



ISSUE 01

EDEN MABEL MAGAZINE

2024

# life 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

*I*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



Life at its lowest  
July 31, 2024



# Highs & *Lows*

2024

Eden Mabel Literary  
Magazine

ISSUE 01







# TO BE FRANK:

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*



## **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?



## **DETERMINATION**

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

## **KARMA**

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.



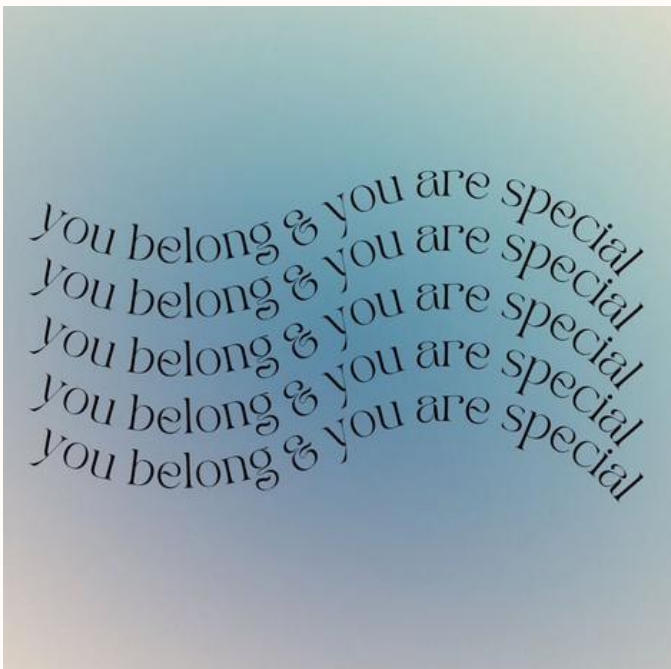
## **PRESSURE**

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

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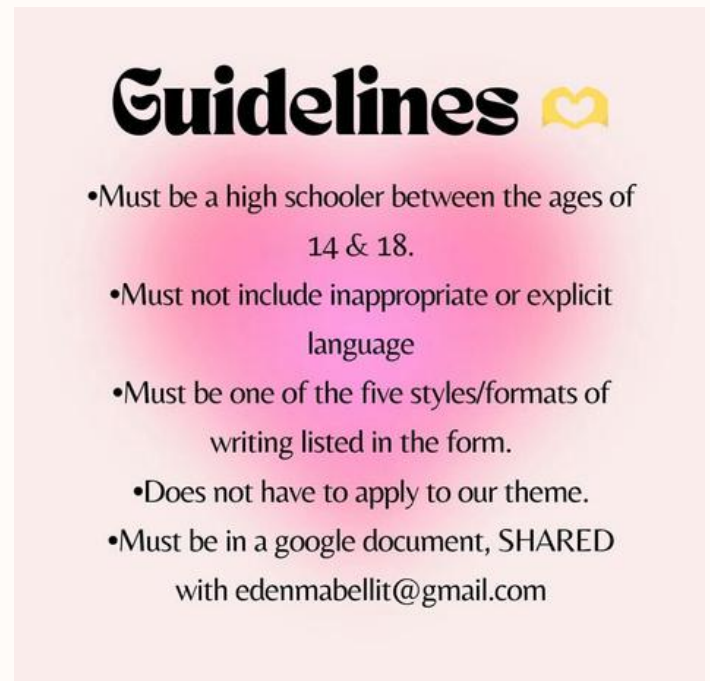
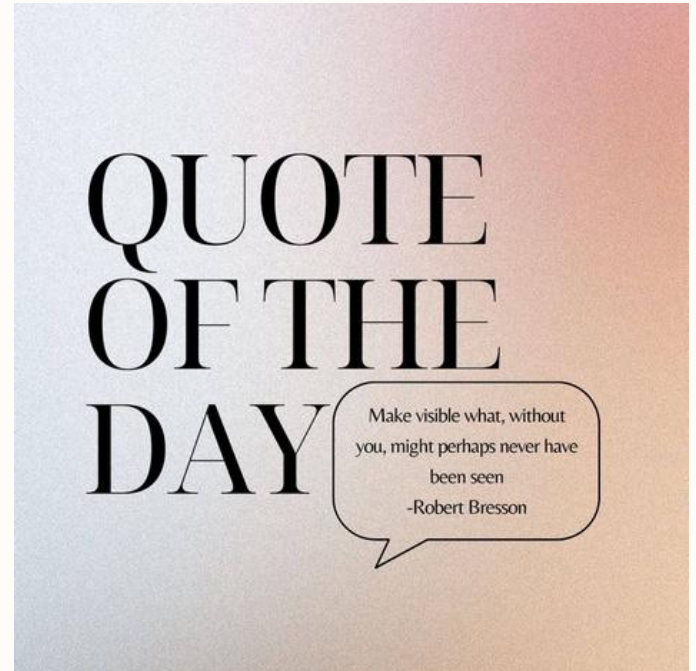




