



snaggletooth

Issue 11
Fall 2023

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Letter from the editors

Dear Reader,

Thank you for taking the time out of your day to explore Issue 11 of Snaggletooth Magazine. Here you will find words and images, love and loss, metaphors and mimetics. Our team of writers, editors, artists, and designers have poured our heart and soul into this magazine, and we hope you can feel the love and care we have done our best to infuse into every page.

This semester has been full of unexpected challenges for everyone at Bates—Snaggletooth in particular—and we owe the existence of this issue to the talent and dedication of every person who contributed to its publication, whether in person or from across the world. We are immensely grateful to everyone who submitted their work this semester, whether it was ultimately published or not—we exist as an organization because of the community that contributes to Snaggletooth, and without them there would be no magazine. Everyone who came to meetings, voted on submissions, or edited poems has made their mark on this issue. We would particularly like to thank our senior club staff: Caroline McCarthy, senior editor and event coordinator, who has been an invaluable member of the team and without whom we would have had much less exciting (and much more stressful) semester; Audrey Esteves, our assistant editor and co-layout and design editor, to whom we owe so much, and whose tireless commitment astounds us; Simon Marsh, senior editor, general officer, and a veritable force for creativity, who keeps the heart and soul of the magazine alive; Leslie Jimenez, secretary and general advisor, who was the reason we had anything resembling organized communication this semester; and Keira January, senior editor and treasurer, for whose endless patience and dedication we are forever thankful.

At the end of the day—or rather, semester—you are reading this magazine right now because enough people loved art enough to give up hours, days, and even weeks of their lives. In our book, that's something pretty special. We hope you enjoy the product of their work.

With much love,

Ella Lungstrum, Liya Simon, and Talia Skaistis

Time is a Sandwich

Barry Kilmister

Time is a sandwich, being eaten.

Halfway blocking the passages of an airway used for breathing, or speaking.

Ten minutes turns to five, as the sandwich keeps half the time.

As the peeling birch reads my thoughts through the kitchen window.

As my father's watch ticks, startling him to trip and fall up the broken stairwell.

Minutes go by, only time keeps the time.



You can tell a man by
his ears
30 minutes



nadia holds the
 natty light as
 i hold tight to my
 thirteenth beer this
 night we both
 go traipsing down
 the hill and pull strokes through
 pools of misty light i
 can't contain it i
 can't contain it until
 it blooms yellow gold
 tomato sun
 egg yolk sun
 morning
 twisted metal and
 toothpaste tube
 twisted where i held them tight.



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 avg 07 2023:
 and rey
 & si man
 wr ite

these days the

days are short

the night is hard to come

by the sun rise o

ver me o

ver eggs and to

matoes and beer

! and toast

what fresh life

today i see

staring back

from the skin on my chest,

what life —

bed i have built

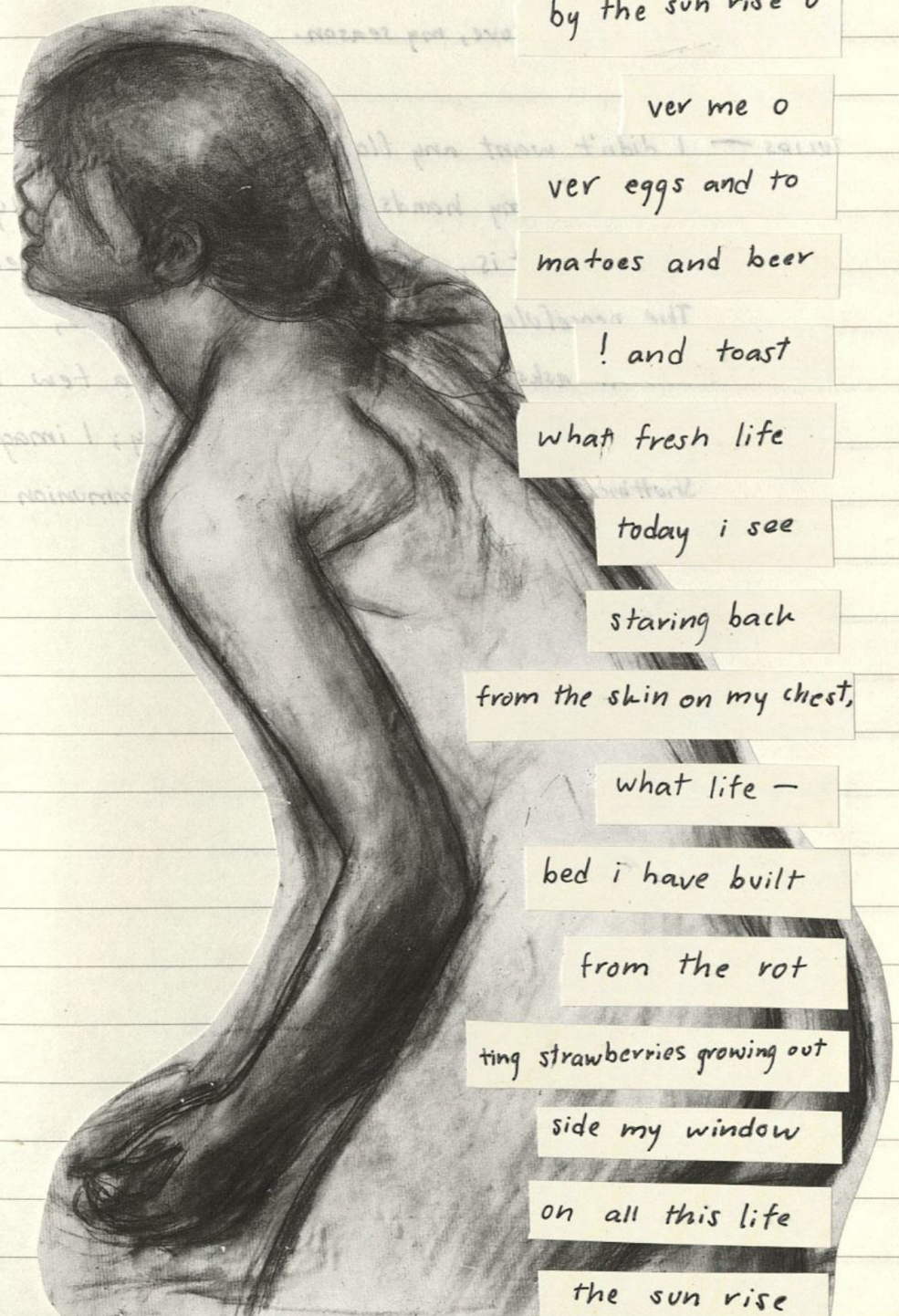
from the rot

ting strawberries growing out

side my window

on all this life

the sun rise



Stopping for gas in Montpelier, VT
Colin Thoman

New poncho flecked with the food stains, full throttle past the trash buried in the snowbank,
Boondoggle
Fur removed leaving me with a new face, food swallowed, still affixing you with a blue gaze as I chew,
Tonsils
New Hampshire looks like a new same, defogger, spruce on the huge range, on top you can view
Boston
Remove nozzle and select fuel grade
Continue often to wait for me to stop talking so we can finally do nothing



