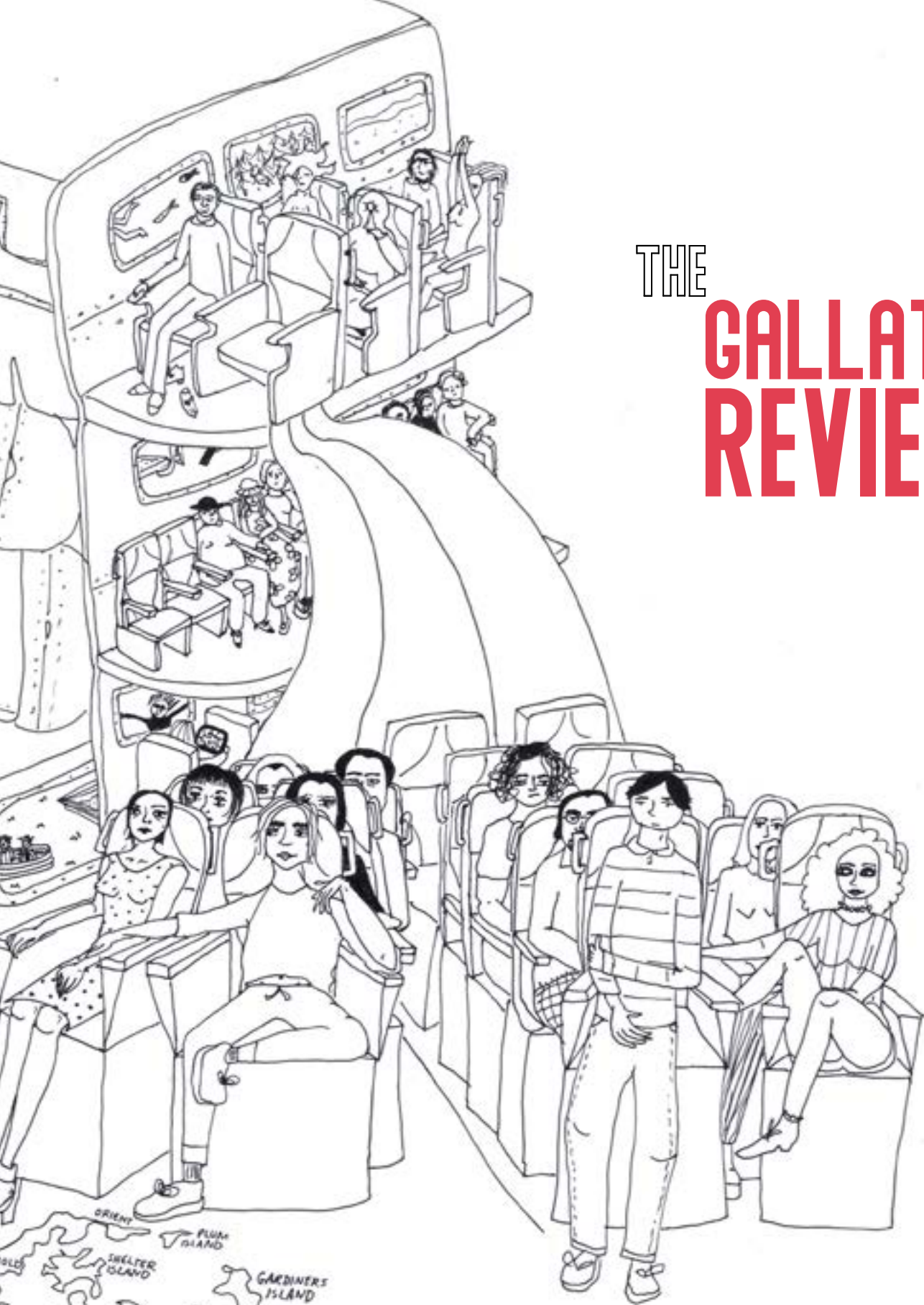


THE GALLATIN REVIEW



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THE GALLATIN REVIEW

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CASCADING

LUCAS DEMBART

Not far from his grandparents' house was a lake, maybe a five- or six-minute journey, but nothing a nine-year-old boy couldn't handle on his own. Preoccupied with her newest puzzle, Mom issued a nonchalant warning. Dad followed suit with a simple thumbs up, too busy drinking beer and lamenting the downfall of Tiger Woods to spare words for the latest of the boy's daily antics. The boy's friends had seemed sorry for him when he'd told them where he would be this weekend; they told tales of the inescapable boredom that accompanied the presence of their elders. But the boy wasn't worried. This was no jail sentence — he knew how to get to the lake, and he knew each house along the way so he wouldn't get lost. He had followed this same path for many years on walks with his grandmother, whose asymmetric, pensive steps grew wearier with each visit. Late that morning, the boy had sneaked into her bedroom, despite his parents' admonition, hoping that his grandma would be ready for another excursion to the lake. Sucking deeply through the thin tubes that threaded around her ears and into her nose, she had told him her legs couldn't make it today. The boy suspected it was her oxygen tank that kept her behind, anchored to the bed in which she had spent almost the whole of his current visit. He had smiled at her, as he knew she loved, and told her he would bring something to make her feel better. She had turned back onto her side.

Having received the final green light from his comfortably distracted mother, the boy could wait no longer. He crawled gleefully through the doggy door on the backside of the house, and as he stepped away from the porch out onto the downward-sloping lawn, he felt a reluctant new freedom carrying him forward. Nothing to slow him down, no one to tell him the names of trees he had never seen or the multi-colored insect he found on his pant leg; it had wings, was it a type of butterfly? Its exterior looked hard, almost metallic in its shine. Maybe it was a beetle. He flicked it off into the nearest bush and continued down his path. He passed the blue house with the yellow shutters. He had scraped his knee here a few years before, he remembered, as he stepped over the same tree root that got the best of him that time. His grandmother's hands had been soft and brittle as she dabbed the spare trickle

of blood that stretched down his shin. He searched now for the faded pink scar, but it had been lost to time. Today he would not need her to help him up. Today he was looking after her.

Next, he passed a small cottage whose front yard was filled with a variety of wind-spinning instruments. On a breezy day, the lawn would transform into a veritable machine, whirring to life with each gust and throwing shrapnel of light across the grass before him. He used to call these fireworks, and everyday his grandmother would take him to the firework show at dusk, when the last of the day's light would beam off the metal disks at just the right angle, flicking gold crescent beams so sharp he thought they might do the lawnmower's work for him. He and his grandma, in her aging elegance, would dance through the show, letting the rays climb up their bodies before the sun vanished behind the black-shutter roof of the house. Missing his fireworks now, unfamiliar with the feeling of nostalgia, the boy grew uncomfortable and left this house behind him.

A break in the row of houses came next, space which was filled by a line of craggy trees whose bark had rotted and molted, laying in scrap-heap piles of unburnt ash. He walked quickly past these, distracting himself by kicking a small rock along in front of him. For the boy, these trees had always been a source of anxiety, the creaks of their waning frames echoing in his mind as a banshee's call. The trees had been there since the beginning of these walks to the lake, before some of the paths had markers, before the wild yelps of the neighbor's Pekingese filled the unsettling silence that accompanies their looming presence. Limbs jutted out and split into fragmented wooden shards, cutting through the blanket of humidity. Their leaves and bark having left them behind, the trees displayed only their skeletons, the meager remaining support that keeps them from collapsing altogether.

The boy felt as though they were reaching out towards him, like his grandmother grabbing his shoulder for a moment as her legs began to buckle. She would breathe heavily through her smile, while squeezing him gently into her side in one fluid motion. A calm dread was something she had mastered long before she had begun these walks

with her grandson. Now, without her here, the boy could no longer feel comforted under the canopy of the trees, and he kept the pebble bouncing from the tip of his shoe as his last line of defense. Passing the last tree, he left the stone where he could find it upon his return.

Moving along more quickly now, finally embracing the youthful, spring-like jolts of his growing legs, the boy passed the last house on the right and cut into the dense forest at the end of the road. He looked for the orange ribbon that had been placed to mark the lake path, finding it with a little less effort than the time before; each segment of the quest had become more habitual. Now he paced through the woods following a trail of similar markers, carefully avoiding the mud pots and poison sumac that grew along the untrimmed edges. In this area of the woods, a vibrant hum of crickets, bullfrogs, cicadas and other musical insects performed the boy's favorite symphony. He imagined them gathering together in the evenings to eat their leafy dinners and discuss what tune they might play for the creatures of the forest the next day. Would it be jazz? His grandmother loved jazz. She once told the boy she had almost married a saxophone player named Anton, but that he turned out to love jazz more than he could ever love her. The boy wondered what his life might have been like had his grandfather played an instrument, but then he supposed he would appreciate the music of the insects far less. Perhaps in all his visits here with his grandmother, the boy had never actually listened to the discord in their songs; instead it always felt as a far off lullaby. Now, in his lonesome, the boy heard not only the harmonies, but the frictions of the sound waves as they echoed deeper into the trees.

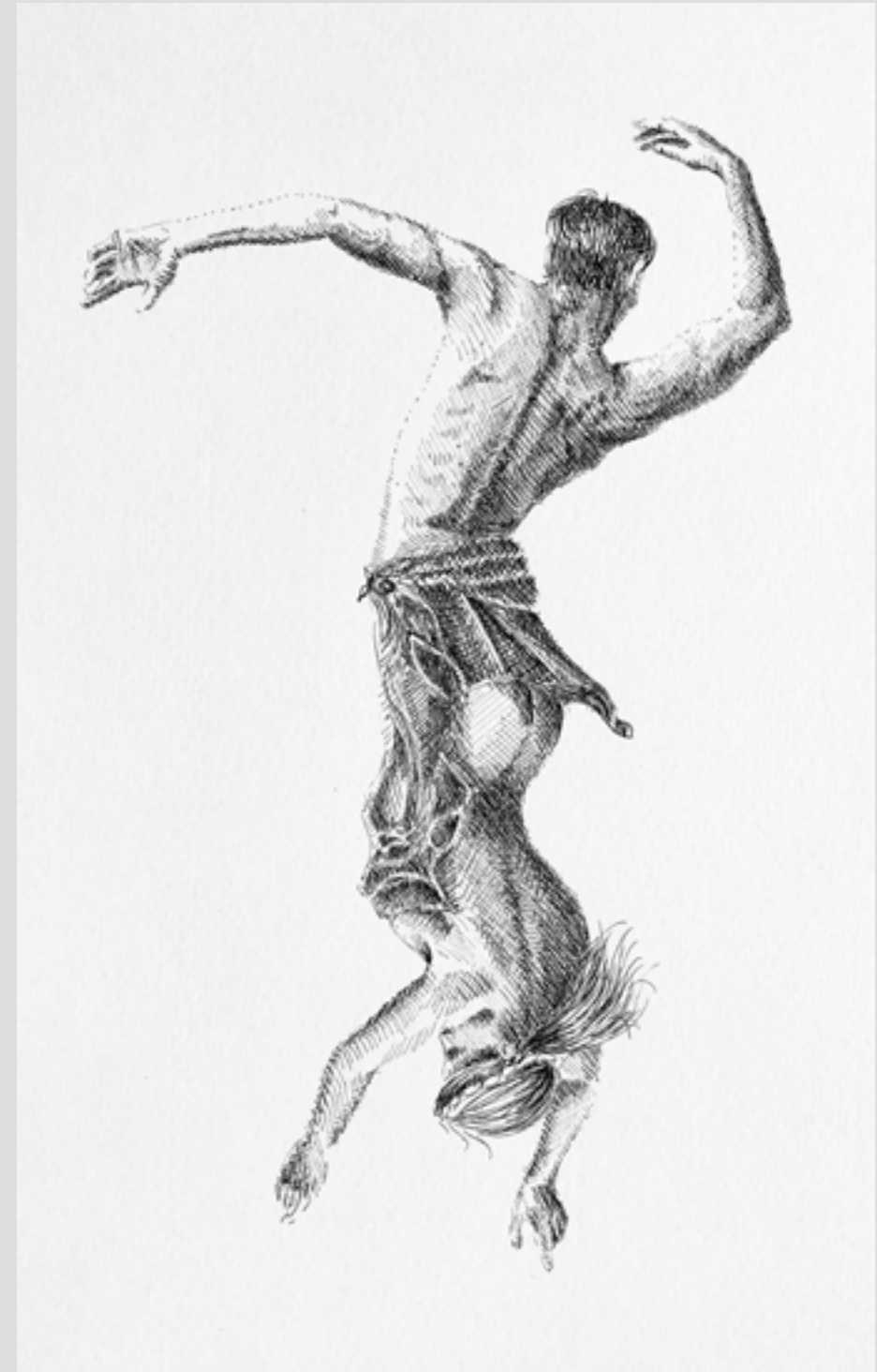
Near the end of the trail, he came upon thickening slivers of light coming through the pine needles and Spanish moss overhead, and soon he burst out of the tree line and into the open clearing at the bank of the lake.

The boy had once had a dream about coming to the lake by himself. In his dream, he had run too quickly towards the lake, tripping as he made it to the edge and tumbling face first into the open water. The boy could not swim, but all of the inhabitants of the lake—plants, fish, frogs, even the smallest microorganisms, and the spirit of the lake itself—pushed together to heave him up to the surface, floating him gently over the cresting waves and onto the shoreline. He had never imagined the lake so full of life, teeming with possibilities. In an array of movements, the lake, and its neighborhoods performed a dance for him much like the dance he shared with his grandma in the

fireworks, carefree and agile despite their fragile bodies. This lake the one of his dreams, made no effort to contain itself in its dancing, and soon it overtook the sand on which the boy rested, reclaiming the virgin energy with which he explored his small and magnificent world.

