



FURIOUS PURE

Hello and seasons greetings.

This visual and poetic collaboration is our way of saying thank you to all the artists, poets, viewers and readers who have made each issue of *Furious Pure* so very special.

We, the editors (DH Dowling and Holaday Mason), wish you all creative freedom in this new year and beyond.

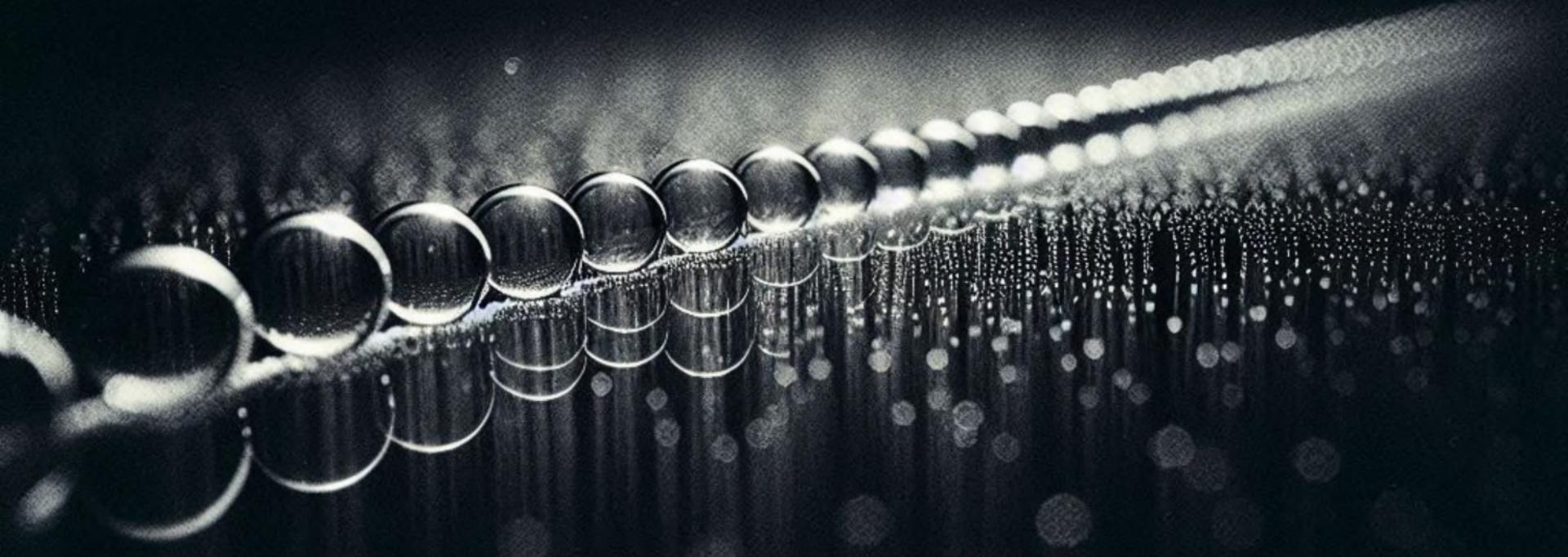
DH Dowling

Publisher/Editor-in-chief

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c2025



A dark, atmospheric landscape featuring a river or field filled with numerous glowing orange and yellow spheres, resembling fireflies or bubbles. The water reflects these lights. In the background, a dark, cloudy sky is illuminated by a bright, yellowish-orange glow, possibly from the setting or rising sun. The overall mood is mysterious and ethereal.

BUBBLES CARRYING MIRRORS ACROSS THE RIVER STYX



1.

Self-contained, peaceful — when five pass by at once, you kneel at the hem of their light wobbles, each rainbow orb writing scriptures exactly where they touch & bump each other as they float through daylight without bursting. & when they do blow up, their quicksilver splatters issue a private invitation sent just for you from the galaxy of truth or dare. Yet if you try to catch them, ask your fortune, the date of your death, they laugh, then glide away over rooftops & treetops — pure emissaries of dreams, untroubled by day or night, each one enjoying the cliff of the moment, shining as gossamer as birth — weaving through the silence that comes before & after everything.

