

WHEEL
*LOVE, LOSS, HEALING THROUGH
POETRY*

Zak Lettercast



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Wheel: Love, Loss, Healing Through Poetry

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Dedicated to the names I may never again
speak.

Preface

The wheel of the year spins and brings with it new versions of the same challenges we have always weathered. The theme of this book is the cycle of a failing love.

To try the same methods over and over again, but expect different results, is futile. Love is not a human thing; we fail Love when we attribute it to our humanity. Yet we ascribe our woes to the unreality of Love, because we refuse to be culpable when Love sours or shatters.

I am guilty of this crime. I tried to package Love into an action, a word, a being, an object, a place. Love is not a god, nor is it a demon. It is not a blessing or a curse. Love is. That is all. It flows like a tide through us, but it sours when we try to shape into something tangible.

And yet, we continue to attempt this unholy alchemy. The cycle of infatuation, love, loss, and recovery rolls on through the years. Maybe someday we will allow ourselves to just Be with Love.

Preface

This book is stylized to represent the cycle of heartbreak and healing. The reflections that accompany some of the poetic offerings in this collection are located at the back of the book.

- Zak Lettercast



The background of the page is a light, monochromatic illustration of various flowers and leaves, rendered in a soft, watercolor-like style. The flowers are scattered across the page, with some appearing more prominent than others. The overall tone is gentle and romantic.

Chapter 1
Infatuation

Gallery of a Man

Show me your
Invisible scars
Tell me your
Fear of screens
Of empty shoes
Left with the socks inside
Of rapture and
Of a life left untasted
Give me the story
Of how you grew
Sapling to towering oak
Weathering every storm
With confidence

Zak Lettercast

And pride

Let's trade baseball cards

Play religion bingo

Breathe in the art

Hold my hand as we watch

The puzzle be solved

And forget the clock

And bend you like willow branches

Heavy rain from within

Softer and stronger

Than I have ever been

Nothing to explore

Just serenity unspoken

Happy to stay

Right there, right then

You in Blue Gears

I don't party

But tonight I am

Eccentric

And tonight you are

Electric

Your beauty

Overflows

In songs and

Shouts and

Smiles and

Tears

In uncanny blue lights

And decorative gears

Zak Lettercast

You flash that grin

You haven't cracked in years

And I watch you

Be free

And it

Inspires me

As I relish

Your life

From the outside

Looking in

Drip

Drip from me

Sweet

Like a symphony

Of words

And juices flowing

Milk and honey

And apple trees

And the

Unholiness

Of Knowing

Words like silver

Moonbeams

Through swaying branches

Zak Lettercast

And fraying

Seams

And the taste

Of your words

On my tongue

Evermore, the night

Is young

Kate

Soft

Your fingers taste like

Nicotine

As they brush against my

Lips

Small

Skin stretched taught

Smooth

As you brush past me in the

Hallway

Lay

With your tongue down her

Throat

Zak Lettercast

Long hair tangled in your

Hands

Press

Your back against me

Now

Breathy sigh laced with

Champagne

Satin

Sheets keep us warm and

Hungry

Bells chime an end to our

Ecstasy

Nails

Bit down to the quick

Reaching

For a future far away from

Her

Memory

Fingers fidget, restless
Your hands on my thighs
Pretending to watch
A movie when really
I'm drinking you in

A favorite
Memory

Oath

at last they felt it

freedom

tongues traced an oath

a swear

a promise

it was simple

and deep

and raw

eternally spellbound

to never

hold back

again

Sunset

She stretched out
With a yawn like
Hesitant twilight
Locks of gold
Surrounded by
Growing plums
And peaches
And even amidst the dust and fossils
She could imagine the glimmer
Of a distant sea
And she sang to me

Crypt Keeper

It lingers in
Comments and unread
Messages
And I imagine
I can feel it in
The thrust of someone
Else's hips
The press of someone
Else's lips
The brush of someone
Else's fingertips
The taste of
Forbidden drops

