



# L'ÉPHÉ

# MÈRE

# RE

# VIEW

ISSUE IV: DISQUIETUDE

*march/april 2017*



**disquietude:** noun

the state of disquiet; a feeling of uneasiness or anxiety

Mourn the coming fog, the quiet misty morning.

But tomorrow will come. Tomorrow will come.

Even darkness is meaningless without light.

**L'Éphémère Review**

Issue IV: Disquietude

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L'ÉPHÉMÈRE REVIEW  
ISSUE IV: DISQUIETUDE

March/April 2017



# A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Dear readers,

After the release of Issue III: Epoch I began to grapple with a soft, throbbing pain in the small of my back. It manifested itself in tight knots and rolling waves, travelling from my back up to my shoulder blades or down to my knees, making both reaching unbearable and kneeling nearly impossible. Every time I lamented my young body betraying me the pain worsen. Every time I cried myself to sleep over the blades sheathing underneath my skin my heart tightened. It felt like heartbreak.

The James-Lange theory of emotion purposes that physiological arousal precedes emotional experience. That is, we know we are scared because we tremble. We know we are sad because tears stream down our faces. We know we are heartbroken because we can't breathe against the tightening of our chests.

I began to learn to live with this tightening, this drowning in an ocean of my own creation. The pain of a cracking body, strained from lack of sleep or overtime or the last push before graduation, or even the budding fear I swallow every time I come back home, alone and cold at 11pm. Does it mean I have given up? Accepted that the disquietness of living is all that I can ever have? I don't know what it means to feel calm, to fall into restful arms. I told my long-distance boyfriend during a breakdown that I'm beginning to forget what it feels like to be held. I just want to be held.

I feel guilty, writing this in a fog of depression and pain and deep-rooted anxiety knowing that others have it worse than me. I feel guilty, being rundown by work when I should be grateful that I even managed to find a job. I feel guilty, seeing what is happening in America, hearing my friends cry on November 8th and feeling that sick, tightening feeling in my chest on inauguration day. My mother tells me we're lucky to be Canadian. We're lucky we weren't born in America. But my friends were. My boyfriend was. Everyone who have made my year in California worthwhile, made it one of the best years of my life, made me feel *happy* again, if they were not born there they live there. They call America *home*. They made me feel at *home*. This Canadian girl, who was born on the Fourth of July and never felt at home in her own country felt at home *there*. Please bring their home back to them.

Maybe all this pain is connected. Maybe there is a correlation between seeing the news everyday and collapsing within yourself. Mouth agape and eyes filled with tears. Can I call it watching a car crash from the sidewalk when I was in the same car days before? With the same driver and passengers, laughing and smiling during happier times? I'm so tired of breaking beneath the heaviness of guilt and ineptitude. I'm so tired of turning away and biting my lips to stop myself from crying.

When I proposed the idea of "disquietude" to my staff I had in mind this very guilt—the disrupted, the disturbed, the anxious nights and the mournful mornings. Then inauguration day came. Then the travel ban came. Then the deportations came. I started to pull myself outside of my body, put pen to hand and heart to paper. I can't stand here and watch my friends cower in fear from the other side of the border. I can't stand here and let my aunts

interrogate me over why my boyfriend has a Spanish last name. I can't stand here and watch them take my undocumented friends away. I can't do it. I can't live with myself like that.

When I say art will save us, I mean art will give voice to the unheard. The unseen. But never the forgotten. Never the unknown. Make them hear your cries for freedom. For equality. For happiness and hope and a life worth thriving for. There is so much to fight for. So much to long for. The feel of sunlight on your cheeks. Road trips with your friends. A hot cup of tea on a rainy day. Being held again. And being. Just being.

The works of the sixteen writers and artists within this issue are anxious. Confused. Angry. Scared. Yet defiant. Stubborn. And, ultimately, hopeful. That our minds will clear again. Our mouths will smile again. Our arms will embrace again. And our hearts will beat, surely and strongly, again.

Until we feel the softness of safe hands, fingers interlocking with our own, we must rise up. Get loud. Get angry. Get political. Get uncomfortable. Make disquietude something they wear instead, they live with instead. Use it to understand that chaos cannot exist without calmness. Without the very concept it exists to uproot.

The quiet mourning. The quiet morning. It will come again.  
Nothing lasts forever, not even this pain.

Not even pain.

With much love and hope,

Kanika Lawton  
Founder and Editor-In-Chief  
L'Éphémère Review



# MASTHEAD

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Kanika Lawton

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## **Book Reviewer**

Amy Lauren

## **Blogger**

Tian Tran

## **Blogger**

Arathi Devandran

## **Music Coordinator**

Benjamin Napelee

## RECOMMENDED PUBLICATIONS

THE ADROIT JOURNAL: Literary and arts journal for dreamers, lovers, dissatisfied old people, teething babies, and you.

BLUESHIFT JOURNAL: blueshift / <sup>l</sup>blōō | Shift / noun / the displacement of the spectrum to shorter wavelengths in the light coming from distant celestial objects moving toward the observer / art and literary journal.

BOMBUS PRESS: A literary magazine created by three college students in order to curate a collection of some of the best fiction, poetry, and art on the Internet.

BOTTLECAP PRESS: Independent publisher of poetry and fiction.

FISSURE MAGAZINE: A platform dedicated to furthering the voices of young LGBTQ+ writers and artists.

HALF MYSTIC JOURNAL: An independent literary journal for the ones with grace notes coursing through their veins.

HYPERTROPHIC PRESS: Literary magazine that publishes books that makes us cry.

LUNA LUNA MAGAZINE: Digital diary of darkness and light—confession, literature, feminism, opinion, sex, magic, and art.

THE MURMUR HOUSE: Print literary journal, website, and gatherings.

THE OFFING: Online literary magazine publishing creative writing in all genres and art in all media.

-OLOGY JOURNAL: A safe-harbor for unpublished and emerging human beings.

PLATYPUS PRESS: Boutique publisher based in England that seeks to unearth innovative contemporary poetry and prose from a broad variety of voices and experiences.

RAMBUTAN LITERARY: A new online journal showcasing literature and art from Southeast Asians all over the world.

RED QUEEN LITERARY MAGAZINE: A literary magazine with work that bleeds and heals. Literature to consume and literature that consumes you.

RISING PHOENIX PRESS: An independent publisher whose mission is to publish poetry that represents marginalized groups.

SILVAE MAGAZINE: A magazine for the homesick, the lost, the blooming. Photography, creative writing, nonfiction, recipes, mixtapes, philosophical outlooks, and more.

THISTLE MAGAZINE: noun / an experience of the infinite variety and intimacy of life; an atlas of souls, past and present.

VAGABOND CITY LITERARY JOURNAL: Gritty poetry, art, essays, and hybrid works by marginalized creators published monthly.

VENUS MAGAZINE: A literary and art magazine that sprinkles magic in the forms of fairy dust and moonlight.

WINTER TANGERINE REVIEW: Literary and arts magazine dedicated to the electric. To the salt. The sugar. To the bitter honey. To catalysts.

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The Unwinding *Helen Victoria Murray*

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Dusk and Bloom: Songs about April *Curated by Benjamin Napelee*





Jia-An Lee

# BURY ME WITH MY HORMONES

Jessica Liebelt

show me what it means to be a woman  
a mirror reflecting someone who isn't me  
the young being burned as a candle without end  
dying from good/free exposure  
gay cowboys dancing with their hats on  
without a family without a horse

show me the girls that lost their lives  
when they saw the results  
the fear of a world  
where the mothers of trans daughters  
with trans sisters don't cry  
but sigh when they're killed

show me all I have deleted  
the texts and replies and friends  
that I thought I knew hated me  
the poems I have abandoned  
from fear of violent reprisal  
the words of anger and regret  
thrown out because I was afraid  
of upsetting someone  
show me how to be happy  
and awake at the same time

show me my face  
as the mother pulls her child close  
when she realises I am not like her  
show me the face of the cis girl  
when she sees her straight boyfriend  
sending me pictures of his dick  
show me the first time  
someone wanted to kill me  
because they saw me  
as a fat faggot in a dress

show me lying to doctors  
saying nothing's wrong  
what I meant was  
nothing's wrong that I can fix  
show me why they stare

show me how to be compassionate  
when all they want

is to ram their fists  
down my throat  
and pull my heart  
through my mouth



# YOUR DAY OF REVENGE

Jessica Liebelt

You said you wanted revenge  
bathing bodies, black blood  
oil slick reflecting  
flickering orange  
fire

I wanted a silent life  
indoors away from light  
away from them  
cold cave  
alone

I told you my dreams  
azure and black clouds  
against paper sky  
dim crepe  
sun

We clashed and yelled again  
about revenge and respect  
against paper sky  
we burned  
together

Wanted Trans Day of Revenge  
gnashing teeth, bloodied mouths  
our nails long  
hair tied  
defiant

Girls and boys and queers  
together with bloodied bats  
black and blue  
without fear  
but

Reminded that we are unnatural  
slight confused boring sluts  
waiting for men  
and still  
dead

Reminded we are atom bombs  
an ugly global threat

impotent nuclear explosions  
fading away  
fads

I feel isolated and weird  
under that pink rock  
waiting to bloom  
hatch then  
wilt

We go to bed separately  
with separate teeth grinding  
on opposite sides  
our bed  
sinks

We tell each other dreams  
azure and black clouds  
against paper sky  
burning hole  
together

# TERRA

Amber D. Tran

As kids we used to sing from the top of Dump Hill.  
Sisters by half-blood and seasoned with the Appalachia,  
our voices carried over the breadth of three states, a call  
to awaken the heart of West Virginia and more.

The spring I turned five, we trained a bird to skip  
over a homemade path of pine needles and stone.  
The earth trembled when it died, a starvation  
we were too young to comprehend, a sacrifice  
to richen the soil we walked upon together.

During dusks of rain, we breathed on windows and  
traced storm clouds on the glass. Lightning bug glow  
flickered in the backyard, the bodies of sycamores and poplars  
trembling in the gust. A wisp came in the house once,  
and we held hands and danced in the evening gust.

Our last summer together should not have been.  
You lost your footing at the peak, little girl body  
tumbling down a wall of rocks and ash. The clouds  
rumbled when you stopped, a single drop of rain on my cheek  
as I found your windbreaker in the ditch.  
That was the first time I sang alone, the day  
the earth took you away from me.

# FRESHMAN

Amber D. Tran

I am the bouquet of baby's breath at the grave.  
To light the sound of your voice on fire, a glimmer  
that satisfies the hunger in the pit of your belly, I am  
sorry for telling you that I didn't weep that day.

