to some silly story
about a boy I was seeing

then I chopped a peach for you
and put it on the plate
beside your bed

when August came
I cut all the flowers from the garden
and laid them on your grave

Okna

kolejna impreza
u sąsiadów z dołu
zagłusza myśli

ile tabletek już wzięłam
znów zapomniałam policzyć
jedną dwie trzy pięć siedem

moja dłoń zmieści trzydzieści osiem
gardło z łatwością
przełknie czternaście

połowa życia zmarnowana
jak godziny stracone
na wpatrywanie się w twe ciemne okna

Written in and translated from Polish by the author

Windows

another party
in the downstairs neighbour's
drowning out my thoughts

how many pills did I take
I forgot to count again
one two three five seven

my palm can hold thirty eight
my throat easily
can swallow fourteen

half of my life lost
like hours wasted
looking at your dark windows

Kawiarnia

siedzę w kawiarni
czekam na inspirację
młody kelner przynosi mi
kawę i się uśmiecha

nagle jesteśmy na zapleczu
moje plecy mocno przyciskają półki
aromat kawy unosi się w powietrzu
i wdycham go głęboko
wraz z jego zapachem

pyta uprzejmie
czy chciałaby pani coś jeszcze
więc oblizuję usta i przechylam głowę
ale uderzam w coś kolaniem

otwieram oczy
i wtedy zauważam że
wciąż siedzę przy stoliku
kelner stoi przede mną
z rachunkiem w dłoni

Written in and translated from Polish by the author

Café

I'm sitting in a café
waiting for inspiration
a young waiter brings me
coffee and smiles

suddenly we're in the stockroom
my back pressed hard against the shelves
the aroma of coffee fills the air
and I breathe it in deeply
together with his scent

he asks politely
would you like anything else
so I lick my lips and tilt my head
but my knee hits something

I open my eyes
and then I realize that
I'm still sitting at my table
the waiter stands in front of me
with a bill in his hands

Zainab Kuyizhi

Haiku: featherweight

A leg chained walked in
Judgments roared like thunderstorms
Look!, a prostitute



Nyssa Frank
“The Other Me”
Ink on paper, 11” x 15”

Robert Fitterman

Two Poems In Isolation

1. Bored

Are you bored with the news? *Yes.* Are you bored with being asked about the news? *Yes, that too.* Are you bored with your furniture? *Yes, I am bored with my furniture.* Are you bored with your plants? *Yes, I am.* Are you bored with your cooking? *Yes, a little but not totally.* Are you bored with eating in general? *Actually, I am getting bored with my cooking and with eating.* Are you bored with looking out the window? *Yes, I am bored with looking out the window.* Are you bored with this rug? *Yes.* Are you bored with this other rug you just bought? *Also yes, but less so.* Are you bored with the idea of the lamp on the kitchen table? *Yes, it's starting to feel like a bad idea.* Are you bored with Nature? *Hm, I guess.* Are you bored with planning your day? *Yes, in short, I am.* Are you bored with your daydreams? *Yes, I am bored with my own daydreams.* Are you bored with the air? *I don't even know what that's supposed to mean.* Are you bored with your ambitions? *Yes, they seem small and out-of-date.* Are you bored with the view of the rooftop water tanks from your bedroom window? *Not yet, but I probably will be.* Are you bored with taking pictures? *Yes, I am totally bored with taking pictures.* Are you bored with taking your medication? *Yes, obviously.* Are you bored with the flight of birds? *I don't know; I don't think so.* Are you bored with talking to your friends on FaceTime about feeling isolated? *Oh man, please.* Are you bored with buying things? *Yes, I am bored with buying things.* Are you bored with your new kitchen knife? *I returned it, but I didn't return it because I was bored with it; I had other reasons.* Are you bored with your books? *Maybe not all of them, but yes by the last one I read.* Are you bored with your slippers? *Probably.* Are you bored with the artwork on your walls? *Yes, now that you mention it, I suppose so.* Are you bored with your own thoughts? *I think we covered that earlier.* Are you bored with nothingness? *Not a fair question, but yes.* Are you bored with knowledge? *Something like that.* Are you bored with the absurdity of life? *I am bored by that question.* Are you bored with yourself? *Ok, please stop.*

2. There For You

All without leaving the comfort and safety of your home (Lincoln).
Apart, but united (Mastercard).
As we turn more inside (T-Mobile).
At times like this (Spectrum).
Because we are all in this together (Hyatt).
During these uncertain times (Sprint).
During this time of great uncertainty (Runnings).
Especially now (AT&T).
Especially now (Ford).
Families (John Deere).
Family (Grubhub).
For over 90 years, Nationwide has been on your side (Nationwide Insurance).
For seventy-five years (U-Haul).
More than ever (Budweiser).
Nissan has been with you through thick and thin (Nissan).
Now more than ever (Tesco).
Restaurants have always been there for you (Doordash).
The more we stay apart, we still find a way to stay close (Target).
There are still ways to touch each other (CarMax).
There for you (Uber).
Today more than ever (Penske).

Together (CVS).
Together (Florida Power & Light).
Together (Honda).
Uncertain times (Cadillac).
Unprecedented times (FedEx).
Unprecedented times (First Energy).
We are here (Aldi).
We are here to help (Buick & GMC).
We will do what we've always done, take care of people (Southwest Airlines).
We will rise above (Re-Max).
We'll get through this, together (Samsung).
We'll get through this together (Apple).
We'll get through this together (Mazda).
We're here for you (Chick-fil-A).
We're here for you (Fairway Stores).
We're here for you (Tractor Supply Co.).
We're here to help (Con-Ed).
We're part of your community (Taco Cabana).
You can trust us (Toyota).