Zak Lettercast

The smell of a cologne

All phantoms

And hopeless delusions

Beautifully bastardized images of

Something sacred, divine

Untouched and unexplored

Though we charted our

Bodies and minds

Those prehistoric hearts

Still lie entombed

Incorruptible

Shrouded in memories

Too perfect to soil

With the breath of life

With the dying sunlight

So from dim catacombs

I write

Sing a ghostly song

Listen to

The footsteps

And muffled voices

From above

As you walk upon

Decorated floors and

Gilded halls and

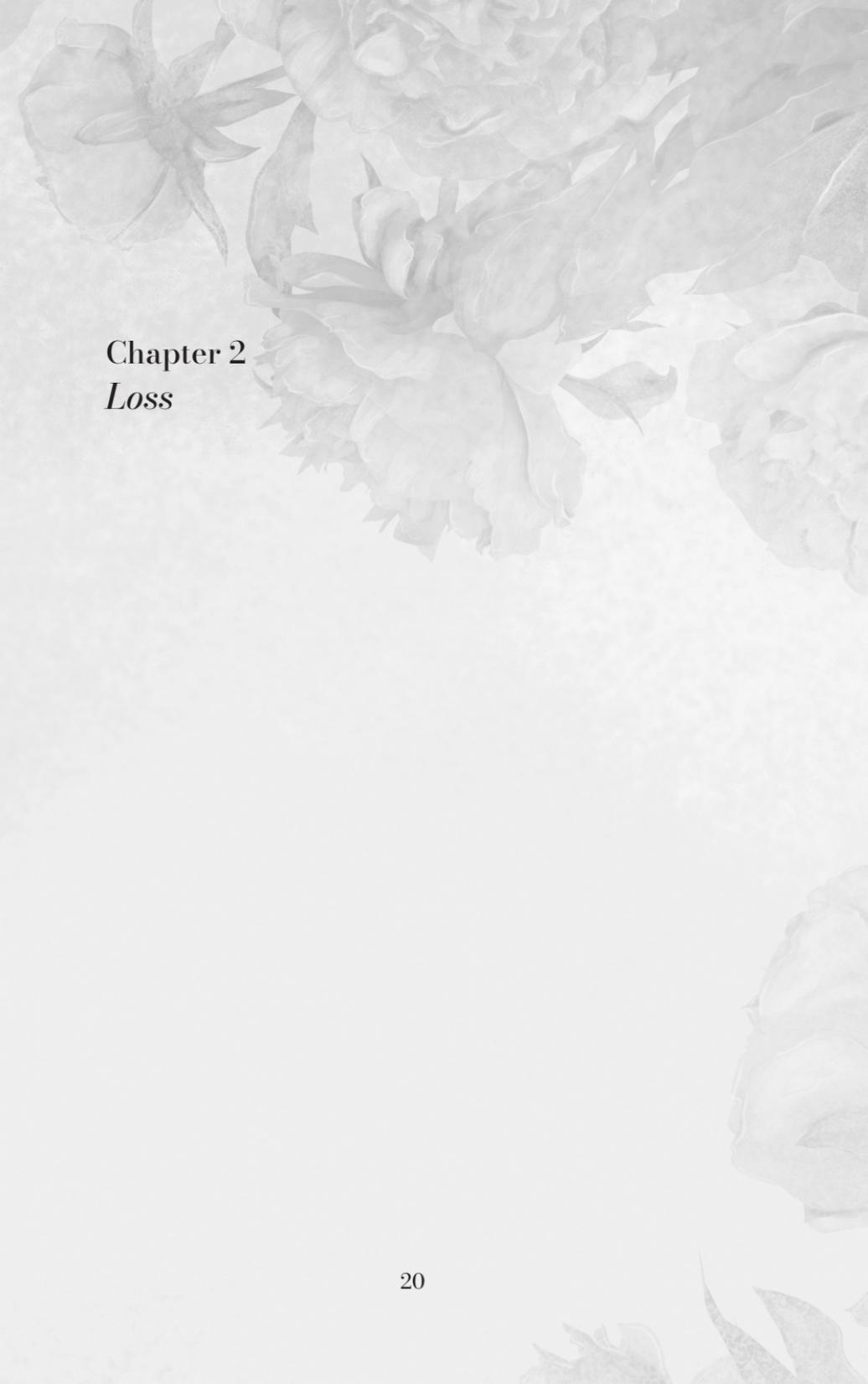
I imagine what

We might

Have been like

If we had only said

The word



Chapter 2
Loss

Cycle

reinvent the wheel
shatter it shapeless trying
never roam again

Pavement

I wanted to love you
But there was nothing in you
To love me
And that was it
The end was all I felt
Fucking pavement
Cracking my head
And breaking my heart
In that same cycle
We've been through
Generations of this same shit
Over and over and over again
Nothing to fix because

Zak Lettercast

Everything within us is so damned

So broken

So pulverized

See you in the next life

To do it all over again

Twenty-One

An echo
Of my voice on the tile
Off the empty walls
In a too-big house
Feeling your absences
Like bats in my coffin
My chest heaves
Longing for
Stuttering laughter and
The thought of your
Heat sink body
Sure my cat is soft
But I'm still alone

Zak Lettercast

She tries her best

But you're not at home

And I want to cry

But my eyes are dry

From staring at blank pages

And wondering why

Maybe I'll go

We both know I won't

But I've been left

And right

All month long

And it's hard not to think

That you'll never come home

And I'll die alone

In my bed

Someday, Treasure

A fantastic journey brought us
To this desolate place
Where the bloody sun oppresses the horizon
And the gasping breath of a dying fire struggles against the breeze

