

February 2018 Eleven Poems

$How\ We\ Talk\ About\ Juliet\ {\tt By\ Amanda\ Lee}$

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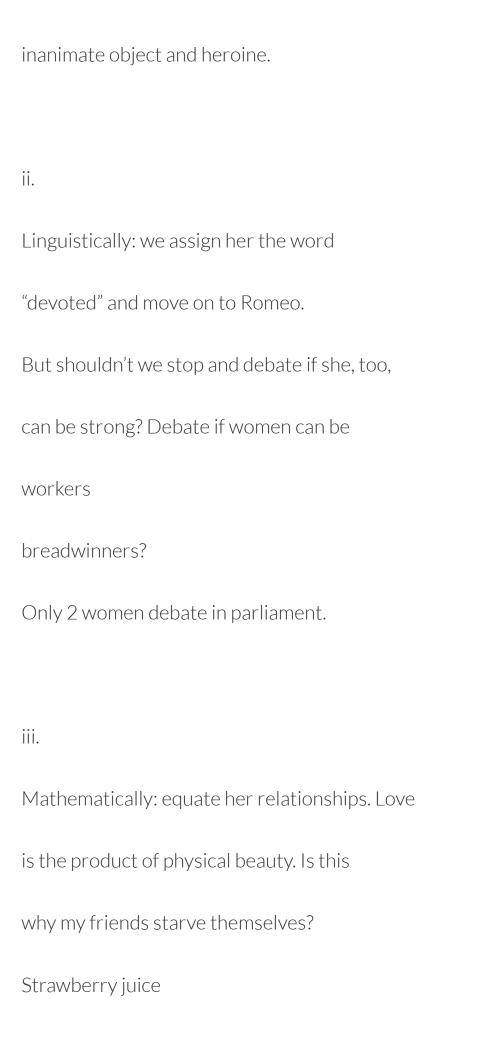
Botanically: as the blushing rose named

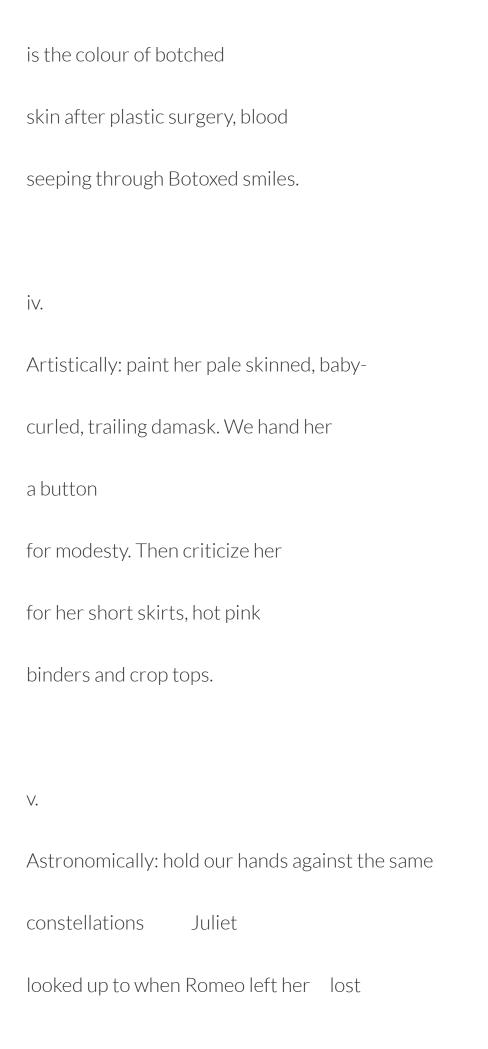
for her, vivisected into light-shy

petals. On the flower

-laced continuum of taxonomy

we scatter her somewhere between





and alone. We watch the moon wax and

wane, looking for a line of best fit

through this

star-crossed path.

