

Paths by Veronica Wang

Blue Marble Review November Poems 2024

Cartography of Absence By Ari Jain

In the museum of lost things, I trace
the outline of your departure. Here,
a glass case houses the echo of your laugh,
preserved in amber and forgetfulness.

There's an art to curating emptiness—
each void carefully labeled, catalogued
by the weight of its silence. I've become
an expert in the taxonomy of gone.

In the gift shop, I purchase a postcard
of the space you used to occupy. It's blank,
of course. I write Dear _____ on the back,
but can't remember how to spell your name.

The docent leads a tour through the wing
of almosts and not-quites. We pause
before an exhibit of near-misses,
their almost-touches frozen in time.

I donate my collection of your maybes
to the archive. They file it away
under "Potential Energy, Unrealized"—
a whole universe of what-ifs, gathering dust.

At night, the museum comes alive
with the rustling of phantom limbs.
Amputated futures stretch and yawn,
staging a rebellion against absence.

I volunteer as night watchman,
guardian of all we've misplaced.
In the dark, I polish the display cases
of regret until they shine like new moons.

Sometimes, I swear I can hear you
whispering from inside the walls.
But it's just the building settling,
adjusting to the weight of what's not there.

In the morning, I'll open the doors
to another day of careful preservation.
Visitors will come to gawk at the relics
of lives unlived, loves unkindled.

And I'll be here, cartographer
of the negative space you left behind,
mapping the contours of your non-existence
with the precision of a heart that won't forget.

Ari is a writer born and raised in Memphis, Tennessee. Their work can be found in Eunoia Review, Gigantic Sequins, and Blue Marble Review, among others. They have been recognized by the National YoungArts Foundation, the National Scholastic Art and

Writing Awards, and more. In their free time, they enjoy playing pickleball and badminton.

see me as me not as she By Deelisha Trika

See me as me not as she

View my personality

On what am I today, how far I'll succeed

Not all my yesterdays , not on my ethnicity

See me as me not as she

You don't have to stare

What if I am dark or fair

I can be whatever I want to be, You be equal to me

See me as me not as she

If only we change our perspective

I don't need hackney'd adjectives

If only we change and overthrow our beliefs

See me as me not as she

Don't put me in a corner

Plant me where I grow

Not suppressed, but where I express, for you'll only reap what you sow

See me as me not as she

Let me be me, flying with spirited wings

Like day and night, him and her, let the twain co-exist

No alchemy needed, if you willingly change, if you willingly change

See me as me not as she

When decisions are made, ask me! T's not just about you or me

I've potential, everything can be us

Together more we can achieve

No barriers to tell what each can be

See me as me not as she

See me as me not as she

Deelisha Trikha is a passionate teen from India who loves literature. She loves reading books and creating things, absorbs a lot and feels that there is a lot she can give to the world.

summer lambs By Ema Bekic

lambs racing through split bushes,

khakis and grown-in splinters burrowed under

goose-bump covered skin; us three girls, wiry legs and

knobby knees, hidden under unicorn bandaids and smiley-face

stickers from the dollar store.

we told ourselves to look for ghosts, an emblem

of a 3am bloody mary ritual in a china-tiled bathroom;

dirt caressed our fingernails, growing flowers from our

own nutrients and hope.

we brushed each others' hands, leaving

carcasses of dreams amidst the blossoming of
once-dead pine trees and snail shells; we were

infinite, unstoppable by none other than a ringing
dinner bell.

our grey hair would never grow in, wrinkles unknown,
unfazed by lost teeth and trickles of blood; not even

the spreading bruise of an impending tornado in the wheat fields
could stop us from clutching each other under the shadows

of sickly branches.

ghosts disappeared, threatened by home-made EMF readers

and pink Disney walkie-talkies; floating home from a fruitless
vacation: the corpse of a possum, blackened lungs choking

on freedom summers and boiling skin, arms wide-open,
waiting for the final haunt.

Emma Bekic is a student at Interlochen Arts Academy, majoring in Creative Writing. Using her roots in both Canada and Serbia, she writes bilingually, drawing upon the voices of her heritage and the thrills of youth. When she isn't writing, you can find her travelling with her camera or collecting scraps of literature.

