

Images and Words Journal

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14

Gambling the Aisle



Gambling the Aisle

Issue 14

Masthead

Editors

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Adam Van Alstyne

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Staff

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One Percent

Anna Deligianni

Tabula Rasa

Aja Bailey

The morning I ate a birthday burger I lost God's unity. I saw your photos with her captioned with heart eyed emojis that were once for me. I feared you replaced me when you tasted those ololiuqui seeds. When you sang "Lovefool" in car karaoke with her legs in the frame. Left me hot like 10 blankets. My blood turned timeless black and white while Technicolor anger spotted your babe's unconditioned dyed roots. Sunflowers at her tips she refuses to drench so how will she leave you wet?

I shouldn't have asked that—instantly I'm floating under the covers.
Levitating off my bed on a whisper ocean. Whisper waves on my back hushes the pimple pains.
Orange juice sun spill over my face.
Turning into a frequency.
 The cells nutting in unison.
 At the anaphase stage.
 Filthy energy.

I swear I hear harp strums as I ascend through a swirl of cinnamon tickles and clay dust, ancient and gentle like a poet's love for April. Your mother and I were born in that month, too. But here you're not. Gravity cuddles the road between the empty brain and caramel nipples you loved twice. I see images of other fishes in the sea gulping water litter and human piss. You want me to abandon you for them? Fine but in case of infections cut out my heart first.

I wait for my goosebumps to turn to Victoria's Secret angel wings and Frida flowers. I've practiced my runway strut when no one's looking. Hell's catwalk sounds fun but I don't want to leave. Took me a few life-seconds to realize I'm not dying today. She's cleansing me of you. Transferring your rap waves to her rhyming echoes. Removing the scented memories of the paint on our portraits to drip on her palette. A clean slate she's rebirthed me. An empty motherland with pastoral rain at the coastal lips that expels mint air. That's why I can't fault an Asteria who crafts new cosmos on toilet paper maps. Through fogs of evaporated bitter tears my celestials could find you again.
But you found magic.

Good for you.
Good for you.
Good for you.

Genesis Rewritten

Caris Allen

[1:1] beginning when s he ,
[1:2] was formless and deep, a wind swept over he r .
[1:3] s he was light
[1:4] And was darkness.
[1:5] he called her a first .
[1:6] And said, "Let s separate w h at
[1:7] separate s u s it was
[1:8] called the Sky.
[1:9] the sky gathered
[1:10] s t re
[1:11] n gth And
[1:12] brought forth r a in
[1:13] he and her
[1:14] said, "Let the sky separate from the seasons and days and years,
[1:15] and let t i me
[1:16] rule lesser
[1:17] the earth,
[1:18] u n t i
[1:19]
[1:20] L living creatures fly above the sky."
[1:21] So the great e st God
[1:22]
[1:23] was
[1:24]
[1:25]
[1:26] humankind



Underwater

Keren Goren

Theresa Harris

Kate LaDew

You're born on New Year's Eve. 1906 or 1909. Your official bio makes you older, your tombstone, younger. One written in ink, the other in marble. But what doesn't matter is, you can sing and you can dance and you can act. What matters is, you are black. You are a woman. And it is now, or any time.

Maids. Hat check girls. Waitresses. Prostitutes. Tribal women. Blues singers. These are the women you play because these are the women you can be, while the rest lace themselves up as Southern belles, socialites and molls. You're their friend, their confidant, just as young, just as pretty, a maid's uniform can't hide that. But they are blonde, even in black and white, and no matter how many times your voice is heard, your name doesn't appear onscreen. The radio's easier, no one can see your face, but — no one can see your face. The arch of your brows, the smirk in your smile, the deep dark life of your eyes. You crowd around a microphone with people the same color as you and entertain a world that isn't.

When you're 33 or 36, Val Lewton and RKO show up, and, after ten years in Hollywood, you rescue yourself. In movies with names like *Cat People*, *I Walked with a Zombie*, *Phantom Lady* and *Strange Illusion*, you play a waitress and a maid and a maid and a maid but you have guts and looks and sass and smarts and when the white people see monsters, you run and they don't and the audience sides with you.

At 38 or 41, you're finally offered a part with a first and last name. She is an *ex-maid*, and you could kill somebody for the difference they claim it makes, but you take it and when Robert Mitchum sits down next to you, the camera rolls into life and so do you. It's the best you've ever been and it's the best you'll ever be given.

Looking around the parking lot and the studio at all the pale eager faces, the straight hair, the light eyes, the upturned chins that have never had to look down, you find yourself halfway to a decision. There's a sharp, deep anger inside you, crisp as cut apple, and maybe your father was a sharecropper and your mother was his wife and you're a thousand miles from Texas — it isn't enough. When you attend the premiere and watch your straight, bright body move on the largest screen you've ever seen, it isn't enough and it's the least human you've ever felt. You are in the balcony. Fifteen years and you are in the balcony. Roped off, an exhibit with your short, succinct label in bold brick letters: **COLORED**. All the distance in the world can't separate you from that. Your hands move before your mind tells them to. Gripping the edge, you drop your eyes and take in the scene. 63 movies have given you a director's eye. One lid closes and your fingers form a rectangle, boxing in the tuxedoed and diamond encrusted crowd below. When the camera clicks you know, fully and completely, you are not a part of this, you have never been a part of this. You will never be allowed to be a part of this.