Now, with the lake in sight, he barely remembered ever having had this dream, but a mindless caution consumed him, nonetheless. He made it to the edge of the water, sitting to take in the seascape in front of him. The lake, unrecognizable as the innocent protector he had once thought it to be, now appeared as a large black mass. Clouds began to gather beneath the daylight, and the surface of the water reflected their heavy demeanor. He stared at himself in the shifting obsidian pool, only now truly noticing his grandma's absence in the reflection. He looked up, his gaze unfocussed, trying hard to comprehend the size of the world and the dot of the lake on a planet-sized map. He had tried but couldn't come to know it as his grandma must have, and now wished only for her to be here with him again, and to comfort this newfound uneasiness. Wind swept over the lake, which surged forth again with newfound tenacity, higher than in his dream, dragging him into the dark, unknowable waters beneath its mirror surface.

Lost in this strange new void where neither light nor memory nor certainty could reach, the boy thrashed about, searching for any familiarity to guide him back above. None arrived, and he submitted himself to liminality, free-floating on the threshold between existence and survival. A hand reached out to him. Was it from above or below? Was it leading him further towards the muck and clam shells at the floor of the lake, or back to breath, to his parents and grandparents, to abundance and life and collective calamity? The boy did not, could not, know. But he extended his hand and grabbed back, knowing that wherever it lead him, he might at least relinquish responsibility for himself once again.



SOMOS UNO
Matias Alvia



PATRIARCHAL WOMAN
Matias Alvial

AUGUST IN MEMPHIS, 2000-2016

JULIA WILLIAMS

I miss the sound of dogs shaking ears thick with water as if they could hold me;

cicadas screaming, living inside of my brain, melting
with every second;

air you could feel
every inch of;

seats burning flesh,
so I'd park in the shade and let the sun weigh down;

mosquitos large enough to fit in my palm.

Everything burned.

I miss skin
red with heat,
brown with bliss,
like the story I'd written over and over again:

First, you tore through my skin
until I called it flesh bubbling
under your breath, dripping down
your lips.

Then, you begged me to conquer you,
knowing I never could.

Now, I miss you
like a dried-up, washed-away lover
screaming my name at windows
locked from the inside.

ENJOY THE SILENCE

KATHERINE BOVENZI

April, with its watery eyes and cherubic yawns, ushered in an unconvincing spring that year. Habitually late to the warmer seasons, Worcester County often manages to preserve winter's morning frosts and gelid gusts until late May. Considering their frequency, such stillborn springs ought to be expected by residents, but are, without fail, met with indignation each year. The blushing hope for a racket of blossoms and shoots quickly turns ashen, leaving only the pale quietness of unnamed transition. These seasonal in-betweens promise a sudden detonation. If spring does not come to Massachusetts, summer surely will. And when she arrives, she will burst like a colossal thunderclap, rupturing the ground into a hot bouquet of yellow, green, and red.

My brother took the pitcher's mound on a particularly raw day that April. The week prior, he had promised himself to Tulane University by signing a contract and theatrically placing a Green Wave baseball cap on his head. It was all very official—and not unlike a papal appointment, albeit a Skoal-sponsored, Gatorade-anointed one. Men in specific hats and color combinations made their decisions behind closed doors. For Peter, the smoke signal was unsurprisingly starchy white. At eighteen, he stood six feet and five inches tall, and could throw a fastball over 90 miles an hour. Being both forgetful and of poor sight, Peter often forewent contacts, ascending the hill wearing sleek metal framed glasses. The sight of him, which culminated in peppered freckles and offshoots of red hair, was, without flattery, unforgettable. Even in the loud crack of an opponent's hit, Peter looked powerful, exhibiting a reptilian stillness that comes only to those who are able to invent silence, to quiet their mind and, in the same instant, quiet the field.

Originally scheduled for late March, the game had been repeatedly postponed on account of bad weather. Our high school's outdoor diamond stood buried up to its chain-link neck in what I call wet diaper snow—a kind of precipitate that most closely resembles oversaturated sodium polyacrylate (the stuff they put in Pampers and Pull-Ups). When a wet diaper snowflake hits the ground, you can hear its dendrite sprigs make landfall with a sludgy whump. This sound, although Lilliputian, is strikingly similar to that of a falling man as he meets cement.

After a night of this kind of snow, the gentle noises of the morning are muffled by the accumulation, leaving only the sound of cracking branches as they snap beneath white weight. Covered by this species of snow, the field was left undisturbed.

Although I do not recall the opposing team's name, I am certain that their school colors were black and white. I am sure of this because it struck me as unusual. Against the hectic blue and gray pinstripes of the home team, the visitors appeared visually coherent. As the first monochrome batter reached the plate, the sky opened slightly, letting out a drizzling rain. Icy water began pooling atop the slick aluminum bleachers, helping to soak the numb backsides of spectating parents. As a brand-new sixteen-year-old with a budding hatred for adult-style small talk, I positioned myself far away from the parents, choosing instead to stand alone on the first-base line. I told myself and other inquirers that I could see Peter better from there, but this was a false explanation. In truth, I wanted to be one less mouth in the crowd, separate from the conglomerate chatter that my brother so diligently silenced with each pitch.

Peter and the visiting pitcher chipped away the first five innings. By the top of the sixth, the score stood zero to zero. A home team parent shouted, "The bats are dead!" before returning his attention to a wet, half-eaten Slim Jim. This low-scoring standoff is what baseball people call a "pitchers' duel." Like most sports-related terms, the "pitchers' duel" is decidedly misleading. The excitement and conflict associated with the word "duel" is not at all relevant here. In fact, this is perhaps one of the most boring occurrences in baseball, a sport that is generally considered slow even in its most climactic moments. Regardless of the monotony, I chose to keep watching from the sidelines. To me, boring baseball is charmed. I want to know how the wave breaks. I want to hear the bat crack, to see the ball rip through the breath-bated diamond, bursting the crowd's soporific bubble.

Peter took the mound again, and a bored hush dusted the field.

Warming up for the sixth, he kicked up dirt like a cleated bull in a ritualistic attempt to get his footing right. He rubbed chalk into his right hand, spit onto the pitcher's

plate, and then adjusted his hat (left to right) before securing his glove. The whole world seemed stalled, pickling between innings, between seasons. From my position at the field's edge, I watched Peter silently compose himself, carrying out his micro-rituals one by one. To the uninitiated, these slight gestures were mere twitches. But each scratch of the nose or reorientation of the ball was intentional. Like most talented athletes, Peter could not accept that his sport was one of chance, that no amount of focus or practice could promise him the game.

I glanced down at an island of unmelted snow, noting that the grass surrounding it seemed greener than the rest. The blades which still managed to touch the island's icy lip looked like skinny green waves, rolling towards a grey beach. While I was imagining seashores, Peter delivered an unusually slow fastball. The batter swung in perfect time, resulting in the clear and unmistakable thunder of a line drive. I looked up to see the play, but instead saw my brother lying crumpled on the left side of the mound like a giant pinstriped snowflake. His hat had come off, exposing his strawberry hair, which pulsed with the unmistakable scarlet of blood. I heard the Slim Jim eater scream, "Is he dead? Is the boy dead?" A deafening ring robbed me of my hearing. The uniformed bodies of referees and coaches charged the mound, only to wave each other away in an effort to give the body space. The deployed players, including the black and white batter, took the customary knee. Several of the boys buried their faces into their mitts to cry. The center fielder planted his head directly into the wet grass. From my vantage point, I could see Peter's face balloon into thick purples. Like dogs to buried bones, the involved mothers trotted towards their sons, digging them up from the clay. Blue and red undulating lights would soon be cast over the diamond.

Peter was in the kitchen high on oxycodone. A week had passed since the game, and he stared blankly into his third vanilla milkshake of the day. The ball struck his face low enough to miss his temple and eyes, and high enough to avoid his windpipe. A centimeter in either direction would have resulted in blindness, brain damage, or death; he was struck miraculously in between. In exchange for such luck, Peter's jaw, molars, and wisdom teeth were shattered. To heal his newly crumbled jaw, his mouth would need to be wired for about four months. He would also need to undergo a handful of other invasive surgeries, some dental and some plastic. To complete these procedures, his mouth would be unwired and re-wired repeatedly. During this time, Peter roamed aimlessly

about the house, wearing a pair of wire cutters around his neck. In the event of projectile vomit, accidental tongue swallowing, or some other choking emergency, the wire cutters would have allowed us to pry open his mouth. Ultimately, they would only ever be used as improvised nail clippers.

Healing and rotting are often difficult to distinguish; the bruise serves as exemplary evidence. Peter's purple welts thawed into deathly yellows and greens. A yellowing bruise is a bruise on the mend. Yellow signifies the breakdown of hemoglobin and the subsequent production of biliverdin. Soon the biliverdin will also disintegrate, producing bilirubin, an even yellower yellow. Knowing this, however, does not make a face full of biliverdin and bilirubin sit well. These are unsettling hues, but they ought to be welcomed like benevolent ghosts in sepia. Healing is perhaps one of the worst liminalities; the twin thresholds of improvement and decline can be crossed in sleep. It was imperative that Peter did not sneeze, cough, laugh, sob, or otherwise panic. It was imperative that he kept his mind quiet.

Peter and I share conjoining bedrooms, which converge through our respective closets. As kids, we would often use the in-between space to secretly eat stale Halloween candy, trade Pokémon cards, and chaperone hermit crab playdates after our bedtimes. It was a particularly convenient place to hide out and discuss impish business, which perhaps reached its peak when we unveiled The Toad Hotel, a series of stacked boxes where we kept recently caught toads before releasing them. Throughout Peter's healing months, I often stood at the threshold of our closets to listen for his breathing. On the nights in which I was unable to hear it, I would go down the hall to his bedroom door and crack it open. I often found him sitting up with tears running over his broken, freckled face. In lieu of speaking, I gestured towards his video game collection. We muted the television to avoid being caught by the involved parent a few doors down. Sometimes we would sit and play all night, leaving traces of synthetic light to seep out from under his bedroom door.

By the end of the fourth month, Peter had lost over thirty pounds and his acceptance to Tulane had been rescinded. Massachusetts skipped over the tulips and the crocuses, going straight for summer's purple-throated irises. The usual chickadees and bluebirds who gorge themselves on suburban feeders didn't bother to sing until June.

PERDITION

ERIC FOSTER

Clandestine lives, tenuous ties,
inured hearths torn asunder,
bleary clouds shower souls.
Pejorative angels lose their halos,
praying to indemnify their wings.
Sin assiduously weighs upon their backs.
Turbulent ire, voracious desires,
through the lens of despotic pariahs,
marionettes serve as sine qua non.
Surfeiting egos, heroes,
just miscreants amongst shadows,
proponents in black markets for licentious gratification,
trafficked in dreary alleyways
harken to imbibe the milieu.
Inebriated precipice at every turn,
moments exhumed thought not to return,
exorbitant debts of vitality
abate youth daily
like seismic calamities seizing the interior matter.
The ectoplasm of faith
still ardent at its core during ominous epochs,
conscience dissident contrary to actions,
threatened by destitution.
Opulent ambitions often flirt quixotically,
eyes locked on ostracized activities,
still unabashed in the face of judgment.
Capital is no cure — just an artificial supplement;
repose is no more, as pain evolves into eternal nothingness,
rudderless
in the depths of perdition.

GROUP OF TOURISTS AND OR PILGRIMS

Boheng Zhang



NEIGHBORS' WAR

ZUKO GARAGIC

Zuko, hajde moramo ici! — “Zuko, come on, we have to go!” My grandmother, bags under her eyes and her face full of wrinkles, was prodding me excitedly. I was fifteen years old, and this was my first time visiting the city so centrally connected to my ancestry. It was autumn and the rain was beginning to fall in torrents as we headed to my grandparents’ former house. All it took was one quick glance at the building’s facade for horrifying images of war to flit through my mind. As I imagined the tragedies that must have taken place there, I stood in shock. Dilapidated and pock-marked by shells, the house was all but demolished, yet we were going to be inhabiting it for the next couple of days. My younger brother and I looked at each other in disbelief. Our agreeing to come to Sarajevo, home to five generations on my father’s side, would forever change our perspective on family, values and traditions, the struggle for survival, freedom, and life. It was getting late and the storm showed no signs of passing, but my grandmother insisted I accompany her into town as she needed to buy white roses for the following day. Walking through the streets, I couldn’t shake the feeling that everything seemed so familiar to me — the symbols on the signposts, the details in the masonry work on the low garden walls, even the scent of the golden lily in the night air — yet this was my first visit to Bosnia. It felt like I was in my father’s story.

Growing up, I was often told second-hand accounts — from my uncle, from my grandparents — of my father’s harrowing tale of fleeing war-torn Bosnia in the middle of the night with nothing but the clothes on his back, a small bag of food, and a few of his treasured belongings. He left everything of comfort behind — his parents, his friends, his home — in search of a new beginning. He was only seventeen at the time, about the age that I am now. Witnessing first-hand the consequences of war, I now needed to hear my father’s story once more but from him directly, for never before I was able to contextualize and internalize the images that were now right before my eyes. I could reach out and touch them.

