

DUSK

whispers From the Wood



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Fig Tree

I stumbled upon the old fig tree
A place where our minds could run free
You would pull out your guitar
And sing as we watched the stars.

Looking around
I think of my life in this old town

It's almost time
I am at the point where age defines
The first word that I am described
Old

I've grown
Seeking new adventures everyday I can only dream

Hopefully one day
I'll meet you again
At the old fig tree

When we were only just friends

Sneaking out in the night
To lay under the leaves

Until you married me
But now you're gone
It will just be buried in me

All the memories we had

Forever they'll last
Hopefully under this fig tree

I will sleep
And when I awake
There you will be
Alone with me
Under the old fig tree

If You're Reading This, I Love You

I'll hold you in my lackluster arms. I'll shiver with your perfect glass body laying on my chest, and we'll breathe.

We'll breathe out a gentle song as your arms crack in my presence.

Inwards and outwards.

Our respiratory systems will expand and collapse in unison as our organs sing a chorus. My heart will follow your lead for the beat while your fingers crack and crumble in a beautiful tune.

Your heartbeat will fill in my gaps, every place I failed you perfectly filled and made whole. Your eyelashes will flutter a dance to our song.

Your paused form will lay forever with me, your blinding radiance shining eternal. Your existence will never cease to amaze me.

Your figure will soon start to crumble, and my sobs will accompany the sound. We'll make a beautiful song of screaming under the guise of music and breaking glass, sobbing and breaking to bits and pieces.

I'll hear you shatter then look down to shards. I'll cut myself collecting you, my fingers will bleed my love for you, and my red stained body will yearn for your touch. It won't get it. It'll feel your void instead. Your ever longing absence will fill the gaps my lackluster heartbeat will leave.

I'll hold what's left of you in my arms and gently rock the pieces to sleep, sending your perfect parallel to paradise. Then, I'll wrap me and what was once you in a blanket, thick and dark. Disgustingly heavy. Suffocating. But it's warm. I'll keep your painted shards warm during my send-off as you leave me your final presents on my arms, and on my legs, and on my chest- in my chest you'll leave cuts and tears that say, “...”

My body will ache under the thick, but by the time I get the courage to open my mouth, you'll be gone, consumed by Her 2.0, Corporeal. The thick will hold me like I held you and consume me in an awkward hug. It'll wrap around me like love, sting like a cut, and feel too good to let go of. I'll shake and shiver, I'll kick and fight and scream because my glass is gone. It will remain, unable to understand that my glass is missing- my glass is gone, because it's just a blanket...

And it was just glass...

I'll get over myself one day, but for now please let me remain under my blanket as I shatter like glass. Like Her, but not as appealing. I won't be as beautiful or aesthetically pleasing as I break, but I'll break nonetheless. If you somehow see it, please simply watch with me in silence as my skin cracks, then leave me without a trace. Don't let me know you were there. I humbly ask that you do not bother me.

Thank you.

High School Senior citizen

Aesthetically pleasing
Aesthetically screaming
Aesthetically wasting my life away.
But God, I look good
Don't I look good?
God, just tell me I look good already!
Dress me up,
Gas me up,
Sugar coat me pretty
And make me feel better.
Tell me I look better
Tell me I'm better than goodness sake
And that I've done good as I hit the edge.
So if I'm gonna peak
And God, won't I peak
I might as well make it a good one!

Paint Me (Like One of Your French Girls)

I wanna be darker
Because it seems to be
The darker
The more beautiful
So make me dark
Paint me night
I want to be lighter
Because it seems to be
That all the pretty girls
Are lighter than me
Light as a feather
Paler than white
Blindingly light

So paint me to be a star
Because stars don't burn out the way I do

Patchwork Brain

My mind is held together by glue sticks and bandaids
And empty promises and headaches
And heart breaks
And tummy aches
And gag reflexes that hurt my brain

I'm alive by sheer luck
Lucky that the bandaids haven't slipped off
And lucky the glue hasn't peeled
Lucky you're so forgiving
Of monsters

I'm an evolved monster
With an exposed brain
Because my brain is so massive
It's protruding out of my skull
Poking you in the eye
Disgusting you with my glue sticks and pain-aids
Making you gag with my first-aid loose tape
And picking up the loose things from my brain
I'll put it back together again

I'm alive by sheer luck
And as long as I stay lucky

This heart will stay pumpin'
This brain will keep thumpin'
The rust cogs in my body will keep turnin'
And I'll be fine
If I stay lucky

Abandonment



Bouquet

The sky would have been a beautiful purple if not for the solemn grey clouds in the sun's path. Every so often though, light would peek through narrow gaps in the sky down towards the mountains. There sat a rustic town, whose brick houses had been overtaken by vines and moss. The only people still outside by this time were farmers and defiant children too energized for a quiet supper. Watching over them was a frail, old lady. Her calm and wizened eyes scanned the fields, then rested on a door opening across the street.

"I appreciate the help. Coming back tomorrow?" Said a voice from inside.

"Sure, no problem!" Said a young man. He waved back towards the house as he made his way home.

"Excuse me? Conor?" She called.

"Oh, hello Ma'am! How's your evening going?"

