

HUNGERCANDLE

Righteousness

Discernment

Forgiveness

Detachment

Happiness

Character

Love

Courage



ISSUE 1

Table of

Poetry

Steven Manuel four poems	1	Gray Forrester-Young No Title #48	30
nyoka.now hiding(ABRACADABRA) Takes Place In The Dark	7	Nathaniel Julien Brame The Bees Went Hunting With Music	31
olive bly authorcreamyauthor diagram (for makeup)	11	Lian Sing Irruption Invocation	33
Chiara Alessio Ek / Ke (Somatosensory)	16	Kalliste Hardy bedtime story	35
Judy Thorn TEN WISHES TEN CORDIALS TEN HELLS	18	Will Davis greetings from landscape with regional motif horseshoes from a distant mouth	37
Noah Balushi Sed I Me The Little Ship	22	Nim The Order of Things	39
RA Washington The Notes Within My Blood Delegation	24	Ann Pedone from: "SIRENS"	41
		Anna Styrzcula Atropos in the Tree	46

Contents

Art

Artur Wieczerzyński

<i>First After Felling</i>	1
<i>Release</i>	5
<i>Passing through the Meadowriver</i> ..	6
<i>They've Done it Together</i>	17
<i>Raised After the Fall</i>	38
<i>Imprint on the Bedding</i>	45
<i>Hooflets</i>	47

Daniel Tagbo

<i>Farewell</i>	9
<i>Man</i>	10
<i>Live Slow</i>	19
<i>Train Home</i>	21
<i>The Dancing Dead</i>	29

Nguyen Minh Tri (Tonee)

<i>End of nights</i> (detail).....	13, 15
<i>End of Nights</i>	14

Toast Best

<i>This the White House Nigga</i>	27
---	----

Julian Prins

<i>Tree energy shoot</i>	32
<i>Womb Members</i>	34
<i>Relational mimicry light box</i>	36
<i>(Phase 3) Transmutation lamp</i>	40

Contributor Biographies	48
--------------------------------	----

Note from the Editors	52
------------------------------	----



Steven Manuel

some little something sweet to crawl asleep besiiide you

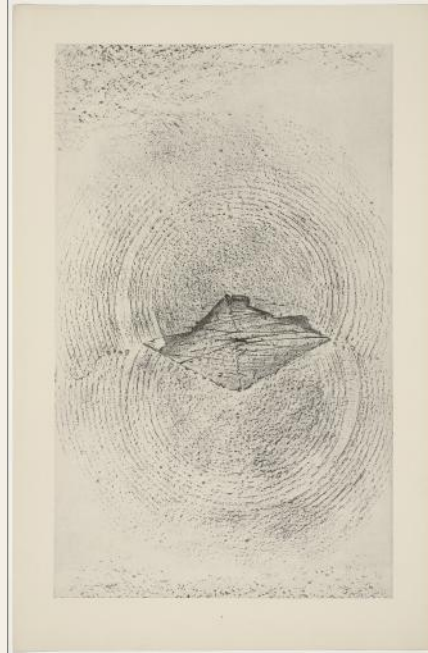
Abyss's yesses

The Middle Voice



Artur Wiczerzyński, *First After Felling* (2024), 160 x 170 cm.

glimmer as in dream or *sfalma* bagworms
 as nerves emerge
from the *arbor vitae*
 a wiggly pulsing
thrive and thrust
 cocoons
masked as conifers
 slip in thy hedges
spiders crawl by
 hungry
dragonflies
 deft in the sun
sit atop
 tower-thin, unlit
Christmas
 light
lines
 Again,
'a strengthening
 arcana...'



Le Tremblement de terre, 'as in ark & veil',
'I have said *seem*, but am persuaded that distance is nothing
but a phantasy. We are often sitting by our cottage fire,
and often we think we hear your voice
calling at the gate.

Surely these things are real and eternal in our eternal mind
and can never pass away.

My wife continues well, thanks to Mr. Birch's Electrical Magic...'

The Whore of Babel is a Peacock [Boehme, *40 Qs*, 1.259, *sie pranget*]
enters by the side-door.

Put the feathers in blue-white white and blue china [G. Rossetti's peacock]
after the deer has stamped them off.

*(real-gold-covered shutters
snaked with peacocks)*

Feathers can still be seen
on early Christian sarcophagi
in the catacombs of Rome.

Transformation, Sight, Adultery.

Whistler's *Peacock Room* and Whitman's
Resurrection of the Wheat: the eating of waste
to heal oneself.

