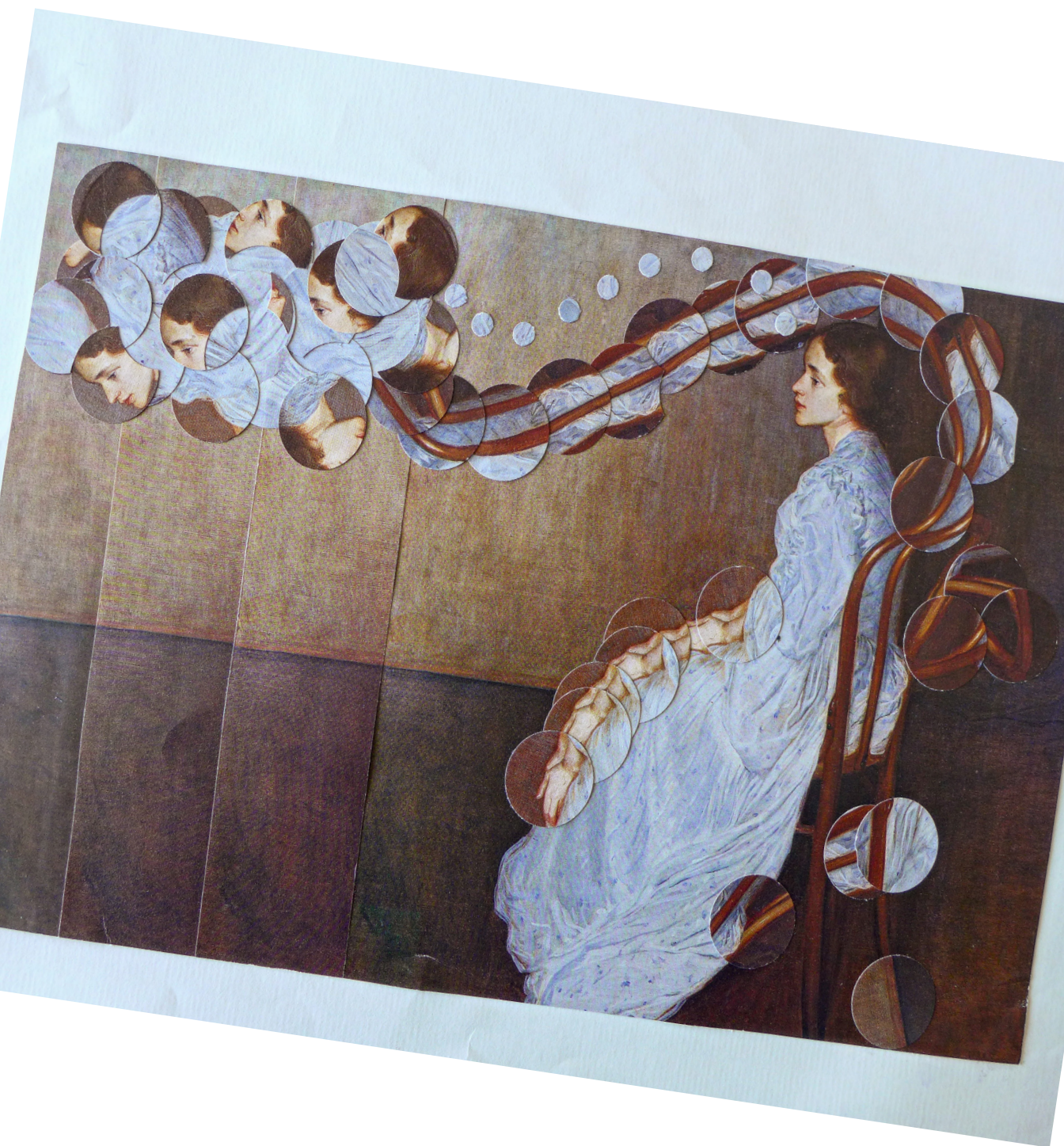


snaggletooth

Issue 008
Fall 2022



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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

Thank you so much for taking the time to read our eighth issue of Snaggletooth. This is a big milestone for our club, and for good reason: this is our first print edition of Snaggletooth since before the COVID-19 pandemic, our last one having been in 2019. We've worked hard on this issue and we have so many wonderful new editors—this is my last year at Bates, meaning that next year, Snaggletooth will have an entirely new set of editors than it did in its founding year, 2018. The magazine is in great hands and we're all excited to see what the future holds.

This issue features a mix of new and familiar contributors, and there are so many pieces worth highlighting that it's hard to pick just a few. Past contributor Grace Biddle has three gorgeous new poems in this issue; Grace has such a distinct poetic voice, and it's been a privilege to highlight her creative growth throughout multiple issues of Snaggletooth. She is in this semester's poetry workshop with Myronn Hardy along with fellow contributors Evan Antonakes and Chase Crawford, both of whom submitted wonderful pieces as well. New contributor Audrey Henry's pieces have some of the best titles I've ever seen, and her story "Maybe If I Get My Stomach Pumped the Fear Will Come Out of Me 2" will stay with you long after you put down this issue of Snaggletooth. Her voice is incredibly compelling and I hope she continues writing and publishing, because I want to read more of her work! Sam Jean-Francois "Gynecology" experiments with form while examining the horrific abuse of Black women by Dr. Marion Sims in the name of gynecological research, and Stella Gould's "Notes on the Inevitable" is a gut-wrenching account of the horror and helplessness that accompanies the sudden death of a friend. There are so many beautiful pieces in this issue, and I'm so proud of every contributor and editor who made this issue of Snaggletooth as moving and magical as it is. I hope you enjoy this issue as much as we enjoyed putting it together. Big thanks to our funding advisor Oyuka London and everybody who works to ensure creative ventures at Bates don't go overlooked. It's always such a privilege to showcase people's work, and I'm so glad we're back in print.

With love and gratitude,

Maria Gray (& Ella Lungstrum)
Editors-in-Chief, Snaggletooth Magazine

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'Benjamín y los perros,'
(San Martín de los Andes)
 Gianluca Yornet de Rosas
 Digital Photography,
 2022

VISUAL ART

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Miluju Tebe Pro Tvy Sny

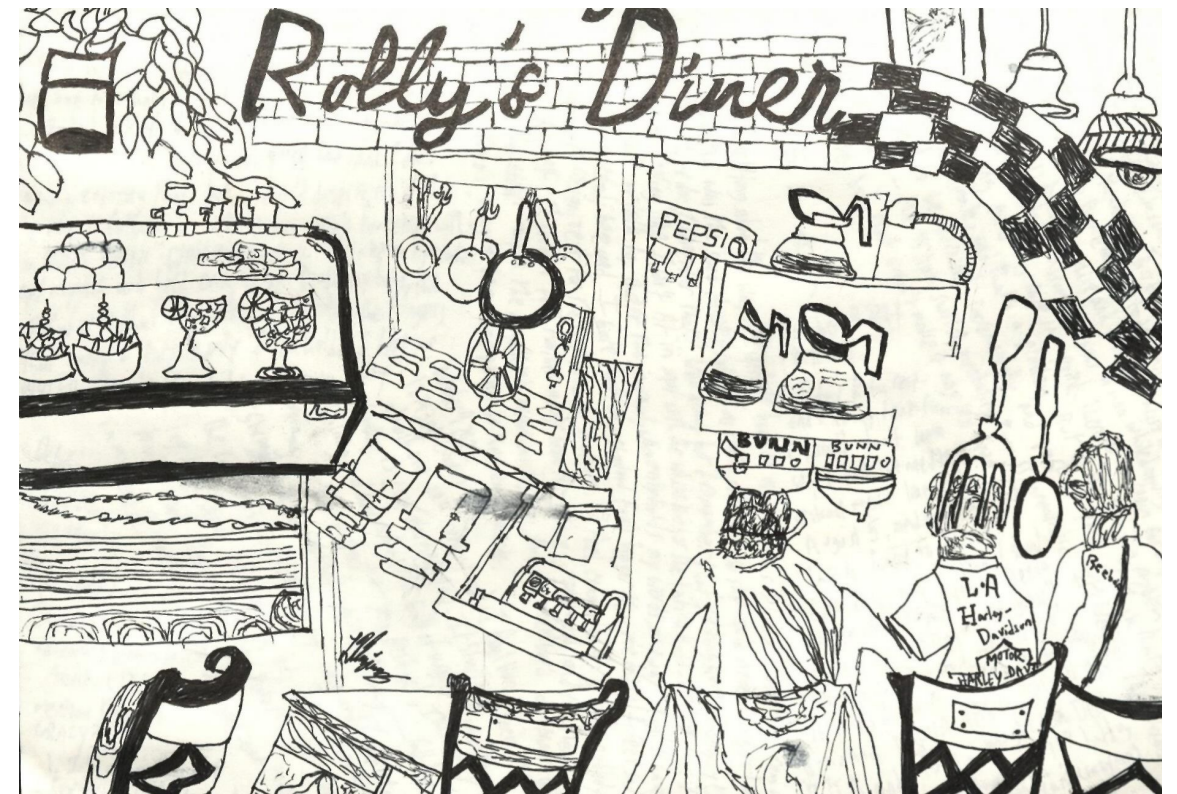
Pick up the pieces and fill in the blanks—
tooth decay, butane, and Fenway Park franks.
Bleach rolled Christianias, big as Havana cigars,
& matchsticks in the glove box inside all of our old cars.

