







ISSUE 01

EDEN MABEL MAGAZINE

2024

1ife at its LOWEST



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ISSUE 01

Editors Note:

Hi! Thank you so much for all your support with the Eden Mabel Literary Digital Magazine! This would not be possible without the many submissions and supporters of our social media platforms and of course the writers and artists featured in our very first issue! I would like to say that It has always been my dream to start a publication and give writers a space where they feel like they belong because I know just how it can feel when you are alone or feeling left out. So I hope you all enjoy this issue as much as I do and I look forward to putting together more issues in the near future! Thank you all.

Brina Sastyangkul, Founder



ISSUE 01

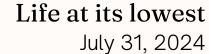
life at its lowest

CURATED BY
BRINA SASTYANGKUL

ISSUE 01
IMBALANCE, DETERMINATION, KARMA,
PRESSURE, AND MADNESS

n this issue I wanted to start with the bad news. Life just sucks. And as much as we want it to be smooth sailing, the chances are low and the risks are high. It may be difficult to look beyond the struggles and challenges to see that life has potential behind misery. That is why Eden Mabel's first issue is life at its lowest. Our image and message portrays that those who feel like they have been rejected have a home. We accept all submissions into our magazine and while other litmags may disagree and say that rejecting and denying those their right to voice themselves teaches them to accept that life isn't always sunshines and rainbows, but we think that it is okay to give in once in a while and demonstrate that while life can be hard, everyone deserves their chance to speak. Life at its lowest is our first example of why rejection is not as satisfying as acceptance and why we choose to do what we do. Thank you and enjoy!!!

Life has its highs and lows





2024

Eden Mabel Literary Magazine

SSUE 01

Highs & Lows





I have spent half a year figuring out how to get this litmag together. I have spent hours giving up and giving in. Over the course of those 6 months it was an uphill battle and I was fighting it alone. Reaching out to other mags, asking for help, practically begging for submissions. I had no clue how to run a magazine, and better yet, by myself. Not only did these struggles teach me that you can do anything you put your mind to, it also taught me that compassion for your work goes a long way. In the course of two months, I have gotten this magazine up and running, doing every single bit of the work by myself. Social? That was me. Editing? That was me. Formatting? that was also me. But i never ever realized the power of a team. Everyone I asked they had told me they couldn't do it without their team. But i was determined to do it alone. never in my life would i think i would be working with wonderful and passionate other teens. And what astonishes me is that they have the same passion that I do and they want the same things I want. This magazine has grown to be more than what i ever thought it could be. and I could not have done it without the help of so so so many people on instagram, discord, and my team. Thank you

life at its lowest

THEMES

eden mabel litmag









DETERMINATION

How does determination play in as a factor to you success and downfall. How far will you go to achieve greatness?



IMBALANCE

Life is unbalanced. Like a see-saw with only one person on it . How do those imbalances push you down and drag you around?

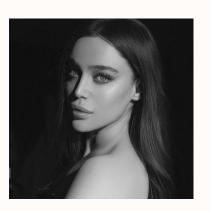


Everyone will do something for revenge. But revenge will do anything to bite you back harder without your expectation.



MADNESS

Everyone is a little mad inside.



PRESSURE

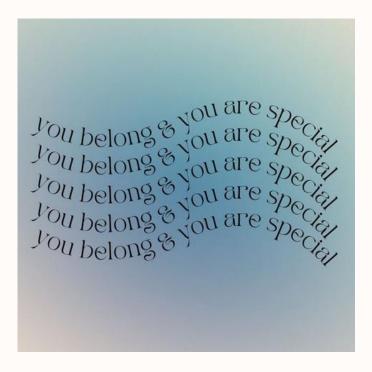
The clock is ticking and balls of sweat are dripping down your face. You have one minute to answer 5 math questions. What will you do?