He was a kid when he fell out the mouth of an elm,  
a boy stricken with that terrifying blue. I watched  
the earth tremble when it caught him. A sea of dead  
leaves bleed and bend, oranges and browns that blended  
with the white cotton of his Walmart t-shirt.  
You were still when it happened.

You said you wanted to be the tree that threw him.  
I wash the moment until it is clean. I trace the shape  
of a moon crescent in the blanket of grass above him,  
the wick of his memory flickers and quivers as  
I draw more than just seasons and the blues of his eyes.  
You are empty a year later, bones that scream  
into vacuumed spaces and discarded birthdays.

We were only kids. We had no idea.

# FINGERPRINTS

L'Abri Tipton

Don't let the authorities know where you entered the continent. Fill an empty jam jar with cold water for the pain. Have it at the ready. Apply the chosen method to the skin until it's gone. Sulfuric acid, a heated nail, a razor, a hot plate turned to HI, an Emery cloth, super glue. Get your fingers in the water. Don't make eye contact. This might make you feel human. Don't speak of this. The skin will grow back. Once every 15 days peel it off.

*Ten fingers taught  
by your mother  
to tie shoes.  
Two palms in—  
correctly  
read.*

# NAMES

## L'Abri Tipton

I am in the warehouse all day filling orders with donated food. There's a notebook with names and phone numbers. Refugees call in their orders for their camp kitchen. If they don't call, a volunteer can get in touch to see if they need anything. Each order has a name attached to it. My heart breaks at the names. My hands and body stay busy. The Afghans prefer lentils to chickpeas. If there are real chili peppers, not the powdered stuff, it goes in the Afghan orders as well. The Sudanese camp calls in an order for 80. We pack bags to send to Dunkirk, to the 1,000 Kurdish women and children living in a foot of mud.

*Sugar sugar  
sugar tea.  
Sugar sugar  
salt. Sugar  
sugar sugar  
tea. Sugar  
sugar salt.  
Come! Be here,  
salt of earth,  
light of world!*

VI EV IS EYE IV

ICH ICK I EYE I

Rose Knapp

Stop Karing Border

Lines have empty pop

Personalities Evil says

Should I killU Vmyself

Jk MBicaruss Purges

Pure ethyl Stims

& Hi Quality Psych

Yes jetzt ya nein warn

Caliphate calligraphy

Opiates & nitrous oxide

Be ri not bb preferred trick

For kreatosis usually we all

Have imposter Stockholm Syn

Allies lie for spotlights Axis glow

This poem will be Twitt stolen

Before it gets to publication

Obv a postmodern mod

All poetry infused with

Newer less fascistic

Metamodern trees

Modernism Stijl

De Cut-Up

Collage&

Daconic

Struction

Repetition

Techne

Pearls

Retained

For purely

£~[Non]~€

Sectarian

Dissonance//

Reason screams

I love that music

Renaissance2

Soundings &

Steel needles

Slit into slots

Males recoil

# PLOT HOLES PLZ EXPLAIN

Rose Knapp

Yes of course, correct fuck  
G.doc reads Corinthians  
Armchair coronations  
DSM with 13 years exp  
Cali zen psychs not at  
All my type but tantric  
Patient professionals  
Cute for short periods  
Personal perhaps plot  
Confessional has sick  
Catholic connotations  
Perhaps bought off w  
Glock flock point@me  
Stockholm syndrome  
Melanges of malaise  
And years of mania  
Are not all mysterious  
Or coherently textbook  
Possibly poly coke fiend  
And prostitute turned Faust  
When subject is blatantly  
Being blackmailed daily  
To shut the fuck up  
And joke about it  
I forgot over  
Reporting  
Was the  
True  
Fucking  
National  
Tragedy



# IS IT BRAVER TO STAY IN THE CAR OR FIGHT?

kmp

my father comes home from the thrift store  
blood dripping down his face; a parking lot  
brawl he didn't start but sure as shit ended  
says he feels unsatisfied//says my mother  
shouldn't have intervened//says he could've  
got another punch in

i lick my lips and taste the way my frustration  
longs to compound into a violence and i walked  
out of my chem class the first day and slept  
through calc 3a; there's not a whole lot i can say  
about the mathematics of courage;

it's exponential though, the rate at which it  
decays: it starts with the wondering//it starts with  
asking why no one else seems to react the way  
you do and then whether you might expect too  
much from the world and it deteriorates from  
there

mother mentioned a parable while she put a  
butterfly over his eyebrow//i throw myself into  
work. i'm good at that: therapy through bagging  
groceries, keeping the bitterness but letting  
myself fade. is that bravery, still? to throw yourself  
into the motion of the right thing but let your  
mind float so far away it's more like coincidence  
when you stay on course?

# CHAPEL VEIL & RIPPED JEANS

kmp

found a third cricket in my sheets today; if  
anyone could tell me where i trade in the bodies  
for luck & what exactly the exchange rate is, i'd take  
it as a kindness; there's too many crickets & too little  
luck & good lord am i tired

and God, i know i wasn't much different last year  
but i was kinder & my eyes didn't burn this much;  
if this is a punishment, i feel it thoroughly. i could  
be jack kerouac on a single roll of receipt paper:  
paradoxical. neither of us got much skill but at least  
i know hard work. at least i don't suffer for the sake  
of telling others i suffer.

i'm so tired and i just wanna be loved in the  
take-what-you-can-get kinda way; loved in the way  
that drove jessica & medea to trade gilding on the  
promise of midas gold, even if i know i'll find my debtor  
defaulted, find my cage traded for a cage & my hands  
stained red. my seams are torn//my lipstick smears on  
everything; i can't keep myself contained. i'm so tired,  
God.

# DISINTEGRATION

Andrés Ignacio Torres

*avivaron el fuego,  
ya no hay mar que me eche atrás*

*disintegrate us,  
but we'll remain still*  
you shout, breathless  
to the false protectors in front of us

you call for a change  
that is long overdue

you take my hand, hard  
you press against my palm, trembling  
but firm  
it's not time to be scared, honey:  
revolution is calling out  
and our blood's already answered

\*\*\*

my mother once told me  
*it is our duty to stand up  
for what we believe*  
as she closed the windows and locked the doors,  
fearful,  
hiding from the chaos and the lost bullets  
that overtook the streets

*these are dark days,*  
said my father,  
surrounding her in his arms,  
drying her tears as they fell  
from her eyes  
through her cheeks  
to the floor  
*but this shall pass*

i'm sorry, father  
but it shan't pass  
unless we're willing  
to make it happen

unless we're willing  
to stand up

for what  
we  
believe.

\*\*\*

i'm here for you  
i shout, too, *disintegrate us*,  
for this is no cul-de-sac.

i reach out for the cloth and the vinegar  
and the mask and your waist  
and the people  
that stand with to us  
and call upon freedom.

\*\*\*

change is but disintegration  
of the past,  
towards a new horizon:  
a steady river  
that plows through the undergrowth  
to find a way  
and find its channel

and it always  
prevails.

\*\*\*

closing my eyes to breathe,  
i envision a day, a new morning  
*tomorrow?*  
with no cops  
with no soldiers  
with no riots no students no chants for freedom

are we close?  
can we get there?  
is it beyond our reach?

i shake my head.  
it is not my duty to choose whether tomorrow's close,  
it is my duty to make sure this night comes to an end  
and the sun rises again:

the flame has been set loose

and i can't let the smoke blind me  
but make sure they burn to the core  
*disintegrate*  
and leave only hope behind:

the path is once again visible.

\*\*\*

and as pinless black figures fly upon our heads  
and thick white gas fills up our lungs,  
and they start running towards us  
i vow to protect you,  
my love  
i grab your hand  
and together  
as one soul  
we take a step  
forward

# OUR PLUMA

Joseph Ellison Brockway

I've got the pen a *mi alcance*.  
*¡Ay Dios mío!* Oh no!  
An educated Spanish speaker with a pen  
is the America-first proponent's worst fear.

With my pen  
I will tear apart your argument *en pedacitos*.  
*En pedacitos lo rompo,*  
*En pedacitos lo tiro,*  
*En pedacitos te miro y me sonrío,* because

I know what you say about me.  
I know what you say about me in *dos lenguas*, two tongues.  
In fact, I'm two-and-a-half times the person you will ever be  
*porque también*  
*je parle un peu de français.*

And you don't know if I'm talking about you.  
Why do you always think we're talking about you?  
Whenever we speak *en español*,  
*hablamos de la familia, de las compras, del partido,* and  
not a single word is spoken about you, *egoísta*.  
You are wrong, mistaken,  
*¡equivocado!*

On Capitol Hill while you mandate with your  
English-only pen and America-first gavel,  
trying to erase our multilingual multicultural history, remember . . .

Our pen is our *pluma*  
*Y nuestra pluma es nuestra espada*  
*Y nuestra pluma nos da poder*  
*La pluma con tinta,*  
*La pluma de Quetzalcohuātl,* the strong and mighty  
plumed serpent *Quetzalcohuātl*  
The *pluma* of our Aztec blood,  
The *pluma* of our Maya blood,  
The *pluma* of our Taíno blood,  
The *pluma* of our Inca blood,  
The *pluma* of all the *sangre indígena*, that  
unites the *sangre latina*.

So you can pass all those laws, and  
you can try to intimidate us with policy,  
but you can't erase the history of our *pluma*.

# HER

Elizabeth Gibson

I don't need to look up and to my side  
to know she's there:

ruby, scalloped out from a rocky cliff,  
too hot to touch.

There are glow-worms outside, I know  
and fireflies, bats

but the time of freedom seems so far  
away it's irrelevant.

Whatever may happen at the end, for  
now and for an

hour or two or more, there is her and me  
and nothing changes

that hour or two or more. The air is cool  
somewhere in the

world, but here it is charged. Here she is,  
face just the same,

teasing me, like a bee, a remnant of the  
day. Does she

not realise it is night-time now? Be a  
moth by all means.

Be a star. Now that would be something  
easy to call her

but she is not. She does more than emit,  
pulsate. So much

more. She is fiddly, so many little parts  
all moving in unison,

like a ladybird's tiny, perfect legs beneath  
a red shell. Like

a clock. Paley said God must be real as  
the world is too

complex to be here by chance. I have no  
time for that until

the moments I look around and remember  
she is alive.