Hibernation, hot time, feverish frenzy ensues.
Pace around the island and put on Pinkie's Blues.
Damp sleeves from washing dishes, dogs with velvet ears;
shooting stars, disposable wishes, laughing through the tears.

Not solving any big problems, other than my own.
December 19th, 1620—etched into Watson's stone.
Meat that's cut with butter knives has never made me sicker;
in the knot of Old Jones Bog, we never seem to bicker.

Miluju tebe pro tvy sny:
I love you for your dreams;
when you're dreaming, you love me.

— Lily Ritch



Rolly's
Lucia Pizarro
Pen and Paper
2022

1. Deluge - Leila Chatli
2. Crush - Richard Siken
3. frank: sonnets - Diane Seuss
4. A Little Middle of the Night - Molly Brodak
5. Love & Solidarity - Brendan Joyce
6. The Year of Magical Thinking - Joan Didion
7. Time is a Mother - Ocean Vuong
8. When I Grow Up I Want to Be a List of Future Possibilities - Chen Chen

*Bonus smaller pieces:

9. "The Unified Theory of Ophelia: On Women, Writing, and Mental Illness" - B.N. Harrison
10. "What Resembles the Grave But Isn't" - Anne Boyer

Reading Recs
 Maria Gray
 2022

Saudade - Thievery Corporation
 Tereza My Love - Antônio Carlos Jobim
 Punch Drunk - Sade
 Enchanted Mirror - Luiz Bonfá
 Kinky Love - Pale Saints
 White Gloves - Khraungbin
 I Am the Changer - Cotton Jones
 Manhattan - Blossom Dearie
 Anchin Kfu Ayinkash - Hailu Mergia & Dalak Band
 Mexican Dream - Piero Picconi
 Eros #2 - Piero Picconi
 Girl - Standing On The Corner
 Czech One - King Krule
 Krk (At Home in Strange Places - Vanishing Twin
 If i am - my bloody valentine
 Kim's Chords - Sonic Youth
 Liquid Love - Roy Ayers
 Down in Atlanta - Yusuf Lateef
 363N63 - King Krule
 Stoned to Say the Least - St. Étienne
 Tezeta (Nostalgia) - Mulatu Astatke
 Out Getting Ribs - King Krule
 Homesickness parts 1 and 2 - Tsegue-Maryam Guebrou
 Midnight 01 - King Krule
 Airport Antennal Airplane - King Krule
 Avril 14th - Aphex Twin
 Night Falls on Hoboken - Yo La Tengo

Playlist
 Ethan Rayburn
 2022

August

There must have been more than the divine chaos
 of devouring half-baked cherry almond cake
 on the beach with you. Maybe

we just got unlucky
 searching for the source, to touch, to be touched,
 to create a god from the wild strawberries.

When you left me
 relief opened in my chest like a flower.
 Now I kill time until moonrise.

I drink rum and sleep with the light on.
 I eat raw spinach. I curl myself into the shape
 of a small dead insect, absorbing the ache,

eating the apple. I let the ocean wash it out of me,
 the ache of wanting to want
 to let go of my fantasy.

The tragedy of distance: an attempt to comb
 through the bracken that is my tangled,
 oceanswept hair. I still feel the memories

of your whispers on my neck,
 the seams of your jeans and your quivering ribcage.
 How your silence

ushered in the shipwreck of singing
 birds and dreams intersected. How the feathers,
 sticky with blood and sap, loomed

over the horizon. I sink further into the paralysis, right back into
 the caverns behind my eyes and remember
 the last time I held your hand

and it was shaking. I spit solvent from under my tongue.
 A poor attempt, I must admit, to dissolve the monster
 I tried to chew and could not swallow.

— Lucie Green

**Might there be a man inside
these Salvation Army jeans**

When I was starting the starting quarterback
and Homecoming King
Admired for strength and brute,

I took this girl to a pumpkin patch,
filled with loathsome gourds because
Girls like that sort of thing,

Undeniably handsome,
I told her I loved her because
Girls like that sort of thing,

When the sun touched the hills
I told her the truth because
Men do that sort of thing,

Conceited, Mean, Fuckable,
I'd give it all to be him.

Pure gibberish

written at the end of your letter:
Signaling intoxication.
Showing me your lack of inspiration.
With a hint of manipulation and
a bit of desperation.

You live all but two and a half blocks from me.
Hold onto your preference for postage.
Cawdle communication.
Reject physical touch.

Meet me at the pear tree between us.
Bring your voice and
leave your words behind.
If we share a bite of this forbidden fruit
the poison can't be deadly.

—Grace Biddle

Being mad

He says he likes the way my insides look,
as if that will make me paint them greener.

He says he despises the way those four minutes sound,
as if that will make a tambourine play like a piano.

He says he thinks her new haircut looks good,
as if she won't ever let it grow another inch.

He says he has never seen these yellow walls before,
as if honesty deserves a scratch on the back or some sugar.

He says one should look after their belongings,
as if they don't label their boxes of pasta in Sharpie.

He says shut up like I have something to say.

— Emma Richter



Notes on the Inevitable

When there is mercy, the hurt may still linger.

Because I've been doing really well, but then I remembered how much I missed getting tea with you. It didn't ever really matter whether it was Chamomile or English Breakfast, or your favorite, peppermint. It was more the assured 5-7 minutes talking about the kids, enjoying the warmth of your smile as the hot water warmed our mugs, softened our hands and my insides.

Now, I linger a moment before I take my first sip.
And I thought about that bowling shirt of yours
the other day. You never bowled
but that's besides the point. It fit you well
like everything did, and
and then I saw a picture of Jesse
in the same black bowling shirt that belonged to you,
spent 20 minutes staring and swearing it was—

It wasn't.
I listened to that voice memo from June 11th, and was reminded
of this immortal capture of your inevitable mortality. But
I'm doing really well! So I can't tell you why I still keep you
in my wallet, torn at the edges, waterlogged and sun bleached.
Why my heart decides to take a five-minute smoke break
when I see messy but intentionally composed curls. You see,

it's been 270 days, and I'm still counting Thursdays—
though notably not as frequently—referring back to
the moments on film and distant memories confined to just

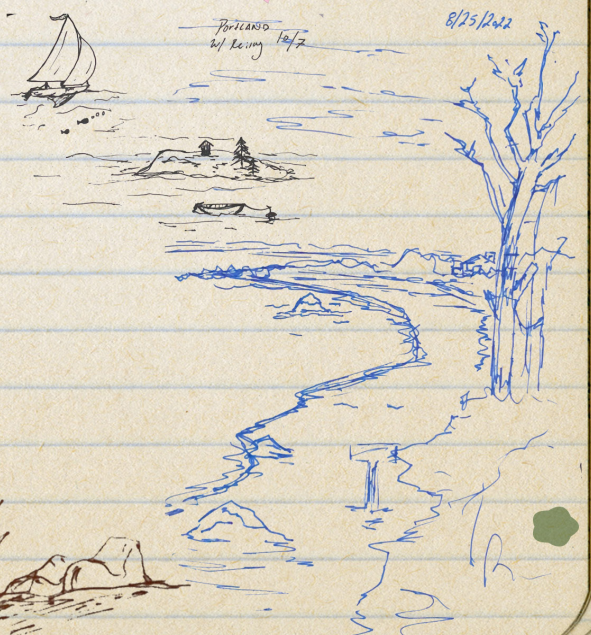
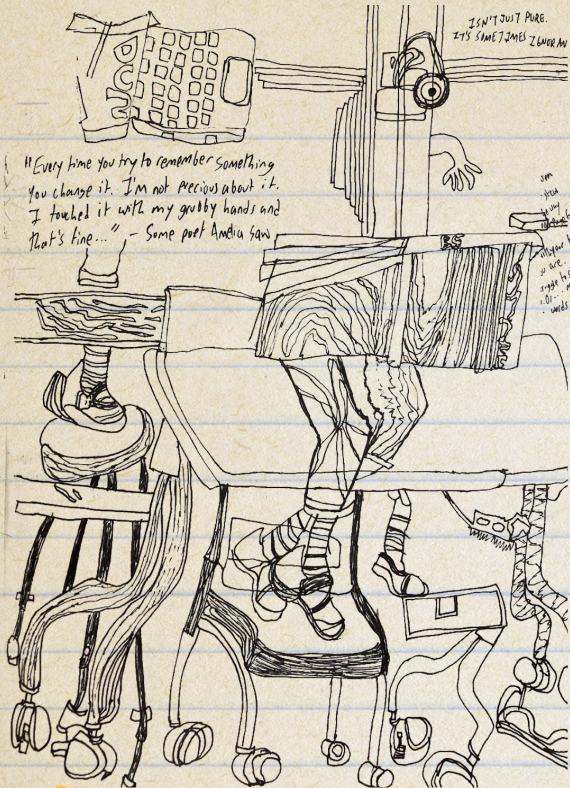
42 days.

My mom calls me sometimes to ask about you. I keep it short
for her sake and for mine, tell her I'm fine,
that it's hard, but these things happen. To other people they happen.
Not to me they don't. But they did. No, I'm fine. And things happen
for a reason. Just because I'm reasonless 38 Thursdays later doesn't mean
it isn't lingering next to the calm of the river I'm afraid to look at,
next to the laugh I'll never hear again, the spliff
I'll never smoke, the Central Park we'll never walk.

And I know I should be grateful
for the mercy of the river
that liked me better than it did you.
And I am, but here still lingers

that same hurt.