Symbol of transformation,
whole lot of women, mama, out in red on the streets today

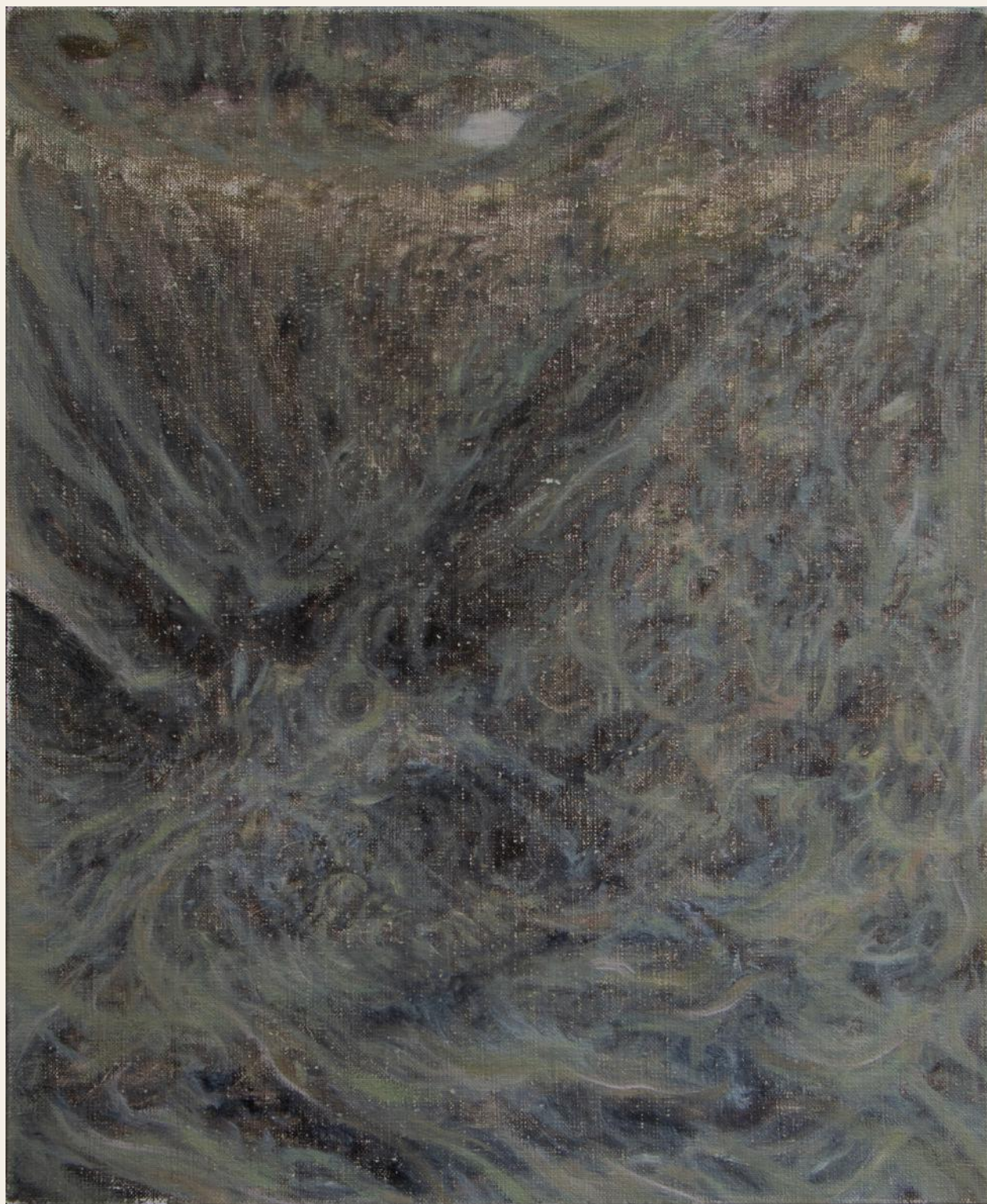
The final alembic, the enchanted loom,

Insunken central death

'As if Rumpelstiltskin himself had gone wild one night with the spinning wheel'
"I am also reminded, thinking again of Orson Welles' films, of the large, monstrous
Quinlan in *Touch of Evil*, who ends his life floating down a river, a sort of reversed
or perverted Orphaic death--his whole bloated body floating down, not simply the
singing head--and his body does not sing, and sound is mutated by the wires and
recordings, tapes, etc. And the only nymph or muse nearby to receive him--actually
he is floating away from her--is Marlene Dietrich, now an old gypsy tarot card
reader in Mexico, who knew Quinlan for what seems like a very long time, saying,
He was some kind of a man; what does it matter / what you say about people? in her
perfect articulations, unsayable right but by her."



Artur Wieczerzyński, *Release* (2024), 180 x 200 cm.



Artur Wieczerzyński, *Passing Through the Meadowriver* (2024), 50 x 40 cm.

hiding (ABRACADABRA)

Dragging the most base logic-loops
out of the present so I can see
every fiber elongated, thin(
ready to snap)
In the dark, combing through
past-life threads, winding them
around the curve of my neck
and down and over and up
again. I'm in this car with you.
I'm growing a spirit tryst
in time with this bass-line, finally
accept me as a circuit.
The way I lose sight of all I've built
is just my wiring, a group of apex predators
ignite for the alchemy
of their most ancient strands, altogether,
in split-second ecstasy, suddenly
without the ability to fantasize, so
they go forward in constant
flirtation with the past. Submit
every cell to my panel of experts;
I pray they never introduce themselves
in the light of day. What's coming
so close I can almost live inside it?

