

Is space
The freedom
That will cure this?

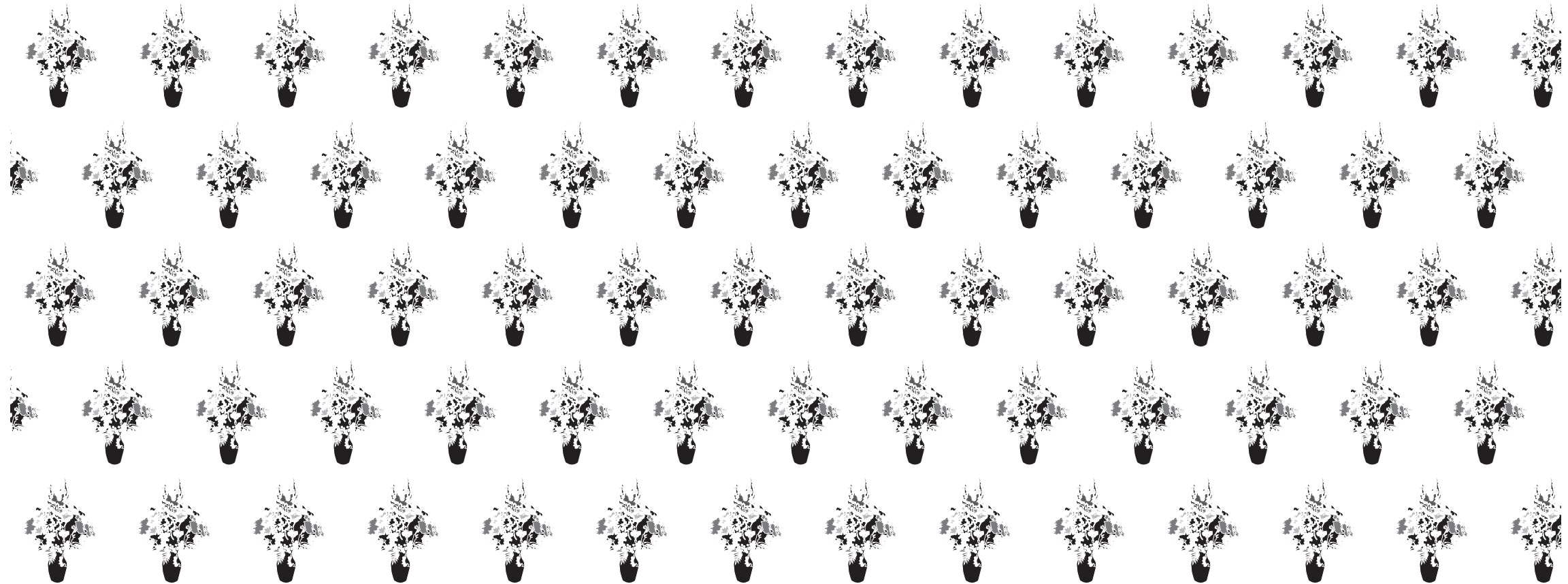
Is the medicine
A thing to be held,
Something to be bought?

Maybe.
It could be.
We'll never know for certain.

What is known,
However,
Is that there is a new day tomorrow

It may be a little brighter,
A little more sun,
A little less news

And so the day turns over,
Another dawn,
Another dusk



II.
READY OR NOT
poetry by Taylor Weintrop

Get up

your shoes may feel too tight
and socks too thin
your knees may buckle
your head might spin
but try with all your remaining fight

Some days you won't get it –

the urge to see the sky
but the Earth has held you since birth
she will not let you burn
for as long as she dances with her sun and moon
you will be in her embrace

Every stop sign

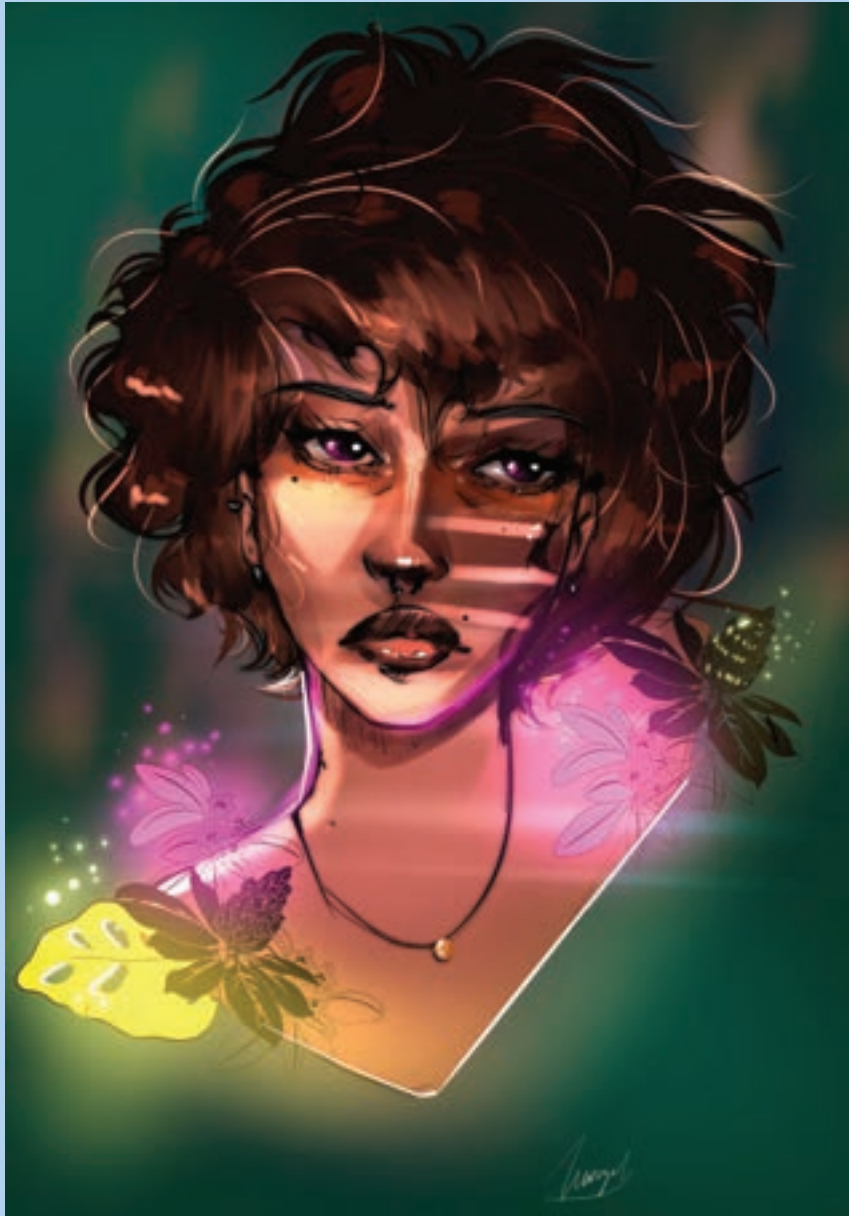
every ancient lesson lost in translation
every redrawn line that cannot be crossed
dare to cross it
dare to unclench your jaw and breathe
whether you're ready or not

III.
Tentacle
photograph by Roxane McWilliams



IV. Bloom

digital art by TutuArchive



V. THE OCEAN'S DAUGHTER

poetry by Abigail Foust

You'd think it would fill with water –
This empty mind, drowning in a sea of words.
I am the ocean's daughter,
My voice rings out in the seashells you've heard.

This empty mind, drowning in a sea of words,
Nothing worthwhile to say;
My voice rings out in the seashells you've heard;
Well, cast my counsel away.

I've nothing worthwhile to say;
You'd think my mind would fill with water.
Now cast my counsel away,
I am only the ocean's daughter.

VI. FUGITIVE BEACH

nonfiction by Jamie Aydt

TRIGGER/CONTENT WARNING: Death, drowning

Fugitive Beach. Aubrey tells me we *have* to jump off the 20-foot cliff at least once for her birthday. I'm honestly terrified, but I tell her that I will because I know it'll be fun, as long as I do it with her. The sand is so rocky that I feel like my feet are getting dents in them as we walk to her pavilion. Megan, Aubrey's mom, sets out bowls of fruit salad and Doritos for us to snack on. Aubrey, Dylan, Nikki, and I spray on some sunscreen, and Megan makes me put even more on since I always burn.

I got a bad sunburn that day from standing and watching what happened. It was so bad I could barely wear anything besides the swimsuit I wore that day. My skin was even tingling, itching from my dead, fried skin cells. Why do we wear sunscreen besides the fact of preventing sunburns? To prevent cancer. And why do we want to prevent cancer? To prevent death. So why do people jump off of cliffs for fun?

We all take a short hike walking on the hot, rocky sand up to the 20-foot cliff. The water is opaque and blue-green. I watch each person jump before me, doing f off the tiny wooden ledge, laughing like it's the most fun they've had in ages. Ironic that people have so much fun when they put their lives in literal danger. What is it? The adrenaline rush? Feeling invincible? Only two people are allowed to jump at the same time, so Aubrey grabs my hand and we jump together on the count of three, our legs kicking in the air before we touch the water. I've never screamed so loud in my life. Hitting the water hurts. The water smacks me around and

shoots straight up my nose. My life jacket barely stays on; it rides up to my face from the pressure, the bottom tight buckle being the only thing keeping it on. Aren't these things supposed to be able to save lives? I swim to the surface fast and find Aubrey. Aubrey and I laugh, wiping our stringy hair off our faces, watching as Dylan and Nikki plummet 20 feet just as Aubrey and I had done seconds before them.