-- Stella Gould



KEY:

- Lily rich
- Daisy Gallagher
- Jensen nida
- AUDGE ESTEVES
- Simca Mamba
- bora lugundo
- (Lucia Pizarro)
- Maggie Amann
- ◆ Jessie gross



SPREAD BY JESSIE TOO Background Photo BY: ELLA LUNGSTRUM

Love Bite

That's how I knew
when I wanted it to leave a mark.

Something I could look at later
was I wanted?

I yearned for proof
and you must have known.

I smiled down at it later.
Accomplished.
Accidental – but not really –
footprints in the cement.

— Ilana Zeilinger



'Rest and Relaxation' Maddie Kemp, Drawing, 2022

Call me.

There's nothing more I can say
We are no longer in the same room
Our distance broken from a call
One button away
But it always seems out of reach
Not the right time too busy too early
Slipping our minds while we're stuck
In our own time
Calling for a few minutes and nothing more
Because you say I have better things to do
What is better than hearing your mother's voice?
Hearing she's proud of you that she loves you
That she misses you
There's nothing more that I want
To be safe to be loved to be wanted
Mother can you hear me on the other end,
Do you need me as much as I need you?
A few hundred miles could never break me
Unless you broke my heart

— Christina Maldonado

Heavenly Bodies

Lately, I've been drawn to the space between fences on the walks I take
when I can't live with the weight of my own head anymore. When I leave
to pace the alleyway he showed me a few weeks back, I tell my dad
that being lonely is good for me.

Lately, I've been drawn to the thoughts I know you would hate.
I wonder if I'm blurring the lines of the life you've drawn.
Would it be easier for you if we hadn't fallen on dead leaves together
last October, if you didn't love the wrong body so much?

Lately, I wonder about how I'm tethered to my skin.

The path mourns the loss of light, as it did the day before
and the day before that and somewhere
nearby there are windchimes, and it's strange
because I don't feel any breeze at all
just stale desert air that reminds me e how long it could take
to reach an ocean, which is your favorite place to be.

I try to walk until the fireflies come out,
until I can see bodies that aren't mine or yours:
Bodies that do more than sweat and cry and feel nothing at all,
Bodies that weave seamlessly through branches of live oaks,
Bodies that are only really noticed in the minutes between day and night,
Bodies that love who they're told to

Or at least I think they do, but I don't know much about fireflies, I just know
that they don't stay around long and now

I'm surrounded by bodies made of stars
and I try to find The Summer Triangle, the only one I can remember
because I forgot about the constellations when they forgot about me.

If my body were made of water or stars or leaves or morning dew,
could you love me without it feeling so wrong?

Over the chimes I can almost hear you answer:
Even if I could touch every creature earthly or otherwise,
I would hear your heartbeat the loudest,
and that is more heavenly
than the moon or Saturn or Eve or Adam
for a second, I thank the flesh that ties me to bone, and

I think about returning to the front yard.
for a second, I'm grateful I'm not a firefly,
because I don't want you to only see me in the darkness.
I ask my dad to teach me how to drive
and tell him again how wonderfully the solitude suits me.
I've been thinking about putting my feet in the ocean.
He won't let me, unless I learn how to swim.
But I already can, I insist.
You've forgotten, he tells me, because all you do these days is walk.

Now, I've decided, I'm leaving the fireflies behind
and coming back north to you.

— Talia Skaistis



'Birds'
Danny Zuniga Zarat
Digital Photography
2022

Whispering to Ghosts

The world isn't air, but it's snowing aspen leaves which quake and quiver, whispering to ghosts.
Nothing is solitary — your red silk scarf, lost to the river, whispering to ghosts.

You recite in your sleep a language you spoke as a girl, sink into the misleading
security of narratives that desert and outlive her, whispering to ghosts.

It's Chekhov's seagull, it's Coleridge's albatross, it's Carroll's flamingo I see
shot in the neck, bodies limp and bloodied, inked into your liver, whispering to ghosts.

Disbelieving, jaw burning, you spit your shattered teeth into your left hand and thank god for
the gift of novocaine. At least your tongue is not in slivers, whispering to ghosts.

The point is poetry, it's the opposite of loneliness, it's the lilacs in boxes
marked upside down and this end up, and you are a reckless giver, whispering to ghosts.

Hold your own now in this wasteland, taste the nectar leaking from the wounds of strangers
to create fabric, acts of witness, a message to deliver, whispering to ghosts.

Bruises blooming brightly under your skin as a record of how dangerous this is:
your gambled nightmares, your green monsters, the one you love shivers, whispering to ghosts.

I am so thirsty in this cocoon of polyvinyl chloride and uncoupled panic,
barefoot, dazed, bold. Lucie, it might be time to forgive her for whispering to ghosts.

— Lucie Green

Why did it take you so long to realize you were bisexual?

I don't like girls the way they do;
eyes biting into bodies as one

sinks his teeth into a pomegranate, juices dribbling
down the chin, seeds and flesh caught

between the teeth. When I'm drunk, I don't reach my hand over
to the girl beside me, hand grabbing the softness

of the inner thigh, pinky finger inching further up
the warmth of the leg, closer and closer until all she's thinking

is *I hope no one else can see this*. Beer in his breath
and words rolling off his tongue

that feel like passing a hand through greasy hair.
If this is attraction, I don't possess it.

But when she kissed me in that dark bathroom
on New Year's Eve—pink-tinted chapstick on her lips,

glitter painted across her eyelids, her smile stretching
beneath my fingers like the first taste of perfection—

I could have sworn that
this is what wanting feels like.

— Gail Curtis

Beyond what we want to remember.

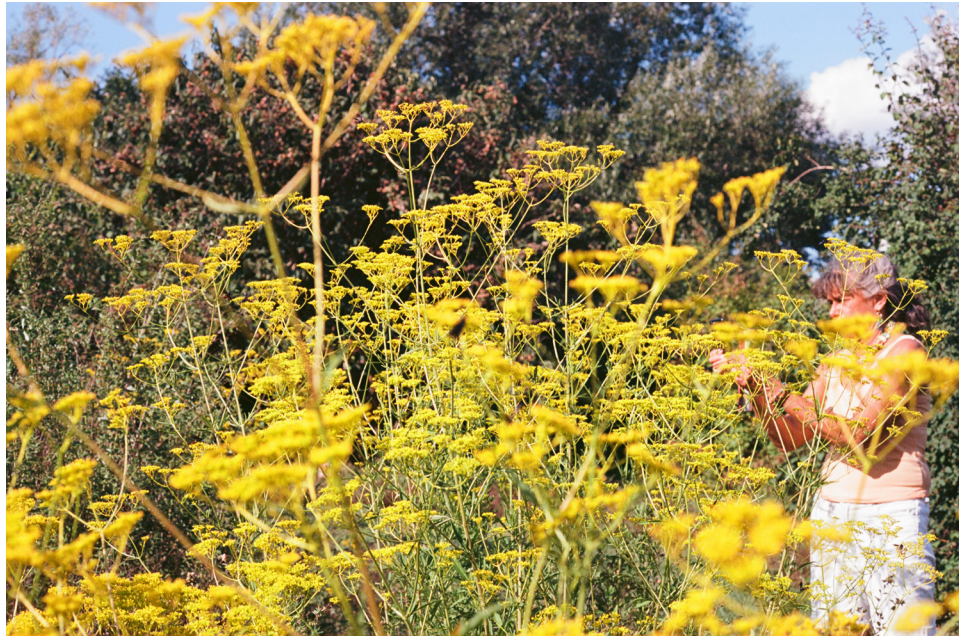
I often reminisce on a summer
which was never mine to begin with.
A stripped sky with yellow dust between the lines,
a red mark left on my thigh from yours. It's
sweaty when we depart,
makes a noise at the separation.
A rumble of skin
and a tear from the sky
as my face crashes into yours.
Every other blackberry is sweet
and we hide behind the thorns
just to avoid His stare.
If you painted me red tomorrow
I would laugh
because I'm half drunk on the blood of Christ
and sinning has never tasted this good.
With each berry I pick
your fingers decide to bleed.
Each thorn softer than the next,
each walk home faster than the last.
My scent never lingers for long
even when I leave a bit behind.
So instead of hiding pieces of me
inside of your pockets I'll catch on fire
in an eight paneled wooden box
just so they forget I know
the outline of your hair in the sun.

— Julia Neumann

Formation Recipe, or: How to Stop Feeling Like a Poser When You Rock that Sick New Pair of Leather Jeans

The costumes don't fit well
It feels just like a lie at first
No voice and yet a desp'rate thirst
From neck hangs loud cowbell.
See faces stare with faces' care
They have scissors for eyes
Let cutting glare break body bare
Self instrumentalize.
(How pasta sheds water).
Orbitals turn to stainless holes
The room will sieve the costume, whole
True Fragments badged to fur.
Truth sticks to you like linty darts,
Cranberries hanging full.
Pull over all unfinished parts
A cavalcade of souls.
For final product just as sharp:
Repeat for seventy
To eighty years, and find your heart
Has ripened Who To Be.

— Audrey Henry



'Texture Garden'
 Brooklyn, New York
 Ella Lungstrum
 Film Photography
 2022

Splintered

Down quiet streets—trees standing unassumingly—
 with leaves so red the branches look as if
 they're holding out a heart and making an offering,

I walk half a pace behind him. He effortlessly
 attracts everyone else walking home, laughing
 and gossiping, his language laced with a lucid confidence.
 I, in awe of him again, try my best
 to laugh in sync with everyone else.