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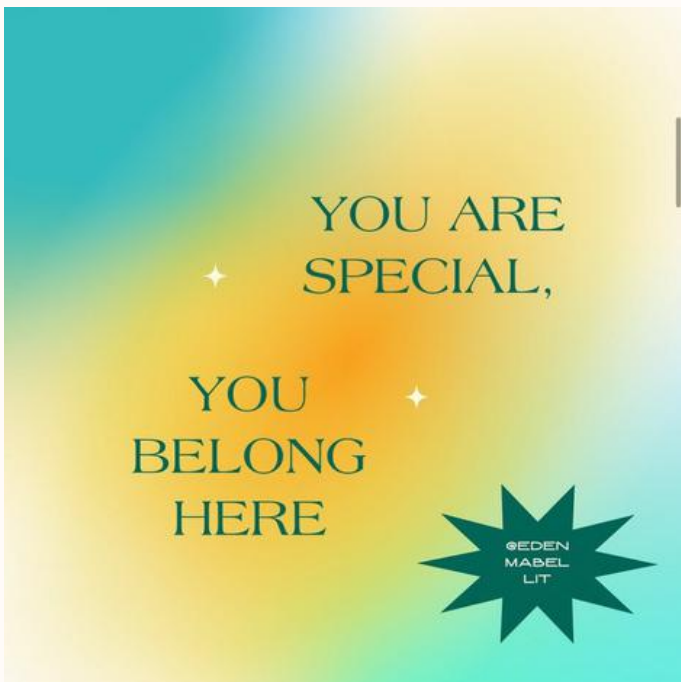
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# *m o o d   b o a r d*

*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



edenmabellit

# *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 tv 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.

-anonymous



# *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



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# *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.



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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?