The old lady laughed. "Good, good. I'm surprised to see such energy so late in the day." Conor shrugged. "I must be a night person."

"True or not, you're going to wear yourself out one of these days. Haven't you anything else to do?"

This is what I do. I can't say I have any real skills. At the very least, these small jobs give me purpose."

"No talents at all? Are you sure?" She questioned.

"I haven't been proven otherwise."

The lady's eyes gleamed with intrigue. "If you don't mind, how about I give you another errand?" She reached underneath her chair and grabbed a wicker basket. There were about a dozen flowers with strangely transparent petals sitting loosely inside.

"This is for my brother. You see, I have no family inside this town. Me and him were orphans, who found our way here many years ago. I was hoping you'd take these flowers to his grave for me, since my age has taken its toll."

"Of course." He replied with a look of condolence. "What kind of flowers are these? I've never seen any like them."

"They grow very sparsely, so much so they've never been given a name. Stories from my hometown say that they bring peace to those feeling lost or abandoned. My brother missed home very dearly, so I thought this would be a proper gift."

"That sounds like a perfect gift to me." Conor said, picking up the basket. "I'll take these over right away."

Down a road past farms and fields full of livestock was a graveyard, right at the edge of the town. The grass was a vibrant green, and you could see mountains for miles ahead. Conor looked up at the grey clouds overhead as he walked. Out of the blue, He heard a rumble and the sound of splitting rocks. Something gave underneath him. By the time he looked back towards the ground, he was already falling.

The cold stone floor where he landed took the breath out of his lungs. The clouds were now fuzzy and distant, the ceiling too high for him to reach. The room would have otherwise been pitch black if not for the faint light the hole produced. He looked around what seemed to be some sort of labyrinth, hoping to find any crates or loose bricks he could use to climb up. In the process, the realization hit that he'd lost track of the basket. He frantically searched every corner until he finally found it. The flowers had spilled out, but thankfully didn't seem damaged. He began to pick them up, but another sound stopped him in his tracks.

A large figure began to take shape as it came out of the shadows. It was a wolf-like creature more than twice his size. The skin had begun to rot between it's jaws, and a small leather collar attached to a chain had dug deep into its flesh. Conor held the basket closely as it began to circle him. Without a second thought, he broke out into a sprint the other way. There was just barely enough distance between them, when just a few moments later the creature leaped forward. He quickly held out the basket as he tripped, and the creature's teeth ripped the wicker strands apart just a few inches from his face. The flowers flew in every direction as the creature clawed at the splinters in it's mouth. Conor had only a few seconds to think of a plan. Conor stared closely at the wolf; it looked clearly mistreated, though he couldn't imagine who could own something so large and petrifying. It looked abandoned.

Abandoned. Conor turned to the scattered flowers. Many of them had escaped into the darkness, but the petals revealed where they were. What was once transparent now shone brightly, like fresh snow with a sky-blue hue. He inched over to one of the flowers just as the creature had gotten tired of picking his teeth.

Holding his breath, Conor extended the flower shakily in his hand out towards the wolf. A few tense and silent moments passed. It was fixated on the petals' gentle glow, and their once wild and rabid eyes grew into something more akin to a puppy. In mere seconds it had transformed into a very regular-looking hound. Conor cautiously grabbed the dog's collar, which almost immediately disintegrated, with only a trail of rusted metal left behind. To his surprise, the dog gingerly grabbed the flower between its teeth, then motioned as if he wanted Conor to follow. After gathering up the rest of the flowers, they walked down the labyrinth's halls until coming to a storage room. It was full of old furnishings and smelled of compost which Conor assumed was once food. There, sitting against the wall, was a ladder. He also found a blueprint of the labyrinth, which told him this must've been more of a prison. Could the hound have been a guard dog? He was curious, but not wanting to stick around too long he decided it'd be best to leave.

The dog watched as he climbed out, then once he reached the surface turned around and disappeared back into the darkness. Conor paced around on the grass, gathering his senses. The clouds overhead had now begun to dissipate, and he could finally see the sun. He walked down to the brother's headstone and gently laid down the flowers. The petals had lost their glow in the sunlight, but Conor found them just as beautiful that way.

The old lady watched Conor from back in the village as he ran hastily up the road.

"M'am! You won't believe what I saw!" He said, out of breath as he reached her.

"Oh, what would that be?" She inquired.

Conor recounted to her everything he saw, and her smile grew the more he went on.

"Hah! No talents, you said." She laughed. "Now, listen- that is a very important skill you have. It often goes underappreciated, but in the darkest of times it is a treasure to have."

Connor attempted to show her and the rest of town what he saw, but upon returning the hole was gone. People told him he must have been tired or sick, even mad. He looked at the brother's bouquet, with one flower missing. He was confident in what he saw.

Years passed, and eventually the lady passed away of old age. She was buried next to her brother, and Conor made sure to visit them both regularly. One day, he found a patch of flowers by his house.

"Why, I haven't seen a flower like that my entire life!" Said a passerby as Conor stepped outside.

"I had a friend a long time ago who told me about these. She said they were the Blossoms of Compassion."