Dodge Warlock and Owner

Milo Gold

Film photography

Appearances

Mo Fowler

We have lived in the ghost town for a week, sleeping on a roadside mattress shoved where the seats in your van used to be. I drift off with your palm on the sweat-slick small of my back as the heat dies across moon-blue dirt.

In the ghost town no one watches us kiss so you kiss me until my whole entire face falls off into the sand. I am left gumming through the grains at the soles of your boots. No one stays in a ghost town: mining accidents and dried-up wells and misplaced roadways and we too will leave before

we are ready. One of the buildings has a floor tiled in flies, the bodies rotting into one another and through a crack in a window more dip in, drawn by the smell of the dead, to this carcass of a building. Navel to stem:

an orange cut with your pocketknife, the empty rinds bake in the dashboard sun. Navel to stem: I clean myself from a water jug behind the van, splash a spider from my foot.

With the dry wind blowing between the haunted buildings on a hot afternoon I won't believe that dead ever means gone.

I bite at your stretch marks in the shade of empty wooden rooms. The floors groaning — all dust, all gasp, all give — beneath me. How easily this old house could fold along its own creases, unbuild onto my soft body. One more tomb in the powdery dirt beneath those who would wait years for a well to go wet again.

Through sleep I imagine filling this place with people: the sound of hammering and crushed fruit, sharp sweat and swollen milk flooding the dry ground.

There is a reason the ghost town stays empty: so that people can appear. In the early morning acid wash horizon I wake and you are gone.



2 Views of Putney

Mazie Chamberlin

ink on paper

Ode to Skippy Peanut Butter

Talia Skaistis

It's midnight in March. I'm stoned
sitting on the kitchen counter,
shoving overflowing spoonfuls
into my mouth when I hear the sound
of keys in the door.
My mom walks in, cheeks flushed
from the cold and the thrill
of dating after a divorce. She wants
to talk about her night; prove to me
that she is more than three kids
and a hernia surgery, but I
need to keep scooping
and scooping until my mouth
is so thick I can't tell her what I think.
She pours a glass of wine
while eyeing the open jar.
She tells me: I hate that processed crap,
all you taste is the sugar. She doesn't understand
it tastes like gripping sandwiches
packed in ziplock bags while walking
to the park with my sister, and hiding
in the sandbox when the sun
starts to set. I was never ready
to leave. I lick the spoon
all the way around before closing
the lid. That night, my dreams are filled
with peanut butter mountains
I can sled down, and peanut butter
clouds perfect for watching. Maybe I was stoned,
or maybe that processed crap
entered the deep cavern
of my consciousness, settled there,
and stuck to the walls.

Jar Poem

Audrey Cole

(what i am just trying to say is)
taken from the jar we can only guess at
(may i have a word with (for) you?)
dutifully coined , the words pur-
loined (i love you) (i fall asleep holding your
shoulders) seized and shaken and tossed like
die (always) graced with a goodluckbreath
only to IMplode (i need you) on the run-
way; Concorde, in a word. WORDS! morphing
malignant machinations! harro wing helium hearts
of metallic pink i am stut tering them up
and swallowing them down with a straw, like
a pill, in a hurry (i am just trying to say I LOVE
YOU) and at some point, when i am ready (to walk
without trespassing) i will finally SPIT IT OUT!
the scribe speaks to eternity and i? i speak to
you, rivers run black with ink but the jar
(speak without trespassing) it contains aero planes
(i need you) (always) and seagulls and un bearable
thuds forever, i feel, i will guess at it (what is it to
love without trespassing?) reaching in stuttering and
swallowing with a pill, in a straw, like a
hurry there is no word for you. still, i fall asleep
holdin g your golden shoulders. i love you.
isn't every breath a goodluckbreath ?

Self-portrait During August

Lux Alexander

August thickened with the taste of the exploding sun,
becoming an Ars Poetica to the makeshift nest you have created,
clutching onto the skeletonized remains of the night.
You have been locked out of rooms
& locked inside languages.
You promised to write no further poems about trauma
but you cannot stop
because you have filled the days with silence
and echoes of bullets.
Your delicate heartstrings are a poet's muse
and a soldier's weapon. You called your ex-best friend
and reached voicemail.
September blisters your lips, the wind cutting your vocal cords
so when you're at the open mic reading, you breathe out
the cold, heart marauding glacier sheets.
Hold a conch shell to your ear
and you will hear Lorde lyrics
at the city club in your crumpled school uniform,
sweat snaking down to your leg.
You live in a dream
of making friendship bracelets with your best friend
and swimming in the dark together, fingers touching,
calling the wet holes on the beach a home, to transcend beyond your bedrooms.
You learn the etymology of pain in the photo albums sliced by sunlight.
You try to leave the frame wearing your mother's shame as a skin,
gristles and bones rearranged by shadows.
The wind carries memories and
echoes the murmured beats of a hunted heart.
You let August obliterate itself,
an Ars Poetica becoming an erasure poem,
the city now a cemetery.



Making Something, Nothing Good
Caroline McCarthy

I pick and dry sage
To bring to your mother's house
To which I have not been invited.

I crumble the crisped leaves
Into a clear jar, cover it in ribbon,
Label it with your name.

I tie sprigs of fresh rosemary
Together with twine,
Hope they're still green when you're ready.

And only pray the strawberries stay plush and pink,
For fear they'll turn and gush
Their magenta blood and families of flies.

I shove my hands into the bowl of rotten berries
I sigh with relief when their small inhabitants burrow
Beneath the follicles of my dark arm hair
As they cuddle up and make home there.

The sites of my bites will take me like foxglove,
And at my end you will bury me, replete with love
There beneath the rotten roots of my sacred garden.



Audrey Esteves

Find Me and You'll Find You

Julianne Massa

I.