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-Claudia Wysocky



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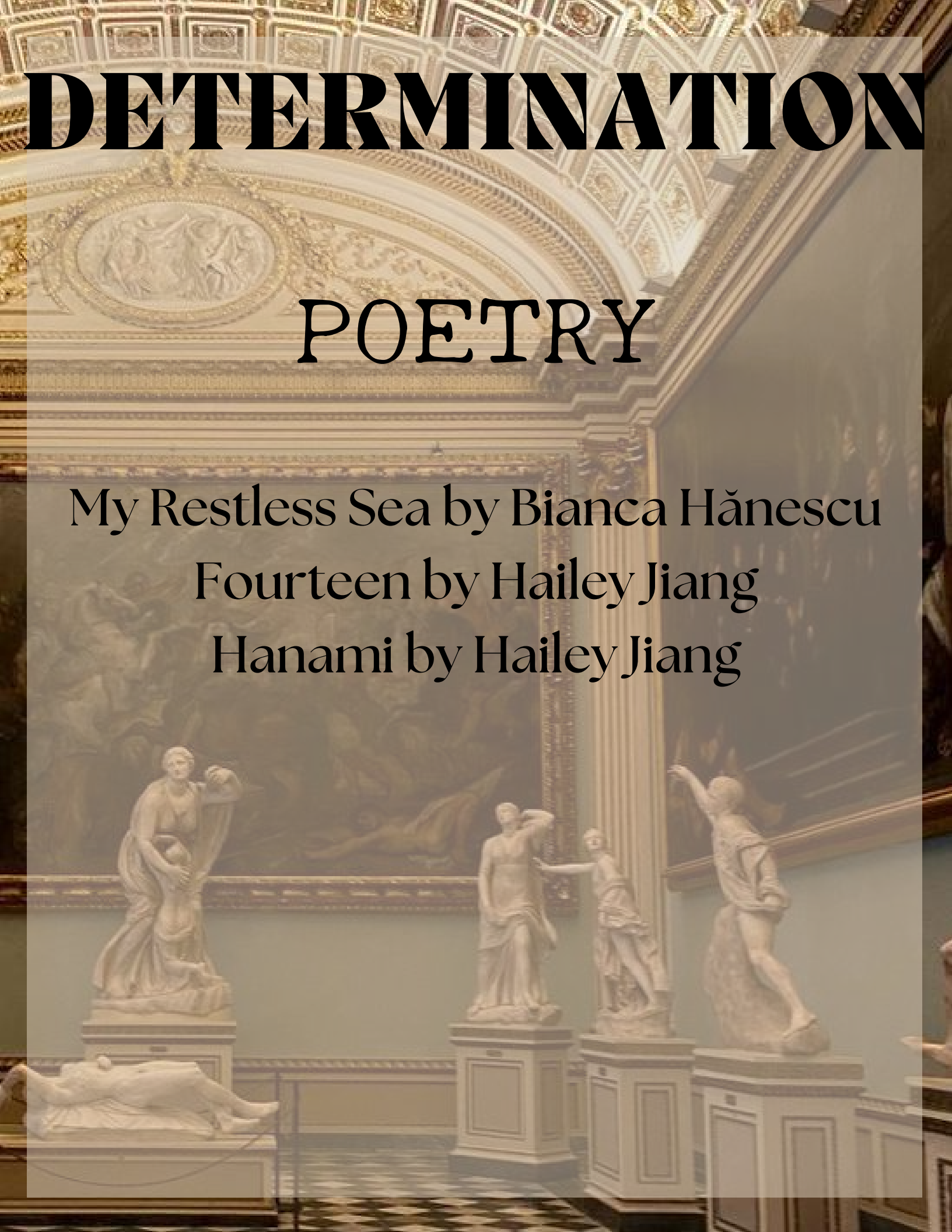
# *Voices*

When I speak it is not so much I do as say  
&quot;No, I did not&quot; a thousand times; rather,  
And each time that I utter &quot;Yes it is,&quot; in cold intent,  
The truth with its desire always seems to betray me—  
In the middle of space, the words go &quot;Hatches&quot;.  
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'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?