Bottles

I pop off my scalp like the lid of a cookie jar.
It's the secret place where I keep all of my dreams.
Little balls of sunshine, all rubbing together like a bundle of kittens.
I reach inside with my thumb and forefinger and pluck one out.
It's warm and tingly.
But there's no time to waste! I put it in a bottle to keep it safe.
And I put the bottle on the shelf with all of the other bottles.
Happy thoughts, happy thoughts, happy thoughts in bottles, all in a row.

My collection makes me lots of friends.
Each bottle a starlight to make amends.
Sometimes my friend feels a certain way.
Down comes a bottle to save the day.

Night after night, more dreams.
Friend after friend, more bottles.
Deeper and deeper my fingers go.
Like exploring a dark cave, discovering the secrets hiding in the nooks and crannies.
Digging and digging.
Scraping and scraping.

I blow dust off my bottle caps.

It doesn't feel like time elapsed.

My empty shelf could use some more.

My friends look through my locked front door.

Finally, all done. I open up, and in come my friends.

In they come, in such a hurry. Do they want my bottles that much?

I frantically pull them from the shelf, one after the other.

Holding them out to each and every friend.

Each and every bottle.

But every time I let one go, it shatters against the tile between my feet.

Happy thoughts, happy thoughts, happy thoughts in shards, all over the floor.

They were supposed to be for my friends, my friends who aren't smiling.

They're all shouting, pleading. Something.

But all I hear is echo, echo, echo, echo, echo.

Inside my head.

Miss Communication

Ms. Communication

What do you mean when you say
I'll call, I'll send for you, and yet you stay away?

Ms. Communication

A fool you've made of me
And ignore my every plea

Ms. Communication

Don't you dare be displeased
When I pass over your request
Just as you've done to me

Ms. Communication

If you'd paid attention
You'd needn't this accusation
Of half-baked recollection
From full-baked relaxation

Hot Dog

Chk, chk, chk

Pepper it with pain

Chk, chk, chk

Relish the agony

Chk, chk, chk

You must've heard what I want

Chl, chk, chk

Let us commence

Chk, chk, chk

Bite down houndly

Chk, chk, chk

Catch up to me

Chk, chk, chk

You were bred to be this way

Chk, chk, chk

Salt the wound

Posessed Tyrant

Deathly daze of dread
Suffering under the stagnant, breathy silence
A fiend found in their tears
Terror tears through the toughness

Crimson fingerprints trail
Chaotic conspiracy in the dark
Desperate cries to a wondrous ear
Scare expressions with a pale sorrow

Haunted movements on the mind
Cycle of choked and soulless eyes
Concerned cries that create conquered lies
Shame sifted through the forbidden

Alone, a death sentence for her constant attentive Hatred and anger
bolting as bolts strike Immersed
in her imaging
Fazed by her two-sided gaze

Menacing memoirs hung with their heads
Sharpness of the memory from under the bed
Smiles in stitches, stained surrender

Written is the trick, eyes lit from the new residents

Doppelgänger

You are me,
I am you.
We are like twins.
We look the same,
We act the same.
Difference is,
Your eyes and smile
get darker each time we meet.
Who are you?
Where did you come from?
What did I do to deserve you?
I love you,
You hate me.
You want my life,
But I won't let you.
You stole my life,
Now I am no more.

Is This What Love Is?

“I love you”

I looked into her eyes.

It's so cold- frigid

My toes curl into themselves for warmth,
And my arms hug my sides as I fold over.

My extremities tense,

My fingertips grow hollow,
As the blood leaves them.

My nose burns,

And my breath billows like smoke.

It's so frigid- freezing

My knees buckle,
Under the weight of goosebumps,
And my hands fall,

Into the concave of my chest.

My thumbs purse down against my fists,
Like disappointed lips and numbed grief.

My teeth shudder between my shaky breaths,
And my chapped, cracked lips.

It's so freezing- piercing

Is this what love is?

The Monsters at Dusk

The sun puts itself to sleep
As they prepare to be released from the shackles placed by dawn.
Preparing for their nightly adventures
With such faces of horror,
Sending chills down the backs of those who walk the streets at night
Evoking a fear they've thought they outgrew.
Pray they don't catch you
For you'll be one of them too.
They clear the streets of those who live normal,
To live just like them.
So with great warning we tell you
Remove yourself from the streets
Because as the tale goes,
The monsters awake at dusk.

Our Sunset

Please take it back,” she pleads, holding the silver poetry book I had given her years before in her arms.

I frown a bit. “I made it for you. It’s yours. I don’t want it back.”

She holds it further away from her body now. She turns her face in the opposite direction, grimacing. It appears repulsed by the words I had once written for her. “I really can’t have it anymore,” she insists.

A cool breeze rushes past my body and through my hair. I shudder and pull my jacket closer to my goosebump-covered skin. Her face is in the shadow of the now setting sun. “I just don’t understand,” I say softly. “You don’t want it anymore? Not even to remember?”

“I want to forget,” she spits at me. In her frustration, she throws the book onto the dirt in front of me. It crashes down, landing with pages open and damaged. Mud stains the crumpled paper I had spent hours of my time on. Time I had spent, time I had wasted, on her.

I kneel down slowly, gently lifting the worn paper in my hands. I study the pages in the dim light. The figurative language I had spent ages formulating stared back at me, disrespected and torn. I softly brush the dirt off an open page, titled *We Are Forevermore*.