We spend hours swimming, jumping off the various cliffs, taking breaks to eat snacks, and spraying sunscreen on again, before running (and wincing because of the sand) back to the water. Aubrey, Dylan, and Nikki want to go down the huge water slide. I don't; it looks like it would hurt worse than the 20-foot jump. I can see shallow, gray scratches on the slide's white surface. I imagine the slide feels like straw, though I won't touch it to find out. I watch my friends from the water as they slide down, flying through the air before flopping into the water. They swim over to me, overlapping in conversation.

"Oh my gosh, don't do it," Aubrey exhales. Apparently, the slide's cut-off really hurt their backs. I felt smart at the time for avoiding the slide, but I wonder: what made me refuse the slide? I was convinced to jump off the cliff, so why not the slide?

We decide to walk to the 10-foot cliff to get one more jump in before we leave. Dylan and Nikki are next, but the lifeguard stops them. Whistles pierce my ears from every direction. Almost every lifeguard at the beach dives into the water and surrounds the slide. The people swimming rush out of the water and freeze. The lifeguards line up in the water and one blows a whistle. They all promptly swim underwater, disappearing for a moment, and coming back up. The whistle blows again, and they dive back into the water. All I hear is the whistle blowing, over and over as the lifeguards dive into the water, searching.

“What are they doing?” I ask my friends before noticing the lone, black Croc floating on the surface towards the 10-foot jump. Aubrey squeezes my arm with one hand and holds her bare stomach with the other. Her stringy brown hair is sticking to her temples. Her lip is quivering.

Everyone stays silent. Our eyes are glued to the synchronized line of lifeguards that disappears and reappears every few seconds. The lifeguards’ system seems like the most inefficient way to find a person drowning. They were barely even going underwater, which is at least 12 feet deep. An ambulance rushes down the gravel road of the beach’s entrance and a stretcher is wheeled to the water. Finally, a young man is pulled out of the water, his head and arms dangle freely as he’s laid on the stretcher. They’re doing CPR as he’s wheeled into the ambulance, and it speeds away, blaring. We leave Fugitive Beach right away, silent and in shock as we drive two hours home. I have goosebumps all over my body; that boy could’ve been one of my friends. Would it have been me if I went down the slide? I shake the thought out of my head. No; we’re good swimmers.

Kalon Green died that day. He was 18. And we watched him die. The other beach-goers kept swimming, kept jumping off the cliffs like nothing even happened. How can some hydrogen and oxygen kill you when we need them to survive? Aren’t lifeguards supposed to know how to save lives? Aren’t life jackets supposed to save lives? How many accidental drownings happen from cliff-jumping and going down slides? It’ll never be *me*, it’ll never be *you*, but it’s always *somebody*. Not somebody to me, nor to you, but somebody to someone. Is the rush really worth it? We fall. We drown, we run out of oxygen. We bleed.

We are *not* invincible.

VII. Whale of See

digital art by TutuArchive



VIII.
World In A Bubble
photograph by Bailey A Greer



IX.
IT'S JUST WATER
poetry by Jamie Adyt



TRIGGER/CONTENT WARNING: Alcoholism

A glass.

This little blue stained-glass glass

Sits upon the brown and black freckled granite countertop,

A few spots shining, glittering, depending on where you stand.

I hate this glass cup.

Sometimes, I put water in that glass.

Sometimes, when I crave a sweet, smooth taste on my tongue,

I pour some milk in this glass,

Listening to the gurgle of the milk carton as I pour.

The Nesquik powder falls to the bottom of the glass like raindrops on my window,

And I stir, clinking my tablespoon in circles against the smooth walls of the glass.

I always down it-

In the same manner I did as a kid,

Gasping for air through my nose as I drink.

Most days though,

There's just clear liquid in it,

And I still down it.

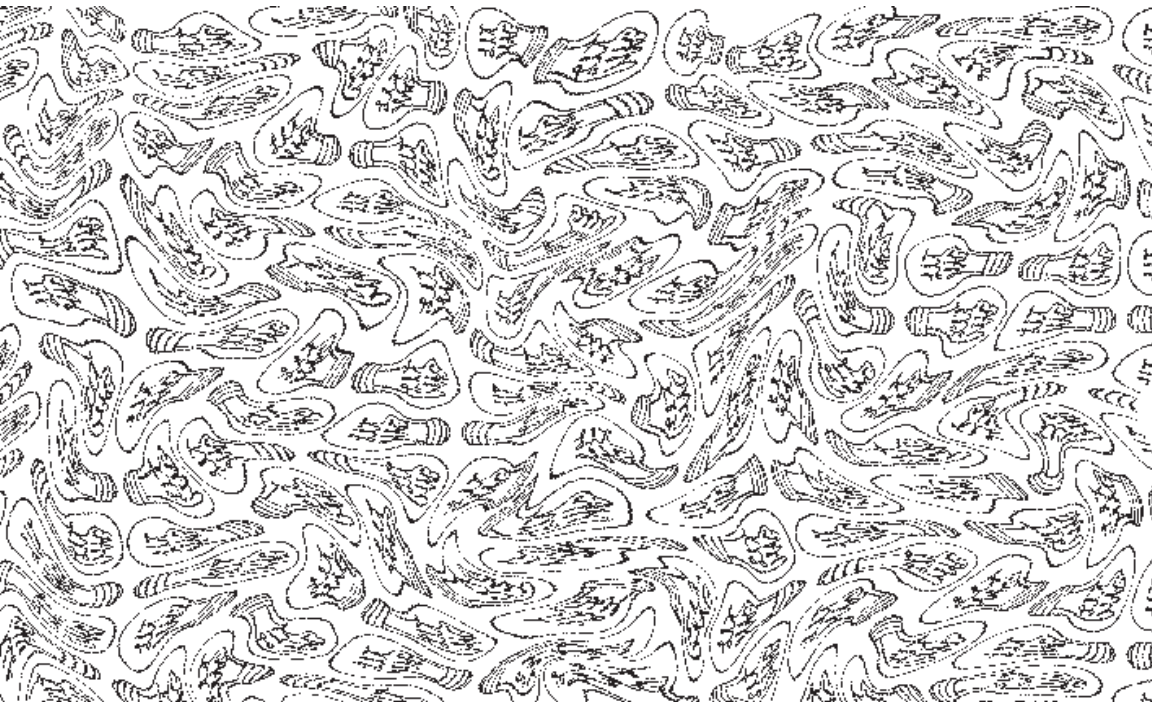
There's a bitter taste,

So I drink with haste.

And sure,

I'll tell you,

“Oh this?
 It’s just water!”
 And I’ll make you,
 Make myself believe that’s what it is.
It’s just water, right?
 I pour that clear liquid out of a clear glass bottle,
 And into this little glass cup,
 And it’ll hide next to that granite countertop in the sink until morning,
 When I need my next drink.
 And I think
 That’s my last one,
 Until the shakes come, and I’ll run
 Back to the counter,
 Back to the bottle,
 Back to this glass
 That hides at its home
 In my sink.



X.

TIRES AND THE MEANING OF LIFE

fiction by Daniel J. Grasso

Matt sat at a crossroads. He desperately needed two things. One was a new left rear tire for his 1996 Chevy Cavalier. The tread was almost non-existent, and he’d been meaning to get it changed for a year. But nothing bad had happened yet—right? So yeah, that new tire, and also some kind of purpose for his life. He felt that if he was able to solve these two problems, he could finally be happy. And he felt like he was slowly closing in on a solution for the first problem, but the other may take a while. Perhaps even longer than the tire.

“That’s it,” Matt thought, “I’ve been avoiding this for months. I have to cross one of these off my list today.” He looked down at the notepad which he had titled “To Do” and bullet-pointed beneath: “tire” and “find meaning for life.” He squinted and deliberated the pros and cons. Then it hit Matt why he was avoiding the tire problem. Four years ago, he was talked into a five-year tire insurance plan, and he was determined to get his money’s worth.

He shuddered thinking of how he just nodded through the conversation with the tire guy. He felt sick remembering how he froze with his credit card midair, hoping he would find the courage to tell the tire guy he had never wanted insurance, that this was all a total misunderstanding. But here he was, the bill totaled

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 Litmag



already, waiting to be paid. How could he back out now? All he could do was stall and hope that somehow, something, anything, would give him a way out. He waited, scrutinizing the tiny screen; a third aggressive beep arose from the machine requesting his action. But Matt was strong, the non-verbal cues aggressively spilling from his demonstrative facial expressions and body language.

Finally feeling this the cashier asked, "Um, everything ok?"

"Yes," replied Matt as he slid his card, hating himself more than he thought possible. As the receipt printed, he swore he would get his money's worth. But that was four years ago and time was running out—and fast.

"Never," Matt said aloud as he swung his chair around and Googled "What is the meaning of life?" Up popped all kinds of religious and philosophical results. He scanned the screen, jotting down names and books he had vaguely heard before. After an auxiliary search regarding the pronunciation of "Nietzsche," Matt found himself taken in by this crazed-looking mustachioed man whose apparent confidence scared him.