Amanda Lee Siu Ching is from Singapore. Amanda is a student at Raffles Girls' School (Secondary) and a Creative Arts Programme mentee. Her work has been recognised by the Torrance Legacy Creative Writing Awards and appeared in TeenInk.

Father By Stephen Duncanson

May I move your shovel from beside the door? Back when I was little, the street you'd clear stamping, damp layers shed, boots upon the floor; you haven't touched it once this year.

Scrape scrape, oh how quickly you would move. My brothers too would press our noses against window glass to see what you've cut through the snow, red hat and standing tall.

And now your hair gets more and more like snow; it's melting off with every coming spring.

And grey, asphalt pebbles, where once was glow —do I need worry? Have you lost something?

Father, I moved your shovel from beside the door, now I brave the storm outside and I need you, all the more.

Stephen Duncanson is a freshman at Southern Connecticut State University. He has been published once before in the Blue Marble Review as well as in Polyphony HS. In his free time he enjoys reading and weightlifting.

Solipsist By Dana Dykiel

Small towns grow big stories

in the cracks between the sidewalk, in the silence

between words, the ones we fill

with what we do not know.

We have heard sirens call

from static, read novels

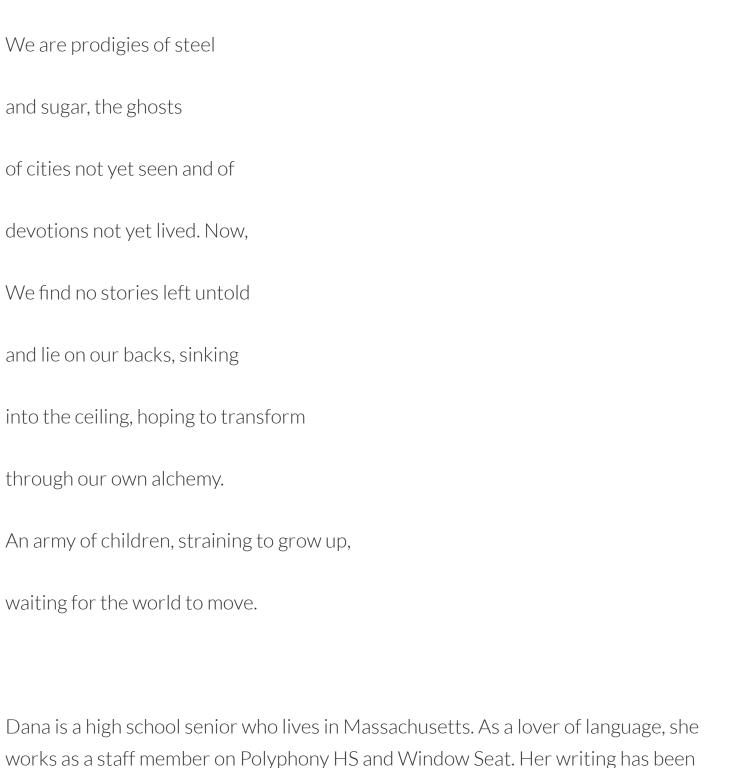
from paragraphs, built lives

out of fantasies.

