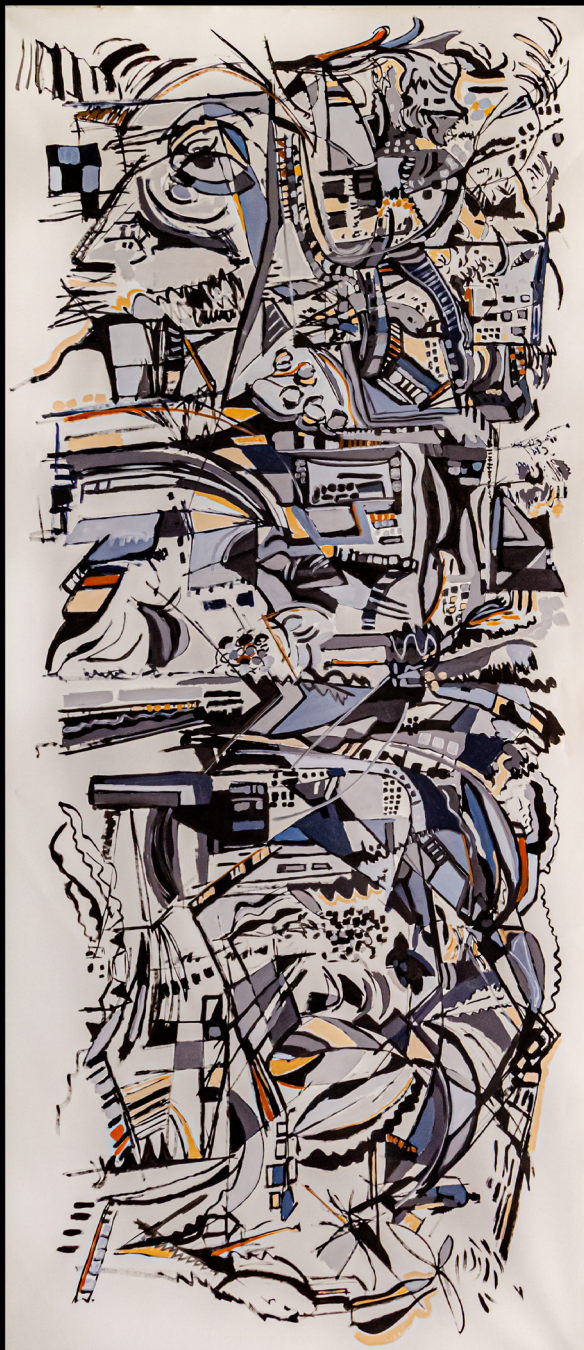


snaggleteoth



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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

Thank you for taking the time to read the tenth issue of Snaggletooth Magazine. In this issue, you will find explorations of everything from parallel universes and fears of small holes to lucky pennies and summer love. We received so many wonderful submissions from so many talented people, for which we are endlessly grateful. It is such a privilege to be able to share with you the unique voices and perspectives of our authors.

We are so proud of each and every person who played a part in this process. Thank you to our writers and artists who trusted us with their work, and made this issue so special. Thank you to our editors for all their time and effort (and for sitting through many meetings and tangential bird-related digressions). Thank you to our brilliant Coeditor-in-Chief and lead designer, Ella Lungstrum, who has made every publication under her leadership look beautiful, without fail. Issue 10 would not have been possible without her. And finally, thank you to our Editor-in-Chief, Maria Gray, whose departure is bittersweet— we will miss her dearly, but are so excited to follow her career as she goes to grad school at NYU and continues to amaze everyone who has the fortune to meet her. We recognize how much blood, sweat and tears she has poured into Snaggletooth over the years, and her influence will remain in the magazine as long as it lives.

We're so happy with how this issue turned out, and we hope you enjoyed reading it as much as we enjoyed making it! We are so excited to be stepping into this role, and we could not have done it without the endless support from the Snaggletooth editorial team. This magazine has brought together such a caring community, and we are so lucky we will continue to grow it. Looking forward to many more wonderful issues with you all.