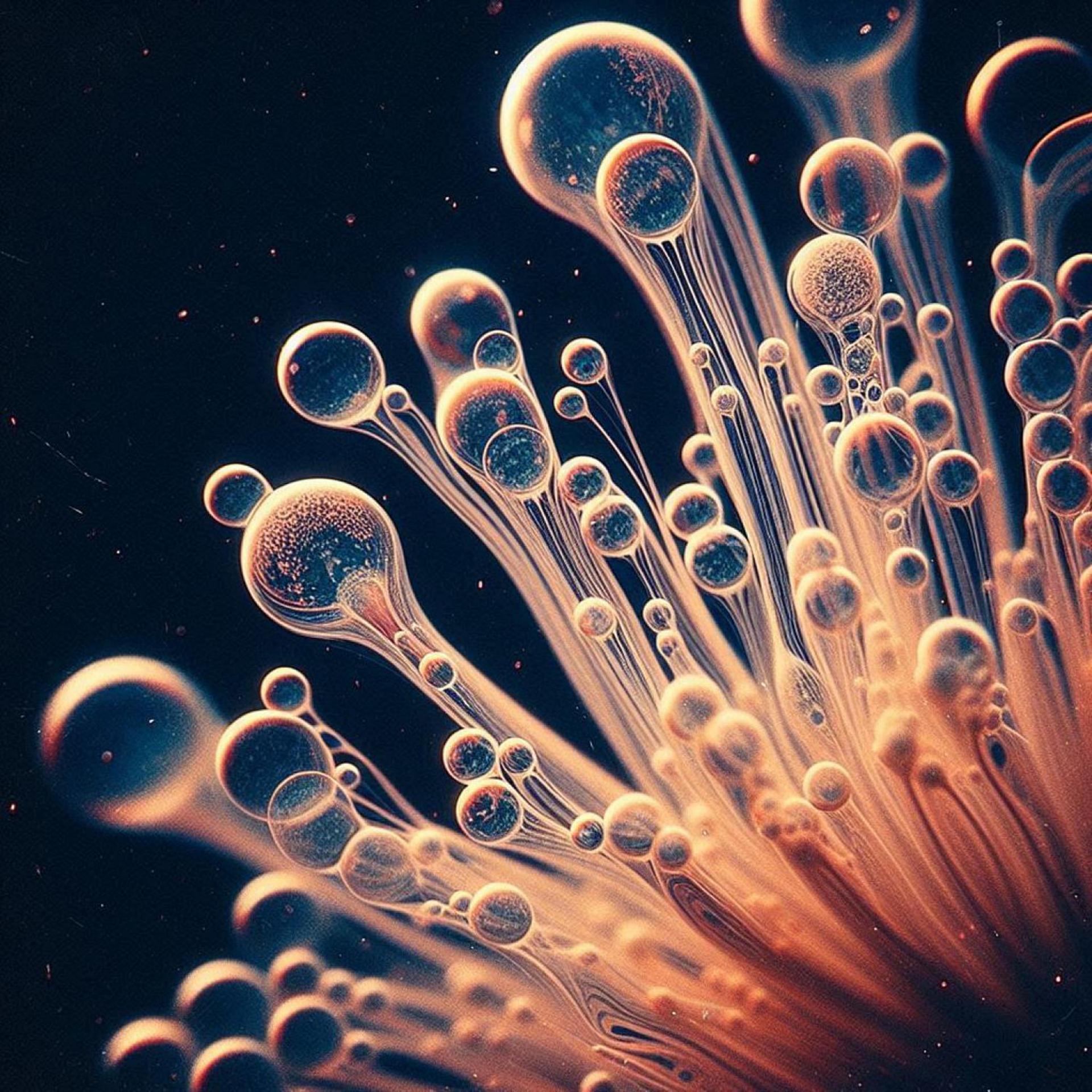


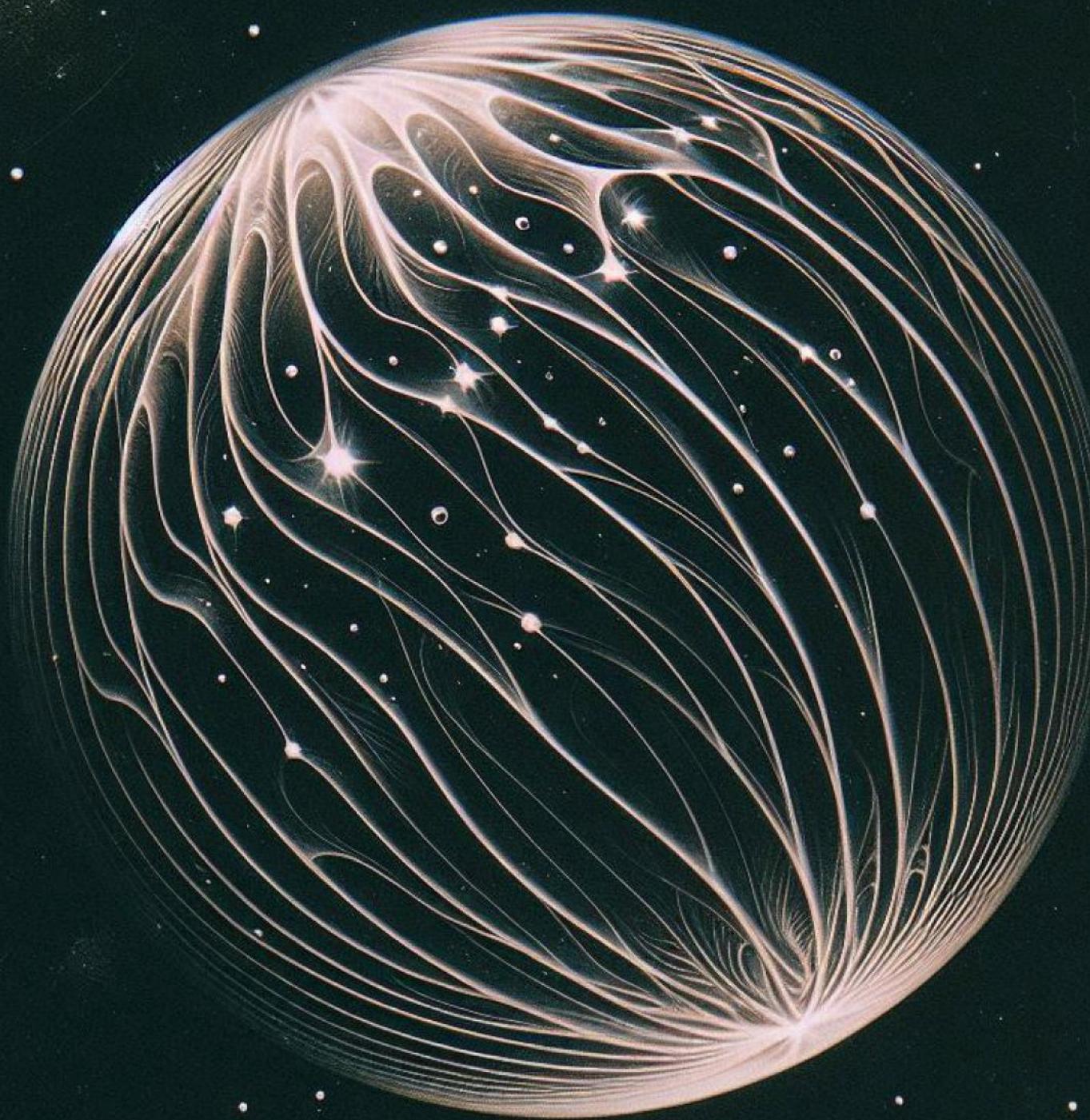










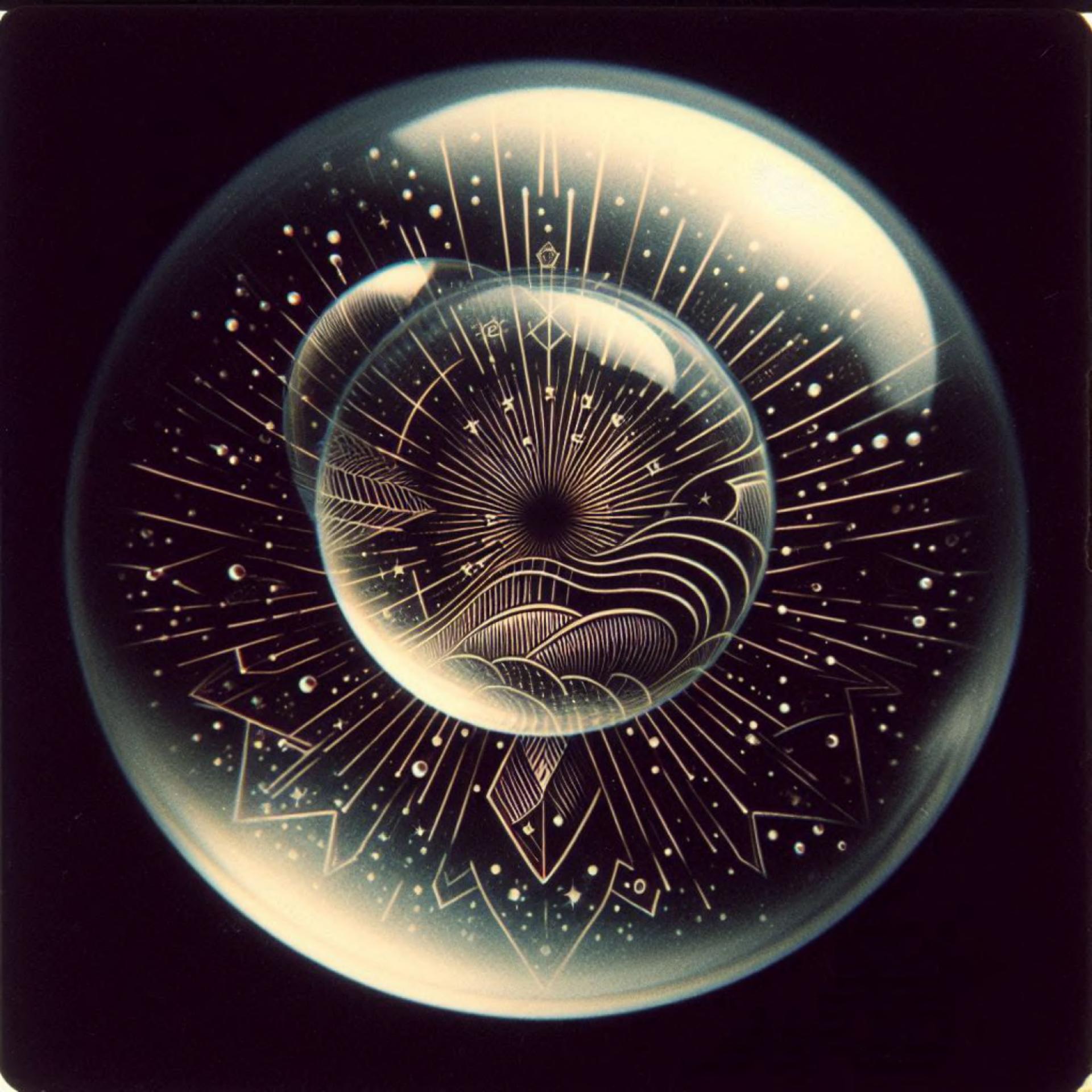


2.

A man in a long retreat breaths into his belly through the sternum, fills his guts as collar bones lift to coax breath inside the core column, his eyeballs, the perineum & he opens his throat — no, he's not too late to unlatch the prisoner's skull, use the forbidden beautiful screaming — his mouth, the mouth of water, the tongue of fire, prolific bloodstream of soil, his mouth is so wide that he is inside the mouth of all those who kiss death with eyes open. Mouth on mouth, what arrives first, arrives last — the two forever twins.