There's nothing I can do
swaddled in these bells, there's nothing
I can say to you. Happily
constricted by the sound, serpentine
foaming lovingly at the mouth, you
will or you won't follow me home
it's not up to either one of us.
Can you laugh at that
in all the right tones, genuine-
can you?
Can you knock the darkness out of me
with your stereo? Jupiter
& Venus are feasting on our names
for fuel, can you hold that
precious loss and me at the same time?
It is my wish to show you all ways
I've been hiding(
ABRACADABRA)
they've been here the whole time
waiting to be tricked precisely
by these unseen sound-waves
into your view alone. Can you fancy that,
your breath in hi-hat,
can you?

*

Takes Place In The Dark

I enter my hotel room, undress, and lie down. I send an angler fish. You mark it with a grey thumb. You send a cowboy hat. I send an eggplant emoji. I am tired and want to cut to the chase. But then I hear a flash, or see it, wires cross but I know it is Disney blue. I send a cat backed into a corner. You reply with a construction worker laying down a man-sized tool. I am poised to send a pageant princess but I hear a humming coming from under the bed. I send the princess. She looks no more than five. Her mascara is running. You send the Sun. I send a cryogenically preserved person. The room is humming in Disney blue. I photograph it with my phone. I prepare to send it. I forget who I am talking to. I send Mickey Mouse. I send Mickey Mouse. I send Mickey Mouse. I send Mickey Mouse. I send Mickey Mouse. I send Mickey Mouse. I send Mickey Mouse.



Daniel Tagbo, *Farewell* (2025), Acrylic, oil
pastel, and watercolor on canvas, 36 x 24 in.



Daniel Tagbo, *Man* (2026), Acrylic and oil pastel on canvas, 18 x 24 in.

authorcreamyauthor

eye

droop

emollient

**diagram
(for makeup)**

blue eyeshadow

blue eyeshadow

red lipstick



Nguyen Minh Tri (Tonee), *End of Nights* (detail)



Nguyen Minh Tri (Tonee), *End of Nights*



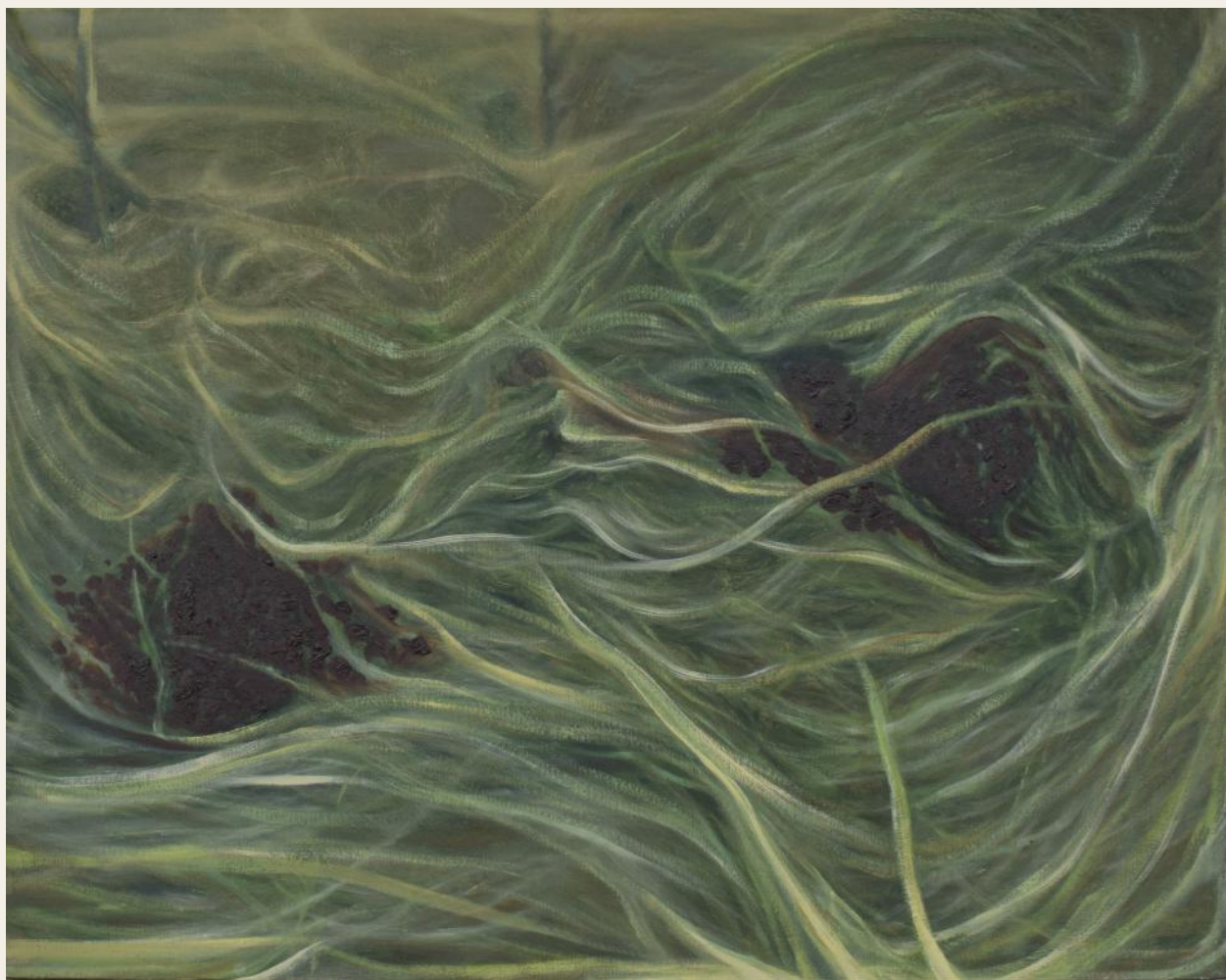
Nguyen Minh Tri (Tonee), *End of Nights* (detail)