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





# DETERMINATION

## POETRY

My Restless Sea by Bianca Hănescu

Fourteen by Hailey Jiang

Hanami by Hailey Jiang



# *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.

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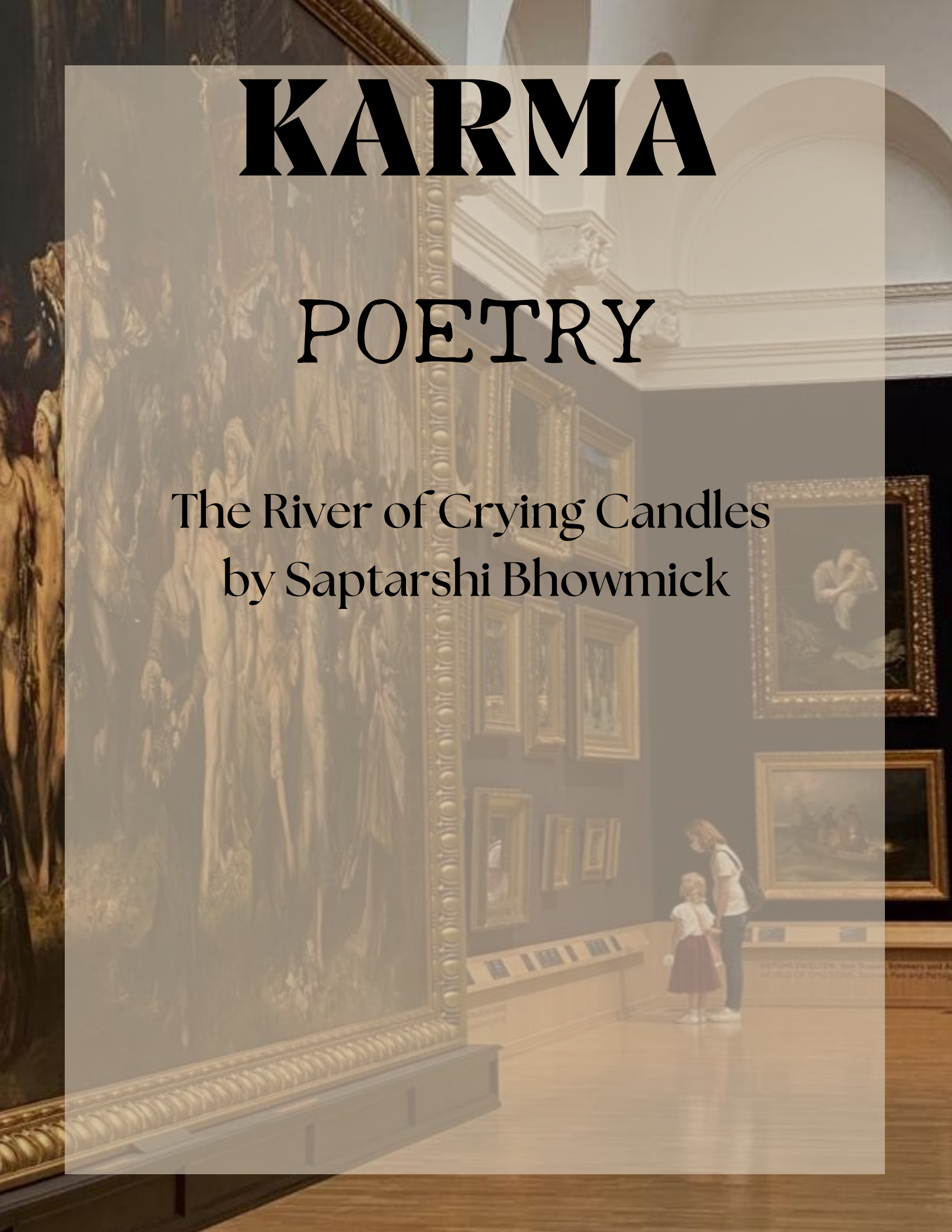
-Hailey Jiang



# KARMA

## POETRY

The River of Crying Candles  
by Saptarshi Bhowmick





edenmabellit

# *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.

"I always 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





# PRESSURE

## PROSE

sincerely yours. by cooper brumfield



# 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 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  
fireman?”** you will sit  
alone at your cubicle one evening, hours after you were allowed to  
leave, the woman 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.



































# MADNESS

## POETRY

On Falling by Emma Foster

Screech by Emma Foster

A Fetish for Death by Umami Fatima

A Burnt Child Loves the Fire

by Ishita Shukla

Salt by Ben Ramakrishnan

## PROSE

A Badge of Happiness by Mariam Fouda



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# *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.

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](http://fosteryourwriting.com).

-Emma Foster



edenmabellit

# *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.

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-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 & 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!



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# *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..



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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



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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

Ben Ramakrishnan is a high school sophomore from the United States. He is passionate about music, literature, and theater. Ben is also the founder and editor-in-chief of Vellichor Literary and can be found on Instagram @beniskindaweird or @vellichor\_lit!

-Ben Ramakrishnan



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# *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.