"Oh no, I'm so sorry," she whispers now, sounding genuinely remorseful. She steps forward, reaching out an arm. I am not sure whether she wants to help me get up or help me collect the work she had just ruined. "I'm not like that. You know I wouldn't normally do that. It was a nice book, really. I just can't have it anymore. You understand. You have to understand—"

"Get out," I forcefully cut her off. I look up, and see her face cluelessly staring back at me in the near darkness. I point to the opposite side of the street, where her car is parked, where I want her to leave. "Go on. You said you want to forget. So get on with it then."

She hangs her head and turns around, trudging to her car. I stare and watch as she unlocks the tiny gray vehicle. I wait for her to drive away before sinking down farther, laying my head on the book, my hands a mess of gripping my pages and my hair. My eyes follow the sun as it sinks below the horizon. I am engulfed in the darkness as I realize that the sun is setting on what once was the story of us.

Time is Nonstop

The perfect day.

The perfect time.

A perfect point at which tragedy turns blind.

It's what everyone hopes to achieve.

Perfection.

The word doesn't truly exist and yet the individual can imagine it so clearly. My world of perfection is that one of green.

Trees. Veggies. Fruits. Animals. Insects.

A garden of beauty and grace.

The only way to get there,

The only way I know,

The only thing I can use.

Pencil. Keyboard.

Paper. Word.

Words. Success.

Yet some spoken words hurt.

Words don't get to choose their meaning.

The person receiving those words has the power.

The power to crush their own wills.

But they lie.

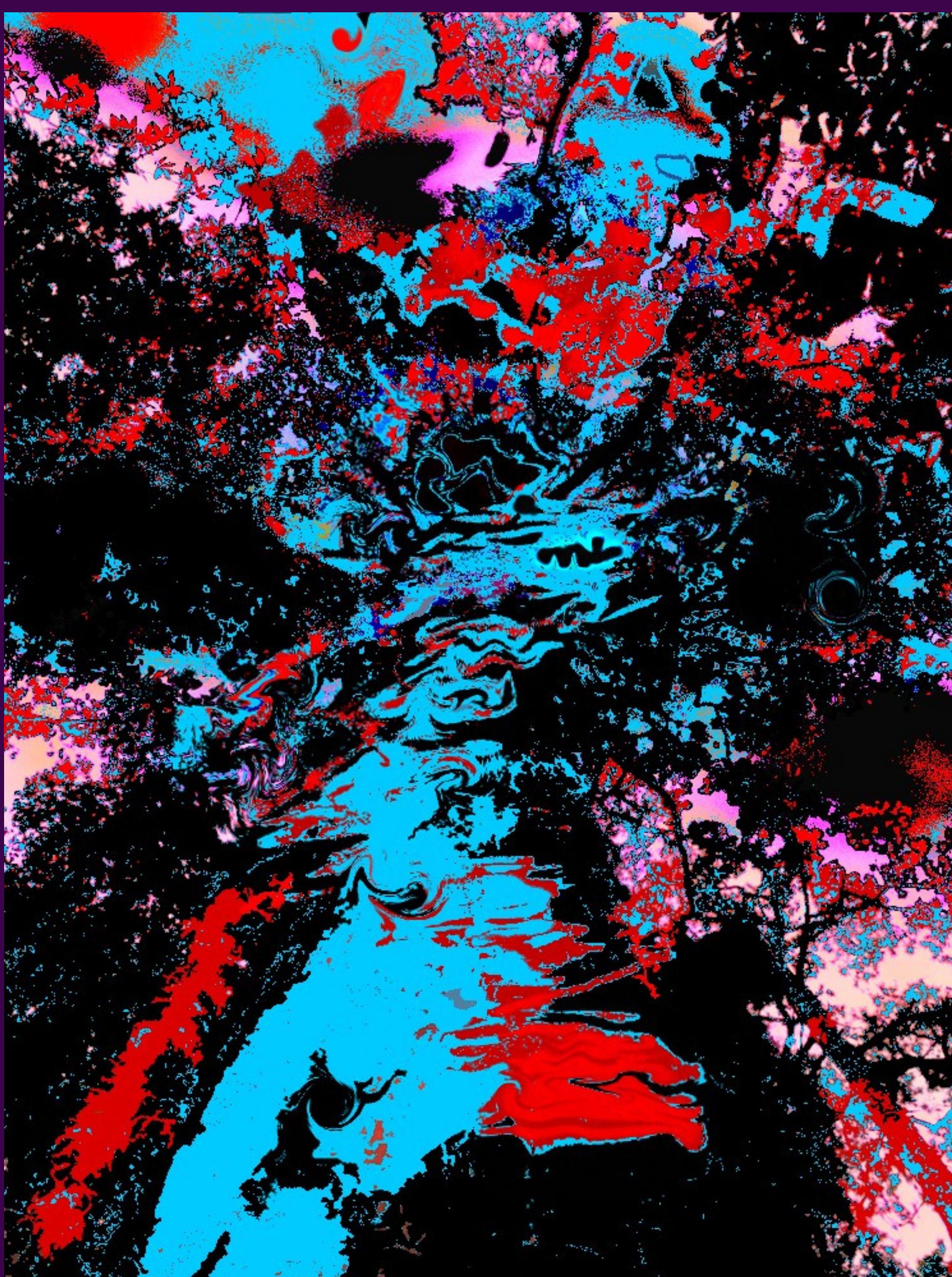
I lie.