Elliott Stokes
"Untitled"
Polaroid SX-70 print, 3.108" × 3.024"

Vriddhi Vinay

University Classroom Zoology

In the animal kingdom there's a new order:
cattle, lemurs, dogs, and their feces

*cattle: rub the plain between the eyes
like drying a wedding plate,
pinch what you would like taken between
the cleft of its feet
drink its urine to treat acidity*

cattle graze enclosed from the lemur, lemur its fugly, rash genus
lemurs singing in humidity in trees in jungles,
dogs paroling the streets and in feasts of garbage,
feces from a human

*lemurs: do not feed primates
their little hands like a child's to steal,
in the rings of shadows around their eyes
in the name of the Lemurian kingdom that sank,
in the tails*

In this class there is a pecking order
in ways of people debating over what doesn't concern them.
Class subject: zoology crossed with
history/anthropology/sociology/political sciences

*dogs: cannot be kept in a home
in the same way, neither can a dishonoring woman
walk on the street with feet,
beaten by the suburbanite walking groups with sticks*

I am simply an elephant in this zoo
of people debating over what doesn't concern them
of white faces erasing this animalia's class into divisions:
"area studies" "[] denial" "fetish" "lies"

*feces: there's a pile of shit
perfuming the middle of classrooms
where the colonial lord
teaches the subject what's real*

For all the filmy ghoults and dead cinema sirens gracing the screens of the Kannada film industry—called “Sandalwood”—from my childhood. For all the women who came before me who haunt me in their trauma.

In the olden Sandalwood films / ghosts were the most lovestruck of sirens / sentient versions of Women reborn innocent / pacing beach-sides of coastal Karnataka / in all white / saris like ocean slicked to their waists like masking tape / in love song for someone forever before and after passing / how I’ve only seen them in each of my reincarnations / film star in home videos: pre-green card and adult / aroused by my own deletion / dead grandmother’s soul swallows dead grandmother’s soul into a deadened body / strolling a beach side holding a hand only in love when the other stays dipped in me / that too / is an exit wound / for a woman killed by her own heartache / by which violence towards another draped by “whore” and her country’s partition was / “Mother India” / in ritual suicide / where every sex is a threesome with the ghost of another foremother frowning over my shoulder / I can pirate it and show you / dismiss a pop-up ad of Bhabhi porn shedding her dupatta with a click, asking *won’t you, foreigner come explore under my sari? heart under my blouse?* / I don’t know how or what to teach you when half of web links are dead / they too solicit the hallways in a fog of phantom saris from the 90s films / Their item songs are wails that lead to oceans and lead to disappearance and lead to nothing /

How To Have Sex In A Sari

(After Momina Mela)

*if the blouse is hooked at the front bring your hands to your heart
as if full of gratitude wanting to love, not knowing
exactly how unclasp blouse like an unstitched wound.*
- from *How to Take Off A Sari* by Momina Mela

what happens when the sari stays on for the first lick?

i|t|s|h|o|u|l|d|b|e|m|o|r|e|i|i|n|m|i|d-f|u|c|k|t|h|a|n|i|i|n|m|i|d-l|o|v|e||
|m|a|p|p|e|d|i|i|n|p|l|e|a|t|a|f|t|e|r|p|l|e|a|t||

y|o|u|e|x|i|s|t|a|s|b|o|t|h|s|u|b|j|e|c|t|a|n|d|o|b|j|e|c|t| |

t|h|i|s|c|a|r|t|o|g|r|a|p|h|y|y|o|u|a|r|e|l|e|a|s|t|s|e|x|l|e|s|s|i|i|i|n|a|b|l|a|c|k|s|i|l|k|s|a|r|e|e|
o|h|h|o|w|l|o|n|g|y|o|u|’v|e|w|a|n|t|e|d|t|h|i|s|.

METHOD 1: subject - seizing the colonial fantasy for self-pleasure

c|u|m|o|n|c|e|b|e|f|o|r|e|i|i|n|t|h|e|b|a|t|h|t|u|b|w|r|i|n|k|l|e|d|a|s|p|r|a|c|t|i|c|e||
p|e|r|f|u|m|e|d|s|w|e|a|t|y|a|n|d|p|h|e|r|o|m|o|n|a|l|
t|h|e|r|e|i|s|a|n|o|r|a|n|g|e|p|e|e|l|n|o|t|e|i|i|n|t|h|e|r|e|t|h|a|t|t|r|i|e|s|b|e|i|n|g|c|a|r|d|a|m|o|m||
l|i|k|e|a|b|l|o|o|d|c|l|o|t|t|h|e|s|a|r|e|e|w|i|l|l|f|a|l|l|e|x|h|a|u|s|t|e|d|i|i|i|n|a|p|u|d|d|l|e|a|r|o|u|n|d|y|o|u| |
i|t|’|s|b|e|t|t|e|r|t|o|b|l|e|e|d|i|i|i|n|i|t|s|i|i|n|k|t|h|a|n|t|o|s|w|i|m||
l|a|c|e|t|h|e|l|i|t|t|l|e|r|i|b|s|a|c|r|o|s|s|t|h|e|a|a|a|d|o|f|y|o|u|r|b|l|o|u|s|e|n|o|w|l|e|f|t|s|t|i|c|k|y||
s|o|m|e|w|h|e|r|e|w|h|e|r|e|t|h|e|i|r|m|a|r|r|o|w|g|e|t|s|m|e|a|t-s|u|c|k|e|d|c|l|e|a|n|a|n|d|
t|h|e|m|o|a|n|o|f|s|o|m|e|f|o|r|e|m|o|t|h|e|r|’|s|s|t|o|r|y|t|e|i|i|n|g|i|i|i|n|C|a|r|n|a|t|i|c|s|o|n|g|w|e|d|g|e|d|i|i|i|n|h|e|r|t|h|r|o|a|t||
e|a|c|h|c|u|r|v|e|w|x|a|c|e|s|a|n|o|c|e|a|n|a|c|r|o|s|s|t|h|e|t|r|o|p|i|c|a|l|c|o|a|s|t|i|n|e| |I|i|n|d|i|a|n|O|c|e|a|n|f|a|t|t|e|n|s|s|h|e|l|v|e|s|o|f|h|i|p|s||
i|f|d|o|n|e|r|i|g|h|t|y|o|u|r|l|o|v|e|s|h|o|u|l|d|s|w|e|i|l|i|t|s|h|a|n|d|s|
u|p|t|h|e|t|i|d|e|o|f|b|r|e|a|s|t|s|a|n|d|n|e|v|e|r|l|e|a|v|e||
|b|u|t|y|o|u|’r|e|s|o|u|s|e|d|t|o|s|o|b|b|i|n|g|u|n|t|i|l|y|o|u|d|i|s|t|e|n|d|i|i|n|t|o|n|i|g|h|t|
e|v|e|r|y|t|h|i|n|g|a|u|d|i|b|l|e|y|o|u|m|a|k|e|s|o|u|n|d|s|l|i|k|e|s|e|x| |
i|f|d|o|n|e|r|i|g|h|t||
m|a|y|b|e|y|o|u|a|r|e|m|o|r|e|t|h|a|n|j|u|s|t|s|e|x|y|t|o|o|n|l|y|y|o|u
|