We fought monsters and braved storms
We felt real thirst and tasted brine
We cried out against the beasts and the waves
But this silence is louder than any words we ever said

Nothing was as beautiful as that raging sea
Or those changing stars
Or the kraken in your soul
Except our dream of the Someday Treasure

Zak Lettercast

I dragged you to the shore in a leaking dingy

Raving with chapped lips about

All the things we would finally do

With the treasure just under that hill

Don't worry about mooring the ship

Leave that for the tertiary characters

We get to walk on solid ground

See? Just a few more paces to go

But as the daylight changes

And I draw you out of the earth

I learn that the cool of the evening waves can be no balm

On my sorrow for what I have lost, and indeed I never had

I do not know what I had hoped to find

Can I grieve what was never mine?

I forgot what was supposed to be here

And I used the map for tinder

It's just me, a shovel, and an empty box on this desert beach

With the salt forming crusts on our sand-worn skin

The ship buried its keel in the shore

Crew lost to my frenzy

We're all the same in our emptiness, open and hollow

Laid bare for the world to see

A disappointment too deep to fathom

Empty shells for a treasure long since withered

I did not expect you to always be there

I did not expect anything

I only hoped that you would love me

In all the ways that you did not

You, Me, Blue

Scrubbing bits of you
Off my bathroom tile
Royal blood so blue
Imitation smile
Echoes of your voice
In the shower stream
Crocodile tears
Dripping through the steam
Drawing out your fears
In purple dry erase
Fogged up the glass
Can't remember
Your lone face

Fifty-Two

Fifty-two

Andes mint

Strips of paper lies

Looking for answers

It's almost midnight

Fifty-two reasons

None of them

A reason why

Your impossible

Letter

Less articulate

Less dry

It's the niceties that

Zak Lettercast

Hurt me

Insults just fly by

“Fifty-two: How much you Love me”

How foolish

Was I

Flash Flood

There is no death
In our demise
The sun still rises
Above golden autumn skies
And gray thunderheads loom
And thirsty tumbleweeds roll on by

And I'll bathe alone in the ocean
Saltwater on my wounds
And you'll tornado your way
Through the Bible belt
Looking for greener grass
Amid the rubble