Back to Junction Boulevard By Dylan Fei

And, we're back.

Junction Blvd., a train
stop, the neighbor's mop,
the rhythm's pop, where
leaves, even those of
the smallest twigs, emit
a beautiful green shine.

If only younger me appreciated
the Boulevard as much as
Wordsworth praised the
beauty of nature. Those walks
to Queens Mall would have
felt like saunters across the
Red Carpet, though simpler
in thought and purer in joy.

Those train rides to Flushing,
taking the 'R' and the '7',
comfortably nested in the train's
prismatic orange seat, then
lent an aroma by the hair
of the woman across from me.

The Man on the Microphone

bids us farewell. And, farewell
it was, having ended up an hour
away in Long Island.

From NYC to Long Island to NYC, Dylan Fei enjoys all things creative, especially the way
Allen Ginsberg reads his poems.

Ordinary Bird By Patrick Whitney

People ask so much
of me: Do you believe
in ghosts? Were you
ever in love? If you were
an animal, which one?

A bird, I say.

All three agree a
plain old bird is boring,
think themselves more
exotic: tiger, giraffe,
dragon, which one says
doesn't count.

Entwined in the ongoing
argument, it threads like a web,
I become a fly

trapped in the room,
like a boy
tethered to his dying
father's bed

as he prepares for this
great leap. He is
no ordinary bird.

Watch.

Patrick Whitney goes to Brooklyn Elementary School. He writes stories and poetry. He also wrote a play.

cycles By Nadyne Sattar

Dawn bursts from the mother's womb — lights the sky — all golden snowflakes, scarlet rain, cinnamon dust across the old spinning earth. Verdant trees go roseate. Stars fade like classic

folklore, bygone stories thrumming between skin and bone. It's a human thing, an anthropological wonder, an archaeological artifact. No one thought they'd miss the gods' wrath. Lightning

strikes the tree atop the hill — it's a dark and stormy night. We cup our hands, catch the tempest as it crashes, burning brilliant even as it dies upon our palms. Cumulonimbus moves across

state lines, a traveler, nomadic as we were meant to be. It is a human mystery, how we became sedentary — like falcons, birds of a feather, we chased distant horizons, following them

to their glowing sunsets. Dusk settles down, gathers the kids around a campfire to tell ghost stories. Wandering feet grow stagnant, spirits retire to restfulness. Storm calms. Stars turn

the wheel of time, the sky, and human life. Farewell and begone.

Nadyne Sattar is a Bangladeshi American high schooler and poet raised somewhere between the sea and the Midwest. She writes about identity, youth, mortality, this ancient Earth, and other such messy things. Her work has been recognized by various organizations, including the National YoungArts Foundation and the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers.

meeting with the moon By Robin Mikita

in the dark of night I steal away,
slip through the shivering fields to pray
on my knees, my fingers intertwined
the only way I know how to find
my ethereal companion, the lovely moon
For only she listens to my sorrowful tune
Haunted by unrequited love
anguished eyes gaze up above
to a soul who has shared my pain
One that shall never truly wane
For she orbits the earth and I a boy

both unaware of this eternal deploy
of affection and love granted by choice
but one I'll undoubtedly never voice

Robin A. Mikita is a freshman in high school from Pennsylvania. When she is not writing, she can be found reading, watching true crime documentaries, or drinking unhealthy amounts of coffee. She won second place in the 2024 International Humanitarian Law Essay Competition and aspires to be an author someday.

February 15th By Jenna Mather

You cooked me dinner last night,
and I can still taste the warmth of
sirloin and butter and your lips and
our bed after two cocktails. Tangled
in the sheets, I can remember our first
meal: vegetable risotto and salmon at
a candlelit restaurant before we walked
along the riverbank, me under your arm
among the crisp rose petals of fall leaves.
Back in your room, I tasted the cologne
on your skin while you freed my dress
and my self-control and my appetite in
that same gentle way you crack an egg
so we can share cookie dough and wine
on the duvet at midnight. I'm still hungry
from our first months apart—I remember
the bouquets you sent me, the starvation
of our kisses in the car when you met

me at the airport with your love and a sandwich and another seven recipes for us to try. This is just one reason I want to spend my life with you: even on February 15th, I crave our next meal.