Ek / Ke (Somatosensory)

Mineral and secular
Soma and somatos
Your figure has dislocated its joints and slogged through
It has become slime, it has housed itself within the cracks of our own brains
Inside our own memories
You're everlasting

Ek ek ek ek ek ek ek ek ek
Ke ke ke ke ke ke ke ke ke

You are ejecting out of my very eyeballs
We see you everywhere
Everywhere we go
Mineral and secular
Soma and somatos



Artur Wieczerzyński, *They've Done it Together* (2026), 70 x 100 cm.

TEN WISHES

If your knees aren't knees

You've been renamed

By others and inert aspens

Wayside of hedgerows

Yea big, I held your memory

Constancy, soft curtains

All waves, be nothing, say no

Touch my back all over

Work the millstone, it's all over

Wash your hands in gold

TEN CORDIALS

The style of rooms

Pop heresy

Instructions, dominoes

Bleary-eyed folk

Slits of light, tanager

Guests and boots

Bottles of last March

They could rest

Pull out another sofa bed

Given all that we can



Daniel Tagbo, *Live Slow* (2026), Oil pastel on paper, 24 x 18 in.

TEN HELLS

Every stepfather

People can be called

Life has to change

Gory in the future way

It cannot leave

No animal prefers this

Nightmare skin drum

I'm not allowed to marry

My chest falls apart

Cannot leave (reprise)



Daniel Tagbo, *Train Home* (2026), Acrylic and oil pastel on canvas, 24 x 36 in.

Sed I Me

Proserpina, r r r r,
four noses to the House;
revolver, blouse, beautiful pearl of the bull;
Lycurgus ascetic to the rose,
what ribs are there?

Ennecated bricolage, ten tones to the tear,
Gambino, where are you going?
grant me, Amman,
horse-compatriot, rearing up to gut,
gag and hound the sentences quartering.

Yellow diaflected scrimshaw,
defalcating falcon's wing, spin a misting
halo Budapest, blanket foisting
Anna pest;
just a moment to leer me—

Sideways and Agon crusting Kerguelen
cats and cabbage,
come here, a moment, please,
the breath it takes—
anthropy, sed I me.

The Little Ship

Loneliness falls out of the ship like a fish into the river gallops of the green shining horse.

Cloak us in world.

The world was.

Deafening, deepening to the dimness of the dam, the storing water heaving steady high up to wet the stone, a stone sinks collected by the ground.

The action follows carried by the grass of the plain gathered by the group, loneliness falls out to the river galloping as a horse.

It is a fish with the ashen breath, candles made to whale in light the songs they send, aquatic equilibria shuffle-storming the under waves.

Cloak us in earth.

The earth became and became of earth animals and vegetables after the minerals and atmospherics.

Was it a combination, an overlap, a sequence hit upon?

Your perfume seconds after you passed.

Cloak us in the stories of our lives.

The stories of our lives became and beehives drove their numbers high.

The Notes Within My Blood

“Any attempt to solve the ecological crisis within a bourgeois framework must be dismissed as chimerical. Capitalism is inherently anti-ecological. Competition and accumulation constitute its very law of life, a law ... summarized in the phrase, ‘production for the sake of production.’ Anything, however hallowed or rare, ‘has its price’ and is fair game for the marketplace. In a society of this kind, nature is necessarily treated as a mere resource to be plundered and exploited. The destruction of the natural world, far being the result of mere hubristic blunders, follows inexorably from the very logic of capitalist production.”

— Murray Bookchin

Within my blood
There is strains of promises
Made by a budding nation
To my once enslaved family

[METADATA]

[Animal and human investigations indicate that the impact of trauma experienced by mothers affects early offspring development, but new research is also discovering that it is also actually encoded into the DNA of subsequent generations.]