I first looked for you
in all the places
I would never want to be—
at the base of a maple tree
tucked into its wizened roots,
sat solitary by a window
facing the sunlight,
beside that person
you always went quiet around
but I didn't cut off until much later.

I thought you would feel
a sore kind of comfort here,
in these pockets of space
that used to feel like a whole world.
Like strumming the same chords,
though you know
they won't sound a better song.
But when I returned to these places,
I couldn't help but squirm and delight
in the familiarity, at least
for just a little while.
After all, you phased through years
of painting with cool-toned color palettes
and feeling on fire
to give me these memories.
And only sometimes
do I turn them into lessons.

I just wanted to be sure
that we weren't the same anymore.
I couldn't still be you right?
To see your face—
eyes drooping from the strain of seeing everything
in such oversaturation—
and to feel my own eyes
begin to ache with recognition:
nothing would break,
but I wouldn't be able
to delude myself any longer.

II.

I tied two cans to a string
and placed one end
at the base of that maple tree
we both thought was special,
but you more so
because you had more bandwidth
for marveling.

Standing at the opposite side of the tree,
I put the other end to my mouth
and lowed words into the tin phone,
making them round
to take away their edges.
Inoffensive to the point of dull,
to the point of no point at all.
My murmurings
couldn't make a dent in you,
I was sure.

The string remained slack
for a long time,
long enough that I wondered
if I remembered the right place.
Was this the tree
you used to sit under
while you told people you were busy?
Then the line trembled
and pulled taut.

III.

I held the trembling can up to my ear.
Metallic shushing and then—
My own voice hissed back at me,
sounding like a violin
whose strings were about to snap.
I had almost forgotten
how high strung you could get.
I had almost forgotten
how you used to come here
when you felt tied up.

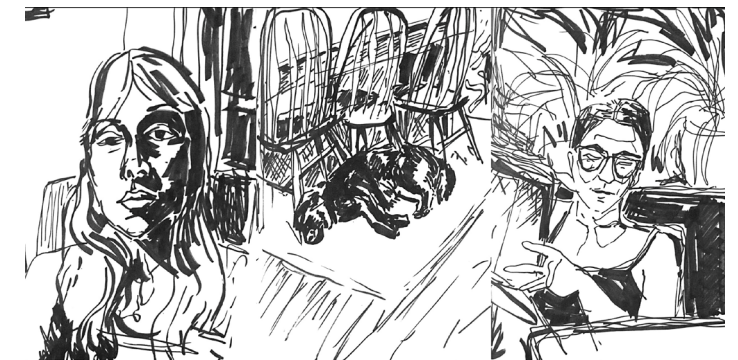
But now I remembered.
I remembered
how I always felt such peace here,
sitting at the base of this tree,
watching my shadow grow long.
You answered my call,
though I know it cost you
your teetering belief
that you had finally settled into yourself.
I knew I would find you
on the other side,
sitting at the base of this tree,

watching your shadow
melt into mine. I stepped over
roots,
trudged through leaves,
followed your hissing
and my wrung out heart.
The sun blazed so low.
Your shadow stretched so long.
I gripped tight the can
tied to the string
tied to you.

The tree seemed to warp,
my string tangled,
and our shadow disappeared—

IV.

Find me tied to the maple tree.



Sketches at Home

Emilia Bois

sharpie on paper

Fake Stars Don't Fall

Gail Curtis

There's a galaxy projector in your room,
and I watch, mesmerized,
as the Milky Way slowly spins around your walls,
mercurial clouds of stardust swirling around like
exhalations in cold air,
draping the room in cosmic purple,
bruised blue and red—
the type of red
painted behind your eyelids
when you close them
against the sun.

There are thousands of stars,
but I've spent so much time here
laying next to you
—our bodies twin crescents of heat in the
cool sheets—
that I bet I've counted
each one of them twice.

I was with you
when you bought the projector.
\$12.99, you said, as you put it in your cart.
Not bad for my own galaxy.

I wish we were outside
looking at the real stars.
You could point the constellations out to me,
and I could pretend not to see them,
your hand guiding mine towards
the tail of the Big Dipper or
the arms of Orion.
My toes tingling and
the dew of your eyes
winking under a peppered-silver sky.
But the artificial galaxy will do tonight.

I don't like to sleep with the lights on
so when my eyes start to close
against the midnight sun
you turn the stars out
one by one.



Horses in Taos

Ella Lungstrum

film photography

Cowboy Standoff

Willa Laski

When he looked as far as his eyes could see
The man saw glory, bold and bright.
But there— across the desert, who could it be?
Another cowboy, looking for a fight.