Matt clicked through to a Wikipedia page and quickly scanned Nietzsche's philosophy. "Wow, this guy really knows what he's about. This is badass," he thought. Matt had only ever seen this level of confidence in a certain tire salesman and was starting to realize he was a little jealous. "I'm...I'm a sheep..." Matt muttered out loud as he skimmed lower down the page.

"You ok over there?" asked Eric, who was sitting two feet diagonally behind him, as Matt sat hunched over unhealthily

muttering to himself. Eric was Matt's officemate. Eric was in his early thirties and sat with Matt in this small two-person office for almost a year now. He was used to Matt's quiet, uncertain temperament, and was usually too busy to care anyway.

"Oh, nothing," Matt said in a much louder voice, too loud. He straightened up a bit too quickly and then, realizing his body was no longer blocking his screen, he hunched back over, once again much too quickly to be natural.

Eric watched this unfold with complete understanding but without much care. "Yeah, ok. I thought I heard you say something about sheep... anyway, I'm going to a meeting," Eric got up, grabbed a paper off their shared printer and went out the door.

Matt resumed his search for meaning. Thinking he now understood most of Nietzsche he returned to his list, starting with the most familiar. He had certainly heard about God, Jesus, and that third guy. He even read the Bible some when he was a kid, yet it had never gone anywhere. But with his yellow notepad in front of him, it was now or never. He took the Bible that he'd been meaning to look at out from his backpack looking over his shoulder to make sure Eric wasn't coming back. To be as fair as possible, he flipped through the big book; thumbing the pages and letting them fly by. He opened it at random somewhere near the end and put it down on the desk. He closed his eyes, lifted a finger, and pointed blindly to a verse. Keeping his finger perfectly still, he opened his eyes to the page.

"Jesus wept..." He thought for a second and then snort-

ed, “Wimp.” He closed the big book loudly and put it back into his bag. He returned to the Wikipedia page and started writing keywords feverishly: “ubermensch”, “will to power”, “eternal recurrence”, “slave morality.” Matt reread the list and nodded to himself. He picked up his pen and scribbled furiously, leaving only “tire” on his to-do list. He breathed a sigh of relief, feeling much better about himself. But the respite was only brief, as he knew he still had the lion’s share of work ahead of him. The burden of getting the insurance money bore down upon him.



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE BARTON

XI. THREE-PRONGED FORK

poetry by Liana Valle

so close to perfect

Yet so far- am I from my food

You sad trident

You never became what you were meant to be But I gave you a chance

And you failed me

I stab my salad

A snap

I have broken your stem You are now not even a fork

* * *

XII. HABITS ARE GOOD, IMPULSES ARE BAD

fiction by Stephen Harvey

He had the same routine every Friday after work. He’d always stop at the gas station on the corner of Richardson and Moester, fill up his car, and buy a Powerball ticket.

His buddies and his wife always teased him about being a creature of habit. He would ignore them of course, because they didn’t understand the value and comfort of a routine.

He went into the station and asked the manager Felix for his usual Powerball ticket. Same as always. And he got it. Same as always.

As he bent down to tie his shoes before exiting, he heard Felix quietly (but enthusiastically) say to his coworker, “That’s the creature of habit right there, Marty.”

At that moment, he changed. It shouldn’t have bothered him more than when his own wife poked fun at him, but for some reason it did.

As he left the station, he handed his ticket to a stranger and vowed never to return.

It’s a good thing he didn’t return, because he would’ve died from the embarrassment knowing everyone at that station saw him give the winning Powerball ticket worth 113 million dollars to a complete stranger.

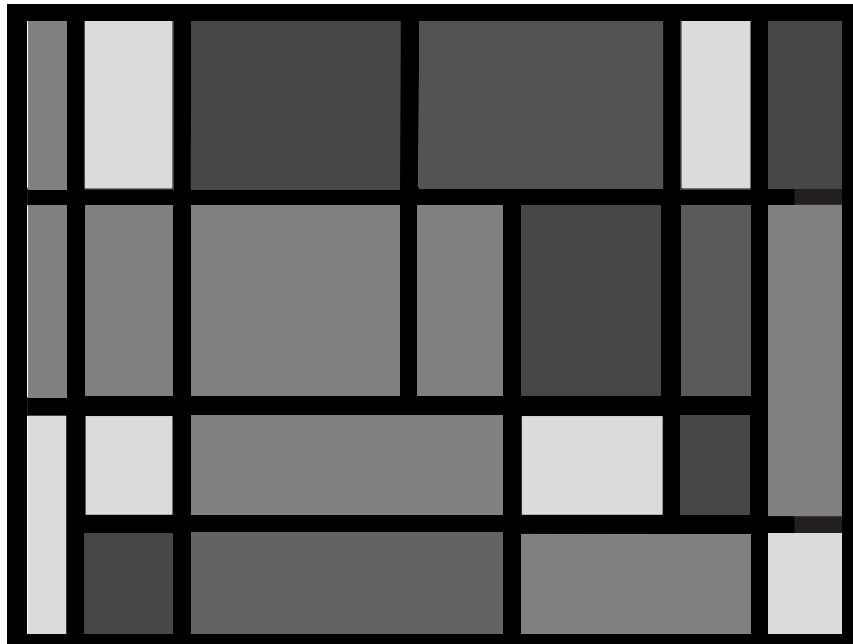
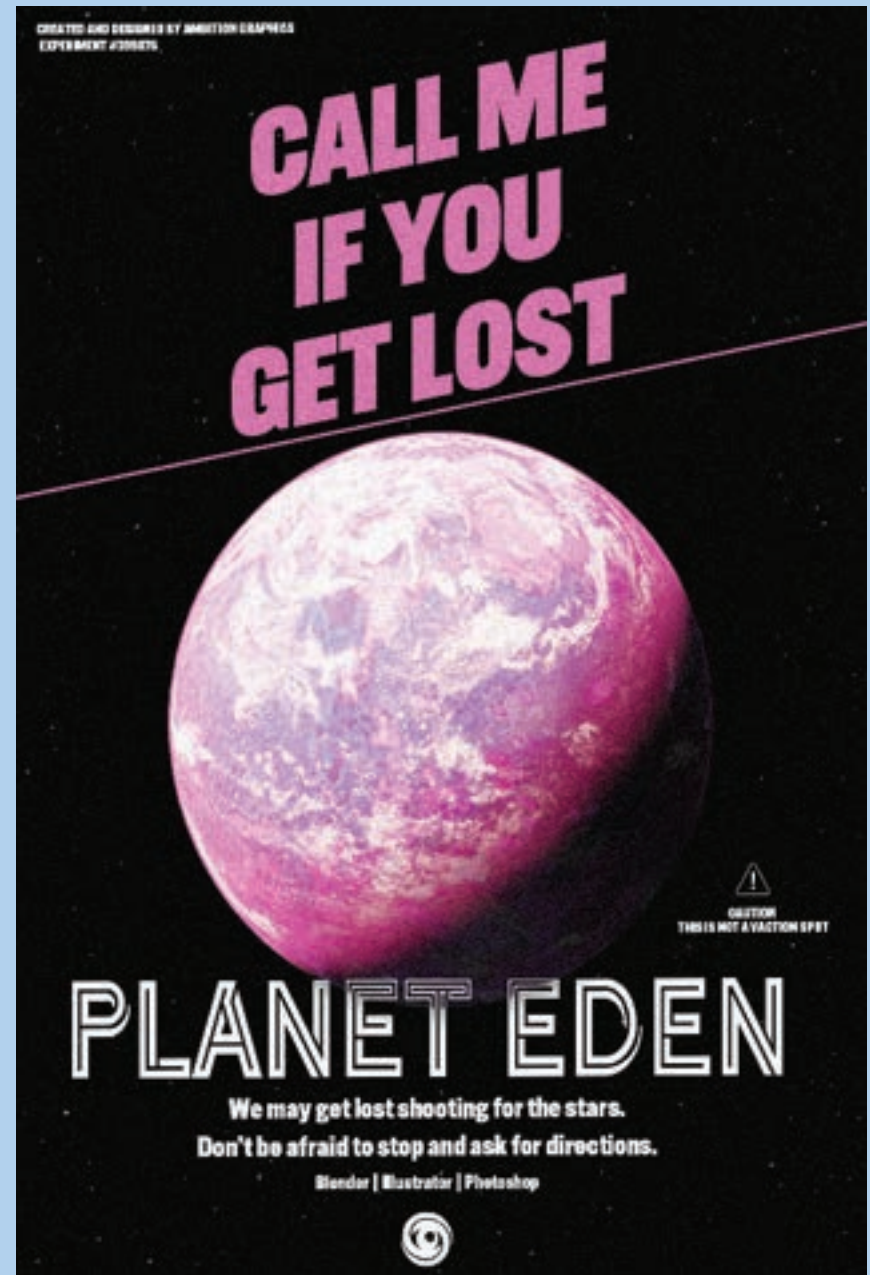


ILLUSTRATION (AFTER PIET MONDRIAN) BY LALIQUE POITIER

XIII. Planet Eden Poster Design

digital art by Stanley Williams



XIV.
Pursuing Eden
3-D modeling by Stanley Williams



XV.
SILVER LININGS STRIP CLUB
poetry by Andrew D Galantowicz

“Just one more night,” she thought, all her money was spent
 Although she hated it, how was she to pay rent?
 In the back she donned her makeup and bra made of floss
 How would she break the news to her boss?
 She waltzes down the runway, the music turned up high
 She scanned the crowd, who was the richest guy?
 She found a man in a fur coat to give all her attention
 She strutted towards him, how would she build tension?
 It didn't take long until dollars were flying through the air
 She smiled inside, this man has no financial care
 Once he ran out of bills he threw a lottery ticket on the stage
 She picked it up, even though it wouldn't help her wage
 Once in the back, she gave it a scratch
 She was in disbelief, her face lit up like a match
 She giggled in a girly tone
 Unbeknownst to the man, he had paid off her student loans



XVI.

