

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE
HUMAN EXPERIENCE.



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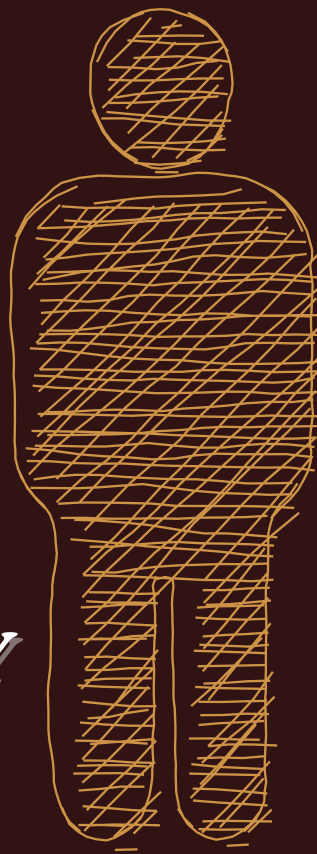
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HAIKU TO DALY CITY

BY (LIV) WISELY
(THEY/THEM)



*chinese bible with a clown
sticker on the back.*

preach, muni lady

pronouns are they/them

job application went through

pronouns are she/her

eighth hour of retail

i offer dog treats to a

woman's human child

midnight at the park

stoners standing all in line

for turn on the swings





SEASONS CHANGE,
BUT I HAVEN'T YET
BY MAYA COLES (SHE/HER)

i swallow summer like she's a non-prescribed pill
and suppress her like a preschool memory,
spitting on her grave.

and yet i dread the fall because his hand beckons me beyond
what i have ever known,
pouring me a drink of possibility and terror as i tremble to pick
up the glass.

he has a cunning smile,
resembling that of my best friend's old boyfriend,
the one that stripped her and mocked her and prompted her to
pump poisoned blood from
her heart.

i fear i am following in her footsteps.

i see myself in every woman because every woman has roots planted in dirt that will
never replenish them.

roots intertwined in false love and blankets tattered and torn, yet too scared to
relocate

because the prospect of change is always more frightening.
spring grants the woman with blossoms and green leaves and a sweet smell like my
grandmother's backyard,
even if she is not where she truly belongs.

last winter, it snowed for the first time in about ten years. the
hillside became pummeled
with fog, my breath making itself visible as my nose tickled with the
temperature. i thought of my sister, who — the very first time in our
lifetime that it snowed here — frolicked with me in that grass
embellished with white.
could i plant my roots here?

i know that i will melt when the frost does,
i know that i must let go
and buy flowers for the funeral of my adolescence.
in one fell swoop, i down the drink of autumn,
grin at the thought of that bittersweet winter,
relocate so i can bloom better this upcoming spring,
and shed skin to embrace this enticing, last-call summer.

seasons change, like people do.
they'll all be back next year to carry you.



No Country for Eight-Spot Butterflies

By Julian Aguon



LITERATURE REVIEW
BY CLARA-LANE

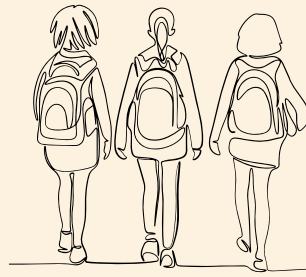
"INDIGENOUS PEOPLES HAVE A UNIQUE CAPACITY TO RESIST DESPAIR THROUGH CONNECTION TO COLLECTIVE MEMORY. THEY MIGHT BE OUR BEST HOPE TO BUILD A NEW WORLD ROOTED IN RECIPROCITY AND MUTUAL RESPECT." - JULIAN AGUON

I write this review with absolute urgency—as there are very few books that are as compelling and important as the work of Julian Aguon. From stunning poetry and prose, to depicting the devastating reality of growing up in the villages of Guam where US military presence was inescapable—Aguon’s lyrical essay is nothing short of remarkable. Julian Aguon is an indigenous human rights lawyer and defender who relentlessly gives his life to combating climate change and the ongoing fight for indigenous people. Aguon offers a type of intelligence that is rare, in such times where misinformation is dominating the media, and truths are eroded into whatever lies will justify the horrors of what is happening to indigenous people and the planet. Drawing inspiration from none other than the brilliant mind of Arundhati Roy, author of *The God of Small Things*, along with his own anecdotes of living in Guam and experience as a lawyer, Aguon leaves us with the results of this book— one that is treasured and sacred.