METHOD 2 - decadence, aerobics, and setting the proper setting

everywhere needs some plead of wetness.
you want to make love, but all you know from girlhood is
to beg between an altar of knees |

“*What cinema girl kam|l|to|you|right|now?*” |
t|h|r|o|u|g|h|w|h|a|t|y|o|u|s|i|d|j|u|m|p|i|n|g|a|n|d|w|a|n|i|n|g|i|i|i|n|y|o|u||
t|h|r|o|u|g|h|f|u|c|k|i|n|g|b|e|h|i|n|d|y|o|u|b|o|t|h|s|u|b|j|e|c|t|a|n|d|o|b|j|e|c|t|.

book a hotel for this sacrilegious ceremony, your view should be of
 glass in jewelry pastiche, | building after building | with | its | audience |
 | lit | in | grids | of | yellow | teeth |
 let | each | windowpane | tessellate into its sister until you've grinned into | another city |
 which one will shift its hand past the border of its pant hem when you aren't looking?
 dip in a finger and grasp the *pallu* sprouting from the wet, hungry wound
 threadbare between your thighs and pull
 hand over hand, silk after silk. |
 you're | so | used | to | calling | this | deity | worship | only | when |
 | the | other's | meat | is | onion-skinned | by | something | other |
 the | heat | drops | from | layer | of | skin | to | layer | like | vulnerability. | It | starts | in | your | joints | and | throbs |
 artery | after | artery. | |
 | vermillion; | this | is | the | first | time | in | months | you've | felt | alive. |



Santiago Castro
 "Visiones"
 Acrylic, yarn, tile, mirror on canvas

Testimony Odey

The Girl On My Street

She wears red every Wednesday night and sits with her legs crossed barefooted, watching the cars move, muttering invisible words and rocking herself to sleep. I see her from the window in my room when I shift the curtains. It's easy to recognize her because she has the longest dreads I have ever seen and blows kisses to me in the night. I didn't know she noticed my nightly ritual until the day I opened my curtains and she looked straight into my eyes, her look piercing my soul. I had goosebumps and instinctively wondered if she was a ghost. I closed the curtains and the feelings flew away as fast as they had come upon me. I took deep breaths in and out, determined to continue looking at her. This time around, when I shifted my curtains, she was waving at me like one would do to a long-time friend. The strange feeling that had previously come upon me did not return, rather I felt a kind of longing towards her, like a part of me was locked in her heart. She smiled at me and I returned the kind gesture. The next morning, I took my shower, went to school, and attended piano lessons in the afternoon as usual. The girl on my street is never around when the sun is up fully, but once the sunset begins, she's already sitting on the sidewalk.

Today is Wednesday, and I'm watching the girl on my street again. She's muttering something, tapping her feet as though listening to a pop song. She's staring at the dark blue sky and smiling. Her skin color is golden and her red lips are curved into a wide smile. I long for her to look at me, to smile at me, to commune with me through any means whatsoever. As though she knows what I'm thinking, she lowers her eyes to my window. I can't see the color of her eyes, and for a short while, it seems like they've gone all white. I'm a little scared but curious. She mouths something, and I open my window. A fierce wind hits me in the face, and I wonder how she copes staying out there with all that cold. She mouths something again and though no voice erupts from her mouth, I perfectly understand what she's saying.

"Yes, you can come over," I whisper.

The strange feeling returns and I wonder why until I stare down

at my window and can't see her again. I hear a voice asking me to turn around and I do so slowly, shakily. The girl on my street is on my bed, her legs crossed, and smiling at me. I feel it building up my throat but I resist the urge to let it out—to scream. She lets out her hand.

"I like you. Would you like to be my friend?" she whispers.

I nod. I have a feeling it will be an unlikely friendship, but I am not bothered. I have always been a lover of stranger things.

The Brave Ones

In my country, fortune doesn't favor the brave. My government makes sure of this, so almost everybody keeps quiet in the face of injustice, except me. I have gotten special calls threatening my life for speaking out and so I have become more withdrawn. It breaks my soul to know that even those I love think I shouldn't speak out for what I believe. I have retired to a quieter form of speaking out by writing anonymous letters and articles and pasting them on the walls of my town in the dead of the night. I have to be extremely careful because I know that once I get caught, I am done for.

Today, I am writing about the new law made by my community leader, the law that bans girls from going to the university, the law that states that the highest educational certificate that should be possessed by a girl is a high school diploma, but it's the same law that says that boys can study to any length they desire, the law that angers my spirit.

"Girls do not need much education," my community leader once said. "The fact that I allowed them to even graduate from secondary school is proof that I am a good man who wants the best for the girls and women of this community."

I tear out a large sheet of paper that I will paste on the door of the town hall tonight and begin to scribble madly:

EDUCATION OF GIRLS SHOULD NOT BE LIMITED!!!

If the education of boys is not limited, then why should the education of girls be? Girls do need much education, as much education as we can get. If you want the best for the girls and women of this community, then you will abolish the law restricting girls' education to a certain point. I will not stop writing until you abolish that law! WE WANT EDUCATION! WE NEED EDUCATION! WE REFUSE TO HAVE OUR RIGHT DENIED!

I wrap up the paper and take the glue with which I'll paste it. I sneak out ever so carefully from the house because I do not want my mother to wake. I stroll to the town hall, taking my steps slowly. A full moon smiles at me from the sky and I hear it encouraging me for speaking out, for being part of the brave ones all over the world.