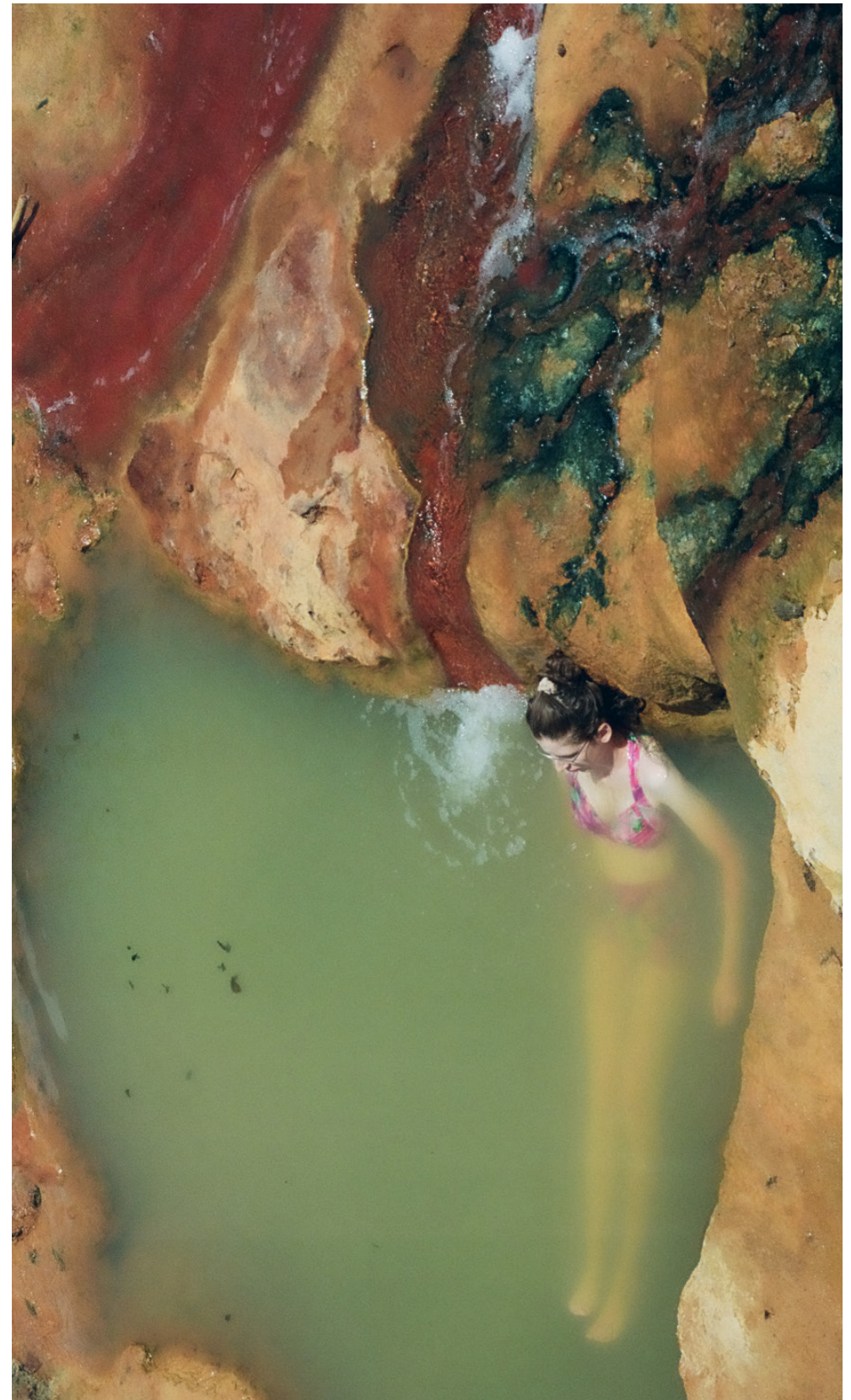
He was rugged, and wanted more lines.
But there are only fourteen, winner takes all!
They stare each other down, the western wind whines,
A standoff in the desert, 'cause the poem's too small.

Of course, it never occurred to them to share.
A poem about two cowboys would probably be fine
But that level of cooperation would cause quite a scare
And neither is willing to give up a line.

“I know you're stubborn, but I am tough,
And this sonnet just ain't big enough for the two of us.”

Falling further down the hole I've dug for myself far past five, six feet we're reaching the core by sundown. I swore I'd drop this shovel a week ago but I can't see the trees anymore. I'm Talking to kind worms now, they say It's way better down here: Just stay out Their holes and watch out for moles. Keep digging and I find a water well Seeping through. Tastes better than the plastic shit up above me. Nestlé wishes they could talk to the worms. The water whispers to me they warn of what's to come but softens the dirt knowing I'm digging either way. The loose mud reveals clay then soon rock and fossils, warnings of threats of ole: the mudslides and soft amber to avoid, the tar pits that swallow you whole. I read the time layers, it smells of sulfur and nucleotides. The above World is just a speck, I think I spotted a second North Star a month or two ago, or maybe they installed a headstone. Right when I think I can only go up the tuff rocks give way for more dirt and soon loose sand, my shovel cuts through the floor below me with ease! I no longer sweat. I swear. I just lift the loose rock as if I were moving through air. The Earth heeds to my tools and invites me closer to her center, no longer imposing her mineral walls rather telling me not to stop until I've had my fill of hole but my desperate swings at her mantle see no signs of stopping. Even the greatest surface dwelling geologists have only hypothesized what lies beneath our mantle, they suppose a molten core, a massive ocean of liquified metals and rocks generating such magnetic force our mighty sun's flares fail to penetrate and fry us alive. I'm feeling like a swim and some self-discovery. I brought my trunks and I heard the pool's warm. No grave, this hole is my Greatest vacation.

Falling further down the hole
Tim Perry



Daily Prayer
Caroline McCarthy

In the morning I cough up phlegm and blame you;
I etch your face into its snailly, green thickness
In the basin of my white kitchen sink, and cry at the cruelty.

I grow my nails long, file them to ferocity,
Deposit the calcium clippings deep in the dirt, hope for growth,
Touch together ten fingertips, and wince at my lingering tenderness.

I sit beneath rainstorms, and search for your figure in the clouds;
I remember when your passion hit me and bounced
Back—like drops of heaven off the concrete.

Seeds, corks, and the gravity of desire
Julia Neumann

It's October:
the way your eyes traced
mine still lulls me to sleep. It's cold,
 & I'm following stiff fingers
to count down the days
until I can finally understand
why Pompeii wasn't the first dead body
I've seen. It's ancient here,
yet only eight hours
 apart & I don't think our moon overlaps
in this gulping grip of night. Instead
it wraps around my arms,
filling a vacant call, whispering to the dusty corners
of these memories.
I wonder when I will hold you
again. I begin to watch my breath &
I wonder if I will.

It's October:
the silhouette of you ripples down
the bathroom wall; the drooping shower head runs.
When the sun melts the ice constricting my lungs,
will I still reach for the shape of your name?
How many stars can I wish on across this galaxy
 to learn to love you yet another season?
I'd offer
the rings of Neptune, those of Saturn
& the moons of Jupiter
 if it were asked.
But that's just to name a few,
because crossing an entire universe feels worth it
 is worth it
 for you.

About September—

Emma Ashley

yellow moonshine.
Red light and talk creep
from the bar window.

100 degrees in August
it's been August
for months
already.

A/C drip – click
of a broken car fan.
Like this air
this August
your bare feet
on the hardwood floor
your fingers
on my stomach

the month stretching out
on either side.

In overturning
summer's end
laundromat in mid –
afternoon

January unimaginable.
The tiniest future –
for now
only
the heat.



Untitled

Lizi Barrow

acrylic on canvas



Frye St.

Lizi Barrow

oil on canvas

Lust Soup
Caroline McCarthy

Yes, I will take you again and again
Take you to my garden
Take your hand to the dirt to till the soil
Lay my palm over yours to pat the seeds to the ground.

Yes, I will hear you over and over
Your crooked, saccharine voice rasping into the shell of my ear.
Stroke the straws of your phantom hair
Cut mine like spaghetti to add to the soup of our love.

Yes, I will feel you
Like scalding water on skin.
Watch you burst and bubble up to the surface
Until the stillness breaks and I bleed my love all over.

