

F Newsmagazine

**The School
of the Art Institute
of Chicago**

*Ink: A Literary Broadside
07.2018*

Editorial

Irena Frumkin
Emily Rich

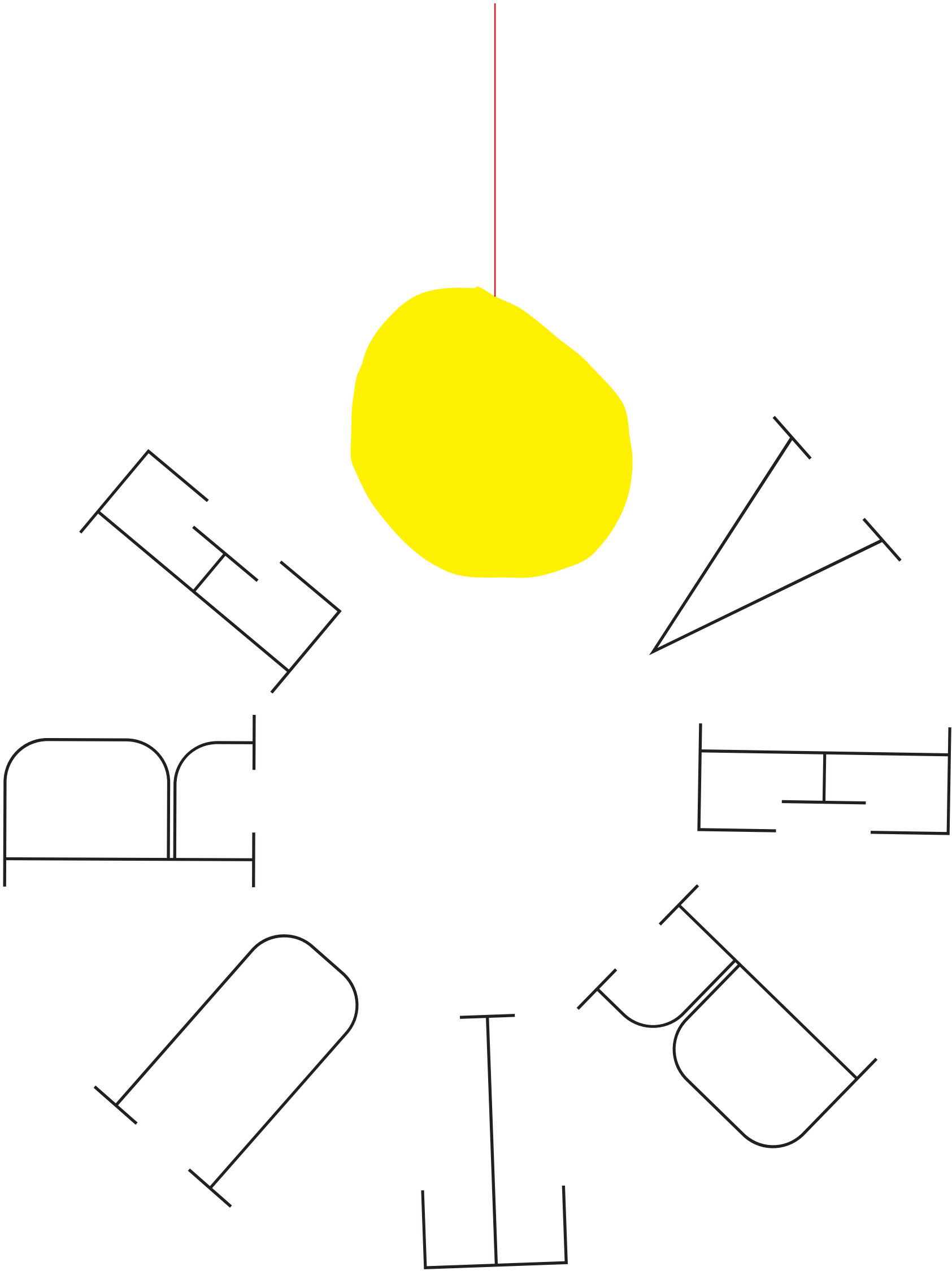
Contributors

Anna Adami
Casey Carsel
Taylor Croteau
Todd Evans
Charlie Pierce
Raghav Rao
Emily Rich
Kate Walton
Grace Wells