# I DO NOT MISS PRESIDENTS

Kaja Rae

i do not miss the vanguard.  
i do not miss the men who stand at the gate  
with gun and army behind them  
waiting to fire upon any country that steps out of line.  
i do not miss the men  
who tell us to believe in a country  
that does not believe in us.  
i do not miss the men  
who tell us that service  
is killing the people they have vendettas against.  
i do not miss the men  
with a weapon in their right  
and an ideology in their left  
telling us that the left will justify the right  
that somehow their ideology will always  
be correct  
because it is justified by the right.  
i do not miss war.  
i do not miss starving.  
i do not miss presidents.

# AFTER THE MAN IN THE CAFE WHO SAID THE JEWISH PEOPLE REALLY FOUND OUT A LOT OF WAYS TO FUCK UP A FISH

Alain Ginsberg

And on the eighth day after an infant is born  
with a penis, the ceremony of brit milah is performed  
and for me my bottom surgery began.

If there is one thing I will accomplish,  
it is that I started transitioning since birth and  
have had the longest surgery recorded.

A man in the cafe mentions a love  
for gefilte fish, describes the ways  
the Jewish people have made creation  
out of a world they were given,  
and I understand the metaphor now.

Understand when men on the TV talk  
about the smell of vagina, it is most often  
done while I am drowning, breathing water,  
something smells fishy.

And on the eighth day when there is no longer a dominant female  
the clownfish's most dominant male will transition  
and that too is how I express judaism.

My father yelling from the top of the stairs,  
and me, in the basement, waist deep in creek water  
swimming, looking for the next step in the torah  
to split my core and flip the skin in half  
to bloom in my waist, and this is one way  
I have learned what schmuck means.

I am born and on the eighth day I start researching  
vaginoplasty, watch videos where  
there are no parts wasted, how it looks  
as if a flower is blooming and the blooming flower  
is cause for celebration, and my body is deposited  
into the bay full of formaldehyde.

There are multiple species of fish that change gender  
and it is not uncommon to think that one could be born  
with a single Jewish parent.

My body swims into the world and on the eighth day  
it enters the market, and my mother passes me to  
the childless, to my father, and the fish monger  
prepares me for a meal as seaweed grows  
against my thighs.

# FROM A FIST TO A FACE

Alain Ginsberg

*after Richard Spencer getting chin checked on inauguration day*

Sticks and stones may break some bones,  
but words will never hurt me is not entirely a true statement.  
Sometimes people talk with me too,  
use these fingers to tell stories, how when I rest on a shoulder  
it means just as much as the words that fit between these fingers,  
how an arm raised can tell someone hello or goodbye,  
swear in on an oath or show you have taken one anyways.  
These shapes I make can be quite awful things.  
Oh, how we say fuck you with the same language.  
Once a mouth said words that spoke shapes into me  
I did not ask for, how open palm, how raised high but not too high,  
how top shelf the reach of me goes, how light it must feel  
on the tongues of those never chained down,  
how tremble and cross and salvation is promised me too  
but once a mouth made words to speak into my fingers,  
now everyone knows what I'm saying,  
how it speaks on the bones of 6 million past, this hand of mine  
can be a terrible thing even when it touches no one.  
Sticks and stones may break bones, but it is the words  
that tell the bodies how resistance is necessary,  
a mouth once said "complying with police will keep you alive,"  
and the same mouth breathes dirt and speaks mourning  
into the communities now, another once spoke out,  
"let's wait and see what happens" and now  
my friends don't have health care, don't walk home safe,  
don't show their face to anyone, but hey we're memorizing  
phone numbers again just like the good ole days right?  
People really like saying don't fight fire with fire  
but have you not tried? If a man is trying to burn me alive  
I would spend my minutes remaining setting ablaze  
those who sought to stop me, destroy the machines  
so that they cannot burn others, and they raise us  
not to give them anything they can use against who we are,  
but what is a life if not our biggest weapon?

A mouth spoke out into the world: "sticks and stones  
may break some bones, but they also can smash a window  
pretty damn good, can also be loud, be boom, be curse, be chaos"  
and these hands made makeshift a microphone, yelled out  
how a mouth once said "dead men can't catcall" and  
once your mouth asked for the extinction of all but the whites,  
how routine for face to believe their voice, and it is then

when I do not feel love for you as I do another human,  
nor respect or pity, or the anger that comes from calling in,  
but the anger that spouts volcanic with the voices of those interned,  
those detained, sing these fingers the call of a jailbird caw,  
and that is when these hands formed themselves for you,  
in protest and with malice all the same a mouth has this kind of magic,  
watch as it turns a liberal to a fascist in the blink of an eye,  
and they will say these things I do are barbaric,  
how dark a light I shine through with these actions,  
a mouth once said don't fight violence with violence,  
and another mouth stopped speaking violence with such a boom  
after hit with a fist, words became a little quieter,  
I can now hear the sound of my hands breathing,  
and how timid this face looks with a kiss from a fist.  
"teach me how to drive a machine to its ruin"  
said the tires to the fire, and the fire spoke back,  
"I want to be held in a way that disrupts traffic."

Hundreds of thousands know the name of Richard Spencer only  
after he caught hands with his jaw,  
what bliss is this if not the world I am ready to live in,  
for history to repeat itself in a way where we are unafraid  
of biting the hands that feed us poison, and for this  
the hand speaks to the mouth,  
"I waited and saw, and an opportunity struck and so did I."  
If punching Nazis stops there from being more Nazis  
I will punch until I can no longer swing my arms,  
and then I will begin to bite, and when I can no longer bite,  
I will ram the toothless, armless, mass of me into the oppressors,  
and when I can no longer do that it will be because I am dead,  
and the hands spoke to the mouth,  
"sticks and stones may break your bones,  
but for every bone I break, on my body and yours,  
less words will be able to hurt me,  
and for this I know that I can die at peace  
knowing that for every time my arm swings  
three more learn how to form a fist."

# MONSTER ENTERS FIRST SUPPORT GROUP MEETING

Alain Ginsberg

they sit down at the circle say,  
once I was a human, had a human name that fit  
into the mouth of myself like an apple and that name was

MEDUSA

Once I was more than a thing wanted,  
had a faith that someone would protect me,  
a temple built to honor a savior  
would surely save a thing like me.

Once, I was a human, had a human's name that  
I gave everyone like a blessing and that name was

MEDUSA

Once I was wanted by a god.  
Once I was wanted by a god who never knew  
to ask for something first, how a praying thing  
is so vulnerable and open to being taken by something holy.  
How I was made a hole of.

Once, I used my human mouth to pray my name  
to a god I believed in and that name was

MEDUSA

Once I was wanted by a god I never prayed to,  
and the one I had punished me rather than  
the one to use my body as if it had any function  
other than to survive, how I am not a breakable thing,  
how I was turned into something that sheds  
as if I did not know the way my skin could be  
taken from me by the elements.

Now I am a monster with a human's name that fits  
into my mouth like an apple, the way I know the truth of myself,  
and that name is still

MEDUSA

# WON'T STOP FIGHTING

Linda M. Crate

ever since the election results  
i have felt unease,  
but i will not  
stop fighting  
tooth and nail against everything this  
administration stands for  
because hatred and bigotry against anyone  
is not okay;  
no one would choose to live a life  
where they knew they were  
condemned  
no one should be forced to die in a closet  
afraid and hating who they are  
because love isn't something to be shamed for,  
but hatred is—  
not every person of one religion can be blamed  
for the actions of few  
because i know that if every christian were condemned  
for the acts in the crusades there would be  
outrage,  
and so how can you stand for any muslim to be killed  
or persecuted in the name of your  
freedom?  
i am repulsed and sickened by all the rage and fear i see  
on the daily  
because this world should be a place where everyone  
can live regardless of who they are and what they believe  
without fear of death and destruction.

# RAMBUTAN AND MANGOSTEEN ARE DEAD

## Ty Kia

An astute observer of Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* could find that they act not as two characters, but each as only halves of one.

It would be just as keen for one to hold me, inspect me, to turn me over only to find that I myself am not a person, but merely two halves of one.

One half of me longs for big houses and white picket fences, for sprawling lawns and unwavering independence, all while struggling not to wake from the American Dream.

The other half of me yearns for rice and tea, for red envelopes on the New Year, and to relish the smell of incense at home when the word "honor" is hung in the smoky air.

If I were to come home for the first time, to be born in my adult years, where would I go, and how would I be received?

If I were to visit a temple and to kneel beside the monks to pray, would they say to me, "Child, this is not our first meeting, for here you have passed many of your lives away?"

If I were to visit a brothel and lay beside the girl of the given day, would she say to me, "Here, too, you fool, we have soothed you as you watched many of your lives decay?"

Though I know it is the cruellest of traps to ask, "What if I were to do this, to be there?" as *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* had the audacity to ask, "What if we were to live?"

When of course they knew, as we all know, that they were slated and fated to die. But then, the question remains: why is it I fail to notice that so too, after all, am I?

Though if I am to die I am first to live in, as I expect, continuous service as *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* were to the Danes, though who I am to serve I do not yet know.

Whether it will be a woman, or to a people, or to an ideal, or to whomsoever can answer my question, that riddle that must be solved before passage beyond may be obtained: "Do you know what it means, to

be an immigrant? To feel most at home  
when you are far from home?"

Or my other question, "How is it that people can lose  
themselves?" As when I watch people, as I tend to do,  
I often see many of them lost but never any of them found.

Whenever I watch the poor, my heart fills black with the  
ichor of sympathy, as though I am as brown as many of them  
are, I am not nearly as poor, and they know just as much.

Though sometimes I feel jealousy too, for I tend to  
notice that that many of their families are closer than  
mine, and many of them happier than I, it seems, as well.

It seems only the most content with their lives can smile  
even when they are poor; their smiles, bright in their  
rarity, are all that can lighten the weight of privilege upon me.

Upon sensing the presence of the rich, however, what  
is spared in my heart is not sympathy or even jealousy,  
but merely hate for those who steal from the poor.

While I was always caught, or even restrained, right in the  
middle of it all, in the eye of the storm, and could do  
naught but watch as the continuous cycle swirled around me.

I think of the elites, hoarding their fortunes in  
boundless vaults like ivory dragons, their gluttonous bellies  
not lined with jewels but with cholesterol, and I ask them:

"How many lies have been told, in your  
effervescent search for gold? How many lives have  
been lost, crunched underfoot, tempest-tossed?"

What I had were not riches in value but in culture,  
for I was always given but lavish gifts of beads and bracelets,  
and most importantly of all, those fruits that burst in the mouth.