archive

as seen on instagram





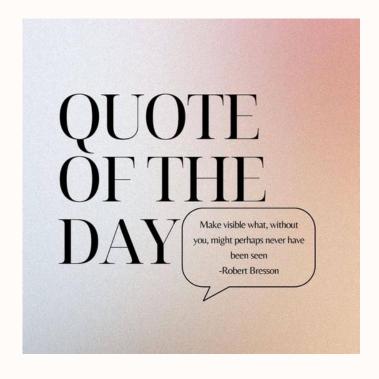




archive 2

as seen on instagram







Guidelines



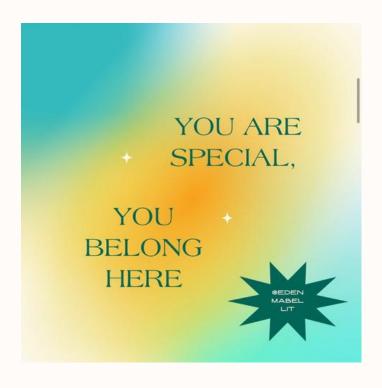
- •Must be a high schooler between the ages of 14 & 18.
 - Must not include inappropriate or explicit language
 - Must be one of the five styles/formats of writing listed in the form.
 - •Does not have to apply to our theme.
 - Must be in a google document, SHARED with edenmabellit@gmail.com

archive 3

as seen on instagram









mood board

issue 01: life at its lowest



issue 1: life at its lowest

IMBALANCE

POETRY

The Dead of Night by anonymous

THREE

A Love Buried by Claudia Wysocky
Can't Afford by Claudia Wysocky
Voices by Claudia Wysocky

The Dead of Night

she was the type of girl who made nutella toast on rye bread and drank tea in the same mug since she was 9. she rewatched to series because knowing the ending made her feel safe.

she was the last in her friend group to "become a woman" and watched disney movies when she was bored. her favorite color was always bright pink because it reminded her of when she was a child.

and yet,
she wanted to grow up.
to fall in love and not out of it
to get away from her tiny town and start her life
to break free
but she,
just like a blackbird in the night
could not mend her broken wings
and fly
-s.

This is written by an anonymous writer that is a senior in high school, 18 years old and living in Los Angeles that loves baking, classic books, and rom-com movies.

This poetry piece is about imbalance between self-identity and societal expectations to grow up and become a specific person. I wrote this recently during a time in my life where I felt extremely reflective and nostalgic for the freedom of simply not worrying.

A Love Buried

He was shorter than average, but his eyes, larger than life, more intense than most, beautiful with the fullness of brown. I envied it, the way he stared, so lackadaisical, but with a fierceness to it, the burning force of his gaze.

As often as I say have seen him, it hardly ever happens, but I always find my eyes drawn to him, that peculiar look in his eyes, the mystery behind their wavy depths, that draws me in again and again, Inexplicably.

He was shorter than average, He tells me nothing, he says everything, with a single brush of his hand, a feather-light touch,

a smile, his warmth.

And I am lost,
mesmerized by his charm,
filled with longing and desire,
what I can't have, can never have.
But he was shorter than average,
and yet I still remember,
the scent of his skin,
of hope and longing,
the way he looked at me,
and the thrill,
strange and sweet,
that he never knew he gave me.

Claudia Wysocky, a Polish writer and poet based in New York, is known for her diverse literary creations, including fiction and poetry. Claudia also shares her personal journey and love for writing on her own blog, and she expresses her literary talent as an immigrant raised in post-communism Poland.

-Claudia Wysocky

Can't Afford

Do

you ever feel less than, unable to escape? It's just the way I feel, and I don't know what to do. Because Pain is inescapable,

And I can't afford to be scared—I intend this as a promise.

I won't let myself be lost in something else

...in you. There's no way out of my head;

My mind is strained to breaking, it can't bend any more.

Out on the street in front of me—there is nothing but night—Someone stands before me who seems like they can see right through me—

...How did you come here? You're in my thoughts--not close by and yet you've been here all along.

We might not even remember anymore... so why do I think that we once met?