When my grandmother and I returned home that night, I resolutely approached my father and asked him to tell me the story of his escape. At long last, I wanted a first-hand

account this time — from his own mouth. He was taken aback at first. Finding himself back home after everything that he had been through was very emotionally draining and taking its toll on him. I could see the anguish in his eyes. Still, and to my pleasant surprise, he took a deep breath and nodded silently in acquiescence, most likely considering that the setting and circumstances were right for the occasion. I think he knew that the time had finally come to pass this on to his son. He walked over to the cabinet, and after pouring himself a glass of slivovitz and lighting a cigarette, he sat himself down comfortably on the sofa, took a few minutes to gather his thoughts, and began:

“The sky was pitch black and heavy drops of rain, much like tonight, were falling on your uncle’s and my head while we hid, tucked away tightly in the back of supply truck laden with boxes and sacks of who knows what, praying the Serbian soldiers would not discover us. Your uncle Denny was stoic and controlled, as I had come to expect of my older brother, although I could still sense his fear. I, on the other hand, could hardly contain myself. He grabbed me forcefully at the nape and demanded I stop fidgeting at once. I don’t think he realized how deeply his fingertips had sunk into my neck, but he got my attention and I became stiff as a board for the remainder of our stop at that checkpoint. I thought the night would never end.

“For two days we had been fleeing our homeland, Doboje, Bosnia, armed only with fake passports and a few treasured keepsakes from home. I shivered at night, longing to return to the familiarity of the past. I dreamed of feeling the warmth of your grandmother’s hug one more time. Dennis was aware that I was falling apart and struggling to come to terms with the reality of our situation, but he gave me little support. Whenever he spoke, it was to say the opposite of what I wanted to hear, that we were not turning back, that I was to put home out of my mind. Of course, I realize now that his unfeeling determination was a coping mechanism in hopes of keeping us both alive. Every day we ticked off the calendar was another day we had survived.

“We successfully crossed the Bosnian-Serbian border, which meant we were beyond the fighting but still in

enemy territory. We remained tense; we still didn’t know if we would really make it out alive. The only person we could trust was the Serbian police officer, Vedad, whom your grandfather had paid to smuggle us out of Yugoslavia; but even then, his kin wanted us dead. We had been driving for hours, when suddenly we heard the sound of chanting. The sound got closer. A truck full of Serbian soldiers, all with Zastava rifles and machine guns at the ready, was quickly approaching from the distance. The driver, as he passed, noticed that the license plate of our vehicle was Bosnian and stopped the truck in front of us. The soldiers were still chanting. Then the driver looked straight into my eyes and barked at us gruffly, asking if we wanted to make our country proud and help fight the dirty Bosnian dog. Vedad leaned his head out the window and explained we were en route to Hungary and behind schedule. Afraid that my accent would give away my true identity as a Bosnian Muslim, I kept my mouth closed and my eyes fixed on the driver’s wrinkled face. The soldiers laughed arrogantly and sped off.

“The days went by and I couldn’t help but question our escape, doubting if we were doing the right thing by leaving our loved ones behind. Whether we stayed or fled, the chances of survival were slim, and the thought of my parents being killed haunted me to no end.

“Things seemed to be going smoothly for a few days until we reached the Serbian-Hungarian border, where an officer with sunken eyes and a scar from chin to lip ordered your Uncle Denny and me to follow him into a room. I was very skittish, and the officer noticed. He be-

gan questioning us and quickly noticed our unfamiliar accents. Your uncle and I looked at each other, thinking this was the end. I became lightheaded, visualizing the fresh bulging cuts and bruises we would have to endure. The officer, not knowing exactly what to do with us, called in a senior-ranking official. He was a younger, ashen-faced man with his shirt untucked, and without delay pointed his rifle at your uncle’s face and ordered him to follow him. My heart thumped in my chest. I felt the blood rush from my head. How quickly events had turned. Where was he taking my brother? I could hear the drumming of my heartbeat in my ears. I was afraid this would be the last image I had of my brother.

“I don’t know how long Dennis had been interrogated by the young officer, but my heart sank into my stomach the moment I saw his face again as he walked into the room, grabbed my hand, looked me in the eye, and said, ‘Come now, we’re going.’

“The soldiers taunted and antagonized us as we left the checkpoint and continued on our way. I was still unsure what had just taken place, and I asked my brother what he had said to the officer to let us go. Dennis, seemingly paralyzed, was unable to look into my eyes. I pressed him to answer, but he just walked ahead in silence. After a while, he turned back to me and said, ‘I used to let him copy my homework in elementary school. He remembered me.’

My father abruptly stopped speaking. His eyes began to water, and he just sat there in silence. I sat in silence with him.



ASILAH, CHEFCHAOUEN
Sarah Hahn

(MEDICAL) DICTIONARY OF ACCEPTED IDEAS

IAN FISHMAN

Zinc: A metal in the body.

Yoghurt: Fermented milk for breakfast. A staple in nursing homes.

Xanax: Thought to be candy by adolescents. Palindrome.

Vacuum: Clean airlessness. Emergency rooms. (See Homogeneous.)

Ultrasound: Impatience and/or reconnaissance.

Ulcer: When you've held your tongue for too long.

Trial: Pending FDA approval.

Tremor: Human and tectonic. Both result in broken plates. (See Lithium.)

Symptoms: May or may not be intended.

Sodium: A metal in the body.

Spine: A symbol of valor. An essence.

Scoliosis: A bend or stint of stature.

Saccade: Prelude to kissing. Also to seizing.

Radiation Therapy: Slash-and-burn approach to recovery.

Presque Vu: Word hunger. Abstract goose chase.

Potassium: A metal in the body.

Plan B: An interception. An erasure.

Percocet: Thought to be candy by adolescents.

Patient: Recipient of debt.

Patent: License to inflate prescription drug prices.

Narcan: Afterlife.

Mono: The loneliest infection.

Magnesium: A metal in the body.

Lithium: A metal for the head. Not for the body.

Knuckle: Good for confrontations with walls.

Kleptomania: Capitalism's fault.

Jaws of Life: Oversized can opener.

Jamais Vu: When life stops translating.

Iron: A metal in the body.

Infantilism: Nostalgia in a trench coat.

Homogenous: Fluorescent lights in emergency rooms and gas stations.

Heart: Either a muscle or an organ. It cannot be both.

Gatch Bed: A little help.

Fixation: A little habit.

Écorché: A schematic.

Déjà Vu: When life folds in on itself.

Calcium: A metal in the body.

Behavior: Ineffable.

Adderall: Thought to be candy by adolescents.

Abduct: To move away from.

THE BLIND ARTIST

TYLER M. PURCHAS

Tonight, I sit in the comfort of my cell, the smell of warm Bustelo brewing in my universal can, and I prepare for the night ahead. As I take my first sip, I say to myself, "tonight is going to be a long night!" before opening up to the essay titled, "The Little Man at Chehaw Station," which is by an inspiring writer by the name of Ralph Ellison. After a long peaceful read, I start to picture myself in the mind of the writer in order to decipher the importance and deeper meaning behind his creative thinking and motives. The essay is about an inspiring musician who once had aspirations to become a classical composer, but was harshly ridiculed and criticized for lacking skills and knowledge he had not yet acquired. This led him to the solace of a highly respected concert pianist and teacher by the name of Hazel Harrison. She said something that forever haunts the student: "You must always play your best, even if it's only in the waiting room at Chehaw Station, because in this country there will always be a little man hidden behind the stove."

The student always remembered these words because he knew they held great importance but he couldn't truly grasp the meaning of them. It will be years before he will discover the meaning of those words through a journey of self-discovery.

I'm sitting in my cell staring at the ceiling analyzing every detail: what was the intricate meaning behind "the little man hidden behind the stove?" It brought me to the part where the writer talks about how America was built to be the land of opportunity, where the theory of the melting pot had arisen. That was the theory that we would learn to accept and blend our diversity, whether it be religion, race, age, gender or sexuality. Instead, we violated these ideals by our ignorance of separatism, by society's ideal of what America should be.

Therefore, like thugs and gangs, we slayed each other with physical and verbal abuse, because of what appeared to be strange or different. America was built to be the land of the free, so why do the different have to fight for leisure, the freedom provided by the cessation from activities? For example, in "Late Victorians," Richard Rodriguez stated that "leisure defines the gay male revolution. The gay political movement began, by most accounts,

in 1969 with the Stonewall riots in New York City where by gay men fought to defend the nonconformity of their leisure." The gays simply wanted to have the freedom of living their lives the way they felt was right, refusing to conform to the ideals of society as to what was right or wrong. They would fight for generations for their equal rights because of their beliefs in equality.

This leaves a very important question: why is it that we're so quick to judge and make assumptions? It's as if we're afraid of what we don't understand. However that may be, every once in a while, there is that one person who breaks free from society's ideals and the culture's rules of engagement to inspire the rest. For example, Ralph Ellison wrote of the man who was of mixed race that looked and dressed different from the rest:

Clearly, he had his own style; but if—as has been repeatedly argued—the style is the man, who on earth was this fellow? Viewed from a rigid etho-cultural perspective, neither his features, nor his car, nor his dress was of a whole. Yet he conducted himself with an obvious pride of person and property, inviting all and sundry to admire and wonder in response to himself as his own sign and symbol, his own work of art.

Interestingly, although this man was different, he carried himself with such pride that the observers respected his style because they understood the creativity and heart he put into his appearance; hence, he became a work of art to the highest degree of his American identity. Bing! As if a light bulb went off in my head. American art! Could that be the answer to America's "melting pot" theory?

The great rebels against indifference, like Martin Luther King Jr. and Rosa Parks, set the milestones by starting one of the greatest civil rights moments in history. It was an age where separatism was a common thing, where the blacks had separate everything, like bathrooms, drinking fountains, social gatherings. They were treated as if they were from an entirely different planet. They were stopped and harassed for simply walking down the road, not to

mention my favorite term, DWB (Driving While Black).

Was it not Martin Luther King Jr. who said, "I have a dream?" When you have a dream, it's the creative mind at work. Therefore, when you have and speak of your dreams, it will no doubt put forth creation and great change. Armed with only their voice, their instrument of choice created the beautiful music of diversity.

I believe art is what links our cultural differences, whether it be music, painting, dancing, fashion. No matter what culture we come from, as humans we just appreciate the beauty of whatever is created by the human mind. A statement Ellison would most likely agree with.

Rap is one form of art, for example, that has had one of the biggest impacts toward diversification. Once thought of as black music, it has expanded to everyone's music, which is now classified by its own style. Does that sound familiar?

As I said before, we are afraid of what we don't understand. Sometimes art is a way to sugar coat what society believes to be immoral to be more palatable and acceptable. In the "Late Victorians," Richard Rodriguez explains that

the age-old description of homosexuality is of a sin against nature. Moralistic society has always judged emotion literally. The homosexual was sinful because he had no kosher place to stick it. In attempting to drape the architecture of sodomy with art, homosexuals have lived for thousands of years against the expectations of nature. Barren as Shakers and interestingly concerned with small effect, homosexuals have made a covenant against nature. Homosexual survival lay in the artifice, in plumage, in lampshades, sonnets, musical comedy, couture, syntax, religious ceremony, opera, lacquer, irony.

Rodriguez is saying that, through all the hardships and struggles the gays had endured, their art was their key to the door of equality. Their artistic culture is the platform they stand on today. I have to say this passage brings me back to my theory from "The Little Man at Chehaw Station:" art is a way to unite all of us, with and despite our differences, through artistic understanding. This is evident when Matthew Goulish writes that "we may then look at each work of art not for its faults or shortcomings, but for its moments of exhilaration, in an effort to

bring our own imperfections into sympathetic vibration with these moments, and thus effect a creative change in ourselves."

I tell you now, I am far from a homosexual, but can you not appreciate the intricate minds that have created and accomplished so much in their generation? Think about it: fashion, interior design, painters, and more. The point is that there's that one person who goes against society's ideals to inspire the rest. I believe the homosexuals get their creative artistic insight, because they have always had to fight against society's ideal of what is right or wrong. This taught them to think critically and to express themselves.

Through society's ideals and harsh judgment, we are scared to be our true selves. Whereas a homosexual's mind is free and clear of these ideals, therefore free to express their creative artistic mind. You know, it's funny: a homophobe is quick to pass judgment, but meanwhile wears the same clothes that so-called homo created, appreciating the artistry involved in their creation. Think of the great designs of Armani and Versace. By rebelling against nature itself, they have learned to embrace their creative nature and true selves as to what it means to be human.

Therefore, we must ask ourselves two important questions. One, what does it mean to be human? Two, how is art a key component towards the diversification of humanity? We then should look to a quote by R.W Emerson from "Nature," to give us a suggestive answer to these questions. He states:

Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the Soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which philosophy distinguishes as the not me, that is, both nature and art, all other men and my own body, must be ranked under this name, Nature. In enumerating the values of nature and casting up their sum, I shall use the word in both senses: in its common and in its philosophical import. In inquiries so general as our present one, the inaccuracy is not material; no confusion of thought will occur. Nature, in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man: space, the air, the river, the leaf. Art is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things, as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture. But his op-

erations taken together are so insignificant, a little chipping, baking, patching, and washing, that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind, they do not vary the result.

A realization through my reflection: as humans we have a primal need to explore the unknown. It's in our curious nature to search for the ultimate question who, what, and how we were created. This is the creative nature and the curiosity of man to the degree to which it means to be human. This is evident when Emerson writes: "All science has one aim, namely, to find a theory of nature. We have theories of races and functions, but scarcely a remote approach to an idea of creation."

That's why I believe art is the key to diversification, because as humans we just appreciate the beauty in anything the human mind creates through artistic understanding. You can say that art is an appetizer to satisfy our curious nature about the meaning of life. Therefore, when we see art, it gives us a feeling of hope, that we're not just simply living a meaningless life; there's a bigger picture, we just needed to break the frame to see it.