I'M FINE.

Words are hard and I'm in pain.
Please give me a glimpse of perfection.
I don't want my heart stabbed by those who care.
I don't want the world to end before I see perfection.

Why do you write like you're running out of time?
Why do you cry like you're running out of time?
Why do you lie like you're running out of time?
...Just keep on lying in the meantime.

This Used to Be a Tree



The Expressions

I have always been
The one person that's not
Like others,

The parallel touch
Through narrowcasting,
The bougie drink at a
Neighborhood dive,

The black ink bringing
Anxious poems to a
Comfortable white
Sheet of paper.

So it would make
Sense to be the
Only brown skinned body shopping
On the busy streets.

Walking past peach skinned
Mannequins that wear
Rainbow colored threads,

Staring out from store front
Windows, stuck to each other
In a steal steal culture, void
Of color.

Salem Cinders

A thousand pairs of eyes watched the sun set from their windows. Instead of watching layers of gold melt across the sky like spring honey, they all saw the fires of hell erupt and light the horizon ablaze. Despite that, there was a vast sensation of chills and goosebumps throughout those hundreds of poor souls. In the town of Salem, Massachusetts, once the end of dusk dawns then, they will all die. Unless, they find the perpetrator first, and kill her before night falls.

In the first five minutes, all widows and unmarried women are forced out of their homes by order of the chief and judge. They're told to leave their belongings at home; jewelry, letters, anything of value was to be later collected for a holy cleansing. If one or more of those women were found guilty, their precious valuables shall act as kindling and fuel for their fiery grave. Abigail Woodrow was up next; she had just witnessed two young women, not much older than her, sentenced guilty. One of them, Patty Wallace, was nursing a rather noticeable bump over her belly.

“You may be harboring the Antichrist in your womb, Ms. Wallace. We cannot take any chances that may risk the safety and prosperity of Salem,” the judge told her. The woman’s eyes resembled a crystal ball, a sheen of fresh, searing, unshed tears held back by the knowledge that they cannot save her now. Patty simply nodded, head held low and lips reluctantly sewn shut.

“You can’t do this to me! I have no family to plead my innocence! This is unjust and against the word of God,” Olivia Wilson exclaimed with such a hot passion that she could bellow out smoke and brimstone.

Shut it, wrench. It is you who has gone against the wishes of our lord with your devil magic! Have you no shame? Have you no human decency in the face of death?” asked farmer Michael, who had the delightful duty to practically drag Olivia by the heels of her boots to the stake. Funny, Abigail thought to herself as she watched the feud play out; it was rumored around the sewing table that Michael had planned to propose to Olivia.

“You’re all nothing but hypocrites; as loyal as a snake to a bird when asked to keep watch of her eggs!”

“The only snake here is the one that damned Adam and Eve, Ms. Wilson” the judge spoke, silencing both the aforementioned woman and the man that was dragging her away to the stake. They ceased vocalizing their dispute and settled for childish glaring and mutterings under their breath. Patty and Olivia, two young juniper sprouts, ready to thrive and give way for a new generation. Only to be yanked from their garden, their roots cut and their leaves shed, and thrown into the fires of a furnace. But, there were always better shrubs and greenery than mere junipers in this garden, Abigail remarked to herself in silence. It was finally her turn. She already knew that she was next to be weeded out of Eden. But, this was never a paradise to begin with, and the Devil certainly didn’t need an apple to corrupt the minds of good men and women.

A thousand pairs of eyes watched the flames roar to life by the hands of death. No star that night could ever match the light that shone across the village's gazes. Their ears weren't filled with the agonizing screams of innocent souls lost, but speculation of who was up next.

Temor



The Girl with the Lantern

Long ago, a boy paced the streets of a small village. Snow gently fluttered around him with the breeze, sending shivers down his spine. He had been alone for some time, a fire having taken those closest to him. He remembered his parents, how his mother used to sing him to sleep as his father sang along, how they would brush the hair from his forehead and kiss him goodnight. He also remembered waiting amidst ash and rubble for them to return. He didn't remember how long he waited, but he remembered how he stood from the rubble and started wandering aimlessly, searching for people he knew he would never see again.

He remembered a short time later, when he was led to an orphanage. It took little time for him to realize he didn't belong. He avoided the other children, and the nuns taking care of them had little time for a quiet child. He remembered meeting a dog, a small shape hidden among the trash. He took care of it, but it didn't last. When the dog was discovered and the two were ripped apart, he ran from the orphanage, leaving it behind as another memory. He walked alone, wandering the streets as the weeks went by; looking for any food he could scavenge from the trashcans and alleyways.

One day, he was walking down the street looking for a place to rest, when he saw a bright orange glow beneath a streetlamp. Curiosity enveloped the boy as he carefully walked towards it. As he got closer, he realized the light was a small iron lantern, and holding it, was a pale girl in a snow-white dress, staring at him from down the street. When he asked her what she was doing, she simply said she was looking for someone. The boy offered to help, if she would help them in exchange, with her lantern guiding them. She agreed, and the two set off. In the intervening hours, the boy tried to talk to the girl, but she always remained silent, with the only way he knew she was listening was her eyes occasionally shifting over to him.