Dancing On Knives

I walked on shards of glass for him
 danced on knives to amuse him
 cut my tongue out with my own knife
 gave my voice to the sea witch
 boiled down to sea foam
 left saltwater
 abandoned the afterlife for him

I brought sweet water from the creek
 poured some to his lips
 used the rest to wash his feet
 at dinner I leaned over
 cut his food into tiny squares
 told myself I was full

I told myself the legs were worth it
 when I walked to the store to buy his meals
 cleaned his house on my hands and knees
 chased our child through the park

But every morning I found myself at the ocean
 visiting my sisters
 listening to their siren songs
 though I could not sing with them

Every day I waited
 for him to notice my bleeding feet
 ask me how my sisters were doing
 wash our daughter's school uniform
 sing me a song or bring me a glass of water
 drape a blanket on my shoulders when it got cold
 but I grew tired of waiting

so when my sisters gave me a knife
told me I could reverse the curse
I used it

I stabbed his feet
so he would know how it felt
when he asked me to dance for him
sliced off his tongue
sucked the soul from his mouth
then I held my daughter's hand
as we walked back to the ocean



Patricia Bingham
"Leaving My Roots"
Watercolor

**In Which This Isn't The Most Disgusting Thing
I Collected From Church**

Once every season, our church
held a special service for the Lord's Supper
and during my peak collect everything phase
when the benediction's *Amen*
crackled over the speakers
I ran through each row of pews
collecting the used plastic communion cups.
I would stack them ten or twenty cups tall
and hide them in my tote bag
with the books and Veggie Tales VHS tapes
I checked out from the church library.
If I didn't hide my collection
of last drops of grape juice
and so many people's saliva
my parents would make me
leave it all behind. I was so careful.
We climbed into our Plymouth Acclaim
and I wrapped my arms around my bag
holding my cups so close
I didn't notice the leaking
until we were home and all saw
the dark purple stain on my dress.

How Do I Tell The Pekin The Mallard Is Dead

I saw the down first. Clumps of fluff
like I used to pull from my old pillow
scattered in the parking lot.
The Pekin was talking
but I couldn't understand
and then I saw the Mallard.
A small dark pile, neck
bent wrong and I tell the Pekin
You can't stay here.
Someone will hit you, too,
but they couldn't understand.

Someone should move the Mallard
and I am someone
but the Pekin
will not let me near him
and I need to know
if ducks mate for life.
The internet tells me
they don't, only
for a season, but still
they grieve deeply
and in that way
we understand each other.

Chuck Perkins

The Color Line On Leonidas St

an excerpt from the forthcoming memoir, Back-a-town

I could remember a white kid named Jared moved to my neighborhood. He came to the park and started playing basketball with us. We were both about 12 years old. He was a little shorter than me with a lean muscular build and long blond hair. I enjoyed having some new competition, but I was nervous the older guys would judge me if they saw us playing together.

It was different from the rare occasion when Richard (the one white neighbor we socialized with) came to the park; everyone knew he was my neighbor. But no one knew this new dude, Jared. We played together for two hours. I learned that Jared and his mom had recently moved to New Orleans from Texas. I didn't know what happened to his father.

Jared was a nice guy, and we enjoyed talking to each other, but I was relieved when I told him I was tired and about to go home. Any potential embarrassment this encounter might cause me was about to be over. To my surprise he asked if he could come with me. I knew that he was just a kid looking for friends, and I wanted to say no, but I couldn't. He walked with me to my house; I hoped something would happen to alter our plans. Maybe we would see someone else he had met and he would go with them. No luck—we ended up at my back door which opened to the kitchen. I couldn't tell if Jared knew how uncomfortable I was. I thought if my dad came home and saw a white guy sitting at our table and drinking water out of our glass he might stroke out. Eventually Jared left and I was happy to skirt disaster.

Most children adhered to long-standing social mores without any examination about where they came from. In this case I was no different. I had a rudimentary understanding of America's treatment of black people; it mostly came from word of mouth. I knew that we had been slaves, I knew that we had to drink water from different water fountains, and sit at the back of the bus. I had seen Dr King and the Black Panthers. The latter of which had a chapter living in a house across the street from my Grandma Lit.

I used to sit on her porch and envy them, wearing black leather jackets, and riding three-wheel motorcycles, with big afros. Even as a kid I was impressed when they provided school supplies and breakfast to many of the children who lived in the Calliope Project across the street. They also helped them with homework after school.

If we examine a man like my father who would chastise his young son for sitting at the kitchen table drinking water with a white kid, he may appear to be mean and hateful. The problem is that the historical understanding of most adults is no better than the one I had as an 11-year-old. If the only issue had been slavery and sitting at the back of the bus, the remedy would be easy. The first matter had been resolved with the Civil War over 100 years earlier, and the segregation laws had been recently changed, so why not let bygones be bygones? The truth is we can't understand how we got here unless we examine the history of Louisiana and this country filtered through the personal history of my father and others like him.

The largest insurrection in North America happened in 1811 about 30 miles west of New Orleans. After it was put down, the heads of the participants who were deemed most responsible were cut off and hung on stakes for 30 miles along the levee to terrorize any slave who would dare try and fight for their freedom. The term "sell you down river" was a way to keep slaves in line. It meant if you didn't act right, we will put your ass on a boat and send you to Louisiana, where, if you're lucky, you might live 5 years.

After slavery ended there were five major massacres in Louisiana: The Mechanics Institute Massacre, which happened in New Orleans; The Opelousas Massacre; The Colfax Massacre; The Battle of Liberty Place, which also happened in New Orleans; and the Thibodeaux Massacre. These nightmarish events occurred between 1866 and 1887, and we can't forget the almost 5,000 documented lynchings that happened in the US from the emancipation to the Civil Rights Act. Only god knows the real tally.

As a side note, 150 black men, women, and children died while the men were trying to vote in Colfax, Louisiana on Easter Sunday, 1873. This was 28 years before Big Momma was born. There were three white supremacists who died as well.

The 15th Amendment was ratified in 1870; it supposedly gave black men the right to vote. There were also the Enforcement Acts of

1871 and 1872 that would give law enforcement more ammunition to deal with terrorist organizations like the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens' Council, but despite amendments to the Constitution and new laws, this country's courts have never held anyone responsible for what some argue is the most heinous atrocity of Reconstruction.

There is a monument in Colfax that reads, "Erected to the memory of the heroes, Stephen Decatur Parish, James West Hadnot, Sidney Harris, who fell in the Colfax riot fighting for white supremacy, April 13, 1873." This monstrosity still stands today in a graveyard across the street from a white Baptist church. There is no mention of the 150 black victims in what has become a predominantly black town. I wonder how the pastor can come to church every Sunday.

Big Momma was born in Louisiana in 1901. I'm sure she had seen with her own eyes the backs of men scarred by wicked overseers, and that she carried in her head firsthand stories of plantation horrors, combined with the vestiges of slavery that still oppressed her. She had to live in the shadow of the tragic memories of the massacres, and before she slept at night she probably prayed to Jesus that her sons be spared from the noose or the stake.