With much love,

Liya Simon and Talia Skaistis

Again

Last night I dreamed three bullets
socked my stomach, and I was invincible.
Unguarded, unhinged. I chased
that man down to the end of that street,
and thanked him for the ache.

Last night I ran.
I clutched a paper bag, pierced in the bottom,
so my value slipped out into the cracks of that street.
That man drained me, from the bottoms of my feet.
And yet. I am still standing, still asking
to be shot, again.

--Chase Crawford



Parallel Universe 992840C: Burlington, VT



You're getting coffee in a city where no one knows your name and the anonymity doesn't feel like freedom, like you thought it would. Instead, it feels like a hungry dog nipping at your heels. But then the cafe doors open and a beautiful girl comes in with the cold and stands in line behind you. She takes her hair down and you can smell her shampoo from a foot away and for a second, you feel the urge to tell her you love her.

This is not a lie. Quantum physicists say that there are an infinite number of parallel universes out there, which means there's a universe in which you really do love her.

In that universe, she's coming into the coffee shop to meet you, not as a stranger but as a lover, and she's dissolving the space between the two of you and wrapping her arms around your shoulders and you lean back into her and feel her cold cheeks pressing against your face. In that universe, she's taking her hair down and there, the smell of her shampoo is familiar, like a kiss without kissing. You want to stick your hand into that parallel universe and pull on the intimacy like a thread, bring it here, weave it around you and this stranger until you both remember you're old lovers again.

You want to tell her *everyone is lonely but we do not have to be. We could be holding each other, instead. We've done it before; let's do it again.*

You want to say *there is a world in which I've given you everything and it feels like being in bed with all the windows open. We are sleeping in together, right now, side by side. Come on, let's talk like we've already seen each other naked. Like we've already known each other a hundred times.*

But then the man at the counter calls you forward and the moment passes and you order your cappuccino, extra hot, and you thank him and wait for your coffee. When the stranger-lover gets to the counter, she looks at you before asking the man for a cappuccino, extra hot. This is that other universe taunting you. This is the other universe telling you that yes, there is a world in which the two of you share coffee orders and pillows and socks and no, that world is not this one. Now your coffee is ready but you don't want to leave her, this brand-new thousand-year lover—don't want to open the door and step into this unfamiliar city where loneliness fits like a pair of too-tight shoes.

When, as you finally make your way to the door, your eye catches hers like a splinter, you can feel her roll over in bed and press her face against your own from a million lightyears away.

--Maria McEvoy

Trypophobia

the fear of small holes,
the foam of seawater draining into my eyes and lungs,
the surface area of a quadrillion atom-sized screams.
I awake in a bed of moss, sleep paralysis
as the green hairs play riffs
with my fileted spinal cord, a night mare ridden
to the plastic edges of human vanity

shit my face
is slipping
to the ground
better slouch

my shoulders, hand
self-awareness
I'm alright, how are you?
Caution, slippery when decapitated
I feel that,
but do you ever think
about how your brain floats
in a dark room, plato's cave
of action potentials and atoms'
existentialism no, just me?

I see mitosis in a lava lamp
the wax can breed into more globs,
exponential molten bubbles, a million moons.

I push the lava lamp over the edge of my nightstand,
assisted suicide
and second-degree burns, the average kinetic energy of masochism.

I hang an anvil over my head
to remind me of energy
a tornado sheds all of its water in minutes yet gashes state lines
a body sheds all of its molecules in years yet I still make awkward
jokes

if I released all the energy in your bonds,
I could annihilate the continent



--Garrett Glasgow

Mad In March

Here, March is sandy cement,
bleeding lawns, and rocks of snow.
Maybe you would've liked life more in Maine,
the way moisture
smothers the pavement in clumps,
soft like your last kisses and hugs.
A sun that starts to find its face
tries to overpower the huddle March
has made of me.
It must be March,
this transition.
My vision blurs
from pooling puddles,
icicle memories that melt and freeze,
melt and freeze;
another year on mental black ice.
Vibrations of your lost laugh wiggle
inside my coat, a sleeve I feel
and cannot reach.
In March, I think of you.
In response, my birthday arrives.
I jaywalk. I let my hair flop.
The gutter vomits
while I catch snowflakes with my tongue.
Then, with a sheepish tear,
I look towards the weather,
which calls me mad
for wanting the thing I should not:
you, here, still, even after ten years.