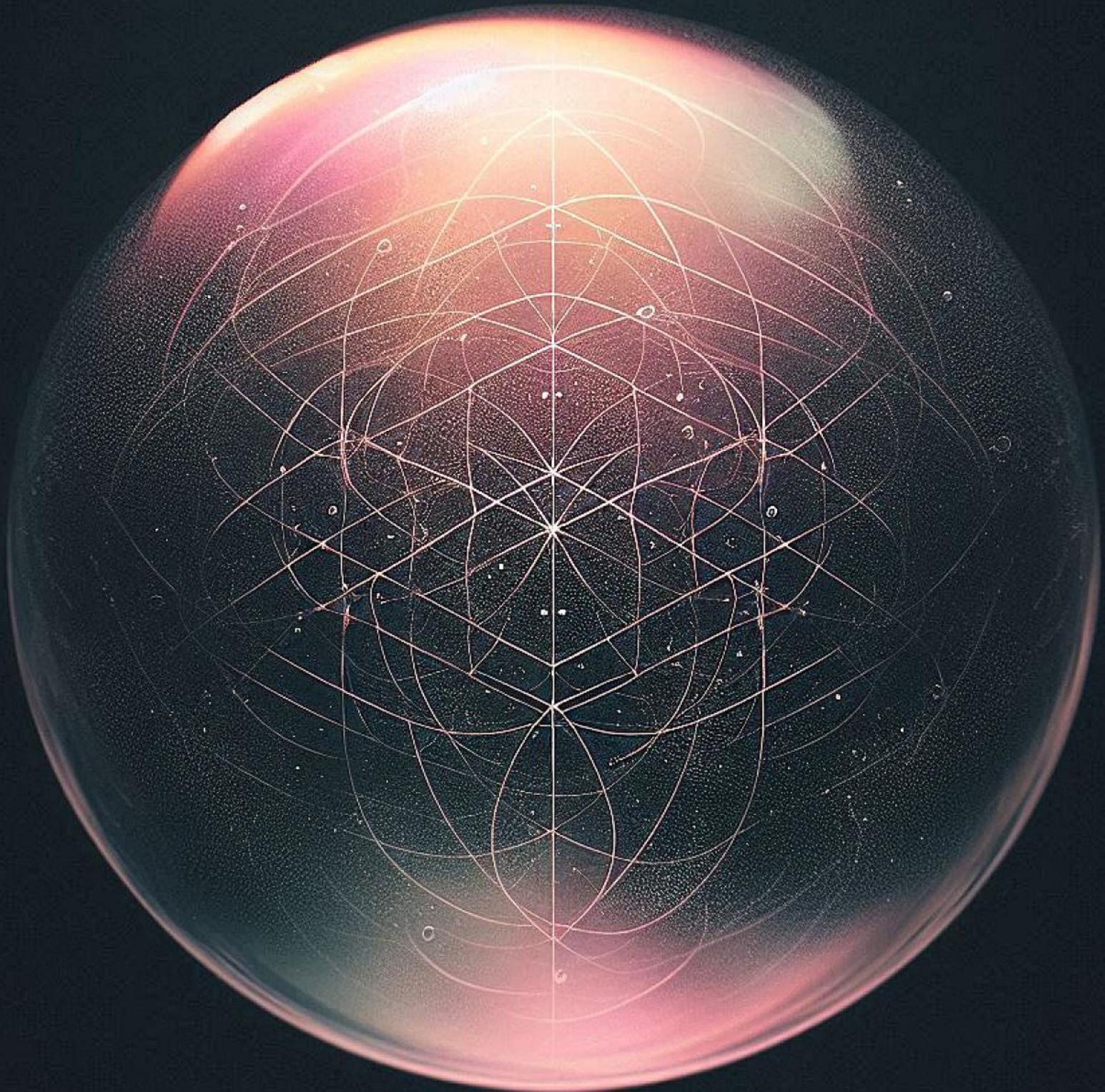








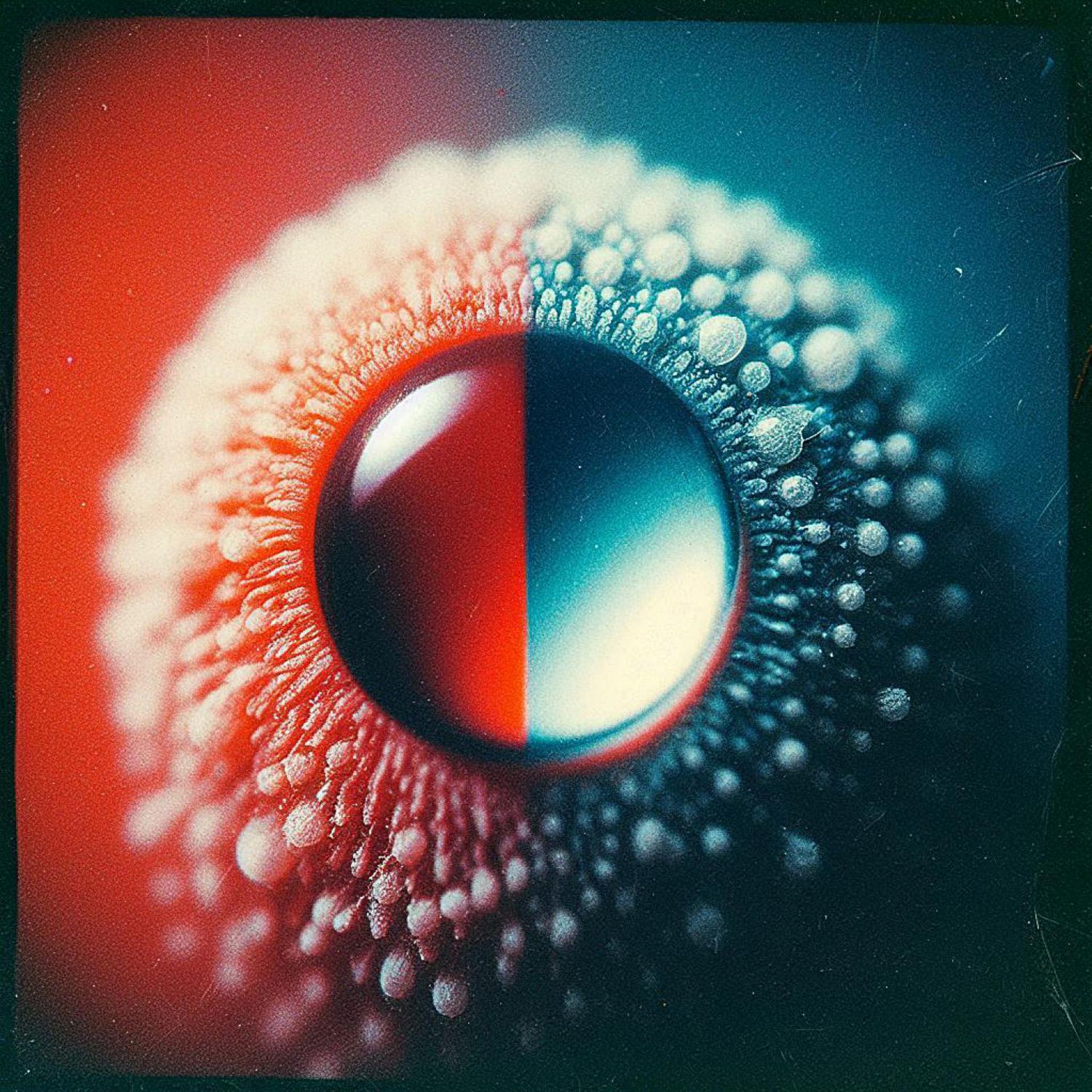




3.

In the kitchen a dusty clock ticks. We eat, then sleep. Did someone really say that all sound resides eternally? Is it stored in the galactic kaleidoscopes of planets. Of stars? Does it harmonize well or yell like an elder in pain? In the street, children shriek & blow bubbles. Delighted