We have bloomed too bold

for tepid sunlight and gentle

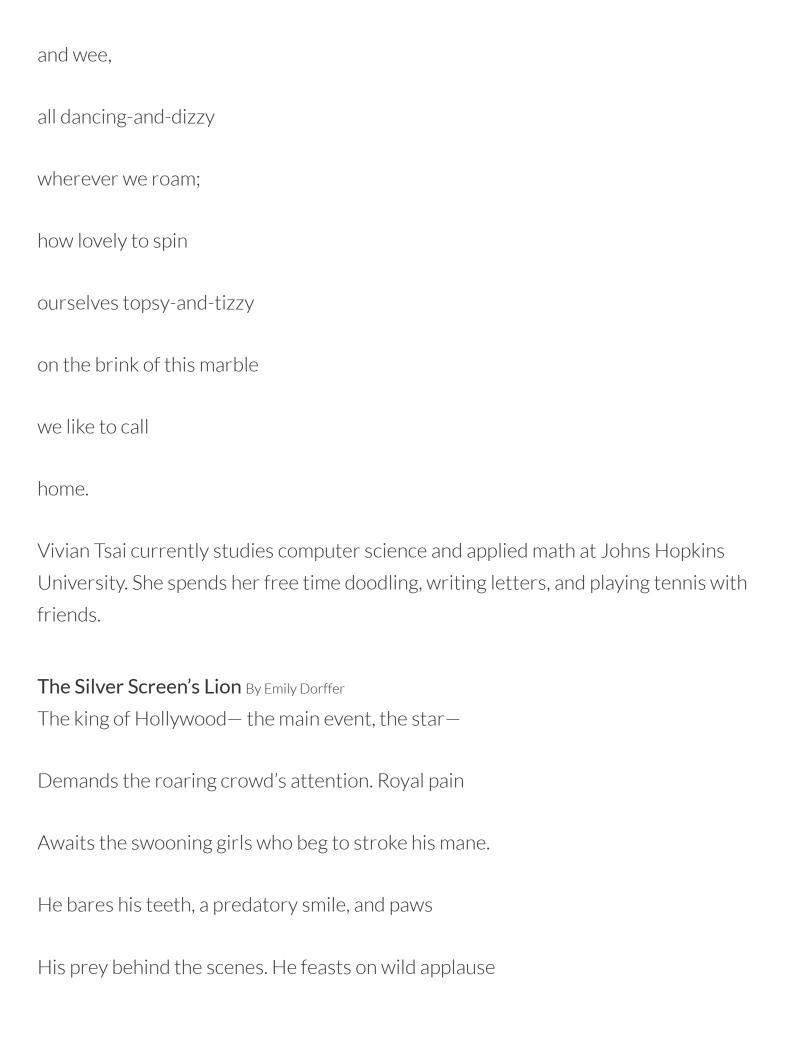
breaths of earth-

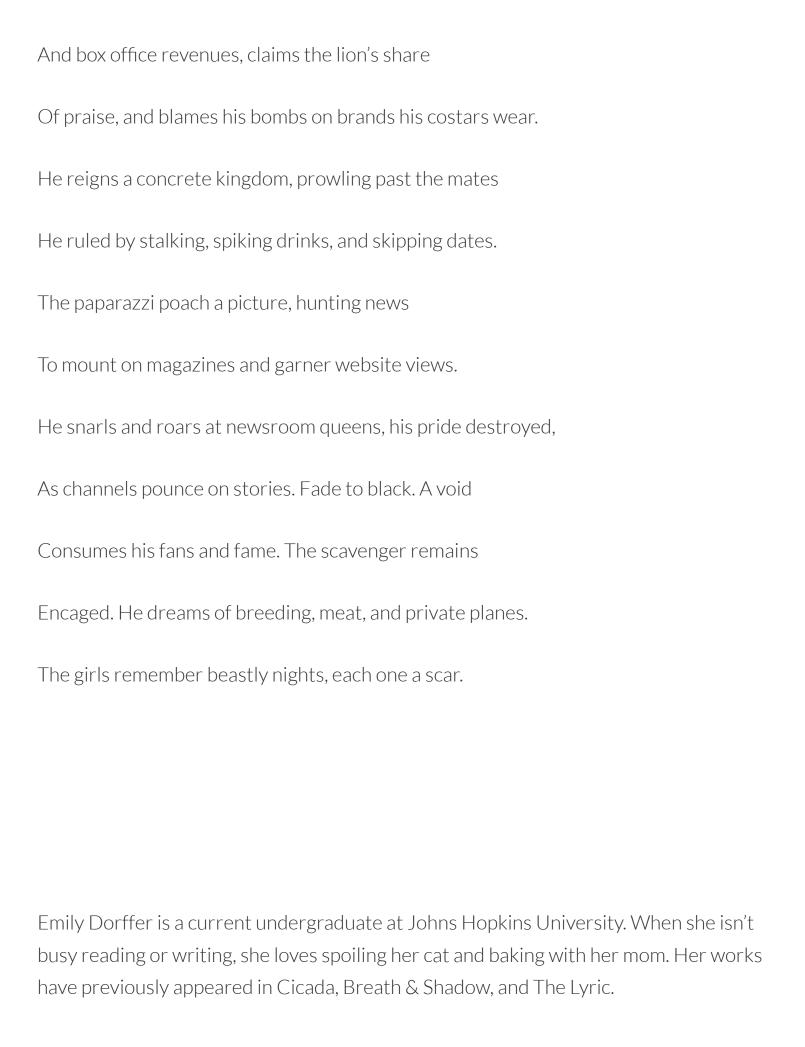


Dana is a high school senior who lives in Massachusetts. As a lover of language, she works as a staff member on Polyphony HS and Window Seat. Her writing has been recognized by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards, as well as published on Kingdoms in the Wild.

Planet Blue By Vivian Tsai

beneath the clear sky we are wide-eyed





2nd Period Maths By J.L. von Ende I don't consider myself a poet I like to think I'm a mathematician: There's something burning inside her That I can't quite calculate. Each time she speaks I listen closely for hidden x's and y's Maybe a z or two But my mind is distracted by the movement of her lips A cosine curve in dark red. She ties her hair up into deep chestnut twists My abstract geometry professor wasn't lying Fibonacci spirals do exist everywhere. Hove mathematics Puzzles, missing pieces, transformations through numeral planes God, this is the most challenging puzzle of them all

I scribble out equations over and over
And smear graphite on my fingertips
But my final conclusion is always the same:
I love this girl more than I ever could the numbers.
J.L. Von Ende is eighteen-year-old writer from Washington, D.C. His hobbies include: feeding pigeons, studying mathematics, writing, and riding the subway for fun.
Flush By Rachana Hegde
I think of freedom as an empty vessel
singing about god's mercy and how she
singing about god's mercy and how she
singing about god's mercy and how she thrashed the skies, how the rivers flocked
singing about god's mercy and how she thrashed the skies, how the rivers flocked to her bedside as god sang the mountains

release when milk spills from our mouths,

baby teeth gleaming on the rooftop.

I dream of an origami moth's tongue

folding and bursting into flames.