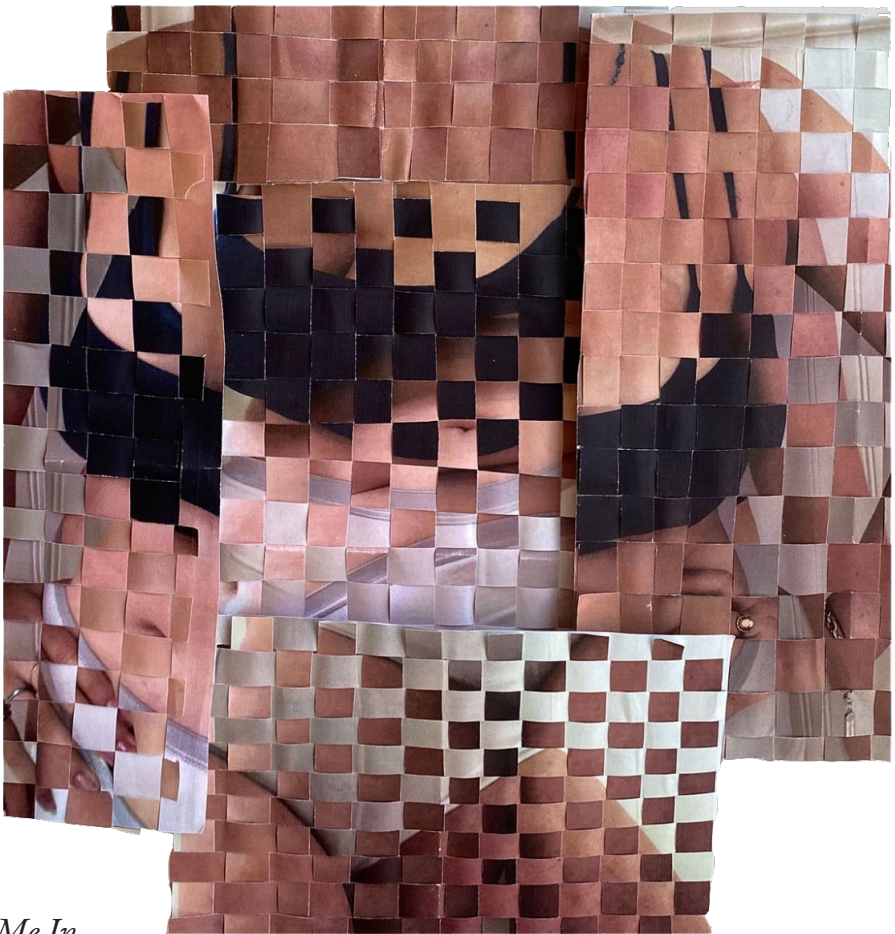
--Lucia Pizarro



Mosu sal

I don't
want
to be
water
any
more.
Trying to
drown All
/
this
was
not
a
slag
said.
Nothing
is
4h22:00amk
surrounded
by
Please stop.
It's completely
warped
right? That
water.
How
how
it
all
becomes. All
I
can
do
is
write
think: Slowly
/
will
turn
back to
Time,
hoping
them
+
me
114
Man
what
mess
FENNA.
Mosu
sal.
How I
miss
How I
wake
to
be
next.

- puppy



A Box You Put Me In

Never did eyes not sting the strange bands of
fourteen backs going numb. Splintered judgments,
preceptors who don't understand.
Conjugating to explain girl estranged.
Observation made correlation to
Moshfegh and Plath. Symbols of white pain.
Eros trumps Thanos, trying to undo
life splintering on grass, rolling stain
into Earth. Goodbye unseen eyes: Minos
saved me and thirteen estranged underground.
Please soothe the splintered untruths. Does Thanos
trump Eros down here? Quiet is the Hellhound.
Snap fingers, mending splintered truths. "Atone."
Become known I am who I am. Home.