when each bursts, they admire their skill at blasting thin air & water into prisms. Inside one of them, a boy sees the man he'll become. The man sees the bubble explode. In the explosion he sees he is also a woman. Both of their names linger as if tattooed on their souls. An alarm goes off & we wake, realizing it's time again.















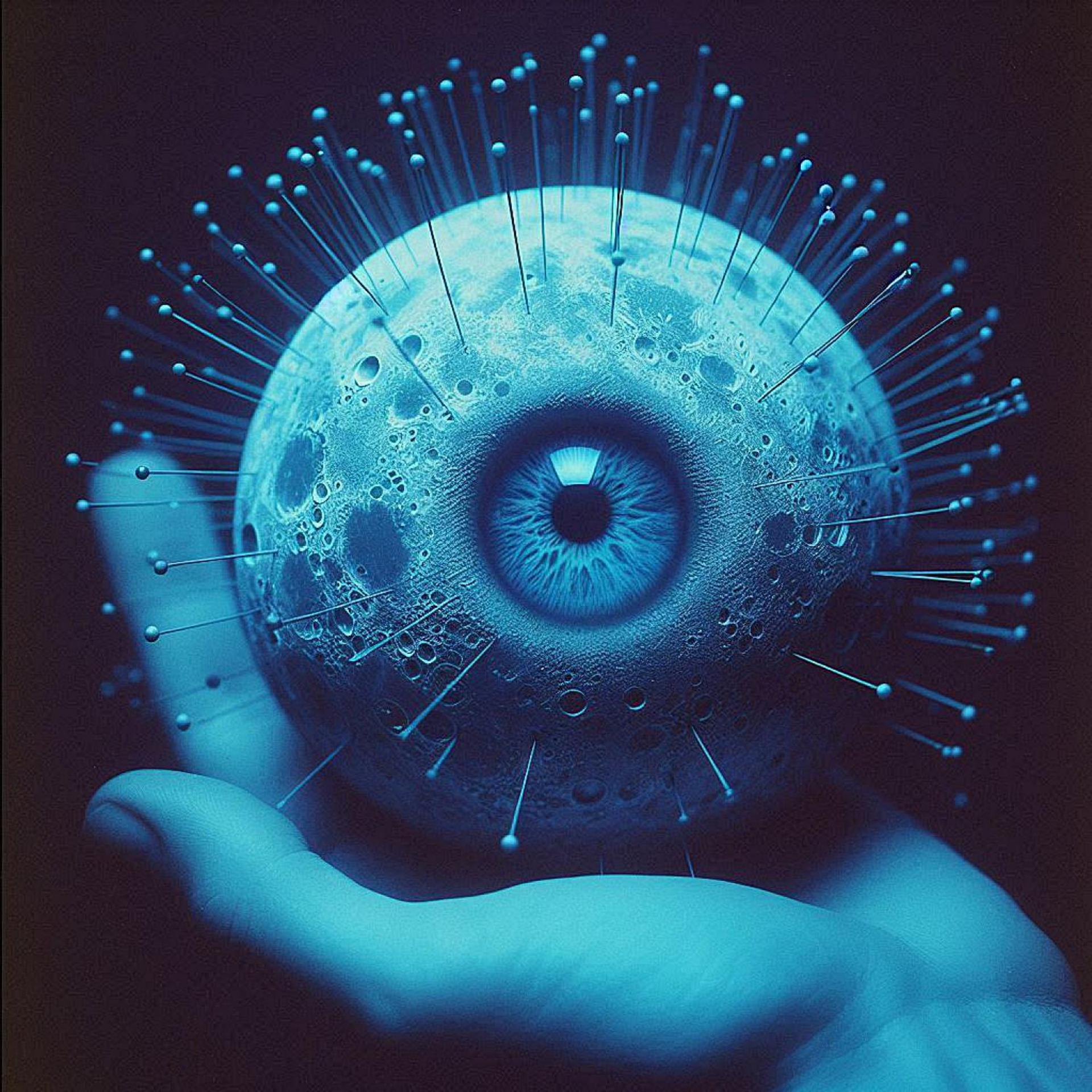
4.