There have always been white people fighting to end slavery, Jim Crow, and mass incarceration. Frederick Douglas was a former slave who became one of the most gifted orators and abolitionist of his time. He was able to disseminate valuable information through his North Star newspaper. Most of the financial support he received came from whites who supported justice.

These were the same kind of men who led abolitionist organizations and made the Underground Railroad possible. Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, William Lloyd Wright, Albion Tougee, and John Brown are some of the individuals who should be honored and respected for their commitment to fighting against white supremacy. They are some of the allies that have been recorded in history books, but I'm sure there are many nameless others whose sacrifices were no less important.

The problem is that Big Momma's understanding of people is based on what she experienced in her small Northern Louisiana community. Chances are she didn't know anything about the white people mentioned above, and if she did, their contributions were

probably greatly overshadowed by the conditions she lived in every day. If a white person showed up at her door, more than likely it was an omen foreshadowing something bad. There was nothing in my great grandmother's life to prevent her from believing that white people were pure evil. She had to impart this understanding to her children, including my father who she raised, as a matter of survival.

He was born in Ferriday, Louisiana in 1944. I'm sure he had his own painful experience of living in an asymmetrical system that favored whites and subjugated blacks, and I'm sure his grandmother gave him useful tips about the necessity of working for white people when you had to, but staying as far away from them as possible. This is a country where the highest courts in the land could not protect us, even when they said they would. This is how we end up in a situation where I believed there could be a problem with a 12-year-old white kid sitting at our kitchen table drinking water.

Brad Fairchild

Hundred Braided Head

Sleeping, her
hundred braided head
pressed to the wall
seems to call for a single
plait to be dipped, quick,
into my glass -
Filling the braid smoothly
a wet sugar gloss
to shine and then
run off -
the braiding emerges
again -
its twists and troughs
fall to shape,
too fast to see
the melt -
Saturated
and dripping
with juice -
bright rows streaming
down the plaster.



Elio Baseman

“Darkness (Please Be Gentle)”

Ceramic figure bisqued & glazed, 19” x 11”

Ceramic arms bisqued with house paint, installed with hung fabric, 65”

Miriam McEwen

Punks Solstice Tonight [A Flyer]

CALLING ALL TRUE *PUNKS*
ABANDONED CHURCH SUMMER *SOLSTICE*
SECRET SHOW!!!
TONIGHT
WHAT BAND??? MISSING APPALACHIAN GRRRL
WHERE: MOUNTAIN REST
WHEN: DUSK

DIRECTIONS: Follow Main Street all the way out of town and head straight up the mountain for *approximately 37.9 miles* and just keep going straight until, on your right, from the road—about a hundred fifty yards before you get there—basically not until you’re almost right there at this clapboard-white one-room church—you’ll just see this sort of rotting gangrene-blue and white-washed medium-sized wooden, like, billboard, basically, jutting out from all these really lush poplars and pines, and even though this sign is super freaking intense in a bible-beater sort of way—the cracked, painted-on lettering reads *BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS PENTECOSTAL CHURCH*, and underneath, *WELCOMING THE HOLY GHOST SINCE 1949*—you’ll also be intensely glad to see anything human-imposed after your vehicle has been climbing this shrouded mountain highway for about an hour without the help of your probably perpetually rerouting GPS, and so you’ll park right there by this basically really eroded and, like, somehow badly sunken in graveyard beside the clapboard-white one-room church, and the green double doors will open at *dusk* and you’ll go up three rickety steps to the entrance [and be careful here because one of those steps is splintering in the middle, and *we are not liable for injuries*] and *show this flyer* and we’ll be capping off attendance at *literally 40 bodies literally inside the sanctuary*, so if you are body 41—*sucks for you*, but please don’t hang around in the woods outside because we keep hearing, like, sounds of a grown man whisper-praying and weeping back there and we can’t find him, but we keep finding, like, droplets of blood on leaves and branches and no one around and even louder weeping-praying and just streaks of blood everywhere on the ground in the woods as the night goes on, and we basically literally have no idea???



Elliott Stokes
“Untitled”

Polaroid SX-70 print, 3.108” × 3.024”

Ida: A Requiem

Blue tarps pockmark roofscapes:
Santorini's bizarro reflection.
Plywood, glass, pink insulation
gutted from four generations
nonchalantly
flung out of news cycles,
are someone else's entrails
sizzling on cement someplace
upriver other there somewhere else.

So is "coping" delineated by
distance from disaster?

Go easy on me, Adele pleads
everywhere there is electricity.
I live, we each say—first listen.
November left of the season.
We heave our burdens in the boneyard.
As only she could: ballad weaponized
to manifesto. On repeat:

I live I live



Elliott Stokes
"Untitled"
Polaroid SX-70 print, 3.108" × 3.024"

Green Sound - A Short Play

Characters:

Taylor, mid-30's; wears glasses, sweats a lot

Molly, mid-30's; does not wear make-up

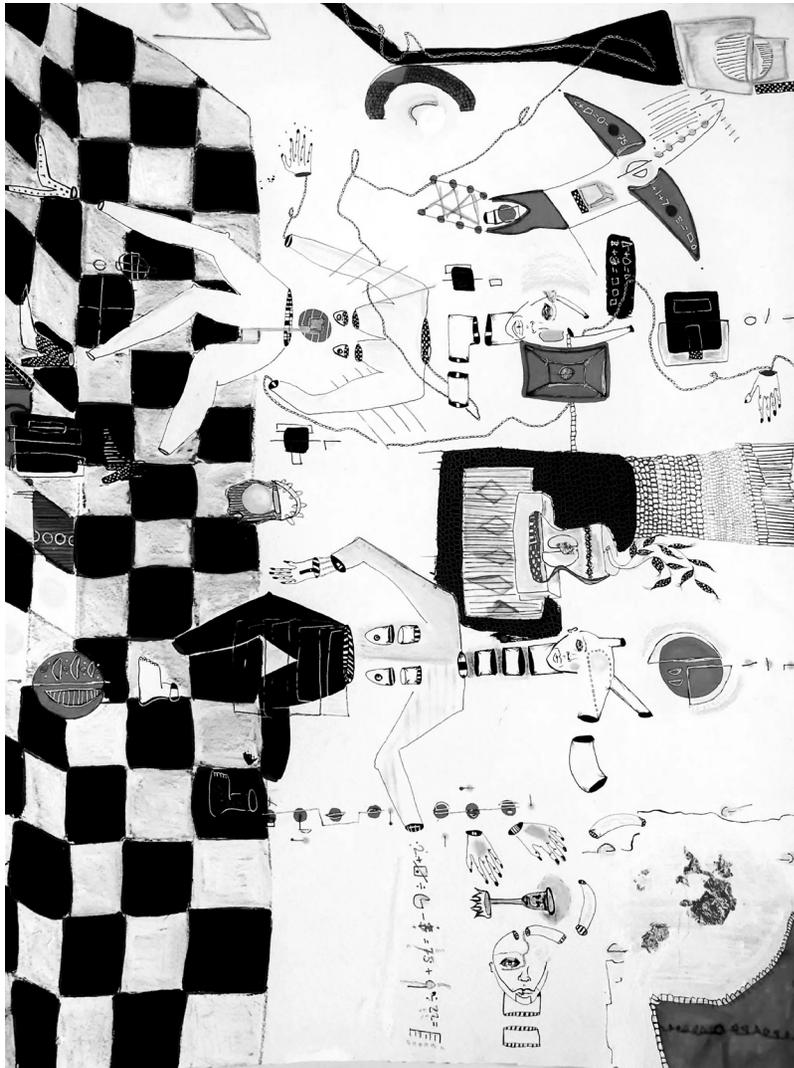
Setting:

Molly's apartment, Present Day.

Note:

This is meant to be played absolutely straight. The characters are completely sincere.

(LIGHTS UP in MOLLY'S apartment. There is a small kitchen table with two chairs. There is a window which allows sunlight in. There is a small table with a lamp. The apartment should have the appearance of being small and brightly lit. MOLLY is discovered sitting on her couch. She is drinking out of a teacup. She touches the teacup to her lips three times before taking a sip. She regards the teacup. She repeats the motion twice more. She stands up and moves to the kitchen-style table, setting the teacup on the table. Perfectly in the center. She steps back looking at it. She turns it three times. There is a frantic knock at her door. She grabs the teacup. Looks



Nyssa Frank
"Nowhere"
Ink on paper, 18" x 22", 2022

for a place to put it. Sets it under the couch. Another frantic knock at the door. MOLLY stands up. Gets on her hands and knees. She crawls to the door. She taps it three times. There is another knock, more gently this time. She stands, still crouching, and taps three times. There are three taps from the other side. She brings herself to her full height. She looks through the eyepiece. She inhales. She steps back. She taps the doorknob three times. She takes the doorknob and opens the door. It opens in.)

TAYLOR is at the door. He is holding a light. The kind of light one might see over head in a coffee shop. It has some crystals, and all kinds of fuzzy wires sticking out of the top, like the top of a pineapple. It has been ripped out of the ceiling.)

TAYLOR

You weren't there today. I... I just. You haven't been there.

MOLLY

Your words are yellow.

TAYLOR

(Beat.) Okay.

(He enters.)

TAYLOR (Contd.)

And it's everyday you're there.

MOLLY

I burned my tongue.

TAYLOR

(Beat.) Okay.

(They regard each other.)

I never burn my tongue. I get iced coffee. But just iced coffee. Black. I like the taste of black but I hate the taste of... hot. I like the taste of cold.

MOLLY

It's a yellow sound.

(She moves to touch his mouth and retreats her hand.)

TAYLOR

You have a lot of light in here.

(He sets down the light fixture. He moves around the room pulling shades, dimming lights.)

MOLLY

Can you. Be. Green?

TAYLOR

I can be green. I think. What?

MOLLY

Green. Yellow sounds are. Blinding.

TAYLOR

Oh.

(He continues making the room darker.)

Burning your tongue is a good reason not to go back.

MOLLY

Only once.

TAYLOR

Right. Coffee betrays you. You need to find something else.

MOLLY

Don't kick my teacup.

(TAYLOR looks around.
Does not see a teacup.)

TAYLOR

Okay.

MOLLY

I do go to work.

TAYLOR

Really?

MOLLY

Make-up counter at Molloy's.

TAYLOR

Really?

MOLLY

I don't wear make-up.

TAYLOR

Really?

(Beat. He regards her.)

No, you don't wear make-up.

MOLLY

Your sound is red now.

TAYLOR

Oh.

MOLLY

Not green. Not yellow.

(TAYLOR looks around the room, which is sufficiently dark. He picks up the light he brought with him.)

TAYLOR

It doesn't look right. This. This here. This light. It doesn't make any sense. Over a table. Without you there. And so, I sat there, in the coffee shop, looking at other people, being touched by the light. And I was... sad.

MOLLY

Sad?

TAYLOR

Yes, I was sad. I sit there at 11:32 every day. And I leave at 1:01 every day. I take a long lunch. It takes me awhile to eat a muffin.

MOLLY

Oh.

TAYLOR

And you arrive between 11:43 and 11:52. You get a coffee. You sit under this light. The same light. I saw you sit there. Four days in a row. Most people don't sit. They leave. But you sit. Somehow at the same table. Under the same light.

MOLLY

You noticed?

TAYLOR

Yes. I noticed. And when the light shines on other people. Nothing happens.

MOLLY

Oh.

TAYLOR

Yes. It doesn't work. It's not right.

MOLLY

Oh.

TAYLOR

You haven't been there for three days. And. And. You have a table. May I stand on it?

MOLLY

If you want to stand on my table. Please. Stand on my table.

(He stands on her table and raises the light.)

TAYLOR

I am not an electrician.

MOLLY

No.

TAYLOR

I'm a phenomenologist.

MOLLY

What is that?

TAYLOR

It's like an electrician. Sort of. I mean.

(TAYLOR removes a small pocketknife and starts peeling away at one of the frizzy wires.)

I believe if you peel away structures: words, conversations, the way we're told to behave, all of it. I believe there is essence underneath. Covered in structures. Codes. We're being coded. So, you peel away the codes. Find the essence. But then, if you peel away the essence...

(He cuts the top off the wire.)

...there are more structures. (Beat.) I'm not supposed to steal lights, you know.

MOLLY

Yes, I know. Was it hard?

TAYLOR

No. No one stopped me. I don't know why. I know the manager was looking. He has a beard that he colors. He is losing hair but keeps his hair in a pony tail, pulling more hair off of his head. He has a wart on his nose, and a laugh that is very loud and I think people like to hear his laugh. He wasn't laughing when I took this light. So. (Beat.) I think he called the police. But. I didn't see any police, so I came right here because I followed you once, so I know you lived here.

(She reacts.)