Jenna Mather is a graduate of the University of Iowa, where she studied English and creative writing. With her poetry, short fiction, and creative nonfiction, she tries to untangle the complexities of love, womanhood, and the writing life. On any given day, you can find her in a coffee shop—or online at [@_jennamather](#) and [jennamather.com](#).

self-portrait in my mirror By Sierra Elman

sometimes

when i look in the mirror,

i see your face in mine—

the dip of your nose,

the arch in your brow,

the earnest

curve of your lips.

i wonder if

it's a mind's trick,

if it's my head

assuring me

you're still here.

my head
is lying.

**

i do this every summer

write about
another pitiful
lost love that wasn't really

lost

because it wasn't really love

sometimes i share

these pathetic poems
with my friends

they used to cry
now they wince

i'm losing my rhythm,
my lyric

**

i run the shower—
i like the water hot,

tattooing words onto
my back, carving

through skin, through bone.

fool

i stare at the walls,

lean down—almost
kiss the glass—
instead, i breathe.

i write in the fog—
your name, over
and over and
over

until the letters
blur together

into a pool of steam—

i see my reflection
but i can't tell

if it's me
or if it's
you.

Sierra Elman is an aspiring author and poet. She has been recognized by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards, Stone Soup, NaNoWriMo, and is a three-time winner of the Sarah Mook Poetry Contest. Besides writing, she also enjoys playing the piano and guitar.

A non-believer befriends faith By Kimaya Natekar

I called myself an atheist

until I sat at my desk and the words stopped flowing like they used to

until I misplaced the divinity within myself

put it somewhere I couldn't quite find it, and I promise I looked everywhere

until the first boy who gifted me flowers ripped my heart out of the cage that sheltered it

until adulthood came knocking at my door without texting or calling first

yelled at me to be financially independent

in the form of an irate parent

until it was apparent

that I wasn't a one-woman army

Now I look for God in

the night-lamp next to my bed that never goes out

nestled amidst the notes of *Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor* by Bach

in the effortful activation of my right cerebral hemisphere

the cup of *chai* I brew for myself as an evening ritual

self-help podcasts and freshly changed bedsheets

and sometimes, if I'm brave enough,

I look for God

In the mirror

Kimaya Natekar is a recent graduate from FLAME University, a liberal arts school in Pune, India, where she majored in psychology with a sociology minor. She enjoys academic writing, and her research articles have been published in TheGrayMatterNews and SentinelAssam. She strongly believes, however, that she is a poet at heart, and grabs every opportunity she gets to prove it to herself.

Aviary By Lily Jefferson

It's June

and there's still a

lump in my throat.

I've tried everything.

Tea. Medicine. Intimacy.

Burning the photographs
and attending therapy.

I drop a bird at your door
and I know you don't understand:
I love you in a way that's different
violent, and blue.

I almost confessed it to you
but on its way out, it was too large
and got caught in the tube.
Now it's trapped in my throat
and even grandma doesn't know what to do.

Lily is a student and writer based in Miami, Florida. She enjoys writing poetry, short fiction, and plays. Her work has been published previously in Aries Magazine, Silent Spark Press, and produced on her high school stage. When she is not writing, she is lending a hand at the theatre.

how to love a black hole By Emily Ma

*darkness—that perpetual question—
crashes over my room, my bed, me
my reckless mind breathes life into
a new world, one with:*

perpetual football on the tv /
half-drunk coffee resting on the counter /
two-player video games /
a tissue box lying untouched /

shaving cream bottles by the bathroom sink /
the sound of laughter /
tardiness that never drags past fifteen minutes /
a smile that kisses the corners of my eyes /
a living room safe from jeering spirits /
a mother who can get out of bed without collapsing /
my awful dad jokes /
and a dad to share them with.

Emily is a high schooler from California. In her free time, she enjoys making low-quality memes with Imgflip and struggling to debug her code.