Yes, my only two hands were crafted in clay to hold you
Dug in with pores to absorb
The drops of your essence onto mine
Like drippings off a holiday turkey;
I'll make a gravy for your love.



Adlai at Snow Pond

Emilia Bois

digital photography

The Quotable Shakespeare

Jiaqi Wu

The cashier at the bookstore told me the Vonneguts are here to protect them from theft. I think Kurt would have enjoyed to know that out of all literature, his was the one deemed the least worth-paying-for. In the distance, I hear praise of beautiful cover art for some anthology. As rain poured onto the wind, as it often does in Boston, I skipped from spot to spot—overhangs, doorways, bus stops—looking for a café occupied less by the likes of myself. Tourists flocked the stores, drawn to anything with “Harvard” on it like mosquitoes to pig blood. Ironically, I paraded around with a Harvard gift store bag, it sheltering my books from the world of rain. They are to be kept pristine for the shelf.

I stopped outside an artisanal café to smooth off the rain and check on my newly acquired prized possessions. I peered through the foggy glass to make out the silhouette of a man and his book. A book so thick it must have had the answers to everything anyone has ever wanted to know. I imagined it was poetry. I knew his kind: He must have smelt like coffee beans and English aftershave. Dents carved into the ridge of his nose held his spectacles in a precarious, gravity-defying dangle; ever perplexed frown. If he wasn't an English professor, he sure wanted to look like one. Mismatched patches on his tweed jacket blended with his cream sweater. Under those shiny Cambridges are funky, wool socks with holes in them. I didn't go inside to marinate in the same aroma of coffee beans this man clearly belonged to. Instead, I read at the back of the general auditorium—a hideous room on campus. I flipped through the denser books, drawn to the bigger names on them, but ended on the Vonnegut. Always the Vonnegut.

The books we own are a representation of who we are—or so we would like to believe. I think they're more a representation of who we wish to be. Just like the mosquitoes at Harvard, I can no better resist the big names in literature. I want, more than anything, to be well-versed in Shakespeare and Dickens and Orwell and Faulkner and Nabokov. Perhaps I have always wanted to recite Dante in its original Italian; perhaps I wished to sound just a little smarter than I really am and believe it; or perhaps I just wanted to fit into a tweed jacket of my own. Big olive elbow patches.

Most books on my shelf are books I've loved and keep falling in love with every re-read. Some of the things I've written in their margins makes me chuckle. Some of the notes have been lost to bad handwriting, some to time, some to water—at one period I insisted on writing in fountain pen. In them, I've found makeshift bookmarks—leaves, LIRR fare tickets, Paris Baguette napkins—each taking the place of their countless lost or worn-out predecessors. The books that don't belong are the ones that I've flipped through, read once, and never returned to. They looked as if all I did was transport them from the store to my shelf. I hated that. In confession, I printed my presence by bending the spine until white ridges appeared. It could be guilty conscience, but they never looked quite right: the creases too straight, too clean, too evenly spread.

I would read with the hope that someone was watching me as closely as I watched the man in that café. Who can see me frantically scribble down thoughts, assumably intelligent ones, that struck me as I navigated the lines. I would read with the cover tilted just enough so people can see that I'm reading a “good” book. Books that don't have nonsense pictures, for I paint with words in my mind; books printed as dense as their message, with margins just wide enough to breathe into; books with non-descriptive covers and long introductions that the average reader—for I aspire for more—would dismiss at first glance. But no matter how hard I tried to maintain my academic, intellectual appearance, something always leaked out from underneath. I couldn't tell you how I read alone, when, for brief periods of time in my life I have stopped thinking about myself. She said she liked how my lips mumbled as I whispered to myself, and the way I tilted my head and stuck out my tongue when I had to write in those impossible margins. I gave her pen back, held her until she nudged me back, kissed her and thanked her. We no longer share pens when we read, or read together at all, but her pen remains as my bookmark even after I've bled it out completely...

But the books I have enjoyed the most are used books passed down to me, borrowed, “borrowed” without intention to return, or thrifted for a dollar at Goodwill. These wrinkled pages don't get an exhibit on the shelf, but are hidden under my pillow for many restless nights. The books we don't buy are the books we read to ourselves.

Greene Street
Avery Melton-Meaux

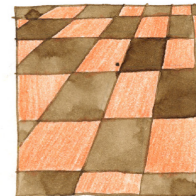
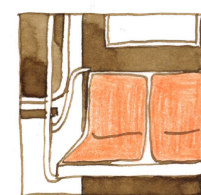
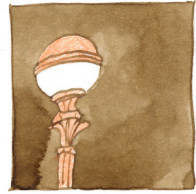
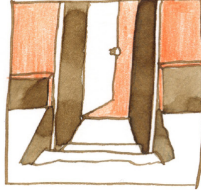
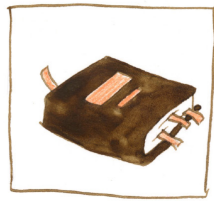
June

Some mornings, she would wake up the same, curled in her tangled covers, her heart beating slowly, and for a brief moment, the world fell still. She missed those Sunday mornings when she'd wake to the waft of chocolate chip pancakes and the sound of gospel music spilling from the kitchen. Those moments gathered together in a small corner of her mind with a distant but warm orange hue. But this morning, Sindy had places to be and, most importantly, a job to carry out.

Second Sunday was the busiest weekend of the month at Sall's. The upbeat energy of the day would provide a waitress with steady, high tips. Greene Street would flood with a sea of people, and by noon, you could hear the music and chatter all the way back home. The street was packed with dancers swaying to the jazz quartets and entrepreneurs slyly boasting about their exclusive new products. However, Sindy's favorite part of Second Sunday was the eye-catching pieces of art she would stare at through the window at Sall's. She loved the booth selling dainty handcrafted jewelry and the old lady whose eyes warmed when handing each piece to a customer. She loved watching the ginger-haired, freckle-faced man paint butterflies on children's faces and seeing the light in their eyes shift ever so slightly when they looked in the mirror. But she especially loved the plain blue stand on the farthest right corner of Greene Street, where a woman with long corn-row braids, no older than twenty-five, sat in her black folding chair. On her table lay the most vibrant panes of stained glass, each seeming to flaunt their beauty at her.

Sindy would steal glances out the window every chance she got, her eyes jetting to the side between each water pour and plate placement. One of her favorite pastimes was to pick out the grandest piece of artwork that a standee had, deciphering the sketches behind each brush stroke, often stuffing pen-covered napkins with curious theories into her pocket as customers entered the diner.