So you descend the stairs and walk out the backdoor of the theater, the one that isn't but might as well be marked especially for people like you. You don't pause. You walk until you get to your apartment. You turn on the light. It's filled with everything you care about. Some are framed posters of movies only you know you were in. They will have to go. It will all have to go....

No one can appreciate quiet unless they've known noise. Thirty years later you die a doctor's wife, comfortable and safe in Inglewood, living off the money you earned when you were young and beautiful and so much less than you wanted to be. Two months before your 79th birthday (or is it 76th?) you find yourself in Angelus - Rosedale Cemetery, in the same ground as former Los Angeles mayors (the 10th, 31st, 35th, 36th, 38th and 41st), Rasputin's daughter, the composer of Ain't Misbehavin', suffragette Caroline Severance, Hattie McDaniel, the first black woman to win an Academy Award, Ernestine Wade, Sapphire from Amos n Andy, and Dooley Wilson, Sam in Casablanca. There's also Louise Peete, the second woman to be executed in the state's gas chamber. You don't know who she killed to get there, but maybe they had it coming.

You played maids. Hat check girls. Waitresses. Prostitutes. Tribal women. Blues singers. And the most unreal thing of all: an actress. The night you die, you have a vision. Dancing across a stage you can't see for the flowers at your feet, your waist bends and the applause is a cyclone picking up all the little black girls in the world and tipping them over to look down at a black form, the center of all the lights and noise and booming freedom and energy and life. Sparks shoot from their tiny hands and you look up at millions of eyes that see you and all you really are, the similitude of your outside and the endless parade of grit and ability and intelligence and grace of your inside. The arch of your brows, the smirk in your smile, the deep dark life of you winks at all those little girls who watch you like a dream. You are black. You are a woman. You exist. Have, are and will, now or any time.