At a field away from town marked by a lone
 streetlamp nestled among ragweed and yarrow,
 we take off our backpacks
 and toss them at the base of an old fence.
 I know the best trees for climbing. We run through
 tall grass. The two of us skip rocks along the stream.
 We lay down in the sun—November comes
 and we catch it in our mouths.

It's been ten years since then. What remains
 is more like a splintered dream than a beating past.

Along the same road, we drive, combing for words,
 his hand anxiously gripping the steering wheel.
 A cigarette between his fingers points upwards toward the sky.
 We pass the field we used to play in which has since
 become rows of houses, all alike with expensive lawns,
 pumpkins on front porches, and neatly shackled flowers.
 The trunks of maple trees line the street having lived in the time of
 condominiums and loud cars and chipped sidewalks
 and humans.

A forest has no value in this world
 until it's cut down. I've come to expect that.
 This world has a tendency to cut
 down people as well.
 And I suppose I should expect that too.

We drive on past broken rivers
 and disfigured valleys, he reminisces about
 his glory days, we recall our tar-laden memories,
 and I look out the window at the
 squirming stars, the scattered clouds—

large and drifting, like the shadow
 cast by something leaving.

— Evan Antonakes



'Stella', Avery Lehman, Digital Photography, 2022

"I have always been curious to see how others keep and write in their own journals, not because I want to learn their personal thoughts, but because I wonder about how our personalities and experiences dictate the differences in our styles of journaling. This portrait is part of a series on journaling. After I met and shot with each model, I took scans of whichever parts of their journal they were comfortable with sharing. As I progressed through the journals I was elated to see that no two were exactly the same and a handful journalled in a way that I had never even imagined. The styles varied between collages of magazine clippings, pages of quotes or sayings, chords and lyrics to songs, random rants and thoughts, rough sketches of people and places, and finally the traditional entry detailing the writer's day or week."

—Avery Lehman



'Angry as a Horse'
Orion
2022

A Sippy Bird On Omegle Sees More Truth Than You and I

I sat on the couch with the hairline fracture down the middle and
 Looked to the fan, blocking the window and through onto the street,
 Pavement paved with water wafer thin
 Cars coming by-like firestick igniting neons (<0.1% of the air)
 Hissssssounding out loud and free and snaking its path,
 Pushing through the pentapoint stars,
 Pinwheeling to see me:
 The gentle breeze in my face through man made means but not
 Meaning by man made,
 The senses sublimed and satiated notably.

I got up and tried my best to maneuver
 To the place in the room to remember this all best,
 And I thought I snapped the photograph at a sideways angle,
 But I remember it all head-on, or..
 [One of the camera's damn P words where you cross the line]
 Image: two blowing faces like Renaissance portrait two-shot, I
 Gazing lovingly cross the hardwood museum/living-room floor.

The feeling breezes down a notch, then
 It's hitting windy all at once,
 The moment of memorization evoking the parallel memory
 Of memorization: "touch barely needed" remote control button pressed,
 channel tuned to

The Phantom Step: involuntarily stepping into a past life that
 The Habit of Holding inferred still continues. Isn't it incredible that
 Everything reminds you of everything?
 All Things containing All Things.

I listen to my ears and hear the thoughts of the drivers and their
 Radios the melting point of the plastic rotaries
 And the trees and their dog-parts bark "Speak".
 The static of that day's accumulative thought:
 The Perverts are going to flash up on Window screen
 And pluck out the black lines like harpy strings or other scary beautiful beaked things
 Who sings songs sing-song 'round the invisible ropes stretching yearning
 connecting it all.

And unplug (though it wasn't needed),
 take the fan out,
 and I closed the window

— Audrey Henry



The Goose was calling late last night, and who am I not to heed its screech? / Its teeming break delivered cold suds... / shaking my beleaguered feet. / The ceilings reek of steamy meats with tables made of what beavers eat! / This beats a bowl of cream of wheat I think but that's, cleaner treat / The price of pints is mighty nice, but I must flee. / To the fleeting flight / Of fried up rice from the store with the mean lights.

-- Colin Thoman (with help from Lola Bucakowski and Josephine Woodruff)

Being Attached

for JL

Once, sailing my ship alone way out into the darkness I picked up a Driving Man in a tomato tee-shirt, who warmed my gravity and lived happily with two cats. He held my hand and talked to me while I fell asleep, and after some time he said “I could see you some day waking without terror, without recklessness, without a pillar hoping to pick out the ice splinters and put them back.” I said “I’ve been there, and don’t things ever change?” In a canoe alongside, we spotted a naked man, Rowing.

I said “Love sails over the waves in your hair.” He said “My spine is the runway for birds of love tossed into flight with the thirst of my thighs.” So we took him aboard, repenting, falling, keep moving don’t move: a plastic dissection of swords that slice tulips to pieces.

This brown-eyed man was a three-sided coin, “I trap you,” I said, “all humans too late.” Lessons, holy elixir, people’s faces, seething, crawling with fire ants. We sailed past the mountain before the shipwreck of flowers during dinner, laughter and lemon cake, and blossoms that neck-tied the clouds. This persuasion of duality, this disturbance of shape.

And the Driving Man reported “There is no life without green plants.” I concentrate on the absolute, the visible simplification raw, sculpted, snap out of it, damn it, the entropy has me knotted in a monochromatic machine. I want to be strong and safe: the central everything. What little eclectic brevity must I omit this one time, hypocrite?

The Rower mused that we wanted to own land and be the nucleus of great space. I said “That would be nice if you have a dog to walk but also I’d house myself with wise men to watch and happy women to joke with.” I find myself being attached to my gruesome playground injuries, fracturing in defense. I only wish for highways and huckleberries now.

The wishbone around my neck begs for candy from the general store. Lincoln logs, the surprisingly still bodies of grasshoppers not quite gone, the taffy tourists feed to the moose. In my community we count the balloons, and god, I have never looked more beautiful this way despite the rapture which is absolutely normal chaos. My unmanned lust is a flashlight consumed by words I don’t quite understand. The Driving Man and the Rower seem to know, so some day maybe I will too.

— Lucie Green



'breakfast' film photography, 2022



'tryphobia' film photography, 2022



'urchin eye' film photography, 2022

"In technical terms, double exposure is when you expose the same film two or more times, creating a superposition of multiple images into one. The lighter regions of one image will fill the darker regions of the other. Using this process, I like to explore the ways in which natural textures, whether they are tree branches, rocks, sand, ripples, foam, etc., suit various subjects. From people to landscapes, the blending of textures into the subject creates a relationship between the two, blending them into one space and moment captured on the same film."

— Garrett Glasgow

At a Cemetery in Maine

On a day I felt like I was insane I gathered myself and my dog and walked up the big brown hill in my neighborhood to speak with the wind. It did not ask why I came or what was wrong; it simply flew at me and engulfed me and all I could hear was roaring in my ears and dancing on my skin. My dog bit at the wind but it passed through his teeth, laughing.

The wind embraced me, the colors of the sky around me, the shallow dark blue of the fading night and the puffy white of the wispy yawning clouds. I sat in its roar for a while, slowly gathering myself in the back of my head, the wind swirling all around me; pushing, pushing at my skin. I sat for so long the sun began to stretch over the mountain to the east, tempering the wind with hints of gold dust. I sat for so long my dog put his head in my lap and I remembered what my fingers felt like a year ago. Like the nights that spill my blood into the next mornings, like the cracks in the space between songs, like the whites of my eyes and, as always, the glossy brown of my dog, who follows me around the house and frowns when I leave without him.

There it was again, that funny feeling that whistles through my veins and brushes the top of my head, that speaks to me in a slow voice of honey and thin, thin paper, that voice that whispers to the ocean all about me. I don't know this funny feeling, but it knows me, and the stories it tells when it springs free are unfamiliar. This morning was such a morning: the wind swirled around me, waiting to carry the feeling to the ocean. My dog lifted his head a bit, sniffing at the wind, hoping for a translation.

And so we were, all three of us, and so the funny feeling began.

Once, during a time I don't quite know, there was a dusty black cat that prowled around a green, green enclosure. The enclosure was for horses, so it was wide and part of it was sheltered from rain and wind by thick trees that grew over the large wooden fence. In the center there was a red three-wall stand with a steel water trough for the animals to sleep under. Horses had not been seen in the pasture for many years, however, and the grasses were overgrown, the red paint peeling; the water trough rusty.

The dusty cat was always there at the pasture and could always be found spending the day on something different: sorting through the wildflowers, stepping along the top of the old wooden fence, walking the outline of the enclosure, laying around a patch of grasses that were colored a deep green, as if they were about to cry.

The cat was very meticulous in his activities. He looked up for little and could be torn away for even less; often passerby would rumble past, calling or reaching out to him- these he always ignored, intent on whatever task he appeared to be fixated with today. Of course, he spoke on occasion, to the sparrows that swept through from time to time, to the dragonflies that danced through the summer air at twilight. But his words to such as the birds and the bugs were empty of the vigor they might have expected from a dusty cat such as he-- the

taste of life, even in bitterness, was absent, devastatingly so to the winged creatures who spoke with him. Friendly and peaceful as they were, they did so love to talk, to hear a good story. Occasionally a sparrow or robin would stay over a night in the big sweeping tree at the far end of the enclosure; they watched the cat closely, as a cat who does not love to speak, even in a slow drawl, is of course a strange cat indeed. Thus the birds observed he slept in the afternoon heat and woke with the moon to speak to the air all night.

