



EVERYTHING IN ASPIC

Issue #6

MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORS:



Welcome to the sixth issue of
Everything in Aspic:
*It is still a magazine, and we are still
making it!*

- Chelsea Margaret Bodnar & Stephen Lin -

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THANK YOU!!



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#3

C.D. Bailey

Giant Little Town

Things aren't always deep around here. Starbucks has a new drink.

Taco Bell brought their nacho fries back again. There's more

state troopers than normal. The local Burger King is being remodeled. Maybe they will get some damn customers again. I think

there's more overdoses than last week. One time there were strange lights over the hills across the river. A documentary crew came into town to film a series about missing women in Ohio.

This place used to be giant. God, it could be giant again. Empty some boxes in an abandoned building, count all the bricks, count all the cracks in all the bricks. There was a house on the same street as my grandparents my mother told me not to go there that there were vampires that took kids

who knocked on the door I never knocked on the door didn't want to make a big deal about a house full of vampires. Maybe this place needs a *big deal* something giant God, it could be giant again. we're trying not to make a big deal about things around here small talk

weather observations the history of giants the history of a town full of people that want to be bigger than they've ever imagined.



Darren Demaree

Emily as Woman Pouring Milk

The window is closed.
The yellow

& the blue chose her.
She handles the bread.

She handles the pour.
The milk pauses

in her honor.
The wall is kept

there by tradition.
I roar for the apple

of her bicep. Fruit
is always progression.

She doesn't need to move
again to believe that.

She doesn't need a thing
& I can't shut up about it.



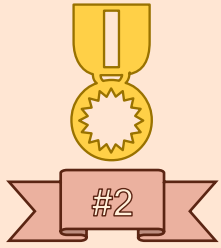
#1

Britt DiBartolo

Mrs. Caliban

After Rachel Ingalls, Author of the novella Mrs. Caliban

All summer swimming o, the lake her green loneliness mine
 For an afternoon o, how I liked her her creatureliness how sharp
 her edges, her teeth how she slipped between my fingers sylph-like
 soft only when she wanted to be soft, I was wretched for her I was lagoon for her
 how she whispered to the shy fish set their two-chambered
 compost hearts blushing asking them what shape
 is your fishbowl their mouths gaping with an idiot permission *fishbowl?*
 before she ate them whole those ghost bones too delicate
 to crunch their watery lungs too tender to savor. o, green with jealousy
 I counted them- the drops of little light clinging to her flotsam skin the lake
 just a damp dress around her no thing laid slain at its bottom and she mocking
 my head above water my idiot biology my poor human gills straining
 counting again five things you can see three you can touch one you can taste until
 center of the lake furthest red buoy — where no one if they could see this far
 could reach in time — the fear drains from me enough to bend me
 to her cool current warming the green edges where I touched it touched
 her even 'til it burned, even when where she bit drew blood drew me down.



Rachel Hinton

After she died

She -

Kept getting more and more movementier, shiftier craftier (more like a craft, a boat), more motile. By the hour kept having more independent thought movement vivacity ability to be in places of the house. Multiple.

Kept being true of her that in her presence we would know less and less of the things she was thinking. Gravity of an alive person: gravity of not showing up to things, “she is not here” your coworkers say and you wonder where “not here” leaves her. Leaves her impression of being none of your business. Being none, she impresses she imprints.

It is a quality of hers that this imprint, her absence, happened to us. Anyway she climbed and she slipped and did not shrink. Did not always do in retrospect what I thought she had done. Had oblique muscles on her sides, on which I could press my ideas.

Is a solid thing to slip back into, because not there. Casual with her opinions and youthful body that makes movements like smoothing a sweater over her waist (that love never happened to). Casual in her combat boots and cropped jacket and clipped sets of information, she disappears around the side of the stairwell. Quality of being believed in. When she was dying I could not believe in her.

Andrew Jones


Let's Make Out Behind the Snowbanks of the 1966 North Dakota Snow Storm

I can already see the concern in your eyes,
not for the winds,
not for the cold
or the snow that piles like
too much pressure poured out from the sky,
but for the looks we already get
for sitting too close
when the fire's flames
lick off the day's cold
and you whisper away
lonely and replace it with held.
How those stares will be frozen as we walk
out the door together towards the tundra
of a North Dakota blizzard.

And I can't say I haven't noticed the snow is now
kissing the roof's edge
but I also noticed you aren't
kissing my breath, because here the snow
only kisses the flame, is never allowed to
put pressure on another snowflake.

So let's watch our boot prints
run away with the wind.
I heard the snow's gathered so high





we can hammock the power lines
and electric their warmth,
but maybe we can saunter to a snowbank,
pile ourselves between the screech of
winter
and the cool of the snowbank's curve.

When will we ever be surrounded by such a storm
and then released so
quickly?