So as I sit here reflecting, I ask myself: "Little man behind the stove," where could you be hiding? Hazel Harrison said that you could be found in the most unlikely of places, but her student had not yet found you, until the day he arrived at the tenement building in San Juan Hill, in the Negro district, where he was collecting petitions as a member of the New York Writers Project. As he was moving along the dimly-lit hallway of the tenement building, he heard something that caught his attention. It was four African-American voices, raised in violent argument. They spoke in a style of speech used informally by African-American workingmen. To his amazement, they were arguing about which metropolitan opera diva was the superior soprano. This was astonishing to him, because, in his opinion, people from their cultural background should have had no business knowing about opera. That opinion turned out to be based, not on facts, but on assumptions.

So with curious intention, he asked these men the biggest question of his life: "Where on earth did you gentlemen learn so much about Grand Opera?" After a good laugh, the men go on to explain that they have been going down to the Metropolitan Opera for years, where they would dress up in fancy clothes from cultural pasts and wave ostrich tail fans in celebration of their love of the art. It turns out, the little man behind the stove wasn't that hard to find after all.

The last passage in "The Little Man at Chehaw Station"

is crucial to understanding the meaning behind the "little man behind the stove."

With a shock of recognition, I joined them in appreciation of the hilarious American joke that centered on the incongruities of race, economic status, and culture. ...My appreciation of the arcane ways of American culture possibility was vastly extended. The men were products of both past and present; were both coal heavers and Met extras; were both workingmen and opera buffs. ...I was delighted, because during a moment when I least expected to encounter the little man behind the stove (Miss Harrison's vernacular music critic, as it were), I had stumbled upon four such men. Not behind the stove, it is true, but even more wondrously, they had materialized at an even more unexpected location: at the depth of the American social hierarchy and... behind a coal pile. Where there's a melting pot, there's smoke, and where there's smoke it is not simply optimistic to expect fire, it's imperative to watch for the phoenix's vernacular, but transcendent rising.

I had a realization after reading this passage that I had met one of the many men who are hiding in the most unlikely of places. I have seen this man many times walking down D2 gallery. He is a tall 60-year-old African-American man who in my opinion doesn't look a day over 35, besides the tell-tale signs of his aging walk. One day as I was walking by his cell, I heard something strange, but soothing at the same time. So I doubled back to listen more closely, where I made out the sound of classical music playing relatively low. I have little to no knowledge of this style of music, but I recognize it from the college concerts of a friend of mine. Like the student in Ellison's essay, this was the last man I would have expected, especially in a system such as this. The classics were once considered "white man's music," but yet I see this black man, riding to the subtle flow, with no regard to his surroundings, but the love and art of the music.

When I least expected it, I caught a glimpse of the American cultural possibilities of the "melting pot." I would realize after meeting this man that the "little man hidden behind the stove" is hidden within the creativity of every American soul. The stove is our creative fire, and who better to understand the inner workings of our fire than the man who's been hiding behind our stove?



SOÑANDO
Matias Alvial

163RD AND 3RD (EPIC POEM)

AUNRAY STANFORD

1.

My stepfather, like most black New Yorkers raised in the seventies, is a lottery fanatic. He makes a daily ritual of those tickets: sometimes he goes weeks, months without brushing his teeth, and when he does his belches still reek of Colt 45's, but he makes certain never to miss a day of playing numbers. Take Five, Win Four, the Mega Millions. He plays alternating arrangements of my and Ma's birthdays, the date of the last time he stepped in dog shit. Dollar straight, he says, dollar box. Fifty cent straight, dollar box. And every night, like a proper fiend, he's on the edge of the sofa tilting wide-eyed into the lively voice of "Yolanda Vega!"

"The first ball up is two. The next is two. And the next is four. And the last is six, making tonight's Win Four numbers two-two four-six."

He springs up, knocking over his bottle, spilling beer onto the black and white diamonds that tile the living room. Seemingly ecstatic, he assaults the television in a grab-bag combination of motherfucker, that's some bullshit, god-dammit. He rushes to Ma shaking his head, nostrils flared wide as cave entrances, and says, "Boo, if that six was a fucking nine—" And Ma says, "If 'if' was a spliff, then we'd all be high." "Ha-ha, boo, hilarious."

I remember once actually wishing on a birthday candle—my ninth birthday—that my stepfather would hit the numbers. Then maybe, just maybe, things at home could get better. We could move into a new house, with a fresh dew-sprinkled lawn enclosed with white picket fences. A pleasant neighborhood, where our white neighbors said, "good morning" all cheery-like, garden hose in hand. I would join the football team and wear suede varsity jackets with leather sleeves. He and Ma, who were usually at each other's throats like Ether Nas and Takeover Jay-Z, would be too busy whirling in dough to fight. They wouldn't leave holes in the drywall.

"Ma, why're you wearing sunglasses? It's not even sunny out," I yell over the honking of cars.

"Quiet, watch where you're walking."

We foot through the traffic jam on Southern Boulevard, weaving between bumpers to get across the street. I am ten now and know that Ma's sunglasses mean my stepfather had drunk one too many, but I ask anyway. I also know that sunglasses forecast a 99.9 percent chance of warfare back home for the remainder of the week; that last point one percent can be credited to the one night, after an all-day fight, I'd caught my stepfather in the living room rubbing Ma's breast in delicate circular motions. He called at my back as I ran off, "It's nothing, I'm just putting lotion on mommy!"

"Only famous people wear sunglasses when it's not sunny—"

"Shut up!"

A strange-looking hunchbacked man, in funeral attire, is standing on a soapbox on the corner of Southern Boulevard and Hunts Point Avenue, shouting "*As-salaam alaikum*, Jesus loves you" and "Hallelujah, praise Allah in the name of Christ" into a microphone attached to portable speakers. His voice is scratchy, like dry leaves crunching under tires. I imagine it is how any dead person might sound.

"I don't feel like going to school Ma, I got a headache."

"Your ass is going to ache if I ask you one more time to be quiet."

2.

Mr. Williams is the phys-ed instructor. He's bald save for a blonde patch trimmed into the shape of a thunderbolt on the back of his head. The man plain doesn't like me, and I wonder if it's because he knows I started that rumor a few days ago.

Aaron Colon says he doesn't believe me, that Mr. Williams would've gotten fired by now. I tell him that nobody else in this hemisphere drives a baby-shit green Ford pickup with monster truck wheels. I watched her get in.

"That don't mean jack," Aaron says. "He could've just—"

"What, talked to her? Don't be naive bro."

My name blares through the PA system: "...report to the

principal's office." I look quizzically at the speaker for the briefest moment and dap Aaron, who says "Don't snitch." I won't.

Shakira Brown from Forest Houses has the type of hips where the front view warns you that the ass is crazy. And the model of vehicle you holler from can determine whether she'll lick her lips at you, or yell "I'm eleven, you fucking pervert!"

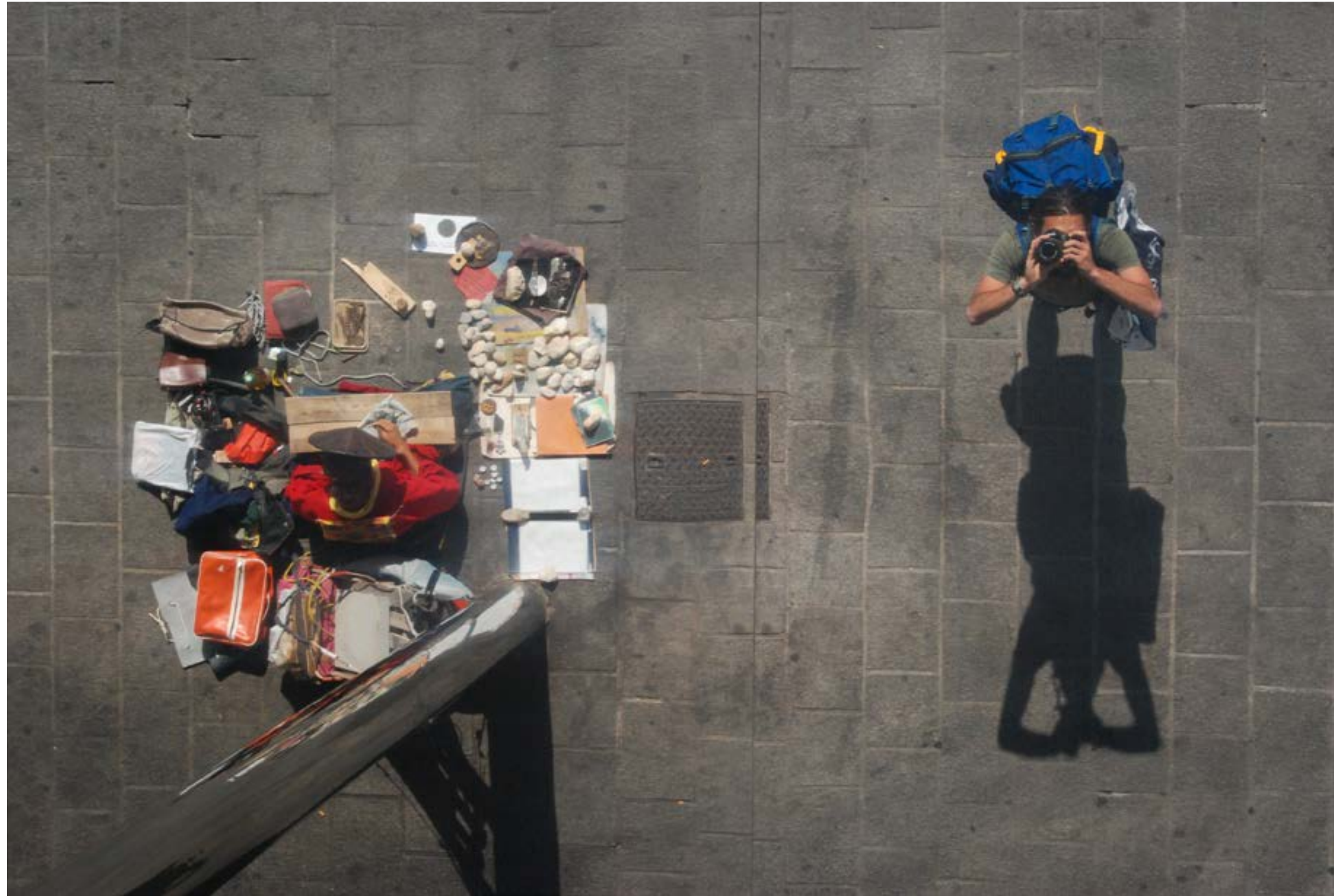
When I get home Ma asks how school went. I almost always say "good."

School was good.

3.

We own illegal cable boxes, the ones with free pay-per-view and red digital clocks that blink constantly, vigilant aliens at night to my lethargic eyes. WrestleMania is on, a rerun, and I feign interest as The Texas Rattlesnake makes light work of The Rock. Gut kick. "The Stone-cold Stunner." I say, "Aw man," just for good measure, and wait for my stepfather's footsteps to echo into the kitchen before pressing "last" on the remote.

Gargantuan white tits bounce onto the screen, bobbing gradually like skin-covered balloons. I mute the elevator music and the monotonous moans and gawk. Her nipples are small and pink, perfectly symmetrical islands on her globe-like breasts. After a minute, my stepfather's heavy shuffle betrays his location again, and he reenters the room to The Rock throwing elbow sleeves into the crowd.



**WHERE DID THE
FOURTH GUY GO?**
Ben Segal



RELIGION PACES HISTORY
Ben Segal

UNTITLED

ZOYA TO

one
you see it all:
ego stroked with the view from the top.
so instead we crown you with a title
that imitates the pyramid peak
you love looking down at us from,
Ace.

two
gemini
yin yang
Apollo, Artemis
Shakespeare's bookends
the best things come in pairs
but Noah put them on his ark
because they were unclean
as Janus watched them leave
he saw them return
maybe duality lives because we know how it feels to be
lonely

three
createpreservedestroy
worshipsexmurder
holyfatherson
swordmirrorjewel
handheadeye
said Hinduism
said Judaism
said Christianity
said Shintoism
said Taoism
stare at Orion's belt and you realize
this is where narratives form
from nothing

four
northeast southwest
maybe it just points to where we will find our heavenly kings:
earth water fire wind
this is where natural philosophy begins.
somewhere it's good luck
but doesn't it sound like
death?

five
metal and wood
ether
we build your homes
and give beauty
to your heavens.
i understand that now
from the knowledge my physical being seeks.
from dawn to noon to after
to dusk and the pitching dark
declare then pray
give then fast
we journey along
or not.

six
what is David's apparently
is sacred to bees,
ominous for believers
of the Beast;
maybe that's why God
took this long to create us.
maybe that's why we taste
bitter with sweet;
maybe that's why we see limited

seven
s t o p
look up
do not concern yourself
just make haste
to give
love
feel happiness
you can't see the roof of our home either
is it because you are too busy
doing none of those things?
the gold
the white
the blue
the black
the green
the red
are nothing compared to
the color of---

eight
it's here that we can breathe
a sense of relief
foundation of our foundations
built of sound
gazebos and pagodas made from
manipulation of silence;
in her unchecked pride
she wove herself arachnid legs
at least we can hear
the lucky
notes that write of our
indescribable sentiments
with immortal sensibility.

n i n e
touch me please if you want to
search for jewels that open these doors
all at once; the universal
substances keep our Mind and
Soul within the kingdom of Time
and Space and I forget how many
times I've been alive because the
patterns I've searched for are
multiplied by themselves again and
again until they no longer make sense;
this is how they rule
this is how they seduce
this is how they feel
this is how they're lived and
how they continue to die
this is for the creative
this is for the condemned
this is for the immortal
is is longevity in itself,
what irritates me most is
the gap between the wholes, even closure;
but i suppose
that's where it derives its
power, from the small bit that is,
Forbidden. you realize that it is
greater than imagination, find
yourself a Temple of Heaven.
Realize the instruments you play, the
handles you hold, the stools where
you sit are sons of the sky, sea, earth.
The emperors of the universe hide
as disciples of us, the subjects,
where we try to make sense of it all.