Francis O'Donnell





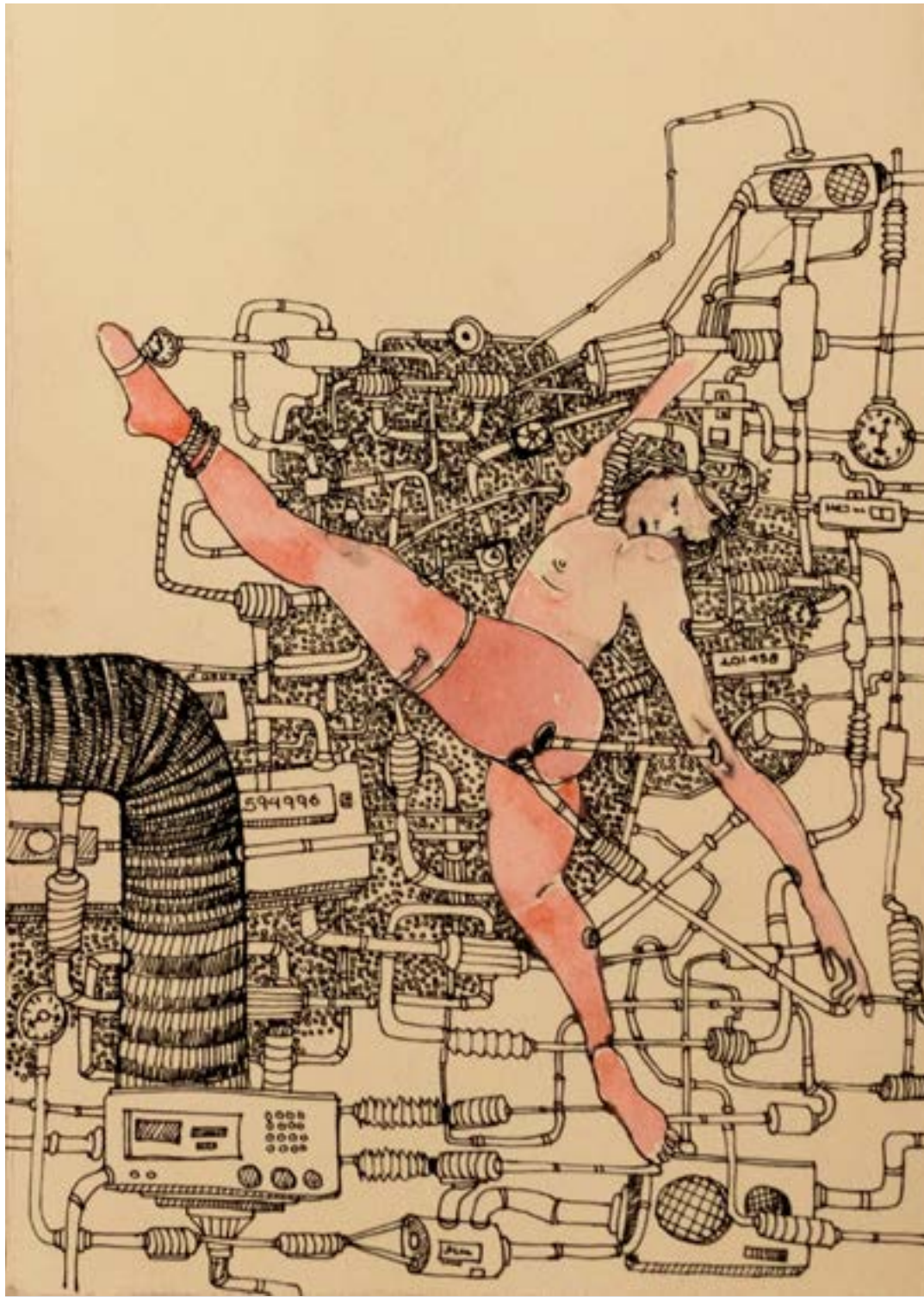
Starry Night Redux

Francis O'Donnell

Papaya

Lauren Scharhag

is what they call the little one
germinating in her belly.
Seeds within a seed,
a thousand dreams clenched softly
within that still-green fruit.



You Got Wires, Comin' Out Of Your Skin

Anna Deligianni



Without The Shells 4

Tayla Tamir

Audrey Hepburn

J.D. Reich

women are noble getting their outfits ready the night before
my wife with her audrey hepburn striped turtleneck
and cords draped over the hamper
for her lovely and holy job as a substitute teacher in the elementary school
for all those half-crazed delinquents and everyone knows her in the neighborhood
nobody knows me...
and i'd be lucky just to make it through a night of nightmares
having to fight back like a drunken bukowski against all the freakin' phantoms
using tourette's to my full advantage
as even the devils try to creep in there
like hitchcock's infamous portly silhouette pushing me up against the passengers
and that very well-groomed, thin asian man with his
cattle prod to prove that i am the ultimate stranger
(when i went to social work school to get my masters
had a full pile of dirty clothes and what i thought clean clothes
on the floor and would sniff each one before i headed to yeshiva.
there was a body punching bag hanging from the ceiling my fiancee
and present day wife would bump into before she relieved herself
practically every evening, and so cute would ritualistically throw jabs
at it expressing how it drove her crazy and what was it doing there)
women are so noble and will get their clothes ready the night before
like audrey hepburn's striped turtleneck and cords draped over the hamper.

Featured Artists

Anna Deligianni

Anna Deligianni is a visual artist whose work mainly deals with the interaction between people and their environment. Born in Athens, and having studied Fine Arts at the Aristoteleian University of Thessaloniki, she is greatly influenced by the aesthetics used in etchings and installations. Her recent work has developed into a style that combines multilinear patterns inspired by Eastern and Middle-Eastern architecture, with the feel of European philosophy, all the while preserving the values of Balkan aesthetics.

Her work is mainly anthropocentric, placing people in an environment rich in detail and urban feel, that involves a game between geometry and perspective. These features are used in a way to create a chaotic combination of both suffocating and attraction. There is a playful balance between fiction and reality, regarding both the human figures, and their surroundings.

Anna tends to use randomness as a way to increase the entropy of her chaotic works. She uses her errors as a way to provide new perspectives in her works, and keep the authenticity and uniqueness of each work intact. As Miles Davis said, "Don't fear mistakes – there are none".

She also likes to place secret features like names or familiar faces, lost in the busiest details of her pieces, as a game played with the people following her work.

About the Art

These are the most recent pieces I have worked on. While maintaining my inclination towards motion, these works are centered more on the environment around the figures, while also using a fountain pen for the biggest part of the series. The underlying idea behind these works is the concept of a universal network where everyone contributes their self, either in harmony or by force, to create a greater collective conscience, leading towards the singularity of humankind.

"One percent" – Markers, Ink on paper.

"There will be no sleep in here tonight" – Ink on paper.

"You've got wires coming out of your skin" – Aquarelle, ink on paper

"You will be mine till the end of time" – Aquarelle, ink on paper

Francis Daniel O'Donnell is an artist, author-filmmaker and explorer. He is an alumnus of the School of Visual Arts in NYC. He contributed to the restoration of the Ludwig Mies van der Rohe house in Weston Connecticut, which was featured in "Architectural Digest" and "Better Homes and Gardens" magazines. O'Donnell has traveled the world extensively, visiting over seventy countries, often participating in or leading research expeditions and archaeological digs. He has lectured on his experiences around the country, at various colleges, schools, and universities as well as organizations, clubs, and libraries. He is a member of the New York Explorers Club, The Adventurers Club of Chicago, and the Royal Geographical Society, London. His Emmy nominated PBS documentary, as well as the companion book, "In the Footsteps of Marco Polo" www.wliw.org/marcopolo chronicle his historic two-year twenty-five thousand mile journey, retracing the Venetian merchant's 13th-century "Travels" along the fabled Silk Road. He has written about this experience in Smithsonian Magazine entitled "Marco Polo's Guide to Afghanistan" and is a regular contributor to "The Heretic" magazine, "Ripcord Adventure Journal" and the Scholarly blog "China Mongols and the Silk Road". Most recently his work has been featured in two anthologies "The Walkabout" and "The Pilgrimage Chronicles" both published by "Sacred World Publishing". In the Spring of 2018, Mr. O'Donnell taught a course on 'Marco Polo and the Silk Road' for The Christopher Wren Association at prestigious College of William and Mary of Virginia

"Readymades and Relief Assemblage Paintings"

The 'Assemblage' of found objects as an art form is little understood or respected outside of the core of art professionals who realize the important influence that Readymades, Collage and Assemblage art, and artists have had on the course of art and art history.