Here the funny feeling paused, as if it expected an interruption from the whistling wind: it got one. The wind curled around my head again and again, demanding how this creature could speak to the air and it would not know of it. I let it curl; I knew that the wind would rather writhe and hiss and not know than scare the funny feeling back into some little part of my body, where it could stay and be silent as long as it pleased. It was my body, but the funny feeling was not a part of me the same way that I was; the wind would not risk losing the funny feeling somewhere we could not get it back. I was not an ally of the wind, but on this day, sitting before the cracking dawn, I rose to the funny feeling.

"It's because the story is not true," I offered up, and immediately wished to take it back. I know better than anyone the truth of my own mind. Of course it was true. The funny feeling responded with only cold silence. How childish of the wind to cut in with its quick obstacles; how stupid of me to listen to the swirl of space above my own head and call it false. Of course it was true. We bowed our heads, the wind and I, ashamed, and the funny feeling continued.

Of course it is true, but for reasons other than technicality. Yes, the dusty cat spoke all night into the air, his words rusty and mangled, but the air did not listen because the words of the cat were not secrets, at least not to the prying ear; furthermore, the cat was not speaking to the air at all; rather, the bones below him.

They were rotted and tangled, some mashed together spitefully, others wrapped carefully and tucked away from everything; more still broken apart into soft pieces. The only constant was the brown all around them, covering, covering. The bones below the dusty cat were yellow and cream-colored; buttery in texture and sharp to the touch. They knew blood and air and rain, but most of all, they knew the dirt they breathed in, and now they knew the cat.

The funny feeling paused; immediately the wind was off again, whispering to the trees and translating for my dog. He leaned his head into it appreciatively. Around me, the world seemed to lean towards the light bleeding over the horizon, as if by its own will it could reach up and pull the sky, with the sun hanging in the center, above it. But the world cannot pull the sun above it, only lean forward, showing its face to the old light from a place where sound does not travel, a place a million miles away. I waited quietly, tilting forward with the planet. I held my eyes open against the light, as if I could see it warming the air around me.

The bones had been there for a thousand years, silent; empty of boredom, or rage, or listlessness. They sought nothing, not flesh, nor power, nor knowledge. They only listened. They heard the footfalls of hundreds of human generations, the rise and fall of power; the unattainably complex and beautifully simplistic lives that passed over the dirt that suspended them in place. They listened, and they knew, and once they spoke, to a young girl who knew nothing of her magic. She was angry and unkind and graceful, and they told her what she wanted to know in exchange for the promise of a handful of sunlight. But the girl broke her word, and did not bade the sun to reach down to greet the bones, and by the time the cat found them, they did no more than listen.

And they listened to the dusty cat, unmoving, unwavering in their emptiness, their past.

The cat told them three things, slowly, over the course of the time it spent there with the bones under the earth. First, it told them of itself. It is here I always thought I would live, when I would lay back and look through the ceiling into the sky, when I smiled as I went out the front door because I knew I wouldn't be here so much longer. Of course, I didn't know it would look like this, but no one knows where they want to live when they promise their departure from home. But when I saw this place I knew it was what I meant.

Second, it told them of their visitors during the night.

There is a cold gray fog that blows over the field towards the end of the night, and right when I wonder if the sun will ever find us through it, the light breaks over the horizon and it scatters. But it comes every night, and I think it is here for you, because it coils away from itself in thick tongues, sifting all through the grass for something. If I get too close, it hisses at me, and in the voice of a girl.

Thirdly, it told the bones nestled beneath the earth of the footsteps they heard, and the voices that belonged to them. The cat told them of each and every being whose footfalls they heard through the dirt they lay protected in, and quietly they listened.

And when the cat was finished, they stretched, turned over, and spoke.

What did they say, the wind cried, hanging around my shoulders, what did they say.

"I don't know," said the funny feeling. And then it stretched, turned over, and darted back into my skull, to wait for another day on which I felt like I was insane.

And my dog lifted his head from my lap, anxious to go home and have his breakfast, and the sun broke free from the horizon, washing me and all the land in a soft and muffled old light.

— Simon Marsh



'Heights'
Tanya Cyster
Oil Painting
2022

Gaffer

I crave to bathe with the lights off, drowning
in lavender darkness. A hollow void
ripples across my calloused skin until
the water's whispers wistfully wet my heart.

My wrinkled left pinkie grazes the light switch.
A flicker to flame to suffocate humid
shadows highlighted by blacklight, which splits
darkness from blackness. Fast phosphorescent
sparkles of tungsten grip my eyes awake.

Photon-formed tentacles choke the irises,
pulling the pigment closer to the bulb's
translucent cerebral cortex coated
in ionized marigold melancholy

which punctures my ribs, injecting neon
into my left ventricle and wilting stigma.

— Garrett Glasgow

aubade: rusting

the window held the morning sun,
autumnal breath resting on
your shoulders,

leaves falling made it seem
as though pieces of sky
were charring

the ground, the world around
me falling to fragments,
copper

feathers from a falling sun
or a setting one,
rusting

when you leave.

— Alex Tan



'Untitled'
(Guatemala)
Ava Goodwin
Film Photography
2021

Al Waab

Out of sand, scorch, and dust
A new city grows in earnest
It cups the spectacle to the East
The lining over a lateral organ

All there is beige
To the passenger at least
Ephemeral enclaves
Color compounds within

There the grounded remain indifferent
Preoccupied with crime
As sporting bids and Exxon kids
Take more than just our time

My friend, The Torch
Watched while I winnowed
And winced in arid wind
With weightlessness and great modesty
We weathered all the same
Under an unyielding baby-blue sky
This poem is dedicated to him

And to those roads
Goodbyes are said and done
It feels strange to re-view home
As the eyes of the World set
On Khalifa International Stadium

— Kian Moaledj

Sullen Sonnet

I hang from your word, candy to a child;
it's the sweetest poison, a fair fauna.
My brain has gone mad, its contents defiled;
I crave your Atropa Belladonna.
When more is given, I take and take and—
when it's taken from, I sit with my want.
It's killing me, I cannot take a stand.
Still, you are but my closest confidant.
O! Is it worse to be but a blind babe,
Rather than making you heed my life's blood?
Though I ache, I make no move to escape;
without you I would sit, a crumpled bud.
I could not take your relentless presence;
tried to flee but you burned, incandescent.

— Caroline McCarthy

Packed

There is limited space in the back
The trunk pushed and stuffed with
the surmountable weight of My
weight
Upon the world.
I am temporary quarters
boxed with the materials
That hang on my cracked walls.
There's crooked nails
Hanging my organs
Shriveled into a ball
Of borrowed quilts
And broken zippers.
Everything I have
Is everything that takes me up.
I've run out of bags
To place my recycled parts
And my hands ache
They grow calloused
At the thought of introduction
Of storage and strangers
And shuffling, and shutting.

Cut it open. Let me breathe.

— Chase Crawford



'Medusa Gets Her Nails Done' Jensen Nida
watercolor paper, water color, stippling brushes, kosher salt, tears
2022

Gynecology

I wonder if your cadavers think of me when they rest

Ashen bodies of red, blue, and brown
Bloated, welled, rejected from the ground—silent mourners
giving hope to their freedom,

mouths humming to the tune of
how much it takes to keep a good shit going.

First word 🖐️ **7 syllables** 🖐️
{MEDICAL SUPERBODIES}

m e d i c a l s u p e r b o d i e s

MEDICAL SUPERBODIES

1. Objects deriving from mud, representative of the master's race desires, stronger, faster, durable creatures shrouded in mistruth
 - a. Taken from the Latin words: Anarcha: to mother, Lucy: to bring forth feats, and Betsy: to cure to what has no cures

And when they think of me, I wonder if they pray

Not me for me but for them: flesh return, reborn, and reworn into meat

I wonder if they could:

- A) suture language back to my tongue
- B) lift their hands back from the back; cranking up and down up and down up and down, up, until graved dirt is released from my mouth
- C)
- D) none of the above

How gone were you before your lands took hearts?

How loved were you before your men tore glands apart?

How lost were you when you decided how much it takes to keep a good shit going?

Second Word 🖐️ **9 syllables** 🖐️
{VESICO-VAGINAL FISTULAE}

v e s i c o v a g i n a l f i s t u l a e

VESICO-VAGINAL FISTULAE

1. an abnormal opening between the bladder and the vagina
 - a. the vagina is exposed to obstruction: obstruction taking form in injustice, incontinence, and insanity
 - i. the very knife that laid you down is the knife from which the whole forms truth

Third Word 🖐️ **5 syllables** 🖐️
{GYNECOLOGY}

g y n e c o l o g y

{GYNECOLOGY}

1. Violent field of study. Time of birth 18:44

How long were they dead before you decided to use them again? Were they warm to the touch? Still filled with earths and greens. Or long bloodied by the rust formed at your hand, serrating the bodies in yawp biopsies done after autopsy, to let the world know you've named their Black pussies yours.

New York Medical Gazette, January 1855

"[For this purpose] I was fortunate in having three young healthy colored girls given to me by their owners in Alabama, I agreeing to perform no operation without the full consent of the patients, and never to perform any that would, in my judgment, jeopard life, or produce greater mischief on the injured organs—the owners agreeing to let me keep them (at my own expense) till I was thoroughly convinced whether the affection could be cured or not."