T E N
is the first brick in our cities,
without which we could not build
the illusions we placed in our
own minds thinking we created
rationality and modernity from the
base of this. I know our lives revolve on
this insignificant symbol that we've
placed on a pedestal so how
can we now separate the lives
we live here with the ones
that would not have existed? let's
wait for Vishnu, i'll feed the white
horse while you prepare his sword,
he surely has wisdom enough
to know we need a conclusion.
Will there be blood and locusts
like the Egyptians thought or will
we blink and then open our eyes
to a blazing comet. I find
myself marking my maps
with red X's and staring at
crossroads with the hope that this is
i t .
Begin here, it says,
pointing to a singularity
but even if this is the culmination of it all
I know it's not true
for this is our first brick
and somewhere along it'll
find a new incarnation.

Ace
You were the first of the infinite
where we mark our natural starts,
(it feels almost an accident) our
ambassador of existence: all else
must follow
I
Let's begin; try not to feel too
full of yourself
in infinity there is never just
One.



TOGETHER IN SILHOUETTE
Lucas Dembart

UNTITLED

KNS

"I wouldn't wear leather
But emeralds and white mink.

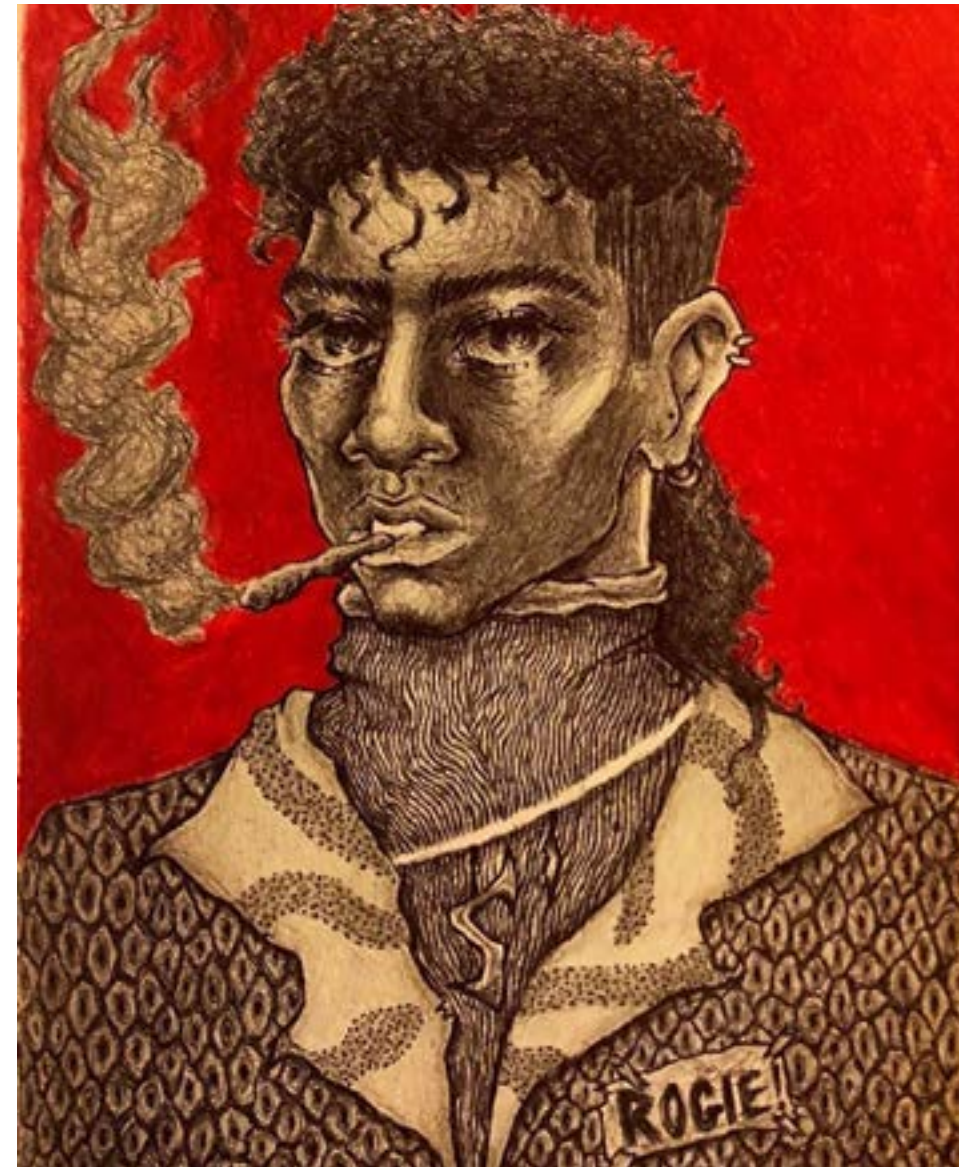
A burgundy lip,
My oxblood fingernails digging into a whip,
Pebbles of sweat hovering above my upper lip.

The lace:
Stored, forgotten, sold, bought, stored, then found, by me:
Tethered together with strips of corn colored silk."

If I were a dominatrix,

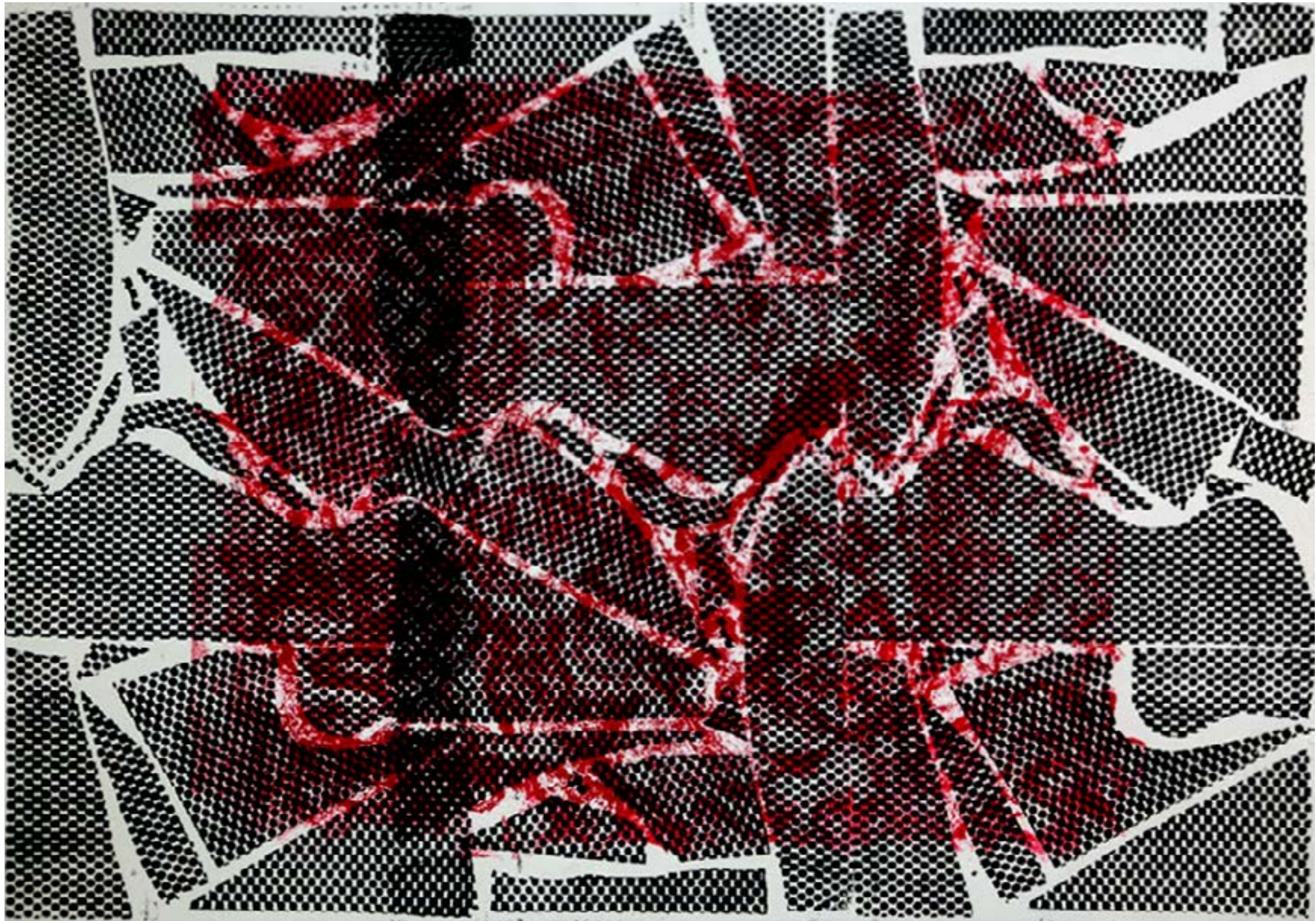
I'd already wear lace.
If I were a dominatrix, I'd be naked.
Freshly steeped in Mugwort and dried on sauna cedar.

Out of bliss, I would not speak.
The pitch black in my worn blues would roar to you *sit down*.
The amber chandelier I learned to install myself would quiver.
I'd look at it, then down at you.



OPULENCE

Aidan Rogers

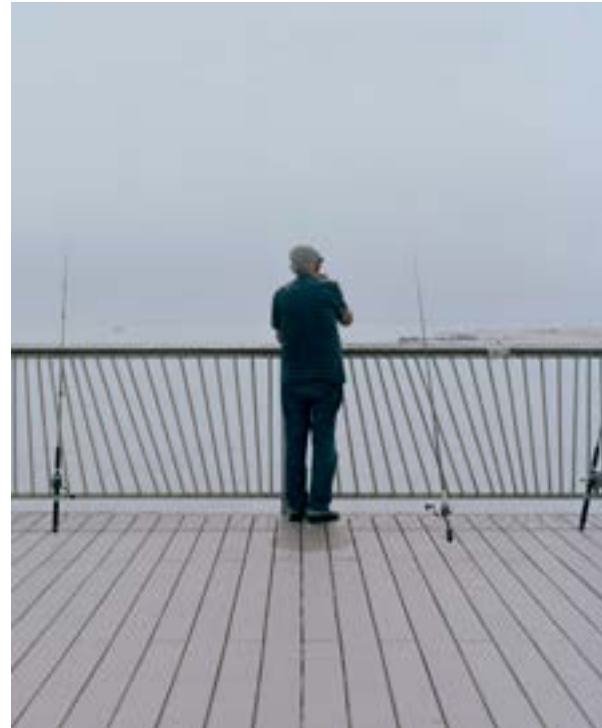


STICKY
Perry Gregory

I CAN'T SLEEP BECAUSE I'M THINKING ABOUT PLANE CRASHES

KIERSTEN ASBILL CHOW

It's 1 a.m. on a Thursday morning and I miss you. It kind of feels like someone's cutting balloon strings from the inside. The longer I'm away from you, the more strings are snipped and I feel myself distance a little further from reality than I did the night before. Passersby aim slingshots at the balloons and a few of my friends try throwing darts, but the strings are too long, and I don't think anyone can reach them except for you. Everything about you makes me want to be a good person to the world. I wish I could dig into my chest and pull out a handful of stars but I think there wasn't enough cosmic dust to go around when the universe was created so I got skipped over. The Big Bang was explosions and equations and exhilaration. Love is an independent variable. Math always fucked with my head, so it makes sense that I couldn't shake the feeling I had whenever I saw you and couldn't understand why I could never make you stay. The other night I dropped a bottle of nail varnish and it splattered all across my floor like Pollock. I didn't clean it up because it looked like a beautiful disaster. Maybe that's what the Big Bang was. Maybe all of my balloon strings are fraying and no one is trying to cut them. Years of toil of pulling and floating, they're just starting to unravel. When the strings break and each balloon positions itself in relation to all the other balloons in the sky, they'll form shapes the Cartesian plane couldn't even dream of. They'll be this beautiful disaster that keeps making appearances—and when the show is over, they'll ride tailwinds and take me down to you.



UNTITLED
Tejan Rahim

AMERICAN MAN

MARIAH BELL

A naked man with moth wings
walks out onto a dark street
as the sky begins to weep and fade.

He moves like a sluggish stain
across the black tar streets,
his skin bubbling and bruised a deep violet.

Thick sweat dribbles from his pores,
causing this wound of a man to glow
in the sickly green light
of the dying horizon.

He steps over the bodies littering the street,
taking shoes, a shirt, and a pair of slacks
as he tiptoes over their faceless corpses.

Finally he stops at an empty space in the middle of the road.
He grabs both of his wings in each fat hand and pulls.
There is a slick pop and then the silky limbs hang oddly .