--Soso Hoag

My Dog Died

Every time I see a penny on the ground,

 tails up,
 I turn it over
 so the next person
 Has a lucky penny.
When I find one heads up
I know it is for me.

 The days are long
 The years are short
In between is growing up.

 Your grandmother dies.
 You get your driver's license.
 Your dad gets cancer.
You find the people that teach you
How to love.

 This ebb and flow
 Is the most
Expected and unexpected
part of life

And just when the unexpected is almost too much
I find a penny face up.

--Clara Kennedy



The Cracks On Your Ceiling

remind me of my grandparents' house,
and the pattern on those chairs do too.
When my hands can't move to hold yours anymore
I wonder if you'll still reach out to me.
I collect sugar packets and hairs
that fall on the ground
and try really hard to remember my hands from ten years ago.
The cracks on my ceiling are starting to grow,
trickling between tear ducts to the top of my cheekbone.
I haven't found a plaster yet, between the counters
and clocks ticking me in a loop
of remembering the space between your eyes and forehead.
Each freckle was a pattern of a footstep
and my heart a metronome to your movement.
Your trembling fingers trace my letters like you wrote them yourself.
I've never looked in the mirror
without reaching for a memory of what yesterday looked like on myself.
It's like one step backwards,
yet a thousand pushes into forever,
with my hands suddenly shaking,
shaking for you and all there ever was.

--Julia Neumann



Bad Brain

I lied when I last spoke. I am actually non-verbal autistic.
that is to say I have a voice I cannot claim
so I swallow myself daily. I become both Jonah

and the whale. I tell myself I am sin,
atone to my mind for being born broken.
You can hear me best when I am inside myself.

You, as in the universe.
See, I don't understand shit implied
so I have to say it outright. I use the wrong words

too, sometimes, shit doesn't belong here. Maybe
it was a mistake to write poetry at all. I wonder if
my metaphors are real or just a facade, just a mimicry

of a real thing I can never grasp. Some days I ask
how much of the world I lost when I left the womb,
if she was real at all. She, as in what I can remember

of that moment. I thought I told her
I love you, and that time bent to my emotions
that made me mystical as God. I loved her in a way

I cannot explain. Her spring-scented hair, her bones—
those were truths, but myth to me is another mind
wired to love, wired to leave me like she did between "sorry"s

because I only know how to talk
in my head, all words leave my lips
and fall in the grass like bodies waiting to be buried.

As I said, I was not made to speak or understand.
but I have learned little by little
to stop swallowing myself.

--Eli Nachimson



#130

Landed at terminal one ten minutes early in the dark.
Hoped when you picked me up you'd let me drive.
Paid the fee at the door to the city.
Drove over the big gray bridge in the rain.
Thought houses back here were made of brick and water
and fume
until one was demolished in a single swipe,
roses in the ruins
like blood.
Arrived before my burning red door
fingers sticky with cigarette burns
eyes reeking from the reading and crying, reading
and crying. Slept for ten minutes
in the rain in the car
during a tattoo session. Towards the end,
my skin gave out and began to twitch.
Finally, I am similar
to the rest.
Slept for one hour before the alarm.
Walked to the market under the lightning sky
for an apple and a box of Junior Mints.
They say the flood is worth the taste.
Dropped you off to leave the country.
On the way back, watched the sun turn over the hill.
Thought about how to better say *I love you.*
Flew alone to the jaw-deep snow
at the beginning of the month between
two strangers afraid of turbulence.
The ship rattled and I stared at the ceiling,
eyes closed, wishing the wind would make its palm flat
and strike us from the air. *I love you*
I would whistle as we lay ruined
on the Midwest snow.

--Poppy Marsh

Ars Poetica et Dolor

Everytime I write I dodge the obvious.
Everytime I write
 I think otherwise.
Everytime I write
 I try not to grieve.
Everytime I write
 I grieve.
Everytime I write
 I write about something else.
Everytime I write
 I want to write about it.
Everytime I write
 I decide not to write about it.
Everytime I write
 I'm told to write about it.
Everytime I write
 I can't write about it.
This time I've written—
 this is it.