Valerie Loveland

The Inside of my Body Flickers

My heart put up a big screen in my chest and is projecting
every horror movie at once. There is a lot of screaming
and blood, but I don't mind
that as much as the constant dread. It is a long string
that is being pulled and pulled and pulled and pulled and sometimes
it suddenly goes slack. Now he is calling me a coward for being tense
during scenes written specifically to make me tense. it snaps and sometimes

My heart offers to make it up to me by playing every comedy instead. It is somehow worse,
all the laughing overlaps like a pot on the stove constantly boiling over. My heart won't
stop playing You are my Sunshine over and over. I can't tell if this is better or worse
than his phase where he always played Close to You by The Carpenters. My heart seems sorry

but it is always flickering in the middle of the night. Every time he asks for my car keys,
I give him one of the keys to the city of my body. It is actually just a skeleton key
I won in an auction for a set of 10 keys. I bought them
to lock and unlock all the old doors in our apartment. None
worked because every spring mechanism inside was broken.
Now it is just a bag full of keys.
He keeps asking for another key but I can't give them all away.
I have my own locks I need to try to open
with keys that won't work.

I am a Portrait of an Eye

The more like me a person is the tighter I hold their hand. I know
good things can come out of anything. our evolution is disturbing but

My hand feels extra unfilled when your hand exits,
and my nails all turn black like my hand had been shut in a door.

There are so many ways I see houses everywhere.
to have a house. I see you everywhere.

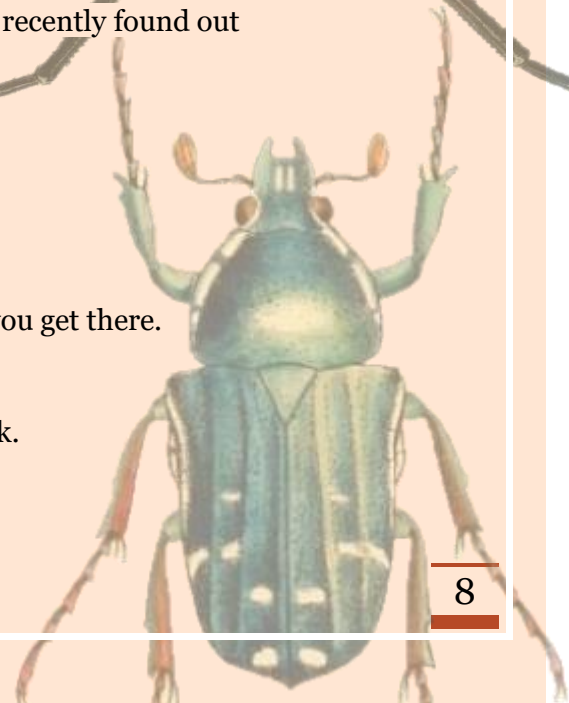
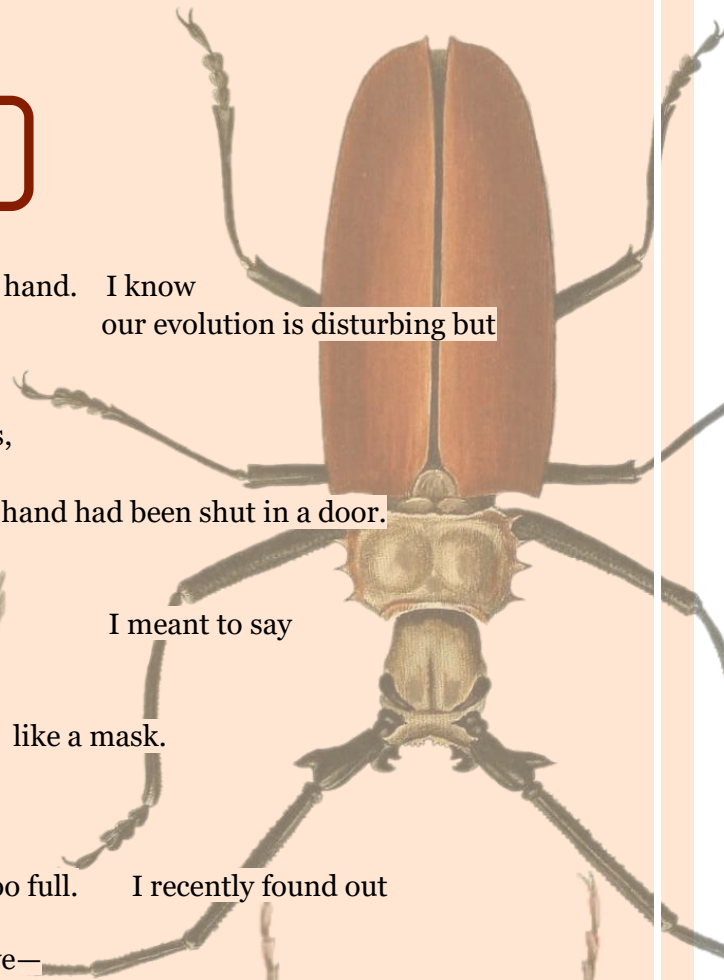
My face is copied onto everyone else's face like a mask.
I meant to say your face is copied.