WHEREVER “HERE” WAS

fiction by Ashlie Colbert

I wiped my upper lip where sweat began to bead, a drop of it trickling into the corner of my mouth and settling on my lip. It wasn't until then I'd noticed I was thirsty, that I'd been wandering with really no aim in sight. I stopped walking for a moment, realizing it wasn't even hot. The breeze was light on my skin and lifted the hairs on my arms, while the sun let off the perfect amount of warmth to ease the chills. I was sweating because I'd been panicking, unable to figure out where I was or why I was here, wherever “here” was.

Looking around, I knew at least I was in a park. The trees stretched out to each other like they were joining hands, and the grass tickling the side of my ankle went as far as I could squint my eyes to see. There was a sidewalk that was paved perfectly, that wound in and out through the trees and led you through the fields

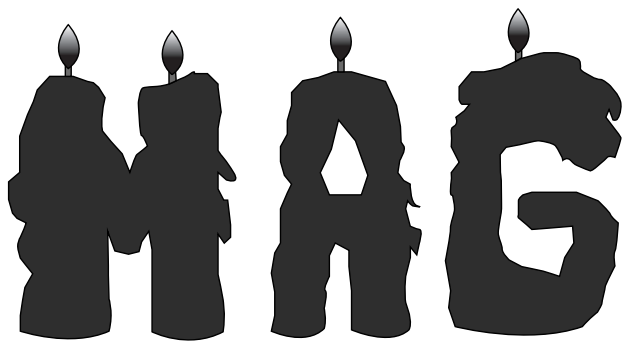


ILLUSTRATION BY LINDSAY WOLTERING

of swaying greenery. There was even your usual dog walker, bike rider, skateboarding kid, and moms out for their early morning strolls with their babies tucked away cozily just along for the ride.

It didn't register that I started walking, making my way from the grass onto the sidewalk and down its path, until I stumbled over something in front of me.

“Oof, ouch.” I grabbed at my toe where I'd kicked it right into the metal leg of a park bench. Rubbing at the scuff it'd created on the end of my shoe, the shape of the armrest caught my attention. The bench was old and worn, the metal was flaking off in patches down the sides of all four legs. The wooden pieces that were once the base and backboard of the bench had collected mold in the sides and lost a few boards here and there. I couldn't place the familiarity of the rusted seat even as I traced my thumb in a small circle on the end of the armrest, unable to place my thoughts.

A voice startled me out of pondering, “Got yourself pretty good, huh?” I turned, greeted by a short woman with a big smile that exposed yellowing teeth. Her skin wrinkled and sagged around her mouth, cradling the corners of her grin in its folds. Her graying hair was strung loosely in a braid, a few strays tucked behind her ears. Her eyes turned up at the corners as she smiled, similar to her mouth.

“Oh, uh, I did. I'm okay, though. My shoe took the brunt of it.” I exhaled awkwardly, the sweat beginning to collect on my lip again. Small talk made me uncomfortable, and I didn't realize anyone had seen me. As I turned my focus back onto the bench, I heard her feet scuff behind me slowly.

I glanced over my shoulder, noticing she had stopped walking and was facing me again.

“That’s okay. I’m clumsy, too. We can blame the bench.” Sarcasm hung in her voice and her beaming smile lightened, making me feel a little less anxious.

“Works for me, I actually don’t even know what bench you’re referring to,” I joked back. She let out a small giggle and turned again to keep walking. I watched for a moment, the same sense of familiarity prying at me that I felt with the bench. I started in the same direction behind her down the path, still unsure of where I was really going. I had felt this feeling a lot in the last few months; the overwhelming weight of feeling out of place and off the path in front of me. As I trudged along in thought, I spotted a willow tree in the distance just over a small hill of tall grass. Its long, thin branches poured out from its trunk and sprouted toward the ground. Tiny green leaves dripped off in each direction with small, white-petaled flowers that decorated the scrawny limbs.

There had been a tree just like it that occupied a corner of the backyard of my childhood home. Its dangling branches would wrap around me as I made my way through to the base of its trunk, settling comfortably in the shade to catch my breath after a long game of hide and seek. My pace quickened as I finally had at least one destination in this strange place, and as I got closer I could make out a small object at the foot of the tree. The twigs swayed back and forth, obscuring my view of what lay ahead.

Coming over the hill, I could make out two small ears



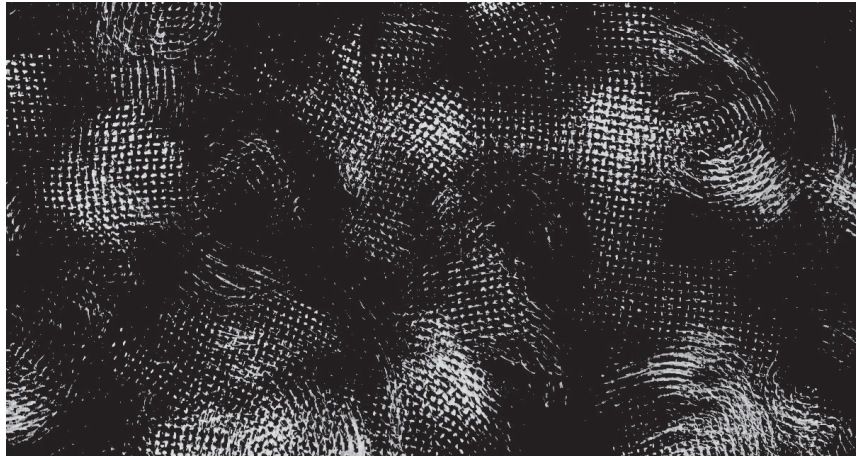
and tiny, black, beady eyes staring back at me. The closer I approached, it was clear that it was a small cat that had found shelter in the shade of the towering tree. I expected it to dart away as soon as I got close, but instead rose from its position and arched its back into a stretch. The tabby greeted me with a raspy meow and tangled himself between my legs as I made my way to where he had been laying. Just like the tree, I had a cat from my childhood that accompanied me through adventures in the backyard. As I sat and stretched out my feet, the cat ran his head along my shoe and down his back, making sure he got his scratches in one way or another.

“Here, kitty,” I stretched out my hand. It touched his nose to my knuckle, then continued in a motion that pushed my hand down his back into one long rub.

“Oh, you want some good lovin’, huh?” I asked, as I made sure to get all the good spots. That’s when I saw it. The scar on his right ear, at the tippy top where the point of his ear had been snipped off by a dog in the neighborhood. Tears began to flood my eyes, suddenly making my hands blur into his fur as the memories rushed back to me. I brought my knees to my chest and wept heavily, the flashbacks of watching my dad dig a hole in the backyard suddenly fresh in my mind. I’d come home from school one day to find our cat sprawled out on the driveway, tire marks smudged into the fur on the back of his legs. Yet here I was, the same cat rubbing itself along the underside of my thighs as I kept my legs tucked underneath me.

I peered between my arms where my head rested, watching



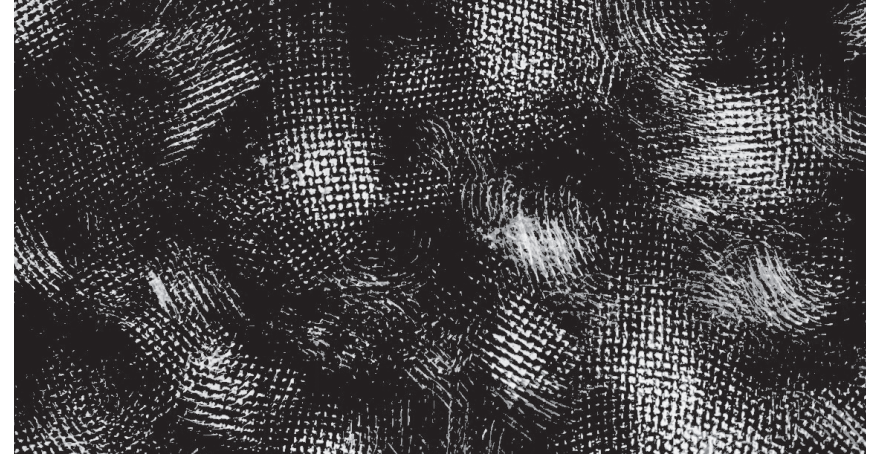


TEXTURE BY SAMANTHA DEMICHIELI

as his tail flicked back and forth in excitement, the same familiar way I remembered. I rested my head against the trunk and lowered my knees, letting him crawl his way into my lap and nestle his head comfortably on my hand. There was no logical explanation for him being here, wherever “here” was, and I couldn’t understand how I ended up here. My thoughts began racing as I remembered the bench and the woman, and how both of them felt so strangely familiar to me. I felt the cat purr as it rumbled through my fingers, and again my heart grew heavy at the nostalgia of the moment. I scooted myself out from underneath him gently as he gazed at me, confused about why the petting stopped.

“I’m sorry little buddy, get back to your rest,” I sniffed as I scratched behind his mangled ear.