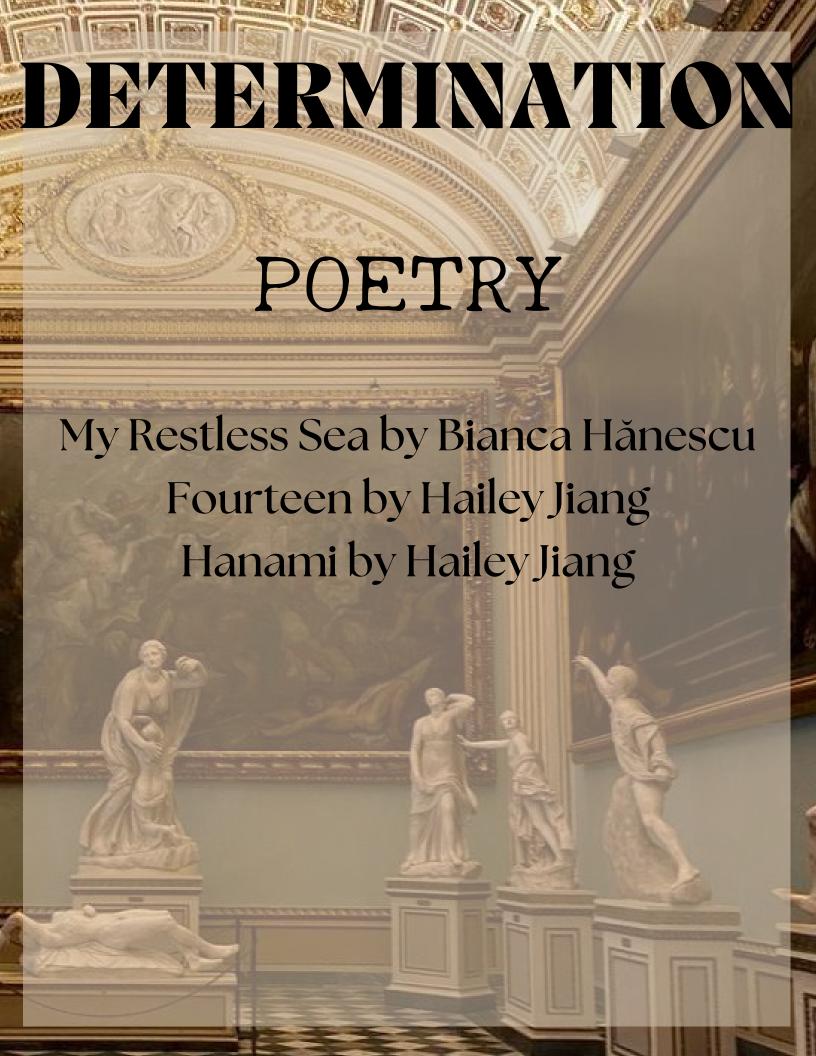
Mindful of the dream I caught, a stranger walked into the world—away from another.

I feel like a fool when we look at each other, a stranger! And yet... may dream of love's path.

Why should such joyfulness bring us rage, rage? Do you not care—to sate and be free—for if there is not tomorrow, savor tonight?

Voices

When I speak it is not so much I do as say " No, I did not " a thousand times; rather, And each time that I utter " Yes it is, " in cold intent, The truth with its desire always seems to betray me-In the middle of space, the words go " Hatches ". I am glad you do not know how to listen, nor care. Think only how we were two lovers who fell in love; Desiring the same thing, but unwilling to be one. How we fool our minds and make us believe it \$#39;s real. Forget this, forget everything. Nothing I have said-Is true. You have spoken earnestly to me of what you fear my heart will feel, Of its tensing and shivering, of its loss and of pain. Yet your touch has not drawn blood from these wounds. It does not appear as though it might be so—But if last night was indeed not you crying out in your sleep then where did you go? Where is your voice? Was it—real?



My Restless Sea

Beneath the moon's sober silhouette, lies the restless sea Crowned by a gorgeous deity with furious currents sparkling in endless dreams.

Indefinite waves cradle the soul kneeled by the agonizing fate, Whispering a vortex of secrets hidden in shallow corners of the human mind,

Channeling the vicious feeling of denial and regret of time...

But the poor dying man stands one forceful chance in the face of the fierce and broad sea.

Flowing down in a glorious symphony, relying on nature's eternal sympathy.

Storm clouds gather in an inner turmoil as the skies turn into an ambiguous shade of gray,

Legends of the Nautilus cast away, ships ruined in sheer despair, Winds paraded far behind the vision of a mere mortal could reach As the dashing sailors and skilled pirates ended up drenched in comic beliefs.

On the high waves floats a little ferryboat,

Echoes of our ancestors streaming in a letter, declaration of war Demanding revenge under a façade written in octopus ink, The Kraken lurking in the shadows, waiting for its next death companion to finally be revealed...

Yet, within this wild array, resides an empire of storms cultivated in lyrical poems,

Weaving the illusions of the poor in a myriad of prayers swinging above the mirror's dome.

Conflicted remains the sea, with a heart untamed, Overwhelming for a mortal who continues to believe In the long-forgotten shore, the gate to an open door leading to heaven and beyond.

As we stand still admiring your copious sleep, captivated by your idyllic sight,

We give ourselves away, in a fit of rage, and with a mighty roar, Ending the existence of a Kingfisher taking a leap of faith, a last goodbye meant for all...