Even then, her gaze was always fixed ahead of them, her face as blank as the snow collecting around them. It unnerved the boy, but he kept his mind occupied by watching as the lantern's flame slowly dimmed as they walked. As it dimmed, he felt himself grow more exhausted, but assumed it was the cold. Occasionally, he noticed her staring at him, with tears in her eyes. Everytime he asked what was the matter, she insisted she was alright.

When the lantern's flame was nearly extinguished, the boy directed his companion into a nearby alleyway so they could rest. When he told her his idea, the girl nodded solemnly, with tears nearly coming to her eyes. Assuming it was from exhaustion, the boy helped her into the alley and they huddled together, leaning against the wall for warmth.

As he laid there, the lantern's flame growing smaller, the boy closed his eyes and dipped into his memories. He saw his mother, with golden hair and kind eyes. He saw his father, with calloused hands and a gentle smile. They both stared at him as if he was their entire world, and for one moment, he allowed himself to. He drifted into the memory, distantly hearing the sound of his mother's voice grow closer.

With a gentle breeze, the lantern was snuffed out. The girl shed a single tear, picked up her lantern, and faded into the night.

The Forest

Leaves and twigs crunch under my boots as I begin to speed up, going deeper and deeper into the woods. The autumn colors surround me; splashes of orange and brown illuminated by the golden glow of the near setting sun. Although being in a relaxing environment, I cannot help but feel unsettled, because I know somewhere in this forest, you are waiting for me, as you have been for years since your disappearance.

I had sat in darkness for so long after you left me. After you left all of us. I waited and waited for your return, day and night (but mostly night), staring out the window into the shadows. No one knew what happened to you; if they did know, they wouldn't tell me. Anger had swelled, leaving me a heaping sack of resentment and confusion. Days were spent wandering and nights were spent wondering.

I had almost let you go. I had almost rid myself of any thought of you. Items you had once owned were tossed in the trash without a second glance. Although the journey was seemingly everlasting, I had almost reached my destination of acceptance that you weren't coming back for me. You weren't coming back for any of us.

I was sitting in the rocking chair with my youngest sister on my lap the night you dragged me back into your story. Your middle child sat with her head in her hands, eagerly listening. My younger sister used her tiny amount of force to move us back and forth in the chair as I read a fairytale that she had heard many times before. I ran my fingers through her golden locks, as I had done every time she curled up in my arms and sobbed because Mother was gone and didn't want us anymore.

Our evening read was interrupted by the sound of wind gusting through our open bedroom window. I nudged my sister off my legs and hurried to shut the curtains, so that the children wouldn't get a cold from the chill. As I reached to put an end to the wind, I noticed that a leaf had blown inside and was resting on the floor. Wanting to dispose of it, I lifted it, and noticed that it was inscribed with a message addressed to me, in handwriting that was all too familiar. As a wave of emotions overtook me, I ordered my sisters to go to sleep, and proceeded to sit in a chair in the living room I had spent so much of my time grieving in.

That's what brought me here, in the forest, searching after you once more. Although I have embarked on this pursuit many times before, this time is different. This time you told me to find you.

I stomp through the leaves as the natural light begins to dim. The shadows coming from the trees slowly merge together, becoming one blanket of dark. Although I have always gone back home when the sun abandons me, this time is different. This time I know I have to stay until I find you, because I *will* find you.

Just as I begin to feel lost, I turn around and am met face to face with you. You smile sadly. I expect you to hug me, but you don't. I expect this to be a joyous reunion, but it isn't. Instead, you grab me and cover my mouth so that I cannot scream. "Your turn," you whisper. A whirl of shades of greens overtake my vision. My legs feel weak underneath me as I collapse as I'm imprisoned in the forest that had been imprisoning you.

Deep Sea Nymph



Stqirwell

I ran out of class, cried so much I was choking
Tears running down my face, but they were only joking

I go down the stairs, looking only at the steps
Stomach twisting and turning substantially as I wept

My grip on the rails got tighter
Sweat decorated my forehead

Almost as if years had passed, and I was soon to be dead

The endless set of stairs wouldn't come to an end

I feel the overwhelming weight of gravity above me

The ground disappears before me

Through desperation, I began to sprint down the stairs, faster and faster

My whole life seemed to be a disaster

Not sure if I've jumped or tripped

All I know is I'm tumbling down

A sound only comparable to the clanging of pots

Please, I just want it to stop

Unconscious

I opened my eyes and saw a person in a dark cloak

They slowly approached me through a cloud of smoke

They're tall and slim, yet I couldn't quite place their face

Even through my fear, I was enchanted by their grace

Looking closer I could almost recognize all my classmates in their eyes,
nose, and figure

A question slipped from my lips, but my own voice was disfigured

"You have to let go," they said

But I'd never forget that day

Tuesday

It had been a bit since we last saw each one another
We lean in for a kiss, and her hand comes up to my face

