

Springer Ln Newsletter Seventh Edition



An anthology of the human experience.

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swimming with emma

AVA CONNOLLY (SHE/HER)

Perrier bubbles burning the roof of my mouth and the sticky joint burning my fingertips.

I slid on a pair of goggles.

They weren't mine but I was allowed to borrow them while we scooped up bottle caps out of the lake

I dove under the water, running my fingers through the wet clay while the seaweed tickled my stomach

Coming up for air every so often until it was time to put on my sandy white socks.

Now off to an air-conditioned bookstore where we can sit in cold oak chairs while our bikinis

soaked through our clothes and eavesdrop

I picked up a Tolstoy novel but ultimately left empty handed

I had enough unread books at home, and you should remember gluttony is bad for you



just hold on

By Zach Morgan, Jonathan Rodriguez, and Diego Betancourt



he/him

Zach's Artist Bio

I love the idea of taking a past piece of art and working collectively on it. It's very fulfilling. I also have been enjoying Marvin Gaye and Al Green.

he/him

Diego's Artist Bio

Been into pottery art recently and I suck with the brush so it came out how I wanted. Tried to do some lips with teeth on the face and it came out looking weirder than that so I liked it.

he/him

Jonathan's Artist Bio

I don't like Elvis I don't like Beatles the Stones I don't know I just don't feel emotion in it. Doesn't sound bad not my thing but I just didn't bite.

MOTHER SPEAK

MAYA COLES SHE/HER

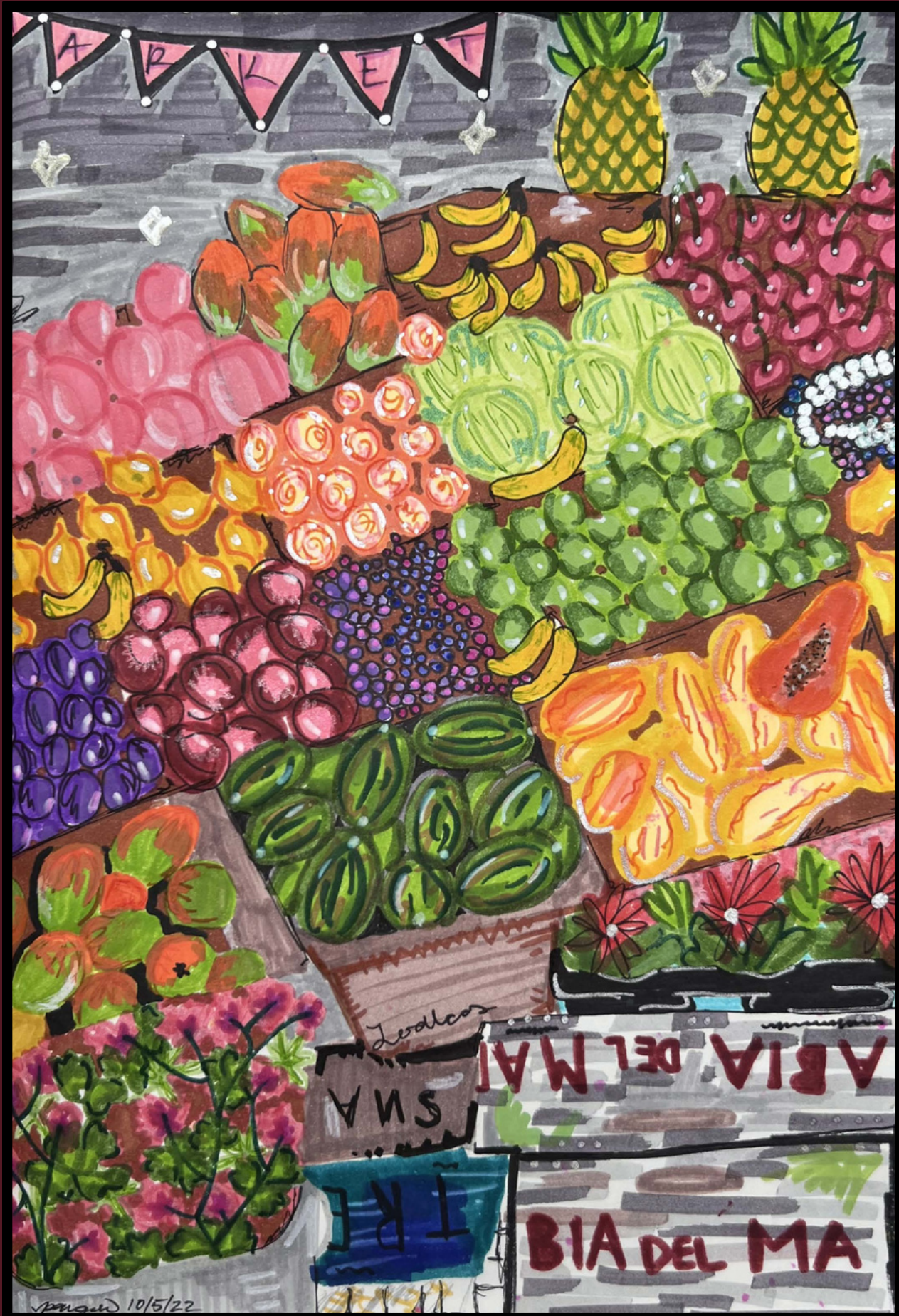
I cradled her in the basin of your baby lungs
a river of self righteousness I baptize her in
and I wonder
is it better to rush or to wait,
to have regret fueled by ruin or by longing.