Visual

Annie Leue
Sevy Perez
Katie Wittenberg

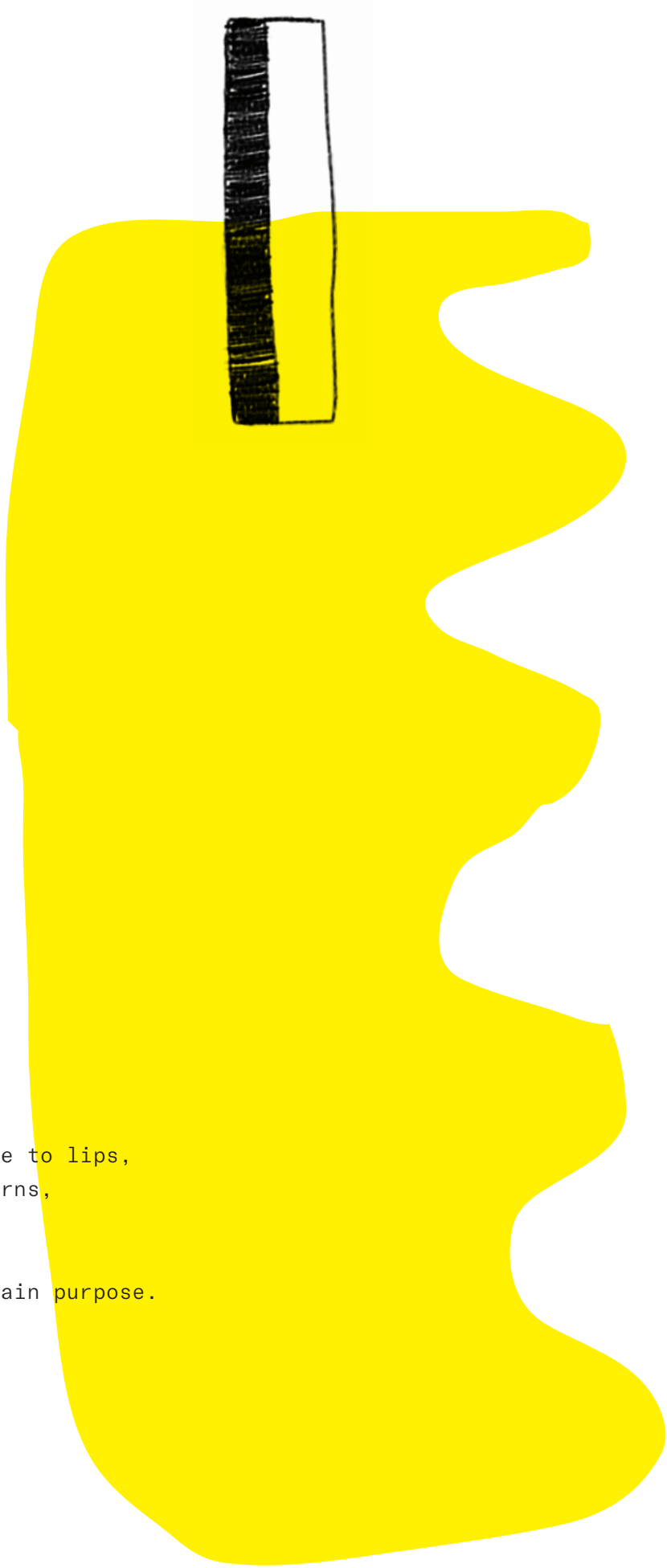
He does a twinkle on the piano. He opens his mouth and lets it go. A high note. As loud a one as he can muster, it lasts and lasts and lasts. His note, his breath morphs into ribbons of wind. Ribbons swirl, brush against the chamber's stone walls. They cross paths and accelerate. Converging into a hurricane, they rise and slam into the glass dome above. Compelled to escape. At the very top, the glass chips. Shards fall. Chips splinter into cracks, crevices, fissures. The man cries but continues singing. At the center of the chamber, he rises from the piano bench and reaches his arms upward. The sun beams through each new crack, crevice, and fissure. Then . . . the dome shatters, bursts into stained glass crystals. Blue, green, yellow, and red crystals bedazzling dark winds cling to the hurricane. They swim. No more singing. No more crying. As the hurricane spins through open roof, crystals drift a slow descent. They transform into droplets, and they splash, open up. Out explodes multicolored paint.



Todd Evans is earning
his MFA in Writing at
SAIC. He also loves his
cat Duchess!

SELFLESS

Mother Teresa lifts chalice to lips,
Gulps down mouthful of thorns,
What Passion.
Her throat bleeds.
She smiles serene, calls pain purpose.
Mothers sometimes do this.



Anna Adami is a
ghost. She plants hugs
in poems cuz she's
sentimental af.

Grace is the School News editor at F Newsmagazine. She didn't know what else to put in her bio, so just picture her chugging coffee somewhere.

Sometimes, I babysit to make extra money. Working for the college newspaper isn't very economically fruitful and I like babies. I like to think that babies like me too, and I know that I'm "good" with them. I talk to my partner Flynn about babies all the time; I point them out in public. When we visited my best friend's baby, he was quick to confirm that we won't be taking that step anytime soon. I agree with him, but that doesn't stop me from nudging him every time I see a toddler on the bus or recounting every second of my babysitting experience.

Last night, Lewis (the smart little two-year-old I nanny most regularly) gave me a hug and a kiss on the mouth when I put him to bed, something he'd never done before. He told me he loved me and that he would cry in the morning when he woke up because I wouldn't be there anymore. I sang him a made-up song about his stuffed fish, Neemlo (I'm guessing he hasn't seen the movie). I told him not to cry; I'd be back.

I used to visit Dad at The House and I'd sit with the baby in her room, too. She had one of the two girls' rooms all to herself; I knew Kirin listened to me on the baby monitor, but it was still quieter than anywhere else in The House. Plus, the half-assed, "shabby chic" furniture of the nursery was way less offensive than the McMansion's fake bronze living room. And when I was there, I didn't have to deal with her other kids. I didn't have a bedroom of my own to escape to.

Each morning, I'd peel my skin off of the black leather TV room couch that had become my bed after Kirin sold mine. It was better than the floor, but I always woke up early and exhausted. The hot sun turned the leather into a giant sticker. I was often the first one awake, followed by my brother. We'd quietly watch television and try not to bicker loudly enough to get caught.