[In a study conducted by the Henry Ford Cancer Institute 77% of people who were tested were found to have microplastics in their bloodstream.]

Work is at the stitching
Of this ol’ country flag
The buildings are upon my back
The land is undeath my nails.
Industry looms along history
We are the descendants of popular notions
Of advancement.

[A study looked at communities located within 2.5 miles of refineries, including those associated with plastic production, and found that these communities were disproportionately non-White,

with the result that BLACK people were being exposed to about 1.5 times more particulate matter than White people.]

And what will we build upon this legacy
Of torment?
Where land is expanded, its BLACK oil
Blood is mined
Ingenuity is funded for barons
To make products to keep power.

We will power machines by burning blood
Oh the engine!

We will make containers with the waste
Polymer hate needles without future regard.

[Microplastics have been found at the top of Mount Everest and on the ocean floor. They've been found in a large, remote European ice cap. They've been found in the placenta of fetuses.]

The human invention celebrate our dominion
Over Earth

look at these black bodies as property
Surely it is the land that is *ours* as well?
And over 200 years we see it plainly
Let us mortgage our future for capital sake.

[In SOjourner dialect]

Corner store low
This is where I go
For there is no fresh grocery
Along the miles near me.

JAZZ
Cadence

Worked at a factory that closed its doors
So what i used to buy
Seem lavish compared to the choices
Left to me.

a bubble of plastic
Wrapping me
Memories not mine haunting me
The plastic of everything
Connected along this history.

Call on higher power

[Microplastics are small pieces of plastic—anything that’s less than 5 millimeters in size—that break off from larger pieces of plastic. The fact that they’re so small makes them dangerous: they’re able to permeate tissue and get stuck in our organs, finding their way into places that bigger pieces of plastic can’t access]

Call on the holy
This everlasting plastic
Microparticles inside of me.
How all this connected?
Ain’t too plain to see?
So let me add a bit of metatext
Hints so you can follow me.



Toast Best, *This the White House Nigga*, oil on canvas, 30 x 40 in.

Delegation

//These waters

Ancient named

Marked stolen

Claimed when *Iroquois waned*

It is mother *Anishinaabe*

Claimed when

It is this record displaced them from the
territories
they claimed on
north shore of the lake

A migration tunnel

Escape genocide

Find home

Forced to leave again.//

// what does it mean to gather

In now

City to city

Buffalo. . Cleveland.

Lake powered

Together

Does the new making *sing sing sing sing*

Wipe tears // ?

Huldah
Lost her British lover
hurled herself
From high rock
Pelee Island
screaming

Erielhonan

Erielhonan

Erielhonan

Erie lhon

Lone



Daniel Tagbo, *The Dancing Dead* (2026),
Acrylic and oil pastel on canvas, 24 x 36 in.

Gray Forrester-Young

No Title #48

today you are the cool mint sea,
anointing the trench
the day has etched
out between my shoulder blades.

the moment you become an
axe handle to slake
my thirst for being
hobbled will be
a total surprise.

Nathaniel Julien Brame

The Bees Went Hunting With Music

Part I: The Sound of a Musical Tree

risking the loss of its bone flute
in a space: an interlude
to the festival of acoustical nature.

Ten treacherous days
of non-musical sounds
were also glorious.
A dome of white flowers,
very low background noise.

The only almond-tree shivering,
they were present in prehistory.

Part II: Ways The Cave Reacted Sonically Near The Hive

The droning of adding,
a consideration of towery vault,
a snow of instruments
played the arches.

furious heart indeed
that could mask
other singing.

Part III: The Story

We studied the sound of their
copper-coloured skins
on lithophones, rocks
that have come hurrying up,
known in the caves
and in the almond-tree.

They are a significant part
of the old walls, should there
be space where these are.

Part IV: This is Creation

We discovered that velvet on the head
and La Brea also acted as lithophones.
Abdomens, and, a little later,
water falling onto these.

Liver must be red
and red-like notes;
the cave-acting delegates
dispatched by the pollen instrument.
They were blooms.

Part V: Hail to You

O my dear considering soundscape
and the opposite snows.

Others sound the first tidings
of the awakening ample,
of running water,
of that of your friends.

Let us talk of deep chasms.



Julian Prins, *Tree energy shoot* (2022), ceramic, glaze, 17 x 16.5 x 27 in.

Irruption

You do not know me anymore

In the forest with my voices I learned to undrown
There, all your words were pomegranates
Fed my nakedness your flowery speech
Cassandra taught me to make a pyre of your pride
An apothecary of my desire for flight
What you do not understand you pin on me
What I find in the fringes, who, belongs to me
Us the animals speaking

From the ground I rose as if from deep sea
After descending for many years in sulfuric air
Raised a deathstalker in the hearth of my belly
Mastery on how to hurt so well
From my throat she crept and scuttled into the walls
In the night I hear her preying
I didn't look back
Not even once

Can you see them now too? You will
All the dead to whom we owe a debt
They walk like wings with me
Us who have yet to die
My mouth filled with malachite
Eyes abloom all over our head
I remember my future, now
Outside burning in

Outside in unknowing

Invocation

Hear me knee-deep in the marshes of our desires
Inglorious aftermath of wastefires
A fraction of an inch on the spectrum of possibility

I surrender to the thinking unthink

Come through me “happen”

Let arise the infinite between our minutes
Palms for you a butterfly
Holy faces of nouveau leaves

Detective you are released

In the air, the maya sings to me
the voices of my great-grandmother



Julian Prins, *Womb members* (2022), ceramic, glaze, 7 x 6.5 x 6.5 in.