Zak Lettercast

And things will be

As they always have been

Not So Curseless, Anymore

Shout out to the last time

We stayed up and did our homework

To the moments in the craft room

Where you fucked around on Tumblr

I wonder if you knew

It was the last time I would see you

Night schedule and a

Trip to Colorado

A million words between us

Hours of silent nothingness

Your secrets were never quiet

Except when they were

Zak Lettercast

Now your room is empty and

There is so damn much

Left to say

That we will never, ever, dare to say

In the pics of you and me

Under gray Olathe skies

You were always smiling

You never told me that you wanted to die

Until it passed

Or you did

Our blood bags never mixed

But the bags beneath our eyes still match

The first spot on a curseless last name

The last straw on a molehill mountain

Wash it clean with

Thirsty blue tears

And that old pile of defunct manuscripts

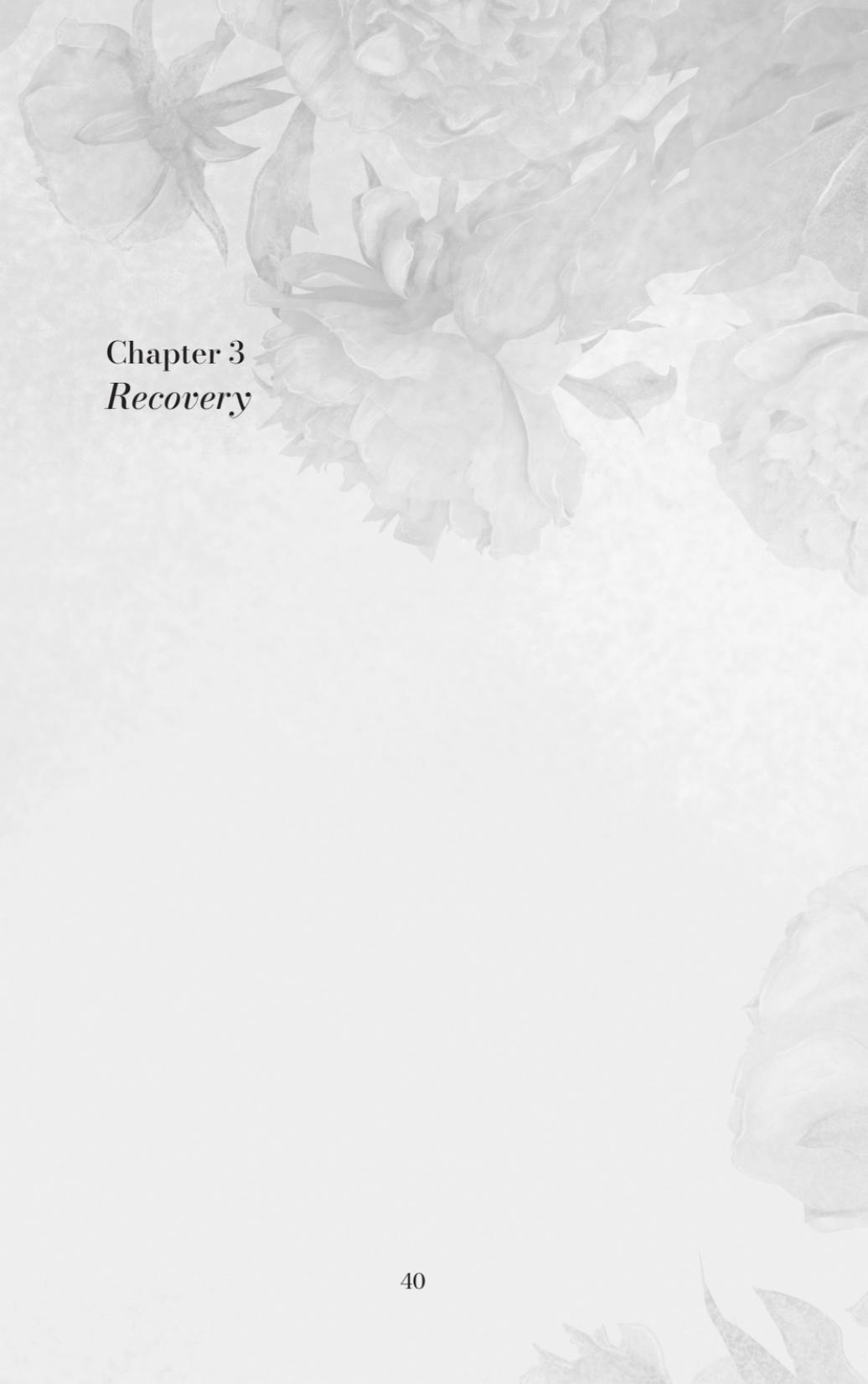
You knew all my worst fears

And you fed them like hungry orphans

Winter brings this new year

And I've been

Wandering the land of the dead
With a cold piece of charcoal
And a cross on my head
And the only forgiveness I can seek
Is my own

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Chapter 3
Recovery

Insurmountable, I

Pushing

The wall won't budge

The beast won't cower

The breath won't die

Pressing

Hard against something

I can't seem to break

Unmoving mountain

I scream and cry at your base

I push

And pry

And scratch

At the rock

Zak Lettercast

Roots unbroken

Nukes and C-4

My skin is melting

Fingernails gone

Still I dig at this

At you

Triumphant

Indifferent

Surely you will bury me

And then comes the rain

Pregnant clouds spill

Over your peaks and caves

A'flooding

Bearing down on me

Swallowing me up

Bathing me in torment

That I might drown

Lightning cackles in the sky

I cling to life

And I am cleaned

Envigorated

Enlightened

Calmed
And as the storm passes
I see a way
I find the boundary
It was a mountain
But step by step
It becomes level
And I continue onward
To the land beyond this strife
To the healing springs
And the sweetest fruits
And you shrink
Into the horizon behind me
You are stationary
Immovable
Slow to change
You will be crushed into dust
By the winds and washes of time
And I will grow tall and wide
With wisdom and knowledge
I am ever-changing
Ever adapting

Zak Lettercast

Ever reborn

I have weathered many storms

I have traversed many lands

I have lived many lives

I have defeated many foes

And I will reshape this land

With my steps

With my love

With my life

Place Your Name on My Tongue

Gentle words you never spoke

Sharp tongue and blue lips

Can't hide your fangs

A lie each time you breathe my name

Fire

Life to our dull clay forms

Shared breaths between creations

Whispered like secrets

Amidst the mushrooms and the trees

Never hear the prayers you weep

In the dead of night

Keep your wishes secret

Swallowed like hidden peach pits

Zak Lettercast

And watermelon seeds

Inscribed with incantations

And shades to color me

Weep, love,

At the altar

When he dares to climb the mountain,

Scorn his proffered hand

Acolyte undesired

Self-named, Unworthy

He is only a champion in title

That which you refuse to attain

That which you need to fell and to blame

Life-breather

Life-taker

And so are all the others

You court love

You conjure hate

You curse their names

My name

Your name

In faerie circles

In sacred dinners among secret friends
In the moonlight and the bloodshed
Tonight, phantoms dance
Amid the smoke of the idol pyres
So your tablets must be remade

Silver moonlight begins to gray
Magic wilting, an old rose under glass
Mimicry of its old hues
A poor shriveling silhouette
Of something
Lovely
Living
Or not yet so close
To death
As to have crossed
That threshold

Too many cards to read
Same message on every spread
The tower, crumbling in a storm
The siren call of famine and wandering
And self-flagellation draw you out like the tide

Zak Lettercast

Endless atonements recycle words

You never heard

Between ears

That refuse to listen

You are footprints in the Sahara

Wind sweeps sands to cover your tracks

Ink runs like tears from your pages

Old names clinking together

Like broken teeth

Useless and sore

In a world-worn pouch

And the noise

Echoes off the walls

Of this ruined fane

It is familiar, but it haunts

Flameless candles

And teardrop wax

And the symbol of forgiveness

Shattered at the alter

Can your blood

And my flesh

Wipe the slate clean?