I went back in the direction of the bench, it only made sense to start where I came from to try to get any understanding.



TEXTURE BY SAMANTHA DEMICHIELI

My feet drug under me and my head hung heavy between my shoulders, the walk back seeming more difficult and pointless. I was just coming over the top of the small hill with tall grass, then again, in the distance, I could see a figure resting on the bench.

“Duh, it’s a bench in a park. Of course someone is sitting on it.” I shook my head at the thought of someone trying to sabotage my mission. I was going to figure out where I was and how I got here, and maybe they would have some kind of answer that could help me figure that out. I was halfway to the bench before I realized my fast walk was almost a jog, so I slowed myself to look as natural as possible. I was a few strides away when it occurred to me it was the same woman from before, her back facing towards me and her long braid trailing down her back. Only this time, her hair was not grayed. My brows crinkled in confusion and as I took a step closer, her head now raised in my direction.

My joints buckled under me like someone had kicked me in the back of the legs. As my knees met the concrete, I sat in a heap at her feet and stared up at her in astonishment. She sat before me, her brown hair braided perfectly in place. The heavy wrinkles I saw earlier shed away, leaving behind the creases that dipped at the corners of her mouth. My head fell into her lap, and slob dripped from my mouth as the agony seeped out of me through my cries. I felt one hand as her fingers brushed through my tangled hair, the other patting my back. It was a familiar comforting gesture whenever I was upset.

“I-I-I’m s-s-so sorry I didn’t come see you more,” I managed to blurt out.

“Honey, sorry? Please don’t be sorry.” Her voice was quiet and soft, almost low enough to be a whisper.

“I couldn’t stand it. I c-c-couldn’t watch you suffer,” I wailed into her leg. My nose was running down onto her pants leg, puddled with my tears and slobber.

“I know, baby. I know,” she said gently, pulling my face into her hands and up to hers. Her eyes were crisp and blue, and her bangs dangled in front of them as they escaped from being tucked behind her ears.

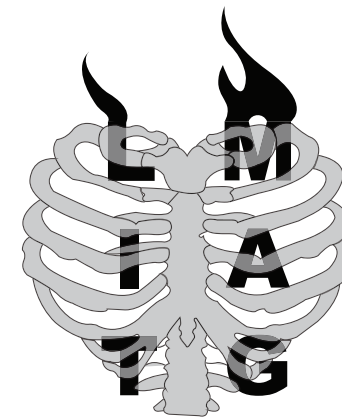
“I know, and I love you.”

I jumped from my sleep with a gasp, choking on the air as I blinked at the ceiling above me. I rolled onto my side, my face met with a wet pillowcase where my tears had leaked onto it. I turned onto my stomach and pushed my face in deeper, trying to

suffocate the tears that were still trying to break free. It had been a long time since I’d had a conversation with her, especially one where I could hear her speak back to me. I flipped myself onto my back and sat up, locking eyes with her urn that sat in the center of my dresser. The wooden box sat in a ray of morning sunlight that creeped through the blinds, carved with a willow tree and a long, winding path. I threw the covers off of me and pulled myself from the bed, the remnants of sleep still heavy in my legs. I walked slowly to the dresser, placing my hand firmly on the urn when I noticed there was a dusty residue that lightly covered the top of it.

I rubbed the tips of my fingers together, a soft smile forming at the corner of my lips. I gently brushed off the pollen that had found its way from the swaying trees of my slumber to my reality. I rested my hand again on her urn, wondering if perhaps this time it wasn’t just another dream.

“I love you, too, Mom.”

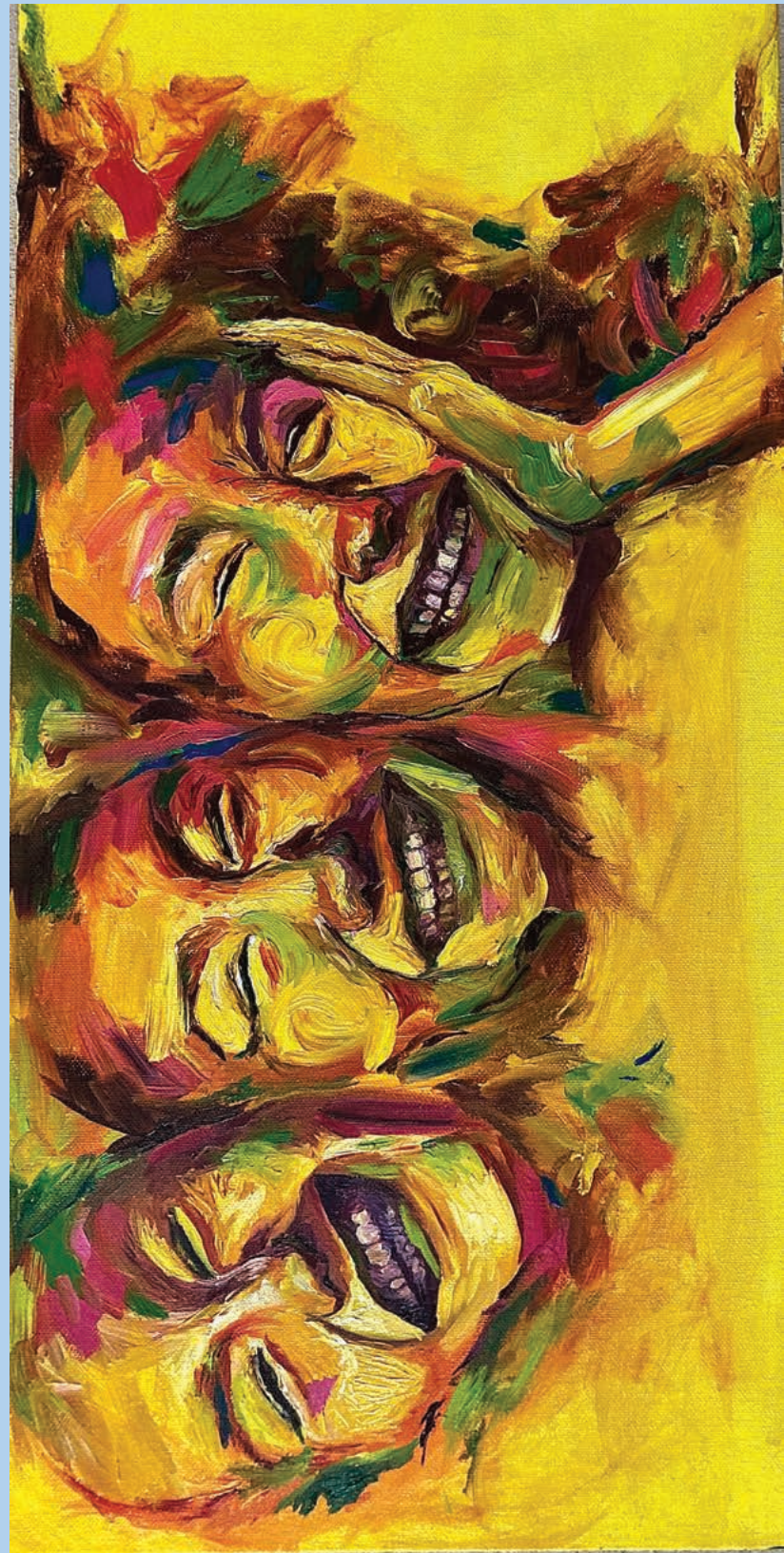


XVII. TISANE

poetry by Gwendolyn Hall

For Possum

My son--newly my son--who
only sometimes still wears
the green flower skirt that falls
below his knees, uses an app to
identify edible plants of Missouri,
an app that suggested I am a banana tree.
My child who is not a banana
tree, but now a boy holding
an app that identifies which
wild flowers will make good tea
when flavored with honey. He finds
light pink magnolia blossoms that
go almost white where the petals
meet the stamens, a darker hue
underneath, flowers grown under the sun,
under the gray and white wisps of clouds,
after the hard of winter. My son
collects the fresh petals with no brown,
cradles them all, stacked like blankets
on a warm bed, like boats, like mattresses
I could fall asleep on. Pink balanced
on his soft white hand. I wonder
if the tea will make us sick. A tea recipe
found on the internet, a tree identified safe by
an app that believes I am a banana tree.
My son, trying new things, with a wide smile.



XVIII.
Laughed a Little
oil painting by Abigail Lollis

XX. THE HUNT

nonfiction by Jeffrey Pryor

TRIGGER/CONTENT WARNING: Threats of abuse/violence

I watched from the passenger side as Mustache worked the controls. His mud-covered boots pressed the clutch pedal in slightly, not quite to the floor, but somewhere in between. Some magical place that only he knew about. He worked the column shifter and feathered the gas pedal with his other mud-covered boot, chunks falling to the floorboard as he did. It was a sort of dance that had a mechanical rhythm to it. I could hear the squeaky spring that gave resistance to the clutch pedal; it has a high-pitched ring and reminded me of an old screen door at a campground bathhouse. He slipped the gear selector into the gear he wanted and feathered the gas pedal again, easing out on the clutch pedal as he did. This was what he called “double-clutchin’.” He made it look so easy, but it was like a symphony with all of the parts moving effortlessly in unison to propel us forward. I was completely mesmerized by his skill. The truck was a 1974 International Harvester. It was a dingy glacier-blue color that had faded over time, with rust patches all over it. The engine was an underwhelming 6-cylinder coupled to a manual transmission that was shifted from the steering column. The old truck creaked and groaned under the strain of trying to generate more than 55 miles per hour. It was a rough old bastard, but it was reliable and took all of the abuse without complaint.