Aguon’s words truly transcend the boundaries of any political ideologies, and center what our priority should be: Life. Life of all people. Justice where it is demanded and love above all. Let *No Country for Eight-Spot Butterflies* connect you with Aguon’s bottomless love for his people and homeland, that will strike you to the marrow. A perfect intersection of all that is necessary for change.

WE'RE STILL BREATHING

BY SOPHIA CELI
(SHE/HER)



and it's the sun, whose warmth bathes my skin, that reminds me that I'm still breathing, returning me to the charcoal pavement lining my 2004 home. the pavement that warmed my burning cheek as I smelt that pungent asphalt, nearly tasting the blood staining the palm of my hands—the hands now clasping my pen almost as redemptively as they clasp over the pew and once clasped the handles of my hot pink bike that fell incompatible with my premature, naive legs. the merciful, colorless pavement I call home still offering me breath beneath that hot pink bike and in those rosy cheeks and bloody palms. and it's the sun that reminds me that I'm still breathing—not them. because instead of playing with hot pink bikes that taught him imbalance meant falling, he played with Daddy's hot pink gun that taught him the sinisterly pleasing imbalance of Nature, where Man is crowned by the bullets that made them fall—not him. but, eventually, he, too, would fall with them. clasping the hot pink trigger of Daddy's gun—almost as redemptively as my hands once clasped those hot pink bike handles and now clasp over that pew—his crown bore too heavy, so that the last 6 bullets to dress Man's imbalanced reign made the Sovereign fall himself. now he, alongside his, my other, five peers, lay fallen, cheeks pressed into that gloriously green ground, smelling the pungent fresh cut grass and nearly tasting their blood-stained bodies. the merciless, green grass we call school still offering half of them breath beneath that hot pink gun, whose clasped hands now join me over the pew for the other three—who still lay breathlessly fallen beneath that heavy crown of hot pink bullets—praying for the sun, whose warmth bathes our skin and returns us to our hot pink bikes, that they may never ride again, and that merciful, life-gifting asphalt we call home. we pray for the sun that reminds us that we're still breathing.



AUTHOR BIO

*Hello! I'm **Sophia Celi**, an undergraduate student at Occidental College in Los Angeles, California, studying Critical Theory and Social Justice as well as Comparative Studies in Literature and Culture. As soon as I could explore movement and music, my mom saw to it to throw me in ballet classes (thank you, mom) and my three year old self met my companion in dance. This artistic hymn has heard everything but silence ever since, and manifested itself into an undying love for the arts more generally. My passion for poetry, specifically, birthed in my aunt's Arizona guest bedroom some few years ago during a poetry slam with a dear friend of mine. For this innocently euphoric night and the ballet introduced to me sixteen years ago, I am entirely indebted to. I create and share, now, to give movement to language and language to movement; to open a window into my own artistic subjectivity, drawn from the light of so many others, in hopes to kindle the embers for more to come. To learning and transforming within the unforeseeable and unforgivable arts, I write to meet and thank you all—for every poem read and dance watched is an ode to the collaborative space the arts give us to breathe and create.*



VELVETEEN JACKALOPE

BY ASHLEY MARGOLIS
(THEY/THEM)