Almost new year's, I woke up quite late, raise my hand, watch it move through the light. Here is a gesture of today. Never at a pure beginning, one must remember the ending, then work both backwards & forwards at once — find the movable road, not Brutalist, not ornate, but the place that hums. I am not sure why we keep old photos. I never look at them. We all tried so hard. Our best. Lone stars must have somewhere to rest. It is winter dark. Death rattles messages through the hours. It's nice how my body is made of sound, starlit ash. The way of time seems so silvery, effortless. I once saw a man in a shop tattoo himself to become himself. He bled & was covered with swallows & rain. The rain bubbled into music. It seemed obliterated, but never really was. You can't care too much or too little. You'll break if you do. It has nothing to do with punishment — the sorrow. It has nothing to do with praise — this beautiful floating world. It has only to do with peace. Drops run down the panes like jeweled rabbits. Rain in LA — tropical, whole. It seems the heartbeat is always the central eruption. I'll start there. Again.

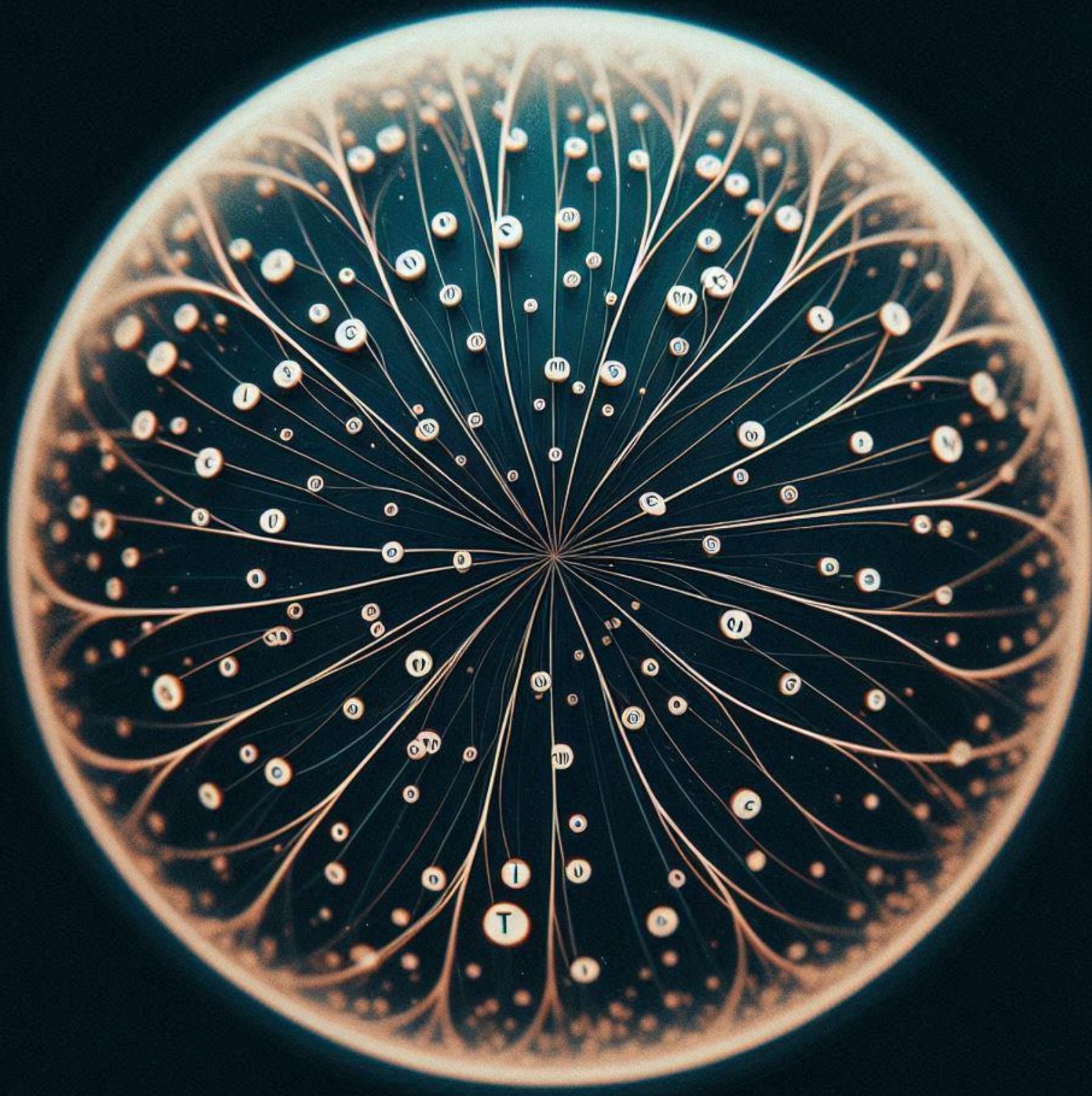








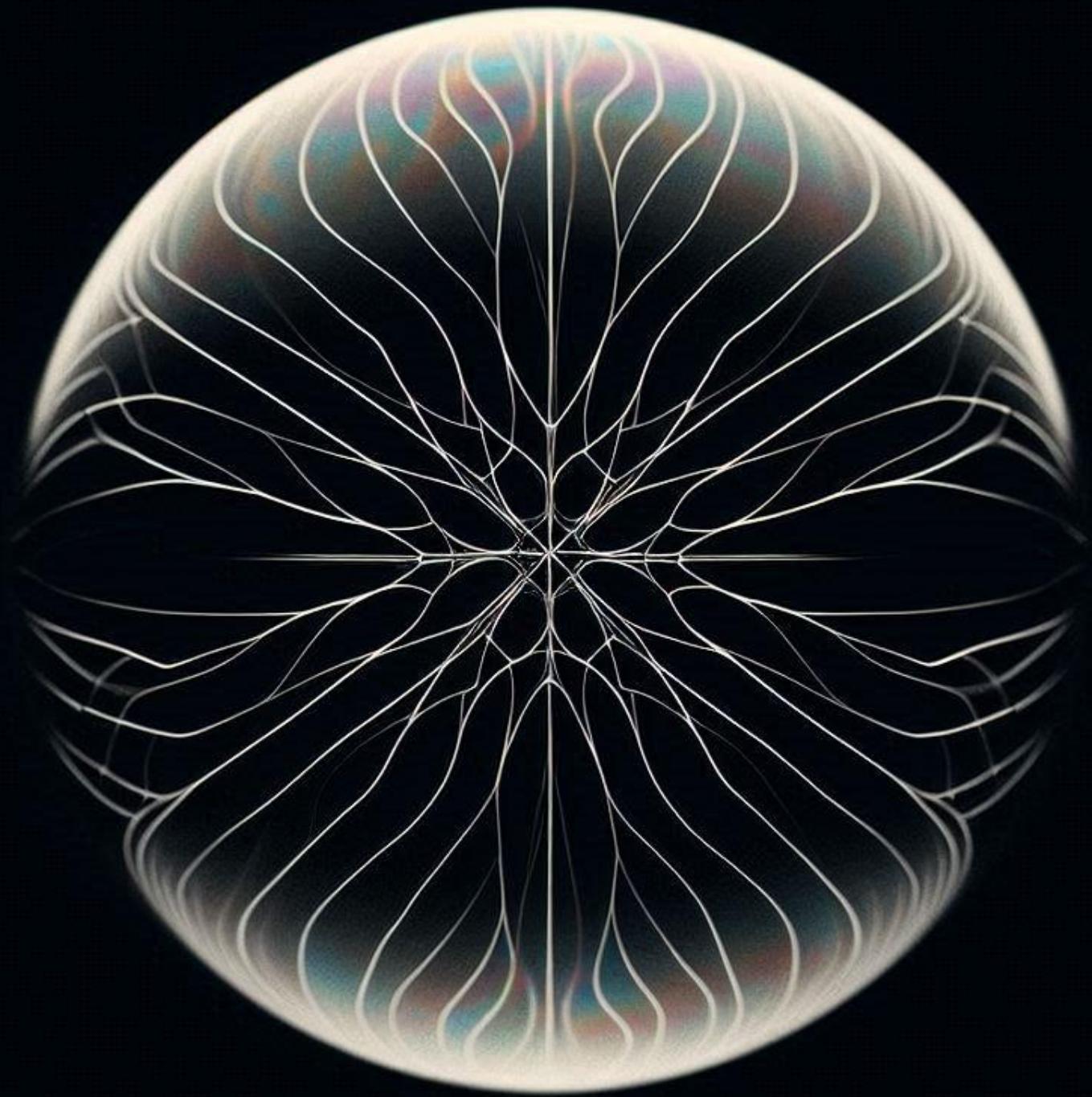




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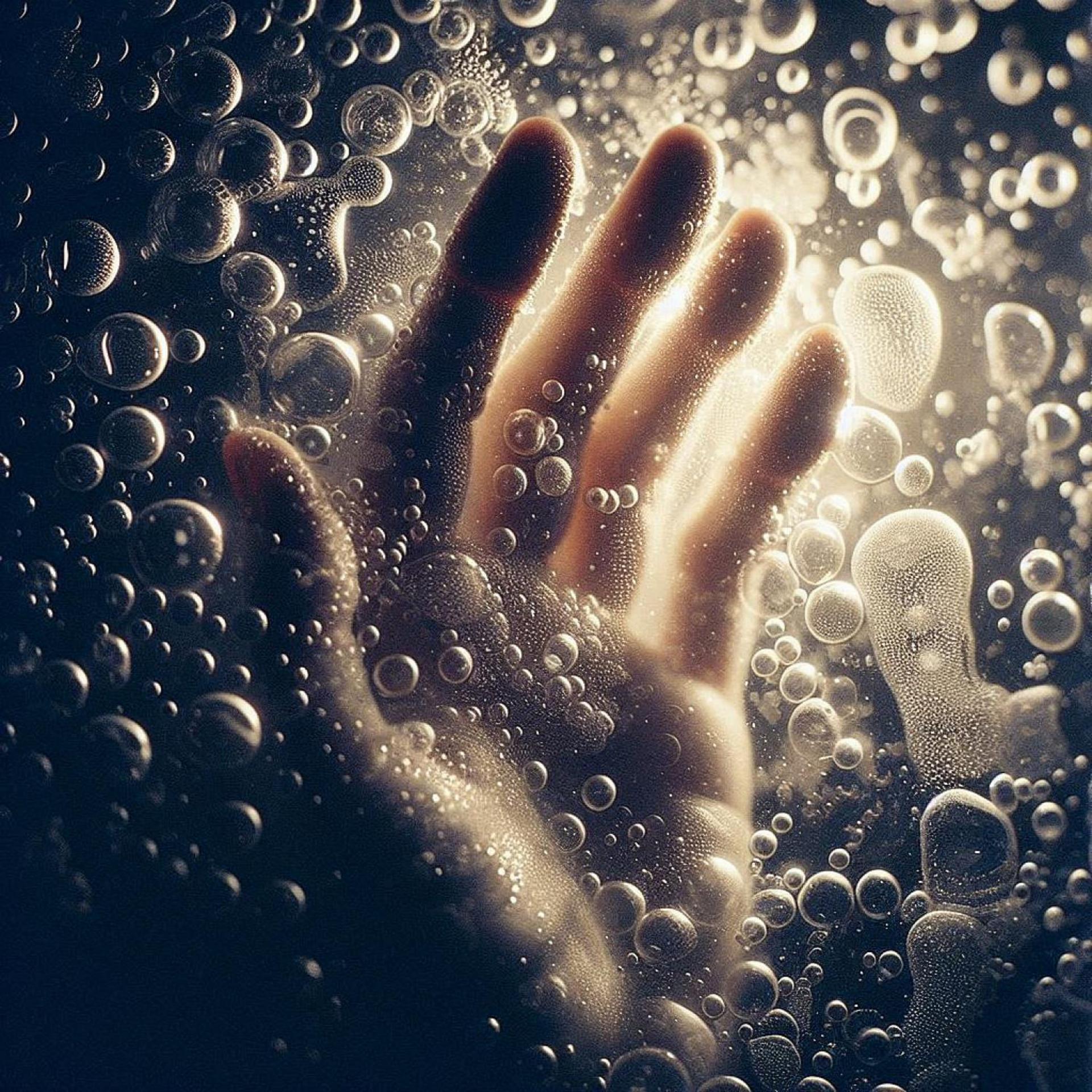
The hot tub bubbles a cauldron, rain running on my black umbrella as if the heavens want to leap into the steaming pool to play with you & me, my dear, where, hunkered under together, we soak & sigh in our skin suits, us two spaceships, borrowed, well used, soon to be returned, green burials are in fashion. I could say we are in the rain but we really are the rain. We are vegetable, mineral, homing pigeons of space, your tattoos a multitude of hieroglyphics, angels swimming under the water. Later, on this rainy morning, your French toast will be epic. The trees that bled the maple syrup, epic. The winter's day, the flame in the hearth, the quiet.

