

# FLORA FICTION

A LITERARY MAGAZINE  
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# EDITORIAL STAFF

Melanie Han  
Prince Quamina  
Ana Surguladze  
Veronica Valerakis  
Colleen Halupa

## **INTERESTED IN SUBMITTING?**

Flash fiction, poetry, illustration, and review submissions for website content are accepted on a rolling basis.

Entries for the seasonal Literary Magazine are done quarterly. Please visit [florafiction.com/submit](http://florafiction.com/submit)

# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Life is an intricate web of beginnings and endings, woven with threads of chaos and rebirth. In our Fall 2023 issue, we delve into the darker realms of these cycles, inviting you to embrace the unsettling beauty of breaking and creating patterns.

Within these pages, you'll confront stories that delve into the marrow of human existence—the haunting struggle to shatter societal chains, to break free from the suffocating grip of tradition and expectation. These narratives are a reflection of the relentless battle within us all, a reminder of the grit and determination required to forge a path through the shadows.

Our contributors have captured the essence of this turmoil, freezing moments of transformation in images that both unsettle and captivate. Their art serves as a reminder of the tumultuous nature of change, urging us to confront the discomfort that comes with shedding old skins and stepping into the unknown.

Through the verses of our poets, you'll encounter the raw emotions that accompany the process of renewal—the bittersweet melody of letting go, the catharsis in embracing the uncharted territories of the self. Their words will echo in the recesses of your mind, leaving an indelible imprint that resonates with the darker, yet profoundly liberating aspects of transformation.

Join us as we navigate the murky waters of human experience, as we celebrate the transformative power that emerges from the depths of upheaval and darkness. Within these pages, may you find solace in the acknowledgment of the shadows, and may you emerge with a renewed understanding of the resilience that thrives in the heart of chaos. May the exploration of the enigmatic and the transformative bring you peace.

*xoxo*  
*Flora Ashe*





## PHOTOGRAPHY

"The circle of all existence blossoms and passes away - nothing exists forever" By: Helge Paulsen

**Helge Paulsen** is a Doctor of Philosophy with a background in social sciences and art sociology, specializing in US postmodernism, and has extensive experience in exhibition organization, event management, and freelance writing and art photography, currently employed at KUBUS and Kunstverein Hannover with ongoing projects in the field of photography.



# Resurrection

BY: SARAH DAS GUPTA

Avenues are pink  
now clouds of blossom shiver  
as a light breeze blows

The sky is that intense blue which is impossibly clear and perfect. Once grey streets are baptised anew in the pink foam of the cherry blossom. All now seems possible. Everything pauses as the earth changes direction. Green weeds cling to the sides of drains. Grass, like strings of emeralds, hangs from old brick walls. In the cracks and crannies of the city, sleeping seeds turn again.

A flowery awning  
offers a perfumed pink shade  
just a hint of night

**Sarah Das Gupta** is a teacher living near Cambridge, UK. Her work has been published in many magazines from ten countries, including US, UK, Canada, Australia, India and Nigeria.

ILLUSTRATION



"head in the clouds" By: Nina Schönian-Söllig

"Beerdigung meiner Angst" By: Nina Schönian-Söllig





**"Romeo and Julia"** By: Nina Schönian-Söllig  
Nina Schönian-Söllig was born in 1980, self-taught, married with 3 children, and focuses on oil painting.



“Hand” By: Mitar Stojkovic

**Mitar Stojkovic** is based in Belgrade Serbia, an artist oil on canvas. Also called Mitar, "*Little prince of modern Serbian art.*"

# Going Hunting

BY: GAIL BROWN

Elisa pulled into the parking lot at the park. The hunting club would be here soon. She hurried to gather her supplies and meet at the picnic table. Today's hunt would be the miniature deer herd who had recently had several new born fawns. The hope was that this herd would be able to rescue the population from extinction. There were only three herds left in the wild, all at great distances from one another. In order to increase genetic diversity, she had overseen the herding and artificial insemination of several of the does last fall.

The largest concern with increasing genetic diversity this way was two-fold. First, the herds had genetic mutations specific to their environments. Those mutations might not help them in a new environment. At worst, it would harm them. Beyond the mutations, was the stress placed on the mothers who must be anesthetized for the insemination procedure. There was little research down on wild animals who went through the procedure.

If only. If only their ancestors, their parents, and even some of their friends, had heeded the warnings. Elisa, and her fellow researchers, wouldn't be forging ahead on such dangerous experiments, without more knowledge and trials. However, there was no time. It wasn't only this species of deer. Hundreds of other animals were being treated the same way.

Animals herded into protected parks. Limited ranges. Forced care taking at a distance, and verifying that the animals could, would, and did breed in such a manner as to repopulate the now empty landscape of the country, and eventually the world.

Voices chattered as cars parked and people prepared for the hunt. This was one of the few opportunities that future scientists, those who would continue her work, would get to see these animals in their semi-natural environment.

The women chatted up to the picnic table. They carried cameras, camera stands, and long hiking poles for the trek into the gated territory of this deer herd. Several assorted smaller species also called this location home. It would be a good trek, to determine if they too were building thriving communities away from humanity.

Elisa unlocked the gate for the excited group. They tottered in waving cameras and lunch pails. The chatter continued. She turned the key to lock them in.

A noise in the parking lot startled her. A pickup truck, minus its muffler, rolled in on giant wheels, far too large for it. It took up the last four parking spaces.

There were still a few people who didn't respect the work the scientists were doing here, and in the other parks around the country. Some missed their national parks. Scientists hoped they could soon be returned to the people, as soon as the animals that depended on them for survival could survive without their protection.

She locked the gate. Elisa carried a taser. It would work in an emergency against people.

Usually.

A man hopped out of the truck onto the running boards. He pulled a couple of guns out of the truck bed. They looked to be at least three foot long. Maybe longer. Hunting guns that were supposed to have been turned in to the government years ago.

The people with her took one look and ran for cover. The last person stopped long enough to snap a picture of the man and his truck.

Elisa waited. A man that determined could scale the fence.

He sauntered up to her waving his guns and ammunition belts. "I'm here for the hunt."

She glared at him. "We are going hunting. Not murdering."

He waved his guns again. "You need someone to protect you from the wild animals."

She laughed. She held up her thick walking stick high. "This will protect me. As will this." Elisa pulled her taser out of her pocket.

The man stared.

"Be gone!" She shook the stick at him.

A couple of silent park ranger vehicles pulled into the parking lot. They would take care of this person. She didn't dare turn her back on him. Not with him waving guns around. She held the taser firmly pointed at him.

The park rangers approached him from behind with tasers drawn. Rangers were trained to deal with these situations. More than she was. Elisa stepped back one step.

The first ranger threw a net over the man. Than man turned. A ranger aimed his taser and fired.

The man fell to the ground in the tendrils of the net.

Elisa turned and walked to the trail to join her group. Somehow, the beauty of a day spent hunting had been damaged. Instead of the expected party-like atmosphere, the group trudged down the trail. Their memories were full of the gun battles and more, of the recent past.

One reason this group of deer were endangered.

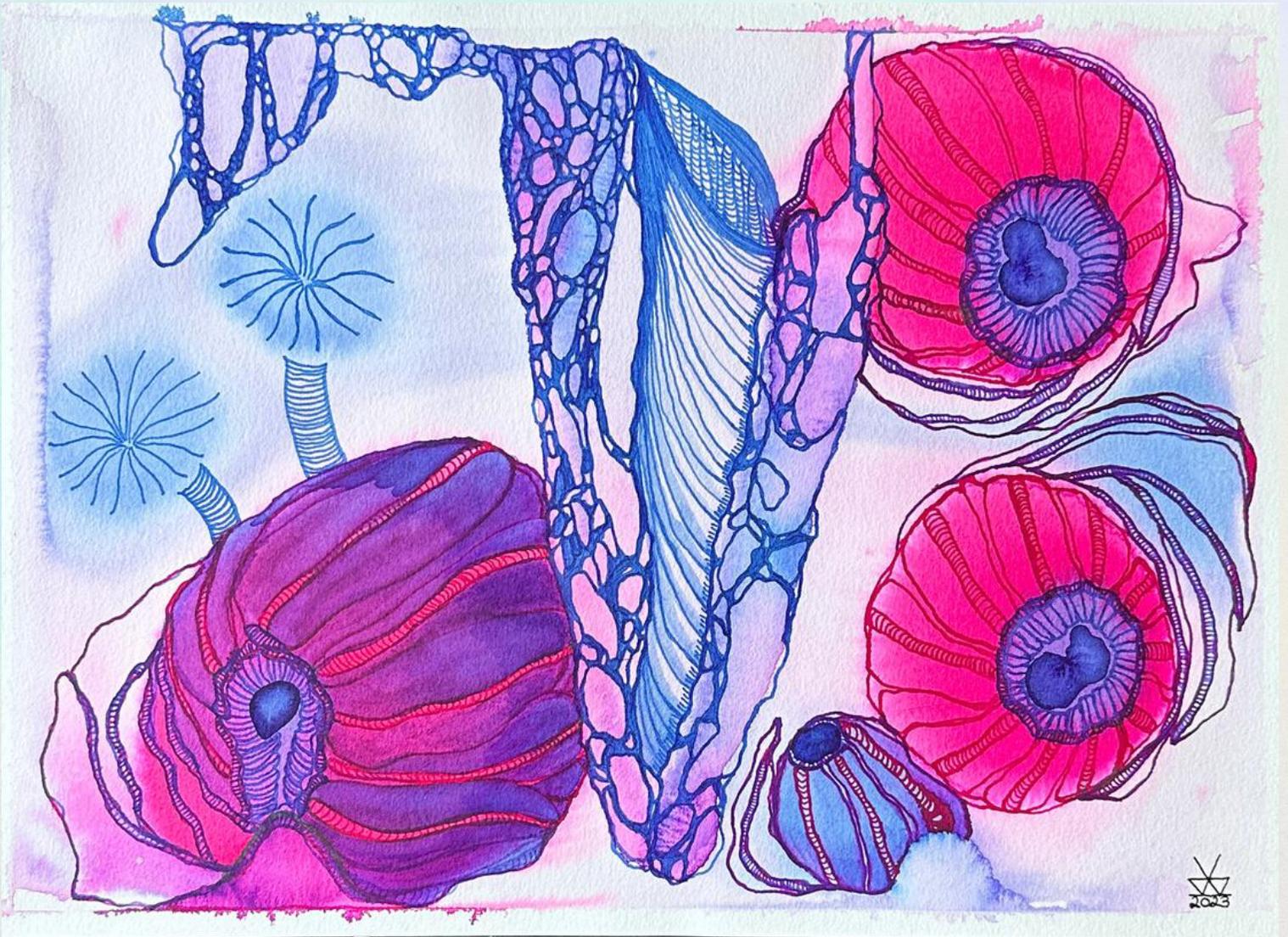
She clutched her camera as they reached a clearing where the deer liked to graze. The camera had hung loosely from her neck. Elisa liked to lock and hide the geolocation. She zoomed in on a mother and her young. The view screen showed a perfect shot of the pair.

More than a dozen mothers with young foals ate in the open field. The herd were not as skittish of people as the other two were. It would likely be another dozen generations before they fully trusted humans again.

The group gathered and shared their photos. Plenty of perfect trophies to project onto science boardroom walls.

A successful hunt.

**Gail Brown** believes science fiction brings hope and light through worlds of colorful dreams. It mirrors daily life as it could be, and perhaps should be. It is where disability is accepted, and people can live their lives without overwork and fear.



"Transition Phase" By: Kelly Watson

**Kelly Watson** spends her time observing patterns in nature, human behavior and the inner workings of processes, reflecting them back in the form of vibrant colors and familiar, unfamiliar creations.

"2 Fronds" By: Sara Caporaletti

Sara Caporaletti is a visual mixed media artist from Maryland.