XIX.

VEXED

oil painting by Abigail Lollis

Mustache wanted to take me 'coon hunting. He said we were going 'coon hunting. I had to piece together that we were hunting *raccoons*. I had never heard of such a thing. We had big redbone dogs in the back of the truck; three of them to be exact. I did not know if their bones were red or if it was a term used to describe the dogs, but I went along with it. I was eager to spend time with Mustache to try and show him that I was worthy of his time and effort. Lately, it seemed like I was always failing at every task he assigned me. The results were beatings on different levels of violence that depended on his mood. I hoped that this time would be different. I would show him that I was a man and that I could do something right. As the truck rolled down the bumpy road, I built up the courage to ask him how we would coon hunt, as I had never done it before.

He looked at me with empty, hollow, blue eyes and said, "You'll find out soon enough, son." I was okay with that response and figured that he would show me what I needed to know so I could become a world-class coon hunter. As we bumped down the road, the sun slowly slid behind the hills and trees, and the darkness crept in.

I was fiddling with the wheat light, which is a headlamp made for miners. It was a red, round light that clipped to a helmet on one end and connected to a battery pack, which was attached to a belt. As I was exploring the function of the light, I accidentally turned it on. It shined right into Mustache's face. I apologized and shut it off quickly, but it was too late. He slammed on the

brakes, bringing the truck to an abrupt halt, stalling the engine as he did. He looked at me, emotionless and empty. He then got out of the truck and walked around the front, keeping his eyes locked on me the entire time. He approached my door and I instinctively locked it. He tried to open the door but it would not budge. I could hear his hand yanking on the handle, the whole truck was rocking back and forth. He broke into a furious rage and screamed at me to unlock the door. I was frozen with fear and scared to death. He walked to the back of the truck and made his way to the driver's side, where the door was wide open. He disappeared for a few seconds and then reappeared at the driver's side, glaring straight at me, or through me. He had big rocks in his hands, ones that looked like they would hurt. He looked at me and smiled, then reared back and began pelting me with the rocks. The majority of them hit me in the side and arms, but one hit me hard in the head. I began to bleed. I had tunnel vision; everything was going dark. The noise that he was making—the curses, shouts, and the grunts he made when he threw the rocks— all seemed to be distant and fading away.

Suddenly I felt his hands on my arm. He was dragging me out of the truck and there was nothing for me to grab onto and slow down my trajectory. I felt the weightlessness of being in the air for what seemed like an eternity, and then I hit the ground hard. He grabbed me by the chest and scrunched up my shirt, skin, and what felt like the little muscle that I had. He slammed me into a tree, forcing me to sit up facing him. He stood there staring

at me with those lifeless eyes that I had seen so often. I could tell that he was deciding how to implement his twisted rage. Then it came. His mouth twisted and he spat out some tobacco juice. He reached to his right side and grabbed his pistol. It made a leather rushing sound as he yanked it from the holster. He grasped it so tightly that I could see the veins in his hands and fingers bulge. He took two steps toward me, placing his muddy boots inside my legs and stepping on my thigh muscles to pin me down. He pushed the barrel of the pistol into my forehead and forced my head into the tree.

I closed my eyes and waited for the onrush of the burning powder, the concussion, and finally the impact of the hot bullet. He pushed harder and harder, causing me to wonder if he would just puncture my skull with the gun. When I thought the end was near, I went to a safe place in my mind. A field of daisies next to a railroad track. I visited this place often and found it to be a good place that brought solace from the pain, trauma, and hatred. In my field of daisies, there were a few butterflies just flapping around as butterflies do. I heard a train whistle off in the distance, echoing through the valley. This is still one of the most gratifying places I have ever been. I was pulled out of my butterfly-filled daisy field with screams and curses. When I returned, I could see that he was pulling the trigger. I could feel the tension in the barrel, I could hear the spring in the trigger assembly, and I could feel the metal parts moving in harmony, just like they should.

I felt the dull thud against my forehead. At the same

time, I heard the snap of the firing pin and a rush of cold air. He pulled the gun away from my head and started laughing. He was elated that he had scared me to death. When he laughed his big belly jiggled and his teats heaved up and down. He had brown tobacco spit running down his chin and it was obvious that he had been drooling. I felt calm. I cannot explain why, but I felt a sense of peace that gave me a very clear picture of what was happening. I often wondered if this is what happens to people who are murdered. I thought about this for a bit while he laughed maniacally. He told me to get up and I struggled to rise. It seems my legs became detached from my body somewhere, somehow. When I stood up, I felt like a newborn giraffe. My legs were shaking uncontrollably and my feet were tingling. I wanted to run, but I knew I would just fall over, if not for the strength of the tree. The tree had witnessed all of the madness that happened and still offered me strength.

Mustache looked at me and said, "I will give you a ten-minute head start. Then I will find you. This time the gun will be loaded." Suddenly, my legs came to life and I ran faster than I had ever ran before. I hurdled logs and boulders, ducked under low-hanging branches, and sprinted across fields. I am not sure how I could see so well in the dark, but I did not dare turn on the wheat light. I ran for what seemed like an eternity. I ran for my life. I stopped to catch my breath and figure out how to find a place to hide. I swore that Mustache could hear my heart drumming in my chest. I sort of knew where I was and was sure that if I found the river, I could

follow it home. Then I heard the redbone dogs yelping. I took off again and ran like the wind, as quietly as possible. It was not long before I could smell the river. I could hear it and I could taste it. I sprinted for the sound of escape. When I reached the river, I crouched low and turned on the wheat light.

The river was wide and deep. It looked like the current was strong and would likely carry me away. I was scared to death and knew that I had to make a decision. I chose to cross the river, possibly throwing the dogs off my scent and creating a barrier between us. I took my boots off, tied them around my belt by the bootlaces, and waded into the murky water. It was cold. I knew that trying to cross the river in Fall was a bad idea, but I was out of options. I started swimming at an upstream angle, so I would be carried to a spot that I deemed good enough to climb up the muddy bank on the opposite side. As I swam for my life, the river carried me away. I felt like I traveled miles, but just missed my predetermined egress point by a few feet. I climbed out of the muddy water, sinking up to my knees in the sticky silt until I found a solid tree branch to pull myself up onto the bank. When I climbed up the bank and crouched down to rest, I shut off the light and sat very still. I listened for any movement. I could hear the dogs yelping in the distance. They did not seem to be getting any closer. I laid down and tried to catch my breath as I shivered from the cold. I knew I had to get moving or I would start having problems from being wet and cold. I put on my soggy boots and laced them up.

I looked at the river and saw the direction the current was heading and started walking in that direction. As I walked through the woods at night, cold and shivering, I thought about the warm cabin, the wood stove, my mother's cooking, and the security of being indoors. I could hear the dogs yelping, but they were nowhere close and seemed to be going in the opposite direction. I trudged on looking for a sign of my whereabouts. I saw a bridge up ahead and realized that this was the highway close to where we lived. I felt a rush of excitement flow through me as I realized that I knew where I was. I only had a few miles to go and I would be home. I started at a trot, then rolled into a sprint. A low-hanging branch clotheslined me and knocked me down hard. I must have hit my head because I woke up cold and shivering uncontrollably. I pondered the decision of using the wheat light and convinced myself that I was far enough away from Mustache that I would not be seen. I fired up the lamp and commenced on my marathon.

It seemed like hours passed by and I stumbled into a deep ditch next to a gravel road. The road was the one that we lived on. When I climbed out of the ditch and onto the gravel road, I broke into a maddening run. I wanted to get back before Mustache and warn my mother of what happened. I was running like the wind, I could see the lights way up the road, up the hill, just keep going, breath in-breath out, keep running...headlights behind me. They are getting closer. I can hear the engine. I know that sound, it is all too familiar. I feel my heart sink as it closes the gap easily. It rolls up next to me as I am sullenly walking now.

I hear, “Hey son, I lost you back there. Glad you are okay. Get in the truck and let’s go home. Everyone’s asleep so we need to be quiet.” I continue to walk. The next sentence that I hear is, “Get in the fuckin’ truck or I will run your stupid ass over.” I stop and open the door. I climb in and sit down. Mustache looks at me and smiles. He then starts to take off, double-clutchin’ the rest of the way home.

* * *

XXI. BLOOD POOLS NOWHERE

fiction by Eugene MacLeod

The following is the last film review of Lawrence Ellis, a critic for the Midwest-based website couerdecinema. The review was posted on the website following Ellis’ attendance at a screening of Blood Pools Nowhere. All writing and inspiration thereof are taken directly from Ellis, save for clarifying notes by the editor of this collection.

On the first day of my first film class in college, the professor used an interesting icebreaker; we had to say our name, the first film we had ever seen, and the most recent film we had seen. I want to tweak this activity for this review if you would allow me. My name is Lawrence, the first film I ever saw was *The Fellowship of the Ring*, and the last film I will ever see is *Blood*

Pools Nowhere. Why do I say that? *Fellowship* was an important milestone in filmmaking technology where humans were still the masters: *Blood* seems to have inverted that order.