I feel it deep within my chest that I'll birth a daughter
of fair skin and angel kisses and a persistent sense of urgency
and I'll speak to her like she is an antique, although she is newborn
she is fragile and without a price
and resemblance of what thousands of generations were able to create,
the intersection of love, the interlocking of fingers
and faces worth millions of fragments of stars
that get dusted like remnants off a coffee table,
wiped away like many a history.

I have a picnic with her.
she sits in my lap like a pristine doll
ivory coating caked in cane sugar
and slightly cracked, just like her mother,
an almost-tangible voice like raspberry coulis
and a heart bandaged in platinum.
her voice is mine of millenia ago,
a documented foreshadow
and a wonderment that reaches far beyond these small, outstretched hands

I see my mother in her,
the most bittersweet of resemblance
as one life begins in the bosom of the spring
and another nears their notorious, most-feared winter.

age is as beautiful as birth
but as terrible as time.
this pristine, intangible thing,
yet it is everywhere.



MARKET

By Paige Wilson
she/her



The Gardener and his Disciple

By Ava Connolly
she/her

I found a photo of my
mom smoking a
cigarette on her
wedding day, looking
like Sylvia Plath
and much wiser than
me

When I saw my dad passed out under his Morrissey
poster, I could have sworn I felt like Athena
borne from the skull of Zeus, delivered in a suit of
armor

The gardener and his disciple, the shepherd and
her husband

If you try much harder, you'll enjoy your fruits
Come on now, the pearl is dangling before your
eyes! I'm practically teasing you!

I didn't hate you until you became seductive,
People used to get stoned for that

You know I'll
follow you around
like a debt
No
You're frustrating
me, you'll never be
my disciple



ZOMBIE *BASEBALL*

By Jonathan Rodriguez



ARTIST BIO

Everything But the Girl and Amy Winehouse have been for me lately my cousins birthday was a month or two ago October when he was a kid he wrote a book about a kid that played on a zombie baseball team and went mainstream. Yeah was just thinking about him and that for some reason but glad to spaz in the moment and make that for him and get it to LA.

Filmmaker Highlight: Hunter Livingston



Be the hands,
the feet,
the voice...

FROM THE FLESH

A FILM BY HUNTER LIVINGSTON

19TH HOLE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS "FROM THE FLESH" STARRING KENNEDY WALSH MICHELE RENEE BRIGHT TOVA HOPEMARK GABRIELLA KESSLER AND CHARLES HULL

WRITTEN BY HUNTER LIVINGSTON PRODUCED BY AUDREY LEACH HUNTER LIVINGSTON EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ELLI SAMEK LINE PRODUCED BY JUAN CARLOS HURTADO QUIMPER

CONCEPT OF PHOTOGRAPHY DANIEL CHO ORIGINAL SCORE BY BENJAMIN DOHERTY EDITED BY HUNTER LIVINGSTON DIRECTED BY HUNTER LIVINGSTON

Livingston's Youtube:
www.youtube.com/@HunterLivingston

Livingston's Website:
hunterlivingston.com

Filmmaker Highlight: Hunter Livingston

By Springer Chorpash

In the frenzied, dense, and oftentimes unfocused world of short film comes a blaring voice, wading triumphantly through the marsh, with a whole lot of the right things to say- *this* is Hunter Livingston.