I think of gulping the smoke billowing

from our cars and wonder how fish

can plunge down the toilet but wash up

on shore, glowing clean, dripping wet

onto the sand. You see, I want to learn

how to flush my sins like purging the

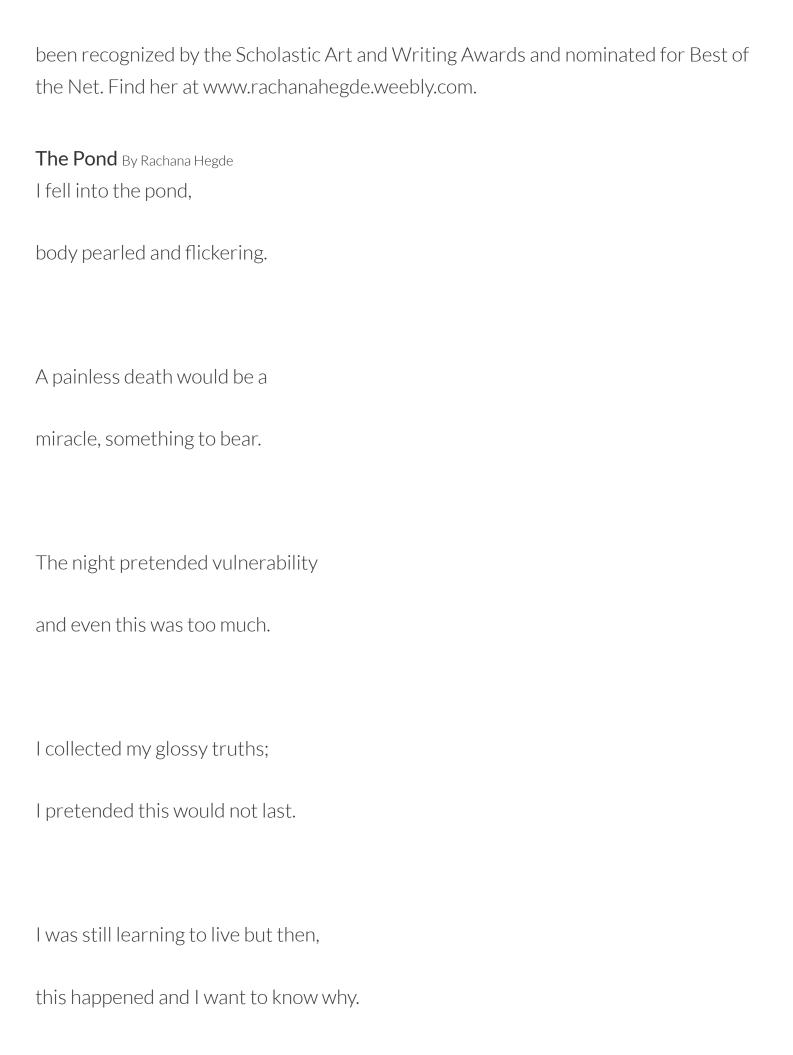
aftertaste from wine. Prayers slip down

the steps of a temple and I ask god how to

wring the sadness from my body. I dream

of scraping the salt from my silhouette.

Rachana Hegde is an eighteen- year-old Indian writer from Hong Kong. Her poetry has appeared in DIALOGIST, Diode Poetry Journal, and The Blueshift Journal. Her work has



My tongue lay trapped, lazy like a frog boiling in its sweat.

I hungered for melted chocolate as my fear stained the water.

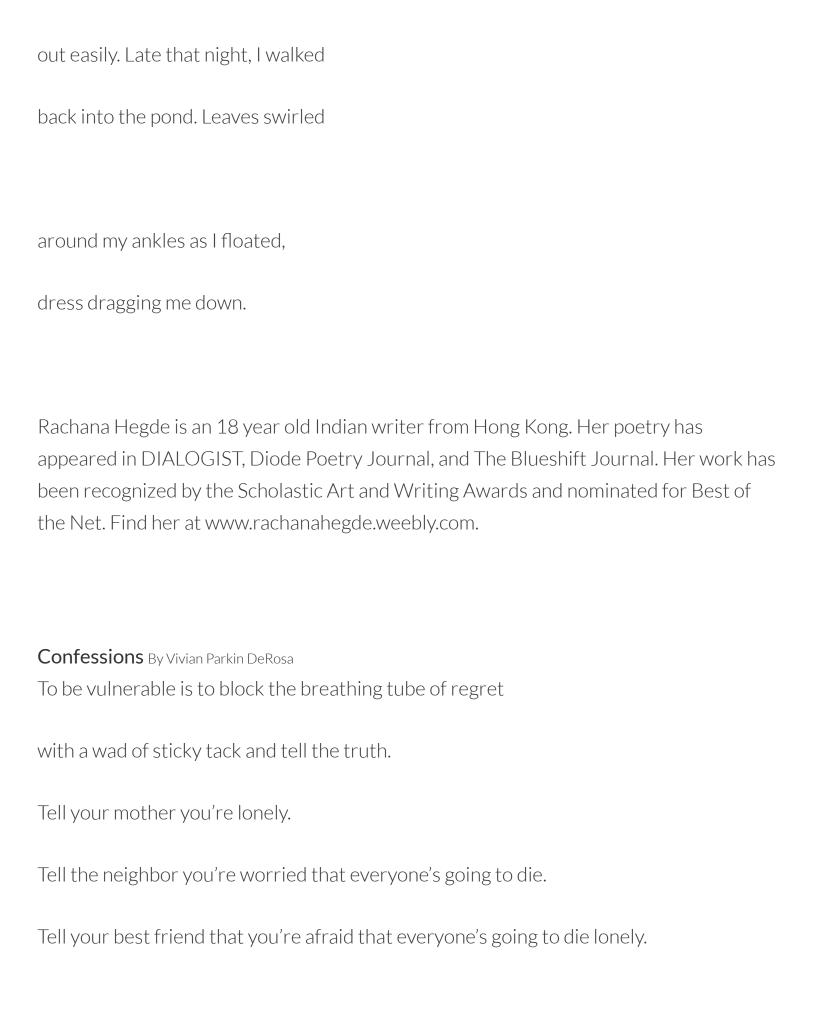
The upturned faces of our mothers shone in the light. It was hard to