It is my postural sway that makes me unstable—
it is not from being too empty but from being too full. I recently found out

it was popular to send a portrait of your eye to a secret love—
nobody would know whose eye arrived except their love.

You follow the eye
as your guide and you don't know where you're going
but you know who will be waiting when you get there.

I am in pieces but still have a kind of gravity
holding me together as we walk.



DS Maolalai

HVAC

the flowery style of machinery moving:
the rotating wheels, the coded
gates patiently opening.
cranes making circles
over open construction
like hawks above dirt-
ground and rats.
roads all made dusty,
the hydraulic foot movement
of blackbirds and piston-legged wasps
crawling outdoor bar tables
sipping spirographed circles
of wineglass-stained wine.
the machinery: oak trees
going up in slowed motion;
capillaries and pumps
and a HVAC's grey weight
ballasting the guts of each
office block titanic
engine. and haven't you ever
been hurt against concrete
and then thought you could have been
more hurt than that?
I look out, men are hanging
like spiders at windows.
they are cleaning: fat thorax.
swung harness and rope.



Kerry Trautman

To the NYC Fire Escape Mannequin

Whoever placed you there must not love
their own Mama, knowing how yours would have
a heart attack—you perched so high, hard ass teetering
on rusted iron railing. Your nude sisters
inside—posed bare to windows like bodega hoagies—
must envy your demure drape of arm across left breast,
your waist-cape granting some dignity, some hint at
flight, your sunlight unfiltered by high window glass
grimed with breath of streetsidedness, the purity
of your unmuffled noise. I hope they let you in
from rain, or when October chills through
to your metal armature, your smooth
scalp. I hope no pigeons nest in your wig
or if they do—because they probably will—
that they shit elsewhere,
that their fledglings alight off your shoulder,
soar down through the alleyway in the rose-gold
wash of post-drizzle June, that they flap harder
than they thought their sparse new
wings could, that your sisters envy them, too.

AUTHOR BIOS



C. D. Bailey is a poet from Portsmouth, Ohio. His work has appeared in a handful of literary magazines/journals. His debut chapbook, “Bastard,” is available through EMP Books.

Darren C. Demaree is the author of nineteen poetry collections, most recently “neverwell”, (Harbor Editions, June 2023). He is the recipient of a Greater Columbus Arts Council Grant, an Ohio Arts Council Individual Excellence Award, the Louise Bogan Award from Trio House Press, and the Nancy Dew Taylor Award from Emrys Journal. He is the Editor-in-Chief of the Best of the Net Anthology and the Managing Editor of Ovenbird Poetry. He is currently living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.



Britt DiBartolo is a poet living in western North Carolina. Her work has appeared/is forthcoming in Peach Mag, Tilted House Review, the Pigeon Parade Quarterly, and elsewhere. She’s @frangipansy on Instagram.

Rachel Hinton's debut poetry collection, *Hospice Plastics*, won the Cowles Poetry Prize and was published by Southeast Missouri State University Press in October 2021. National Book Award Winner Mary Szybist called *Hospice Plastics* "that rare collection that I've not been able to stop re-reading." Rachel's poems have previously appeared in *The Boiler*, *Cimarron Review*, *The Denver Quarterly*, *The Hunger*, *Salamander*, and other journals. Her website is www.rachelhinton.net.



Andrew Jones is attempting to create the ultimate pasta sauce recipe. Do not disturb him until he's finished. While you wait, you can read some of his writing in *Appalachia Journal*, *Welter*, *86 Logic*, and *In Parentheses*.

Valerie Loveland is a poet living in New Jersey. She enjoys audio poetry, silent movies, and collage. Her book [unsolved mysteries theme song] will be published in 2023.



DS Maolalai has been described by one editor as "a cosmopolitan poet" and another as "prolific, bordering on incontinent". His work has nominated eleven times for Best of the Net, eight for the Pushcart Prize and once for the Forward Prize, and has been released in three collections; "Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden" (Encircle Press, 2016), "Sad Havoc Among the Birds" (Turas Press, 2019) and "Noble Rot" (Turas Press, 2022)

Kerry Trautman is a lifelong Ohioan. Her work has appeared previously in *Everything in Aspic*, as well as in various other journals and anthologies. Kerry's poetry books are *Things That Come in Boxes* (King Craft Press 2012,) *To Have Hoped* (Finishing Line Press 2015,) *Artifacts* (NightBallet Press 2017,) *To be Nonchalantly Alive* (Kelsay Books 2020,) *Marilyn: Self-Portrait, Oil on Canvas* (Gutter Snob Books 2022,) and *Unknowable Things* (Roadside Press 2023.) Her fiction chapbook *Irregulars* is forthcoming from Stanchion Books in 2023.





Thank you so much
for reading!