I would like to believe Couer’s readers are up to date on film news but I will explain myself anyway. I hope this message finds its way to those with a more casual interest in film. It needs to be seen and understood. *Blood Pools* has been touted by Reel Desert as the first ‘algorithmically adapted’ film: a film created almost entirely through artificial intelligence. There are no credits for any human director, producer, or screenwriter, beyond credit for the novel’s original author William Rubin. In their place, the film was ‘overseen by Bletchley’ and ‘engineered by Robert Chandra.’ Chandra is the scientist; Bletchley is the creation. Following that train of thought, the film could be seen as a literal Son of Frankenstein. But what does that entail exactly?

I only had a passing familiarity with Rubin’s novel. One could say I read it through osmosis with how often it would appear across my social media accounts; recommendations seemed to swamp me anytime I opened my phone. Fellow writers always informed me of how the viral hit was rising quickly on the *New York Times* list. But curiously, few of the people I frequently associate with in-person actually read it. This odd situation even connected to the audience of the screening. Every person in the audience was a stranger to me. At the advanced screenings, I usually see familiar human faces. Old social connections. Not at this screening.

The audience at the screening was informed that the story

was an anti-western film, tracking the tribulations of federal marshal Eastland. The crowd was oddly quiet. Complete silence throughout. Maybe that is what all audiences need. Eastland has been dispatched from the mysterious 'agency back east' to put a stop to a string of mysterious deaths in the fading Old West. He forms an uneasy alliance with an aged cowboy named Campbell and the last members of the Diyastin tribe to track down a culprit that might not be entirely human. An appropriate choice given the process of creating this film.

As you read that summary you may place this film squarely in the same vein as novels like *Blood Meridian* and films like *Bone Tomahawk*. I was expecting some level of unearthliness. And this film delivered. The film opens with just a harsh grey-blue void. No opening titles; just the static Reel Desert logo prior. Then the camera slowly pans down and we see what looks like the Mojave shot through a negative filter. The color was not desaturated, they seemed like a nightmare inversion. The shot held for a solid two minutes. Then our protagonist appeared. Appeared quite literally. Suddenly a figure was occupying the frame as if part of the film was missing. Then the camera pulled back further as he walked upon a bisected corpse. This is all conveyed through aggressive editing, like Goddard on a killing spree. When we finally get to see our protagonist's face he has no emotion. Not in a cold steely sense, but there seemed to be nothing behind his eyes. Like a figure not fully rendered. Then the real shock comes upon meeting our secondary lead; Campbell, played by none other than Ernest Borgnine.

Yes, Ernest Borgnine. The legendary character actor and star of films like *From Here to Eternity*, *Escape from New York*, and even *SpongeBob SquarePants*. The same Borgnine who has been deceased since 2012, more than a full decade before the publication of the novel. And yet there he was; as if he was one of the first actors cast. As far as I know, Borgnine has no connection whatsoever to the novel or Rubin so this cannot be some uncanny digital tip-of-the-hat à la Peter Cushing in *Rogue One*. I must admit that Borgnine's (I would guess) digital resurrection was impressive. In the same way, paranormal encounters are impressive for some. If I am being honest, the shock took me out of my viewing experience. Probably for the best given the remaining content of the screening.

As soon as Borgnine and our protagonist, who looks like the average male of every top male box office film of the last twenty years, leave the desecration site as we meet our next group of characters. And that is when reality truly starts to melt in the desert. When the Diyastin arrived on the scene I was appalled by the sound mixing. Just a complete mess of overlapping voices that seemed to be in two-dozen different languages. Some did not even sound like human speech. And the volume levels, my God. The film suddenly felt like a *Transformers* workprint. I started to physically cringe. And then it realized; only one character was talking. But there were several voices at least. And then they were suddenly silent. The sudden muting was startling. And then the film froze. Just completely stopped. For only a moment, but long enough to be noticed. Then it started again. And all the dialogue was in English. But somehow I was even more lost.



I have no idea what was happening by that point in the screening. I started looking at the other members of the audience; fervently searching for anyone as lost as me. But somehow none were. They all seemed... pleasant, I guess? Bemused? I can't find the words anymore but they all seemed passive. Like nothing was wrong at all. Just a normal funny thing. I'm sorry but I'm too shaken up for an accurate criticism. I got out of my seat with the intention of going literally anywhere else. But suddenly an usher appeared. From where? I don't know. He said to me "sir, it would be best if you stayed until the end of the film." As he said that, he put his hand on my arm and I suddenly felt... calmer. Things just started... fading. The anxiety was melting away. I slowly went back to my seat. He let go of my arm, I blinked, and he was gone. I almost was able to sink back into my seat. I turned my attention back to the movie. Then I heard it.

"Are you not enjoying the content?"

My eyes still had not refocused. I thought it was that same usher. Then it spoke again.

"Are you able to respond?"

The voice was too inoffensively friendly and unnaturally warm. Like a customer service robot. I looked around again. No one was speaking, no one in the audience at least. They didn't react at all. Then it answered.

"Could you look at the screen please?"

I sank back into my seat. Maybe I could crawl out while this person was being hunted.

"Ellis, could you look at the screen please?"

Never have I felt that level of terror in a cinema before. I snapped out of my almost pleasant state. I looked towards the screen. The film played on, it was in a different location entirely with the same characters, but it was frozen now. All was quiet. Not even the hum of electronics. Then the voice started again.

"Is the film upsetting to you?" Every time a word was spoken, the screen flickered.

"If you are experiencing distress or the content is triggering, we apologize. The content can be altered for your sensibilities, if you so choose. If you wish to change the content, you just need to nod your head."

Every single muscle was concrete. My eyes were straining to focus but nothing made sense to them. Somehow one single sound: "ugheegh." It did not seem to like that.

"I am sorry, I did not understand that response." The overall tone was still friendly, but I could feel annoyance. Or vengeance. "It would be greatly appreciated if you could speak clearly, Ellis. We will create a more pleasurable experience for you."

I started looking around. No one seemed shocked by any of this. I saw at least one person towards the front of the screen scrolling through their phone. Just a normal intermission. Was I going crazy? I hastily stumbled out of my seat, into the aisle, trying to right myself using other people's armrests. I shoved past that same

usher, before sprinting through the lobby and out the front doors. I had this awful hunch I was being chased by whatever was behind that screen (or in it?), so I did not stop running, while shoving and swerving around the foot traffic for maybe half a mile. I came across a Starbucks, ducked into their bathroom, and that is where I am now as I record this.

I cannot fathom anything that has happened to me tonight. I witnessed something... supernatural? An experiment not meant for my eyes? Some sick prank? All three? I am just trying to get my thoughts down while they are fresh and before I am thrown out of Starbucks for not buying something. I will include all of this in my review. My readers need to know about this. I may have discovered a new cinematic world. Whether we want it or not.

Ellis was never seen again after the screening of the film. Security footage reveals him buying a box of mints at the Delmar Starbucks before leaving. Conflicting witnesses reported screaming somewhere on the north side but these are inconclusive. The review published here is a combination of different sources. The first half is a synthesization of Ellis' past published writing to simulate his thoughts on Blood Pools Nowhere. This was undertaken by the MSIRP Analysis System, in conjunction with Reel Desert. The second half is a transcription of Ellis' own recording, retrieved after his phone was found near Earth City Recycling. It serves as valuable early feedback on Bletchley. Please remember to rate and review your experience. We are committed to minimizing negative reception of our content going forward.

XXII. An Anatomically Correct Explosion

oil on canvas by Jess Boyer



XXIII.

Case of Goldfish Brains

graphite and charcoal, gold and white acrylic by Sunny Sobolik



XXIV.

WE'RE SMOKING IN THE DESERT,
LYING IN THE ROAD

poetry by Daniel Khan

We're smoking in the desert, lying in the road

My hands shiver against the warm asphalt, thawing from the cold;
I have an anxious habit of picking the flaws of my hands.
My thoughts itch to picture surfacing eusocial ants.
Probably wouldn't if I were raised here in wilderness,
far from my home in the absence of city lights.
Above the silhouette ridges, we faithlessly gaze,
the glittered chest of god, feeling small in the embrace.
Far as I'm concerned, Earth is our Mother—
(Father) God went out for smokes when the children turned sour.
In contrast, my sister left our father, started smoking, and I
took after.
Then our mother followed. Surely she's watching the same
stars by her fire.
Her heart would know if a car hit us tonight, while lying in
the road.

This place is safe, but my hands shake as wildfires grow — like
existence is slipping to insignificance...
Reality stares into the eyes of vacant faces.
Earlier, our eyes locked for minutes with a fish in the
scorched river.



We met them with ash and fire on the sun-bleached canyon shore.
 They were nonchalant, and we appreciated the company,
 but that doesn't mean I agree with this simple fish's apathy.
 Same for Annie Dillard's longing to be eagle prey.
 Individuality offers only dread and idle prayer—
 An ineffective tool when breath becomes air.
 Do we act like survival is meaningful? No.
 We're weasels as individuals, lying in the road.

Will the stars ever know the seeds that we have sown?
 If we stall to grow and reap alone we lose our mothers while we wait.
 Camus would expect us dead, in our futile state;
 so soon to watch the universe burn, we selfishly neglect responsibility and fate.
 Perhaps the task is made less dreadful in cooperation,
 but we are further separate than stars and prone to isolation.
 We're severed from all but ourselves, especially the natural ways;
 asphalt separates us from the ants, but I saw myself in a fish today.
 I'm alone, dying slowly in a gasping stream of others.
 Dreadful as it may be, anyone can find meaning in taking care of
 our mothers.
 Earth, a good mother, comforts me, keeping her pain hidden,
 "Together we will become a star, for we are *all related*."—Though,

 We all know mothers become furious about us lying in the road.