Marcel Duchamp the French - American conceptual artist, painter, sculptor, whose work is most associated with Dada the art movement, shocked the art world in 1917 with his piece entitled 'Fountain,' a urinal signed with the pseudonym "R. Mutt." Fountain was selected in 2004 as "the most influential artwork of the 20th century" by 500 renowned artists and historians. Dada is the groundwork to abstract art a prelude to postmodernism, an influence on pop art, and the movement that lay the foundation for Surrealism. Duchamp is commonly regarded, along with Pablo Picasso and Henri Matisse, as one of the three artists who helped to define the revolutionary developments in the plastic arts in the opening decades of the twentieth century.

"Readymades" were found objects which Duchamp chose and presented as art. In 1913, Duchamp installed a Bicycle Wheel in his studio. The idea was to question the very notion of Art, and the adoration of art, which Duchamp found "unnecessary." "My idea was to choose an object that wouldn't attract me, either by its beauty or by its ugliness. To find a point of indifference in my looking at it, you see".

This revolution has spawned thousands of artists famous and unknown alike who reveal in finding an object and bringing new life and meaning to it by combining it with others in strange and unusual ways. Today, the next important evolutionary step 'Installation Art' pieces have arisen from this field. Like poetry, the meaning of these works must be inferred, read between the lines. These objects speak in a subliminal language, spoken by the creator and interpreted by the viewer. This is the communication I hope to foster in my current works so that I might share my vision outwardly with the wider world.

"Navaho Sun" – Mixed Media on Canvas - 36 x 48 inches

"Starry Night Redux" – Mixed Media on Canvas - 36 x 48

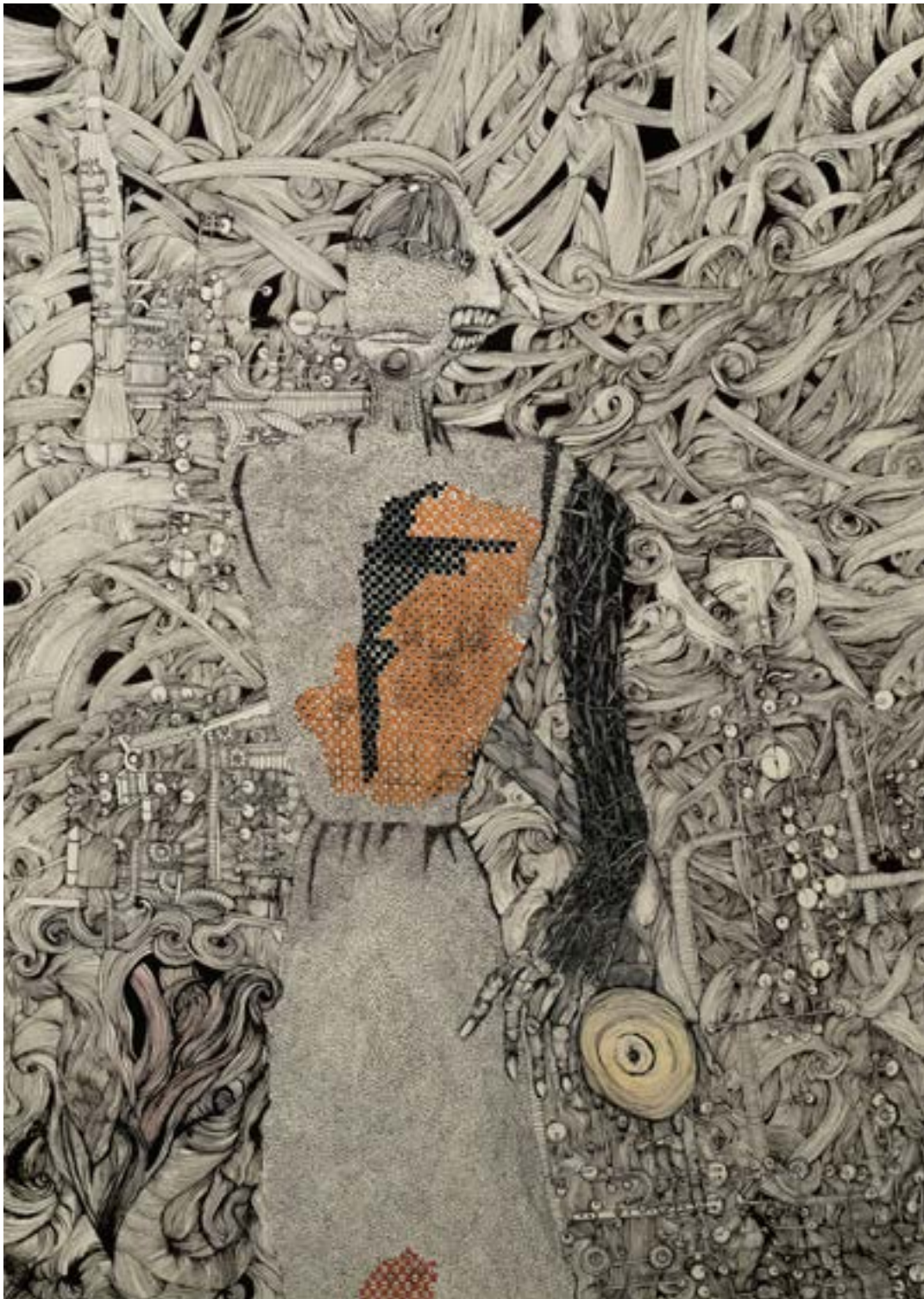
"Fall Painting" – Mixed Media on Canvas - 36 x 48 inches