While Second Sunday was a great way to make quick cash, Sindy despised how the burger grease would stick to her brown skin, suffocating her pores. As she removed her apron, she winced at the thought of Mama's face when she got home. She stunk, and she was late for dinner. Sindy glanced back into the diner as she firmly locked the door behind her.



OKAY YES. WE'RE BORED. WE'RE ALL BORED. BUT HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT BOREDOM MAY VERY WELL BE A FORM OF BRAINWASHING? UH-HUH. WE'RE LIVING IN SOME KIND OF ORWELLIAN NIGHT—MARE NOW, AND EVERYTHING YOU HEAR NOW CON-TRIBUTES TO TURNING YOU INTO A ROBOT. AND YOU WALLY, IS THE OF FUTURE? THINKING NEW LANGUAGE

BE-THE HUH. THAT GUA-OF

GOSH—KNOW, THAT THIS GINNING-REST OF THE SEE, I KEEP WE NEED A GE, A LAN-THE HEART.

YEAH.

WELL, YOU SEE—

WELL ANDRÉ, DO YOU WANT TO HEAR MY ACTUAL RESPONSE?



Greene Street was peaceful, the sound of crickets softly stealing the summer night, many of the standees still packing up after the long day. Then, at the end of the street, she saw the young woman dismantling her booth, and perhaps it was the lack of food or water she had consumed or how gently the breeze brushed against her legs, but Cindy decided to walk over.

"Hi, I'm sorry to bother you, Miss, but your stained glass is beautiful," she said.

The woman's face was calm but slightly flushed from the day's work, "That's very kind of you," she said. "Did you also work at one of the booths today...." Her voice trailed off, her eyes lowering to see Cindy's muck-covered shirt, *Sall's Diner: Best Burgers in Augusta*.

"Yeah..." Cindy said, "I just got off my shift, but I saw some of your artwork earlier, and I would have kicked myself all the way home if I hadn't said something."

"I'm sorry I don't have my pieces out anymore. You should have gotten here sooner. But that's very kind of you," she said, outstretching her hand, "I'm Michelle."

"Sindy."

"So, Sindy," Michelle responded, tilting her head, her hand pressed against the cement of a city-center lamp post, "do you have artistic aspirations, or are you just an admirer of visual art?"

"No, no, nothing major," Sindy replied. "I mean, I used to do some painting a while ago at home, but nowadays, I'm pretty busy. I'm trying to move out fairly soon—"

"What medium of painting?" Michelle said quickly.

"Acrylic."

"Ah, classic," Michelle said. "But tried and true, you can never go wrong with acrylic." Sindy didn't know what else to say. She felt stuck, the collar of her uniform felt tight around her neck. "So, do you enjoy it? Working in that busy diner. Are you happy there?"

"Well, no," she said defensively. Sindy clutched the strap of her purse, noticing the saturated leather beneath her palm. She took a breath, absorbing the sweet breeze to soothe her nerves. "But it's a stable job, and with the money, I can get that apartment—"

"Oh, I see, I see," Michelle said, shifting her weight to lean against the lamp

post that was hugging the folded table. "Moving in with friends is a great experience. That's great that you're branching out, making the place your own, building a life."

"I'm planning on living by myself," Sindy replied, her voice growing bitter. "You know I don't have many friends."

"Well then, what are you waiting for?" Michelle said, her voice stern. She placed her hand on the table.

"Excuse me—" Sindy said.

"Why are you staying in that ugly brown house wasting away your life," Michelle continued, snapping the legs of the folding table violently to the ground, "working a job that's killing you, staring out that tiny window, hoping for your life to change? I thought I taught you better than just sitting on your hands."

"Well, not everyone can just up and leave."

"Such harsh words for a coward," Michelle said, looking away. Her eyes were glossier than Sindy remembered.

Sindy wanted so desperately to lash out, but her tongue thickened in the back of her throat, choking the words out. Michelle looked down at the muted turquoise lamp post, fixating on the metallic placard nailed to the peeling, chipped paint. Sindy's eyes followed Michelle's, the back of her mouth turning sour.

"What a tragedy," Michelle said calmly. "Anyways, I'm afraid I've taken too much of your time. Maybe I'll see you next month at your own booth." She smiled at Sindy. Slowly, Michelle turned and walked away, leaving her supplies neatly tucked in a bag on the sidewalk. The image of the placard pierced deep into Sindy's mind.

*"In Honor Of Michelle Brooks
Last Seen October 3rd, 1989
Beloved Daughter and Sister"*

It had been seven years.

Violently, Sindy shot up, mop in hand, her body still stiffly contorted to peer through the frame of the window inside of Sall's. As her eyes re-adjusted, she realized the sun was tucked far behind the horizon. Sindy quickly grabbed her purse and exited the diner, her breath shaky and thin. She looked down at her watch. It was half past midnight. Greene Street was bare, with only the faint scent of fried food

from the festivities remaining.

That night, Mama had a field day yelling at Sindy. “How could you be so reckless, Sindy Lu? We’ve talked about this. You always come home before sunset, and you always carry your whistle. You just left it sitting on the kitchen counter. What if someone decided to grab you? What if you couldn’t call for—” But Sindy didn’t hear any of it, only the distant rings of laughter she possessed long ago. Perhaps for the first time, her grief cemented itself into reality.

— — —

July

Long before Maria and her daughters lived in their chocolate house, she spent most of her days walking through the fields of Gilmer County, Georgia. Her favorite part of the day was walking back home, passing the brook, and dipping her toes in the chilled water, although they were never fully clean. She often found herself dragging the balls of her feet through the tall marsh grass, until cleanliness was achieved. She would soon return home to find her sister Grace sitting in the living room, two cups of rosebud tea on the table, awaiting her arrival. Grace would tell Maria that the sharecroppers could no longer support their farm with the growing boll weevil outburst, a deadly swarm of ferocious pests whose mission was to destroy their crops. Shortly after, the two would move downstate to Augusta into a small brown house near Greene Street, the only beat-down establishment they could afford with the pocket change their parents had left them in their will. Only a year later, Grace would fall ill, a rapid sweat sweeping her away, and Maria would sit perched on her porch steps, and she would vow to build a family, one that wasn’t so easily shaken.