Hunter Livingston's body of work serves as a close examination of the complimentary "ism's" of a few of the most unbecoming fixtures that dog us all- anxiety and dread. Their NYU Tisch Thesis film, *Heatwave* (2021), observes the rigid, sometimes awkward, and all around universal experience of the gaping distance between mothers and their children as they develop agency. In many ways, *Heatwave* is a testament to the closeted experience, an ode to sexual experience in queer youth, and a valiant presentation of second-hand embarrassment. Above all else, it is a heartfelt snapshot of a maternal relationship and a provocative expression of acceptance within these spheres.

Livingston's most recent film, *From the Flesh* (2023) glows with

a conviction of wholeness. It is a well rounded, striking, and unsettling take on the cultish underpinnings of an Evangelical church choir. *From the Flesh* acutely measures what prey looks from a predator's sinister eye. It establishes itself in the world of horror short film with it's cohesive coloring and sound design that injects us into a forcibly vulnerable state right alongside the film's lead actress, Kennedy Walsh.

Hunter Livingston is well on their way to decorating the spheres of both horror and coming of age drama with a lasting and fruitful footprint. *Heatwave* won the Audience Award for Student Short in Hunter's hometown of Charlotte NC at the CLT Film Festival and Best Short at the New Faces, New Voices festival. *From the Flesh* is currently running the festival circuit (and is in development to be made a feature film!). Hunter Livingston's filmography is accessible via their youtube channel. Find out more about them via their website (URL's on previous page!).

Full of piss and vinegar- In a
good way
Neither shall you touch it, lest
you die
Rotten figs under my shoes
and wet blades of grass slicing
my ankles
They were a mashed pulp
when I walked away to look at
the bulbs
In my own garden, scraping
the ash out of my fingernails
Lying and fun girls, expensive
and violent lace
Scantly clad women skipping
through the row
I hope I don't trip and skin my
shins
I hope you don't forget things
about me, except for how
envious I am
I'm only vengeful if I have to
be
or if I'm bored

Ladies, Ladies, Ladies

Author Bio :

Hi! My name is Ava Connolly. I am a sophomore at Bryn Mawr College pursuing a degree in political theory. My poems are inspired by Schopenhauer and listening to Future.



I hope one day I have acres in
California
And I can read under the olive
trees
Hope the sea swallows me
whole
I hope I don't get pulled under
like my great aunt
My mother told me that story
when I was young to scare me
of swimming
Then she named me of the sea
Which is
pessimistic at best
Now the ladies are back
behind the hall, pulling their
dangling clothes off of the
branches
All the ladies, ladies, ladies.

**AVA CONNOLLY'
SHE/HER**

silver screens with silver streaks in my hair

by maya marie coles

she/her

as children, we immerse ourselves in hokum television
and movies surrounding women that are only happy once they've found a man,
learning that you can make as many mistakes as you'd like
as long as you get pretty damn good at apologizing
and that a home was only "broken" if the parents were separated
when, in reality, it was much more complicated.

birds fly south with no luggage, no baggage,
nothing but a soul and a perfect sense of direction.
but I, the most fickle woman in the west,
deem myself breezy and careless and aloof
even though I always need someone else to tell me what to do
and where to go
and how to do it in the best way possible.

all my college professors are starting to ask me where home is
and I can't just open up and tell them that I never really felt like I had one to begin with.

eventually, I think I'll watch all these silver screens
with silver streaks in my hair
and wrinkles of hope not false and a smile too bright
and reassure myself that, in the theater, I'm sitting with a man
who loves me
and never thought twice about if he really could or not.
but, if he does leave,
I won't need circumnavigation
or an article online to tell me my next steps.

Old and Single: the two attributes that immediately make a woman's value deplete.

instead, I'll effortlessly braid my hair
and know that I am desired,
even if it isn't by a man.
Heaven's doors will always be wide open
for women like me.

Author Bio

Hi! I'm Maya Marie Coles and I'm pursuing a bachelor's degree in English at the University of La Verne. I write poetry with concentrations in femininity, adolescence, and relationships, and had my first anthology published this past summer. As a person who thrives on fluctuation and craves every aspect of change, one of the only consistent attributes of my life has been writing. I love the endless and boundless creativity that a blank document is able to provide for me. Writing is my reason for being, and I am very grateful for its permanence within me.