Sometimes, I'd sit and stare out the window at sunny suburbia, lined with identical houses that faced an excessively wide street. The House was in a plantation-themed suburb called Sienna Plantation, built on land formerly owned by Imperial Sugar. A freight train line ran behind the back fence and shook The House, a reminder of the commodity (and slavery) of the land. It was the loneliest, most depressing place on earth.

It took a lot of waiting and listening to determine when to go downstairs; the longer we stayed out of sight, the better. I needed to know that Dad was awake and Kirin was docile: ironing her fake blonde hair or doing whatever it is people do to maintain a spray tan. If I could, I'd slink around The House until Kirin's kids woke up. Hoping the unbearably long summer day would pass as smoothly as it could considering the circumstances.

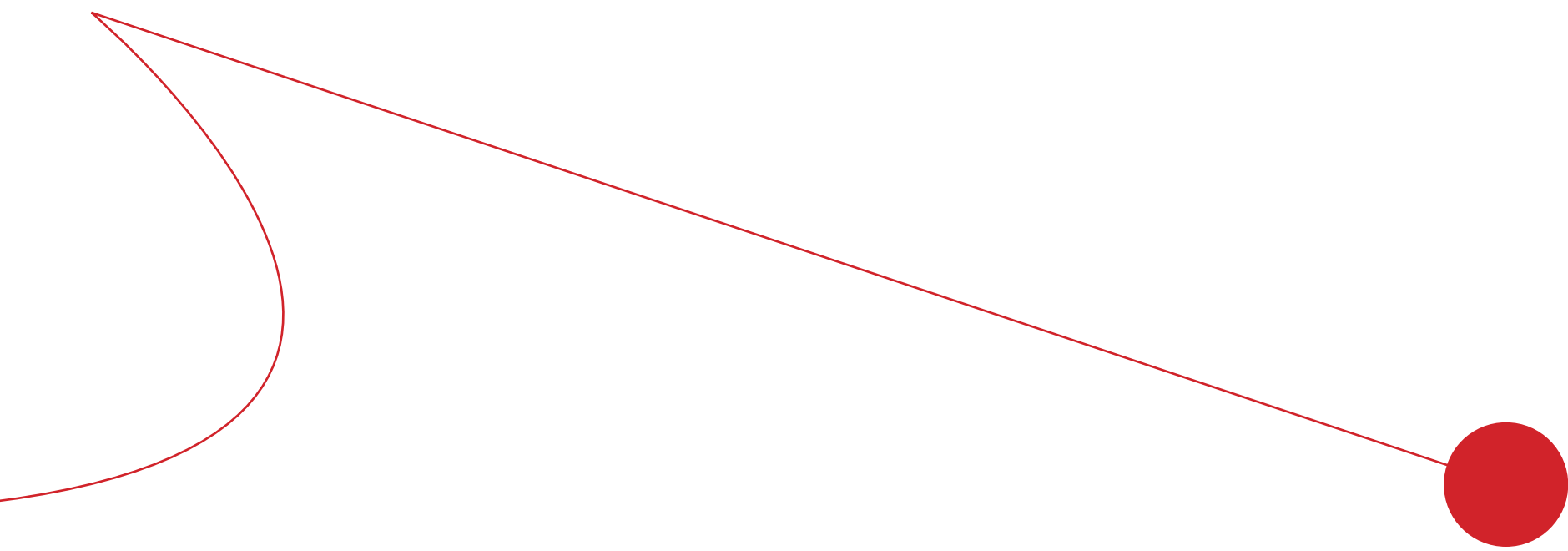
The last summer I spent with Dad, he and Kirin left me alone with the kids for a day. At thirteen, I was the oldest of the six and presumably the most responsible. It was my job to make sure everyone had lunch, and it was very clear that this babysitting job was a test.

The baby was easy, she still took a bottle. The supplies were always around, tucked between one of The House's fake-gold Fleur de Lis decorations and the bottles of acai concentrate Kirin sold for a pyramid scheme. The pantry was empty though, and the only things in the fridge were Kirin's Kahlua and expired yogurt. Kirin bought expired dairy because it was cheaper, but I didn't trust it (and it certainly wasn't enough for a five-person lunch).

I couldn't ask Dad what to do about lunch. The used Escalade they'd bought weeks before (perfect exterior, crumpled leather interior) was gone. He'd left early, as he usually did on our weekends with him. He tended to avoid the confrontation (and alcohol) that seeped out of Kirin every time she spoke to me (her namesake, a mythical animal that signals the arrival of a sage ruler, had proven to be an oxymoron). Even if I'd known where Dad was, there was no fatherly instinct in him, and if Kirin were angry and I

THIS I





WRITE



was drowning, he'd go to her. But, he wasn't there, and Kirin's authoritarian phone-confiscation ensured I couldn't contact him.

There were two cans of cream of mushroom soup hidden in the back of the pantry. Kirin's ten-year-old said we should eat that. In the real world, away from The House, my mom taught me to cook. Cream of Mushroom is an ingredient, like a quart of chicken stock or cornstarch; You don't eat it on its own.

I knew all too well that if I fed them the soup without permission, knowing it wasn't for eating but for making some kind of horrible casse-
role-esque mush, I'd never hear the end of it.