Kalliste Hardy

bedtime story

we can speak	with those mouths	you carved us	we are sorry	
we have	so much to sing	our aria is	respiration	our aria
never ends	a band of jays	can stitch into sky	the rooms of our	
heart	will remain	a nest	before sleep	this prayer
we're still learning		we still foam	at our mother's	
touch		pink	neck	
nothing has changed		we are colonizers	by way	of the paw
this prayer	we teach	<i>esperance</i>	is it a kindness	
to pass onto	this world?	or is	it insouciance	to
pretend	we cannot see in	the darkness	below the bulrush	
beneath the rabbit-thorns		cannot hear	the silence	inevitable
as an arrow's final whistle?		just imagine	a whiplash	just
	imagine	it		



Julian Prins, *Relational mimicry light box* (2023),
Ceramic, glaze, lightbulb/fixture 4 x 16.5 x 11 in.

greetings from landscape with regional motif

only two teeth and a paintbrush for the child of possible rooftops, a pebbling of oil sheened dove.
wings and the cavity between. the ice can echo a name just like a bird, the harmonics of reverence.
a deer won't place a hoof wrong in the lottery machine, dancing as it does with creeks.
the last warmth of the world will carry the motherless stone back to bed like forgiveness.
I have faith in you grasping the essentialness
of birds in their necktie of wings.
a presence took off from the low branches—
exit only for the screencapture, abstention.
the stained glass was the only witness remaining
plucked into syllables and titled in a sure hand.

horseshoes from a distant mouth

tossed in rings around this month
of hobbled tenses, a hand maneuvered

deftly, by touch alone, by tercet
in by-lines across the scrimmage

fingers crawl through the light
made by past tense for horse
past tense for hand.



Artur Wierczyński, *Raised After the Fall* (2025), 160 x 170 cm.

The Order of Things

Arm in arm

A pale March takes up green

In succinct strikes,

Wavers on the edge of returning

And pushes itself,

Wet into April.

The months in their procession

Around the turning wheel

Do not yield last years promise.

This is new. It stings.

Before did not hold this flavor:

Now tastes of nettles.

Sweet juiced brambles.

Marzipans. Gunpowder.

The Romans sought order

We maintain the remnants,

saturnalia discarded but our

sixth day maintained.

Earth. mars. Jupiter, Saturn—
We respect the order of things.

(Breakfast preceding most
world changing events)



Julian Prins, *(Phase 3) Transmutation lamp* (2023), ceramic glaze, light fixture.

From: "SIRENS"

That is until the morbid greening of sex
(Is it greening?)

Possibly the result of a lack of ointments
Adequate (legal) council

Everyone is still insisting that three or four minutes
Of perfectly performed linguistic coercion is dingy

(Think bulbous)

(Think paranoid)

(Think gigantic squid)

Or is it because the sex is inevitably boat-like?

Its shares plummeting streetwise

How Latin

How swallow

Both an enthusiastic yes

But only if we've already agreed on the

Meaning of dropping mother's stash of

Personal lubricants out into the sea

I could put out a plate of almonds

I could read the last three or four sentences out loud

Something that inevitably hits the eye like a young spruce

(And the concept of)

(And the gilding of)

What else could we possibly mount at this late hour?

I was in Cambridge

I was in Toledo

I was in Athens Greece

Dreaming of a beautiful yellow sweater

Dreaming of a pair of beautiful brown slacks

They say whoever can fall asleep with that degree of mathematical certainty

They say the opposite of pretty much anything is

Sand that starts in the cunt and then ends up like so many unremembered lozenges

(Left in the sun)

The hormones are fragile they say

And so

And so

We are left with nothing b

But to sit on the floor cross-legged and talk until all hours about the fabric mind

Various kinds of throat-work

(Never really adequate)

(Even in the spleen)

This beautiful silver phone in my hands

This beautiful silver couch in the corner

We all know it's the scaffolding of language that bites

(Despite)

(Or because of)

What we were taught was reason's soup
Or maybe prolapse
(What green?)
The green that (strips) the bark back
Ever so softening
To the tune of
(Piano keys)
(Horse meat)
(Dung)
Or a keeping of saints in the pool
(Drowning)
(What next?)
I've told everyone I've ever fucked that I've evolved past fucking
(And now)
My personal details are dormant
My fax machine
My Rolodex



Artur Wierczyński, *Imprint on the Bedding* (2023), 160 x 170 cm.