# Pure Heroine

BY: MIA AMORE DEL BANDO

I'm listening to Lorde's old music  
Because she hasn't released a good album in five years

Five years ago  
Summer tasted like campfire and cherry coke slurpees  
Girlish screams were drowned out  
By the wind when my convertible

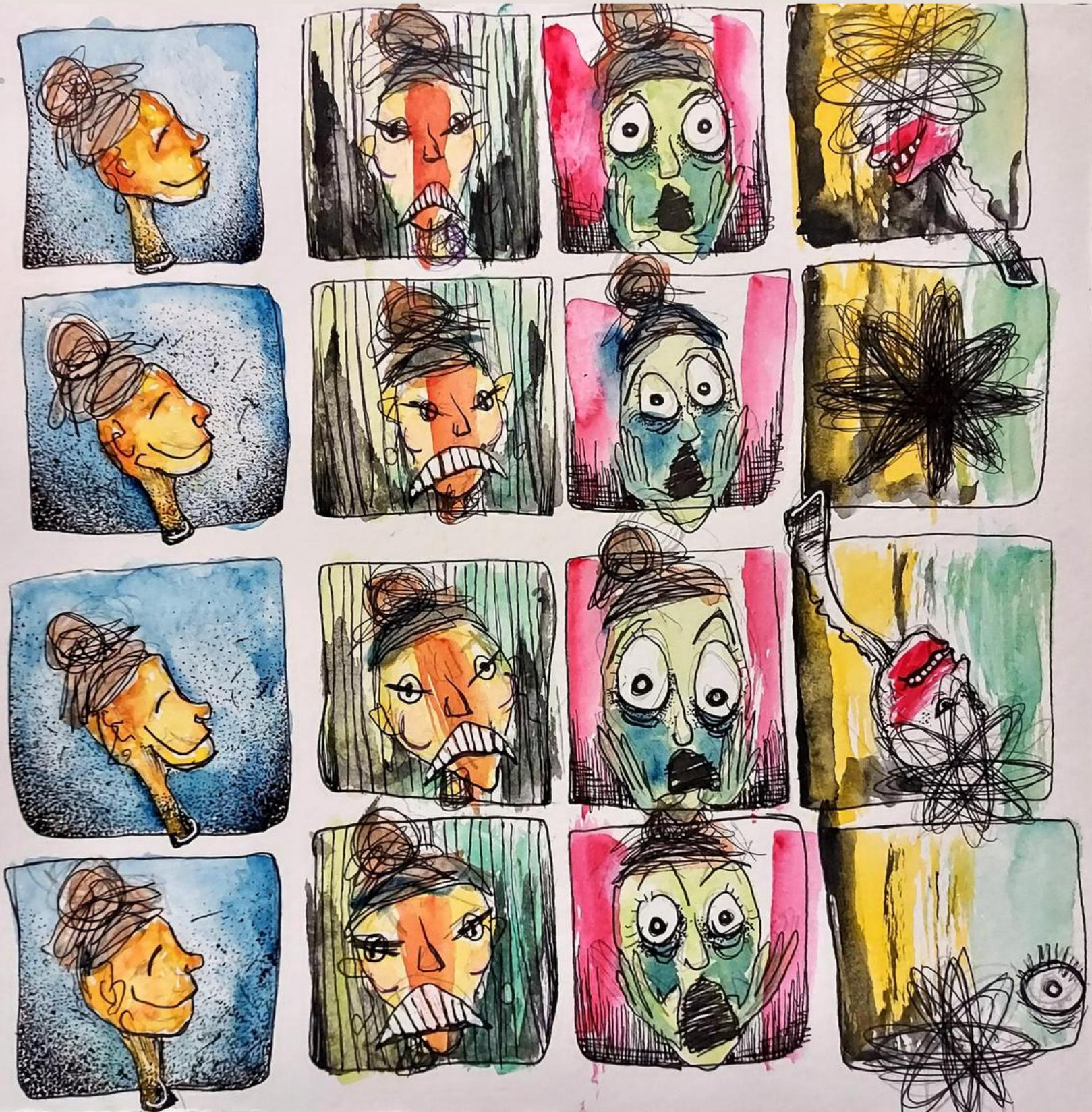
Boys were as permanent as the weather  
The sun kissed new tan lines where they did

I remember bold, nervous hands  
Caressing my thigh  
And moments where I thought they'd ask me to be theirs  
Nervousness is universal and childish

Five years ago  
Girlhood still existed on the surface  
My smile wind and ambitious  
I was ready for the world  
To throw me

Now I sit  
In airplanes and cars  
Listening to Lorde's oldest album  
Wondering when  
She'll create a better feeling  
A new record  
Girlhood slipping through me

**Mia Amore Del Bando** is a Mexican/Filipino writer, photographer, and creator. Her poetry book, *Fragments of a Woman's Brain*, published by Nymeria Publishing debuts in 2024. She is a faithful friend, difficult daughter, and selfish lover.



"Polka Journey" By: UneasyViewing

**UneasyViewing** appreciates the spontaneous process of nature and strives to explore Earth's unfound beauty and imitate its natural imperfections.

ILLUSTRATION

"Changes" By: UneasyViewing



# Fallow

BY: FAITH ALLINGTON

Between full moons, the landscape  
sleeps, gathering potency  
into its wine-dark soil,  
dreaming of the split seed,  
the shifting patterns of light.

The furrowed boundaries  
between us are deep,  
sliced into the turf.  
The verges are waiting  
to claim us. Before you go,  
let us marvel at this,  
the earth's resurrection  
from seed to bloom.  
And back again.

My love, my wolf, please stay.  
Forget for a moment  
how the night sky imprints  
desires on you  
to walk the length  
and breadth of possibility,  
to trace the ridged spine  
of the hills with a finger.

**Faith Allington** is a writer and gardener who resides in Seattle. Her work is forthcoming or has appeared in literary journals, including *Fourth River Tributaries*, *Crow & Cross Keys*, *The Fantastic Other* and *The Quarter(ly)*.

ILLUSTRATION

"Untitled" By: Irina Tall (Novikova)

**Irina Tall (Novikova)** is an artist, graphic artist, illustrator. She graduated from the State Academy of Slavic Cultures with a degree in art, and also has a bachelor's degree in design.



# Departure

BY: DANIEL SCHULZ

I locked myself in a box  
I had made of your memories.

I locked myself in a coffin  
to be closer to you.

Your heart inside my chest  
still beating.

You wanted me to live,  
so I did.

Breaking out of a cage:  
the meaning of life.

**Daniel Schulz** (he/him) is a writer based in Cologne Germany. His chapbook, *Welfare State*, was published at Back Room Poetry.

"Where We Seek" By: Edward Lee

**Edward Lee's** poetry, short stories, non-fiction and photography have been published in magazines in Ireland, England and America, including *The Stinging Fly*, *Skylight 47*, *Acumen*, *The Blue Nib* and *Poetry Wales*. His poetry collections are *Playing Poohsticks On Ha'Penny Bridge*, *The Madness Of Qwerty*, *A Foetal Heart* and *Bones Speaking With Hard Tongues*. He now is writing a novel.



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# Things I regret:

24

BY: JANE HERTENSTEIN

Not eating that muffin  
Telling you no, I didn't want your muffin  
When my daughter was a baby, not holding her enough  
Not wanting to hold her  
In fact, wanting to leave her crying because nothing I did made her stop crying  
Not jumping off the falls, then  
Jumping off the falls  
Thinking you are a shit  
Telling you to your face what I thought  
Overcommitting  
Hesitating  
Dismissing my doctor's advice about Kegel Exercises  
Not getting Lasik eye surgery sooner  
That midnight phone call, the things I shouldn't have said  
I recall all the times I left lame tips  
When I should have bought the person behind me in line a coffee  
Been more generous  
In the 4th grade I asked a classmate where her father lived when I knew full-well he was in jail  
At a friend's house, vandalizing a book with a fancy cover by pouring nail polish between the pages and closing it  
Lying to my mother  
Watching my mother cry

That I'd had the guts to love you  
That I had loved you more

I regret regrets,  
such a waste of time, second guessing  
wishing to go back in time  
right wrongs

I'm sorry, dear  
I meant to say I'm sorry  
I regret I never told you, sorry

I will awake tomorrow full of regret  
Take my coffee outside and watch tattered clouds  
Race across the sky and  
Obscure the sun, for  
A second or two

**Jane Hertenstein** is the author of over 90 published stories both macro and micro: fiction, creative non-fiction, and blurred genre. In addition she has published a YA novel, *Beyond Paradise* and a non-fiction, *Orphan Girl: The Memoir of a Chicago Bag Lady*, which garnered national reviews. She is the recipient of a grant from the Illinois Arts Council. Her writing has been featured in the New York Times. She teaches a workshop on Flash Memoir.



11.10.18

"Wishing for Different" By: Mia Amore Del Bando

# Kids, or, Half a Conversation Overheard in One of Our Finest Dining Establishments

BY: JAMES B. NICOLA

**T**he thing is this babe: If I'd had kids they'd have gotten their blood from my parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, and me. Then where'd we be? And where'd they be? One kid in an asylum. One in jail. The third, a drunken wife-beater. The fourth, a chronic cheater. A fifth: O.D. and suicide. A sixth: multiple homicide. So grateful for all I have, which is next to nothing but not nothing, I felt I owed it to the world and the kids not to have the kids. But if I could trade my life for one with kids, you bet I would. And train them real good. For the kids. For the world. Would this world be worth it, though? Oh, I don't know. But no.

Dessert? Great.

News? Spill.

Doctor? Said—

What?

Wow.

Oh my God. Mine?

Ours. Of course. Yow. Hey. Babe.

C'mere.



**James B. Nicola**, a returning contributor, is the author of eight collections of poetry, the latest being *Natural Tendencies* (just out). His nonfiction book *Playing the Audience* won a Choice magazine award.





"Untitled" By: Irina Tall (Novikova)



# SCREAMING MIMES

IMAGE "HEADSHOTS" BY MISS UNITY;  
TEXT BY MARK BLICKLEY

I should speak out when they abuse  
This pasty-faced artist who decided to choose  
Being trapped in silence with make-up queer  
I may not speak, but I can hear

The taunts, the insults, and the hate  
Towards street performers who refuse the bait  
Of ridiculed anger through vulgar gestures  
Believing performance is a continuing semester

Of learning to grow within painted smile  
Ignore the assholes, concentrate on the child.  
Who laughs with joy or open-mouthed wonder  
Yet tosses no coins as my stomach thunders

Breaking the silence, begging for bread  
My intestinal rumblings plead to be fed  
A steady diet of human compassion  
Through the clinking of coins in an appreciative reaction

To my ancient art and enduring hunger  
Selling myself like a common whoremonger  
Hoping to satisfy an insatiable crowd  
In tight fitting Spandex, a seductive shroud

Ignoring lewd sneers at my exposed anatomy  
That I've twisted and stretched in hopes it would flatter me  
As my muscles contort and my body sings  
A silent song that once entertained kings