"Call her and ask," I instructed the ten-year-old (she was allowed to keep her cell phone).

Kirin told us to eat the soup and stop calling; I heated up five bowls of it in the microwave. The thick, white mass looked like hot baby food. But I had to make sure everyone ate lunch, so the baby got a bottle and the rest of us got the soup. Nobody wanted to eat it, but I made them all take a bite. Kirin told us to.

Eventually, Kirin and Dad came back. Kirin's seven-year-old and twelve-year-old told them that I made them eat lunch, and what I made them eat for lunch, and that their hunger was my fault. What kind of idiot was I, feeding them an ingredient instead of a meal?

Kirin's seven-year-old led me from the fake bronze living room out to the garage and, in true suburban style, opened the extra fridge they kept there, which was usually stocked with bottled water and frozen meat from Dad's hunting trips.

"There's extra food in here. Frozen fish sandwiches. You were supposed to give us those."

She said she didn't tell me when we were looking for food because she didn't remember, because Kirin told her not to remember.

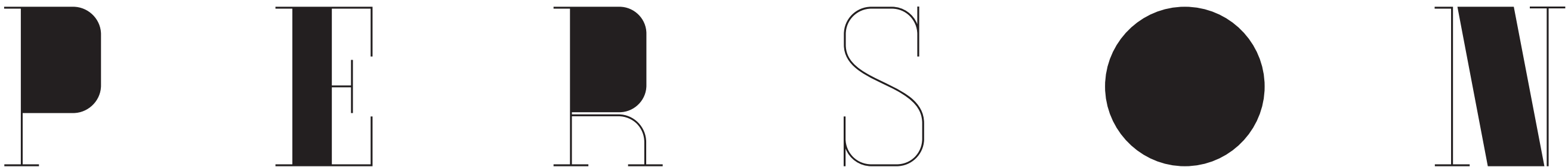
After that, when I was at The House, I wasn't allowed to be alone with the baby, any of the other kids, or take babysitting jobs anymore. I thought Dad would defend me, he knew me before Kirin, knew that I understood the difference between an ingredient and a meal – he was my father. Instead, he followed her lead. I stopped going to The House that same year. I haven't seen the baby, my now-eight-year-old half-sister, since.

Sometimes, I wonder if I'm cheating on my sister with the babies I nanny. I come back for them, but I haven't come back for her. I'm not sure she'd think very highly of me anyway though, based on the version of me that she glimpsed in The House. Dad once said that she was his second chance, and I don't want to mess with that.

I haven't been back to The House. Driving by master-planned communities, particularly the suburbs of Houston, makes my skin crawl. I'll never understand the appeal of such a desolate place. I think about my sister and how sad it is that she'll grow up there, legally bound to The House.

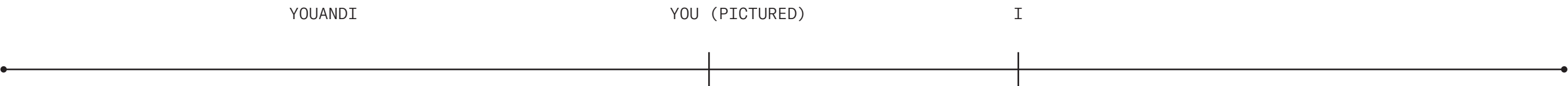
Today I watched Flynn eat cream of chicken soup. It had the same consistency as the cream of mushroom, like something you'd eat from a jello mold in Edward Scissorhands. Maybe that's why I was nervous to place my order; Kirin never let us order our own food. Or why I was worried his parents wouldn't like me anymore if I suggested the wrong restaurant. Flynn's never given me any reason to worry, but that doesn't stop my brain from inventing parallels between The House and the real world. I don't know if I'll ever take him there or introduce him to its inhabitants.

I do want him to meet Lewis someday. I was so proud that, after months of care, Lewis loved me. Flynn's heard the story a million times, a more intense version of seeing babies on the bus. "He really loves me," I say. "And when I made him soup for dinner, his parents gave me a tip."



I, now
YOU, then
YOUANDI, someone we both were

Timeline



OCTOBER 2016

Dear Emily,

On Halloween you were invited to two Halloween parties and found yourself with no costume. You put on a Captain America shirt youandi wore when yourandmy college roommate’s girlfriend slit her wrists in the bathroom. She didn’t do it deeply enough to even need stitches, but she screamed and youandi were the only one who came out of a bedroom to help. Youandi wrapped her in gauze and bandaged and rinsed the cuts with peroxide the way mother used to do when her children scraped knees or rubbed hands raw climbing trees, “This will only hurt a little.”

Youandi didn’t speak unless spoken to for several days after that. No one seemed to notice, youandi are quiet even on good days.

IMAGE: Smiling on balcony overlooking alley.

Over the shirt, you put your blue leather jacket. Youandi wore this to yourandmy boss’ boyfriend’s band’s show and she called it sexy. I think that was the first time youandi heard that from a woman. She wasn’t flirting, but something shifted. Youandi were already enamored with the woman who worked in the coffee shop upstairs; from the desk, youandi could see her working through the large glass wall. Youandi never told her, but I still think she knew.

Never-telling was big with youandi. At summer camp, before youandi had even told yourandmyself, desire crept in through cracks in cabin walls for cabinmates youandi’d soon distance yourandmyself from. As a counselor, youandi felt certain youandi would be ostracized. It was yourandmy worst fear. I’m sorry youandi were right.