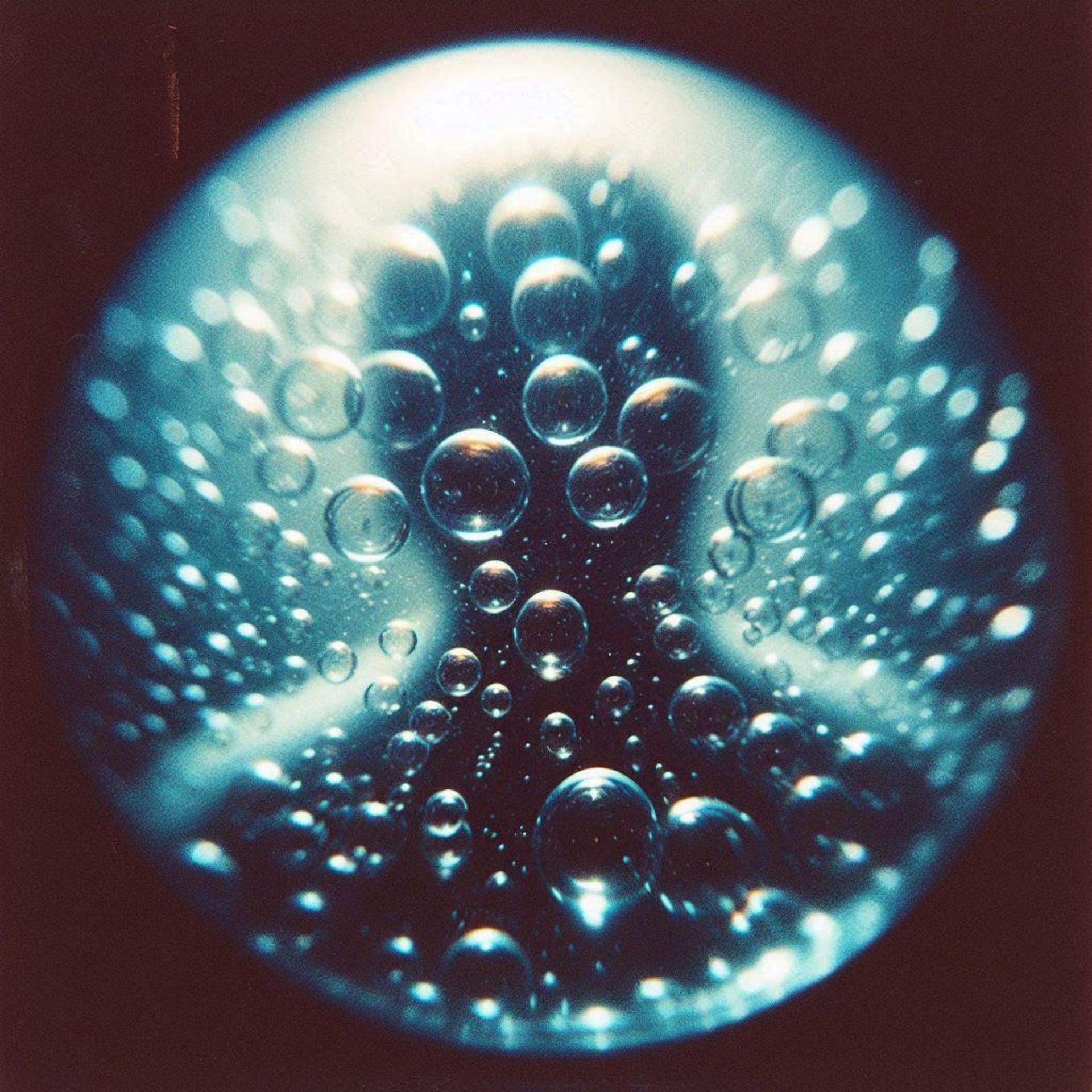














BUBBLES
CARRYING
MIRRORS
ACROSS
THE RIVER
STYX
1 - 5

HOLADAY MASON

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D H D O W L I N G

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FURIOUS PURE

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SPRING