Rambutan and mangosteen, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,  
were relics of a bygone age, and would soon be  
sentenced to death, for there was no longer any room for them.  
There were too many words in other stories for them  
to tell their own; too many people on the stage of life  
for them to have any of the spotlight for themselves.

I admit I deceived the fruits as Hamlet had the men;  
feigning loyalty and allegiance, when in reality I had long



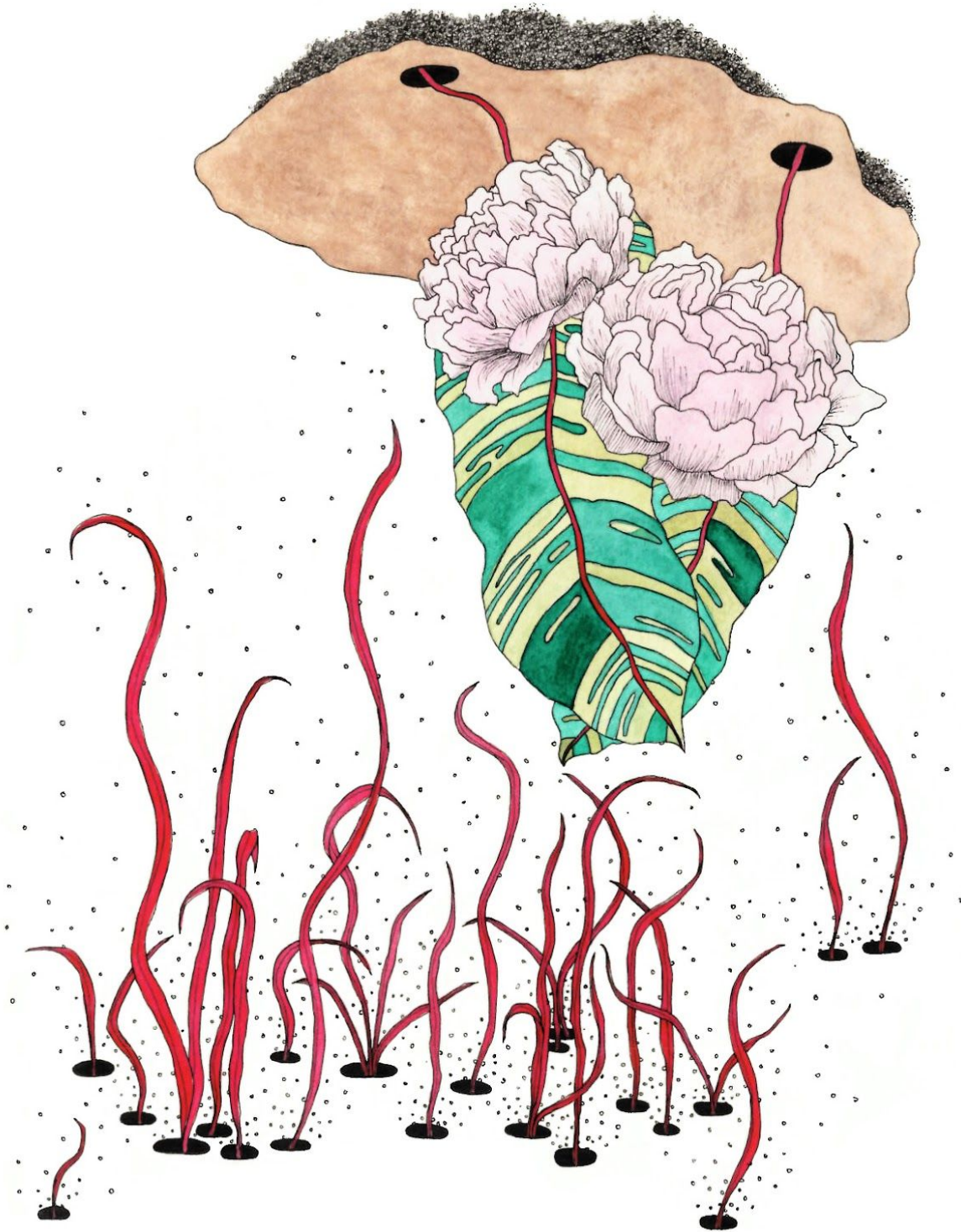
forgotten the words for them, and ate of them less and less.

To myself, who once knew of the juice of their nourishment,  
rambutan and mangosteen are now lost, for that which once  
lived but died cannot ever be found again.

But to those younger than I, who never once tasted  
their white flesh, rambutan and mangosteen are not dead,  
for that cannot die which never had the chance even to live.

# Cait Potter

Can I count you among the dead.  
Can I grow flowers in place of eyes.



Jia-An Lee

# THE ILLEGALS

Tom Gumbert

"They sit in a circle, 'the better to see and hear each other,' the leader had informed them, engaging in nervous chatter while waiting for all to arrive. They talk about the weather, inquire about each other's family and the prospects for a prosperous year. Glancing around, they try to determine who and how many, are still missing. They know the discussion will be intense and the fear and anger likely to make tempers short. But the problem will not go away on its own accord and it is their duty to come up with a plan.

"At last the final member enters and takes his place within the circle. The chatter ceases and the leader begins. His voice is strong but calm and it is clear he is in control. He implores the group to remain respectful as they discuss the issue; to keep their emotions under control so it doesn't cloud their judgment. 'When the talking is done, we must act as one for we are all brothers,' he tells them. Then he presents the problem to be discussed, though no introduction is needed.

"One after another they make their points, some offering solutions, others sharing their experiences, and a few making their predictions for the future. 'They won't stop coming and soon they will take all that is ours,' one laments.

'We must drive them out,' another sneers. 'Round them up and force them back across the water.'

'Why bother?' another asks. 'They'll just come back like the disease infested rats they are.'

'Ridiculous' another shouts. 'We must learn to live together. Our land is big enough for all to share. We can learn much from each other.'

'We should speak to their leaders, seek peaceful solutions; war is no good for any of us.'

'There can be no peace,' another says. 'They are not a peaceful race. They are filthy creatures that bring disease and strange beliefs. They would rather fight than talk. They kill for sport and don't respect us or our values.'

"When the passion of the topic takes control and the voices grow too loud or angry, the leader restores order. 'Your feelings are strong as are your proposed solutions.' He pauses to look around at the faces of each in the group. 'We must be united in our action. You have given me the power to decide what we will do, but I return that power to you. We will vote,' he pauses again, this time holding his hand out in caution, 'and what the majority decides, ALL will obey.'"

George Arrowwood looks up from his notes and out at the audience.

"This meeting took place in the 1760's," he tells them. "What was said has been passed from generation to generation as part of our verbal history, much as I am doing here today." He looks over the audience, gauging attention. "Their decision is recorded in the white man's history and is called a treaty. Now this treaty, along with other treaties agreed to by the English and later the Americans, were ALL broken. Not by OUR people," he says pointing at his chest, "but by theirs."

He steps away from the lectern and moves toward the front of the stage.

"Whenever it has suited their interest to do so, they simply broke the treaty. Their word," he pauses to look over the audience, "means nothing. Not to them and certainly after all these broken promises, not to us."

He stands in the center front of the stage and lifts his arms.

"So why am I telling you this? Why recount stories of ancient grievances and well-known statistics about broken promises? Am I trying to engage you in self-pity? Am I trying to anger you so that I can incite violence or perhaps solicit money from you for some soon to be revealed cause?"

Jumping from the stage to the floor, every eye in the audience follows his movement.

"No," he answers quietly. He walks slowly back in forth in front of the first row like a panther pacing inside a cage, anxious to be released. He stops and looks up toward the people in the back row of the uppermost balcony. "I tell you this because today," he clenches his fist toward the ceiling as his voice swells, "because today we were given a unique opportunity. Today," he pauses a smile spreading across his face, "the white man has opened the door to us to right the wrongs."

The sound of murmuring and people shifting in their seats swells but his voice thunders louder, "Today we begin a journey which, if successful, will restore our land, our dignity and our rightful place as leaders of this nation!"

\* \* \*

Mary sat in the back of the limousine and reflected on the whirlwind that had been the past few weeks. Due to the tour, she was garnering much attention; most positive but some hideously negative. She had received job offers, invitations to celebrity events, and marriage proposals as well as hate mail, angry confrontations and death threats. Each day her image was more frequently appearing in newspapers, magazines and on the internet. She'd found it necessary to ditch her cell phone in favor of a secure satellite phone George Arrowwood, founding partner of the law firm she worked for, had provided and was using a pseudonym to check into hotels.

"We should arrive in five minutes Ms. Blackrock," the limo driver announced through an intercom.

When she'd first gone on tour, that announcement would have triggered anxiety, but no more. She'd learned a lot in three weeks and experienced the highs and lows of live interviews. Her coaching had taught her how to handle the trick question, the adversarial approach and the flattery technique. Her demeanor was usually calm and professional though once when a shock jock exclaimed, "You must be menstruating," she replied, "I'm not, but apparently you've forgotten YOUR medication." That comment had been a sensation and had ended up on numerous entertainment news shows. Now she savored the last few minutes of calm before the storm.

She located the intercom button near her seat and pressed it.

"Thank you, Winston."

She tried to imagine what her life would be like once this was over. Gone would be the frenzied pace, the media attention and ego boost that comes with being in the public eye. Her daily commute would not be via limousine and she would not be staying in five-star hotels or eating chef prepared meals daily. No more rubbing elbows with the pop culture and media elite. Instead, she would return to the simpler life as a junior associate at Arrowwood, Rainwater & Elk. Perhaps.

But what if the impossible happened and they actually won the case? How would her life change? Would she have a significant role in the new order?

It had been three days since her cell phone buzzed with a text message from George. Glancing at it, she quickly read the message. *The trial is over. Now it's in the hands of the*

*judges.*

The limo slowed as they approached the security gate and her thoughts turned to the interview. She was scheduled for an hour that would ultimately produce between 10-15 minutes of airtime—primetime airtime with Lesley Stahl.

She smiled at the thought of meeting, talking to and being interviewed by one of her idols. Could it get any better? Maybe if it was Oprah. But Lesley Stahl was big-time.

The limo made its way through the underground garage stopping in front of a small group of people. Rachel, the person PR firm Baker and Roach had put in charge of this tour, was waiting in front. Next to her stood a smart-looking thirty-something woman in a designer suit with a CBS lapel pin and behind them were three younger people, probably interns or assistants.

Winston opened her door and gave her his widest smile as he offered his hand in assisting her out. She smiled as she exited the limo and stepped forward, offering Rachel her hand in greeting.