--Cade Rose

Earthflow

When I think of you, I think of long-limbed summer days stretching out before us like the wide winking ocean. I think of paddle-boarding at 4AM to watch the sunrise and cliff-jumping at midnight. I think of ginger freckles and peach fuzz and long drives with the windows gaping open. I think of bright sun, blue skies, clouds floating through the lazy river far above. Wading into the waves with our jeans rolled up and basking in the earthflow. Skin soaked in sand and seasalt and sunscreen. I think of walking barefoot downtown with the joint tucked behind your ear, red hair curling around it like a pre-image of the licking flame. I think of coughing up smoke as you strummed your guitar. I think of you wearing my shirt and keeping it. I think of the time we stood around the campfire at the lean-tu and you hugged me and you held on long enough for it to feel like something to remember.

--Gail Curtis

Permanence

I left Alderson Penitentiary conditionally. A man was standing next to me as they handed me my shoes, my suit and silken tie, and when I left, he came with me. On the car ride home he asked me about my plans, and I told him I was driving west. I handed him a postcard, the one that had been hanging above my cot for the last six years. He glanced at the words arched across the top, "Canyonlands," and studied the tones of orange and blue. The colors remained vivid, hardly having seen the sun. Ironic considering how my time on that cot had paled me to the point of translucency.

Now we are together, driving down a dark, seemingly endless highway. Through the sunroof, despite the cloudless night, I can see not a single star.

Sometimes he asks me about my life before, and I will talk about the towering ResCo buildings and the heated floors. He's even asked me why I did what I did, which surprisingly few people have done. Beyond my crimes and the passing scenery, we don't talk much.

Yesterday we pulled into the charging station when the battery indicator turned red. The debate over whether or not I should have been released is ongoing, and sometimes, when I step into a store for a bathroom break or some snacks, I see my face splashed across the screens in the upper corners. In the photo being circulated, which is from the annual company picnic, I can be seen gazing dully at some point just left of the camera. I joked to the man that they perfectly captured my willful ignorance, one of the kinder terms with which I was now connotated.

"Ignoring and ignorance aren't the same thing," he replied without any of the usual spite that accompanies such a phrase. It hit me in the chest with the weight of what is factual. A statistic on my desk, numbers in a report- things that leave no room for argument. My attempt at levity was pulled back into reality, his comment like a hand around my ascending ankle.

As I shuffled down the isles with the man trailing behind me, the bell above the door announced new customers. A group of teenagers walked in, four of them. They had hats on, the kind that one would wear hiking, and Patagonia fleeces from their parents' era. I was really wishing, at this point, that I didn't look so much like the criminal on TV. Of course, they noticed.

I could tell by the way the girl flipped the bill of her hat around to get a better look. And by the way they huddled, whispering and glancing in that way that teenagers do. I hurried up to the counter, eager to make a quick exit. I knew their type.

When the news first came out, it was the youngest generation that hated me the most. They

are the ones who must live in the world we have created, they said, the world that we have broken down and burned and poisoned and built up anew with gleaming steel and 90 degree angles. When I went down, it was they who dragged me farther and farther, encircling the ResCo headquarters with their rage-fueled crowd. They brought signs with my name on them. They drew pictures of my hands filled with flames, consuming the globe. I told the man that, and he brings it up in the quiet of the car, on occasion, as if he can sense my mind straying to the weather.

We walked outside with eyes on our backs, but the door never hit the sill. They streamed out after us, the boys pushing each other's shoulders in that riled-up way.

"Camden Resdin!" If I hadn't known they knew, I knew then. Before turning, I looked over to the man who stood a few feet from me. He was staring at the car, just waiting calmly for me to unlock it as if he did not seem to notice the impending conflict. I wondered then just who this man was, but felt deep down that I already knew him. The metaphorical finger wandered, searching for his place in my mind. And then I turned, and a fist hit me squarely in the jaw.