Add a hat and glasses, now you’re Captain America in disguise.

IMAGE: In hat, glasses, leather jacket, and t-shirt.

Now your worst fear is being too late which you define as dragging feet, which I define as death.

I am afraid now when mother forgets something. I am afraid my youngest sister will not figure out how to stop slighting herself. I am afraid that when I define something by its opposite, I am actually destroying the part of the universe that knows the opposite of a bad decision is not always a good decision, that knows there is in fact a try between do and do not.

I am afraid father is ill-equipped for losses and one day I will do something my sister who is my hero will not forgive me for. I am afraid that this string of losses is just what the rest of my life will be. I am afraid one day I will think to myself, right before some other small apocalypse, “This will only hurt a little.”

IMAGE: Looking directly upward.

HOODS



Emily Rich has her MFA in Writing from SAIC. She's a playwright, photographer, and teaching artist by day, preferably asleep at night.

An abstract graphic design featuring a stylized face. The face is composed of various geometric shapes and colors, including yellow, blue, and grey. The eyes are large, expressive, and made of overlapping circles. The mouth is wide and open, showing a dark interior. The background is a solid yellow color. The overall style is modern and minimalist.



PEOPLE-WALKING

Sometimes I'll walk next to people
I'll never meet, coming out from the subway, turning a corner.
Sometimes, rather than drawing back or ahead, we'll go together.

Do you ever see a person and just know under different circumstances you could get matching avocado tattoos where yours has the pit and theirs doesn't?

Benjamin Franklin invented a trick:
to make someone think they like you you ask to borrow something of theirs. It's not unreasonable--a pencil, or a book. So they say yes and think
I must like this person, since I lent them my pencil, or my book.

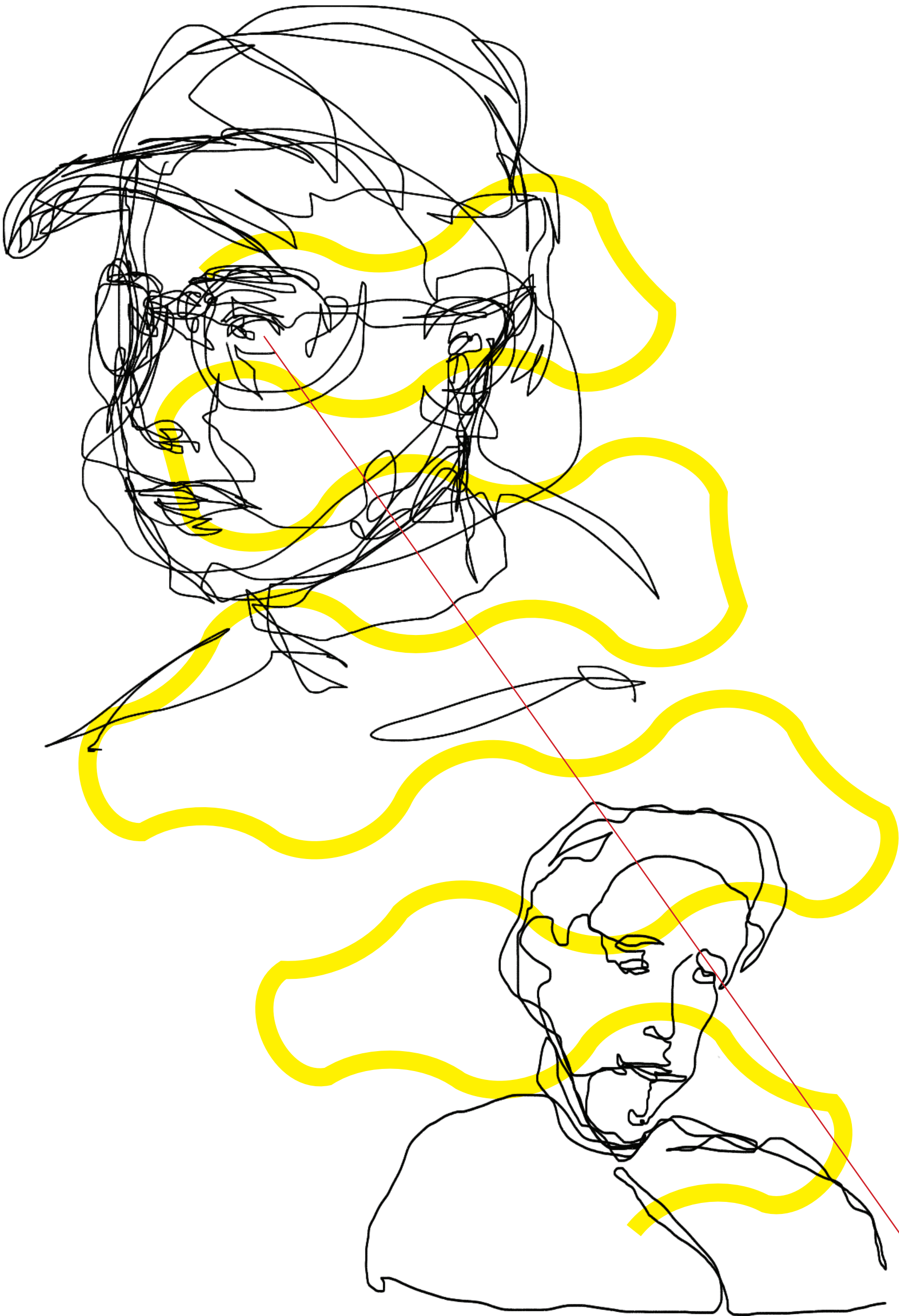
Sometimes I'll join a group of people walking and maybe I'll look like part of the family.