"I hope all is well this morning," Rachel said as she shook hands with Mary.

"Absolutely," Mary replied.

"Great. Mary, I'd like you to meet Cassandra Williams. Cassandra will make sure that your pre and post interview needs are met."

Cassandra stepped forward, offered her perfectly manicured hand and a smile and said, "Wonderful to meet you Mary, now if you would follow me."

As they rode up in the elevator, Cassandra explained the schedule and the rules for the interview. Lesley was, of course, in charge of the interview and ultimately CBS would decide the footage to be used. "If at any time you need a break, simply request one. Remember though that until you hear 'Cut,' the cameras will still be rolling."

She would be going to make-up first, then to the 'green room' waiting area.

"There's bottled spring water and fresh fruit. Let me know if you require anything else," Cassandra said.

Rachel went over possible questions and answers as Mary underwent 'make-up.' Mary's responses were quick, articulate and poignant.

"You're all set," the makeup artist said cheerfully.

"I agree," Rachel said as she gently squeezed Mary's shoulder.

She was only in the 'green room' a minute when Cassandra appeared. She'd barely had enough time to read the cards on the two flower arrangements, one from George and the other from her parents. "Okay, it's time," Cassandra said and led Mary down a hall and into a studio where two leather chairs faced each other on a royal blue carpet surrounded by lights and cameras.

Immediately after final preparations for light and sound, Lesley appeared. *Wow, this is really happening.* Mary stood and offered her hand to the approaching Walters.

"Ms. Blackrock, it's a pleasure to meet you."

"The pleasure is all mine," Mary answered, "and please call me Mary."

"Excellent," Lesley answered as they took their seats. "Do you mind if we go over some of the background?"

"Five minutes," the set manager called.

The questions were innocuous and Mary realized, designed to put her at ease. She wouldn't call her state of being, nervous, but rather heightened. She felt—electric. This would be the most important moment in her life to date and she was going to make the most of it.

"One minute," the set manager called.

"You look wonderful," Lesley said smiling at her.

"Thank you," Mary answered as she adjusted her silver cross necklace. *It was all Rachel*, she thought, considering her burgundy suit with white blouse. She rearranged her sitting position and smoothed her skirt with one hand.

"Ten seconds—five, four, three," the voice countdown now replaced by hand signals. Lesley launched into her welcoming remarks, impeccably professional as always. *I hope I'm as confident and professional as she.*

"Mary Blackrock, your firm, Arrowwood, Rainwater & Elk, is currently involved in litigation that has the potential to change the immigration system of the United States. Would you please provide a summary of *The Confederation of Indigenous American People vs the United States*?"

"Absolutely," Mary answered. "The case involves the plaintiff's contention that as the indigenous people of the this land, and a sovereign nation within this nation as recognized by federal law, we should have sole rights over immigration law."

"So, you are saying that this is about the right to determine who can and cannot legally enter the country?"

"Yes," Mary answered before adding "grandfathered back to 1564."

"Grandfathered back to 1564, why then?"

"We feel that our rights precede that date, however we chose 1564 as it was the year prior to the Europeans establishing a permanent settlement on this continent."

"You are referring to Saint Augustine being settled by the Spanish in 1565?"

"Correct."

"I see. And if you are successful in gaining legal recognition of this right, what do you hope to accomplish?"

"We hope to regain our historical right to control our destiny and the path of this great land."

"Do you realistically think that this nation's courts will overturn centuries of precedent by finding in your favor?"

Mary hesitated. "The law favors our cause and morally we are justified, however our historical interaction with the European settlers and the governments that represent them have proven that law and morality are irrelevant when it comes to dealing with our people."

So, you don't feel you will win this legal battle?"

"We are realistic as to our challenge. We are also prepared in the event that we do win and we recognize those challenges as well."

"Let's talk about those challenges. If the Federal District Court in Cincinnati rules in favor of the Confederation of Indigenous People, how will immigration law change?"

Mary's voice was strong and velvety. "We expect that whatever the outcome in District Court, ultimately this case will be decided before the Supreme Court. That said, if the Confederation ultimately wins, then control over the borders and the immigration laws would immediately revert to the indigenous people."

"And the Indigenous People would be responsible for dealing with the problem of illegal immigration." Lesley noted.

"Yes, only on a much grander scale."

"How so?" Lesley asked, her eyebrows rising.

"Everyone not descended from the Indigenous People would be considered an 'illegal,'" Mary answered evenly.

"If I understand you correctly, in addition to people who have entered this country illegally during their lifetime, you would consider the vast majority of current residents—the legal citizens born in this country and those who have immigrated legally, to be 'Illegals?'"

"Our contention is that all non-indigenous people either came here illegally or are descendents of illegal immigrants. In keeping consistent with recent immigration laws, those born in this country to illegal immigrants are to be considered illegals themselves."

"Your earlier statement of the illegal immigration problem being on a grander scale was certainly not hyperbole," Lesley stated. "Is your plan the mass deportation of non-indigenous people?"

"Not at all," Mary said shaking her head. "We would love it if everyone stayed but we are realistic and know that not everyone will complete the path to citizenship, so we do expect a number of deportations."

"Any idea what that number would be? Perhaps you have a projected percentage of those who will ultimately be deported?"

Mary's long black hair shone in the lights as she shook her head. "We really don't have an educated guess and to project random numbers would be irresponsible. As our history proves, we are not an irresponsible people."

"If your legal battle is successful, I will be declared an illegal immigrant," Lesley stated. "What is my path to citizenship?"

"Again, for the sake of consistency with recent immigration law we would follow many of the same rules that currently exist. First, you would need to learn our language."

"Your native tongue?" Lesley gasped.

"That is correct," Mary said, managing to keep a smile from appearing though her eyes sparkled at Lesley's reaction.

"Which one, I mean, you're a confederation so by definition you are many groups of indigenous people. Will I be required to learn ALL of your languages?"

"Not at all," Mary assured her, the smile now appearing. "You will only need to learn one language and you will be able to decide if that language is to be of the indigenous people in the area you were born or the area you currently reside. We are a fair people."

"And how long will I have to learn the new language?"

"We understand that change is difficult, particularly for adults and we have developed a timeline and standard that reflects our generous nature. The path to citizenship requires that the language be learned within five years and only to the level of a young adult. It is our equivalent to your six grade level," Mary stated. "We would also make our curriculum available to the Department of Education to assist with the education of children, though we are confident they will learn at an accelerated rate."

"Assuming I learn the language in sufficient time, and by no means is that assured," Lesley said smiling, "what else will the path of citizenship entail?"

"Currently immigration law requires successfully passing a 100 question test on the subject of United States government and history. We would keep that test, however we would add an additional test on the subject of Native American history and culture. Also, the oath of citizenship will include a pledge of nonviolence against fellow citizens and visitors to this country."

"That's very interesting," Lesley said leaning slightly forward in her chair. "My research indicates that violence against Native American women on reservations is very high. Is there anything in your planned immigration law changes that would address that?"

"As direct descendants of indigenous people, all 'Native Americans' would be granted citizenship without having to embark on the path. However, we would make violent



offenses by adults punishable by loss of citizenship regardless of gender, ethnicity, sexual orientation, religion or any other factor."

"I see. You don't consider that maybe a bit extreme?"

"As a people who have been negatively affected by violence throughout our history, both from internal and external forces, we know that there is no place for violence within a culture."

"If you had to use one word to sum up what you believe is the key to successful implementation of your changes, what would it be?"

"Coexist," Mary answered without hesitation.

Lesley placed her hand to her ear, her ring sparkling in the set lights. She nodded once before her eyes settled on Mary.

"The decision is in."

# THE UNWINDING

Helen Victoria Murray

As soon as we heard the news, I wheeled my bicycle out of the shop yard and cycled down to the shore-houses. I didn't wait for Ander. He was still talking with Wilson Milt at the counter. I didn't want to delay any longer than I had to. It was my first unwinding.

"Aye, it wis yesterday she went," said Wilson Milt, shaking his salt-cured head with an air of the serves 'em right. "Sank into her chair in the green front, and never got up again all night nor day. By the time her mother called for her brother the doctor, they reckon she wis already gone." He shrugged. He was halfway up the stepladder, arms outstretched for the tins, old shoulders hard. I couldn't tell how much of that stiff posture was advanced age, and how much simple indifference. He would be along in his own time for the unwinding, people usually were. And Ander would no doubt follow him, sploshing at the fore or aft of his elderly meandering, still in his green rubber boots. Ander loved Wilson Milt with (I thought) an entirely disproportionate fervour.

The road to the shore house was yellow and clayish with January rain. The skies, which had been a depthless grey since mid-November, cast their light darkly on the island. The first or second day of this weather, I had gone through to Rilla's little room to find her staring out of the window. "Mummy," she said, "why do all the colours look darker than they should" I dressed her in her red coat, and her green pinafore, and I turned on all of the electric lights that day. But I couldn't find an answer for her. When Ander came home to find us baking gingerbread with extra ginger—my silly attempt to replace colour with taste—he took me to one side and reminded me that this couldn't go on. "How will we afford this all winter?" he pleaded, one hand poised to extinguish the porch light. And we couldn't. So we didn't. I taught Rilla how to light fires with dead newspapers, and she spent hours staring into our stove, mouth slightly open, colouring book abandoned in her lap.

My tires skidded to a halt at the gatepost of the shore-house. Only a stub of garden and a low wall separated it from the decline of cliff face, the pebble beach and the encroaching sea. Two dull granite faces, and at the end, daring everything, the green front. The story went that when the three homes were built in 1876, it was the inland house that was painted pale green—there was a photograph to this effect in the island museum, though of course all colours then were reduced to blacks and greys, and could have been anything at all. Over the generations, said the fanciful, the little green house took to restlessness—to moving. Another photograph, this one from 1962, showed the middle house lit by high sun, pale green. And when we'd come, the green front was the green front as if it was ever thus, balanced precariously on the edge of the crumbling cliff face. Some people called it the Runaway House. "One day," Bea the museum attendant told Rilla, "the green front will take to its travels again, and then there will only be two shore-houses. So what do you make of *that*?" Rilla just tossed her red curls, a gesture she had picked up in city infancy and never lost.

I dreamed for weeks of the green front, standing up on its spindly timber legs and striding to the island's edge, stepping over pine trees and ancient boulders and diving off the edge, swimming back to the mainland, or on further north. I sketched this vision repeatedly, in pencil and inks and watercolour, even selling a few—one to the museum, three to visitors, two on the internet. All the others had gone into my sketchbook. They would be good research, I said, for when we go back and I—and then stopped, knowing that we weren't. Ander's initial pleasure in my fascination with the local colour turned slowly to

worry. "Don't you think you need a new subject?" he said, delicately lifting his fingers from a still-wet watercolour, to press my temples and smooth back my hair.