I wanted to say something to you but I couldn't say anything because the words wouldn't make sense and I needed to give you something so this is it. Because that's the thing with words. If you peel those away, there is more essence. It continues. At the bottom is something outside of discourse. Words, I mean. There is something we can know, I mean. Can't know. Something we can't know. But it doesn't mean it isn't there. And. When you were under the light. I felt like the answer was somehow closer. I'm not making any sense to you.

MOLLY

(Beat.) You're almost making sense.

TAYLOR

I can just stand here.

(He holds the light up.)

For awhile.

(MOLLY stands on the table with him. She regards the light. She touches one of the

crystals. She looks at him and touches his glasses. He becomes incredibly still.)

I'm afraid of going to the doctors. I'm afraid they might not know enough. They might not care enough.

(She touches one of the crystals. And then his glasses.)

What makes each component different? What makes each component the same? A wild being. With so many constructed truths. (Beat.) I gave up smoking three years ago. I thought that would restore my eyesight. It didn't make sense. I just thought health could be Karmatic.

MOLLY

You sound green now.

(She touches the crystal and then his glasses.)

TAYLOR

Do I?

(She helps him hold the light. It begins to shine brightly. They look at one another. Awe. Love. They say nothing. They stand in the glow. Music comes from somewhere. They regard one another occasionally.)

Did I kick your teacup?

MOLLY

It's under the couch.

TAYLOR

Oh, good. That's where teacups belong.

MOLLY

Yes.

(They smile. Their nerves are dissipating. The stage goes green, with TAYLOR and MOLLY holding the light, as it changes from red to yellow to green. ALL LIGHTS FADE gradually. End of play.)

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Nellie Papsdorf is a poet and caseworker from Portland, Oregon. Her poetry has been published in *SUSAN / The Journal*, *HASH Journal*, *Witch Craft Magazine*, and *Gold Man Review*.

Elliott Stokes (B. 1990, New Orleans, LA) received his Studio MFA from the University of Illinois in Urbana-Champaign with a concentration in painting, sculpture, and new media. His artwork exists within the gray area of necessity and critique of industrial and agricultural processes and how they reflect past histories and infer future trajectories. Positioning his artwork between reverence and contempt of industry, specifically petrochemicals, Stokes uses this tension as a launching point for cultural examination and introspection. He is currently a member of The Front gallery and collective in New Orleans.

Jordan Deveraux's poems have been published in *Bodega*, *Slant*, *The Shore*, *Gravel*, and *The Meadow*. Originally from Utah, he now lives in Queens with his partner and her cat.

Sabrina Fountain is a writer and literary translator from Italian to English. Her piece "Ascoltando i Radiohead durante la pandemia" ("Listening to Radiohead During a Pandemic") was published in the March 2020 issue of the Roman journal *retabloid*, and her essay "Walk, Velvet Gentleman" was published in Issue 21.6 of *DIAGRAM*.

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Agnieszka Filipek is a Polish-born poet living in Ireland. Her work has appeared in over 60 publications internationally including countries such as Poland, Ireland, Northern Ireland, England, Wales, Italy, Germany, China, India, Bangladesh, Turkey, Canada, the Netherlands, and the US. Her poems have appeared in *Capsule Stories*, *Local Wonders Anthology*, *Lucent Dreaming*, *Black Bough Poetry*, *Crannóg*, *The Blue Nib*, *Chrysanthemum*, *Blood & Bourbon Magazine*, *The Stony Thursday Book*, *Marble Poetry Magazine*, *Headway Quarterly*, and elsewhere.

Zainab Kuyizhi is a young Nigerian poet and a spoken word artist. Her work explores the dynamics of life and its entirety, especially love, pain, and anger. She's performed in several events including Minna Poetry Slam 2021, Wordsworth Abuja, and elsewhere. She's on Twitter @yar_kuyizhi and on Instagram @_yar_kuyizhi.

Nyssa Frank explores numerous mediums to dissect the beautiful questions our world gives birth to. She is forever in a state of learning and growth, diving into the unknown with eyes open wide. In addition to being a self-taught artist, Nyssa founded The Living Gallery, Brooklyn NY in 2012. The Living Gallery is a venue dedicated to supporting emerging artists in a non-competitive environment. Find her on Instagram @nyssa_art_tattoos and at nyssafrank.net

Robert Fitterman was born in Creve Coeur, Missouri, a sleepy St. Louis suburb. The street he grew up on is still flanked by a Mobil Gas station on one side and Shell on the other. He is the author of 14 poetry books including *No Wait, Yep. Definitely Still Hate Myself* (Ugly Duckling Presse). He is the founding member of Collective Task—an artists-poets collective, and he teaches writing and poetry at New York University.

Vridddhi Vinay (she/they/he) is a poet and student of South Indian background from the Philadelphia area. Their research interests include gender justice, post-colonial studies, and archiving South Asian women's colonial anthologized poetry. Their work is interested in the intersection of academia, erotica, and poetics. Their writing has appeared in *Cosmonauts Avenue*, *Penn Review*, *Kweli Journal*, *Apiary Magazine*, *Entropy Magazine*, and *The Inklette*. They serve as poetry editor for *Sonku Magazine* and artistic director for Babel Poetry Collective.

Santi Castro (he/him) is a maker of all things magical. Through bilingual text he writes works that push against societal expectations. Santi creates stories that uplift native, Latinx voices in a colonized world. If there's anarchy and glitter involved, he's there! Expect him to plant seeds, decolonize, and engage in multidisciplinary splendor. He is now a Playwriting major and Sculpture minor at the University of the Arts in Philadelphia. Santi is a 2019 YoungArts Finalist in Playwriting, a 2019 Semi-finalist Presidential Scholar of the Arts, a 2019 Philly Young Playwright winner, has been featured in multiple publications for his visual art and writing, and has produced shows at Uarts, Philly Fringe, and the Painted Bride.

Britt DiBartolo is a poet currently living in western North Carolina. As a child she moved around a lot and instead found a home amid online writing communities. As a steadily recovering agoraphobic tumblr teen, she holds a Master's in English literature from the University of Tennessee, and now teaches research and writing to high schoolers. Her work has appeared/is forthcoming in the *Rising Phoenix Review*, *Pigeon Parade Quarterly*, and elsewhere. She stresses about every Instagram post @frangipansy.