Ladybugs

Courtney Wilber

I am lying with my back to the boulder where we first
made love our clothes in a pile the sun baking love in our skin
from this clearing we see the other mountains the highway beneath you
are testing my nerves you are pushing that impulsivity through your
veins walking along the edge of the mountain clutching a frail pine
I turn my gaze from your rough hand the bark flaking into you as ladybugs
gather at my skin like garnets their wings in arabesque the luck they bring
pressed to my skin with threads of their little black feet I can feel them they're
chewing my pain from my muscles unwrapping the cellophane grit of my brain
I cup my hands round an invisible crystal I see that our future is graced by the ladybug
footprints but there is a chill that pulls deep at the bones of my family it finds me in summer
the heat and the pollen comingled and spun on the air in the peaks of Black Mountain
it beckons my reverence one man who was wounded at war said somebody
asked me when I fought in Vietnam I was there last night and this morning I will
go there again in my dreams I remember my father making holes in the wall with his
fist making knots in my mother making ulcers in my stomach dry heaving
after he pushed me the noose that he threatened to hang from the rafters the Xanax that melted
his face and abandoning school with my mother to hide for a few
days I am there every morning I am there every night in my
dreams like the Vietnam vet no I just can't abandon the battlefield

Inspired by: "I Will Go Back Tonight." YouTube, uploaded by Kara Frame, 8 November 2016,
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z8LRLx3kZ1s>.



There'll Be No Sleep In Here Tonight

Anna Deligianni



Early Morning

Zoe Sever

Poetica Bravada

Eric Erickson

September 9, 1995

Pablo is telling her he can talk to her soul. *There is something disturbed about the melody.* His eyes are dark as beans. The sun kisses her forehead. The fog is settling in over the hills behind her. The tips of her boots press into the wet sand of Seal Beach so Lorelei can barely feel the earth shaking. Once terrified of experiencing her first quake, she now blends the tiny tremors with the potpourri of caffeine, vodka, and weed, the common veneer that built the scaffold for a series of other psychotropic experiences. Communion with whom? She asked Pablo and she would have to ask herself, and that answers to questions like that were insignificant in the face of a quaking earth and the pervading sensation of past footsteps, imagined and real, that walked these hills, ran barefoot through the cold Pacific surf, howled in the charcoal night in the key of light, in the key of old poetics, extinguished flames.

A boy named Pablo, introduced to Lorelei the first night she spent in the city, told her he could talk to her soul. He seemed a boy to Lorelei because of his stature, surely, and his penchant for showing up grubby and shirtless, but his innocence also shown through with assertiveness and bravado. Pablo was motherless, he liked to tell people, raised by a series of migrants that sent him into the city one day to buy amenities. When you'd ask him why he didn't return to the farm, he laughed and passed the joint. When you'd ask him whether or not he missed his family, he talked about his dreams, about living with a human-sized bird (a condor? you'd ask) that spread its immense feathery wings around him whenever he felt scared. *This is motherlessness*, she'd think. Sometimes he'd spread his own hands out wide, fingers spread and waving like goose-down in the breeze.

Pablo didn't seem connected to any particular group of friends, not Angela, who lived with Lorelei in an East Bay apartment, not Charlie either, the kid from Nebraska that spoke with an inexplicable British accent, not even Brad or Susan, the perfect neo-hippie couple, or Tamara and Tiko, the androgynous twins that had connected tattoos that formed a full serpent when their arms intertwined. Tamara gave birth to a baby girl on the day there was talk about Pablo's death. His lifeless body found in the Tenderloin, they said, but these events weren't ironic or dichotomous, they were the bridge, the point with which the monotony of rhythm contextualizes itself. For now, it seems to her to be a good enough reason to walk with him, Pablo, for all day if she has to. The motion helps when the quakes tremble the nerves; the gathering vibration of footsteps start to center the sky again, adjust the curvy horizon.