You'd think after six years in prison that I'd know how to take a punch. Alderson wasn't like that though. It was a prison for greedy businessmen, embezzlers and such. My cellmate had committed tax fraud and was too busy plotting his next move to bother with sharpening a spoon into a weapon.

So instead of dodging, or whatever my dad would have wanted me to do, I let the impact push me down onto the cement parking lot. The ground was still warm from the desert sun despite the cool air of the night, and from where I lay I could see the thinnest sliver of moon. I didn't feel the need to get up. I wasn't sure I could either. The warmth of my own blood joined that of the pavement as it spread across the back of my head.

Spit hit the ground a few inches from me. "Go back to jail, bastard."

So, that was yesterday.

I asked my companion, as I have begun to call him, why he didn't step in to help me. I hadn't expected him to, but I wondered what he would say. He merely shrugged, and that careless movement of his shoulders felt more condemning than any physical blow. The shrug told me that I didn't deserve a defense.

I had already wasted too much of the public's time with my hired lawyers, arguing my cut and dry case until their voices went hoarse. The irony of where my money had come from and what it was being spent on was not lost on me. I used to just let things happen.

Looking at my life now, I still do. This man is in my car. These bruises cover my face. At least I have a destination.

To get there, I must first drive past the thing I have been dreading. The billboards, dilapidated canvas reading Welcome to Paradise, start appearing miles before we get there, and I make a determined effort not to glance in my rearview mirror. To look in the man's eyes as we drive into the heart of my shame would make it all unbearable.

Despite the late hour, it's not truly dark, it never is anymore. A glance to my left reveals a flat stretch of sand, and beyond that, the man-made Oasis— the project that finally sunk me. It was a disaster by all accounts, inciting the shaking of heads by wealthy investors and climate activists alike. Within two years of its completion, problems with the foundation and plumbing were called to the attention of local building inspectors. What they discovered was that the Oasis residents' water source was supplemented by natural reserves nearby, intended only to provide for the flora and fauna living on protected land. Armed with this knowledge, a full scale investigation on ResCo was launched. Every shady deal, every oil and gas leak, every violation of environmental codes which had been carefully hidden under a pile of American money was unearthed by a tenacious army of do-gooder government officials. The project that had put me on the Forbes Billionaires List was the same one that landed me in a prison cell. My "Icarus moment," they called it.

Now it is an oasis of a different kind, a haven for migrating birds and homeless desert dwellers who flock to the broken pipes and torn up sewage system in search of water. A few palm fronds hang onto life, but mostly it is a sense of abandonment that permeates every inch of the development. Its khaki colored walls blend into the desert around it and have begun to crumble, joining the sand it sits upon. We drive past the desolate scene in thick, suffocating silence.

If prison is meant to breed remorse, they should do a better job at illuminating the consequences of our crimes. Instead, my time at Alderson gave me a break from the constant choices that overpopulate the lives of the wealthy. It stripped me to a singular purpose: existence and nothing more. Any attempts at repentance were broken up by the winds of boredom which blew incessantly in my cell. Like clouds in the palest of skies, my regrets were swept away. Out here, driving past a wasteland of my own creation into the hazy dawn, I am faced with what I have done. I look for the stars and know that I helped scare them away. I look for the stars to convince myself that I didn't succeed.

The sun rises into the muted sky with blinding conviction. Today, on our fourth day of driving, we will arrive at what is left of Canyonlands National Park. The postcard, taped to the dashboard, flutters in the blow of the AC. The picture is a miniature of the park's remaining monument, an elevated mesa rising up from the floor of a vast canyon. I notice that the once saturated earth and sky have lost some of their vibrancy and wonder if I have gained any.

We rumble into the park, passing the wooden sign which spells out our location. A ways down the road is a pull-off indicating the start of the trail. As I step out of the car I am struck by the immense vacancy of the land. It encircles me like a void into which all significance is towed. With a set determination, I shoulder my back pack and turn to my companion.

“Coming?”

He nods, squinting into the sun. “Always.”

As we begin to descend into the canyon those yellow rays pulse through the sky. I hear his feet pushing sand against rock, echoing my sturdy shuffle. When I turn I see him pulling on his tie, looking more uncomfortable than I have seen him yet. After wearing the same apathetic expression on his face for so long, this frowning of his surprises me.