Bianca is a high school teenager from Romania, currently in 10th grade, who recently turned 16 y/o. While she loves spending her time creating poetry, practicing horse riding and playing tennis during summer vacation, she still wants to encourage and inspire others through her work and lead them to new personal discoveries that will inevitably modify the way they perceive life. This year she is more than proud of her achievements, one of them being the extraordinary number of submissions, specifically poems, to numerous literary magazines worldwide.

-Bianca Hănescu

Fourteen

I am fourteen years old Too young to know what life holds Old enough to know it's not pretty

I have not yet seen the sun set
The world is a purple skirt that
I cannot take off,
Sits on my waist, its ruffles
Tickling my smooth legs

My bestest friend and greatest enemy,
The shadow I cannot escape
And cannot grasp,
Although she is mere inches away
I could be miles away

A flower bud I dare not destroy,
For fear of preventing a bloom,
But why try to protect it
When the wind and the elements
Will blow its fragile petals away,
When the others will chase the fleeting petals
But the stem that created those beauties
Is left alone, thirsty.

Fourteen years that will always be built in me, I shall never feel her alive again, Desperately try to piece the petals together again, But they are too damaged from the wind And rough play that I cannot see What the flower would have looked like Had it bloomed?

Hailey Jiang is a 16 year old poet residing in Boston, MA. She has been writing poetry since the 7th grade and is an avid fan of Jason Reynolds, Sylvia Path, and Zane Fredrick. She was named a finalist in the 2024 Storm King School Poetry Contest for her poem "From the perspective of my childhood best friend's home." In her free time she enjoys listening to Kpop (especially Itzy!) and playing with her cats. You can find her at @hailey.photo.writing on Instagram.

-Hailey Jiang

Hanami

When I bloom it is nothing short of a miracle. You admire my blooming branches
Picnic under the graceful flowers
Capture the fleeting moment.

Yet, it is no coincidence
That I am your "weeping cherry".
You never cared for who I am,
Only for what I can be,
For you'd rather
Dumplings than flowers.

Who am I if not
Beauty and life
Death and impermanence
Your pride, your obsession
Your weeping cherry
The one you love dearest
The one you fear the most,

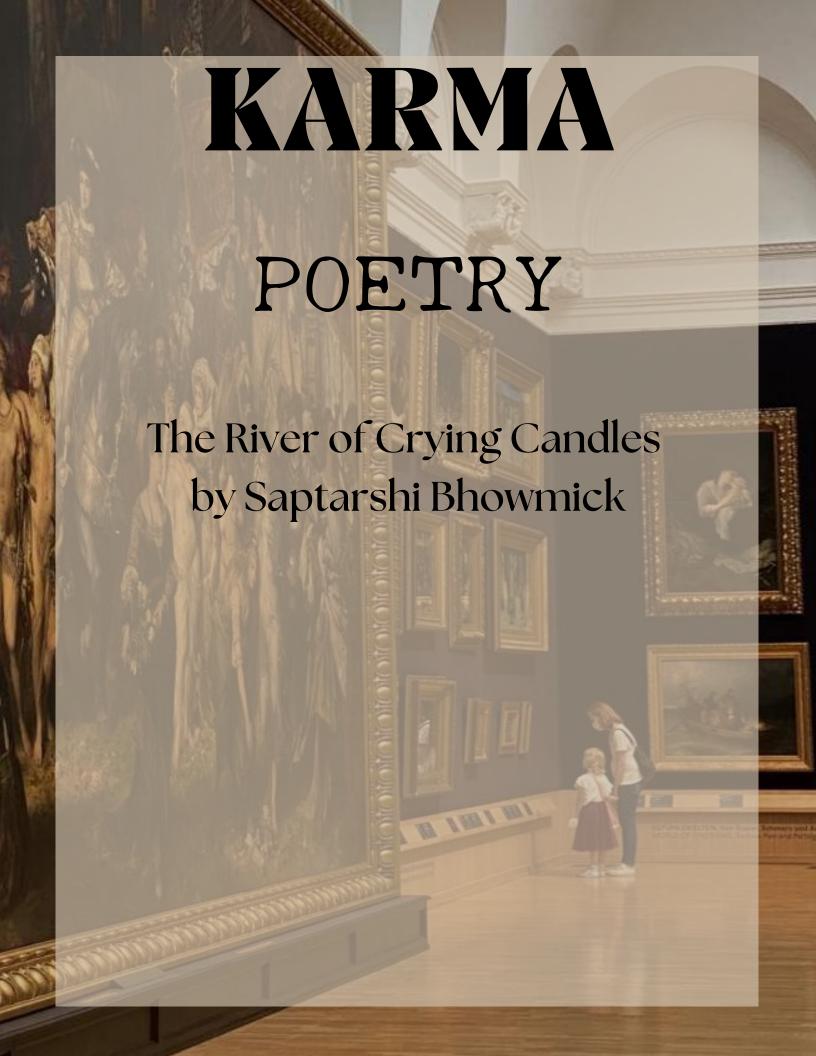
For my death comes quick.