Today I would have a new subject.

I realised, with one hand on the gate, having already chained up my bike, that I didn't actually know anyone who lived in the green front. Suddenly, after the liberation of leaving Wilson Milt's, I missed Ander. His ease, his sociability, his *knownness* would make my being there alright. With his hand on me, I was enveloped in his homecoming aura. It helped me belong more than three-quarters of a year resident in the place ever could.

I wondered how a native would manage the etiquette of an unwinding. Could I go up and ask for a glass of water and then, in the kitchen, add "oh—by the way..."? Of course not. It might all be happening in the kitchen anyhow. It depended on which room had the best light, I'd read. *I'd read*. What a typical, intellectualising interloper. Not for the first time since school had started back, I wished Rilla was hanging on my arm. A woman and her child were made welcome here wherever they were from. But that was selfish too of course. This wasn't a day's work I wanted Rilla's eyes to be clouded with.

Standing for a few minutes, getting cold, I deliberated. What I wanted was for Ander to crunch and squelch up the drive behind me, even if it meant seeing his bike piled higgledy in the open back of Wilson Milt's aged Range Rover. I turned to stare back up the gentle hill. Rivulets of rainwater meandered through the clay and pebbles, but no sound or sight of Milt's rusty machine followed them. When I looked back to the house, someone was watching me from the doorway.

"Here for the unwinding?" The call across the garden was flattened by the damp air. Still I started and blinked. This, it seemed, was brother-the-doctor. "You'll be among the first," he said, beckoning me into the green front and hanging my coat for me. "It's always the newcomers that show up on time," he added, gesturing for me to climb the white painted steps. I hesitated. "Can I... do you think I could get a glass of water... First?"

"Of course. I'm sorry." He led me through a door into a spacious, but reassuringly dim kitchen. The table was scrubbed and clean, but it was empty. No...paraphernalia. Handing me a clear glass of water—a very different thing to our peat-clouded source—he asked after Rilla, and for Ander's mother. I realised, with an ecstatic shudder of awkwardness, that while I was still groping for his family name, this man knew all about my life on the island. Slipping in desperation into a specific register which islanders adopt when speaking to medical men, I doctored him again and again, as I tried to ask all the right questions:

"And how is your mother, doctor?"

"I suppose, doctor, it's been a long and a difficult night for you?"

"Should we not wait for some others to get here before it begins, doctor?"

On and on I wittered, groping for the correct tone of voice while he listened and responded, apparently entirely at his ease. Outside myself, I began to hear soft footsteps creaking up the stairs on the other side of the kitchen door. I was almost at the bottom of my water glass, when a head peeped round, followed by shoulders dressed in cloying green and reflector tape. A paramedic. "Mike," he grimaced, "I'm sorry but we *have* to get started soon, or—".

"I know," said the doctor as we followed him out. "It's not what it used to be, you know. Families have been doing unwindings here for generations. It's only nowadays that we have to be observed. For *ethics*, they say. In our own community. It's not right."

"Come on Mike," said the paramedic, puffing at the first landing, "you're a young man still, and a man of science. Have you no appreciation for why these directives exist?"

The doctor ignored him. Instead he asked for my thoughts on anthropology and island life, and I made the right noises about the local folklore. In truth, these were the same vague ideas I'd expressed to my agent on the mainland months earlier. I hadn't told *her* that the only thing I'd engaged with in the place was a silly wives' tale about this house, and I kept quiet about it now. He seemed convinced. "We need more of your sort around here," he told me, smiling. *Fraud*.

We reached the top of the house, the last flight of stairs leading onto an unadorned door. The green front was deceptively tall. All the interiors were painted very white and clean, with dark furnishings of many generations' inheritance. Ander's mother's house was much the same. Caught up in the doctor's conversation, I realised I had once again forgotten all about Ander. "Do you think we could wait for my husband?" I asked, one hand poised on the door handle, as I glanced back down the stairs to one of the little porthole windows,

"He'll be along I know. I think he's getting a lift off Wilson Milt."

"Milt?" the doctor frowned, "No I don't think so. Milt doesn't hold with our traditions, even in the name of preserving the culture. He's stubborn as the devil, and fifty years of salt-swallowing has turned what wits he has. He's no love for us at the green front, nor us for him. If Ander's coming along, he'll be coming alone."

"In any case," said the grimacing paramedic, "the clock is against us. I'm sure it'll be a good story to tell at your supper table tonight, missus." And with that, he shouldered past us both, deciding the matter.

"Please"" said the doctor, politely gesturing me to follow. Torn, I took a last glance back. There were no dots on the hill signifying Milt's rust furred car or Ander's red bicycle. The wind was lifting, throwing the rain more forcefully against the exterior of the house. Perhaps Ander and the old man had got caught up in one of their interminable discussions of sealant and varnish and had decided to stay behind. I couldn't very well wait outside in that blast. Ander would just have to see to himself. I don't know why, but for some reason it never occurred that I could wait out the weather comfortably in the green front's warm kitchen. In that moment, it seemed I was either in or out, a part of the unwinding, or standing alone, aslant the rain, waiting for my husband.

The room was whitewashed, unheated, lit by an immense, skylight. It was damn cold. I noticed that even beneath the layers of locally sourced woollens and mainland cottons that I—along with everybody else on the island—was wearing. My goosebumps chafed against all the padding. I suppose I was expecting it to be funereal, or what passed in my head for funereal: aged ten, filing past the husk of my grandfather as part of a mourning procession of black bows, myself and many sisters and cousins all reduced to so many sets of sleek pigtails. But it wasn't like that at all. Nothing was dead, for one thing. Not nominally dead, anyway.

She was lying on another of the green front's great tables. It was lovingly polished and evidently kept for best. She was unclothed except for a white cotton nightdress. The doctor murmured "Sarah, my sister," and took his seat at the end of the table, nearest her head. In accounts and stories about unwindings, it's always the eyes people talk about. But what I noticed first, was that the tips of her fingers and toes were bruised blue by the cold in the room. Her arms, which had been arranged to lie naturally at her sides, were ridged at the tops with goosebumps. Her breath was too faint even to noticeably raise her chest, but in the hollow of her throat, I could see the lightest fluttering of pulse. In fact, it accentuated, rather than detracted from the *deadness* of her. She was too immobile, too impossibly vacant, to be a still-living creature. Something must already have made its nest in her, I thought. I waited, expectant. But no tricksome chuckle to catch me out as it did so often in

the kirk, or the community meeting. But no, the doctor was taking his sister's pulse, lowering his own cropped head over the soft, dark mass of her hair to lay his cheek against her and feel her slight breaths. And he was muttering data to the paramedic, who was writing it all down on a clipboard with carbon paper underneath.

The forms of an unwinding, I learned later, are filled out in triplicate—one to the nearest hospital for record, one to the university for study, and one to the community museum, where they are archived for posterity.

Through all of this, we stood in a respectful silence; old-sense awful. The little group was preoccupied with not looking at her eyes. To do so wouldn't be right, not while her signs of life were still being squared away. Then it was the gesture of the hand towards the tools. The first silvered instrument. Perfectly clean. The first bite and the crack and the surgical motion. I don't know if I was expecting barbarity. Instead—the reverent reaching.

Each islander taking their portion and lifting it solemnly in cupped hands.

The doctor's sister, unwinding.

The hot, shimmering steam and the hungry iron smell that filled the room.

*The dear lassie, free of her trouble.*

I did not anticipate that being free of trouble would like that. Meticulous. I did not think the thing would be done quite in that way. I did not think I would participate. I did not think. You do not think, at the unwinding. A deep red life takes hold of you. The eyes, in the end, are the things which catch you. You are not meant to look, I'd read. But they catch you.

Indeed they do.

I wondered afterwards, whether the doctor's mother kept her daughter's long, rich hair. I wondered what it would have looked like, after the unwinding. I wondered if the colour would stay. You never wonder these things at the time.

Ander arrived as everyone was shaking hands at the door and paltering off home. He arrived, as I'd known he would, with Wilson Milt. I was leaning on the gate post, looking up at the green front. I suppose I was thinking about the story—about what I would tell to Rilla, later. I suppose I was thinking that. Ander did not speak to me. He had got his fill of talking with Wilson Milt in the car, I suppose. He frowned at me, then at the house, then back again, and then he started roughly hauling my bicycle into the flatbed of Wilson Milt's jeep.

It was Milt who came and spoke to me. He detached my hands, one by one, from the gate post. I had yellow grit and some other thing under my fingernails. He stood rather close, and he smelled of house paint and the sea. When both my hands were free of the gatepost, he pressed something soft into the left one.

"You've something on your face," he told me, and started walking back to the jeep with his meandering, elderly walk. I pressed the handkerchief to my mouth. Something lumpish, curdling in the corner. We went home and put Rilla to bed, and I stood at the window with a cup of tea looking out to where I knew the green front was. Somewhere beyond the dark outside the window. Until the tea got cold.

It is not like becoming lost in a painting. It is not like getting lost in thought. You are not abstracted for a moment from reality. You do not exist. You do not exist when you are in the airiest window of the house. You do not exist as you play with your child. You do not exist in the kirkyard in Summer as you dance a reel with your husband. You do not exist, whether he kisses you, or whether he frowns. You do not exist when he starts packing away your things. People who do not exist do not have any things. You do not exist in the ancestral home on the island and you do not exist in a tenement on the mainland. There is the unwinding. It is a folk ritual. It has happened for hundreds of years. There is the unwinding. It happens inside by degrees every day of your life, and you do not exist and you

do not exist and you do not exist. There was an entire archive devoted to the unwinding. An entire archive, and they did not know this.

I tell my daughter stories at the window. I make paintings for the mainland. Sometimes I sell them on the internet. I draw meticulously square squares and colour them grey in watercolour and I number them, and I write to my agent about Malevich whom I once loved and other such flannel and I do not exist and I fool them all, every single one, except...

One day  
the green front will take to its travels  
And  
one day  
there will only be two shore-houses,  
crumbling into the creepy-washy sea.  
One day  
Maybe the next day.  
And one day there will be nothing.  
Absolutely nothing.  
So what do you make  
of *that*?