Can we shave our heads?

Can we surrender all

And carve our names

Into stone

Like snow?

Rainy Tuesday Feelings Soup

Nothing's the same
Everything's changed
But it's still home
The lights are so warm
And I can pretend
We're all there
Together
Again
Twenty-fifteen was a terrible
Miracle year
Heaven is a soup shop
On a rainy Tuesday night
In the middle of a stupid

Zak Lettercast

Dusty little town

Things weren't simpler then

But somehow

I'm heavier now

No room for dessert

Just feelings soup

A rambling narrative

And some hot tea

Spokane Snow, Springs Storm

Far above St. John's and Monroe

You are a falling flake of snow

Carried on currents in the gray white sky

Crystalized perfection, you float on by

Down to earth you fall

To concrete and soil's beckoning call

Through the air you flit and play

You let the wind guide your way

You land and stick, then melt away

Trickling on down the causeway

That infrequent sun warms the thawing grounds

And you are wick'd back up into the clouds

Zak Lettercast

Past douglas fir and ponderosa pine

Traveling west beyond dormant rail lines

Vagabond since days of old

The boom and flash are your harald

Slick and dense you make your way down

From deep gray sky to stony ground

To caress verdant leaves

And to dampen jacket sleeves

To coalesce with comrades clear

And muddy up the arroyos here

To bend branches and slide earth and race the canyon wide

To remind you of your days on the sea, when you were once
the tide.

Ocean Poem

Surge up to greet me
Wet and cold against the gold
Roar and spit your brine

Foam, spray your passion
Rise up a wall and curl in
Break upon yourself

Take me far and deep
Float me like plastic and fish
Past fault lines and shelves

Rogue waves and rip tides
Deposit me like shell shards
Precious, worn thin, smooth