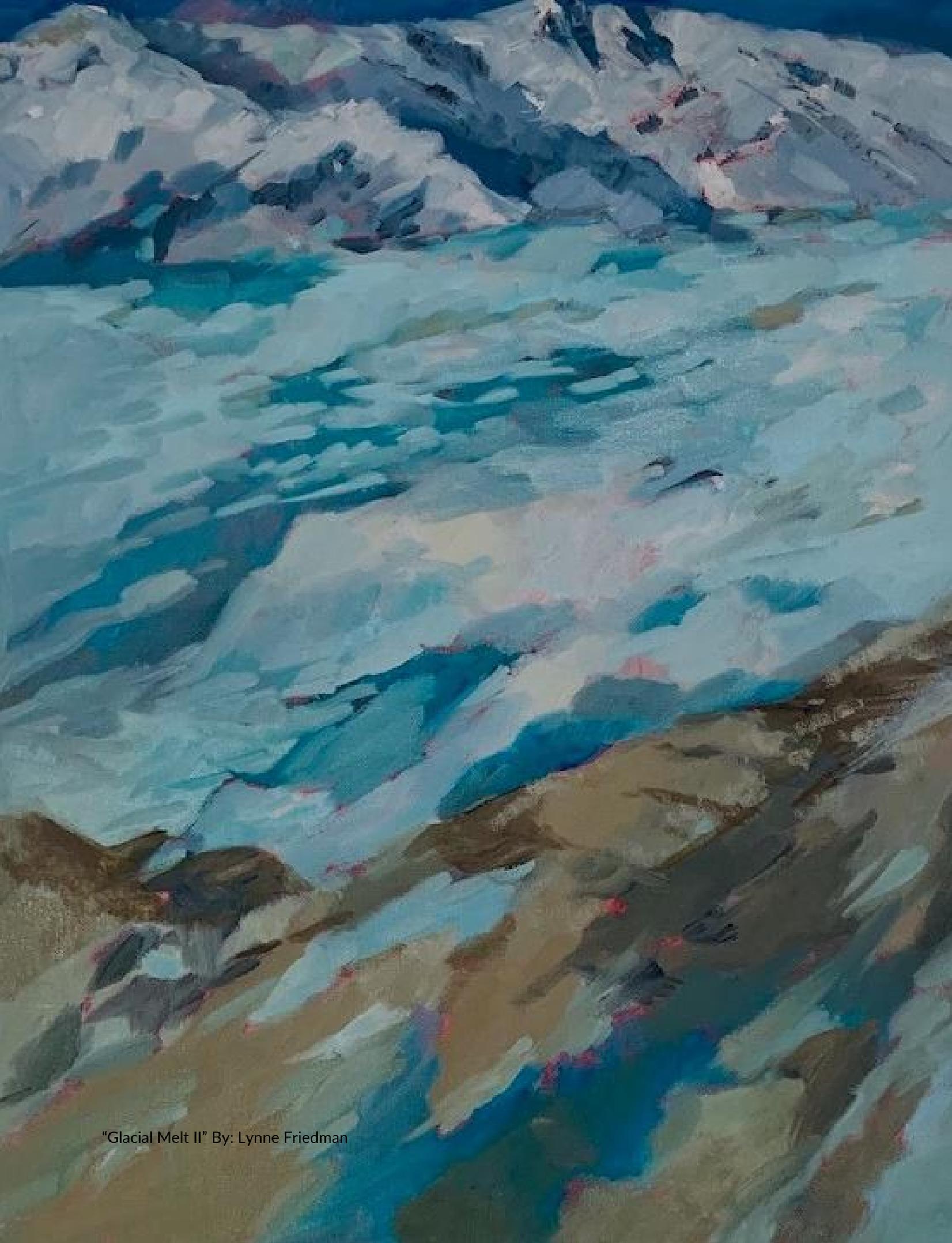
**Mark Blickley** grew up within walking distance of New York's Bronx Zoo. He is a proud member of the Dramatists Guild and PEN American Center. His latest book is the flash fiction collection, *Hunger Pains* (Buttonhook Press).





"Storm Brewing" By: Lynne Friedman

**Lynne Friedman** is an artist in Hudson Valley NY steeped in nature's cycles. Work in US embassies, US Art in Embassies and solo exhibits in Noho Gallery and Prince Street in Tribeca corporate collections.



"Glacial Melt II" By: Lynne Friedman

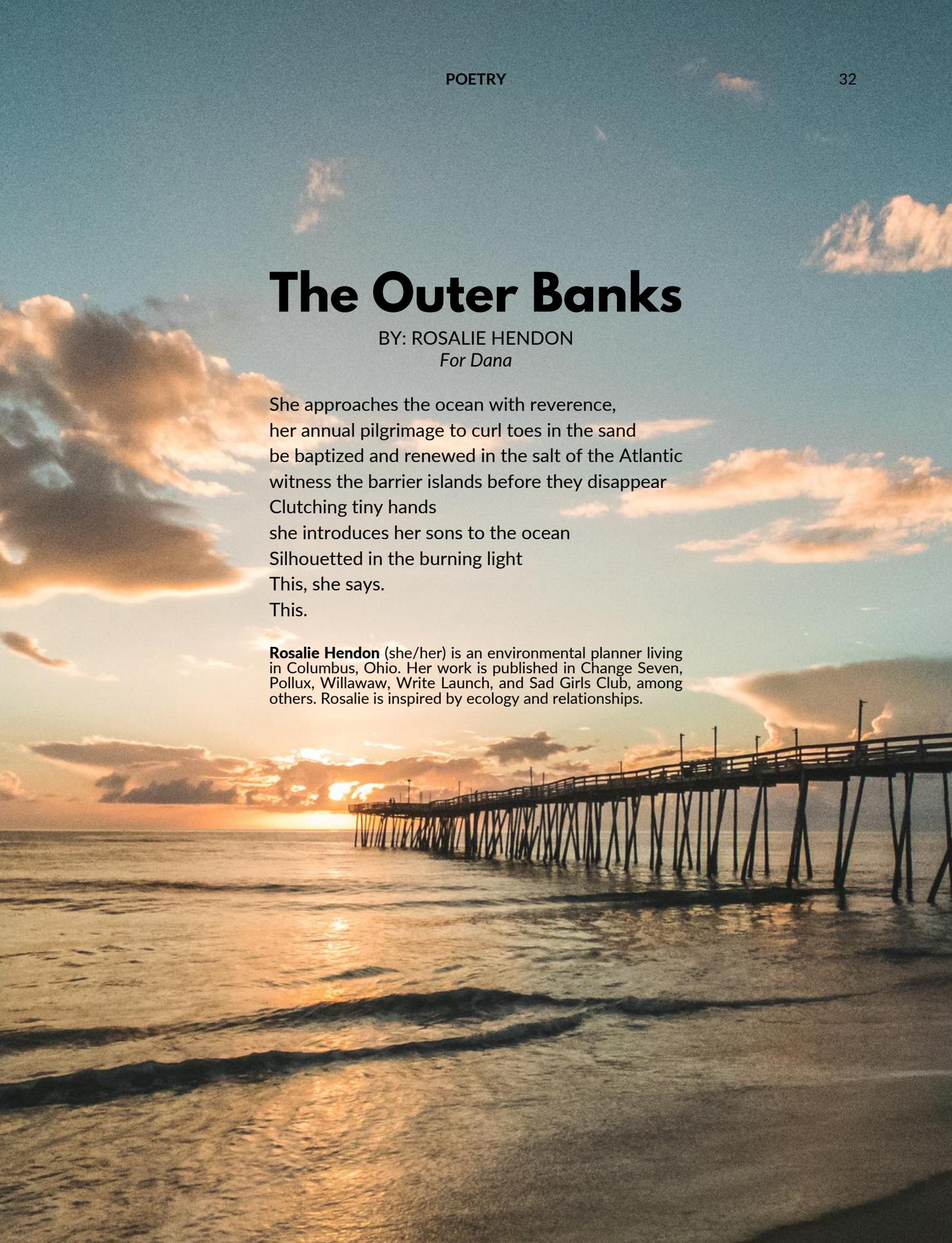
# The Outer Banks

BY: ROSALIE HENDON

*For Dana*

She approaches the ocean with reverence,  
her annual pilgrimage to curl toes in the sand  
be baptized and renewed in the salt of the Atlantic  
witness the barrier islands before they disappear  
Clutching tiny hands  
she introduces her sons to the ocean  
Silhouetted in the burning light  
This, she says.  
This.

**Rosalie Hendon** (she/her) is an environmental planner living in Columbus, Ohio. Her work is published in Change Seven, Pollux, Willawaw, Write Launch, and Sad Girls Club, among others. Rosalie is inspired by ecology and relationships.



Autumn (Series "Cyclicality") by Alexander Limarev

**Alexander Limarev** is a freelance artist and poet from Russia. Participated in more than 1000 international projects and exhibitions. His artworks are part of private and museum collections of 72 countries.





"Yellow Light" By: Lynne Friedman

# First Meeting

BY: NEHA BHANDARKAR

The first ray of the sun  
The first drop of rain  
The earth might not recollect  
But I do remember  
That first meeting of ours  
And your first touch too

As eager as the dust particles  
That try to kiss my feet  
As they touch the ground  
The exact, the same grace  
And excitement we had  
For all the first emotions we held

The dewdrops are falling  
Down from the veils  
And the flowers are dripping  
Raindrops on the ground  
From a queen bee's hive  
There is the same dripping  
As the eternal sweet juice of life  
On the love budding night

Of course, the Earth  
Would not remember  
That first pitter-patter!  
But even today  
I can still recall  
And reminisce it all

**Neha Bhandarkar** is widely published Iconic Marathi Poet, embellished with numerous national and international awards for her consummate literary skill mused about in her writings. She is published author of 15 books in various languages. She is trilingual authour writing in Marathi, Hindi and English and also a genuine translator.

ILLUSTRATION

"Strata I" By: Lynne Friedman



“Storm Clouds Swirl at Sunset” By Tom Corboy

**Tom Corboy** is a retired airline pilot who enjoys the art of photography.



# The Sun

BY: JACE ARBOUR

Gentle spiderwebs wrapping around your ankles,  
Indistinguishable from the tall grass  
Except the tall grass also brushes the tips of your fingers  
And the spiders don't climb that high.  
The sun is rising again.  
You've lost your shoes somewhere along the way, but you smile.  
You can see it clearer now.  
It's beautiful.

**Jace Arbour** is an artist and poet who loves trinkets and sparkly things. They spend most of their free time at the library or sitting under fairy lights in the rain.

"Witness Your Own Making" By: Edward Lee

“Intellectual Change” By: Mia Amore Del Bando



"First Supper of Moving" By: Mia Amore Del Bando



# 4345 Telegraph Ave Oakland, CA 94609

BY: YUNA KANG

*[I imagine we are in a field of snow and she comes, swinging her scythe, letting the fuzz of wild oats fly.]*

Kansai, my love—

of neon cheap sushi, and 11 PM  
reminisces, coca cola and sake, the college  
boys are loud. You swarm to me after operas,  
after light, when the night is insidious and dark...

full of too many people  
and chatter  
and noise.