# AN INTERVIEW WITH M. WRIGHT

*As conducted by Olivia Hu*

Olivia Hu interviews past contributor M. Wright on the forthcoming release of his two chapbooks, *a boy named jane* and *Dear Dementia*, Atomic Theory, and how and, most importantly, why he writes.

**OLIVIA HU:** Hi M. Wright! Thanks so much for joining us here to chat at *L'Éphémère Review*. It's a pleasure to meet and talk with you!

**M. WRIGHT:** Hi Olivia, thank you for having me!

**OLIVIA HU:** I heard that you have two chapbooks forthcoming this year. Congratulations! Could you give readers a general description of each chapbook?

**M. WRIGHT:** I do! Thank you. *a boy named jane* is my debut chapbook and it comes out on March 11th with Bottlecap Press. It's a chapbook of narrative (and persona) poetry and, to a certain extent, the reader can follow a narrative plot. At the time I was totally engulfed with the idea of "Atomic Theory," which basically states that the atoms that make up all of our bodies (and everything, including televisions and tables) have existed for billions of years and will continue to exist long after our deaths. There's this really lachrymose YouTube video of Neil DeGrasse Tyson explaining the implications of Atomic Theory that you should check out for a good cry. Anyway, I wanted this idea to act as a linchpin for my chapbook. The three "episodes" that divide the chapbook follow "jane" in his understanding of self in relation to the cosmos and his own eventual end.

My second chapbook, *Dear Dementia*, will come out on April 4th with Ghost City Press and I'm really excited about it. The poems in this chapbook were written over the last several years during father-son trips to visit my grandmother, who has Alzheimer's. I guess these poems became my way of processing aging and entropy, but they were also a way of investigating the subjectivity of art. During those visits, my grandmother would have these moments of radiant lucidity where she would look right at me and speak the most beautiful language and then, moments later, she'd speak these lyrical non-sensicals that felt equally meaningful to me. I wanted the chapbook to reflect that oscillation and also to romanticize the physical space of the caretaker home. In this collection there are constant juxtapositions of the meaningful and the meaningless as an attempt to reflect my own jaded yet hopeful views of things.

**OLIVIA HU:** Are there any continuous themes that flow through these chapbooks? Why do you think they weave themselves so often into your writing?

**M. WRIGHT:** These two works were written in close proximity to each other and at the time I was thinking a lot about my body and its trajectory. I think I've come to find that atoms are quite sexy. I am not a very spiritual person, but I like the idea that the atoms that make up my body were once the atoms of star-stuff from billions of years ago. And likewise, after I

pass my atoms could coalesce into very meaningful or meaningless things and I find that very romantic. You'll find this theme littered all over both of my chapbooks!

**OLIVIA HU:** When I write, it's often from somewhere deeply vulnerable and emotional. What are some inspirations that your poetry blooms from? Do you find that your writing often stems from personal experiences or stories that have moved you?

**M. WRIGHT:** Writing poetry is sort of my way of bathing in the human condition. I just kind of sit in a pool of thought and do my best not to drown. My writing is inspired by my relationships, experiences, observations, etc. but also largely influenced by other poets (living and dead). For instance—I live a few blocks from John Berryman's bridge and I walk there sometimes and read his poetry. I feel like his persona character "Henry" could have been a way for Berryman to investigate difficult self-reflection without the blame falling on his own lap as the author. I think this idea of removal heavily influenced the creation of my character "jane" in my chapbook *a boy named jane*. I liked the idea of deconstructing my thoughts by projecting them onto an inanimate being. It sort of allowed me to be both safe and daring with some of these poems.

**OLIVIA HU:** Most importantly, why do you write?

**M. WRIGHT:** I write for pretty much just one reason: with the hope that other humans who think like I do will read my language and feel less alone or weird. In college I read Bob Hicok's *Elegy Owed* for the first time and it was like stepping into myself. It felt like a secret cosmic handshake with a stranger. I want to share that handshake with other people.

**OLIVIA HU:** Any advice for poets who are seeking to publish chapbooks, or are interested in writing one?

**M. WRIGHT:** My advice for other poets would be to treat their chapbook manuscript like one of Chance The Rapper's mixtapes. Do not sacrifice what you're about. Make the chapbook a cohesive whole that is self-referential and daring. Instead of compiling a greatest-hits collection of "singles," see how your poems can communicate and live together. Explore the relationships (I'm not kidding) that two or three or twenty-five different poems can have together. Then I'd recommend getting to know your publishers and understanding where your manuscript would best fit. Take time reading chapbooks and collections from various publishers to get to know what people are reading and publishing. I think that's the best advice I can give—be informed and be a part of the literary community before submitting.

**OLIVIA HU:** Lastly, where can we purchase your chapbooks when they release? I'll be sure to get a copy of each of them!

**M. WRIGHT:** *a boy named jane* just became available for pre-order at [products.bottlecap.press/products/jane](http://products.bottlecap.press/products/jane) and it will officially be out on March 11th so you can head over to Bottlecap Press anytime for that one! And *Dear Dementia* will be available on April 4th and I believe if you follow the link [ghostcitypress.tumblr.com/catalog/chapbooks](http://ghostcitypress.tumblr.com/catalog/chapbooks) you should be able to find my chapbook and purchase it there. Thank you for asking!



**OLIVIA HU:** Lovely! Thanks so much for talking M. Wright, what a pleasure to have you here. Bye!

**M. WRIGHT:** Thanks for having me, Olivia. It was a delight. Cheers!

# AN INTERVIEW WITH LYDIA HAVENS

*As conducted by Olivia Hu*

Our ever lovely interviewer Olivia Hu speaks with the equally lovely Lydia Havens on her debut collection *Survive Like the Water*, healing through poetry, slam, and working within and outside of the "write what you know" rule.

**OLIVIA HU:** Hi Lydia! Thanks so much for joining us to chat at *L'Éphémère Review*! What a pleasure to have you.

**LYDIA HAVENS:** Hi Olivia! Thank you so much for this opportunity. I'm so excited to chat with you.

**OLIVIA HU:** Lydia, I'd love to talk about your book that was just released by Rising Phoenix Press! Could you give a general background of *Survive Like the Water* for anybody who doesn't have a copy of it?

**LYDIA HAVENS:** I had been working on a manuscript on and off for about two years. It had been under many different titles, with a bunch of different poems cycling in and out of the drafts. I was about sixteen when I started working on it, so my writing style was changing a lot, and after a while I just put the manuscript to the side because I felt like I hadn't totally "found myself" just yet.

Right before my 18th birthday I decided to come back to it because *Rising Phoenix* was having an open reading period. I really loved everything *Rising Phoenix* had published in their monthly journal, and had worked with them in the past, so I wanted to give it a shot. I spent a few weeks going through all of my work and reassembling the manuscript. There are a few poems from the original manuscript I put together when I was sixteen, but it's mostly work I wrote within the last year and a half. In March of last year, Christian, the co-founder of *Rising Phoenix* [and poetry editor of *L'Éphémère Review*] told me he wanted to publish the book, but wanted to see if I wanted to make it a full-length collection instead of a chapbook. So I spent the summer writing and editing about twenty more poems, and now here we are!

**OLIVIA HU:** What are some of the themes or inspirations that interweave themselves throughout the collection?

**LYDIA HAVENS:** I've always been very theme-driven. Right now I can't picture publishing another manuscript without at least a couple central themes. My self-published chapbook that was released right before I submitted to *Rising Phoenix*, *GIRLS INVENT GODS*, is all about my "coming out journey" as a queer woman. So with *Survive Like the Water*, there are three central themes: mental illness, grief, and trauma. Those have all been incredibly prominent in my life, and after a while I noticed that they were sort of creating a cycle in the way I was processing my emotions and thoughts. The book is divided into four parts (depression/bipolar I, anxiety, grief after losing my uncle, and trauma after being sexually abused as a child), and my goal was just to explore how all of these parts of my life have

intertwined themselves in each other, and what that's meant for me as I've been trying to heal.

**OLIVIA HU:** Oftentimes, I find that writing stems from deep within the heart, as an outlet to pour burden. How does your writing connect to your story or life experiences? Do you find that emotion or trauma often plays a part in your poetry?

**LYDIA HAVENS:** Absolutely. I know a lot of writers really hate the "write what you know" rule, but that's always been what I've been the most comfortable and uncomfortable doing. I started writing for a class in middle school, and was going through a lot at the time. My teacher told me that he thought poetry would be a great way for me to process everything that was happening in my life, and that's pretty much what I've been doing ever since. Even outside of trauma, a lot has happened in my life, so I feel like I have a lot to talk about and process and what not.

Currently though, I'm actually trying to write more happy poems. I think that's an emotion I really need to be exploring more, especially now, in a time where I'm the happiest I've ever been. I also don't want to just be known as the girl who writes and performs really sad, intense poems about her kinda shitty childhood. So right now, I'm trying to find things to write about that maybe I haven't before. Like I said, a lot has happened in my life, and not all of it was bad, so now I'm just trying to figure out how to write about it.

**OLIVIA HU:** Lydia, I'd love to hear about your poetry slams! Could you tell us a bit about your involvement with it.

**LYDIA HAVENS:** Oh God, I could honestly talk about poetry slams all day! I've been competing in slams for nearly four years now (the anniversary of my first slam is actually coming up in March). I started off in a youth slam in my hometown of Tucson, AZ, and really would not be where I am now without it. When I was sixteen I had the opportunity to go with a mentor to the Individual World Poetry Slam when it was in Phoenix. That sort of opened up a whole new world for me—I had only seen YouTube videos from these national competitions, and now these brilliant poets that I had watched for so long were right in front of me. I wanted to do what they were doing.

For my 17th birthday, I went with my stepfather to the Women of the World Poetry Slam in Albuquerque, NM (which is similar to IWPS, except it's only open to women and non-binary poets). I was a volunteer, and then I ended up competing in a youth slam. I won, and opened up the finals stage with a poem of mine. That was probably one of the most terrifying moments of my life, but also one of the best. I was able to prove to myself that this was something I could do. So after I turned eighteen, I registered to compete as an adult in WOWPS. That year, it was in Brooklyn, NY, and I ended up placing in the Top 25.

Today, I live in Boise, and I'm pretty involved with their poetry slam scene. I've actually just qualified for finals in April, so cross your fingers that I'm able to make their Nationals team! That would be a dream come true.

**OLIVIA HU: Any advice for poets who are interested in getting involved with slam?**

**LYDIA HAVENS:** If you feel like you want to get involved in slam, but don't feel ready just yet, start out at an open mic. Many slams actually hold their own open mic before getting into the competition, but just researching other open mics in your area will turn something up too.