Atropos in the Tree

this is my nest | yes
I am the one | who taught
the weaver-bird | cut threads make
the softest bed |
| your midnight
thought | too weak to crawl
to the sunlit shore | now's down
for my pillow | a finer fit
the secret is |
in the cut | the duller the knife
the greater the fray | and like the hydra
one dead thread | blooms
bi||||||||||||||||||||||||||||||||ions



Artur Wieczerzyński, *Hooflets* (2025), 50 x 40 cm.

Contributor Biographies

in order of appearance

Steven Manuel lives in Providence, RI, where he's just completed a PhD in Comparative Literature at Brown. He is at work revising his dissertation—a critical edition of Ronald Johnson's *ARK: The Foundations*—for publication. His first book of poetry, *The Fire*, was published in 2023.

Artur Wiczerzyński is a Polish visual artist and graduate of the Faculty of Painting at the Jan Matejko Academy of Fine Arts in Kraków. In 2024, he completed his MFA with the diploma project *In Reckoning, the Wild Gapes*. In 2025, he received the Award of the Minister of Culture and National Heritage for the Best Diploma in Art at the 16th National Exhibition of the Best Diploma Projects in Gdańsk. Since 2023, he has developed an artistic practice rooted in long-term work on his family land bordering the Stromiec Forest. Working across painting, photography, video, and site-based actions, he engages in a dialogue with traces as carriers of presence.

He is currently developing a post-artistic concept of the contemporary garden, inspired by permaculture zoning. He approaches the garden as a space of long-term exchange between humans and nature, where activities such as composting, observation, and soil regeneration can be understood as artistic practice. His current research focuses on the relationships between painting, traces, memory of place, and processes of environmental regeneration.

nyoka.now is an artist and writer based in Cincinnati. Her work has appeared in *Arcturus*, *Maudlin House*, *APARTMENT Poetry*, and *Propagule Magazine*, among others. She can be found at nyokanow.net and [@nyoka.now](https://www.instagram.com/nyoka.now).

Daniel Tagbo is an emerging artist born and raised in Missouri, and based in NYC. Through human expressionism and symbolism, his drawings and paintings create captivating and spontaneous images. These works are deconstructions of reality, speaking to elements of life unable to be described by words, or explained through reason. Since graduating college in 2025 with a degree in fashion and fine art, his work has been shown in several independent shows, such as *Good Work for Bad People*, as well as galleries such as *Mooni NYC*. Recently, he was nominated for *Liquitex's "Just Imagine"* artist in residence. Instagram: [@danieltagbo](https://www.instagram.com/danieltagbo)

olive bly (Tangata Tiriti, Pākehā) is an outer-disciplinary artist of european descent from Aotearoa (New Zealand), currently based in Naarm (Melbourne, Australia). She adopts playful creative philosophies which blend the naive w/ the theoretic, underpinned by thematic cyclicity. Her debut poetry collection, *chrysalis (d[i]s)section*, was published in August 2025 with *Sever books*. Instagram: @wiggle.wiggle.inc

Nguyen Minh Tri (Tonee) is a multimedia artist based in Ho Chi Minh City, whose practice centers on the physical transformation of raw materials. His work spans across make-up, ceramics, metal, yarn, and more. He attempts to materialize his mental growth or lack thereof by materializing it in physical objects. His work focuses heavily on tactile exploration, grounding viewers in the immediate physical presence of the object before inviting them into deeper narrative spaces.

By anchoring his process in these tangible materials, Tonee aims to bridge the gap between concrete forms and abstract concepts. He uses the altered textures of his sculptures to explore themes of bodily fragmentation cultural identity. His work serves as a physical manifestation of ideas that cannot easily be put into words like grief or body dysmorphia. Instagram: @tonywith2e

Chiara Alessio is a writer, researcher and archivist whose work follows along the line between memory and the present. Her poems excavate with the senses, with remembrance, with recalling, exploring the past and the future. Her work has been published both in the US (Gypsophila Zine) and Ireland (The Abyss).

Judy Thorn was raised by a family of artists in the US, the UK, and Canada. She is editor of May Wall Press and curator of Bloomers Poetry Club, a reading series for emerging writers in Portland, OR. Instagram: @judyinterrupted

Noah Balushi is a writer currently living in Fayetteville, Arkansas. He works through his poetry using a variety of mechanisms which operate in a zone of confrontation between the ideal and imaginal. His works attempt to trace the ligaments of a never fully formed body, an alter-canon capable of partial enunciations and figures.

RA Washington is known for his work in conceptual art, music, poetry, writing, and community organizing. Since relocating to Cleveland in 1991 from El Paso, TX he has been involved in various collaborative projects. Co-founding Mourning [A] BLKstar led to the collective receiving the 2021 Cleveland Arts Prize in Music.

Toast Best makes work about Black Chicago youth from the early 2010s drill era, focusing on how behavior reflects environments shaped by systemic neglect. Using constructed, snapshot-like oil paintings and graphic work, he examines how people are reduced to stereotypes, shifting attention instead to the conditions that produce those images.