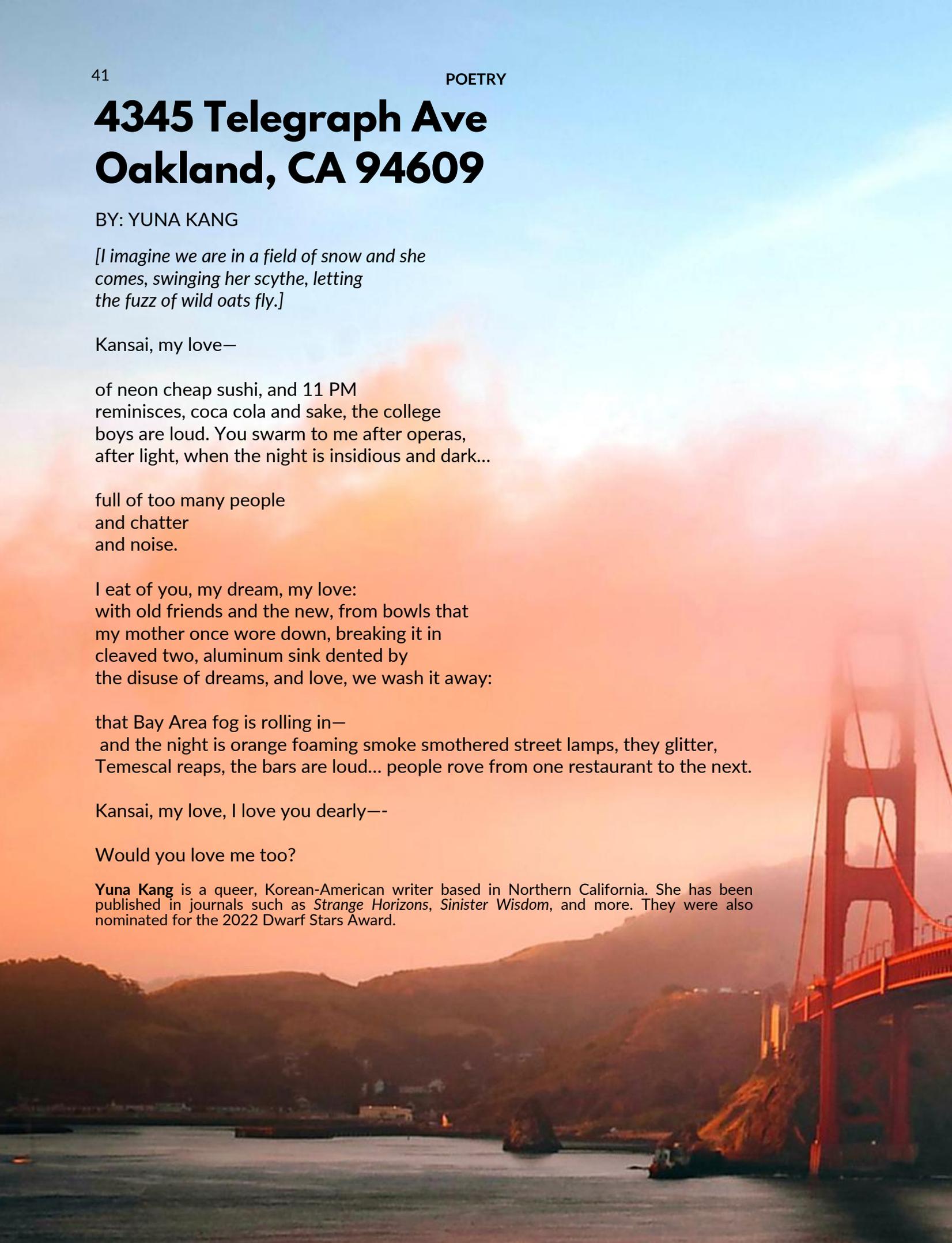
I eat of you, my dream, my love:  
with old friends and the new, from bowls that  
my mother once wore down, breaking it in  
cleaved two, aluminum sink dented by  
the disuse of dreams, and love, we wash it away:

that Bay Area fog is rolling in—  
and the night is orange foaming smoke smothered street lamps, they glitter,  
Temescal reaps, the bars are loud... people rove from one restaurant to the next.

Kansai, my love, I love you dearly--

Would you love me too?

**Yuna Kang** is a queer, Korean-American writer based in Northern California. She has been published in journals such as *Strange Horizons*, *Sinister Wisdom*, and more. They were also nominated for the 2022 Dwarf Stars Award.



Summer (Series "Cyclicality") by Alexander Limarev



## ILLUSTRATION

Samra - سمرا "Burnette" By: Dahlia Hosny

**Dahlia Hosny** creates art that empowers people connect with their deepest selves; art that make people feel something, to challenge their assumptions, and to see the world in a new way.



# The Mallards of St. Catherines

BY: ZACH KEALI 'I MURPHY

Stewart came from a town where the water was abundant but never clean. Lillian came from a town where there wasn't enough water to keep the wildfires at bay.

Every Sunday morning they'd meet at a lone, wooden bench by the secluded pond at St. Catherine Trail. In the middle of the pond sprouted a fountain. On those hot days, the wind-blown mist from the glorious spout would make them feel reborn again. A set of weeping willow trees stretched over the east side of the pond, their leaves always on the verge of taking a dip. Wildflowers painted the perimeter, and sometimes, Stewart and Lillian were lucky enough to see a monarch butterfly flutter by.

A flock of mallard ducks made the pond their refuge in the warmer months. It was a frenzy of wet feathers, powerful splashes, enthusiastic quacks, and deep dives. Stewart and Lillian became so familiar with the mallards that they could point out the unique quirks of each one. There was the one with the white spot on its breast that looked like a cloud. There was the one that hopped instead of waddled. And there was the one that quacked in a remarkably deep pitch that always made Stewart and Lillian laugh.

When they sat on the bench, time seemed to halt and zip by in a flash all at once. Some days there were no words needed, and other days all the words were needed. They shared what they wanted to share, and left out what they wanted to leave out. Sometimes, they'd squint their eyes and see a pair of turtles poke their heads out from the pond and greet the sunshine.

Stewart and Lillian thought about carving their initials into the bench, but they ultimately concluded that it would be too cliché. They never exchanged phone numbers, for fear that it would take away the magic of their time at their sacred place. Before the winter showed its harsh might, the mallards would disappear. Stewart and Lillian would say their goodbyes, retreat from the cold, and dream of meeting at the pond once again.

As soon as the snow cleared and the ground thawed, they'd be back sitting on their beloved bench together. Shortly after, the mallards would return. Stewart and Lillian always wondered how the mallards found their way back to the same little pond after being so far away for so many moons.

One sunny March day, Stewart showed up to the bench, his face glowing with a peaceful smile. But Lillian wasn't there. He showed up the next Sunday, but she wasn't there. April, May, June, July, August, September, and October passed, and she wasn't there.

After the winter, Stewart came back to look for Lillian every Sunday. Years slipped by. The mallards returned every spring. And the weeping willows wept a little more.

**Zach Keali'i Murphy** is a Hawaii-born writer with a background in cinema.



“Creeping” By: KJ Hannah Greenberg

**KJ Hannah Greenberg**, an evergreen inventor of printed possibilities, fashions lively texts and watches dust bunnies breed beneath her sofa. Her eclectic works are dedicated to lovers of slipstream fiction and to oboe players.



"Easing Down" By: KJ Hannah Greenberg



"New York Blue Botanical Garden" By: Yuko Kyutoku

**Yuko Kyutoku** was born in Aichi in Japan. Having grown up both next to the mountain and rivers, her love of nature and the outdoors grew tremendously. Yuko has always been fascinated by images and how the world is represented through the eyes of others. She has a bachelor's Degree in Fine art, painting, drawing, and printmaking at SUNY Purchase college in New York.

"Blue Met Museum of Art" By: Yuko Kyoetku





# Drunk on an Airplane

BY: MIA AMORE DEL BANDO

Does god hear prayers  
When they are closer to him at 35,000 feet?  
The mumble of words to bless the aircraft  
And the people strapped to it

Anxious warriors who hate flying  
Down their last jack and ginger  
Begging god to carry them across the Pacific Ocean  
At the mercy of the pilot's skill and rest

I am drunk on an airplane  
Wondering who else shares my dreams  
Of being thin and successful  
Visions of my fantasy slide in my frontal lobe like a library book

Is little-me proud?  
Watching her future unfold  
Paper-folded fortune tellers cannot predict  
The anxious rage I have pent up  
Service-industry bound fool am I  
Holding my tongue at needy baby boomers  
Who demand a discount at their age's expense

I swirl my cocktail with a bamboo stick  
The alcohol coaxing my existential crisis  
How many women have sat in this seat  
18C  
And wondered where she is going  
Why can't she get there sooner  
And how much she wishes God could hear her?

Winter (Series "Cyclicality") by Alexander Limarev



"Closeup" By: Barbora D

**Barbora D** is a photographer, illustrator and amateur poet, mainly focusing on self portraits and macro.



# SEAMSTRESS

BY: AUDRA BURWELL

Sew

Your thirst into my skin  
Let it thread my eyelids

Stitch

Sorrow's canvas into my palm  
Whisper it to my scarred lips

Embroider

Ecstasy into the curve of my hip  
Your pleasure devouring mine

Tether

Your heartstrings to my vertebrae  
Make me love's marionette

Patch

The gashes peppered in my lungs  
Moth-Eaten wings exhaling dust

Fasten

Your secret desires to my throat  
Let me scream them into being

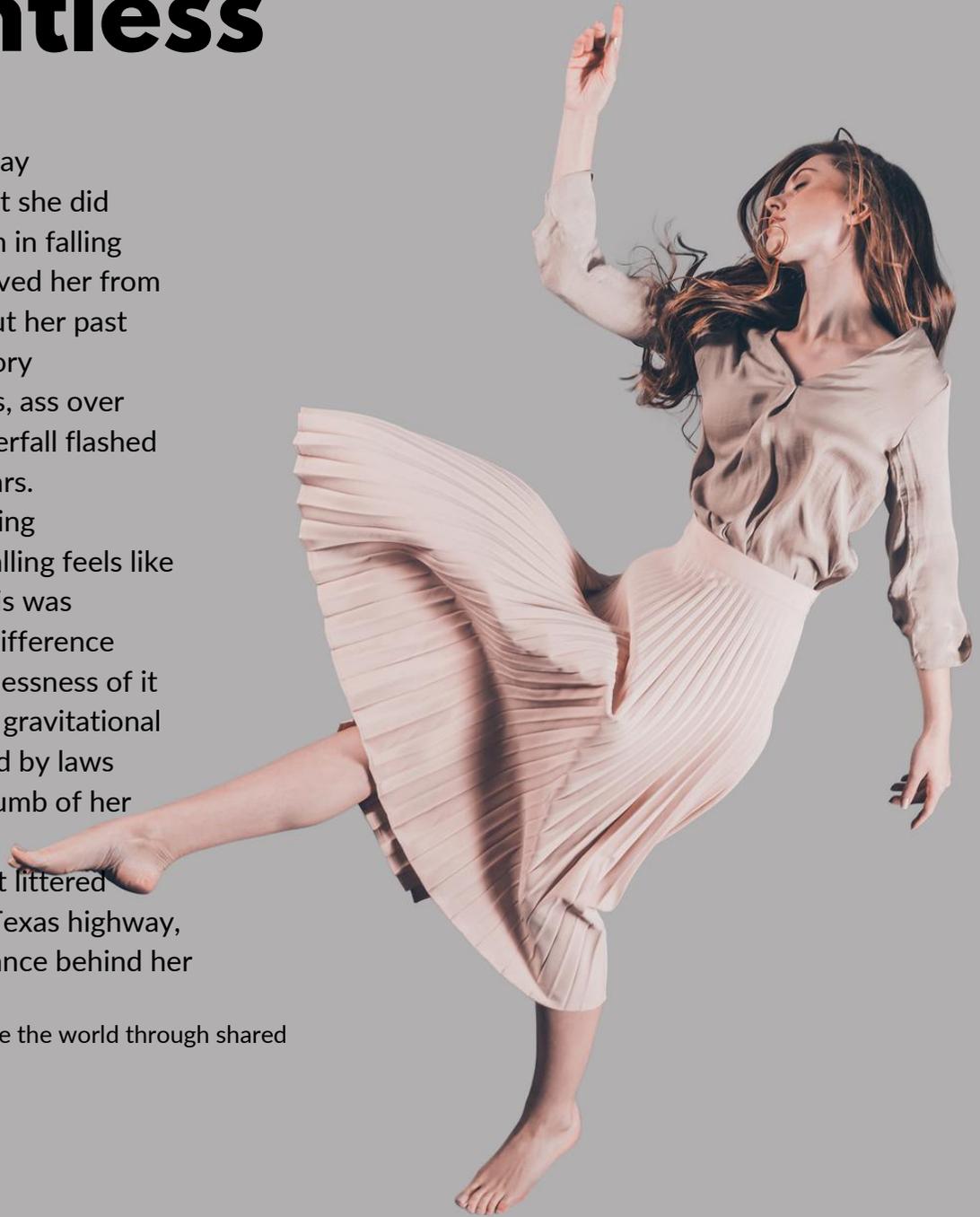
**Audra Burwell** is a creative writing major at California State University Fresno enrolled in the Master of Fine Arts degree with a specialization in poetry.