Zak Lettercast

Mother, punisher

Draw me in and cradle me

Throw me to the floor

I will forever call you

Home

Someday Wild

Someday

When wizened groves have taken back the land

And the road is a fading scar beneath the overgrowth

When the trees have regrown tall and fat

Giants, thousands of years 'round

I will return

I will cross that baldy threshold into heaven

And make my way to the Mother sea

And sing praises with the birds

And hum melodies with the insects

And burrow with the beasts

And bow to the weather with the grasses and trees

Zak Lettercast

And I will again

Become

Wild

New Moon Dance

Pull me

Draw me

Into a scene

Faerie courts

And guardian trees

And wispy spirits

Dance beneath

The newest of moons

And all the air is

Eversweet

And soil is cool

Beneath my feet

And clover grows

Zak Lettercast

Purple and green

And magick waits

Unveiled

Unseen

Cosmic Wind

None could contain

Your towering peaks, your raging depths

Your wingspan, unclipped

Lover

Beloved

You are all

It was never

Different

Than this

Even in your leaving

I will feel you

Moving, growing

Zak Lettercast

Our roots are

Buried in the same

Soil

The sharpest blade

Could never sever us

From that Truth

Someday you'll see

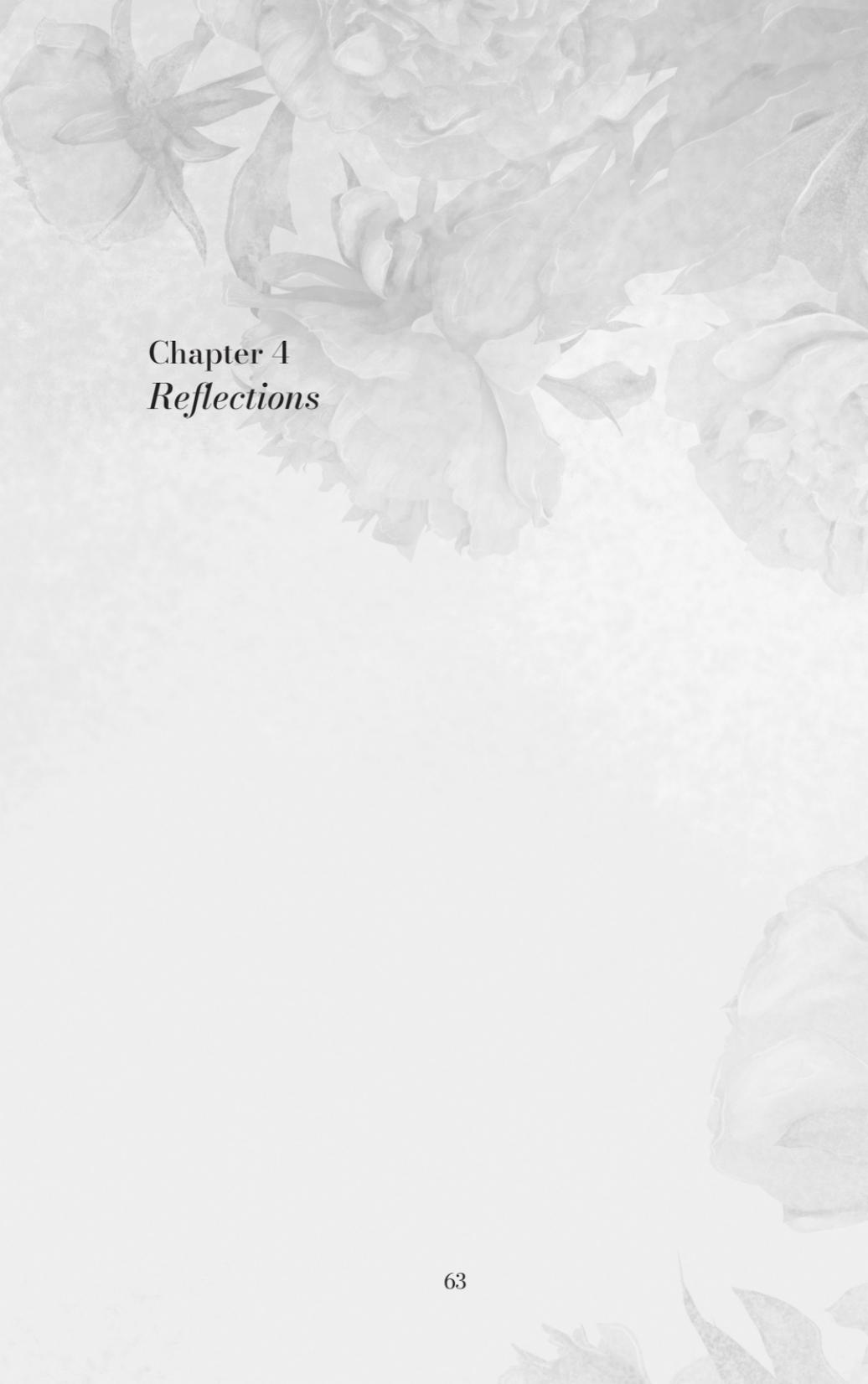
My branches

Waving from across the Universe

And you will feel

That same, gentle wind

Kiss your hair

The background of the page is a light, monochromatic illustration of various flowers and leaves, rendered in a soft, watercolor-like style. The flowers are scattered across the page, with some in the upper corners and others near the bottom. The overall tone is gentle and artistic.

Chapter 4
Reflections

Reflection on Gallery of a Man

Meeting a new person is like picking a magical book off a secret library shelf and cracking it open right in the middle. Getting to know them is like trying to read that whole book to the end; each page you turn births new words onto the blank pages at the back. As you devour the chapters, you find references to events that marked their memory, changed them forever. When you flip back toward the beginning to find out what happened, the scrawling letters are smudged, skewed, missing.

And sometimes, as you pore over those chapters, you come across some words that resonate with you. Maybe it's a turn of phrase, maybe it's a chapter. Sometimes, it's like the whole book was written by you, about your life. There is so much beauty in those moments where we find connection through the stories and lives of others, and every now and then it leads to that simple, sweet gesture of one hand gently clasping another.

Reflection on You in Blue Gears

Have you ever caught eyes with someone from across the room and felt a spark? Maybe they are your lover, maybe you've never spoken a word to one another. But somehow, watching them feel pleasure brings you the utmost joy. The lightning that surges between the two of you is so electric, so exhilarating, you're still vibrating from it days, weeks after. Their smile sings in your mind. The ghost of their laugh sends chills down your spine. Finally, you decide that, yes, you need to see them again, do that again, be there again. You crave their nearness, you seek it out, and your chest rings with anticipation as you approach their orbit once more.

Reflection on Kate

There was a moment when I found myself in bed with three other beautiful people. It did not start as a sexual encounter, but slowly blossomed into that kind of intimate moment. The four of us all being who we were at the time, we found ourselves snuggled up in one of the rooms at a ranch, watching old horror movies and sipping mimosas.