Once this has been done, he begins to dress.
First he squeezes his legs into the neatly pressed slacks,
then he laces the black tar shoes

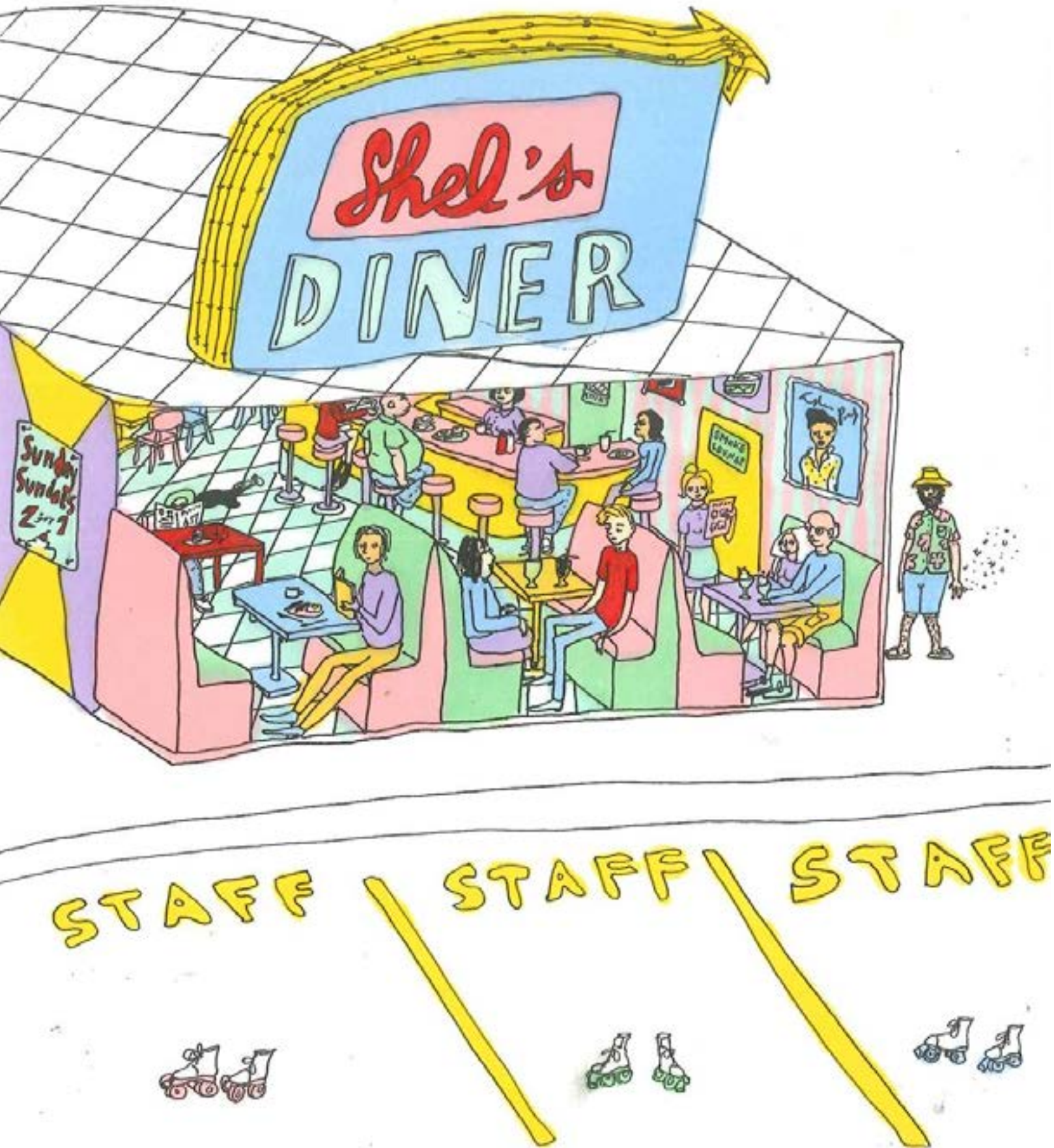
His shirt is last.
He smooths it out and holds it up under the light.
It shines like teeth as the faceless corpses all smile.

It slips nicely over his mangled moth wings
and he buttons it all the way up
under the glow of the retching sky.

He grins and the moon falls away,
but the hint of light in the near pitch black is enough to see,
as the blood of his broken moth wings seeps through the skin of his shirt.



DEVOLUTION
Elena Gutierrez



LOVELY AMERICA
Fernanda Amis

LEE

JOEL LEE

"Koreans are either a Lee or a Kim, right?"

Lee is just an ordinary man. simple and clean;
he flicks off your tongue as quickly as you try to diminish him.

Lee tries to not overstay his welcome:
three script loops and you're done.

Lee has perfected the polite grin,
the appeasing laugh,
swallowed enough salt water
to remind him of the sea between him and where he's supposed to be.

Lee unwinds his loops, takes a seat on the couch.
lays his head on Lee's lap,
and dreams of the sea.



FOG FISHING
Yungchang Zhang

BEAT THE CHILD

MICHAEL DELAFLOR

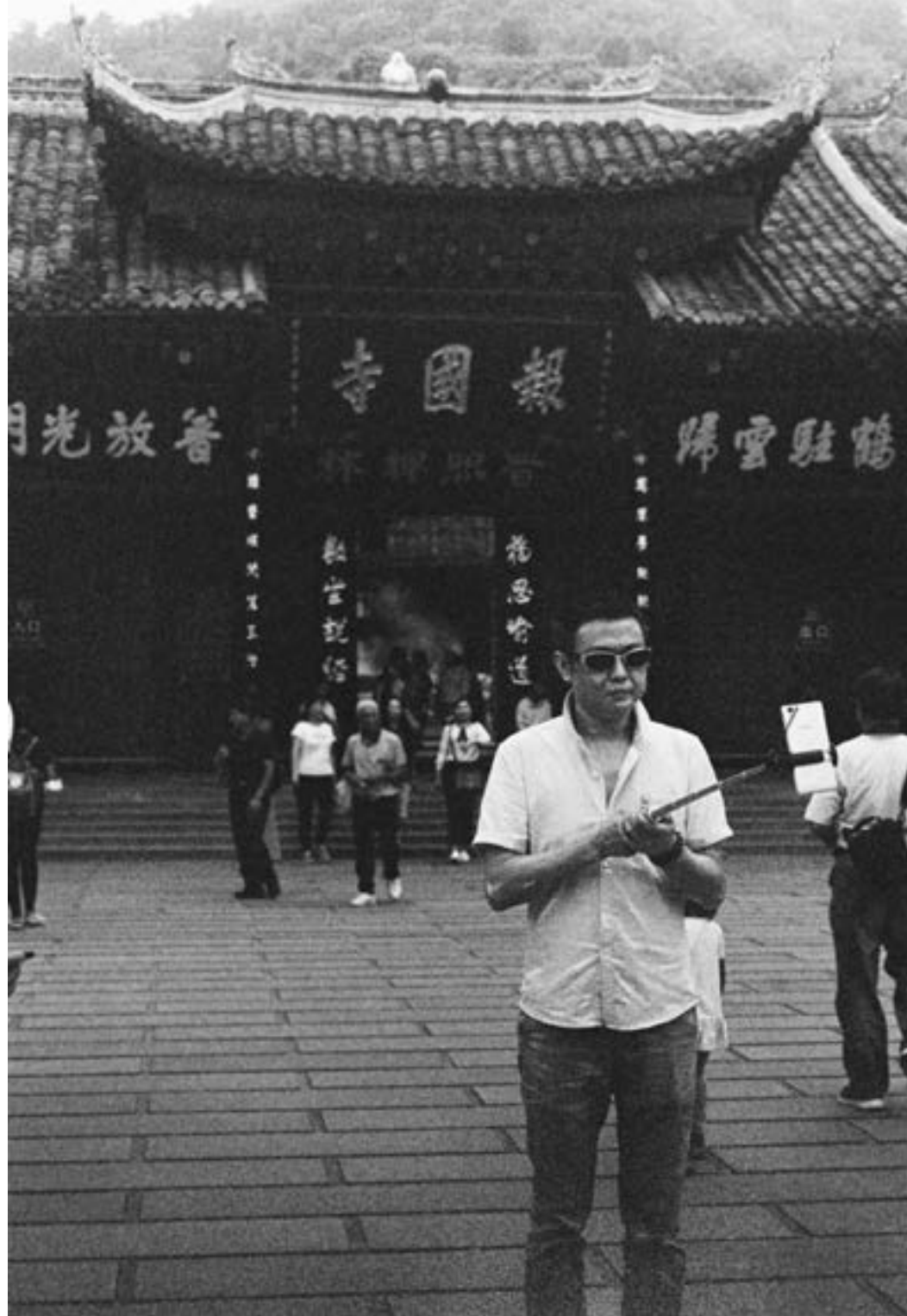
Beat the child
Beat the child
Beat the child
Eat the child
Coddle it
Hobble it
Swaddle it
Swallow it
Shiv it with a broken bottle
Love it fuck it
Watch it grow
Older older older
While the mold takes hold
Inside
Inside
Inside
Father always said
Always said
Father did
He always said
Using my tongue
Speaking tongues with my tongue
His words in my mouth
His tongue in my mouth
He's in my mouth
SWALLOW YOU LITTLE SHIT!!!
That's what he said
He said things like that
He said that
I remember
I said it
I remember choking
Choking on myself
Deep in my throat
Rubbing its quills against Adam's
apple
Making me cough coarse spittle
I cough
I cough again
I hack
It's not working

I can still breathe
It's not my breath
Breathing through me
Through my lungs
My throat
My mouth
My tongue
They don't belong to me
I don't claim them
I want to hurt you so bad
The stranger said

BLIND AND DANCING AND HAPPY

Scout Zabinski





TOURIST AND OR PILGRIM
Boheng Zhang



PAIR OF TOURISTS AND OR PILGRIMS
Boheng Zhang



LA VIDA ATACA A LA MUERTE
Matias Alviaj

NORMAN OKLAHOMA

ELENA GUTIERREZ

in the oklahoma country
the earth is auburn
the eye follows cracks in the fields
where tears fell and baked the soil
no crops grow here but grass already dead
and red clay thick like blood

in the oklahoma country
my mother runs miles
one block stretching one entire farm
one block one mile
sun beating down
feet beating desperate
for movement
after dusk she won't go
because you can't be sure
a pickup truck might slow down

in the oklahoma country
we sit outside the compound
they called us here but we arrive
to a chained fence
garage door down
front entrance locked
we can tell who's inside
by the cars parked in the yard
nemy rick linda gerry
we ring them all but no answer
twelve hours of driving and a quarter hour waiting
finally someone answers
and we descend

in the oklahoma country
my mother lets her feelings leak discreetly
invisibly
a balloon deflating in silence
why does grandma never come visit us herself?
why are there fake flowers in the house and
magazines from '97?

why is the plumbing so weak you can't put toilet
paper in the toilet when you use the bathroom?
why is the fridge so full but the conversation so
empty?
why do they keep jesse on the meds that make him sleep all day long?
it is not simple
in the oklahoma country
they fetch a whole pig's body
hooves and nose and ears intact
eyes wide with surprise
at the metal rod slipped through its mouth and
out its ass
it is an event
to have him here
open flames licking the belly bloated
in heat
I remember playing with the daughter of the
handyman one summer
who said the house smelled so strong
she had to go outside
I never noticed til that moment and
I pickled in embarrassment

in the oklahoma country
we are swallowed by stillness
our muscles atrophy
that is
everyone but my mother
who persists in survival
we are fed and fed again
til bones brains bodies all
soften to gelatin
inside the bathroom
I carve a space out for myself
lean into the bowl and throw up
with intention
but
it will not flush
later on I act surprised
when they discover the evidence
they think god
it must have been jesse

in the oklahoma country
grandma asks if I will sleep

with her tonight
her room is choking
with cheap jewelry
china figures of
mary and jesus
picture frames and
dark masses I can't make out
in the forever glow of the
local news channel
4 foot 10 she sits on the edge of her king size bed and
prays the entire rosary
fear is in my throat but dad says
why don't you sleep with her just one night
she is lonely



VOLUBILIS
Sarah Hahn

The two men who approached us in Grand Central must have smelled it on us: the tension of coming apart. A spoor we tracked across the city. Oliver and I were standing in the lower-level dining concourse, a few paces from the fried chicken kiosk, allowing mouth-watering wafts of buttermilk batter, gravy-soaked biscuits, and cloying maple syrup to fill the vacancy between us. I reached for Oliver's hand. Limply, he surrendered it.

Hundreds of strangers swept through the station. Peak hours, midtown's Friday evening hum sped across Park Avenue on the backs of taxis and commuters sprinting to catch their shuttles. In the main hall beneath the celestial ceiling, men with briefcases wheeled past gaggles of tourists, eliciting protective glares from petite mothers guarding their discombobulated broods. A team of baseball players in pinstripe uniforms filed along the ticket machines. Someone carried her chihuahua in a magenta duffle. The communal air sagged stale with congestion.

We were returning home for the Columbus Day weekend. Essential to the maintenance of our sanity, the Metro-North was our getaway car, equipped to flee every half hour from the overwhelming metropolis we, and everyone else we knew, loved only sometimes. Whenever our schedules — my rigorous Columbia course load and his lamentable post-grad office job — permitted, we stayed at my father's place upstate. Though presumably oppressive for its permanent residents, my brother and father trapped in expectant silence after my mother's death and my relocation, the five thousand square feet of echoey space offered Oliver and me coveted breathing room. We usually spent our nights suffocating in Oliver's East Village shoebox.

Upstate meant home for both of us. We'd grown up in the same town, though we knew each other only peripherally until much later, until a mutual friend's Koreatown karaoke party early in college.