# Weightless

BY: ALEX GUST

She hit her head on the way  
down, at least she thought she did  
There is a certain freedom in falling  
The concussive blow cleaved her from  
her memories, blacking out her past  
mistakes, redacted her story  
as she tumbled weightless, ass over  
teakettle. The frozen waterfall flashed  
in intervals against the stars.  
There is the feeling of falling  
And then, there is what falling feels like  
She didn't know which this was  
The difference made no difference  
She cherished the weightlessness of it  
No longer accountable to gravitational  
demands, no longer bound by laws  
of man, stuck blind and dumb of her  
wrongs  
The string of roadkills that littered  
this forgotten stretch of Texas highway,  
disappeared into the distance behind her

**Alex Gust** seeks to experience the world through shared written expressions.





"Voice of the moon" By: Dahlia Hosny

Dahlia Hosny



“Art Lover” By: Nina Schönian-Söllig



"Untitled" By: Irina Tall (Novikova)

# Want to Live a Little for Me

BY: NEHA BHANDARKAR

This is my career's silver jubilee year  
The one for my nuptial knot too, is near  
Although the qualification I attained  
'An unsatisfied woman'; still remains

I kept running around the clock  
Day-month-year, without a stop  
Never did I have time to breathe  
And think what's to become of me

When my eyes had to wear glasses  
It was hard to believe how fast time passes  
I had just gotten into my forties  
Life, as I know it, set its course for my fifties.

I wish to open once again  
That favourite book I loved then  
Want to go through the scribbled pages  
And check out the references  
with avidness

Before making it through the final lifeline  
The sole thing that I have to opine  
Is to leave the crazy calculations behind  
And nurture my hobbies that were deprived

Before the final bell rings  
I wish to give new poetic creations wings  
All the lost words will be found  
All I have to do is give it another round

Now I want to live a little for me because  
Now I wish to live a little for me

**Neha Bhandarkar** is widely published Marathi Poet, with numerous national and international awards for her writing. She is published author of 15 books in various languages. She is trilingual author writing in Marathi, Hindi and English and also a genuine translator. She is published in international anthologies, magazines and E Zines. Some of her poems, stories have been translated in French, Albanian, Phillipines, Nepali, Greece, Odia, Brail etc.



“(Un)Spare(d) Parts” By: Robert Matejcek



“Bring Your Whole Team” By: Robert Matejcek



"Song Of The Silent" By: Dahlia Hosny

Dahlia Hosny



"Strength (Snippity-Snip)" By: Robert Matejcek

**Robert Matejcek** holds an Art BA, Magna Cum Laude, from Fontbonne University, and exhibited nationally and internationally. Robert and his wife, Anna, reside with their dogs, Willow and Indy, and guinea pigs, Honeysuckle and Poppy.



“Circle of Infinity” By: Carl Yonder

**Carl Yonder** is a visionary surrealist, inspired by Transcendental Meditation and lifelong traveling, Yonder’s work reflects his own journey through the subconscious. .

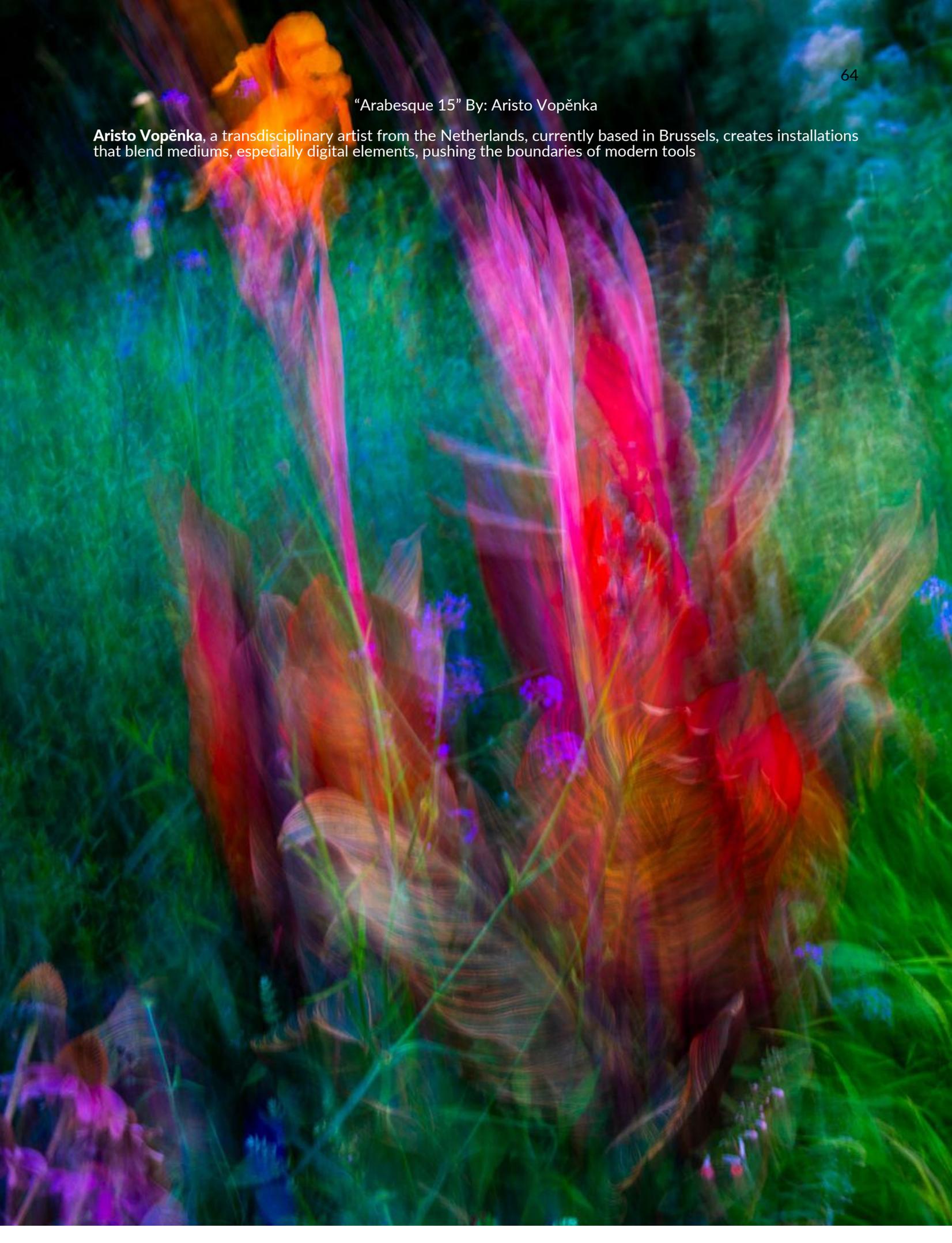




"Strange Loop" By: Carl Yonder

"Arabesque 15" By: Aristo Vopěnka

**Aristo Vopěnka**, a transdisciplinary artist from the Netherlands, currently based in Brussels, creates installations that blend mediums, especially digital elements, pushing the boundaries of modern tools



"Arabesque 02" By: Aristo Vopěnka



# Czech Art Student's Apartment Gentrified from a Nazi Ghetto

By: AMANDA HAYDEN

still crumbling bricks  
glass, and tires  
trendy, renovated places to reside  
I want to ask her, *but how can you live here?*

*Live in the echoes of such fear?*  
she offers us a tour, severely renovated  
same structure, hobbit hole  
without the cottage core cheer

a stylish basement cave  
an abyss in the middle  
of her living room floor  
glass covered, you

can stand right on top of it  
look down into unending darkness  
*how many people*  
*climbed through this?*

one on top of the other, I wonder  
thinking of her eating toast and tea  
watching *reality tv* next to this giant  
hole of screaming ghosts

**Amanda Hayden** is Poet Laureate and award-winning Humanities Professor at Sinclair College. Her first poetry collection, *American Saunter*, is forthcoming (FlowerSong, 2024). She lives on a farm with her family and many furry rescue babies.

"Tiny Strength" By: KJ Hannah Greenberg





"Without name 2" By: Mila Djajic

**Mila Djajic** has an BA in Applied arts. She works in different media: photography, collage and painting.

# FIRST (RAMBUNCTIOUS) PROSE POETRY DIARY ENTRY

BY: JAMES GERING

Aah, reality – another year kicking off.  
 A white strand of hair shifts loose  
 from my temple  
 drifts down over the keys.  
 How many tomorrows remain  
 for my indulgence and privilege?  
 Respect those tomorrows, writer,  
 take off your loafers  
 and walk in the wheelhouse of self.  
 Gather up the motes of concentration  
 and show us your mettle for a project  
 set to fly back and forth from the cliffs  
 of the Blue Mountains to the kinks  
 of Sydney and beyond  
 on a dizzying mix of days, poetics  
 music playlists, Sri Lankan stout  
 and the Microsoft voice dictator.  
 The diarist's reality: luck rains on him  
 second chances serenade him – a Houdini  
 seemingly with lives to spare.

Houdini is writing today at Hanging Rock  
 near his rental in Blackheath  
 in the heart of heritage wilderness.  
 The rock is a soaring wedge of sandstone  
 slightly detached from the escarpment,  
 a pinnacle poised above the Grose valley.

Houdini, laden with backpack  
 folding table and bar stool, faces the gap  
 between the main cliff and Hanging Rock.  
 He deftly makes the wide step over the void.

He savors the adrenaline surge  
 and sets up shop next to the lone shrub  
 and two ring bolts used by rock climbers  
 just shy of the pinnacle's narrow end.

It resembles a pirate's plank made of stone  
 over an ocean of air where zephyrs sing  
 like sirens. Junkie daredevils have  
 now and then answered the summons.  
 They set up rope swings and pendulum  
 over the valley, no matter swinging is banned  
 given the side effects that can be fatal.

Out comes Houdini's laptop  
 and mouse agape at the drop.  
 Houdini is all business – no rope swing  
 no illicit beverages, just wisps of reportage  
 and narrative and fanciful flights  
 to be arranged on the page.  
 Houdini rejoices in the day and lets  
 the sentences fly, despite the dismal forecast.

Good luck, maverick writer on the brink.  
 Remember to honour your dangerous title –  
 you have resolved to record 2022  
 to produce a narrative train on a lithesome track  
 to the final midnight of the year.  
 Sharpen your wits, diarist, and lower  
 your guard. Choose your topics moodily  
 instinctively: the latest outbreak of war or peace,  
 a notable episode of global absurdity,  
 some of your own escapades.  
 And when you feel doubtful, stand in the shoes  
 of others. Render their reality:  
 the why and how it pains and pleases them.  
 Stride in their loafers, on their stilettos.  
 Or hobble on the prosthetic of a child  
 having lost his leg to warmongers.

A news story today scantily covers asylum seekers  
 from Africa shivering the cold of Paris.  
*We are human like the French, a man says  
 but we are like a different species.*  
 Insights from everywhere to capture  
 the befuddling human experiment writ large:  
 the entitlement of a few, the bewilderment  
 of many. Civilization playing out, unspooling  
 in the age of high tech that readily slips  
 into indifference and cruelty  
 under the stewardship of leaders callous  
 with the lives of their people and the planet.

I carry an amulet of grace,  
 a perpetual reminder of my small but favoured lot  
 on this wonky, overheating spinning top of a globe.  
 And I celebrate the days seemingly clear of remorse.  
 This claim – delusional or not –  
 is borne of the belief that imagination  
 has the wings to shed the hubris,  
 to glide over the hubbub and enter other realms.  
 Playful writer, sincere writer, writer's writer  
 attempting to outwit the paradoxes  
 and the tentative self.  
 Bird on the wing of the sky.  
 Tardigrade on the spine of a leaf

And Houdini focuses on the void  
 below his sandstone pirate-plank  
 above the faraway trees appearing  
 tiny in the valley below  
 like a vast carpet of frilly green toothpicks.