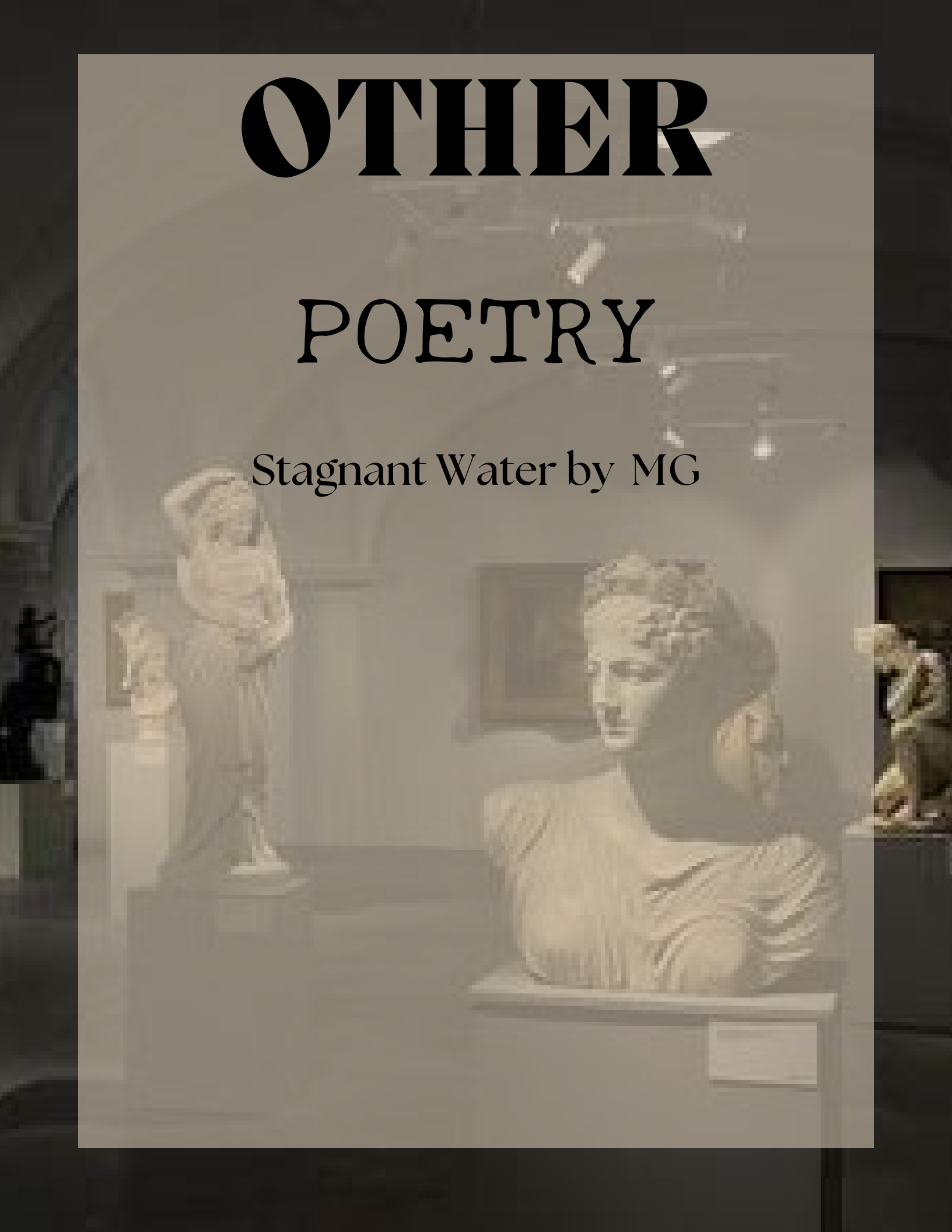
-Mariam Fouda



# OTHER

## POETRY

Stagnant Water by MG





edenmabellit

# *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.



edenmabellit

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?



edenmabellit

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

-MG



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# Thank You



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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