Across the Duet 35 VIP room that Jackson's venture capitalist parents had booked for his 21st, the linoleum floors of which shined slick with congealing tequila beneath the discotheque strobe lights, Oliver had lounged alone in the corner booth. His torn Dickies exposed a scraped knee. He nursed a bottle of Bombay Sapphire;

insatiable but bored, he tipped the blue tonic between his full lips. With his free hand, he idly tucked and untucked his black bob behind his ears. His hair, which accented his razor jawline, was greasy and androgynous in the style of rich Lower East Side skaters. His aloofness sparkled amid the jubilee. Liquid-confident, haloed by a nebula of champagne, I gravitated toward him. His bedroom eyes, dark and huge and round like the moon rose with an expectant brow to meet me. Even when staring straight ahead a sliver of white always cradled his irises from below.

The condition is called *sanpaku*, he and I would learn almost a year later. We were researching the anomaly to bolster his modeling portfolio in preparation for a fashion week casting. "It's the only thing that makes me special," he said, typing furiously into Google: "whites under eyes always visible?" I disagreed with him, as I always did, dismissing insecurities I found preposterous: he was the most beautiful person I had ever known. "Everything about you is special, Oliver," I murmured. We found a dictionary of Japanese loanwords.

For thousands of years, people of the Far East have been looking into each other's eyes for signs of this dreaded condition. Any sign of *sanpaku* meant that a man's entire system — physical, physiological and spiritual — was out of balance. He had committed sins against the order of the universe and he was therefore sick, unhappy, insane, what the West has come to call "accident prone." The condition of *sanpaku* is a warning, a sign from nature, that one's life is threatened by an early and tragic end.¹

Oliver quit the webpage with a violent click. Anything prophetic triggered his anxiety. He eschewed horoscopes, fortune cookies, even refused to consult the weather app, believing that regardless of the forecast, the act of inquiring alone would anger the universe and summon unrelenting rains. "It doesn't mean anything," I whispered.

In the karaoke joint the night we met, I strode past our carousing friends, their faces blurring into neon-lit

bacchanalia, and outstretched my hand, offering Oliver the other microphone as Frank Ocean's seminal "Thinkin' 'Bout You" pushed its way to the top of the queue. In exchange, he handed me the bottle and we downed fiery gulps in succession. A lubricant. In moments we were singing and spinning about the event space, climbing atop the furniture and sweating from the fever of our revelry.

Or do you not think so far ahead? I sang with the tang of his gin fizzing on my tongue, the rush of temptation in my belly. He answered: *'Cause I been thinkin' 'bout forever...*

He was so different from me. Nevertheless, our shared stop on the train bound us together. Shared landmarks supplanted missing commonality: an egg sandwich from Cameron's 24-hour deli, insider knowledge of which local gas station was cheapest (the Mount Kisco Speedway), late-night drive-in hookup spots, summers cradling Lake Waccabuc's rope swing. Without effort on either of our parts, intimacy preexisted. We found in each other the comfort of home.

Upstate we would drive around in my gray Subaru for hours, pointing out the cornerstones of our parallel but separate childhoods. The sprawling nature reservation down the road from my house relieved our lungs, black from Manhattan smog and secondhand smoke, with ripe gulps of oxygen. The trees in whose shade we had, as teenagers, toked joints with our respective friend groups revived us. In the parking lot of his elementary school, where I had once played youth basketball, we made love.

When Oliver's parents moved to South Carolina, my Westchester refuge became his. My queen-size bed forced neither of us over the edge, an alleged habit of mine he often bemoaned. I only ever wanted to be closer to him. Even without the addition of my body, he scarcely fit on his own full mattress. The four inches below his ankle bones spilled out unblanketed onto the hardwood.

"You squish yourself *unwieldingly* against me!" he'd complain in the morning after a turbulent night's sleep. Unyieldingly, I never corrected him.

"The air conditioning was too high," I'd demur. With my low blood sugar and waning anorexia, my body ran cold; it was incompatible with his claustrophobia and predisposition to clamminess — all six feet of him lusted for space.

He never understood that it was his warmth I sought.

We weren't speaking as we waited for the train. Even if we were, there wouldn't have been much to say. Probably I told him I was tired. I had been doing that often. Scapegoating exhaustion for disconnect, unhappiness. If my weariness were physiological, or a sign of quarter-life *Weltschmerz*, the relationship itself obliged no second thought. Probably I apologized. (For what — the tiredness? I was never sure.) He would have said, the way that he always did, "It's okay," in spite of the fact that I did not want my apology validated but dismissed: *You have nothing to be sorry for*. As I try now to recall the way he spoke the words, his voice eludes me. I do not remember whether his tenor raised an octave or dropped, which iambs he enunciated. I cannot conjure his voice at all. It's only silence now.

The two men must have approached us then.

A round-faced yuppie strode toward us with confident step despite his stubby stature, his Ferragamos clacking against the tile floor. He was trailed by a taller gentleman, probably twice his age, who wore a less nice, looser-fitting version of the same professional suit. They were complements, Showalter and Grimsrud, perfect foils.

"Hello," the shorter man spoke first. "I don't mean to disturb you," he began with telemarketer buoyancy.

I'd been a New Yorker long enough to be suspect of chatty strangers. Both Oliver and I armed our guards. I drew my hand from his and brought it to the wallet bulge in my jeans pocket, *I'm sorry but I don't have any cash on me*. The increasing tightness in Oliver's jaw indicated a similar wariness.

"My buddy and I," he smiled at his lanky companion, "are conducting an experiment." The tall man spread his lips in a closed-mouth grin.

"I'm Aleksander," the tall man finally spoke, revealing an unplaceable eastern European accent.

"And I'm Jason! We've been workplace associates for a little while now. I was hired to his department just six months ago, but we've been fast friends... isn't that right, Aleks?" The other man offered a dumb, puerile nod. "Anyway, we decided to try something a little different when

¹Evans, Toshie M. *A Dictionary of Japanese Loanwords*. Greenwood Press, 1997.

we got off work this afternoon. Our office is just a few blocks away, so we came here to play a —” his smirk went sinister. “A sort of game.”

Oliver’s anxiety bubbled over beside me. He never was one for surprises.

“I love games,” I said. “Go on!”

I could feel Oliver’s scowl, boiling with pique, searing into me.

“We’ve been going around to different pairs of people and guessing how long they’ve known each other and what the nature of their relationship is. If we’re right, and you agree to it, you each have to give us a dollar. If we’re wrong, we pay you.”

Oliver’s dark eyes narrowed. Still, the white Cheshire grin undergirded his irises. This was far worse than any magic eight ball or tarot reading. To Oliver, the speculative became manifest. Psychosomatic divination. Anything could be willed into being just by conjecture.

“Okay!” I consented for us both. “Give us your best shot.”

The two men stepped back and analyzed us. Scrutinizing our faces, our body language, the proximity of our hips. Suddenly the fluorescent bulbs overhead felt too hot, too bright like the x-ray light hung above a dentist’s chair. Would they think we were married? I supposed Oliver looked closer to thirty, so it wouldn’t have been unfathomable.

Their faces contorted in cogitation. They turned their backs to us and whispered. Finally, they wheeled back.

“Okay,” said Jason. “We’ve come to a consensus.” I nodded him on emphatically.

“After rigorous deliberation, we surmise—”

“—the two of you just met,” Aleks barked.

Heat shot through my body. I felt naked. Oliver said nothing. I forced a laugh to circumvent the dreadful silence.

“Haha! No! We’re a couple! We’ve been dating pretty seriously for two years!”

Jason and Aleksander exchanged looks of pity.

“Ah,” Jason spoke at last. “Our apologies.” Clapping his hands together, then pointing both forefingers like pistols, “Well, let me grab your cash then...” he began to fumble through his bag.

“No, no. That’s okay. We appreciated the fun. Keep your money! We’ve got our train to catch anyway,” I forced through my teeth.

“Oh, are you sure?” I nodded solemnly. “Well, goodbye then.”

“Bye,” I said, seizing Oliver’s hand and dragging him

toward the platform.

Neither of us spoke as we descended the steps. We boarded the train without a word. He turned into a two-seater, plopping next to the window, and I floated in beside him. The stiff plasticky cushions provided no comfort, pressing unforgivingly into my back. The train began to move, homebound.

Nearly two months later when I arrive at the Van Leeuwen on 7th Street, the toasty interior teems with Sunday afternoon verve. Yuppies paw at laptop keyboards and slurp down \$6 lattes, while teenage babysitters purchase vegan ice cream for pairs of schoolchildren. As I burst through the entryway, a gust of heat from the overhead radiator wafts the salty-sweet ambrosia of fresh-baked waffle cones against my frozen face. My stomach jolts. Oliver is not here. It’s been three weeks since we last spoke.

After ordering myself a chamomile tea (caffeine would only exacerbate my precarious mania; if anything I needed beta blockers) I park at a high table beside the floor-to-ceiling windows. After a few minutes of idly inhaling the floral steam, the liquid still so hot I scald my tongue from several diffident attempts to sip it, the door is muscled ajar as a family of four escapes the unbearable November tundra, and I hear the unmissable, nauseating tread of skateboard wheels on sidewalk. A figure in black materializes on the stoop. Oliver’s dark eyes meet mine through the window, foggy from the temperature asymmetry. He is wearing an outfit I know well: a miniature beanie of the sort which distinguishes the dubiously artistic cigarette smokers of Alphabet City, his beloved Thrasher sweatshirt, dark work pants, cuffed, bearing tears from repetitious falls, old school Vans. Familiarity seizes my chest. He lets in the blustering chill. As he slinks through the buzzing crowd nearer and nearer to my perch, I take inventory of what is different. The darkness which characteristically hollows his face, carving his cheekbones and underscoring his heavy, deep-set eyes has metastasized. Though he’d always been underweight as a matter of style or idiosyncrasy, he looks fifteen pounds lighter. He pulls out the opposite chair. For a moment he stands there, his hand clutching the cross rail, as if unsure whether to bother sitting at all. Fatigue drags his stare straight through me.

“Hi,” I manage. He attempts something like a smile and finally floats around to the aluminum seat. At first, we say nothing as I twirl a coffee stirrer through my cup,

spilling loose dried herbs from the teabag. The tiny black leaves float to the surface of the water. Tasseography.

When I muster the courage to return to his face, he is trembling. His furrowed brow quivers. His corneas, reddening, glisten. I wonder if he will cry. He cries rarely, once every few months, if that — far more frequently once we’d started dating than he ever had before. I regarded it auspiciously, a step toward emotional awareness. Maybe I was just hurting him.

“It’s good to see you,” I say.

He snorts. He removes his thawing hands from his sweatshirt pocket and places them on the table inches from mine, compulsively running his fingertips over his cuticles, a mannerism I’d always found irksome and distracting. I clutch my cup a little tighter.

“I’m going to get something to drink,” he says and thrusts backward. The chair feet shriek against the tile, attracting glares from adjacent patrons.

He returns with an Americano, black, no sugar.

“Careful!” I sputter as he lifts it to his lips. “It might burn you.”

He draws a long breath and places the cup down in front of him.

I say finally, “I’ve missed you.”

WHO AM I?

MICHAEL WELLS

I am revolting, yet I am revolution. I am the problem and the solution. I am what you have made me. I am what I choose to be. I am the inheritor of years of abuse. I desire freedom, but have no idea of what that looks like. I am a father who was never taught how to be one. I am a science project crossbred and underfed. I am confused about country and what it is supposed to mean to me. I am a story told through marches, slogans and signs: "No justice no peace!" "Fuck the police!" It never stops: they killed one again last night. I cry red, black, and green tears, while being told that I should stand for the Pledge of Allegiance.

Scared to place my hand on my heart: I might get shot. I am the descendant of kings and queens, alcoholics and dope fiends. All of my greatness is surrounded by failure.

I was always told to grow up and get a good job, but I never understood why: the man who lived underneath us had a job but lived in the same dirty, rat-infested place that I did. I was raised on hypocrisy. On one hand, I was told that all women were beautiful; on the other, I watched them purchase fake hair, change their eye color, and mutilate themselves to change their appearance. The stench of burnt hair assaults my nose until this day. I have issues with trusting others — even those who claim to be on my side. My parents lied to me, told me stories of jolly old St. Nick and the Easter Bunny. What do you expect? Scared me to death, Satan and his claws. Radio personalities told us that Trump had no chance, fed that to us every time they could, knowing full well most us do not vote and all we needed was an excuse not to show

up. Was that a setup? I am equally suspicious of religious leaders. Why do so many kids in the church look like Pastor Williams? Just asking. The same things they warned me against as a child, they now promote and tell me I must accept.

Who am I? I am a soap opera. I am young and restless, because all of my children keep ending up in general hospital. I scream "*Black Lives Matter!*" from the corner where I hustle, or from my cell, but no one hears me — either that or they choose to ignore me. Maybe they think that I am crazy. If I am, then it is because of all the injustice that I have suffered. The same injustice drove a woman protesting police brutality to confront a tank with a baby in her arms. Injustice will drive you nuts. Injustice is my father. I am the hate that hate produced. *Who am I?* I am Nat Turner and James Brown, still looking for the big payback. *Who am I?* I am lost in the sauce inside of a melting pot. I am an escape artist searching for a way out. I never give up; I refuse to lose. I've tried drugs and booze. I searched for escape between the legs of women, only to create more of me. Over the centuries I look for escape through music. My story is well documented in song. I am wiser than the owl, whose freedom lies in the center of a tootsie roll pop. How many licks we must continue to take? I am half hoarder. I changed my name to Freeman when I left the plantation, but I brought the chitterlings with me, dipped in gold and worn as a jewelry. *Who am I?* It took over 400 years to create me: how much time do you have?