Pablo tells her to walk faster. *The ocean pounds in her mind.* She tells him she needs to stop for something to eat. Pablo reminds her that they don't have any money. Up Point Lobos Avenue there are a few shops in-between the block tri-level homes. Every hill wears on her ankles. Pablo seems to be dancing. Through the Richmond District, they take Geary Boulevard toward Ashbury, then cut over to the park. Now, they are both feeling pretty tired. Pablo starts talking to a police officer standing on a corner. Then, he follows two old women as they pull their groceries up another hill. *This city died young.* Above her, she notices a helicopter dragging some giant object across the sky. She can't tell what it is, but imagines that it might be supplies: food, water, emergency evacuation instructions. Pablo comes back with three dollars and seventy-nine cents.

In the Haight they stop on a park bench and share a two-dollar sandwich. They pay off two panhandlers with the rest, a young woman with sullen eyes and a boy that looks like Pablo, and feed some of their bread to a group of pigeons that have congregated around Pablo. He gets up and his body imagines a rhythm that Lorelei can't quite hear. She is hearing a staccato bass again, a slow mumbling jazz beat, but Pablo is dancing around on one foot; his hands pulsate at double and triple time. She can't decide if he is following her, splitting the beat, or if she is following him. Her mind returns to the hospital several miles away, the antiseptic walls surrounded by the non-indigenous shrubbery of Ohio or Indiana, the white coats and scrubs of well-choreographed chaos. Soon, they will be walking again, and Pablo continues to keep his feet moving spastically as the pigeons shift and jump around each other.

Your face

*dissolving in water, like wet clay
washed away like a rotten water lily.*

Her mind has started to forget and recalculate the chronology of things. Forever, it seems to her, her days are carved out of slowly drying mud. She can barely remember her childhood, and only tries so that she can prove her point. Pablo is crying now, and it doesn't seem unusual to Lorelei. She puts her arm around him on the bench and rubs the coarse, unwashed hair on his head. His crying slows to a soft sobbing, his tiny chest undulating quickly against her. Their heartbeats seem so divergent, and she counts the spaces in-between.

...in that strong gut it would come to life. She needs more than her arms to hold him up. She knows that right away. She reminds him that she is following him, that he has someplace for them to go. This seems to cheer him up and he wipes his cheeks. She holds his hands as they walk to keep him from getting scared, to keep him from crossing the street too fast. He starts to ask her a lot of questions: why is the Golden Gate Bridge not made of gold? What's at the bottom of the ocean? The gold is symbolic, she replies, this is the gateway to a bunch of gold, over a hundred years ago. Maybe the gold is at the bottom of the ocean, she says to save time. Maybe some of the gold is in your bathtub, she says laughing. Pablo laughs too, but she can tell he's not sure why he's laughing.

Before sunset, she sees the helicopter again. This time it is getting lower, hovering just above Nob Hill. Slowly, it lowers a large crate through the skylight of a three-story house. This time, she imagines that it must be a grand piano. She closes her eyes and thinks of the wind rippling over the keys, just slightly, just enough to augment the walking bass. As the crate is lowered into the house, the melody becomes more rich, a gently vibrating cymbal, and a windy falsetto slowly creeping in.

wordless as the flight of birds

They really don't know where they are going now, and Lorelei finds herself walking around in circles in the darkness near the Tenderloin. Pablo is following behind. His toes drag slowly across the pavement with each step. From the front, she asks him if she is headed in the right direction. Up and down blocks they trudge. Around one corner, she can see the Presidio cutting through the lifting evening fog. They turn down a narrow alley and see a few people standing in front of a basement doorway. They know this is the place. Inside, everyone is there: Milky, D.J. Snuff, Paul, The Man in the Tall Hat, Suicide Sue, Groover Cleveland, even Dead Grrrl. Lorelei holds Pablo up on her shoulders so that he can see everyone. It is dark and lit with strobes. At certain times the crowd is little more than a collection of disembodied arms and hands in a tidal surf. Lorelei shuts the music off in her mind to read the real vibrations of the room. There is something beginning. The beat is slower that way with the fill-ins all gone. Soon, the people are gone too, and the strobes are dimming and sluggish. She sits down with Pablo on a torn up couch in the corner of the room.

Your body sank, a good way back

He is becoming dust in her hands. She can barely hold on to it anymore as it slides through the cracks of her fingers. Soon, her hands are on her face as she breathes heavily into the residue of dust. *who forged this night?* She is tired of this man-made city and its man-made rhythms. At the beach she looked for other noises, but they were drowned out by the desperate pleas of Steinbeck, of Snyder, Kerouac, Cassady, Ferlinghetti, of Harte, Frost, Twain, London, even Caruso, whose voice shook the canyons around the bay, tore the city at its seams, set fire to its cathedrals of industry, even the pre-gentrified rhythms of Bill Frisell, Hawthorne Hawes, Tony Bennett, Jerry Garcia and the rest. Every voice with its dutiful time spent at the beach, roaring at the waves, or up high on the bridge, roaring at the waves beneath, a step from oblivion, building a world of oblivion in the midst of their roaring. She is going to leave San Francisco in a matter of months, but she imagines that she will return to the hospital first to ask Tamara if she can hold her baby. There is a rocking chair in the nursery and she can talk to the child softly between the bleeps and blurps of machinery around them. She imagines but she knows she will not ask, or even return to see the mother and child together, alive, worn out from the real chores of life.