You awe over my life
And neglect to mention my death,
You admire my beauty
Only from afar,
You raise me up
Just to let me come crashing down.
I am everything to you
Until I rot, until I am nothing
But a curse on your children.

I am beautiful to you For only a week Before I am an omen Of a life not lived.

Hailey Jiang is a 16 year old poet residing in Boston, MA. She has been writing poetry since the 7th grade and is an avid fan of Jason Reynolds, Sylvia Path, and Zane Fredrick. She was named a finalist in the 2024 Storm King School Poetry Contest for her poem "From the perspective of my childhood best friend's home." In her free time she enjoys listening to Kpop (especially Itzy!) and playing with her cats. You can find her at @hailey.photo.writing on Instagram.

-Hailey Jiang



The River Of Crying Candles

Long protests, long rallies, we want to make a difference.

My obnoxious heart is still in pain as I see those streets full of hoodlums, shouting for justice as if nothing happened.

Negligence became a better part of me, day by day I can feel it growing; yesterday I saw a hungry man and today, an abused, though it didn't moved me to an extent to join them on streets, holding a candle or a cascade or whatever it is, to be a representative.

Tomorrow I will join them, as it can't be asked who makes the difference. All that matters is being a part of what that difference will make. Like, when I thought about me, from moments ago, I found an example.

Lalways loved the last sip of my tea_just like how the last words come to me, I struggle much to get there."

Came from the outskirts of a town named Berhampore, Saptarshi strives more and more in his world of limited opportunities. Although he had been mentioned to be lethargic, he managed to find joy in his plentiful creations.

Saptarshi Bhowmick



sincerely yours.

you'll be 9 when you first notice him, that guy who every girl says they have a crush on, not because they actually do, but because "that's what girls are supposed to do." and you'll start to play football with him because that's what boys are supposed to do, you'll tell yourself that you don't like him, instead you just really want to be his friend, be near him, be like him. "boys can't like boys" you'll tell yourself, and you will keep playing football every day, even though you realized you hated it a long time ago.

you'll be 17 when you meet him, that guy that makes your
stomach churn when he says
your name, the guy that makes you feel nervous when he asks to
hang out. it will be
with him where you hear that word again, the one your dad used
when you said you
didn't want to get a haircut the summer after freshman year. that
one you heard your
friend say in the fifth grade after his mom let it slip one night,
she'll tell him never to
repeat it, yet all it will do is give him an incentive for him to use it
more. you will have
thought about saying it, but you never do, not because you didn't
want to offend
anyone, but you'll be scared that once it leaves the confines of
your mind it will become
more than just a thought. almost as if once it crawls out of your
lips it will wrap its
arms around you and sink its teeth into your back.

you'll be 18 when he kisses you for the first time, you'll feel a shock go down your body,

it'll resonate at your feet but it won't leave you. and you'll fall in love then and there,

and none of it matters. you'll get out of his shitty 2004 corolla that you've spent

countless hours in. you'll walk up your front lawn in silence, and he'll follow you, not

because he feels like he has to, but because you know he now loves you too.

it will be that night when you leave him on your patio,

it will be that night when you slam the door in his face as you force down muffled sobs,

and it will be that night where you say that word for the first time.

you'll be 23 when you finish your fifth year and graduate college, "a victory lap" your parents will say at their dinner parties and at their church luncheons. you'll sit alone in your room after each of these events and stare at the business bachelors hanging neatly on your wall, each word neatly printed in ink and signed hastily by a dean that wouldn't know your name until he signed it on a degree. you'll come back home from college and start a job you never feel the need to mention. "did i get to be a alone at your cubicle one evening, hours after you were allowed to your left will ask you out for drinks on a whim, you will agree and have a night like any other, not quite good, but not quite bad. you will marry her six months later.