FAME OF THE GONE

DWIGHT D. BROWN

I suggest you remember names
(naw naw naw naw)
when you proclaim that we're not the same,
(naw naw naw naw)
'cause in the end we all going to say
(hey hey hey good bye).
In the end we all going to pray
(hey hey hey good bye).
When I was youngest, the world wasn't racist
Yet it's all I hear now, like it's the basics—
hate trying to break our souls, so
we destroy our goals.
Natural lights born to give life,
we fight darkness in different ways
or pay the price.
I was dead as an infant twice.
I could feel it coming in the air tonight.
This isn't a religious song.
This is the fame of the gone.
I suggest you remember names
(naw naw naw naw)
when you proclaim that we're not the same
(naw naw naw naw),
'cause in the end we all going to say
(hey hey hey good bye).
In the end we all going to pray
(hey hey hey good bye).
This isn't a religious song.
This is the fame of the gone.
When you die,
you can't bring riches.
When you're long gone, your kids can't come along;
when you leave,
you better prepare your good deeds
when you're finally free,
when you're finally freed.



THE BARBICAN BARBARIANS
Fernanda Amis

MULTIPLE-CHOICE QUESTION: SAYANG

ERNEST ZONG HAN TJIA

is a noun in Bahasa Melayu meaning:

- 1. love
- 2. sweetheart, darling, dearest

is a noun in Bahasa Indonesia meaning:

- 3. love
- 4. my closest

is a verb in Bahasa _____ meaning:

- 5. love
- 6. & only love

is an utterance in _____ meaning:

- 7. what a pity
- 8. as in, ini buang sayang lah

How fitting is it _____ that sayang

- 9. is an extension
- 10. of oneself

the clinginess of *ng* _____ onto saya, meaning

- 11. myself, folding
- 12. into you, my dearest

nnnnngggggg----- the warm lingering of

- 13. two syllables
- 14. sharing a vowel

call me only *sayang* _____ & when you say it

- 15. hold me like
- 16. i'm the ether

about to dissipate _____ be returned to stardust

- 17. in the cosmos
- 18. of the nonliving

tell me i'm yours _____ and i'll tell you

- 19. i've arrived
- 20. i'm home

NO SIDEWALKS IN BEL AIR

DAVIA SCHENDEL

there were no sidewalks in Bel Air
the night I decided to fling my ashes
into the sky —
I walked down the center of the
street balancing my childlike wishes
with the pessimism that was
seeping in my bones
I closed my eyes —
jasmine wafting in the air —
and I summoned a picture of you.

“BOY!”
— I cried —
“how many wounds have you cauterized?”
don’t be mistaken,
my words were no arrows of hate.
you see, I’m watching you shrink —
starve yourself of a bond —
*“no no let’s not talk of love, or worse, ROMANCE,
ugh,
no,
please,
let’s not.”*

I only feel pity now where
my pulse used to be.

a sprinkler dispels the illusion
and I keep walking
watching your face
evaporate
into the night air.

crickets chimed in a
symphony, passive.

no, there were no sidewalks
in Bel-Air that night,
only glimpses, shards
of your eyes
puncturing the cerulean ether.

MADDY DENTON MAKES ME EAT ROCKS

TRAVIS SCHUHARDT

I ran into Maddy Denton today,
the girl who used to make me
eat pebbles on the playground
until my teeth bled and I could feel
the rocks coalescing in my stomach
until they became a boulder of dusty yellow brick —
she looked good, certainly better than she had in middle school,
but still in denim (as I’ve learned all cool people tend to wear),
and I said to her, I said “Maddy Denton, it’s been ages,” I said,
and she looked at me like she was going to make me eat rocks again,
so I said, “Maddy Denton, you can’t make me eat rocks anymore,
I am an adult,” and she started to speak but I said, “Maddy Denton,
I don’t want to eat rocks anymore, I don’t want to do your homework,
I don’t want this weight of you pushing me to the ground,”
I said, and she realized I was serious because she flew back like a startled pigeon.
And so I said, “Maddy Denton, you can’t fly from me that easily, we have so much
to catch up on, so long as you don’t make me eat rocks or write mean things to
Susan Bishop — you remember Susan?” I asked, but of course Maddy Denton
remembered Susan Bishop, with that whole row they had way back in grade school,
So I said, “Of course you remember Susan, Maddy Denton, like you must
remember the rocks you made me eat, and how you spit on my neck, and when you
choked me long enough for me to lose consciousness that one time.”
I said this as though we were good friends, and she nodded because she agreed so I said,
“Maddy Denton, I really do hope we can be friends, not like before though,
not when you made me eat rocks and teach you about boats and kill my dog,
or when you said we were friends so I would kiss you after school
with my bloody pebbleteeth and would touch you like you asked,
because you said I reminded you of your brother and I didn’t like that
because, Maddy Denton, I just wanted you to love me.”

Then Maddy Denton said, in that voice of hers I do so love, “I think you have
the wrong person,” she said, “my name is Charlotte.” And she let that comment
breathe between us, I assume to see if I’d let it fly and we both knew she was lying
because it was so clearly Maddy Denton but before I could say anything else,
I began to heave a storm of pebbles onto the ground
that emptied my lungs and stomach and filled the room
and that’s basically why I don’t talk to girls anymore.

LANGUAGE

SANAH RIZVI

My mother's language
has been tied and hidden
in her iron trunk with
her heirlooms for so long now,
when I open the trunk,
her language has
dissolved with the mothballs she got from India
leaving behind only the slight lingering of the
scent of the American roses.

CONTRIBUTORS

MATÍAS ALVIAL is a senior at Gallatin, originally from Santiago, Chile, concentrating in "The Aesthetics of Commerce:" the intersection between business, creativity, and the fine arts. He has been featured in *Dazed Magazine* because he is an active member of the queer activist community. You can follow his creative mind on Instagram: @matialvial.

FERNANDA AMIS is concentrating in "Narrative," which is an amalgamation of English, writing, film, philosophy, sociology, and psychology. Before NYU she did a foundation year in Graphic Design at Central Saint Martins, and is chiefly interested in telling stories through drawing and writing in various forms.

MARIAH BELL is studying art, writing, and design with a focus on cultural representation and social justice. She is interested in using creative outlets to open conversations about important topics such as equity, race, and personal identity.

KIERSTEN CHOW is currently a sophomore in Gallatin studying creative writing and music business. Blending her love of poetry and melody, she is preparing to release her debut EP this summer.

KATHERINE BOVENZI studies the nightmarish, the grotesque, and the cast-off. Her investigations of the monstrous take a special interest in the artworks of Goya and the writings of Georges Bataille. Katherine cares a lot about punk, collage film, and fiction writing.

DWIGHT D. BROWN is a first-generation Jamaican-American, born in the Bronx. Currently, he is studying liberal arts in the NYU Prison Education Program. His plan is to study urban design and architectural studies upon his release in 2020 from Wallkill Correctional after two and a half years. He plans to become a property developer nationwide and make a difference in other people's lives with new skills and networks. Struggle builds character.

MICHAEL DELAFLOR is a writer, director, and performance artist in his senior year at NYU. His studies explore the the cross-section of theater, film, literature, visual arts, and philosophy. He is currently directing a devised immersive performance ritual, exploring connection and experience within the virtually mediated world of the internet.

LUCAS DEMBART will graduate in May 2019 with a concentration in "Visual Rhetoric," focusing on the semiotics of imagery in mass media and literature. While he prepares for graduate school, Lucas hopes to continue publishing his writing and pursue non-profit work in education.

IAN FISHMAN is a sophomore in Gallatin concentrating in Poetry & Critique & Philosophy & God knows what else. Recently he has been attempting a series of poems molded out of text messages. He hopes to one day enjoy cilantro.

ERIC FOSTER is a 34-year-old NYU-PEP student, born in Jamaica, Queens, New York. He is currently pursuing higher education in order to become effective at deterring at-risk youth from making poor life decisions. He believes that educating and playing active roles in the lives of these children can and will diminish the perpetuation of mass incarceration.

ZUKO GARAGIC with his strong passion for history and filmmaking, is concentrating in "Storytelling and Documentary Film." Having immersed himself in his study of the role cinema plays in the development of cultures and history at NYU and having interned at an independent film company in New York, Zuko plans to travel the world, documenting and shedding light on stories neglected by mainstream media.

PERRY GREGORY is a junior concentrating in "Comparative Transmedial Narratives; Adaptation, Story, and Medium." She is a writer, farmer, and printmaker who has had her work featured in Villa La Pietra's *Picturing Women* Exhibit, The Opening of *Dovetail Magazine*, *Without Magazine*, and Gallatin's very own *Embodied*.

ELENA GUTIERREZ took a Gallatin poetry class last semester and loved it. She has taken two other Gallatin courses since and is planning to transfer in fall 2019. She is interested in images, text, and people; ultimately, she hopes to concentrate in photography and creative writing.

SARAH HEEJOO HAHN is concentrating in "The Psychology and Philosophy of Art" studying the history of art and the human mind to understand the emotional dialogue that exists in the intersection of the two fields. Continuing her longtime hobby, she is currently experimenting with film photography documenting moments from everyday life to travels abroad.

ERNEST ZONG HAN TJIA will graduate from the College of Arts and Science in May 2019 with a degree in American Studies and minor in Anthropology, where they have crafted a curriculum that concerns political economy's relationship to women's, gender, and sexuality studies. After a stint as an intern at the Asian American Writers' Workshop, however, their senior year saw them return to the study of Literature as they completed a thesis on postcolonial literatures.

JOEL LEE is a Gallatin sophomore currently studying the intersections of race, pop culture, and consumerism and how they shape one's identity. He has done previous work for the Washington Square News and is the deputy for the newspaper's magazine, *Under the Arch*.

TYLER M PURCHAS is a 26 year old aspiring writer. He was born in Oswego, New York, He was raised in surrounding areas of his county. He is currently living in the same town he was born. He enjoys being outdoors, writing poetry, writing songs and living in the moment. There is no past or future, just now

TEJAN RAHIM is a senior in Gallatin whose concentration focuses on photography and how people experience their realities. In addition to photography, his concentration also includes elements of environmental studies and African American studies.

SANAH RIZVI is studying Industrial Psychology and is excited to see the intersection of art and psychology.

AIDAN ROGERS is currently pursuing a degree in Applied Psychology at the Steinhardt school. He plans to additionally take film classes at Tisch for his upcoming Sophomore year. Aidan has worked closely with the Museum of Modern Art's teen council and hopes to continue working with art programs in the future.

TRAVIS SCHUHARDT is concentrating in a cross-section of literature, poetry, creative writing, and anything else that lets him put pen to paper. His previous works with Gallatin include: Gallatin Theatre Troupe's mainstage production "Lovesong," as well as two short plays for their Brandspakin' festival, and two academic papers of literary works published on Confluence. When not writing, he can be found asleep in his bed, but please knock first.

BEN SEGAL is a senior at Gallatin concentrating in "The Creative Fever" with plans to graduate in May of 2019. Ben seeks to spend life exploring his own creative fever by observing, absorbing, and integrating art in, of, and around the world.

ZOYA TO is a senior in Gallatin with a concentration in visual art and anthropology. She works as a freelance designer and illustrator, and currently interns at BBC Studios. She loves exploring concepts within different media like illustration, design, photography, animation, and creative writing, and is currently researching different ideas in the anthropology of color.

DAVIA SCHEDEL is a Gallatin M.A. student studying film making and dramatic writing. In her upcoming thesis, a feature film titled "Opposite of Bliss," she will explore the themes of romance, memory, and existentialism. In addition to her cinematic and theatrical pursuits, she is a writer, lyricist and musici

HANNAH SEIDLITZ is the only semiotics major since Ira Glass. Through her concentration, "Poetics as Rhetoric," she seeks to aestheticize hermeneutics. This is to say, she's interested in storytelling. In the tradition of pioneering writers like Maggie Nelson, Anne Carson, and Eileen Myles, Hannah hopes to continue challenging narrative convention. You can find her writing in QZ, Entropy Magazine, Electric Literature, West 10th, and elsewhere.

AUNRAY STANFORD is a 25-year-old writer and artist. He is currently an undergrad student in NYU's Prison Education Program. His art aims to extract the beauty from the painful experience of Young Black America.

MICHAEL WELLS a.k.a. DHAHIR is currently serving a seventeen-year prison sentence. He is a resident at Wallkill Correctional Facility. He is also a student in the NYU (PEP) program. He has taken courses in Writing, Sociology of Education, Public Health and Black English. He expects to be released in April of 2020, and looks forward to having a positive effect on his community.

JULIA WILLIAMS, a junior at Gallatin, currently studying abroad in Paris, is concentrating in psychology and criminal justice with a planned minor in French. Julia has been published on *Confluence*, Gallatin's online platform for student writing, art, and research.

SCOUT ZABINSKI is concentrating in "The Psychological Tapestry of All Art," studying art history, female studies, psychology, and painting. She works at Andrew Edlin Gallery, which exhibits outsider art and is co-owned by the owner of The Outsider Art Fair. Scout has shown in numerous group shows throughout New York and is planning a multi-media installation for the beginning of 2020.

BOHENG ZHANG'S concentration focuses on popular religious practices and the materiality of lived religion. She is passionate about learning how ordinary people engage with, contest, and create religious experiences in their daily lives.

YUNCHANG ZHANG is concentrating in "Brain-Computer Interface," dedicated to researching the similarity between the human's brain and the computer and trying to build the connection between these two systems. He is also a photography lover with a public Instagram. Currently, he is interested in taking portrait pictures for people and finding the hidden scenes in New York City.



FOUNTS USED

ABRAHAM
Roboto

COVER

LIRR
Fernanda Amis