It's not stalking not even following. I'm still going my way. Just sometimes it's nice walking with a friend, whatever.

Sometimes I walk behind people instead I walk like them. I don't know when I started this.

I can't walk very close but Jordan is great at that. she's so shy people often forget her or that they've met her but she can walk with her legs swinging less than an inch behind your legs and I swear you'll never notice, so you'll never know her.
It's a shame. She's a very nice person.

An ambulance has sirens on, is rushing down a one-way street, all the cars make way at the same time and it's the law but so beautiful I could sob.



Casey Carsel is in the first summer of her MFA in Writing.



ALMOST A MONTH IN VEGAS

When she was nineteen, she spent twenty-seven days in Las Vegas after her mother's funeral. She got some jobs as a “volunteer” from the audience in shitty shows for magicians not good enough to do tricks on actual volunteers. Then she got a job with a guy as part of his bondage act. She can break out of handcuffs. She did shows with him every night for three weeks, and he let her sleep on his couch. Then one night over ramen and peas, he told her she was too sexy to be a comedian and not sexy enough to be a whore. So she left. She would never have been that good at the bondage act anyway because she wouldn't let him put her in a straight jacket.

Taylor Croteau has her MFA in Writing from SAIC. She is in fact a haunted porcelain doll that's been embiggened to full human size.

1

Discovering my first friend marked me for life. She was the only girl my age that I knew. Everyone else was a Grown Up. When I was three people started telling me she was my friend. Which I didn't quite understand what made her a friend. People also told me she was my niece and I was her aunt. I didn't understand that either. If I put this information in the beginning of an article on drugs it's because people ask why I collect them, and I don't really know. What I do know is I didn't always collect them. No, my first collection was of friends. I learned to collect friends from my first friend. She was not someone I could collect. No she collected me. And she wasn't the only one to prey on my good nature. While growing up, I kept being collected. I let vicious girls control me and strip me of my autonomy. Most recently it was by the Ghost, a girl I became friends with my senior year of high school. I call her this, because she used to see her spirit on the side of the road while we were driving at night. She believed when she died, each moment she saw the ghost would flash before her eyes. I would come at her beck and call for the scraps of love she showed me. But I learned from her. And I sought to create my own collection of friends when I went to college.

2

The first friend I collected was my roommate sophomore year of college. I liked her because she laughed too much and too loud. She was a miracle baby. Her parents were told they'd never have kids. But sometime in her mom's early forties ... they got lucky. So naturally, her parents adore her. But she's a lion that's been raised by sheep. Turned cautious and reckless all at the same time. So sheltered. So pure. We'll call her, the Lioness. The second friend came the following year. She was a rando assigned to live with me and the Lioness. She's tall and voluptuous. Her body was like the ocean. We love the stars because they're bright. And that's why I collected her. Talented. Beautiful. Sophisticated. Reserved, but cunning. She was famous for her impromptu songs and poems. Thus, she will be called the Creator. It was fascinating to watch the Lioness and the Creator interact. For the Creator would revert to her childish nature. She would rough house with the Lioness, which she needed. The Lioness needed someone to encourage her feisty side. But sometimes the Creator could be brutal to the Lioness. I believe this was due to the Creator's need for my approval. The Creator

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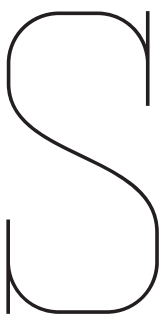
liked to believe that we were in sync. We understood each other on a deeper level than the average friends. This quest for friends, or whatever it was for, ended with drugs. Intuition, not reason, led me to them. While I adored my two friends that I collected, they were not enough to quiet the voices in my mind. Further, they were always disappointing me. This really started my junior year, with the Lioness. She was so careless. Like a glass child who believed they were invisible. It was on our trip to Amsterdam that I first saw the twinkle in Mary Jane's eye. I had met her before, naturally, in high school (doesn't everyone). But I never paid her much attention. It was fun to get high at a bonfire in the woods, but she didn't hold a special place in my heart. Not until after I came home from being abroad and the Ghost had taken a liking to her. I wouldn't say she collected her -- no she merely used her. It was her ex boyfriend who collected drugs. The Ghost collected boys. A friend who is crucial to this story, but is not one I collected is an old friend. Although I only met her my freshman year of college. We became close the following year when we both studied abroad in Galway. I'll call her Sunflower, after the tattoo on her forearm. She is someone I admire greatly. She is

L I V I N

W I T

D R U G

Charlie Pierce is a twenty-three-year-old, first-year MFA in Writing student. She enjoys writing for cathartic purposes and most of her pieces focus on mental illness and relationships.