I walk a ways further, over ridges and between boulders, turning corners where the trail indicates. My arms swing like pendulums, ticking away with the ease of unsung minutes. The man falls further behind, and I do not wait for him.

Hours pass slowly, my water bottle becoming light in my hand. I do not sit; to do so would risk allowing my companion to catch up to me, and I must say that watching him get smaller and smaller gives me great satisfaction. His stubborn presence on this trip has been pulling my mind to the past, to the things I'd rather forget. He sat there in the backseat like a remnant of my time in Alderson, and eerily, like a remnant of my former self. Now he is fading into the horizon.

I cannot hear him any more. I do not see him behind me on the drawn out stretches of trail traipsing across the flat red rocks. I know I am nearing the end as I approach the mouth of a great canyon. It opens up to swallow the brilliant blue sky, and I feel myself pulled towards it as well. I step carefully to the edge, sending pebbles skittering down the steep, multilayered rockface. The tips of my shoes taste open air, and I look up. The Island in the Sky rises in the distance, rooted timelessly in the rocky earth.

Its permanence soothes me.

Holding up the postcard, I can see that it matches the scene spread out before me, and I am flooded with relief. I stand here knowing that there could be a hundred men like me, a thousand, and to the Island in the Sky, it simply would not matter. The fuel burnt in secret and the labs leaking chemicals into precious soil cannot touch this rock in all of its magnificence. It is so uniquely beyond human reach.

I wish I hadn't done what I did. I wish that I had been better, tried harder. I wish that the company my father started was one that had benefited the world instead of stripped and exploited it. But ResCo has not followed me out here. Here is a place I cannot touch.

I notice the colors. I inscribe, in my mind, the smallest of details.

Gliding back to the car, my legs feeling buoyant as they carry me along the rise and falls of the billowing rock. For the first time in decades, I am running from what tries to consume me, and I am winning.

The man is sitting in the car when I reach it. I must bring him with me wherever I go, I know that, but the weight of him feels lighter now. Like the canyons around us, the elements of time chip away at him. The blowing wind and grating pebbles which scrape against the walls of great rivers erode him too, slowly, until he will one day be nothing but a spire rising in the distance.

--Audrey Cole



Grievances

Yesterday, you asked me to write a list
of this thing that is bitter beneath my bones.
You asked me to prove to you that you're not enough for me.
Indignantly, I nodded my head, of course, I said.
because, honestly, I do everything you say.
If I put it plain, it's that every shirt I put on is stained
by your words when you claimed I dressed like a man.
I understand that you will never stand to have a daughter
who dates a man because in this house we only love boys.
In this house we use coasters to protect the tables and throw my food
out the window or feed it to the birds in the back.
And my back has been pecked and picked by words
that fling out the speakers and into the lawn,
and I must be mowed, and I must be trimmed
and I must walk through rose gardens that you plant. I can see
you will never see your good breeding inside of me because I chose to eat
and I chose the land in which my feet are planted.
I chose the snow instead of your heat and I will never be tan.
I will never whiten my teeth to smile at you. I will never pretend
this isn't pretend. Dad. You have thought that we are clad with gold.
That we are this country and we've turned it into a party
to you and your descendants to drink to you and your ancestry.
You told me to write it all down. You asked me to record this yearning
for a dad that is enough for me but for you I was never.
At best I am a trophy. At worst, I am persnickety.
I am the rage you're too ashamed to admit came from you.
Around you, my body counts each degree it is bent.
Without you it takes every effort to turn my angle right.
And now, I am writing. I write it inside of me,
around me, and on all the stall doors I find. The people I know know me
where you don't. They know this is the first poem I write that you'll read.
I write it every day. And every day it is erased.
And now, I pray. Not for you and not for me. Not for love and not for peace.
But for the people at your table, who say Grace with your words.
I'm not sorry for my severity. I'm sorry you're not enough for me.
Sincerely,

Audrey Cole is a first-year from Minneapolis, Minnesota, with an undecided major. She dreams of horses and summers in northern Minnesota, learns about herself through fictional characters, and suffers through cans of sparkling water to maintain her moral high ground. She writes on occasion (when the wind is just right).