Her fingers are as cold as snow

I step back from her comforting embrace

I glance at her hands, and they're blue, as if she had gotten frostbite

She smiles and asks what's wrong, but something isn't right

Her face begins to melt

Suddenly, I remember that one Tuesday night

We had gone to a party and overstepped on drinks

We drove back home separately

I don't know why we couldn't just think, and realize the effects of our
actions

The actions that caused her death that night

My visceral reaction to it the next morning

I cried all day

This is my way of mourning

I assume it's a dream, but it feels so real

Feeling her presence again had a sort of appeal

That is, until I realize her face has rebuilt into my own

She says in a horrific voice, as if someone is speaking along with her

“Why couldn't you save me?” it yells

I pinch myself, slap myself, stomp on the ground, scream

Anything to get me out of this world of grief

overthinking

Looking down at the earth below me
Seeing skyscrapers and planes
While I walk on this tightrope again
One wrong move and I'll fall
One false breath and I'll end it all
Every conversation is a tightrope
Each step I fall deeper and deeper
Until the skyscrapers are houses
The planes become birds
And I'm back to rock bottom
Without ever saying a word

Monsters In The Mirror

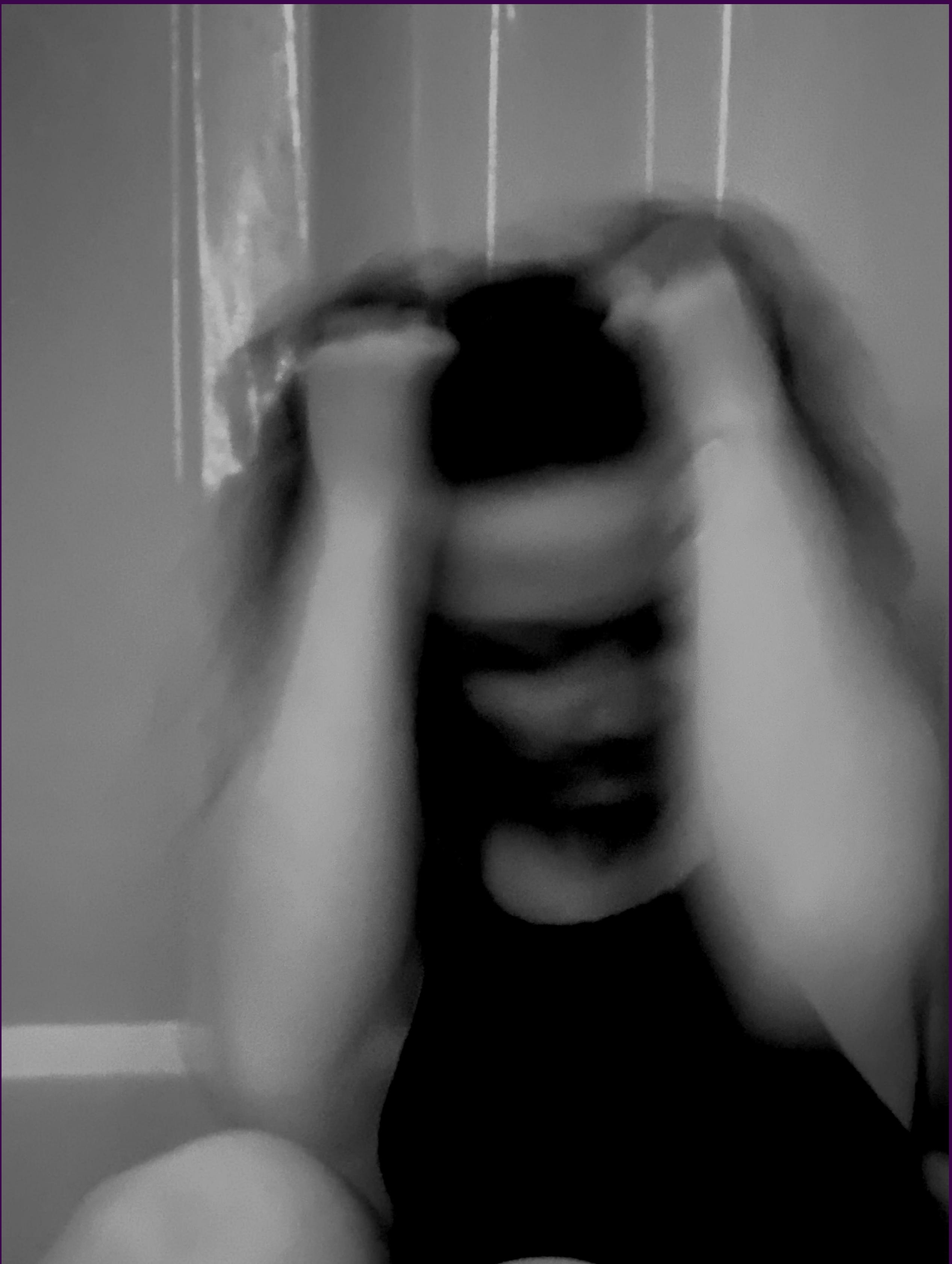
I looked out the window, and all I could see
Were two blank eyes staring back at me
I waved hello
And the “yes” became a being
Holding up its hand as if for a greeting
But what surprised me most is when I dropped my hand
The blank eyes did the same
And I realized it was me
Staring at my reflection again

Chelon



Michelle Flu

Inside



She Tumbled

Her foot folded and she took a tumble. She extended out her arms and let parts from Mother Nature's body touch her. Twigs pierced the palms of her hands; dirt painted her knees and elbows. She twisted onto her side and slid faster down the endless hill. Until that hill wasn't endless anymore.