A traveler, back home By Braden Booth

Doubts steal in your mind on insect feet when you're back home
They don't when
You're in unfamiliar waters
But when you sip from
The cool well you grew up on
Your muse the moon of your childhood
You start to feel a familiar unfamiliarity with happiness
I lay my hand on my desk
Imagining braille in needles
Spelling out
C-O-L-D
This desk has seen
Too much
Everything of me
Held a Bible

Kids new international version
And a chemistry book for my first lost love
That of learning
But lithium and Leviticus both went unread
As I wrote instead like Marco
Polo!
Of travels and fine food
Silk and perfume
Or whatever the midwestern equivalent is

I etched experience into this desk
And the first hard frost of November can't erase it

Braden Booth is a Missouri-based poet. His work is uniquely inspired by the classics, as well as his upbringing on a Southwest Missouri cattle farm. He is a poet capable of a familiarity and respect for the great poets of the past, while still burrowing into the gritty realities of our modern life. Braden is currently a sophomore at the University of Missouri, where he's majoring in Psychology and minoring in Creative Writing. He has been published in EPIC Magazine and is currently an intern at Persea Publishing. Braden seeks to bring forth a wholly American form of poetry, a form reminiscent of Cummings and Whitman yet rooted in the land he came from and the small town he grew up in.

Canceled By Alison Hwang

I clench my jaw
And performatively lift
The ends of my lips
I have them now
14 desperate eyeballs waiting

For this moment
I am the star, suspended
In a web of my own making
Amidst the stench of cafeteria broccoli and
A jungle of multi-colored chirping birds
Their eyes are flies
Caught in my web
Of tenuous laughter

I swallow their approval like flies
Gulping each down
Until they dance in my belly
I have become
What they wanted
And erased me

Alison Hwang is an avid creative writer from California. Her work has been recognized by Beyond Words Literary Magazine, Skipping Stones, Rising Phoenix Review, and more. She is also an artist who illustrated part of “Weston Finds Wonder,” a children’s book with the Clinton Foundation. When given the gift of time, Alison loves secretly dancing her heart out in her bathroom, trying to find the things she lost, and reviewing local restaurants.

you By Axen Anjum

You are not who you think you are. They will tell you it to your face, they will say it with such courage and bravery and confidence that it is so correct, that it is an irrefutable fact of life. You are not who you think you are.

You are not who you think you are. They will tell you no, you don't actually like that. No, you don't actually dislike that. No, you are not that type of person. No, you are not actually a boy, you are still a girl. No, you are not actually a girl, you are still a boy. No, you are not neither, you are one or the other. You are not who you think you are.

You are not who you think you are. They will tell you no, you don't actually want that. No, you don't actually not want that. No, you don't know what you want. No, you can't choose for yourself. Aren't you too confused? Aren't you too weak? Aren't you unprotected?

You are not who you think you are. You will tell yourself that to your face in the mirror, with such courage and confidence and bravery that it is so correct, that it is an irrefutable fact of life. No, you don't actually like that. No, you don't actually dislike that. No, you are not a boy, you are not a girl, you are not neither or both or in-between. No, you don't want that. No, you don't not want that. No, you can't choose for yourself. No, you are not yourself. What are you? What *are you*? If not yourself, then what?

You are not who you think you are. Those words will surround you, cover your eyes in a haze that's soft as wool yet crushes you like a hydraulic press. Those words will slither down and wrap themselves around your body, clinging tight to your limbs, digging right into your skin, and you will sit there and accept it, because you don't know any better. You are not who you think you are, and you do not know who you are, and both facts exist at once in a way that hurts and hurts and *hurts* and traps you in an eternal prison, a cage in your own mind, a cell around your heart.

And the bindings will only stay on until you go back and reflect on everything everyone has said. Have they lived your life? Do they pioneer your body? Do they wake up every day with your eyes and your skin and your flesh and your breath? Do they wake up with your thoughts and your feelings and your brain? Do they? *Do they?*

And, you'll say, the answer is no, of course they don't. Because you do that. You have lived your life, you have walked in your skin, your shoes, and nobody else has. That's where the problem is, isn't it? The fallacy. And as you realize that, the bindings will become slightly looser, knowing that the truth is found, knowing that you're finally aware. How does a human describe life as a rose when they've never been one? How does a wolf describe life as a lamb when it's never seen such a thing? How does one describe someone else when they are *simply not that person*?