Swan Poem

By *Fatima
Al Gafari
(she/her)*



I am a thousand things folded into one
Neat, precise folds tucked in to make me
Lately, I have not been folded as well as I should be
Slowly my figure comes undone and the paper tears and I
unknowingly get closer to the core
I am afraid, so very afraid
The sacred art of paper folding contorts into something
unbeknownst to me right in front of my eyes
The swan gracefully emerges from the water
She glides along the surface and moves to where I watch her
In a moment, she attacks me in such a way that her feathers engulf
my breath with a sickly sweet smell
I live in her shadow
I am the very core of this paper swan
I am a small person
Very small, I must be indeed
She is the mask I must wear
She is the fear I must carry
She is the burden thrust upon my delicate shoulders
How I wish to be free of this farce!
We are so different, yet we share the same body
She is a shapeshifter, though
This swan is not merely a swan
She is not always the image of purity and gracefulness
She morphs into whatever they want her to be
A daughter, a sister, a devout Muslim, a bright student, a good
friend, a bitch
The list goes on

I can sense her insecurity, her fears
In that way, we are folded into one another
She is me and I am her
I feel pity for her and myself as well
We both do not know who we are
In some ways, the paper connects us and we find
solace in one another
Comfort
A long, overdue request
The smell when July dwindles lingers in her
feathers
I smell of the earth when October has just begun
and the orchards are still ripe with anticipation
for the nearing season
I suppose, though, that I love her all the same
She is me, after all
She is loud and always the center of attention and
her nails always have chipped nail polish
Perhaps we are woven from the same cloth
We were both held in the same basket
She is an enigma and I am too
It wouldn't be true for me to say she controls me
I am her
I am loud
I am unafraid
I don't know who I am at all
I don't know what I'm going to do in the years to
come
I become a paper airplane as a kid flies me in the
classroom
I become a paper crane worn on a woman's neck
I am no longer the clandestine swan on the river



Author Bio

Hello! I'm Fatima Al Gafari, and I'm about to enter my third year of high school. I'm also part of a literary magazine! A lot of my poetry is often an idea that spills right out of me and I have to hurry and get it all on paper before I forget it. I can't really comment on who inspires my pieces or where I pull inspiration from because everything is not an answer. I could probably write poetry about a stick of deodorant if I was asked to. All I've ever known is the words in my head and once I was old enough to write them down, I never stopped. Sometimes I want to go on youtube and search for how to write a poem but that means I'd be forced to make it perfect and that's not what poetry is. The phrase 'it takes a village' very much applies to me because my poetry comes from the world around me. The source of my inspiration comes from the many pieces I've read and often, from a song I liked. Oftentimes, I'll catch myself rambling on and on in a piece and realize that what I've created probably isn't even understandable. Yet, even in that mess of words and ideas, there is a mark that I've left behind. A mark that defines my whole being and humanizes the world I know.

THOROUGHbred

BY ASHLEY MARGOLIS

Our bodies hate each other, did you know that?

It's underscored by love,

But the surface remains.

An underscore is worth less every day

(Good intention depreciates by 50 percent

when you drive it off the lot.)

Anne, how do you write the way you do?

In a brilliant mirage of everything that ever was

and was not

How to hold back the self that looms,

Can't be touched, pushed off

A sort of shallow spring winter-storm

From which you are carefully omitted.

How many ways can we confess that

something makes no sense?

Writing that is catatonic

or worse

You've never broken a bone;

I can't tell if it is because you were raised careful

or afraid



AUTHOR BIO

Ashley Margolis is currently pursuing their BA in Art Practice at the University of California, Berkeley. You probably shouldn't ask them what their concentration is, though, because they will likely panic and excuse themselves from the conversation. Their artworks incorporate ambiguous figurations and elements of surrealism in order to convey inspiration and meaning. In drag performances under their stage name they explore sometimes bizarre themes and aesthetics to interrogate and satirize gender in an environment of their own design. The mystification they facilitate across their different works is a testament and reclamation to their identity as a nonbinary person living and creating art in a gendered institution which consistently fails to embrace the nuances and the brilliance of transgender identities. Abstraction aside, they hope more than anything that their work will shake something deeply human awake inside of us all; that their work speaks, it breathes, it bleeds in order to reach that goal.