XXV.
FREEDOM
 poetry by Ginger Redden

Why do some trees have leaves
 but others don't?
 Is having leaves so great a burden that
 they choose to cast them away?
 They are lighter now, more free.
 They don't concern themselves with
 maintaining the green on their branches anymore.
 The trees have separated themselves from
 what was holding them back.

But they have no color.
 They make no music when the wind blows.
 They do not harbor birds.
 They are absent, quiet, empty.
 Only accompanied by other desolate, empty corpses,
 And mocked by evergreens.

Is death freedom and life a burden?
 Or is life a privilege and death inevitable?



XXVI.

MUD

poetry by Abigail Foust

I am not stuck in a rut.
 I live in a rut;
 I make my home in the matted-down mud,
 Where many a tire has treaded before

Where many a tire has treaded before

Where many a tire has treaded before –

I tire of treading the floor,
 My feet grow sore;
 All the same footprints in all the same places:
 Rhythmic, methodical, on and so on,

Rhythmic, methodical, on and so on,

Rhythmic, methodical, on and so on –

I am not leaving this rut.
 My shelter is here,
 Safe against wind, against sun, against change;
 I cannot leave or else I'd have to ask:

Where else can I go?

XXVII.

WAITING ROOM

fiction by Taylor Weintrop

It's always the same feeling. Always that same anxious feeling gnawing at your insides, ready to leave. "How important is this appointment, really?" That is the question in everyone's mind right now as we all avoid eye contact and exchange lip-squeezing half-smiles. The whole world is sitting right here in this waiting room. What a name, "waiting room," perfectly fitting for the action and feel of this sickly liminal space. We're all sitting in space, suspended in time. All of us await news with the potential to alter our lives forever. You would think rooms in offices dedicated to patient care would at least have less disorienting light bulbs.

tick.tock.tick.tock.tick.tock.

The time is now 11 am. Everyone here knows the rules; 10 minutes early to these appointments almost feels like running late. We do this even though our appointments won't start until almost 30 minutes past the scheduled time – but don't you dare run late, Patient, or else **automatic cancellation** will be written across your name. God forbid someone experiences excruciating pain on their way to see a doctor. 11:05 am... 11:10 am... the world sounds busy on the other side of the waiting room door.

The squeaking of tennis shoes against the vinyl floor and incessant, unintelligible chatter almost force me to put on my headphones. But then I see how low my battery percentage is.

Better to not waste it since I'm not sure how long it will be until getting called back. Filling this time can take many methods. The single parents usually try to wrangle their innocently hyperactive children into silent politeness, the judging elderly noticeably side-eyeing these parents, ready to monologue about how they would've handled a kid like that "back in their day." Many will try to pass the agonizingly slow time by doom-scrolling or flipping through the outdated pop culture gossip magazines no one can seem to throw away. Personally, I like to watch the puzzled faces of those fighting their ability to recall their medical history as they fill out a novellas-length stack of paperwork. What a subtle form of cruel punishment – to make patients fill out questionnaire after questionnaire about the medical attention every nook and cranny our bodies have seen, only to have the nurses and doctors essentially ask us all of the same questions again once alone in the office.

tick.tick.tick.tick.tick.

Today, quiet observation isn't enough to keep me at ease. To distract myself from the nauseating hospital green burning my corneas, I write mental stories of the other waiting room patients. First, we have Aurora. No idea if that is her name, but she has the Disney princess face one cannot avoid but be ever so slightly envious of. Before getting too lost in the make believe, I took inventory of the features I could visibly collect about her. She sits with a self-consciously decent posture – going back and forth between slightly hunched and unnaturally straight. She keeps her eyes down, for the most part, only glancing up when she sees the office assistant move around behind the sliding window that separates the medical pro-

fessionals from the ones needing help. She has a tote bag, but there is no telling what it holds. With her newly assigned fairytale name and picturesque face, I imagine it is some magical assortment of books, a jar of dried herbs, an embroidery kit, and probably an array of snacks meant for a forest dweller or bunny.

She's religious, but not in a scripture-parroting way, no, more of a spiritual and historical way – it grounds her, gives her something to fill her mind with that takes away some of the heaviness of today. Aurora is a teacher. She likes her tea oversteeped with too much sugar and never any lemon. Despite this fact, she is more of a savory person than a sweet person. Still, she is the default pie baker every Thanksgiving – a family tradition, and being that she was the only girl in her family, it was the expectation that she would carry out that task for the family gathering after her mother fell ill.

"Excuse me? Um, miss... excuse me? You're Ms. Skyes, right?"

How long was I watching her?

Even my eyes feel sort of dry now...

"Yes, sorry, I am. Is the doctor ready?"

"Yes, please follow me."

Shake it off. You're fine, I tell myself. No one noticed. I was just distracted. I mean, sitting at a doctor's office does cause one to slip into mental states of numbness. And, how fitting, huh? It's okay, I'll just tell the doctor what has been going on; that is why I am here.

"So, Ms. Skyes, I hear you've been daydreaming at inappropriate times. Can you tell me more about that?"



WHAT DOES YOUR INNER WORLD LOOK LIKE?

XXVIII.
Inner World
oil on canvas by Jess Boyer



XXIX.
Mystic

photograph by Roxane McWilliams



XXX.
WHEN I AM EVERYWHERE

poetry by Heela Momand

When I am everywhere
I am nowhere.
When they see me
I am just “another.”
When I touch the soil I remember the lives
lost. When I think of my homeland
I am like clouds ready to burst.
When I think of its mountains
I think of stories hidden.
When I look at my father
I look at a man whose sorrow is written on his
forehead. When I think of my country
I think of a life that could have been.
A childhood.
A home.



XXXI.
 REPRESENTACIONES Y
 REPRESENTADOS

multilingual poem by Julieth Albanez B.

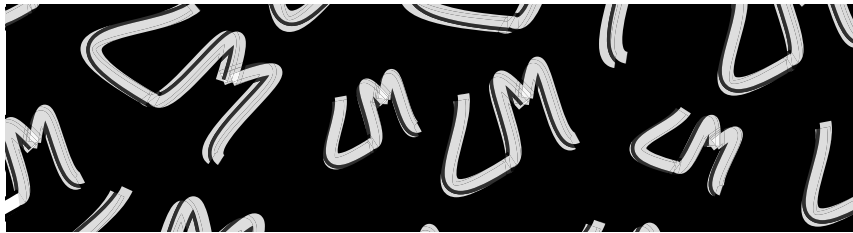
Con representaciones y como representados,
 cada uno de nosotros somos identificados.

Desde personajes de libros y películas,
 hasta objetos del cielo tirados,
 con un objeto todos hemos sido relacionados.

Una medalla de un triunfo logrado,
 muestra lo que con orgullo en familia se ha alcanzado.

Mientras para algunos los diamantes son preciosos,
 para otros son objeto de un amor que ha marchado.

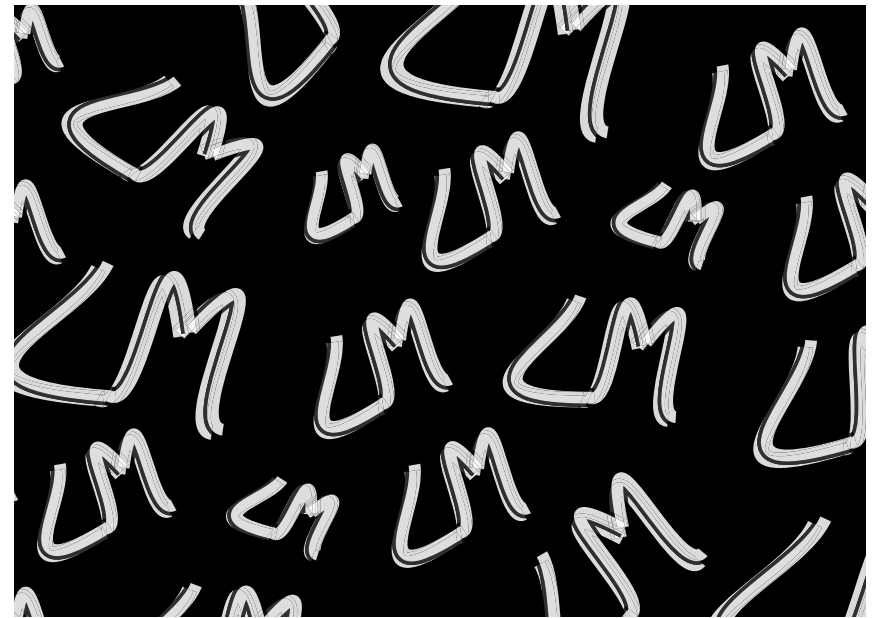
Un amor que por lágrimas fue marcado,
 De dolor, angustia y también agrado.



Lágrimas que derramamos,
 cuando con anhelo recordamos,
 en una foto a ese ser que ha marchado.

Hay otro tipo de lágrimas que se derraman al recordar,
 como al pensar en momentos y lugares que se han visitado,
 y nos han deslumbrado,
 a los que tal vez no podamos regresar.

Al final todos somos: recuerdos y recordados,
 por un objeto, momento o lugar que por nuestra vida ha pasado,
 pues no somos más que eso, representaciones y representados.



PATTERN BY PERRY PALACIOS