The rave gets broken up by cops before too long, a few people, Paul, Dead Grrl and Groover go to jail for outstanding warrants. No one will notice Lorelei, alone on the couch, stroking an imaginary baby in her arms, silently chanting DiPrima against the rhythm of walkie-talkies and heavy boots:

enough love to break your heart forever

enough love to break your heart forever



Tel-Aviv

Zoe Sever



Fall Painting

Francis O'Donnell



Paradise Snake

Michal Shelly

Dave Petraglia



Climbing Love

Sarah Kersey

I could be made content reheating your memory,
instead of dreaming of you in my hunger,
glasses on face empty, eyes thirsty.

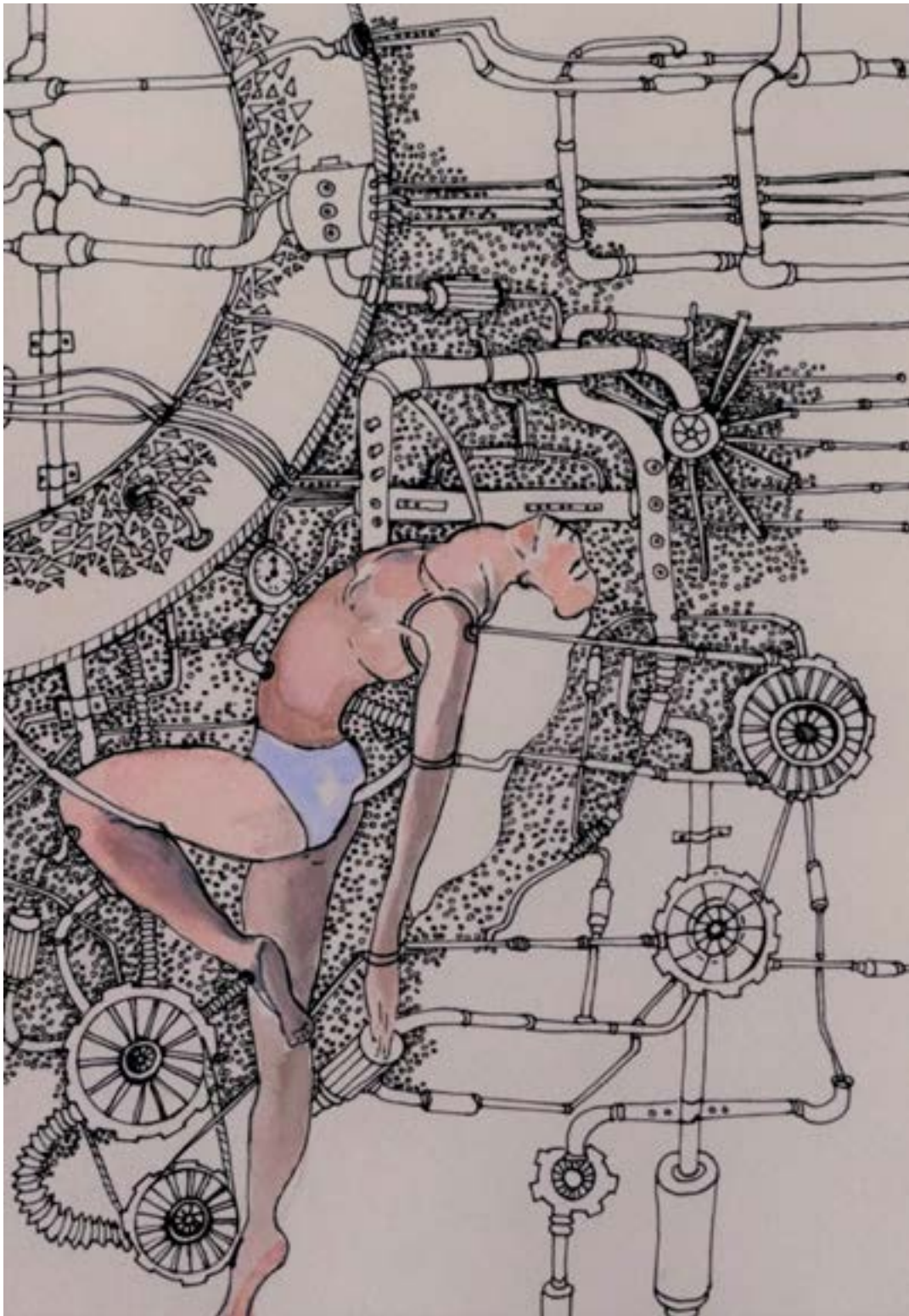
I love you through hardwire.
(They'll snatch it from my cold dead hands).
My mouth curls to your ear---
a suction cup riveted by the receiver.
(Sensation escaped from my hands like finger prints erased
from crystal that, except for special occasions, collects dust).
There are fault lines excused by our seismic friction.
(...and I never did want to switch to FiOS).
Being put together is not always constructive.
Love, don't leash my desire with necklaces.