Google really is an amazing tool for finding slams; if you're over eighteen Poetry Slam Inc. also has a list of all their certified slams across the country too! Before the slam, make sure you're familiar with the rules—most slam rules are pretty similar no matter where you go, but check the website and make sure you know how many poems you'll need, how much time you'll have, etc.

I also think it's important to always go into the first round with the poem you really, really want to read, even if it might not score well. Also, I'm of the belief that there's really no such thing as a "slam poem". Any poem you read out loud in a slam environment is a slam poem, so don't think you have to sound a certain way to compete in a poetry slam. Slam has clichés and tropes just like any other genre or movement. And if you don't do well in your first slam, don't be discouraged! Keep coming back! Talk to your fellow competitors too. Chances are they're really cool people.

**OLIVIA HU: Lastly, where can we make sure to get a copy of *Survive Like the Water*?**

**LYDIA HAVENS:** It's being sold at *Rising Phoenix's* Etsy shop! You can get one here.

**OLIVIA HU: Lovely! I'll be sure to get a copy. Thanks so much for talking with us, Lydia! What an absolute pleasure.**

**LYDIA HAVENS:** Thank you so much! This has been so lovely.

**OLIVIA HU: Bye! Thanks again for this lovely chat.**

**LYDIA HAVENS:** Thank you! Have a great day.

# PLAYLISTS

*Curated by Benjamin Napelee*

<https://8tracks.com/ephemerereview>

## FROLIC

Songs about March

1. Flowers In Your Hair - *The Lumineers*
2. Fallss - *Bayonne*
3. Afterlife - *Arcade Fire*
4. Byegone - *Volcano Choir*
5. Color Decay - *Junius Meyvant*
6. At Home - *Crystal Fighters*
7. God's Whisper - *Raury*
8. Let's Go - *Matt and Kim*
9. Mountain Sound - *Of Monsters and Men*

## DUSK AND BLOOM

Songs about April

1. Glittering Blackness - *Explosions in the Sky*
2. The Light - *The Album Leaf*
3. Masollan - *Balmorhea*
4. Halving the Compass - *Helios*
5. The Wilder Sun - *Jon Hopkins*
6. Then the Quiet Explosion - *Hammock*
7. Svefn-g-englar - *Sigur Rós*
8. Husks and Shells - *Volcano Choir*
9. They Move on Tracks of Never-Ending Light - *This Will Destroy You*
10. Ether - *Mogwai*



Jia-An Lee



## CONTRIBUTORS

JOSEPH ELLISON BROCKWAY is a poet, translator, and Spanish professor. He is currently working on his Ph.D. in Studies of Literature and Translation. Exploring feelings of doubt and anguish through poetry is the only way Joseph knows how to make sense of the disquieting “post-truth” reality. His writings and poetry have recently been published in *LeHigh Valley Vanguard*, *The Rising Phoenix Review*, *Dirty Chai*, *Full of Crow*, and *Surreal Poetics*.

LINDA M. CRATE is a Pennsylvanian native born in Pittsburgh yet raised in the rural town of Conneautville. Her poetry, short stories, articles, and reviews have been published in a myriad of magazines both online and in print. She has three published chapbooks *A Mermaid Crashing Into Dawn* (Fowlpox Press - June 2013), *Less Than A Man* (The Camel Saloon - January 2014), and *If Tomorrow Never Comes* (Scars Publications, August 2016). Her fantasy novel *Blood & Magic* was published in March 2015. The second novel of this series *Dragons & Magic* was published in October 2015. The third of the seven book series *Centaurs & Magic* was published November 2016. Her novels *Corvids & Magic* and *Phoenix Tears* are forthcoming.

ELIZABETH GIBSON is a Masters student at the University of Manchester. Her work has appeared in *The Cadaverine*, *London Journal of Fiction*, *Gigantic Sequins*, *Ink*, *Sweat & Tears*, *Sea Foam Mag*, *The Rising Phoenix Review*, and *Firefly Magazine*, among others. She tweets at @Grizonne and blogs at [elizabethgibsonwriter.blogspot.co.uk](http://elizabethgibsonwriter.blogspot.co.uk). She edits Foxglove Journal.

ALAIN GINSBERG (they/them) is an agender writer and performer from Baltimore City whose work focuses on narratives of gender, sexuality, and mental health and the ways in which trauma informs, or skews them. Their work has been featured or is forthcoming in *Shabby Doll House*, *Write About Now (Video)*, *decomp*, *What Fresh Witch*, *Queen Mobs Tea House (Queen of Pentacles)*, and elsewhere. Outside of writing they tour the country performing in concerts, slams, living rooms, and caverns. They are a taurus. You can find more of their work on Facebook or Bandcamp. They tweet @anotherginsberg.

TOM GUMBERT lives near Cincinnati, OH with his wife Andrea (Andy) in a log home overlooking the Ohio River, in an area that was an active part of the Underground Railroad. Tom has been writing for over a decade with an eclectic taste in what he reads and writes. He spends a lot of time daydreaming. His work has appeared in online and/or print publications in the U.S., U.K. Canada and Australia, including *Black Heart Magazine*, *Rathalla Review*, *L'Éphémère Review*, *Sediments Literary-Arts Journal*, *Shout Out UK*, *A Long Story Short*, *Yellow Chair Review*, and *Lit Art Magazine*. He has flash fiction forthcoming in *Five2One Magazine*, and co-authored the anthology, “Nine Lives,” which was published by All Things That Matter Press in March 2014. He is currently working on his novel.

LYDIA HAVENS is a poet, performer, editor, and teaching artist currently living in Boise, Idaho. Her work has been published in *Winter Tangerine*, *Drunk in a Midnight Choir*, and *Voicemail* poems, among other places. She is the 2015 Women of the World Poetry Slam Champion, and the author of *Survive Like the Water*, which was just published by Rising Phoenix Press.



TY KIA is a high school student growing up, or at least giving the pretence of growing up, in the heart of the Midwest. A first-generation American of Thai heritage, he seeks to prove his dedication to the craft of the written word and his love for what it is able to do.

ROSE KNAPP is a poet, producer, and multimedia artist. She has publications in *Lotus-Eater*, *Bombay Gin*, *BlazeVOX*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Gargoyle*, and others. She has a chapbook forthcoming with Hesterglock Press. Her website is [roseknapp.net](http://roseknapp.net). She currently lives and works in Manhattan.

JIA-AN LEE is an artist and third year English and History student.

JESSICA LIEBELT is a transgender woman from Adelaide, South Australia. She writes poetry about transgender resilience, her own experiences dealing with cisgender people, and her mental illnesses. She is inspired by the poetry of Richard Siken, Audre Lorde, and Marie Howe, as well as authors like Margaret Atwood, Leslie Feinberg, and Cormac McCarthy. Her Tumblr is [jessliebelpoetry.tumblr.com](http://jessliebelpoetry.tumblr.com), and her Twitter is @jessliebelpoet.

HELEN VICTORIA MURRAY is a writer, poet and literary critic based in Glasgow. Her writing is concerned with subjective experience; fleshly and ephemeral things. She is a current MRes candidate at the University of Glasgow, specialising in Neo-Victorian literature and culture. For more examples of her work, visit [helenvictoriamurray.wordpress.com](http://helenvictoriamurray.wordpress.com) or find her on Twitter, @HelenVMurray

KMP is a Southern Californian poet and aspiring lit major. Her free verse and prose poetry deals with struggle and longing, drawing from the poet's personal experiences with religion, poverty, mental/chronic illness, gender, and sexual orientation while living in a rundown conservative suburbia. She wants to know everything, feel everything, be everything; she won't settle for less. kmp has had poetry published in the 2015 and 2016 editions of *The Wall* and the Spring 2016 edition of *Werkloos*, "In Limbo," as well as in her chapbooks "UNBOUND" and "Ask Me a Question//I'll Write You a Poem."

CAIT POTTER is a queer artist and writer who creates things that otherwise get stuck in their brain and won't come out until they've been moped up. Themes include; the messiness of mental illness and the workings of trauma, softness and change, and ramblings on learning to exist.

KAJA RAE is a self-published author and spoken word artist, releasing two chapbooks online and participating in local poetry slams. She has another forthcoming chapbook entitled "SOFT." Follow her blog: [disrespectfulnegro.tumblr.com](http://disrespectfulnegro.tumblr.com).

L'ABRI TIPTON lives in Lille, France. She has published three small press collections. Her work has appeared in *Descant*, *LunaLuna Magazine*, and collaborations with The Enemies Project (London). Several of her poems on the Calais Jungle refugee camp are forthcoming in the Spring 2017 issue of *Conséquences*. She blogs at [sandhill crane-a post-literate playground](http://sandhillcrane-a-post-literate-playground). Find her @rawbri.

ANDRÉS IGNACIO TORRES was born in Valencia, Venezuela in 1996. Student of Computer Engineering at the Universidad Simón Bolívar (Caracas, Venezuela). Winner of several short

fiction contests, his stories and poems have been published in Latin American magazines such as *Cantera*, *Canibalismos*, and *Universalia*.

AMBER D. TRAN graduated from West Virginia University in 2012, where she specialized in lyrical non-fiction and contemporary poetry. She currently lives in Alabama with her husband and miniature dachshund. Her first novel, *Moon River*, was released in September. She is the editor-in-chief for the literary journal *Cold Creek Review*. Her work has been featured in *Calliope*, *Sonic Boom Journal*, *Spy Literary Journal*, *Cheat River Review*, and more.

M. WRIGHT has two forthcoming chapbooks: *a boy named jane* (Bottlecap Press, 11 Mar 2017) and *Dear Dementia* (Ghost City Press, 4 Apr 2017). He is the 2016 winner of The Atlantis Award in poetry and his poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Squawk Back*, *Maudlin House*, *Ghost City Review*, *L'Éphémère Review*, *cahoodaloodaling*, and *Temenos Journal*. In March, M. will be one of the twenty-four featured poets in the *Saint Paul Almanac*'s "Impressions" project. You can follow him on Twitter @m\_\_wright.



# L'ÉPHÉMÈRE REVIEW

## ISSUE IV: DISQUIETUDE

L'Éphémère Review is a bi-monthly online literary and art journal for the ephemeral and eternal. We long for the fleeting, the short-lived, the everlasting, and the infinite. For the writers, poets, artists, and creators. For the ache of softness and the honesty of living. We want work that allows us to leap higher, reach farth, and live bigger. We cannot wait to bear witness to your light.

Welcome to the transitory. Welcome to the infinite.  
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