August

Michelle made her daily stroll to town, parking herself on the grass between the sidewalk and the street. The verges always bloomed with lilacs in the summer. She decided that this Thursday afternoon was the perfect day for flower pressing. Michelle loved the little things in life, such as the clumps of pollen that would gather at the end of each petal or the shimmering dew that fell from each hosta leaf. Her new staple activity was mixed media—throwing together a multitude of colors, shapes, and textures to create something that would make people stop and think. As her fingers reached down, nipping the bright green stem of a flower, she heard the

approaching soft graveled steps that she knew belonged to her sister. Sindy Lu had recently sprained her ankle, leaving a momentary pause between the switch from the left foot to the right. Michelle glanced back at Sindy Lu, taking note of her knotted hair pulled up into a puff.

“What are you doing here, Sindy Lu?” she asked, lowering her head.

“Mama said I could come join you,” Sindy Lu replied. “I got done with my chores early, and it gets so boring in that damn house.”

“Mama better not hear you talking like that,” Michelle said. “And I’m not doing much, just sitting here.”

“Well, what are you doing with those flowers?” Sindy Lu asked.

“That’s none of your business,” Michelle replied. “Why don’t you play with the neighborhood kids? I’m not your babysitter.”

“You know, you can be such a tool sometimes,” Sindy Lu said, raising her high-pitched voice. Every once in a while, Michelle would remember that Sindy Lu was young—annoying, but young, and truthfully, she saw bits of herself in her little sister, like the soft snort she made when she laughed or the way her nose crinkled when she lied. She felt her heart soften.

“Ah, c’mon and sit down,” Michelle said. “You can pick some for your room if you want.” Sindy Lu sat down happily, crossing her legs into a petite pretzel.

“So, what are you using these flowers for anyway?” Sindy Lu said, gazing up at her sister.

“Art,” Michelle replied. Sindy let out a loud exhale. Michelle could tell she wanted more. “I’m thinking of putting them in my next collage,” she said plainly.

“So, is that what you wanna do?” Sindy Lu asked. “Collage. I mean, I saw a couple of them when I passed your room the other day. They seem nice.”

“Nah,” Michelle said. “If I could be an artist, a real artist, I wouldn’t be making no collage bullshit.”

“Then what?” Sindy Lu responded.

“Painted glass,” she replied quietly.

“You mean stained glass like the windows at church?” Sindy Lu said, looking down the street. “I thought you hated how boring it was in there—”

“Painted glass sounds better,” Michelle said, her voice stiffening a touch. “And that’s why I like it so much. It’s just so God-awfully miserable in there, sitting every Sunday in the same tight dress Mama made for me two years ago. Why would

I want to listen to Preacher Paul and watch the bulging blood vessel pop out of his left forehead when the holy spirit overtakes him? Why do that when I can look up and see the glass dancing. You know, it's not just sitting there. It's got royal blues and purples, sometimes even some greens, all mixing together in the Georgia sun. Why should only churches get that beauty or big houses all these white folk own on their private prairie hills up Maple Road? That beauty should be for everyone."

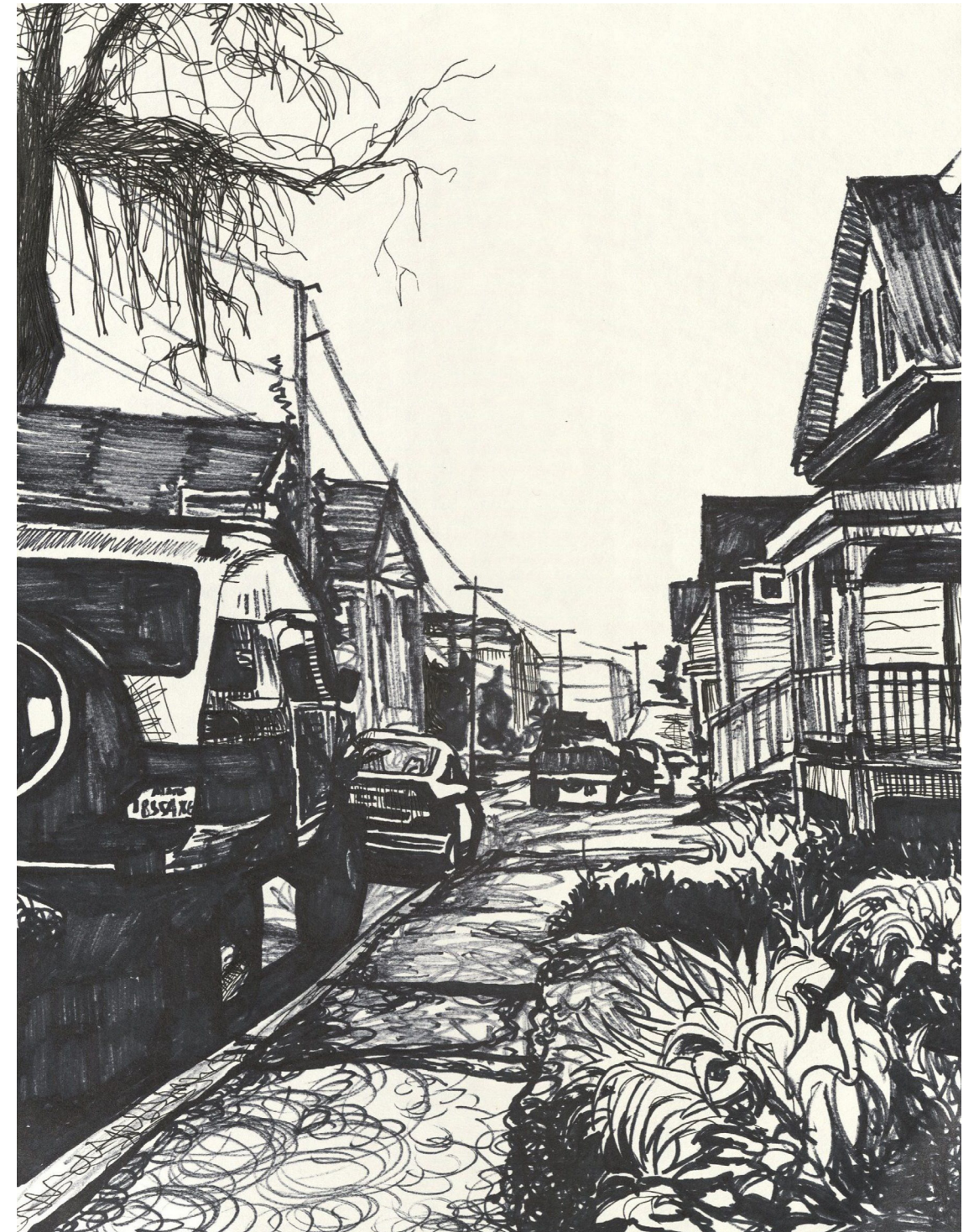
"You're pretty cheesy, you know," Sindy Lu said, smiling, her hand holding a small bouquet.

