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Epiphany

Sruthi Amalan

As I lay beneath a man-made aurora borealis,
I visit myself, properly, for the first time.
I knock on the doors and greet the stranger who opens them.
Her body is blue and bubbly, bursting with ink.
I'm desperate to see everything, so I dare not blink.
I'm dying to only be here, so I do not think.
I walk past the doors and into her home;
infinity where I thought a hollow would be.
Within it, she rose and crashed like ocean waves,
she embraced like a mother and cut like a knave.
And in turn, so did I.
I caressed her curves, I bit her skin,
I soothed her temper, I hit her in
all the places she stored her secrets untold,
All the knots that hold her pains of times old.
Her ink drips, drips, drips
onto the page of my body and mind.
Her living room clocks slip, slip, slip,
out of focus, quietly resigned.

Sparks

Haley Romano

Queer

Sruthi Amalan

A five-letter syllable that begins with a question and ends with a listening ear. A word for which every time I think I've found a definition, it away slips from my fingertips. A story of a detective following leads that never lead to culprits, but only to more possibilities. A saga of discovery, reflection, dead-ends, frustration, exploration, and introspection. A force field with unmistakable magnetism. A vibrance. A word lush with life.

Untitled
Velibor Baco

Citrus

Ekaterina Khakimullina

It's like a fleck of gold
in a puddle of rainwater,
tremoring in a dish in the concrete,
I can see my blurred reflection, smiling,
a mandarin umbrella behind
my face, like a halo.
It's a rare, good feeling;
a flicker of satisfaction;
the faint taste of hope.
The imaginary camera following my life,
for me, that's my eyes,
pans out to look at the gray city.
The clouds part in the corner;
you can see the linear sun ray fall,
lighting up the trees, their leaves;
raindrops glistening, under each umbrella
a diamond is hidden in the rough,
my inner altruist feels them shine.
It smells like a queer, sultry summer.
It feels like the refraction of sunlight
through drops of summer rain,
ethereal and unforgivable.
It feels like the culmination
of all that has ever gone.
I look at the foggy skyscrapers,
as the strangers pass, I smell their perfume,
held together by a leather coat,
orange juice on my lips,
citrus blush on my cheeks,
no one looking at me, I think,
perhaps, this is all I will ever need.

Appearance

Haley Romano

Caged
Sophia Wong

Crashing Waves of Autumn

Claire Kroening

Green hour dusts
newly fallen leaves,
cavorting aimlessly
in the mid-autumn currents—
creating pathways
to places long forested.
Woodlands descend
over sea-salt skies;
a lingering of forgotten whisps,
moss-incurved esplanade
and midnights up past sunrise.

Are you queering the landscape? No it was queer when I got here

James Frost

Midnight Shadows

Claire Kroening

Her fingers clasped gently
around mine,
Two shadows dancing
to symphonies
The metropolis hummed.
We were alone,
fools of fickle minds,
skipping waterfalls
onto midnight trains.

Dysphoria
Sophia Wong

Mary's Hand

Mia Soto

i look up
and see my exquisite mary
through the smoke!
she's so breathtaking!
she has my lungs rolling
in her faint, holy bosom!
she admonishes me
when i stress –
which i do, a lot.
then she declares,
that she'll take me to another place,
where my stresses will evaporate.
i take her hand,
with such ease,
every time i open that drawer.

Ascend To Heaven

Sophia Wong

I Cannot Profess to Know You

Olivia Lee

I cannot profess to know you
I only watch from afar as before your eyes, sunlight unfurls itself
How, kite-like, you draw sight to the bright, sprawling sky
Oh, time, does she steer me towards you,
Gliding her fingers across her loom
To trace our lives, woven together over the gulf
Or are we two birds that wing and dive in different currents,
Plunging, missing, and then I will never dock in your harbor
And you won't pine for my careening orbit when I am gone
I can only hope you might choose to shatter my lacquer visage,
Willingly topple forward into the deafening darkness
Find me, a wandering beast blindly roving
For a spider web silk thread of tenderness
To tether me against the ache of the abyss
To be an anchor that hooks into my bruised flesh and carries me up
Breathes kaleidoscope vision and buoyant ambition into me
I know you cannot save me from this plunge, both flight and fall, through space,
But I yearn so we might, like a whipping bolas,
Feel the counterbalance of someone on the other end,
As we surge and crash with the tsunami, as we swing forward
When thoughts scatter and smash, when I scrabble against the walls
I still reach to grasp the flitting butterfly
The hope that if I never find purchase,
I will at least know my plummet has purpose
For if you can make this ephemeral life worth it,
Then I can profess to know you



Bisexual

Kara Horacek

Eyes on the Road, Teeth in Sockets

Amgs

“My dad would always play this song,” Sawyer said. She queued “Talking in Your Sleep” by the Romantics on the phone in her hand. For the past two hours, both Sawyer and Nikki took turns playing music through the car and discussing the personal meaning behind each choice. The trees and minutes passed by in a blur as the highways stretched endlessly. It was the beginning of April, and everything was just beginning to resurrect. The weather had a chill to it, but the kind to awaken your bones. The music accompanying the ride was the only thing keeping them sane while imagining a decent spring break in the south...

Read more at:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1fKtQbveVJI-UF-6No4jQ_LviLoElsvJF/edit?usp=sharing&oid=11191277397482051231&rtpof=true&sd=true

Freefall

Audrey Herrera

The city lay before him. Countless lives swirling together, hopes and dreams, shattered like glass. The shard form a sea of stars, a galaxy of their own, lighting up the night sky. They flicker in the darkness, the lost desires of many lingering behind like ghosts longing for vengeance. He stood apart, a mere observer. For his dreams had already gone dark, forgotten amongst the skeletons in the closet. He would soon join them if all went as planned. Ben, that was his name, it almost took a second to remember. He had not heard it called in weeks by a single soul. No one knew, no one cared. There was nothing to care for; he had been reduced to a shell. Life was a cruel joke; it had stolen everything from him...

Read more at:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/15AEVqsY44OYGLtmqIKvn-7UGbTNXnH68/view?usp=sharing>



Monster

Velibor Baco