I remember tasting old cigarettes on his fingertips as he dropped a piece of chocolate into my mouth. I remember hearing their sighs as they pulled her closer and buried their face in her impressively long hair. I remember watching her slowly fold into him as their lips met in front of others for the very first time. We left the room when the bell called us away from our hedonism to the job that made it all possible, cheeks flush and hearts racing.

We never had a moment like that together again, and we never spoke of it. We did not hide it, either. It was just that, a moment. It was beautiful, and then it passed, and now it rests untainted in our minds forever.

Reflection on Memory

Friends with benefits can quickly become complicated when boundaries are not enough to hold back the feelings we sometimes develop. I remember the night I fell asleep on his couch. He was holding me, and we were watching some random thing neither of us cared about, just trying to find an excuse for me to stay a little longer. I remember the moment he showed me the ring he would use to propose to her, and the guilt I felt for keeping my feelings silent. I remember crying in the shower, knowing that if I told him, things would be over between us. I remember the message he sent me, several years and two divorces later, about the love between those two people who don't exist anymore. I remember wanting to tell him that feeling never faded for me, but knowing the time for such things has passed. I do not have room in my heart or mind for another lover at this time, but every now and then I cherish those moments like Littmus Lozenges.

Reflection on Sunset

The wild is being driven out of Clark County. We have to go further out to see it now, beyond the outskirts of town where construction ravages the earth. But some places are protected. There is a place at the edge of Durango drive where the road ends at a row of concrete pylons, and the desert opens up to visitors on foot. One summer, we parked there almost every evening and sipped on coffee or tea, and just watched the sun sink down toward the horizon. There was supernatural wonder in it. I think she felt it the same as I did. Like watching the wild push back against the city and say, "You cannot outlive me." And in that moment, she seemed eternal, too.

Reflection on Crypt Keeper

There are words you can never speak, and there are words you can never take back. Both can be the difference between a season and a decade. It takes longer than that to learn which words are which.

Reflection on Cycle

Sometimes I wonder... can I just be love? Can I just be light?
Can I just be kind? Will the road always be this rough?
Sometimes I wonder... what is cruelty, really? What is the
difference between people changing, and time changing
people? A broken heart is no reason to end all things. But
that doesn't stop it from feeling like you will never feel love
again.

Reflection on Pavement

I loved her. For years I loved her, and I did not know how to change that. I wanted it to stop, I knew she didn't love me back, not the way I wanted her to. And even if she did, we were poison to each other. We kept exploding away from each other, and erupting back into each others' orbits, dancing around like a binary star system destined to collide. Collision meant destruction. It meant she was near me, part of me, inside of me, one with me. It meant the end of all things good, and the beginning of an impossibly beautiful torment. It wasn't sustainable, and in the end, we destroyed each other.

Reflection on Twenty-One

Polyamory is unique in a lot of ways. We find ourselves still in relationship with our partners and polycule, even when we separate from others. Having experienced two breakups in the previous ten months, I was struggling with my preexisting fear of abandonment. It can be hard not to look at every relationship through the frame of a relationship that just ended. It can be hard not to catastrophize your entire life. The other partners have to deal with that, and it can add strain between you and them. I am blessed to have partners who were understanding and supportive.

Reflection on Someday, Treasure

Sometimes, we find ourselves dragging someone along in a relationship. We see something they do not, we hope for something they never wanted, we assume they're on the same page as us, and we imagine they love us more than they ever possibly could. I was so focused on what could someday be us that I neglected to focus on what was happening – or not happening – between us in the now. When I finally saw what was really there to see, I realized I was alone, raving like a madman about a future that would never exist to a partner who had left my side ages ago.

Reflection on You, Me, Blue

Have you ever known a person was your other half? Have you ever found yourself completely severed from them after ages together? I found myself in a place where I thought I had been knowing, feeling, experiencing everything alongside this person – only to find out that was not the case. Maybe it was never the case.

Now, I have a sense of phantom limb. But the worst part is I can only remember how they hurt me, and when I think of them, I can only think of us together. My photos of them are all of us two, together. I was so happy... but when did they stop feeling happy? How long did they pretend? Now, I will never know.

Reflection on Flash Flood

We can take comfort in knowing that some things never change. The American Southwest is notorious for its thunderstorms and flash floods. The midwest is notorious for its tornadoes and winter storms. These events are natural and deadly. They warrant the utmost respect. The peaceful moments between those upheavals should never be taken for granted. Disaster will strike. The question is, are we prepared for it? And how do we recover after the fact?

Reflection on Insurmountable, I

This poem is all about overcoming the obstacle of grief and sorrow by succumbing to it. Like flash floods in the desert or tornadoes in Kansas, it is inevitable. It can kill you. But if you are smart, and a little bit lucky, you will survive. And, eventually, you can move on from the damage it causes. You pick yourself up, clean yourself off, and move on along your path to a brighter future, smarter and stronger for what you've been through. Suddenly, it is not the storm that seems insurmountable, nor is it the mountain climb that dominated your horizon. No, you are insurmountable. I am insurmountable.