But Dr. Sims, how long were they living before they craved revenge?

It doesn't take much to keep a good shit going.

— Sam Jean-Francois

The Twilight Hour

With a preference for body hair, she took to my armpits.
Before I merely forgot to shave,
before my mother saw and claimed homosexuality,
before she discovered my affliction.

My peers meet in dark alleyways and nightclubs.
Banding together to plan
to prey
on small women and children.

This short haircut on my head, acts as a callsign.
Calling all werewolf women
Calling all men without pride
Calling everyone else to question their words.

When the moon is full
and the hurried wind stands still
I emerge from the darkness, nails kept short

so it's easier to pull the trigger.
Hunting doe with claws proves to be quite difficult.
Posing at the top of a sycamore tree,
her eyes meet mine, as she begs for mercy.

— Grace Biddle

Maybe If I Get My Stomach Pumped the Fear Will Come Out of Me 2

As her fingernail caught the crack in the bus stop advertisement, a perfume bottle's edge extruding sharply from the world beyond the pane, Emily was hit by the smell. It was like pink hearts floating through the air, a regal trumpeting that alerted the rabble that somebody worth watching would soon be here. In one of those voyeuristic slits between the metal endemic to economic urban design, The Queen walked past, her fur coat bouncing, not cruelty-free but certainly without a care. As she stared at the passing Queen, deciding if she envied her, Emily was hit with the second smell and, faster than she could avert her gaze unworthy, Emily watched herself regurgitate all over her superior's black leather pumps.

The second scent was overwhelming, seemingly tracing and re-tracing her, running around her, into her. It almost smelled like rotten fruit, but more profane, like something left out in the sun and spoiled. She dry heaved, she dry heaved,

She Dry Heaved. A distant "Hey" and thumbs snapping broke through the rapidly consolidating fog of nausea. Emily didn't respond, hearing enough to perk her ears but not present enough to listen, only taking away from the exchange: "There's something wrong." Beads of sweat forming on her, passersby worried: "Did that girl just vomit?" Emily raised her eyes to meet The Queen's gaze, dumbly mulling over this experiential cud before realizing two things:

1. "It's so impolite to chew with your mouth open";
2. "A wrong I've done my superior will be met with a stronger wrong done unto me".

Social polity and a keen sense of it demanded Emily clench her nose, twist it tight like a guard locks up solitary. With her other hand she sifted through her pocket for some loose bills and, looking at the ground so as not to offend, shakily placed them in that outstretched, expectant palm.

"I'm sorry," Emily muttered.

"What's wrong with you?" she sneered.

'What's wrong with me?' Breathing through her mouth the smell still stung, seeming to penetrate the mucous membrane of her cheeks, passing up towards the brain, dizzying, tricking her into thinking she could taste it. Maybe she could; she wouldn't know. Her tongue was stuck in an arch, the tip anchored into the depths behind her front teeth, forming a levee which would hopefully deter the waters by its presence.

Emily forced out: "I smell something really bad and I feel very sick."

With unconfident condescension, The Queen questioned, "Then move?" It hadn't occurred to Emily before. She stammered a weak thanks and –

Stumbling forward brought no help, stumbling home neither. Grey city-blocks were full of people staring, people not knowing, people NEEDing to know

what was going on with the girl doubled-over with her hands about her face. Her vision pulsed about the crowds, thin rods of light dancing head-aches to the throb. Her gut thrummed. Faces morphed as an invisible hand covered everyone in make-up, flattering not those most beautiful elements of a person's cheer, but rather, as a belle desperate for her former beauty prepares in haste for a ball, drawing out the sharp visage of ill health. The scent wasn't just emulsifying the world, the whole smell rose, solidified, heaved into a monstrously decadent, rich, multi-layered cake. As it engulfed her, stifling her breath, Emily could still feel each stare piercing through the mess. 'Some people have scissors for eyes,' she thought.

The smell persisted home unlock strip shower no pauses just move. Soap scrubs and scrubs and scrubs but even the smell of hot water is drowned out as the world gets butter-churned.

With the bravery of a child cracking open their fingers to peek, she realized: 'It is coming from me.'

Tears ran hotter than the shower head, the emotion briefly eclipsing the reasons behind it, but the moment passed and it blinded her again, she hyperventilated, liquid and air all coming out her nose. Vomit in the shower drain. 'It's fine, the water will wash-' thought interrupted because it's happening again. No no no no no.

She told herself to pull it all together and focused on the small of her frontal lobe. Race car drivers, crocheters, and the self-help crowd all know this peculiar feeling, that lightheadedness like you're running out of air, that subtle recurrence of pure, white, comforting oblivion cathecting into whatever the eye happens to see. It's focus, blotting out everything past, future, and self. A new student of the Mouthbreathing Academy, Emily inhaled, she focused, she failed, she inhaled, she focused, she failed, she screamed, she focused, she failed, she-

The Spirit of the Age infected her: she dashed for her laptop. Keeled over in the journey: 2-in-1 Shampoo + Conditioner with cheaply peeling label; power-cord unplugged from humidifier; Emily, herself.

The search engine commemorated the anniversary of Who the Fuck Cares search:

:::: nausea relief

:::: how to smell better

:::: i can't stop throwing up

:::: disgusted by own smell

:::: nausea home cure

The WikiHows offered no particular help, but the distraction dragged time forward. The human spirit is remarkably adaptable, and though the disgust may not ever fade or even diminish, the body simply cannot perform the same reaction always. Eventually you learn how not to dry heave, how not to vomit, but never how not to be disgusted.

Emily, cautious, tried to breathe the knot of panic back down her throat. She succeeded.

:::: nausea support forum

:::: www.dramamedrainers.net

Salvation by the keyboard light, Emily felt LED blue pour into her gills. As motorcyclists know, power intoxicates even knowing that the exhaust pipe spews. The monitor seemed to transform and purify the air in the room, her own personal friendly ghost. Emily looked about with newly loving eyes: those clothes stacked on clothes, that pretty face growing from the wall, that ketchup cemented on the floor plate with the ants all over. They were all gorgeous.

Momentary celebration reignited the memory of positivity, the possibility of comfort. She thought, 'Things must be rearranged.'

Two minutes and the humidifier's back on and an orange lozenge in her mouth, the taste bringing back home-sick days of reading in bed. Absent-mindedly, her hands started fiddling with the memory of the tight goggles she had to wear as a girl: pink, plastic, scraping. It left her near-perfect in her left eye and near-inhuman in every childhood snapshot. Her tongue swam laps over the cough-drop, her front teeth grooving it to those same baby-marks she chewed into her old glasses' temple grabbers. Suddenly, the taste of idleness and carbon flooded through her. She was too relaxed, not moving, and the realization, like a parental slap upon her wrist, turned her stomach over yet again.

Knotted-up stomach acid headache. With that, the levee broke and the rapids grew, louder louder louder. Something new was here. It scraped like metal but felt like home, it stung like sunburn but felt so warm. As each moment was, it was already past, the present seeming small in the face of her inevitable future. The promise of Death had entered her mind.

With that gunshot to powderkeg her off, Emily's thoughts quickened like a startled horse, a cannonball loosed and arcing unaccountably through the air. She crashed into fear desire hopelessness hopefulness disgust self-immolation rebirth and kept going. Her hands whirlwinded, an introduction to the forum flurries together. Her hands stopped moving and, girded in her decision by momentum and that fearful reduction of the self any true suffering engenders, Emily posted without a second thought.

She waited. She resisted the urge to refresh and then refreshed. It's coming up, keeps coming up, automatic conveyor belt throat, hit that digital ouroboros circle, 'God, how I'd like to consume myself,' she thought. She had made a companion of her new desire, collaring herself to death and forcing its every instance into one, cohesive form. Angry, rabid, biting, it was an animal for sure, one who's unchained collar would continue to jingle, every once in a while, lest she neglect to feed it its proper attention.

Another spew and trashplastic's full; she migrated to the bathroom. She once again let go, only regaining the reins of herself when she stood stark in front of the mirror. She reached out to touch it, half-expecting to fall inside, but her fingernail scraped at only one of a multitude of tiny, white dots that always seemed to grow back no matter how hard she cleaned the glass. This was, of course, the perfect excuse to not clean hard. Or at all.

Emily looked at the toilet and saw the brutal demarcation between the two eras in which she had last found herself in the frenzy of sanitation. It was never a desire which arose naturally from within herself, rather a culmination of shame that compelled her body to move towards Windex and lemon-scent. The front of the bowl was cracking, yellowed and orange, the back a fuzzy thing that was a lot less scary to think about as long as it remained a Thing and not a Nest or a Hive. "It all comes out looking the same eventually," Emily countered to no one in particular, and made an angry face at herself in the mirror.

She always liked how she looked best when she was angry, a leftover from caveman days where a snarl was synonymous with power. Snaggletoothed, she would say to herself, equal parts in love with her knotted incisor as with the mouthfeel of the word itself. In her fanciful days, when a jealous obsession with close friendships brought her, naturally, to the concept of the coven, she had imagined her tooth the sylvan medium on which some bygone witch had carved some devilish runes.

Tracing up, her nose presented an issue for her, its length befitting a creature of her grandeur but robbed of its birthright by a thinness which left her feeling pinched. Emily liked to tell herself she would have been beautiful if she hadn't received a highschool soccer kick to the face, shattering her nose and "harming its development."

