

THE EDITORIAL MAGAZINE LITERARY SUPPLEMENT



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THIS IS VOLUME 3 OF
EDITORIAL MAGAZINE'S LITERARY SUPPLEMENT,
TOTAL PET, A PUBLICATION FOCUSING
ON POETRY AND FICTION.

SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL THE WRITERS
WHO CONTRIBUTED TO OUR THIRD ISSUE.

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2 Poems

BY RHEA DILLON

Like a cyst you suckled my limbs too hard
so I had to cut you out so deep,
too deep,
and too long you grew
from my aching aching sides
attacking the tree that roots me.
You ask for space through my waist and seek revenge on the soft spot of
my strength.
I ask for space on the edge of my race for breath,
a moment for sight,
away from the thorny darkness of your tunnel.

Spiked, nobbled, janky wheel
you keep pushing forward with steam
so much steam
you'll kill us both.
Please rest, stay hold
please hold wait sit please, sit
inside your mind before you hurt more than you.
Before I hurt more than you.
Before it all rings down.

You get to heal around me
I get to heal by myself. Who's selfish now.
I miss your love but
I don't miss mine.
It was on my terms.
Now it's on yours, and I don't know how to act.

Where to act.
If I call Christ, I am the bitch who doesn't care.
If I stay by myself, I cry and crumble
but you'd like that.
You'd like a piece of me to be cut out.
Well there you have it, piece of me.
You The piece of me.
I'm cut out and I'm undone without you by my side.

Let it burn comes to mind
so I usher in the pre and post tense of sorrow
and let it hang in the static existence of here I stand; but where are you,
how are you,
I'd love to hold you
but you're boney and boiling
hot blood
ripe with an anger only poison can cool.
So here I rest,
rock-like with too many feelings,
skin tight
jaw locked
eyes brimmed over the clarity of it all.
Didactic, erect, potently reminded
that my being means hard
and my tone means gasp
but all I feel in me here
inside of the me, that everyone finds it so hard to see,
is thick,
yes,
but oh so soft and oh so bruised
and oh so confused.
I'm a peach, all fluff.

I love loving you
but sometimes being in love is fluff.

I love loving you
but I don't like how I love you.

I love loving you
but I don't like how you love me.
I'm
in love with you
but you - a version.

We've faced two deaths together, version,
And lived through six between us.
You win some, you lose some.
Our child was named the same, nevertheless
I wish you well with your new breeder
hoofed gaze borne by man.

Please,
let the lineage end there.
No more to be weighted by your name.

*YOU AND I HAVE TO LOVE LONG AND I GET THE ROAD TO YOUR
CLEARED FACE*

Moonlight sighing up and down the tube of the spine,
and through hollow bones.
She wakes curled around my neck and labia,
tickled with pain of pink.
They want to resist an innate animale
yet succumb to the beauty of desire.
Désirée.
Destitute stretched back splays out
like a new awning, for a new sensation, of a new day.

“You look so brown good in the moonlight”

I reply,
“In your moonlight I’m always black, brown and blue.”

We arrive as girls but grapple love like men. This is fucking,
no ability for love to be makened.
I try to grip your heart but failing, slip to your crutch.
Soul opened;
course you prefer me that way.
Opened, singing your name back to you;
course I prefer us a way.
Strung up out of my strong: a whimpering kosher cow.
Irregardless, the bull you remains.

You bullied your way to my opus
so I mined my way through your temples.
Now you’re mentally ill
and I’m covered in bruises.
There are no winners in this ride
just those who know how to rise again
and again
and again
and again
and again, and - halo hallowed - the crown I made for you breaks.

I pray you ride out the headlights on the broken deer god gave you.
I no longer see you through the eyes I had.

You gouged out a sight sickened by my prayer.
But we were raised differently: I thank my God for it all
and return to the pack for a new spring to be sprung.

Under the moon,
I am the light in waters only I can paint black.
In this brightness,
the only other voice that exists for attempt at clarity:
“You and I have to love long, it is I get to road to your cleared face”
I can’t quite make out the translation but sentiment always rings true.
There’ll never be a me without the memory of you.
That memory is your death wish

but other deaths must come first, for,
the dice of God are always loaded.

HALLOWED HALO