Reflection on Rainy Tuesday Feelings Soup

We all have an event, holiday, or space we fondly associate with the memory of a person or a period of time.

In 2014, I began getting involved in my local writing community. As I attended regular meetings with other writers, I managed to drag along some people who were dear to me. I met so many wonderful people over the years, and my friends cemented themselves into the local writing scene with fervor. Over time, some of the people in that group moved on to other things, and the bonds we had all formed began to loosen. Still, there were weekly meetings, which I attended infrequently, until 2020 when the United States had to take a nationwide break for the health and safety of everyone in it.

By the time the writing group resumed its in-person activities over two years later, a lot had changed. I attended my first in-person meeting since the whole COVID fiasco began, and only recognized one other person in the very small crowd of people present. They, of course, barely recognized me because I underwent my transition in the

Reflection on Rainy Tuesday Feelings Soup

COVID cocoon, emerging as a “man,” or something to that effect.

This poem is about the bittersweet moment of returning to that familiar place at a familiar time, and experiencing something new, knowing I could never go back to the treasure I had found before and hoping that this new treasure would be something I could come to cherish in much the same way.

Reflection on Spokane Snow, Springs Storm

We all want to wander. It's in our nature to migrate and move as the seasons change and the land depletes. I crave something new, something as beautiful and awe-inspiring as my desert home, but different from what I've come to know over the fourteen years of my residency here. I never planned to stay in Vegas. I still have plans to leave.

When I first moved here in 2009, I announced to everyone that as soon as I turned 18, I was going back to California. As it turns out, there was no way I could afford that -- still can't, probably -- so I made plans to roam for a while. I still have those plans. We're nomads. We're travelers. We're nonmonogamous heathens. We're part of something bigger, and anyone who knows that would have a hard time staying put for decades on end.

Sometimes it helps to think about how all things, even the smallest of things, are from everywhere and belong everywhere and go everywhere. Even if I die here, I will leave. My body and my mind and my soul will wander the dimensions and that in itself is enough.

Reflection on Ocean Poem

There's a reason we gather at bodies of water for vacation. We want to be refreshed. We want to be nurtured. The ocean is like a mother. She offers a soothing balm, a clarifying salve for any wounds we might carry to her. But she also wields great power. She dominates the earth. She deserves our respect and veneration.

We gather at her shores for more than just recuperation. We gather for penance. Want to be reminded that all wonderful things are most wonderful in moderation. We want to be shown that nature, however beautiful, can kill us, too. We want to touch that threshold, maybe even cross into it for a moment, and go home bearing the marks from it on our hearts and our bodies.

I have nightmares. I think we all do. Most of them are easy, some of them are hard. As adults, it's really only the hard ones that keep us from going back to sleep. The ones that haunt even my waking moments are the ones where a giant wall of water, hundreds of feet high, is coming toward me

Reflection on Ocean Poem

and my loved ones. Sometimes, no one can see it but me.
Every time, I survive.

Reflection on Someday Wild

This moment is inevitable. The next moment, possibilities are endless. But this moment, and this moment, and this moment, everything in the universe has come together so that only this moment is possible. And it will never happen this same exact way ever again. How wonderful is that?

I can feel myself healing. I can feel myself reaching the part of the climb where I can appreciate the view and look forward to what is next. As I plant one foot in front of the other and breathe in the crisp air, I find assurance in knowing that whatever is happening right now, whatever it is, it is inevitable.

What beautiful, wonderful, miraculous nonsense it all is!
And I am so here for it.

Postface

Just as you can never step into the same river twice, you can never witness the same expression of love twice. An expression of love can feel foreign, it can feel familiar, it can feel undeserved, it can feel lacking, it can feel overpowering, it can be a balm, it can be so many things to so many people. But Love itself, the stream itself, is abundant, soothing, and perfect when we let it be whatever it is.

Like Love, the Universe is a stream. It makes up everything, everyone. We are all composed of the same stuff, running around expressing ourselves at each other. When we find Love in this crazy, miraculous life, let's try to enjoy it in the moment where we find it, and let it be whatever we need it to be in that moment.

About the Author

Zak Lettercast is a queer, multi-genre author who strives to craft relatable, diverse characters written through the lens of his unique background. He has always had a passion for dark and gritty speculative fiction. Lettercast takes pride in his ability to build unique, inspiring worlds and create thought-provoking plots.

He is spearheading the “VeryGood Collab Books” yearly author collaboration project and will be featured in several short-story anthologies by VeryGood Collab Books, Story Den, and other author collaboration groups between 2020 and 2023.

Lettercast releases poetry books once per year. His next fiction solo project is the highly anticipated dystopian science fiction novel, "Revolution Ascending," set to release in 2023.

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