Let the color rise to my face.
My nipple is a push lock.
My breast is a doorknob.
(The threshold is too low to be in love with you.
Chronicity is brewing).
I twist like a towel needing to be needed.
(It can't be very safe to always be wet,
think of the flesh-eating bacteria,

like when a tree becomes rabid
and ax must strike a complete fracture in its trunk.
You are ready shoe, but
this mallet will demand what's due me,
even if only for infant amusement,
which claims what will recess into darkness.
I don't have a nightlight to sleep there.
The carnival won't alarm that
I won a sucker's game.

How could I be yours if I can't be mine?)
I, straight while you lie,
balanced while you shelter.
I'm hung up, relying on my upper body strength;
or, the fallout from a self-sufficient woman.

If I had met you when I was older,
your love, tucked between my wrinkles,
would shed itself wide awake and excite this skin.



You Will Be Mine Till The End Of Time

Anna Deligianni

Contributor Bios

Caris Allen is a student at the University of North Texas pursuing a BA in English. Her work has previously been featured at Austin Film Festival, San Antonio Film Festival, Downtown Tyler Film Festival, and the North Texas Review.

Aja Bailey is a writer and pizza aficionado residing in the panhandle of West Virginia. She earned her B.A. in English with a concentration in Creative Writing from Shepherd University. Her fiction has appeared in Sans Merci, Backbone Mountain Review, and TROU Lit Mag.

Kate LaDew is a graduate from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro with a BA in Studio Art. She resides in Graham, NC with her cats Charlie Chaplin and Janis Joplin.

Eric Erikson's fiction has appeared in several literary journals, including A Lonely Riot, Brooklyn Magazine Sunday Stories, and Curbside Splendor. He currently serves as Associate Professor of English at Pikes Peak Community College in Colorado Spring, Colorado.

Goren Keren was trained as an art director, digital artist, designer and products developer. She received a B.DES degree in Visual Communications from Bezalel Academy of Art and Design in Jerusalem. Keren works in various techniques of printing, painting on glass and various materials. She is currently a product designer and digital artist working on glass and hard materials at Bluran LTD, where she also lectures on technology and design to architects and interior designers.

Sarah Kersey is a poet, musician, and x-ray tech from New Jersey. Her work is forthcoming in Literary Heist and Mortar Magazine. She has work published in Scarlet Leaf Review, The Fictional Cafe, The Harpoon Review, and elsewhere. She is an associate editor for South Florida Poetry Journal (Twitter: @soflopajo). Sarah can be found at sarahkerseypoetry.wordpress.com

Dave Petraglia is a Best Small Fictions 2015 winner. His writing and art has appeared in Bartleby Snopes, bohemianizm, Cheap Pop, Crack the Spine, Chicago Literati, Five:2:One, Gambling the Aisle, Hayden's Ferry, matchbook, Medium, McSweeney's, Necessary Fiction, North American Review, Per Contra, Points in Case, Prairie Schooner, Popular Science, Razed, SmokeLong Quarterly, Up the Staircase, and others. His blog is at www.davepetraglia.com

Joseph Reich is a social worker who lives with his wife and twelve year old son in the high-up mountains of Vermont. He has been published in a wide variety of eclectic literary journals both here and abroad and has been nominated seven times for The Pushcart Prize.

Lauren Scharhag is an award-winning writer of fiction and poetry. She lives on Florida's Emerald Coast. To learn more about her work, visit: www.laurenscharhag.blogspot.com.

Tayla Tamir was born in Israel, and lives Reut, a suburb of Modi'in. She received her MA in Art History from the Tel Aviv University in 2018, and studied with Miri Lavie and Limor Barnea. Tamir paints in a realistic style using oil colors and chalks on different platforms. Her work has been exhibited for the past 15 years in many solo and group exhibits. In this series of work, the broken shells stick out against the entire soft yolk. The yolk was wrapped and protected by the shell but does not collapse without it. This group of paintings can also be read from a feminist point of view. A woman (as a yolk) wishes to be free from the depressing roles that men designate her (stay at home and give birth, be thin and pretty). Women should feel free and authentic without shells.
talia62@netvision.net.il

Zoe Sever was born in the city of Lviv in Ukraine in 1974 and moved to Israel with her parents in 1990. She is a graduate of the Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design, Jerusalem. Since 2012 she has been exhibiting professionally in Israel and around the world. Her works can be found in private collections as well as museums and galleries in USA, UK, Germany, Russia, France, Spain, Poland, Israel, France, Ukraine and Kazakhstan.
<https://m.facebook.com/Zoe-Sever-Artist-1475026252748227/> severzoe@gmail.com

Michal Shelly, is an expressionist painter and member of Impact, the professional visual artist association. She studied at Ha'Midrasha Le'Omanut Israel College and lives in Rehovot, Israel. Shelly's work is included in numerous private, corporate, museum, gallery and government collections and she has exhibited internationally. www.MichalShellyArt.com