apologize for this intentional mistake.

I had to tear apart the truth, maybe

dress it up like a ghost story.

I buttered my lips so it would slide



truth has always been inside of you, and so has vulnerability, sitting with their knees pulled up to their chest in the corner of your heart, waiting to hitchhike through your mouth so they won't weigh down your chest anymore.

To be vulnerable is to stop using 2nd person,

because it distances the reader from the writer.

So I'll tell my mother I'm lonely,

and I'll tell my neighbor that everyone's going to die,

and I'll tell you that I'm worried we'll die lonely.

but I know that you hear me, and that is the opposite

of lonely.

brush off the winter from your shoulders so you won't
be so cold and rip off your skin to show everyone
your bleeding heart. the Spring spilled blood brings

is so warm and wet and intimate.

Vivian Parkin DeRosa is an editor, writer, blogger, and intern at Project Write Now. Her work has appeared on the HuffPost and in several small literary magazines. She's currently working on a novel.

Art Theft By Adam Zhou

I like to paint / over a painting / just to see / if the story it tells / the one with the purple sky / and below it / a pair of silhouettes / changes into one / where I'm actually in. / It's fine if I'm stood / behind the trunks of the autumn trees / or in the form of a lone sparrow / or even hidden in the crevices of the minds of two children. There's a bottle of tears / under my bed / and as I let the substance spill / onto my fingers / and slither / into the nooks of the frame / I watch a blue-gray sea / of scattered memories / ripple against its own waves. / The landscape / now is darkness. / Perhaps there was nothing / to begin with / and so I'll start / my own journey. / The brushes / on blank canvas / pave a never ending / road.

Adam Zhou has been recognized by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards at the National Level and his work has appeared or is forthcoming in The Rising Phoenix Review, What Rough Beast, The Kill List Chronicles, Eunoia Review, Glass: A Journal of

Poetry, among others. As a high school sophomore at the International School Manila, he has been subject to the wide array of exhibitions cultural perspectives have to offer and aims to share these through writing.

Death the Chef By Emily Dorffer

Preparing blackened boy, I heat a house

with matches struck by boredom. Hungry flames

escape and gnaw the door. The boy can't douse

the fire that licks the walls and ends his games.

I marinate a girl in salty brine.

As coral traps her foot, some kelp and weeds

entangle legs. A shark's sharp teeth confine

her thrashing limbs. She trails from jaws and bleeds.

Methinks it's best to serve outdoorsmen chilled.

As snowflakes season skin, the hiker slips.

The crack of bone on stone announces spilled

ingredients, and frostbite tints his lips.
One day, dear reader, you shall make a fine,
delicious dish, and I alone shall dine.
Emily Dorffer is a current undergraduate at Johns Hopkins University. When she isn't busy reading or writing, she loves spoiling her cat and baking with her mom. Her works have previously appeared in Cicada, Breath & Shadow, and The Lyric.