She pulled on the lock of frizzed-out-dead hair which seemed to drift magnetically to the top of her nose, a victim of the heat blast of a hasty blow-dryer (not in the haste of a work morning, no, Emily would never shower in the morning. There was something about the whole thing that felt so violent, to go from the dark, murky dreams to the blinding pounding of the shower. It was exhausting, a continual pummeling, a loosening of dead skin and, therefore, a loss of herself). She showered at night, when she had already numbed from the accreted losses of day-to-day life.

Nonetheless, night proved its own difficulty. Her infrequent bodily cleanses led to the soap and shampoo always at once, wet hair wet body wet day. And that wetness, resting coiled nested in the hoodie sleeve pocket like wet spaghetti in the sink drain stopper, the whole thing was simply too much. To sleep on it wet would be to consign herself to the feeling of an octopus adrift in the seaweed, cut off from its eight legs and left to observe, floating like a balloon aimlessly through the aqueous sheets and pillows, tossing and turning but never moving up or left or anywhere real. Her final acquiescence to the withering touch of the hairdryer came many years after it had first occurred to her that she could spare herself the damp affair; for although discomfort could move her, she was motivated even more by laziness.

Her eyes moved down her frame, raising her shirt with the sensitivity and hesitancy befitting a crime scene corpse, only to discover her stomach: Normal. Impossible. She turned sideways. Nothing. She turned forward. Nothing. She jutted out her stomach to see if the flex of her muscles would somehow dislodge some secret from inside her. She sucked back in to see if constriction smoked it out. Nothing.

A vague anger began to bubble up between her teeth. Invisibility is a terrible curse, let no dreams of unaccountability deceive you. With her heart, she experienced a magnitude insurmountable, inescapable, unexplainable solely by the phantom trickery of the brain she had spent her whole life confined inside; she felt something physical. It was from this exotic physicality, its visceral bursting forth, that she could so readily believe what she felt to be real. To have this fact, no, to have this Truth fail to manifest or make itself plain, to not only obfuscate itself from the world but from Emily herself was simply too much to bear.

More than that, her last hope of fighting vanished with the absence of another fighter, an antagonist to point her anger at and punch. Without it, directionless, all that negativity just moves like water, filling the form of its holder, a suffuse, shitty alcohol throughout the bloodstream. How can I rise to meet the occasion if there is nothing and no one to meet?

She saw left only the option to lie down and accept the invisible, noxious cloud. It goes further: what is invisible is, often, not real, and so the terrible thought entered: 'Is it me that's wrong with me?'

Denial lingered as her last possibility, but she had to find out positively, she had to make certain, to prostrate herself high above the crowd and turn herself out and say "Look! Here I am! Tell me what's inside me!"; she had to go to the balcony.

It was never much of a place to stand, much less be. The balcony was a concrete, manila block that offered less a breath of fresh air than a pigsty burp. The building's face was blighted: the balconies punctured and bloated like positive allergy tests in aberrant uniformity across.

From the railing Emily's eyes lowered three stories, eager to begin. There's a phrenology of character familiar to all the nosey and imaginative who live above the second floor: in it, the eyes "read" the scalp and from it derive a plethora of impressions of a person's kindness, irritability, timeliness, etc. Today, Emily only saw the bane of any cranium contriver: a hat.

"Hey!" she called. Then, "Hey! With the red hat!"

His elbows went out in defense, a diamond formed between them and his fists. From above it looked as if the violent mandibles of some beetle had come out by happenstance, an automatic by-product of a tickle to the abdomen that any talented zookeeper could readily duplicate. Emily knew then she wouldn't find help here, arms already up in defense, heart already closed. But what of help? She already considered herself beyond saving. Instead, she would make a demonstration, for the sake of posterity, who's she couldn't tell you, but the notion that there wouldn't be throngs combing over her corpse, her life, well...

As protest to her lonely sufferance, her fingers went down her throat and her throat was out, falling, tumbling, splat.

"What the fuck?" said the passer-by, backing up with a terror only befitting an encounter with an object whose size, nature, and intention remain unknown. He looked

up; Emily smiled. "It's vomit!" she trumpeted, "I can't stop vomiting!"

The passer-by looked up at her, redundantly placing his hand on the brim of his hat before realizing with embarrassment that there was nothing he wanted to see. The only sense he got was that something was miserable about the whole situation, the type of misery you fear, as a doctor keeps distance from a patient after catching a glimpse of greedy infection behind their wailing, gnashing teeth.

Emily smiled because he was afraid. Emily stopped smiling because she realized she was smiling because he was afraid. Emily did not want to think about that anymore, so she went inside.

Her brain began to turn over her stomach when a digitized bugle heralded the arrival of the first forum notification.

Emily ran so her world's a blur, a mess, a mistake, no, not vomit again, but really not again this time, for Emily now had a distraction to give herself over to. She sank into her screen.

...:BakuganSliders1: heyyyy i saw your post "I'm vommiting all the time and can't stop" and i was wondering if you wanted or need to talk to somebody??? idk what's like going on but i can listen if you wan me to??

Yeah. I'm sorry. I don't really know what's wrog :DeathBelle:...

*wrong with me

I just am nauseous all the time I dry heave like something's trying to come out of me but never does. I wish I could turn my stomach out like a frog and pick out all the things that are bothering me. I can't even tell what they are now.

...

Three dots, Emily could see them practically vibrating in nervousness from the anticipation she beamed into them. Like a mother must leave her newborn in the cradle, the dots disappeared all at once; Emily felt the worst, the cataclysmic, the apocalyptic Alone Again. Something about screens conjures up the fantasy of object impermanence, the idea that everything is nothing and nothing is everything, that a pixel is green, red, blue, and colorless all at once. In that moment, the line between life and death, on and off, softens and opens, a porous membrane, while the sides it divides grow super-saturated until it is impossible to occupy both at once without burning up in the heat.

Resurrection: three dots again.

...: BakuganSliders1: oh gosh that sounds really hard :(

Oh? That's it, that's all the world had to offer her in recompense, in comfort, in hope for her future, in alleviation. More sensical to believe in dramamine

than people, at least a chemical's got a set name and compound, drilling into your brain, forcing you to be better. 'I will never speak again,' Emily thought. But a frustrated want is not so easily dropped, a sense of injustice demeans the rational, elevating rather an impulse to one-up the world.

To reduce something to powerlessness: do to yourself what it may do unto you. Do it first, faster, and harder. Bitterness guided her hands now.

...: BakuganSliders1: oh gosh that sounds really hard :(((

Yeah. It is. It makes me feel pretty hopeless.

Maybe things won't get better.

Maybe I'm probably better off dead

What a miserable line to skirt between truth and untruth, what a feat of trickery. Emily felt pride in herself. It wasn't a lie, per se, suicidality being a reflexive thought at this point, as natural as The Heave, but it wasn't not a lie either. It's all about the between the lines, the implication of your life being in another's hands now, the truth of your experience included. Dulcet, soothing, and taciturn as only the government's most entrusted executor can be, she cleansed herself of responsibility for the prisoner (herself) and waited for the instruction of anyone who spoke with authority. She knew this was no way out, but a final act of aggression against the whole state of affairs. "And why shouldn't I act out, if the world refuses to coddle me," she thought, hoping that a ratcheting of stakes would force Life, in desperation to preserve its Beautiful Emily, to intervene.

...: BakuganSliders1: no no please don't hurt yourself i can't imagine how hard it must be right now but have you gone to the doctor? have you like talked to anyone in person? and like also respond quick bc im worried.

if you can

i dont really have insurance :DeathBelle:...

Or friends.

Or like anything.

I told a guy on the street about it and he got scared, its just incessant not stopping i always feel bad.

I just want to know what's wrong with me.

im so so sorry im trying really hard to figure out a way i could help but im not really a doctor i just have ibs have you looked at any of the breathing techniques that r on the main thread? they were super helpful for me but also sorry if you already have i dont mean to assume or anything like that

“”Breathing techniques”” are not going to fix my fucking stomach or my brain or my whatever is wrong with me like if it was as easy as “just breathe different” do you think I’m stupid enough to just fuckingass?????

They don’t know how to help. They don’t know ^{They don’t} how to help. ^{know how to help} They don’t know ^{how to help} how to help. Repetition breeds the habituation of idea (as if nausea hadn’t already taught her that enough). Emily held her forsakenness, searing hot hot hot the terrible truth. That invisible feeling crept back in and she felt her body flicker out for just a moment, back to a place where there was no stomach to feel yet. It was not a relief, for there was no part of her present to enjoy the respite.

Emily sat back and waited and waited and waited and Horrid Bitch isn’t responding, Horrid Bitch is just like the rest of them. She thought, “Pixels and people are only different because of the bodies we drag along with us.” And what a weight! Titans would have buckled, mountains would have crumbled from just a moment in her skin. Five minutes more with the thought and any lingering affection she had for reality was gone. Emily would’ve uploaded her consciousness online, to that lonely zone with no other persons, a downgrade from the lonely flaneurs who once made friends with the portraits lining a gallery, for the materials which people cast themselves in online reminded one always of cardboard. She began to click aimlessly, search around, the forum creaking like an old French arcade, when another ping rang out.