"Well, what do you wanna do?" Michelle replied jokingly.

"I don't know," Sindy Lu said quietly. "I wanna make something beautiful, something that makes things better, something so beautiful it would make Mama cry."

"Now that would be a damn feat," she said, smiling. "Then you'll do it. And no slacking, understand? Don't let that dank house hold you back." She peered at her sister, who was looking down at the uneven sunkissed road. "Okay?"

"Okay."



Davis St.

Mazie Chamberlin

sharpie and pen on paper

Meet our contributors!

Lux Alexander

Lux is a poet and writer from London, UK. Work appears in Aother Magazine, Missives Magazine, White Cresset, and others. Lux was selected as a Foyle Young Poet by The Poetry Society in 2023.

Emma Ashley

Emma is a poet based in Chicago, IL. Her work is published or forthcoming in Zeniada Magazine, Palaver Arts Magazine, California Quarterly, and Dornsife Magazine. When not reading or writing, she loves being outside and cooking.

Lizi Barrow

Lizi is a junior environmental studies and studio art major. She likes to photosynthesize, eat ice cream, and hang out. Her favorite color is purple, but also sometimes green and sometimes yellow.

Mazie Chamberlin

Mazie is a Bates first year student from New York City, but not emotionally. Her favorite things include art, music, and playing outside with her friends. In the near future she hopes to get a cow tattoo and in the far future she's looking to understand quantum mechanics.

Emilia Bois

Emilia or Mimi is a first year and hopes to graduate with an interdisciplinary major focused on the visual arts, dance, and environmental justice. She is interested on how creativity and collaboration can be a method of decolonization and promoting love and unity. She feels very grateful for and inspired by nature, the people around her, and her hometown of Provincetown.

Audrey Cole & Simon Marsh

Simon and Audrey are troublemakers from the west and the midwest, respectively. They like to sneak into the BMU before hours, dance like madmen, and absolutely shred it on the waves. Simon is a fatalist and Audrey writes music.

Gail Curtis

Gail is a sophomore from Rockport, Maine. She loves spending time by the ocean and in the woods. Gail also enjoys chai lattes, novels about haunted forests, swimming in lakes, and writing.

Audrey Esteves

Audrey is a sophomore from New Jersey, pursuing a major in Arts and Visual Culture. She loves painting and collaging, listening to old music, and making sunny-side-up eggs.

Mo Fowler

Mo is a poet and MFA candidate at UC Irvine and the author of the chapbook Sit Wild, published by Finishing Line Press. Their writing is forthcoming in The Minnesota Review and can be found in Rough Cut Press, Rust + Moth, Zone 3 Magazine, and elsewhere.

Milo Gold

Milo is a first year student from Brooklyn who enjoys making and listening to music, taking pictures and frisbee. He aspires to one day make and listen to more music, take more pictures and play even more frisbee. He has a radio show from 12-2 PM on Wednesdays with his two friends.

Barry Kilmister

Barry is a senior from California, studying English. During his free time, he enjoys singing, writing, breathing, walking, and listening to music.

Willa Laski

Willa is a sophomore from Sun Valley, Idaho. She is majoring in Economics with a minor in Hispanic Studies. She enjoys stargazing, using the disco ball emoji, and going out to breakfast at her favorite diner. Willa's dream car is a late 1960s Ford pickup truck painted baby blue.

Harper Lethin

Harper is a sleeper agent for Reed College in Portland OR where they're a senior studying art and biology. Their roman empire is bacteriophage therapy and they're definitely thinking longingly of nerd gummy clusters right now. It's an honor for them to be featured in Snaggletooth!

Ella Lungstrum

Ella is from Brooklyn, NY and likes to listen to music and wear her socks inside out. She enjoys scanning the sky for birds to befriend, taking pictures, and drinking tea.

Julianne Massa

Julianne is a junior English major at Bates. She is from Long Island, NY, a place she likes saying she is from, but doesn't want to live in forever. She spends much of her time romanticizing moving to the Scotland Highlands. She hates being tickled and the hour between three and four pm.

Kennedy Mathis

Kennedy is a first year from Brooklyn, NY. She enjoys taking photos, reading a good book, and spending time with friends. When she's not doing those things, you may find her doing varying sizes of crossword puzzles.

Avery Melton-Meaux

Avery is a sophomore studying Creative Writing at Washington University in St. Louis. In their free time they love singing, acting, and watching the sunset on the lake.

Caroline McCarthy

Caroline is a sophomore at Bates from Hamden, Connecticut majoring in English. She loves to yap, bake, and stare at squirrels. She would be eager to compete against you in any of the NYT games, but especially in Connections.

Julia Neumann

Julia is a junior at Bates. She is currently exploring some ancient towns around Europe. She misses the fall foliage of Maine but appreciates the bits of poetry scribed on the walls in Perugia.

Tim Perry

Tim is a senior at Bates College majoring in English Creative Writing and minoring in Rhetoric. When not working on the never ending thesis, Tim enjoys playing Mario Kart with friends and reading tarot.

Cal Schrupp

Whether it be photography, videography, or documentary, senior Cal loves all forms of digital media. He enjoys preserving and archiving the world and capturing its magic. He loves colors too, all of'em. He also uses vinyl stickers as another medium for expression and is always looking to find practical means to decorate and one day create the best looking sticker ever.

Talia Skaistis

Talia is a junior majoring in English with a creative writing concentration. Her favorite flowers are bluebonnets and her favorite month is October. Talia is on the Bates swim team and her stroke is butterfly. She really wants to hike a mountain in Alaska!

Colin Thoman

Colin is a senior who studies biochemistry and is on the cross-country team. His passions include outdoor cooking and cycling and he is currently seeking a job that will pay him one million dollars weekly to do both things at his leisure.

Jiaqi Wu

Jiaqi is a sophomore from Shanghai, China, majoring in English and Biology. He loves writing but hates it when other people tell him how he should write due to his oversized ego. You can often find him skateboarding outside the library or in commons with a cup of tea. He enjoys dressing nice and looking pretty.



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