The diarist aims to ambush his various selves  
 to tap into and explore the complexity  
 of being one of many among billions.  
 Where do I stand? Do I defend or attack?  
 And with how much intent?  
 How many feathers will my darling  
 and I need to line our nest?  
 She springs forth on the page as Isabella –  
 Bella for short and for sure.  
 She who renders me malleable  
 and durable. A winsome personality there,  
 a keen mind there.  
 She who recently sat by the bedside  
 of her ailing father, gave him solace  
 in the months of pain and farewell.  
 And the flow of his life drained away  
 Loving, wincing smiles there.  
 Depleted talk there. Silence there.

Today Bella and I hiked from our home  
 into Centennial Glen and along the base of the cliff  
 known as Walls Ledge where rock climbers strut  
 their vertical skills.  
 Follow the line of chalk marks to the double belay rings  
 at the top of the routes. Just with your eyes for now  
 Tomorrow we bring the climbing rope.  
 Kanimbla valley edges into view.  
 Bella and I gaze in awe of the lush green paddocks  
 where cows graze serene and the tarns wink silver.  
 And the faraway trees appear tiny  
 like a vast carpet of frilly green toothpicks.

We return to the hearth for dinner.  
 Spooning carrot/harissa soup to our lips in unison.  
 And the news (the news!) unspools on television.  
 Real people there, change there – usually for the worse.  
 The shenanigans of humanity – the macro  
 and micro and disasters, the unbridled suffering –  
 are neatly packaged  
 for our lounge room consumption.

My seventy heart beats per minute encompass  
 the world. One beat is reserved  
 for Afghanis enduring the Taliban.  
 Consider the starving in rural areas.  
 Consider the girls and women –  
 victims of extreme gender Apartheid  
 in draconian nation, misery nation.  
 My heart beats chime  
 with the youth of Africa and Asia  
 with the unjustly incarcerated in the four corners,  
 people who could be me  
 who happen to live in Haiti or Hong Kong,  
 Myanmar or Yemen. And my heart ticks  
 like the Doomsday Clock on it way to midnight.

**James Gering** has been writing for many years. His poetry and fiction have appeared in many literary journals, including *Rattle*, *San Pedro River Review* and *Flora Fiction*. His first collection of poetry, *Staying Whole While Falling Apart*, was published with Interactive Press.



"Meanderings 2" Dr. Alka Chadha Harpalani

**Dr. Alka Chadha Harpalani** is an artist; researcher; writer; poet; worked as Professor; Jury of 63rd National Exhibition by LKA Delhi; involved in e-learning project by MHRD; Editor of a journal; recipient of many prestigious awards and honours; participated in many All India and International exhibitions; published research papers in renowned journals and magazines

alka chadha harpalani



“Metamorphosis with Sunflowers” By: Hannah Foster

**Hannah Foster** is a self-taught, Nevada-based artist who specializes in abstract art and medieval illuminations. In her work she aims to highlight the beauty of patterns and textures, often relying on nature for inspiration.

# Café de Flore, Paris

By: AMANDA HAYDEN

**Amanda Hayden** is Poet Laureate and award-winning Humanities Professor at Sinclair College. Her first poetry collection, *American Saunter*, is forthcoming (*FlowerSong*, 2024). She lives on a farm with her family and many furry rescue babies.

And Les deux Magots  
 both places, spaces  
 lingering with Simone's  
 smoke  
 and sighs  
 decided  
 existential intuition  
 thousands of pushback pages  
 opposing othering  
 insisting one is not born  
 yet becomes a woman  
 gender a social construct  
 she declared in 1949  
 and last year my daughter  
 was a doctor for Halloween  
 her cousin as well  
 same cold stethoscopes  
 same thin white coats  
 at each candy stop with buckets out  
 "what a handsome doctor you are" to him  
 "what a sweet nurse you are" to her  
 she loves dinosaurs too  
 so I hunt for them in the dark blue  
 and grey sections alongside race cars  
 and lock up your daughters onesies  
 because science is for boys according  
 to the ubiquitous pink unicorn pajamas  
 like Beauvoir pulled off shelves  
 as pearl clutched pornography  
 herself a child who once yearned  
 to be a nun  
 until the priest's broken betrayal  
 instead she found holy solace  
 in Paris mahogany bars, dark night's  
 women, furs and violets  
 in crisis of faith Denis, who lit  
 Marguerite's cigarette  
 flame igniting her radical  
 freedom authentic

"You've Got a Friend in Me" By: Sara Caporaletti



# An Ode to Tom

BY: IVANA TURUDIC

**M**y first love, Tomislav, was a playboy and public figure. I met him at nineteen in a funny disco on the island of my ancestors, early in the night, when people were still playing table soccer there. I wish I'd memorized everything he said and how I flirted with him when my jealous friend took me there. I know he asked people to bring me there some twenty years later. I looked like Sarah Kane with blond curls; he expected someone far less mature than I. He was close to forty and felt guilty for stalking me like that. There were many things unsaid between us because he was ill and smoking weed all the time because he was in pain. He was one of the rare people who noticed how many haters I faced among my peers. We started a strange relationship as I was on summer break after the first year of my studies in humanities. I still miss Tom, as people called him. I may have said once I missed him while he was still near me. I used those words when we met in Zagreb after my exams in autumn.

What sparked Tommie's interest, as I called him, was that I was conventional in an unconventional way. I flirted in the old-fashioned way, with a dose of irony. Tom loved it. I used words from the historical novels on the century's shift in late 2000s Croatia.

When we met in Zagreb, I didn't know what would happen when my uni friends managed to see Tom's affection for me that grew during the summer. They weren't my close friends, but they wanted me to tell "my side of the story," so Tom crashed my party in a new flat in Zagreb with new roomies to tell our story to everyone. He got there with his friend, the pornstar acting in the first Croatian porn.

Tom was surprised with how I saw pornography, and he kept asking questions. My opinion in those days was that people want, especially when it comes to actresses, to feel as if access to their bodies is there for them at all times and that this is often the illusion women are selling to the petit bourgeoisie. Tom talked to his friend about my views, but he knew that I was way too young to know how much I exposed myself to the world of people with double standards, and it may ruin my odds for a career.

Tom didn't guess how much I could have been hurt, nor did I. My male roommates attempted to rape me or, at least, thought I was available to them because I had no prejudice toward a male porn actor as a close friend of Tom's. They abused me with unwanted interest despite being gay. I still accept straight norms, and people didn't ask what the values of a person who doesn't have issues with other people's values could be.

Tom was my first lover; most girls started way earlier than I did, but a relationship with an older man and liberal views on pornography stigmatized me. I am the chaste woman you want to see in snuff, and this is what I told some girls who talked abusively about me at some point. Also, despite being ill, Tom was a demigod regarding looks, and no one could explain my interest in him. I kept telling them he was gentle in everything, but he was a monster to many because he could make people's low drives and hypocrisy work against them.

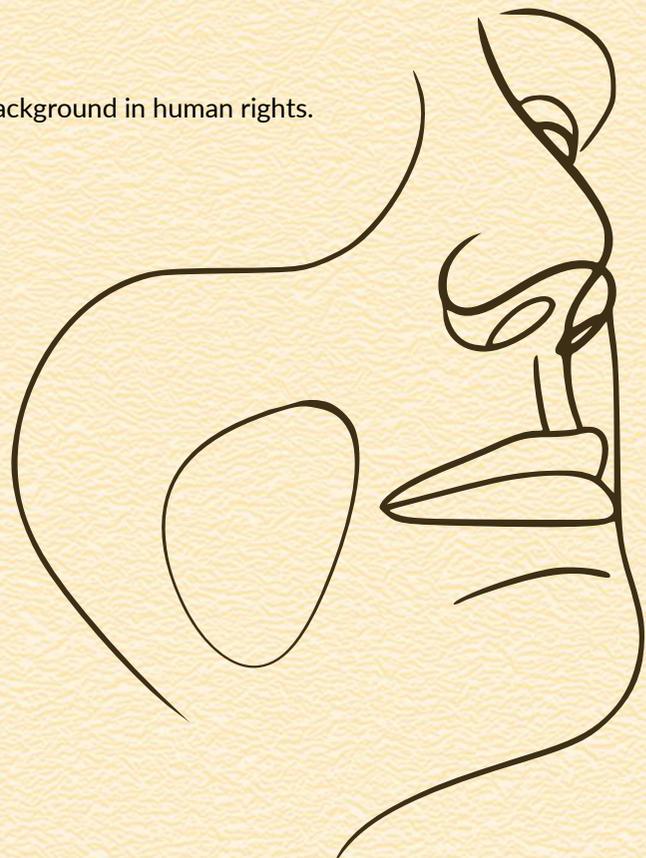
For years, I kept in touch with people from Uni to see how they moved on as bigots willing to commit a corrective rape while being considered liberal and leftist. Meanwhile, I encountered a chronic illness and learned more about stigma and, specifically, stigmas in Croatian society. That made my memories of Tommy in my midlife crisis more vivid. I am reinterpreting my past these late days, and I see I want to take Tom with me to my future.

Memories of the guy who listened to my ideas when in my late adolescence started to look like a statement about my way of living. I am not what I appear to be, even to myself. I was in all sorts of danger I didn't notice because of my youth. I had no idea how ready I was to break the cliches, which I still wish to do, but with more prudence. I am looking back with fear at how much hatred one can cause just by living the way one sees fit. People had their particular claims on me and wanted to take away my freedom despite my not doing anything harmful.

I could never understand why, and I never will. That is what Tom saw in me. No prejudice. The cycle grew mature in my memories of my conflicts and beloved Tommy. Memories brought me the beauty of our love and brutal memories of violating my freedom to pick a loved one. My elderly conservative parents never had issues with me dating Tom, strangely. I am trying to move on from the past of peer pressure and bullying and pressure to conform to norms for the cliches of “unconventional” but “allowed” and “acceptable” options. I am bruised and whole since people like Tom accepted me.

I told him once I was pregnant with the memories of him when he talked about his manhood being bruised by illness. I think I said it; if I didn't, I wish I did because this is how I felt about him. Tom had to prove all the time he wasn't filthy. I bear these memories in joy these late days, trying to resolve and liberate them from the filth that was all around us, the filth of earth and human narrow-mindedness.