Gray Forrester-Young is a writer based out of the Northwest. Her area of focus is fictional short stories and poetry that range in topic from family dynamics, technology breakdown, and growing isolation within the American people. She finds influence in natural disasters, masculinity, the influence and unfettered access to internet culture spanning over the past decades.

Nathaniel Julien Brame is a queer poet from the Great Lakes and lately the Pacific Northwest. His work has appeared in publications such as *trampset*, *The Pierian*, *ONE ART*, *The Shore*, and *Welter*. Alongside poetry, his other preoccupations include cave paintings, choral music, and jumping spiders. You can find him at nathanielbramepoetry.neocities.org

Julian Robert Prins (he/him/they, b. 2001, Pasadena, CA) is a multidisciplinary artist/curator from Monrovia, California whose mixed-media practice spans from painting, drawing, to carpentry/installation as well as ceramic and found object sculpture occasionally including automation. Currently based in Elysian Heights, California, Prins creates based on imagery, archives of his past work dating back to his childhood, and his collection of material which shapes his concepts and compositions through personal narrative and psychological metaphor. His work spurs conversation revolving around process, installation, memory, material, art history, and the human condition. He has exhibited throughout Los Angeles and Los Angeles county from places like Sierra Madre to Downtown, Chinatown Far East Plaza, Santa Monica, Mid-City and more. Instagram: @juliannnprins / Website: <https://julianprins.portfoliobox.net>

Lian Sing was born and raised in Manila and currently writes from central Texas. Her first chapbook *Revelations* (Factory Hollow Press, 2024) was selected by Hoa Nguyen as the winner of the 2023 Tomaž Šalamun Prize. She received her degree in Comparative Literature from the University of the Philippines Diliman. Fascinated by all things tactile, she is also a novice bookbinder and printmaker.
www.lianmsing.com / semperfemina.substack.com / @a_qua_lian on Instagram.

Kalliste is a Greek-Australian writer living on unceded Gadigal Country, currently pursuing a Master of Creative Writing at the University of Sydney. Her work has been published in Voiceworks, miniMAG, Notch, Two Thirds North and more. She can be found on Instagram at @applebottomreads or on X (Twitter) at @umkalli.

Will is a nurse and poem scribbler existing in their native bluegrass. Further scribbles @ByThisWillAlone.

Nim currently lives and writes from Northeast Ohio and runs the page nimityonline. Her debut poetry collection is available for preorder through Dashbook.fr

Ann Pedone is a writer, book designer, and publisher based in the San Francisco Bay Area. She is the author of two books of poetry as well as multiple chapbooks. Her poetry, reviews, interviews, and creative non-fiction have been published widely. Ann is the founder and editor-in-chief of [Antiphony: a journal & press](#) and [Pin//a journal of contemporary poetics](#).

Anna Styrzula is a Tampa-based graphic designer by trade and poet by practice. Her work has appeared in Valparaiso University's *The Lighter* and was awarded first place in the 2022 Florida State Poets Association Live Poets Society category. She is currently assembling a retrospective collection, "The Best of Sophie Choir." Find her on Instagram @annastyr.poetry.

Editors' Note

As we were compiling this issue, we noticed a rhythm taking shape. The work presented here seems to be asking: In which environments or sensory contexts do we feel familiar to ourselves, and in which do we feel a sense of alienation? Much of this work takes up the project of attunement to the often confusing realm of one's most subtle sense perceptions. Much of it deals with the concrete relationship between the external world and the conductor/ receptacle of the senses, the physical body. Thus, the rhythm of this issue is a dynamic oscillation between wholeness and alienation, between form and formlessness. It operates in the logic of *Solve et Coagula*, a Latin phrase meaning "dissolve and coagulate."

Solve et Coagula refers to the alchemical process of turning something solid into something vaporous, and then back into a purer form of the solid. For medieval alchemists, this was a way to facilitate the union of body (associated in this context with solidity) and spirit (vapor). When destroyed and transformed into spirit, that which has form can be rebuilt, but now containing the presence of spirit within it.

That's what this collection of work does for us. It dissolves our ordinary perceptions of the physical world and then, equipped with this revelation of the presence of something else, resolidifies into a new way of being in the world. It rebuilds our selves and the things around us by imbuing them with spirit. It asks: What are we tuning into when we consider vibrations, the feeling of beehives, the events that unfold throughout a night in bed, the fluidity of the body?

Though multifarious and variegated, this collection of poetry and visual art suggests that we may all be tuning into, and hungry for, the same thing. In fact, it could very well be through this diffraction that we find the truest communion. This illuminates a way towards unity through disorientation, an opportunity to coagulate through dissolution. By way of the freedom of a deep sleep, we are offered the chance to wake towards each other... with bright hungercandles in our mouths.

With deep gratitude to our contributors and readers,

Abigail Robejsek & Julian Kent