::::BakuganSliders1: sorry i was microwavving food but like your outlook seems pretty hopeless. i cant imagine how hard it must be to live with all thats going on. im really sorry :(

‘There it is!’ Emily thought, ‘He submits to the cruelty of the world!’ Momentarily, she thought herself a prophet/mechanic/optometrist who could install headlights into the blind eyes of those around her and let them x-ray into the cold heart of things. Her chief truth, her one commandment: things are always bad and will never get better. The acceptance of her own message, combined with a mixture of righteous fervor and physical exhaustion, led her

From the top of the ziggurat to yell to the awaiting crowd below:

“Maybe The Feeling Will Go Away If I Just Break The Part The Feeling’s Coming From”

|||||
Look at the lined horde above, each body thin as rail, each face too small to notice, perfect for listening, perfect to die with no one to notice. The Prophet moves to find her voice, an animating vigor into a corporeal machine rapidly buckling and bending under duress.

There was only one matter left undecided, nose or stomach, nose or stomach. The vomiting had led her to begin to view the intestines as hell, but a more thoughtful tracing back recalled to her that the scent birthed the nausea, not the other way around. The nose never was her favorite anyway.

Suddenly, the memory of that other scent, that heavenly aroma which nearly levitated her off her feet, overcame her with a point: the nose has served you well before. The stomach, practically a mechanical trash-compactor, had never done anything for her but gesture towards insecurity in the days of youth, raw despite the exaggerated distance instantiated by polite conversation. With that, it was decided: the stomach would have to go. If that didn’t work, well, she didn’t expect to care much about losing a nose after that.

She skated down cyber-ice, at least there she felt she could move. She did pirouettes with her pointer-click, backing beat with her spacebar.

:::: how to break stomach

:::: how to stop stomach

:::: how to get rid of stomach

The sites reeked, page after page of indomitable smell. It came off the pictures, it came off the people. They claw at themselves and something comes out, never what it was they dug for, rather the odor of malfeasance, the failure of the contract between the soul and the body. They do this for the same compulsion Emily had, not understanding that emotion is no picky house-guest, nesting wherever there’s room to spare. Emily read:

In the ascetic of medieval times was the birth of modernity. In that act of self-castigation, the turning of the lacerative from the external to the self, the New Growth was borne. A revolution, quietly midwived by men who censured the very world around them, showed us that more than just our bones can grow porous and aged, but rather that our hearts too sicken with time. So call forth the new ascetic! The one that understands that to build one must first level, destroy, clear ground and make way for what’s coming next, she is the new man! She is rebirth. The flames nipping at the witch’s heels are no match for her powers of self-immolation, wait and watch her phoenix herself anew! Emily, she is you, and I am me, and I am in charge, and my stomach is not me, and I am in charge, and my stomach is not me, and I am a circus, and my stomach is not in it, and I am a circ

Get it out Get it out Get it out get it OUt get it out

CONTRIBUTORS

Evan Antonakes is a senior anthropology major from Ipswich, Massachusetts. He enjoys nectarines, night biking, collecting sea glass, and some other things. You can usually find him along the back windows in commons.

Grace Biddle is a senior at Bates College where she is studying English, Rhetoric, Film, and Screen Studies. When they're not writing poetry, you can find Grace discussing democracy with ducks, wiping the smut from her glasses, or practicing her letter "Z" in cursive. You can find a variety of their poems in past Snaggletooth issues.

Chase Crawford is a senior English Major at Bates College, and she really loves a good metaphor. Other loves of hers include, but aren't limited to: pumpkin coffee, mountains, tables by windows, and Gomes Chapel. Lately, she's been focusing on writing a creative thesis and wondering if 'stanzaically' is a word.

Gail Curtis is a freshman from Rockport, Maine. She enjoys hot cocoa, fantasy novels, swimming in lakes, and spending time by the ocean. She also likes to write.

Garrett Glasgow is a neuroscience major and film enthusiast. He attempts to explain the curious world around him through writing, photography, and science. Often hinging on the obscure and psychedelic, his work situates scientific understanding within world and human intricacies. He also enjoys cooking french toast for friends and playing in the mountains. Currently listening to King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard.

Ava Goodwin is an English major studying at Denison University in Ohio. She loves photography, reading, and playing squash. Although she is originally from New York City, she currently calls Pittsburgh, PA her home.

Jessica Gross is a senior Politics major and Rhetoric minor. Jessie in her free time enjoys strumming her guitar being silly and making food art. Her favorite color is baby blue but recently has become deeply fond of bright orange.

Stella Gould is San Francisco born and raised and likes the fog (Karl), though has grown fond of the Maine fall foliage. Growing up with an aversion to mushrooms was no problem until she became a vegetarian... After a few years of serious protein struggles she emerged from the dark side and discovered the beauty of fungi. She likes to talk pictures and music, and has once written a poem. If you have tattoo ideas, do let her know.

Lucie Green is a senior at Bates studying theater like her life depends on it. She has an unmanageable collection of earrings, is delighted by jigsaw puzzles, legos, and writing implements, and does not know where she is from, but for now can be found wandering the halls of Pettigrew Hall.

Audrey Henry is a living woman residing in Chicago, IL and attending to real-life responsibilities. Her favorite color is blue and she has little qualms getting her hands dirty if she can wash them after. She was almost born on Friday the 13th, but will sometimes lie and say she was anyway.

Sam Jean-Francois grew up with images of soucouyant. Women of flesh bodies turned to fire at night—drifting through space trying to find their next victims. Their mother would lay beside them in the dark, placing their head onto her lap as she whispered "sa yo se fanm ki pa gen pitye, pa gen okenn lide, pa gen okenn relanti, sa yo se fanm kache konsa byen yo ta ka menm pou mwen," slowly leaning in before tickling them to sleep. As the child of Haitian immigrants, Sam is currently a student at Bates College where they are majoring in Africana Studies. Although Sam has moved around for much of their life, they currently call home a small apartment shared between them, their sisters, and their mom.

Maddie Kemp is a sophomore art and politics major from Bethesda, Maryland. She loves painting, drawing and design. She is left handed, her lucky number is 13, and her favorite animal is a fish.

Avery Lehman is a sophomore studio art major from Maine currently studying at Bates College. She first became interested in photography as a freshman in high school and now hopes to pursue it as a career. She also likes piña coladas and getting caught in the rain

Ella Lungstrum is a multimedia artist from Brooklyn, NY. Ella enjoys long walks, seltzer-so carbonated-it-scratches-your-throat, the color red, well curated playlists, and jeans that fit well.

Christina Maldonado is a senior English and Gender and Sexuality Studies double major from Gallup, New Mexico. She enjoys writing fiction, loves avocados and can usually be found spending time with her cat, Alistair. She's also a Land Back enthusiast.

Simon Marsh is a first year student from San Francisco, CA. He likes to read, paint, look at other people's paintings, and swim with no goggles.

Caroline McCarthy is a first-year from New Haven, CT considering a major in English. She spends her time growing veggies and herbs in her garden, baking with measurements from the heart, and doing crossword puzzles. She is a frequent patron of Le Ronj where you can typically find her playing board games with her friends.

Kian Moaledj is an Iranian–American student at Bates College. After spending his early childhood in Tehran, he moved to Qatar and graduated from the American School of Doha in 2019. He now proudly resides in Lewiston, Maine.

Julia Neumann is 19 and a sophomore at Bates College, studying on an environmental track with some creative writing thrown in between. She was raised on a good book amongst the snow flurries of Utah. As of now, she spends her time writing, looking at fall foliage, and sipping tea with friends.

Ethan Rayburn is a sophomore from Ohio. Ethan enjoys listening to music, studying Rhetoric, admiring knitwear, and spending time with his friends (while sometimes speaking french.)

Emma Righter is a junior at Bates majoring in English. Emma loves words and collects some of her favorites from music, road signs, and old t-shirts.

Lily Ritch '25 is a European Studies major from Cincinnati, Ohio. She enjoys studying Soviet history, sewing, and writing about love. You can find her in the hotdog line of commons, or on any dance floor. She is a new designer for Snaggletooth, and is very excited about her second publication in the magazine!

Orion Rugama-Hastings (He/They) is a queer trans artist from San Francisco and currently residing on occupied xučyun territory. Through his art he aims to express emotion, explore his own mind and connect meaningfully with others. Their work often explores themes of grief, growth, and, philosophical wandering. He aims to center trans joy through mediums such as painting, printing, drawing, writing and tattooing. They also enjoy cooking with and reading to friends. His current music fixation is Santigold's self-titled album.

Abby Segal is a senior at Bates with a psychology major and rhetoric minor. She loves the visual arts, running, performing magic, and hanging with her frands.

Talia Skaistis is a sophomore from New York City, and she is majoring in English at Bates College. She loves her cats, bluebonnets, and listening to music, specifically Phoebe Bridgers and Adriaenne Lenker.

Alex Tan is a poet from Hong Kong. His favorite fruits are strawberries and apples. He also enjoys pears, though not as much. The Narcissist by Dean Blunt and Inga Copeland is a great song.

Colin Thoman is a member of the track and cross country teams, with an unofficial mile time of 4 minutes, 33 seconds. He comes from the Bronx in New York but now lives upstate in the Adirondack mountains. At Bates, he lives in the village with his colony of American bullfrogs who he has been experimenting on to find the secret of their tremendous ribbit.

Ilana Zeilinger is an English and Sociology major from Washington, DC. She enjoys gushing over Anne Sexton and collecting postcards.

Danny Zuniga Zarat is a sophomore Studio Art and Latin American Studies double major. He is a Guatemalan artist living in Houston, Texas. His current obsessions are doves, 80's glamour, and any Wong Kar-Wai movie.