Dawn Angelicca Barcelona is a Filipina-American poet based in San Francisco, originally from NJ. She was a U.S. Department of State Fulbright Grantee to South Korea in 2014. Her work can be seen in *sPARKLE and bLINK*, *Killing the Angel*, *Fulbright Korea Infusion*, and *In Parentheses*. She volunteers with the National Alliance on Mental Illness and curated the music and performing arts showcases for Kearny Street Workshop's annual APature Festival in 2021.

Testimony Odey is a Nigerian writer, poet, artist and Re-Defined Feminist. She is the author of *Uloma* (a novel) and various short stories, poems, and articles. She is also a lover of literature, who would rather spend her free time in her room, wrapped up in a blanket, reading lots and lots of books.

Eva Lynch-Comer holds a B.A. in Creative Writing from Hamilton College where she received the John V. A. Weaver Poetry Prize and the Sydna Stern Weiss Essay Prize in Women's Studies. Her poetry has appeared in *Nightingale & Sparrow*, *Capsule Stories*, and *Peach Velvet Magazine*, among others. You can find more of her work at evalynchcomer.weebly.com

Patricia Bingham is a Chicago native who resides in Idaho. She is a self-taught artist with a degree in Experimental Psychology. She paints in both watercolor and acrylic, is a devotee of photography with enthusiastic detours into collage. She likes to include metaphor and symbolism, implied stories, and strangeness. She usually includes animals (but not always) because they always seem to know where they're going and what they need to do, and she admires that. Her art can be seen in several literary magazines and in private homes around the country.

Laurence Hart (she/her) is a bisexual dragon sitting atop a hoard of notebooks in Louisville, KY. Her work has appeared or will appear in *Clementine Zine*, *Folx Gallery*, *FreezeRay Poetry*, *Stone Fruit Magazine*, and *Second Chance Lit*. She is the author of *Disorders and Dating Apps* (Nanny Goat Press, 2021), and can be found on Instagram @Lhwritespoetry.

Chuck Perkins was born and raised in New Orleans, LA. Educated in the New Orleans public school system, he is a product of the city's black working class. Chuck is an Ex-Marine and Graduate of Xavier University. After graduating college, he moved to Chicago where he honed his

poetry skills in Chicago's vibrant slam poetry scene. After 10 years, Chuck returned to New Orleans and combined the music of the city to his poetry. He formed a band called Voices of the Big Easy. His debut CD "A Love Song for Nola" was released on the German label Trikont in 2012. Chuck opened a performance venue called Cafe Istanbul in 2011. His venue has become an anchor of New Orleans Art and Culture. He had his own radio talk show on WBOK from 2015-19, called The Conscious Hour with Chuck Perkins. In 2010, Chuck opened for Amiri Baraka in London's prestigious South Bank Centre, and in 2020 he performed at Jazz in Lincoln Center with New Orleans trumpeter Nicolas Payton and Cuban percussionist Pedrito Martinez.

Brad Fairchild lives in the Atlanta area with his cairn terrier and enjoys art and television. He has written a number of pieces for stage, including an Opera about Frederick the Great. His poems have appeared in a few journals such as *My Gay Eye*, *Phoebe*, and *Qarrtsiluni*.

Miriam McEwen writes about disability and bodily autonomy. She holds an MFA in Writing from Vermont College of Fine Arts. She is an associate editor at the *South Carolina Review* and co-editor for *The Swamp*. Miriam's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *SAND Journal*, *Under the Gum Tree*, and *Madcap Review*, among others. She lives in the foothills of South Carolina. Find her on Instagram @miriammcewen.

Daniel W.K. Lee is a third-generation refugee, queer, Cantonese American writer. Born in Kuching, Malaysia, raised in Chicagoland, and grew the fuck up in New York City where he earned a BA at New York University and an MFA in Creative Writing at The New School. After 17 years in the Big Apple, Daniel relocated to Seattle in 2014 to embrace the outdoors. And after a little over five years in the Pacific Northwest, he and his whippet Camden moved to New Orleans soon after the publication of his debut collection of poetry *Anatomy of Want* (QueerMojo/Rebel Satori Press). Find out more about him at danielwklee.com

John P. Bray's plays have been presented around the US, in Canada, and in Europe. He was a Semifinalist for the O'Neill National Playwrights Conference (for his play *Tracks*) and Winner of the Appalachian Festival of Plays and Playwrights (for *Friendly's Fire*). MFA, Playwriting: Actors Studio Drama School/The New School. PhD, Theatre: LSU. John teaches at UGA. johnpatrickbray.com

Hope Amico (she/her) is a bi-, white cis het visual artist and writer who has been chief correspondent of the Keep Writing project since 2008. Born and raised in New England, she's moved between the west coast and the gulf coast three times, spent many years in Louisiana, and currently lives in Portland, Oregon. Say hello at hopeamico.com.

ABOUT THE PRESS

Tilted House is a New Orleans-based book press whose publications span the spectrums of class, race, locale, and generational and educational milieus. Established by a self-educated poet and editor, we value autodidacticism, self-direction, and the underdog—while also recognizing the worth of academia. We want to hear from everyone.

Tilted House originated in and breathes the bad air of New Orleans. And because of this town's artistic, activist, and literary history, we've bet all our cards on this community and what it creates. That said, we're also an international publication, welcoming all perspectives, languages, and potpourri.

We publish art, books, zines, artist books, broadsides, ephemera, and other oddities. Our tangible work is often letterpress-printed (or relief printed in other ways) and handbound in small, intimate runs. We manage a web magazine and a quarterly electronic art series. We also host readings and other community events in town.

Most of our editorial staff is either from or lives in New Orleans (or Louisiana at large), and has taken various educational thoroughfares to arrive at the House. We believe in creating opportunities for one another and those around us, and see the small press as a tool for empathy.

Find submission guidelines for the *Web Mag*, *Tilted House Review*, and our quarterly art series, *Slanted Canvas*, on our website. And keep an eye out for our upcoming summer chapbook contest and more.



Agnieszka Filipek

Brad Fairchild

Britt DiBartolo

Chuck Perkins

Dawn Angelicca Barcelona

Daniel W.K. Lee

Elio Baseman

Elliott Stokes

Eva Lynch-Comer

John Bray

Jordan Deveraux

Karisma Price

Laurence Hart

Nellie Papsdorf

Miriam McEwen

Nyssa Frank

Robert Fitterman

Patricia Bingham

Sabrina Fountain

Santiago Castro

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