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the only one who I still talk to. Perhaps because I never collected her. With her, those roles somehow didn't exist. But, regardless, she did unwittingly encourage my collection of drugs. Although, she could not have known what it would become. I saw her while I was in cohorts with Mary Jane that summer. We smoked and I mentioned wanting to meet Snow White. She was more interested in Lucy, but her openness gave me hope. Now, there is a third friend I added to my collection my senior year of college. She was actually a girl that I first met my freshman year. But kinda thought was a bitch. And she is. She's a badass bitch. I didn't see that side of her until my senior year of college. She was my writing tutor, which I was in desperate need of. I could barely organize my life, nevermind an essay. But she was also someone I admired. She was pretty cool in my book. An amazing poet who had a deep love for William Yeats. She's as sharp as a nail, and will be called the Intellect. It was the Intellect who told me where I could find Snow White. This was in early October of my senior year of college. Finding this out was gold. Mary Jane was providing me more comfort than either the Lioness or the Creator. I was eager to grow this new collection. One that would actually help me.

5

The Lioness was not happy when I told her I was to add Snow White to my collection. I assured her that everything would be okay. She was so cautious in this way, always worrying. I took a subway to retrieve Snow White from her handler. The Intellect was in love with him, but I didn't know that yet. So far all I knew about him was that he had some very awkward pick up lines. This was my first time on the Philly subway. My first time on a subway alone. My soul was screaming but my mind was cackling. Snow White's Handler was nicer than expected. Calm like a man made lake in a teeny tiny middle class town in northeastern Connecticut. He instructed me how to enjoy her company and we went on our merry way. At home, Snow White rested in a beautiful box. It was covered in gemstones, sparkling like her eyes. She rested there until I took her out to play on a spooky night. A dimly lit bathroom stall of a sports bar was where I first saw her eyes. Shaking, I never felt more connected to anyone or anything. She opened my mind while gently sucking my soul. I exited the bathroom and found the Lioness and Sunflower waiting for me, both in their Halloween best. The Sunflower was eager to try Snow White, after seeing my experience with her.

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Walking through the streets, I could feel the air against my skin for the first time. Each step light but grounded. The next morning I woke up in a panic. I sprang up from my sleep, gasping, pulling at my covers. WHAT HAVE WE DONE? I silently screamed and fell back asleep. I believe that was the last sighting of my soul. From here on in, I was in the shadows. Tina joined my collection next. And I'll have to admit, she really was a true friend to me through all this. She made sure I got my work done. I was presentable. Because of her, I graduated college. Sometimes, I feel like I don't give her the credit she deserves. Let me pause here to do so. Brava. Brava. Brava. She joined the collection the day Trump was elected president. Isn't that funny. I texted the Intellect fuck it Trump's president. I'm doin' drugs. And I went to meet my dealer (Snow White's handler). We sat in my car and talked about the Intellect's poetic talent. If I thought Snow White slowed down time, Tina made it stop. With Tina, I could put the world on pause. Feel every

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second for the eternity that it is. The Intellect and I sat in my car all night. Doing lines. Talking about our childhood trauma. Our broken hearts. I kept Tina hidden in my jewelry box. I wouldn't say I started to collect her yet. No, my collection remained in my trunk. So far it had Mary Jane and Snow White in it. Tina remained my dirty little secret. That was until I told the Creator about her. And the Creator wanted to see her crystals for herself. When she smiled devilishly at me, asking if she could try, I don't think I've ever been more proud. You see, up till then I was really giving up on my friend collection. The Lioness was weak. The Creator absent. The Intellect seemed like a loyal follower, but she was still too new to tell. But now, now we were getting somewhere. The Creator was stepping up to the challenge. I'd say I really began collecting Tina after the Lioness let me down. It was late November, a few days before her birthday. For which, I booked an overnight stay at an Airbnb in Brooklyn for me, her, and the Creator. She waited until I enjoyed the company of Mary Jane, like I did most nights, but this night. This night I was flying with the stars. And when she

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told me, I thought my heart would break. My body flashed to another time another place work boots yellow Jeep. So the friend collection didn't pan out. I wouldn't just toss them aside. I'd care for them, as I always do, until the time comes for them to move on. But my heart ... my heart was in my new collection, which in addition to Mary Jane, Snow White, and Tina, now housed Lucy and Molly. It was Lucy, and my love for her, that cost me the Intellect though. Although you could say it was also due to my pride and lust over the opposite sex. My obsession with being the sole object of any man's gaze. Including my dealer, and the Intellect's lover. One could also say it was due to the fact I crossed a line with her. Yes, I can admit that. I viewed what happened as a collector merely appreciating her collection while enjoying Lucy. But the Intellect saw it as two lover's painting each other's naked breasts. It was a hard loss. But I still had two other friends. And, I had a new collection to drool over. I would sit on the floor and stare into the trunk, looking at my collection. And I never stopped looking at them. Always with the same tethered connection flowing from my pupils into theirs. Mesmerized. Although, I've always managed to have a balanced view. These drugs I collected all would serve their

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purpose. Fulfill their duty in due time. They stared at me softly and mystically, lulling me to stillness. And yet, over the months their attitude towards me never grew generous. When I came to see them, they eagerly fed on my soul and opened my mind, fueled my ego. But when I appeared with another, with either the Intellect before she was lost or the Creator in the more recent months, I would see that our souls were indistinguishable to them. I am just an object. Just sustenance for them to thrive off of. If I call them "my" drugs, it makes it possessive. Nothing more. I am the menial, at the beck and call of any substance that can feed my ego. When I first heard of drugs I thought "I want to experience all the world, all the human mind has to offer." Now every time I come home, they call out to me -- taking more than they give. Nine months have passed since my first dance with Snow White. I have an abundance of five drugs to sustain me. Necessity is not just the mother of invention. It's also the mother of desperation. Of extremes. We never know how far we're willing to go. Graduation was forever looming nearer. And all I had to do was survive.