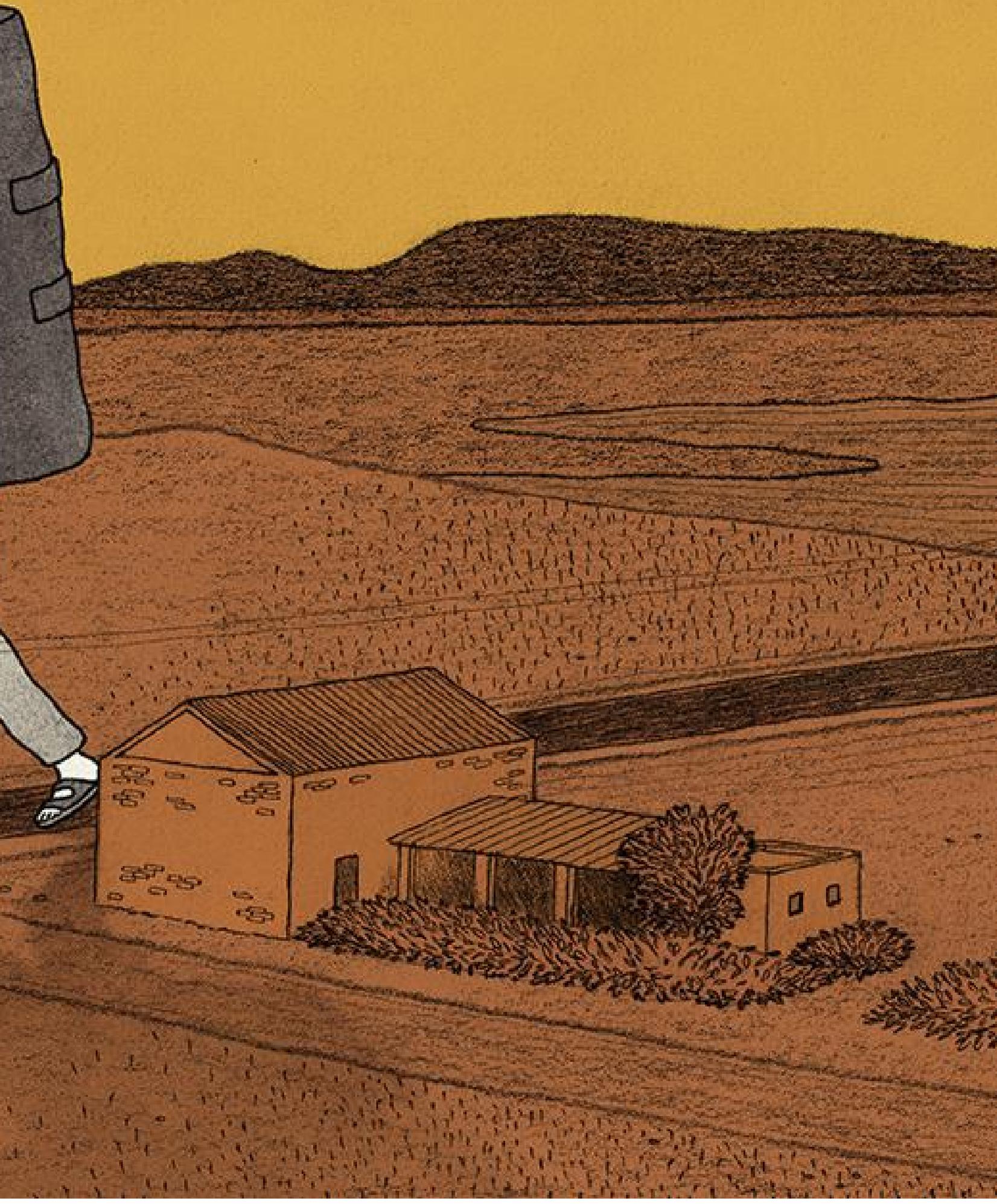
**Ivana Turudic** is a freelance writer and educator with a background in human rights.



“Andore” By: Pedro Gomes

**Pedro Gomes** is a designer and illustrator in New York. He is currently an art editor at *Guernica Magazine*.







"me and tree" By: Sio Jaya

**Sio Sandra Jaya** studied fine arts in Bandung majoring in fine arts. Since 2003 been using various media in addition to canvas and paper.

JH  
2023



Do not step  
Jangan diinjak

Maximum stacking  
Tumpukan maksimum

Avoid heat and wet  
Hindari panas & basah

Handle with care  
Jangan dibanjing

Terima lebih dulu  
Jual lebih dulu

Our

# Today

BY: J.L. LEWIS



J. L. Lewis' work has appeared in numerous periodicals as well as several anthologies. A poetry chapbook, *Seasons of Passage*, is being published by Underground Books and is set for release by the end of the year. He is currently working on a novel.

Today is a day like no other,  
for there has never been  
such a day as this.  
Such days should be proclaimed  
with the sounding of trumpets,  
and foreshadowed on cuneiform tablets  
by those who could foretell such a day,  
but were fated to never draw near one.

I've never seen  
these familiar places  
in quite the way I'm seeing them now.  
I look on your face as though  
for the first time,  
and am astonished by the things  
I've missed before.  
Surely, I have never seen these things at all.

The laughter of children has never sounded  
as joyous and sparkling  
as it does today.  
Has the sparrow ever sung before  
as it has this hour?  
No, I have never heard these things before.

Each second of this magical day  
ticks forth on the face of a clock  
slowly turning in circles,  
and each brings a new revelation  
of added gifts from this day,  
until the hour grows late  
with the hint of the morrow.  
And if this day were to be my last,  
it shall have been worth it.  
And tomorrow?  
Ah, but tomorrow shall be a day like no other.

# Which

BY: BRUCE McRAE

A poem about the loss  
of innocence:

historically inaccurate,  
grammatically suspect,  
structurally inept.

Or, changing the subject,  
a poem concerning  
the media  
and the immediacy  
of being.

Never mind. Instead,  
a love poem,  
lover beseeching lover,  
mind and body crazed  
by the beautiful and mortal.

Then, the parents' poem.  
Your mother's eyes, hands,  
inevitable senility.

Your father's cold shed.  
His war and its wounds.  
Or it's the classical mode.

An epic ode.

The odious epic.

The so-called sonnets.

And breathless elegies.

Because every poem  
is about death.

Every poem starts  
in the middle  
and comes to an end.



**Bruce McRae**, a Canadian musician, is a multiple Pushcart nominee with poems published in hundreds of magazines such as *Poetry*, *Rattle* and the *North American Review*.



"Monkey" By: Pedro Gomes



“Monk” By: Pedro Gomes



"Sisyphus By: Pedro Gomes

# Acting Full

BY: ANGELA TOWNSEND

I love action items more than chocolate.

I slather them on my face like SPF 100, dressed for the day if only I know my deeds.

I pull them hot from the dryer, my mantle and my meaning.

I can manage mercy turned me-ward so long as my list glistens.

The times I struggle are the open-ended hours, which may as well be a holey raft on the open sea. Tell me what to do. Give me the map of all the continents with holes in the shape of my words.

Do not let my electric wires, feral even on Fridays, sizzle and seize like dying catfish.

Do not let me let you down. I won't let you down, you know.

At times, my appetite for action has birthed the absurd. Faced with free fanged weekends, I wove potholders for twenty, then thirty, then sixty acquaintances.

When all my correspondents had been properly fed, loved line-by-line, I found more. (They got potholders, too.)

I will invent adventures if I must, but they are mud puddles under the overpass compared to the salving safari of an assignment. Properly projected, I am radiant, I am leonine, I am flesh and fast, fast, blood.

I won't let you down, you know.

Give me a list of people to contact. Fetter me with letters to write. I will squeeze soul from sentences and make lemon cake to feed fifty.

Show me the sad and the skeptical. I will fill envelopes with exuberance, breaking off chocolate chips from my shoulder blades, cutting the hard edges off someone's day.

Right my raft by letting me write, and let there be light. Let there be reason for my ride.

Let me be the bride of purpose, clean and white and right.

I won't let you down, you know.

I found my way into a bigger story than I knew when I found this job of mine. What looked like the sponge cake of "animal rescue" was the long table of the Lord, jangling with the joyous and the jaundiced, the living and the dying, cynics and saints and angels and abominables whose honest awfulness was their grace.

I showed up wearing a torn Burger King crown and a bloated sense of importance, and they pulled up the softest pink chair.

They keep feeding me even though I can't seem to stay seated.

They keep feeding me even though I let them down.

The action items call me. I call myself away from dinner just when they're about to sing the hymn. I run to the sea, sand roll like a cat in heat, try to fill my raft, try to fill my goblet.

When the tide rises to my thirst and whispers sweet secrets across the sky, I am full, bright, high. I have done what I could. I have given my all. The sun did not shine on me in vain today.

When the sand stretches and the tide goes shy, I am dark, invisible, bewildered, and new. Do not let me be new. Do not let me hoard the light in my cloak. Let me split the dark. Let me toil and spin. Let me not let you down.

I let me down.

With only the distant lighthouse watching, my dirty paws plod home, afraid, ashamed, curious. What will happen on a night like this?

I have been new before, but I indulge in forgetting. I burn myself on low stars and say I have earned this by not earning my day. I have not acted.

I have not been let off the guest list or the hook.

They are still singing the hymn and they pull me into the pink chair. The cake is stale and the chocolate is melted and the wrong people are belching bravado until my eyes water, but it's too late.

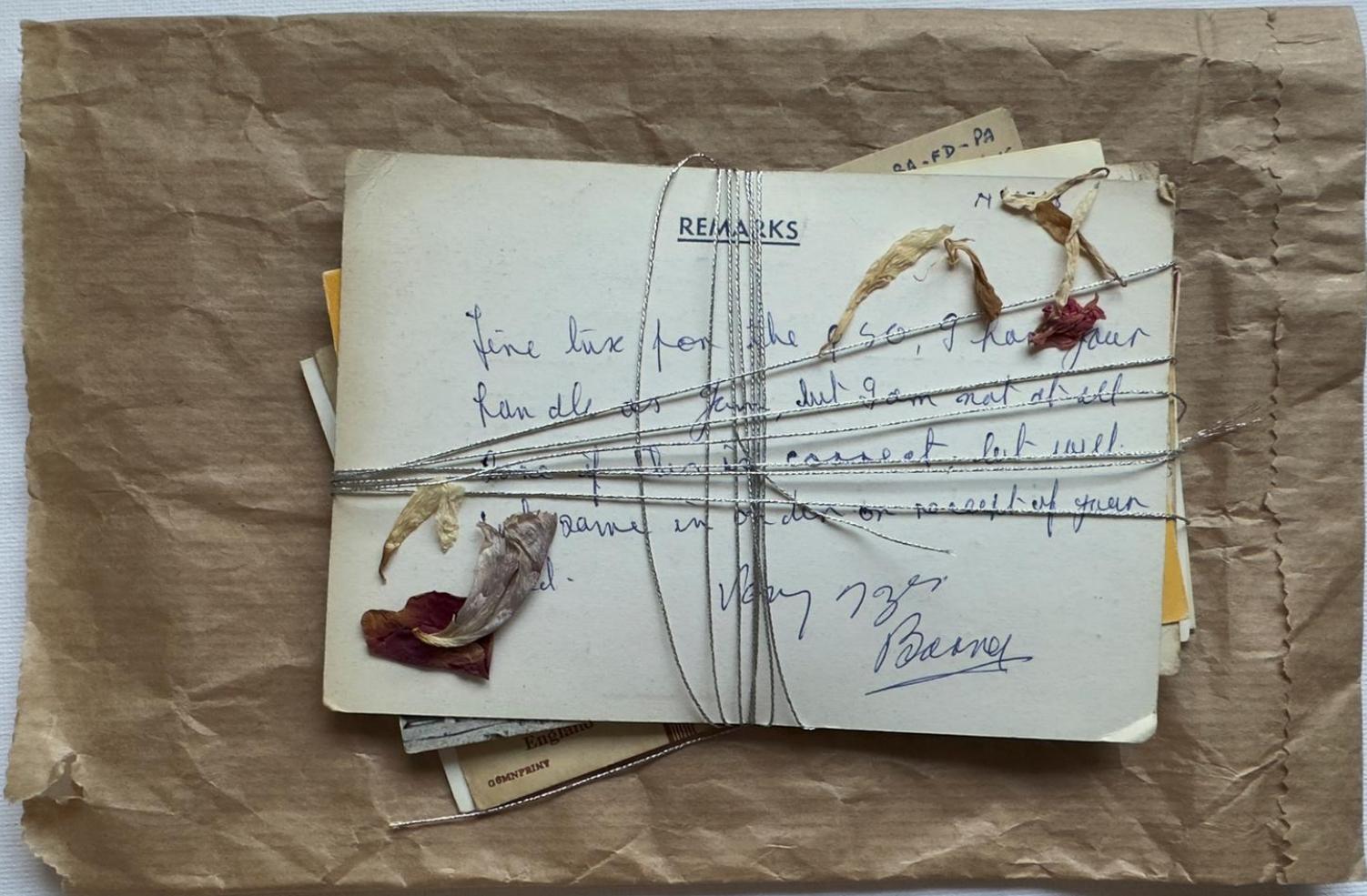
Wet and empty-handed, I must sing. Round and dark like my own eyes, I must wait.