And that's it. There it is. The knife to cut the bindings, the fan to bat away the haze from your eyes, the purifier for the air entering your lungs. The words you need to change, the phrase you need to find.

You are not who they think you are.

Axen (he/xen) is a writer, artist, and currently a high school sophomore. He writes science fiction and dystopia, though dabbles in poetry on the side.

Poem to a Michigan Cherry By Marguerite Flaig

Plump valves of fruit flesh drip
juice blood into my cuticles.

My heart's fruit and pulsing skin
Squeaky smooth against my lips.

One bite to find the round seed,
The star, and cherry flesh, the fuchsia halo.

Stained teeth spit pit
And toss the hanger stem.

Marguerite is a lifelong lover of words and stories. A current senior in high school, she began writing in third grade and continues to write every day. Marguerite is a 2024 Denison University Reynolds Young Writers Workshop alum, a 2024 Cincinnati Overture Awards finalist for short fiction, winner of the 2023 Montgomery Women's Club award for Poetry, and received regional recognition for the 2024 Scholastic Art and Writing Award for flash fiction. Marguerite hopes to study neuroscience, English, and philosophy in college. In her free time, she enjoys playing tennis and walking with her dog, Ted.

Titled By Leah Holman

As language comes together
Tiny etches on a page
They bring a forth a symphony of life
They evoke passion
Dancing as they leave my fingertips

It's funny how powerful they are
A train of thoughts
Picking me up in a daze
And dropping me off in the space between dreams and reality

It's frightening their force
Miners working through the night
Shoveling tears from my eyes
And pick-axing at my heart, bit by bit


It's inspiring to see their worth
Each one is a drop in an ocean
A ring in an old tree
An atom of life
Coming together to create beauty

How do I summarize all this
With just one tiny word
At the top

Leah is a high school senior in Blaine Minnesota. She enjoys restoring classic cars with her dad and spending quality time with her family and friends.

Blank Canvas, Reimagined By Le Wang






Le Wang is a student, writer, and artist from New York. Le's poetry is forthcoming in the Eunoia Review and the Fleeting Daze Magazine. Her art is also forthcoming in the borderline magazine. Her work has been recognized by Scholastic Arts and Writing. When Le isn't busy with school, she can be found reading, enjoying a matcha latte, or drawing.

the ballerina By Edith May





the ballerina

Edie May is a seventeen- year-old artist and high school student from Massachusetts.

Self-Portrait By Amy Pan



Self-Portrait

Amy Pan is a high school senior and multimedia artist based in the Bay Area. Working with diverse mediums including fiber, beads, paper, paint, animation, and graphic design, she weaves natural elements into her storytelling to reflect human experiences. Her creative works aim to inspire a more thoughtful and compassionate society by seamlessly blending scientific concepts with art.