BIRTH OF BENZENE

A purple serpent bends along a neural pathway in the overworked cortex of August Kekulé, the daydreamer who will soon decode the world. Confused after centuries of slumber, she stops all traffic on the axon, looks up to the heavens, and asks her Maker if she (the serpent, not her maker) exists or if the world is mere maya. The chatter of neurons in the thalamus and their spirited bickering in the cerebellum stills to silence. All is dark since, in here, movement is light. A blast of thunder flattens out into the voice of a loving grandfather, “My dearest child! You are smaller than the smallest and larger than the largest—what is the atom, if not the universe?”

The first drops of the rainy season are everywhere at once.

“Not fair to answer a question with another question,” mutters the serpent, tongue flicking through the dendrite fronds. “Not fair at all. Not fair that I’m stuck in this blackness. Sleepy again. Not fair that I’m bloody starving. Could strangle a billy goat for a bite.”

The tip of her tail lies across her path like a ripe radish.

“That’s a tasty looking treat. Is that for me?”

Bearded Kekulé awakens. A glob of spit falls onto his dinner jacket. Daubing his waistcoat-watch he realizes that he is late for an appointment but knows that he must begin the far more important task of remembering.

Sitting in the first pew, Ghent’s famous altarpiece looms above him, its shutters open, even though it is not a feast day. He notices for the first time the knowing smile of the lamb, though he comes to the cathedral daily to nap after lunch.

Outside, it is the dazzling summer of Ghent. The year is 1858. He is German. He is a professor of chemistry. That’s all he knows definitively. By memory alone, he makes his way towards the department building. It’s as though his brain has been blighted and only specks of life remain. He barges through a flock of nuns shuffling to an evening social in the begijnhof. The alacrity of a graduate student saves him from falling into the canal. The young man guides the shaken professor back to his offices. There, to the horror of his colleagues and pupils, he empties drawer after drawer of papers out the window into the windy square below where the work of a lifetime is spread among the pigeons. The faculty whisper among themselves.

“He’s gone mad.”

“He worked too hard.”

“He must have inhaled Carbon Monoxide in the lab.”

Ignoring them, he wipes the blackboard with a wet cloth, obliterating months’ worth of equations. With an unwavering stroke he draws a circle. A milling crowd of undergraduates and junior professors look to him for an explanation. As many of them will confide to eager dinner party guests in Vienna and Berlin throughout their lives, his eyes are lit with revelation.

“I was blind. And then, dreaming in the cathedral, I saw it. I saw how wrong I had been. Truthfully speaking, I was shown it.”

The first toll of the church bell in the distance shakes the great chandelier above their heads. The crowd draws closer.

“I do not intend to obscure my meaning. I will be as clear as I can be but we are accustomed to thinking in straight lines so it will not be easy to understand. For though we talk about the world with words, we are shown it in pictures.

“Today, I was shown a picture. It was not one trinity. It was two. Two overlapping, conjoined trinities. Six little balls of light. And then they melted to become one serpent, eyes full of contented sleep, biting its own tail.

“Many of you know that I have given every waking hour of these past three years to the study of carbon and benzene. As I have said to all of you in the lecture hall, the essence of our experience, if it has a name, can be called Carbon. And Benzene, the ark that holds six carbon atoms without capsizing, is the foundation block of organic matter. Years have been spent, not just here in Ghent, but in Gothenburg and in Prague, in Bologna and in Cambridge, to understand how Benzene, so overloaded with hydrogen, could be so stable, could balance nature’s forces of push and pull. And I have the answer now. It’s clear that the Lord is an exceptional engineer. Today, I was shown that Benzene is a circle. I saw that Carbon, the very stuff of life itself, can bind endlessly with itself. Endlessly. From here to the everafter.

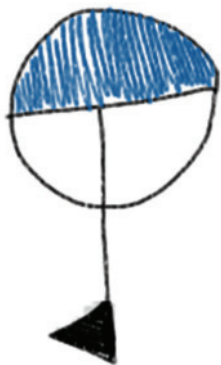
“On one point, I can agree with the priests. I agree that the Lord filled us with his breath and brought us to life. But He only blew once. What happened after? Now, we know. We are our own makers. Life begets life.”

JELLYFISH

I am a jellyfish - risible yet deadly.
I am a jellyfish - no one has seen me eat.
I am a jellyfish - researchers are not interested in tracking my migrations
I am a jellyfish - my head is shiny.
I am a jellyfish - no one knows what the hell I want.
I am a jellyfish - you can keep the rest of the ocean, but leave me the shallows

BLUE CIRCLES

your old blanket
inside of a window
that leads only to another room-
inhabiting a building
that isn't our home
i'm left for a moment
if only to reflect



HOSPICE

over eight months
marbles gather in your chest
in these last moments
they let us know
when you've finished breathing

Kate Walton is a third-year student at SAIC. She loves her cat Humphrey and wants to live on a farm. She is bad at writing bios and sending things in on time.

BYE.