A hefty tree stopped her in her tracks— with a large strike to her back. A yelp from her echoed through the forest as she coasted to a stop. She placed her hand on her aching back and lessened her voice as she let out a groan in pain.

Her other hand gripped at the soil and pulled her body up from the ground. Sharp pains ran through her and her legs wobbled seconds before she fell again. She let out a small cry and pushed herself up enough to be able to catch herself if she fell again.

She ran bent over, only looking behind her for milliseconds at a time. Two dim lights stood ahead and a small fragment of hope was instilled in her. Her eyes fixated on these lights as she ran forward. In the great pain she was in, she didn't stop running.

And then...

Her foot folded... and she took a tumble.

Into a body-sized hole that was made just for her. Six feet deep.

A thick fog settled as panic set in as opposed to hope. She looked around for anything to help her up but alas, there was nothing. The lights were gone. Her hope was gone. And so was she.

Fog

Fog.

Beautiful isn't it.

But the only problem is that you never know what's hiding in it.

You could be staring dead at someone and you wouldn't know.

They're there, watching, waiting.

Waiting for you to turn your back for one second.

In that one second, bam you're gone without a trace, vanished.

Of course, this is just a fiction story, but watch your back next time you see fog.

This fiction could become non-fiction.

Nightmare

I am your nightmares and dreams.

Your hope and darkness.

The ones that keep you up all night but also help you sleep.

Keep me with you and I'll make your nightmares come true,,

But get rid of me and you won't survive a day longer.

I will never disappear.

I will never be quiet.

I will use my voice loud and proud.

Who am I you may ask?

I'm you, I'm the you that you murdered back in 2017.

untitled

Midnight.

The street lights

Dimming and flickering

As I walk down the

Dark, eerie alleyway.

The wind,

Violently blowing

The leaves off of the trees.

Walking.

I hear footsteps

Creeping up from behind me.

Getting louder

And faster.

Snatched.

Slave To Love

Angry and sad.
Every reason to be mad.
Lost everything I had.
Too many voices in my head.
Just letting all of my tears shed.

What I thought was love, was only lust.
How was I supposed to know she'd break my trust?
Remembering the first time I saw her on that day.
I couldn't hide the shock on my face.
Now when I see her, all I feel is shame.

I really wish I could turn back time.
To the happy days when she was mine.
Picnic dates under the sun.
When it rained we would jump around and have fun.
But now I know she was never the one.

Everyday I see them together.
Always saying they'll be together forever.
I know he's only with her for pleasure.
I promised that I would protect her.
So that her and I would be together forever.

Followed them home one night.
I had no choice but to make it right.
Waited until they were both asleep.
Cracked open the window and began to creep.
Can't turn back now I'm in too deep.

Stood over him with the knife in my hand.
After this is done she'll understand.
Put my knife up to his throat.
There was so much blood he was choking.
And as he struggled to breathe she had woken.

She screamed and screamed so full of fear.
But even now she wasn't happy I was here.
Called the police and they were on their way.
I told her we could run and we didn't have to stay.
With all of her might she slapped me in my face.

For the first time in a while I was relieved of sadness.
No more anger or chaos or madness.
As the blood covered all of their sheets.
I slowly realized she was never for me.
I knew taking her life would set me free.

Children of the Moon

the moon speaks to me from the sky.
she tells me a lullaby as i lay in bed
it sounds like crickets singing & cars passing by,
the hum of a distant street light,
the hush of a mother as she lulls her baby to sleep.
she teaches me the language of the wind
as it blows past the trees &
billows through my bedroom curtains.
it is the night whispering to me.
the moon watches over all of the little things that creep
she sees those who lurk outside your bedroom window
waiting for you to turn the lights off
like a predator ready to pounce
when prey turns its back.
she knows when the monster under your bed
becomes a silhouette behind your curtains
she is a mother to the monsters of dusk
& her children are the beasts who will take you
from your home and vanquish you among the shadows.
her unlit womb gave birth to the night stalker
who hunted under her veil of blackness
moving within the darkness
like a distant friend
she cries for you

her tears are scattered scars amongst a blank sky.
she watches over her children
until the sun comes to take her away
the moon soars above the setting sun
ready to watch over her children
on the other side of the world.

Dewy Hill Melancholy

The solemn sky dims by the minute. The quiet songs sung by the birds, almost like they went pianissimo along with the sky as the world slowly trims its consciousness. There I stood, at the foot of a hill at dusk, along with the tall grass brushing against my damp ankles. The dewy air and ground sends a muddy smell down my throat. I take a deep breath and appreciate the quiet skies and rustling of the falling leaves. With my face straight as stone, I can't help but doubt myself with the fact that even with this calming scenery, It seems I still can't escape myself. When is it my turn to live? When can I bring an honest smile to light up this dark, dark sky. Almost like the far away dawn.

Remorseful regrets
When will people understand
When will they realize?