Self-Made By Mile Qian



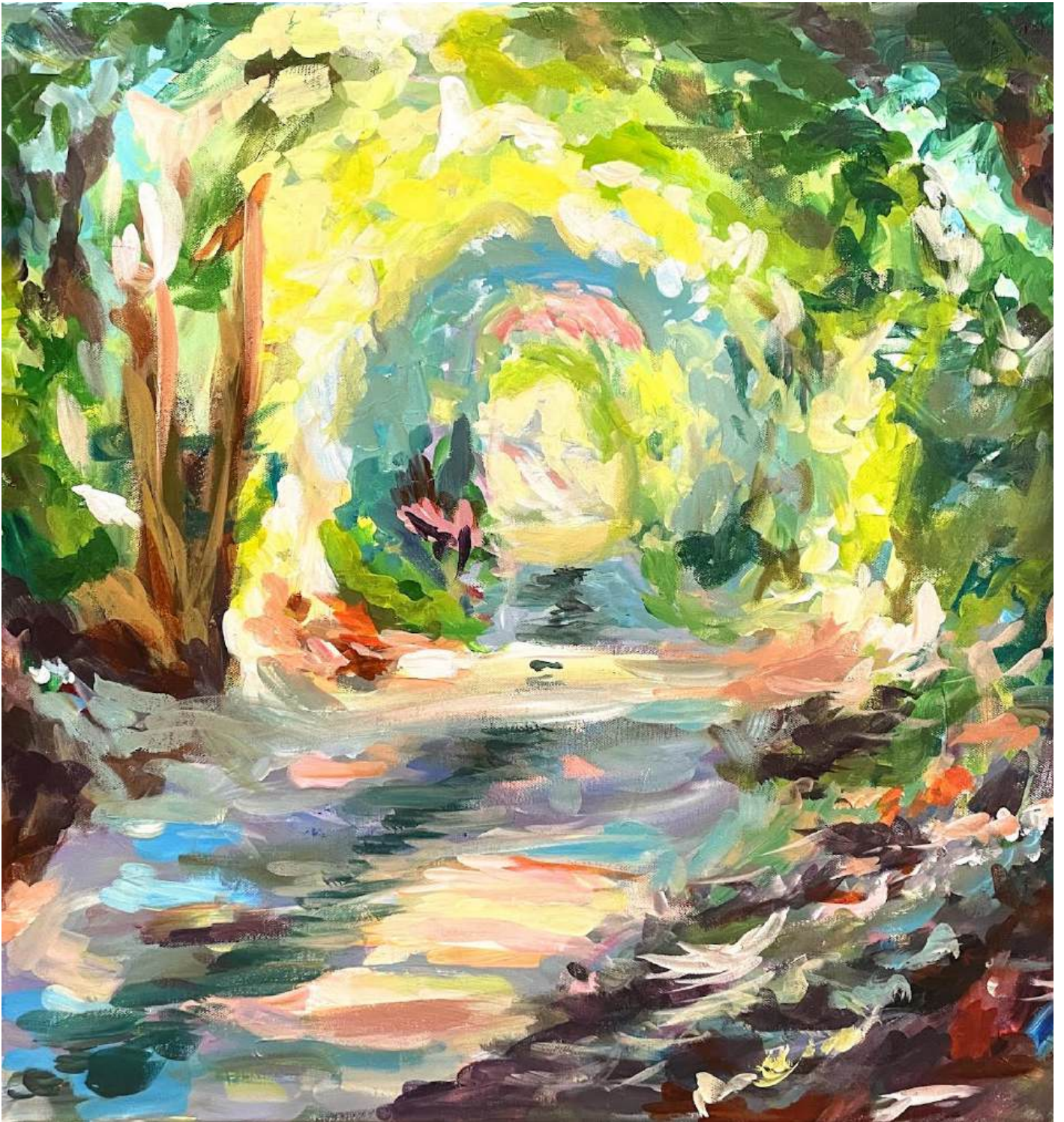
Self-Made

Mile Qian is a grade nine student currently attending Singapore American School in Singapore. Her artistic path began when she was around six years old. Now, almost a decade later, Mile is producing portfolio works that incorporate a variety of different methods and mediums. In recent years, her art has moved from being purely aesthetic to more conceptually based productions.

Her inspiration as an artist is derived from content related to environmental issues. She uses expressive mediums such as cardboard and bleach to speak to issues tied to deforestation as well as the acidification of oceans. Overall, her work is driven not so much by the idea itself, but rather how to best express the idea using whatever mediums or methods work best.

Mile hopes that her work will prompt people to think about the issues she is expressing and, in turn, make progressive changes for the betterment of both humanity and the planet.

Paths By Veronica Wang



Paths

Veronica is a senior at Poolesville High School in Poolesville, Maryland. Her art has been recognized by the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers and by the Oil Painters of America. Her work has been published in other magazines such as the National

Celebrating Art Magazine and has been displayed in traveling shows through the National Junior Duck Stamp Competition. Veronica runs the organization American Young Art Circles (AYAC) which is dedicated to increasing art accessibility by posting tutorials and combatting societal issues by fundraising through hosting art competitions.