you'll be 24 when you start taking pills. you'll hate taking them
the first time, you'll
hate it the second, the third, and the fourth. you'll do it time after
time and you'll hate
it more than the last, yet nothing will feel worse than the feeling of
not having them.
you'll be 29 when you get a divorce, most people will know
you're different by then,
know that you are sick. you will go to a bar one night and think
about why you married
her in the first place, you will realize after your fifth drink that she
was just proof. proof
that you were normal, and you will realize after your sixth drink
that it wasn't proof for
your parents, or your coworkers, but proof for you. because you
realize after your eighth

drink you realize in the end, that's all you care about.

vou'll be 21 when you realize your perents are like the pills you
you'll be 31 when you realize your parents are like the pills you
take, not just in the fact
that you hate them, but in the fact that you'd rather spend the rest
of your life with
them than have to imagine a day when they are no longer there, so
you'll go to the
dinner parties, the picnics, and to church every sunday. one
morning after church you'll
take a few pills in a bathroom stall and sit against the wall and
stare at your hands.
you'll run the tips of your dried out fingertips across the indentions
in your palms and
realize that the pills aren't working. and you will stay in that stall
for the next hour, it
will be in that very bathroom where you put your head in your
hands and you realize
that it's too late for you, far earlier than it actually was.

you'll be 39 when dad dies, you'll take the day off from work, you'll drive to the church and sit in the back of the chapel. your mom will text you after the funeral in hysterics asking you where you were, and you will apologize to her, time after time, you will

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explain that work kept you later than you thought and that you would see her soon. "happy fathers day," that night you will put on dad's old jacket, you'll strip off your shirt and the bandages, and you'll navigate it gently over your arms that's poked full of holes, "I always hated bees," you'll look in the mirror and you will begin to weep, even though that isn't what boys do.

you'll be 42 when you stop answering calls, your phone will begin to collect dust the same way your diploma did, "I don't like to clean my room" once hanging up on your wall in your old room at moms house, now sits at the bottom of a halfway unpacked box in the corner of your apartment, by the time you're 43 you will have had your own place for almost 5 years, and still that box will sit in the corner, halfway unpacked.

you'll be 51 when mom dies, "she lost a great battle" the lawyer a
the reading will tell
you, "don't be a sore loser" as if the acknowledgment of a
prolonged struggle would
serve as enough substance to convey any kind of remorse,
especially since the remorse
was not one of genuine nature. however it will prove that mom
won't be the only
casualty, a bank account once filled by life insurance from the
passing of your father
will have been left to crumbs as hands of medical greed swipe it
away. Radiation,
hospital stays, chemotherapy, you will feel annoyance followed
by a stab of guilt, the
cheap carpet rubbing at your shoes as you bite your lip in
frustration at the miniscule
amount left in your name. however your interest will peak when
he hands you over a
small cardboard box. you will look into it, walking out of the
office that evening you will
have wished you never did. getting home you will open the small
box your mother left
you, and you will grab the unlabeled empty pill bottle from inside
the box she left you.
you'll learn to hate her for it, for ignoring, for leaving you to bask
in the filth of the life
that was laid out for you.

"i think i'm lost"

you took the wrong path, but how could you not, it was so well worn. a path worn from your father, your father's father, and the father of his father, a path taken so many times that there was no way it couldn't have been the way you were supposed to go.

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you'll be 52 when you check into rehab, you won't remember why you did, you will only be able to feel the walls collapse on you as you beg for a freedom which could never be achieved by walking out of the facility doors. you will sit alone in a room for two days, yet it was there that you will realize you had been alone for a lot longer. Time will pass, you will leave that room. you will begin to eat again, sleep in longer increments than you thought was possible.

you'll begin to read again, you will find your favorite spot
under a sycamore tree in the courtyard where you will spend most
of your time reading.
you will sit at every support group and do every exercise they give
you, you won't
remember why you started but you will remember why you
finished. you'll meet eyes
with him a few months in from across the cafeteria during dinner,
his shoulder length
graying hair and his goatee that hugs his chin and leaves it
glimmering like silver will
be what you notice first. he'll have round glasses that make his
eyes appear larger than
they actually are and a stature so skinny it looks as if he is about to
snap in two. he will
approach you and say his name is arlo. you will sit in bed that
night and look at the
cracks in the ceiling, you will realize at that moment that you can
not sit and stare at
your wounds forever, because they had become scars long before
you realized. and the
next morning you'll take arlo to read with you under the sycamore

tree.

you will be 71 when you decide to wake up early and watch the
sun rise, your footsteps
will be drowned out by the sound of arlo's snores as you leave the
room. you will sit on
the front steps of your patio, the morning wind brushing against
your aged skin. the
first rays of morning sunlight will begin to touch down on the
winding hills that sit in
front of you. you will grab the notebook at your side and uncap
the pen that's tucked
inside it, you will take a moment and begin to write a letter, you
won't address it to
anyone, the person who it's for will already know everything that
happens.