Tess Cogen is a sophomore at Bard College studying studio arts and gender studies. They are from San Francisco and enjoy ice cream cones with rainbow sprinkles, the color orange, swimming with goggles and doing handstands.

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, novels about magic, swimming in lakes, and spending time by the ocean. She also loves to write.

Audrey Esteves is a first-year from Cranford, New Jersey, pursuing a major in Arts and Visual Culture. They love drawing and painting, listening to old music, and making sunny-side-up eggs. Their down-on-the-times Twitter can be accessed @subtle_smile.

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.

Maria Gray is a senior English major at Bates, originally from Portland, Oregon. Her work is forthcoming from or published in *Best New Poets*, *The Columbia Review*, *Kissing Dynamite*, and others, and has been recognized by Bates College, *The Adroit Journal*, and *The Lumiere Review*. She starts her MFA in creative writing this fall at NYU.

Soso Hoag is interested in many things and can be found around campus in many places. She loves reading, writing, arts in crafts, and whizzing by on her bike. Her favorite color is pink and she loves licorice tea!

Clara Kennedy is from Harrison, NY and is an Art and Visual Culture major on the History and Criticism track at Bates College. Clara does not consider herself a poet, so her poetry writing and submissions to Snaggletooth Magazine are very spontaneous. Clara is invested in the art community at Bates and is honored to contribute to such a reputable art magazine.

Frieda Kickliter is a senior studio art major at Bates College from Mobile, AL. She will be going to graduate school next year to get her masters in architecture. Her favorite color is green!

Kami Lambert is an Environmental studies major and African minor and really likes ice spice

Ella Lungstrum likes to listen to music and wear her socks inside out. She enjoys scanning the sky for birds to befriend and taking pictures. To find out more about Ella check out her bio on the Snag website: snaggletoothmagazine.com.

Poppy Marsh is a first-year from San Francisco, California. They like to read, paint, look at other people's paintings, and swim with no goggles.

Maria McEvoy is a sophomore from Missoula, Montana majoring in Premodern Human Ecology. She likes bogs, swamps, fens, marshes, and other such wetlands. She also likes when you go to the hairdresser and they put the hand-held shower head on your scalp and you get a shiver down your back. Mostly she likes holding hands and kissing her friends.

Eli Nachimson is a student studying English with a concentration in Creative Writing at UCLA. They are the Outreach Director for *Westwind*, UCLA's student literary magazine, and a poetry reader at *The Adroit Journal*. Their work is published in *The Blue Marble Review*, *Up North Lit*, and *Eunoia Review*.

Julia Neumann is a sophomore from Park City, Utah, majoring in Ecology and Earth Systems. She loves tea that's just cool enough to swallow and warm enough to make her friends come sit by her side. Type 2 fun is underrated, she loves flying squirrels and striped socks, and her favorite color is green.

Lucia Pizarro is a junior majoring in English. She writes letters like they're going out of style. Cartoons, breakfast potatoes, cows, jazz and berries bring her great joy, as do her friends. When she's not reading or talking too loudly over tea, she likes to wander speedily through cities or climb tall mountains.

Cade Rose is an undergraduate Philosophy student at Bates College from Boston, Massachusetts. His work is forthcoming in the *Northern New England Review* and *Stone Poetry Quarterly*. Outside of his studies and poetry writing, he fills up his time with his love of sports, arts and music, and most importantly, being with the people around him. Upon graduation, he plans to move to Brooklyn, New York, where he will be pursuing many of these interests, such as his poetry.

Lila Schaefer is a sophomore from Northampton, MA. She enjoys leisurely walks around the puddle, grilled cheese, and making art of all kinds.

Emma Upton is a junior from Amherst NH (just outside of Boston). She is allergic to mango skin, dust mites, cockroaches, ragwort weed and several cereal grains. She dabbles in lotsa different art mediums and is currently manifesting the return of the key to her bike lock.



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