Morning comes, and I will be dressed for the day.

Morning comes, and I will let you down.

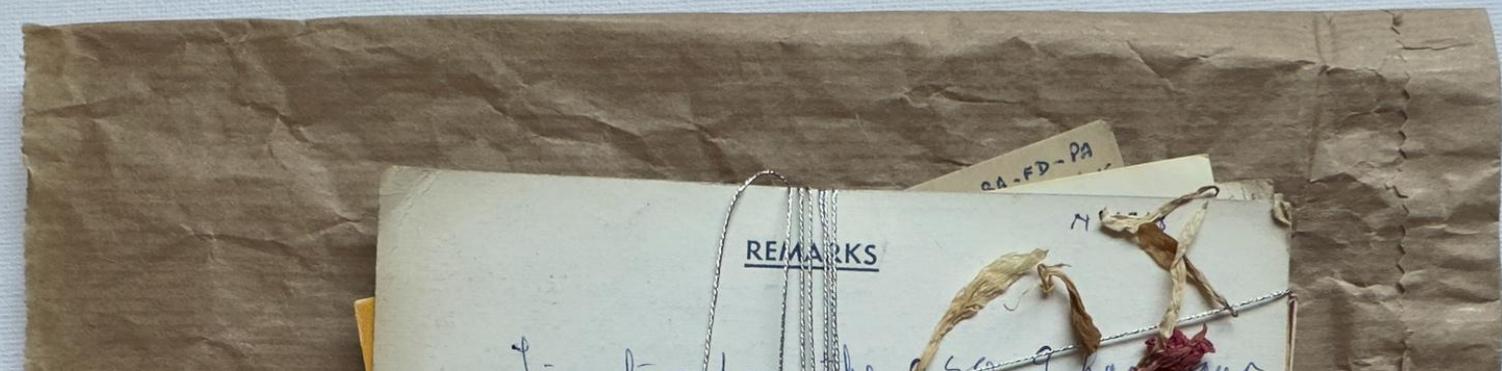
Morning comes, and Mercy will indulge the new, the full, the bride, the child.

Morning comes.



"Past/Present 1" By: Susan Matthews

**Susan Matthews** is a multidisciplinary artist whose work explores themes of memory, identity, trauma, and healing. 'Past/Presence' is an ongoing series of works exploring the cycles of life, connection, creativity, family and loss.



## SONNET FOR LOVE TOGETHER

BY: WILLIAM JOEL

*"Life has taught us that love does not consist in gazing at each other, but in looking outward together in the same direction."*

*-- Antoine de Saint-Exupery*

I often ask, do you still love me, not  
because I think it isn't true, but more  
so as an anchor in my life beset  
with problems dangling overhead. Before  
you answer, take a moment, take a breath  
and think of all the struggles we have borne  
together, every challenge meant to test  
our mettle. Think on how the love we've worn  
has shielded us, to yield a space within  
which we have flourished, even though the world  
beyond can sometimes make a poor soul spin,  
like drying leaves that winds can lift and hurl.  
So, take your time. I'm satisfied to while  
away the minutes dwelling on your smile.

**William J. Joel's** works surround the premises of all being things are connected. have recently appeared in *Common Ground Review*, *DASH Literary Journal*, *The Blend International*, *Liminality*, and *North Dakota Quarterly*.

"Without name 1" By: Mila Djajic









“Reflections For Our Age” H.L. Dowless

**H.L. Dowless** has enjoyed a lifetime of outdoor activities from big game hunting, camping, fishing, and trapping, to archaeological field work in various exotic locations. What he enjoys most of all is meeting freedom loving, interesting creative people, who are also regular dedicated fans of his publications.

"All Is As It Was" By: Edward Lee



# THE PET



STORY: PATRICK McEVOY  
ART: OLIVIA PELAEZ

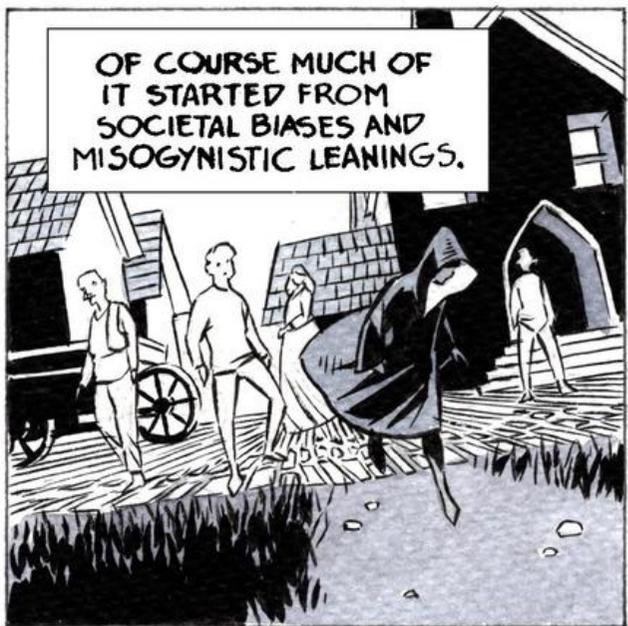
WORD HAS GOTTEN  
OUT.



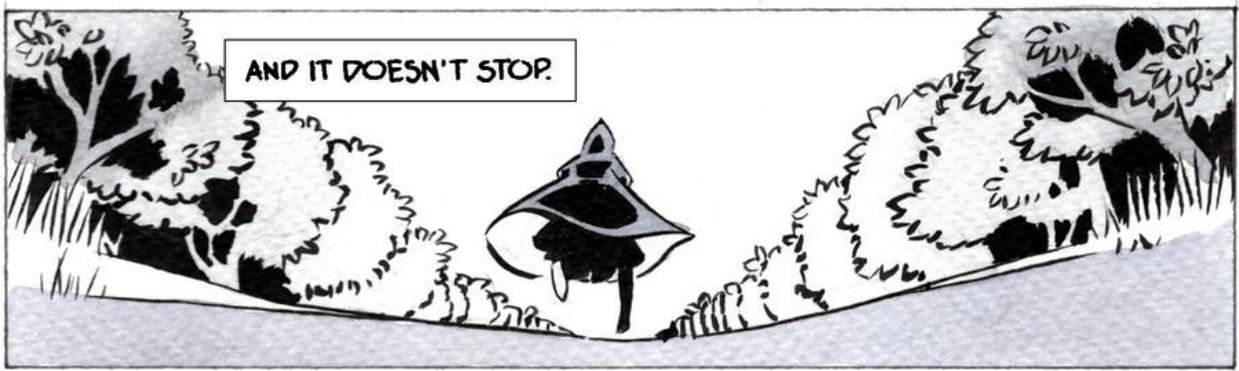
DON'T MESS  
WITH TIROA.



SOMETHING BAD  
MIGHT HAPPEN.



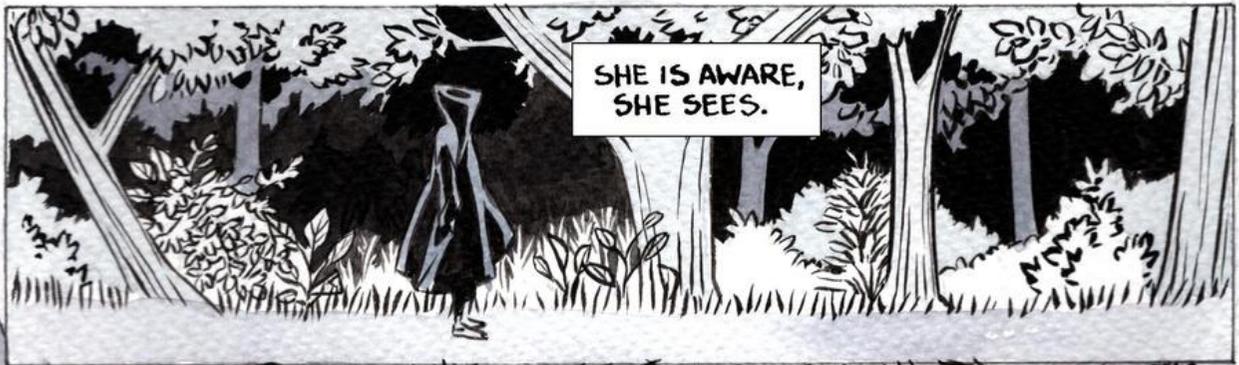
OF COURSE MUCH OF  
IT STARTED FROM  
SOCIETAL BIASES AND  
MISOGYNISTIC LEANINGS.



AND IT DOESN'T STOP.



PEOPLE HAVING PROBLEMS WITH HER INDEPENDENCE.



SHE IS AWARE, SHE SEES.



SHE SEES THEM. STILL. AGAIN.

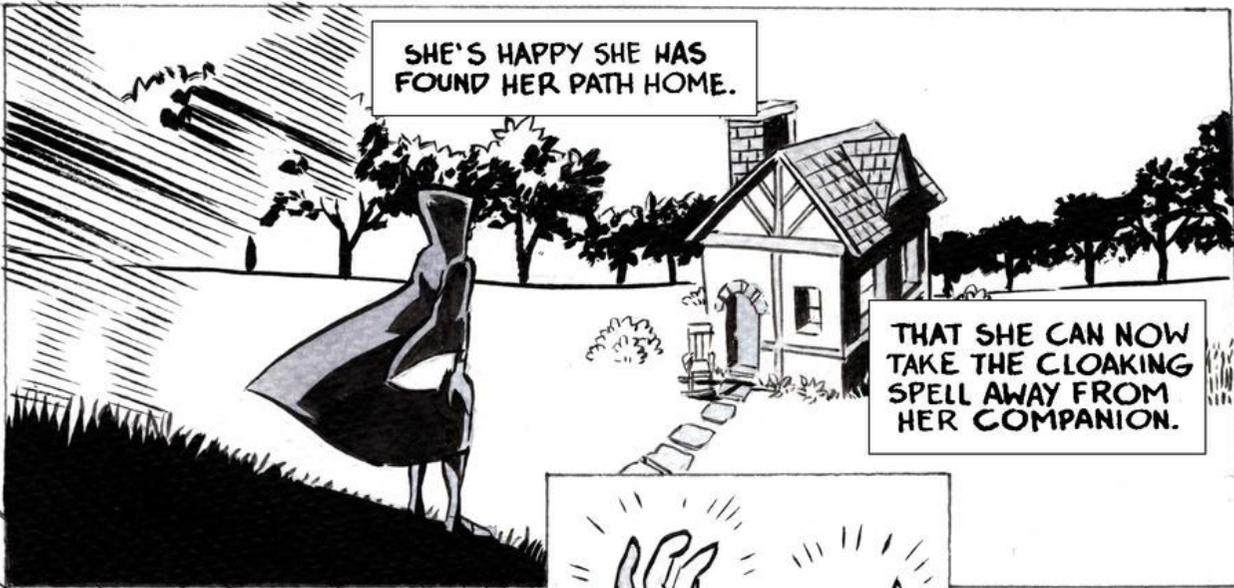


SHE SEES THEIR ANGER.



BUT NOT FOR LONG.





SHE'S HAPPY SHE HAS FOUND HER PATH HOME.

THAT SHE CAN NOW TAKE THE CLOAKING SPELL AWAY FROM HER COMPANION.



AND EVEN HAPPIER THAT SHE HAS WHAT COULD BE CONSIDERED A FIERCE PET BY HER SIDE.

SHE JUST WISHES PEOPLE SAW THEM AND EACH OTHER AS MORE THAN JUST POTENTIAL RIVALS AND COMBATANTS.



THE END.

"The Pet" By: Patrick McEvoy & Olivia Pelaez  
Patrick McEvoy is a writer/creator excited to see his work in different mediums. Among the latest: Coordinates at Chain Theatre's 2023 Winter Festival and Bought and Sold in Best of Penumbric.



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