POETRY

On Falling by Emma Foster
Screech by Emma Foster
A Fetish for Death by Ummi Fatima
A Burnt Child Loves the Fire
by Ishita Shukla
Salt by Ben Ramakrishnan

PROSE

A Badge of Happiness by Mariam Fouda

On Falling

Falling to my death,
Terror runs through my rivers,
The wind whistles through me
In a death-march.
My stomach in my throat,
My palms worshiping the air,
My heart the white flag flying,
I am everything I want, everything I despise.
I am now one with the dirt.
The stars look down at me and smile.

Screech

io

Static

Snapping

Like

Ice.

Count—to—ten,

Fight for

Your next

Breath

While the

Devils

With their

Daggers

Made of

Screams

Strangle

What little you have.

E. S. Foster is a writer and student at the University of Cambridge. Her work has appeared in multiple literary journals, and she reads for several literary journals. You can find more of her work at fosteryourwriting.com.

-Emma Foster

A Fetish for Death

It whispers about it's arrival to me, every night. But in the morning, I drink my cup of disappointment As soon as I open my eyes. I want it to hug me so tight That it squishes out my lungs & amp; my intestines. As I lie on the hospital bed And hear my heartbeat form a straight line. I've lost count of all the times That I tried to suffocate & s*icide. But every attempt was either like A failed launch of a missile Or a diffused dynamite. The moment they hear the word "Death" Their ribs start turning cold But I make myself bleed as if I don't want this life anymore.

The blisters on my feet
And the bruises on my knees
They'll tell you a story,
If you listen carefully.
The fluid running down from my cuticles,
It forms a red stream and
I sit at the shore as I watch the fishes dive in

The swollen knuckles complete
The beautiful scene,
Just how the mountains did
When I was a kid.
The scars on my skin,
Are waiting for an afterlife
That is yet to begin!

A Burnt Child Loves the Fire

Light peeps through the window... I'm not sure what to make of it. The little gleam it brings with itself... Or the darkness it is yet to discover... Which just makes the gleam not good enough.... Curse it as you would to your not so good enough child.... They'll probably do their best to prove themselves but boy who cares...

You wonder what has changed, you think you know them completely do you still think the same when You know you weren't there to wipe their

tears....

Do you regret to have left them alone when All the things they had to silently bear.. They cried for help didn't they..

You heard that didn't you...

Why did you chose to do it.. Why did you choose to leave it... Now it's to late for regret..

Bcoz a burnt child loves the fire they said... Each home was in ashes as she stepped..

Her dreams made her want to kill herself. Despite you knowing all this she was left alone..

Maybe that's what made her heart and soul turn to cold..

After all the ashes were indeed unbearable..

She demanded unconditional love and complete freedom maybe that's why she's terrible...

A lyricist, bibliophile, music lover, and true crime enthusiast from India, currently struggling through the 12th grade, it is. With a soul nourished by words, melodies, and mysterious tales, this person views the world differently. Through poetry and literature, this individual finds solace and interest; in music and crime mysteries, their imagination is captured. They get deep into creativity and knowledge, drawing from their cultural roots and the diverse narratives of India, as they negotiate the last year of high school.

-Ishita Shukla

Salt

i seek shelter at your harbors pray for solace in these waters i would die for you to let me in where my soul roams without borders

you always said if ever i was lost to look up at the beacon in the sky to asylum in your lighthouse warm and safe and home at last

yet i am surrounded on all sides by infinite blue true like the leather on my broken compass but brother, unlike you (who was supposed to show me my way) there is no blinding light from a beacon or from the heavens up above and i am beginning to think that the heavens do not exist at all

i scream at the sky endlessly, ferociously like the beast i am as there is no longer a soul for miles to condemn me for my behavior i taste the sourness of bile and blood and rage on my tongue stinging with the salt between my fingertips

waterfalls come gushing out of my eyes more salt to join the sea more salt for my open, bleeding wounds more salt for my ever-growing vengeance

the waters are murky and blue turns to black the waves are choppy with tumult and the coming storm my rage could outrun any storm yet i am exhausted to my bones tired and jaded and livid, no shore to destroy if i wanted

and so, i become what you want me to be the boy who disappeared sunken like a ship hitting rock bottom hair spilling all directions as i crash under

blue turns to black turns to red i am salt lying on a marine deathbed

A Badge of Happiness

A childhood shapes someone's character and behavior in various aspects, how sensitive they grow to be, how strong, how independent, and how healthy. Our childhood's timespan is often times forced to an end by the hands of adults. Said adult can be your own parent, a stranger, or even a world leader. What I want to highlight isn't what your childhood entailed, but how I have to move past it so damn quickly, how it slipped away like a moment stuck in a place in time, unable to extend its hands left or right, forward or backward to help. To help us, to help me. For that now, I want to scream and say 'where were you', why did you slip away so fast, what were you running from; Tell me. Tell me, so that I may run away with you. So that I may not spend the rest of my life envying others for their happy sappy childhoods, feeling blind rage whenever a father picks up his child from school, or spend time with them, or by any means act like their father in any way, shape or form. So that I would not spend the rest of my life wondering what I did wrong, why was I underserving, unworthy. So I would not spend the rest of my life taking countless random men in my life as father figures, and do the impossible to make them proud, yet it's never enough, because they aren't him.

When I was a little girl, I had the dream to be a princess, that my life was nothing if not a bad dream, that I would wake up from this nightmare and live my life as a princess in a far, far away place. In a place that would not be full of misery and quite frankly problems. However that dream was stolen away by the king, the queen was a fierce fighter though, only went down for a short period of time, then she came back up. I do not blame her, she was only human. A human that was hurting, taken aback my shock, by nightmares coming true; if anyone in the world would understand that, it would be me, for that I didn't wake up from mine. The psychology behind someone's childhood is eternal, great and paradoxical. Afterall it is the time in someone's life free of responsibilities, failure and society. When you can laugh for however long you want, however loud you would like. When you can spend days and days on end doing nothing other than existing, playing perhaps, eating even and no feeling of guilt rises in your throat for abandoning your duties, studies and no worries of being held accountable. When you can try and try and try; you don't collapse, or give up from continuous defeat, no one tells you, 'you're a fool' for looking like one.

Your childhood is a place in your life, where you can be happy and free. A place that has no room for tragedies or sadness for that if your life bears too much of those, your childhood ceases to exist.

A badge of pain, adulthood is.

Mariam Fouda is an Egyptian Muslim girl, she loves food and her heritage above all else, although reading and writing take first place without saying, of course. Her friends mean a great deal in her life and she hopes on day she can hold the revelation of what she wants to do in the future in her hands.

OTHER

POETRY

Stagnant Water by MG

Stagnant Water

I have lived all these years, over and over again, thinking what could've been if only I did something different.

I have repeated the same words, same actions.

I have done thousands of different things.

Things that I know would never be.

I have spoken a thousand of different scripts of the same scenes.

Scenes I knew could never be.

For excepting the one that happened long ago, it all existed only in my head.

I haven't lived for long.

But I have lived for much longer than my age count said I did.

People moved on.

The world moved on.

Yet here I am, still repeating the same things, still seeing the same scenes, still hearing the same words.

My life is but stagnant water.

Mind collapses as my thoughts scatter.

I wonder how many times the leaves have grown and wilted.

I wonder how many times the snow has fallen and perished.

For nothing ever changes to me.

Does it even matter how nice the air felt as the sunlight peeked through the branches?

Does it even matter how the animals have woken up from their slumber?

The world may change, but I do not.

People moved on.

The world moved on.

Yet here I am, still repeating the same things, still seeing the same scenes, still hearing the same words.

I am tired of the same old scenes.

It smelled sickly sweet.

And it is my reality.

For I am destined to rot here, just like stagnant water.

MG is an author, freelance book cover designer, content creator, and student who loves cats and magical stories. Her poems have been published in almost 50 literary magazines and she is currently working to get her novels out there too! To know more about her, find her on Instagram: @melifluousgelatoo.writes

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THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR BEING
PART OF OUR COMMUNITY!
WE REALLY APPRECIATE ALL THE
SUPPORT YOU HAVE GIVEN US, AND
LOOK FORWARD TO CONTINUING TO
CONNECT WITH YOU IN THE FUTURE.

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