



DELUGE JOURNAL

ISSUE: FALL / WINTER 2021

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deLuge is an online literary and arts journal devoted to the wealth of creativity that arises from dreams - directly or indirectly - and from the deeply felt/experienced life.

We present works that catches the breath, that resonates like the low hum of a bass cello. Work that dazzles slant or straight on, that brings us to epiphany, to the cliff's edge or that rises through quiet presence.

However each piece sings, we hope that it leaves you feeling the reverb long after each note finishes.

deLuge publishes strong, passionate pieces that excite and challenge. We accept work from new, emerging and established writers. Please see our submissions guidelines on our website at www.delugejournal.com before sending us your work.

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FROM THE EDITOR 2021

Editor: Sue Scavo

Buried in the scramble to get back to something [*normal*], the desire for restoration of what was [*normal* that was not *normal*], the screech and reach to understand, codify [the *unknown*] – the landscape of loss of that *is* here. It is here. The loss [*actual*] of voices [hundreds of thousands], the loss [*actual*] alive in the bodies of the ones [millions] left behind [*all of us*]. This silence. May we remember to honor [*grieve*] this. *Silence*.

Editor: Karla Van Vliet

A breath, rattling wind, a stretch of few words. I am gathering, absorbing, acclimating to what is now. This quietness.

What enters? The visual. I see. I lay down, not letter. But color, texture, the pictorial. I see, gather, absorb, acclimate to what is now.

This world grown so small in its containment.

My small world next to yours.

Gathered here, worlds, like flowers in a basket.

Gathered, a bouquet for you.

END

Away Wtih the Sun

Visual Art by K. L. Johnston



There Are Flowers

Poetry by Leila Quinn Ortiz

It seems to have happened overnight. Why is it always so surprising? The air softens and I soften with it. It is something like encouragement. It's hard to trust after a winter of alone. Making tea and listening to Kate Bush. My kettle doesn't whistle. It is Kelly green. I attend many Zoom readings. A Zoom reading is a space where a poet appears on a screen and I long to hold their hand but I can't, I can't. I'm in love with so many people. I'm in love with the Dead and their scent of lilies and soot. Hair braided with blooms they bless the day with spit and bruises. I'm gonna keep singing this emptiness into the growth. I know it means something. I'll whisper the invert into the dirt. A name that won't be said out loud. It is floral, and has its own kind of sadness. As much as I wish for new life, I cherish decay. The bare world, raw and bleeding. My throat opens like a tulip.

Cigarette Smoke and a Blue Impala

Poetry by Tina Carlson

My grandmother finds me dreaming again. *You work too much darlin*, she lilts and the dream shifts to cigarette smoke and a blue impala. She is driving me to the movies and I am a prisoner on parole. *You eating OK darlin? You in love?* She takes a long drag and we stop for some gin. I never know what my crimes are. *My work makes me sink*, I say. *Too many people wanting too many pills to calm down*. My grandmother grew up on a Texas horse ranch and her stepfather was named Fate. She spent her young adulthood in a sanatorium coughing up blood. Not too much gets her down. *Think of it this way, darlin of mine. You just have to love them and they will feel better*. I inhale her smoke and calm down. There are so many flowers blooming in the road. My life of crime sits in the backseat now. My grandmother, now transparent, throws me a kiss and her impala, blue as sky, drops me off in my bed.

Noles In Red

Visual Art by Anthony Afrairo Nze



Nothing Broken Can Be Returned

Poetry by Elya Braden

I carry her absence in my pockets
 like a flight of broken stairs.
 In a dream, I stumble
into the entryway of my sister's Tudor scowl,
imposter home, all pitched ceiling
 and pinched windows, hoarding
 shadows and dust.
A fat dachshund scuttles over marble tiles.
My sister is footsteps in an upstairs bedroom.
 An invitation without a compass.
 A wall without a door.
A red parrot
 curses from the chandelier.
 Where are the stairs?
Take the witches' staircase,
she yells, *in the back.*
 Outside, a graveyard of deck
 chairs and pool floats.
A blue garter snake lassos my ankle.
I lick the stucco, stiff my fingers
 into every crack, spin my wheels.
 What stairs? Futility cackles.
My sister arrives like a left hook,
 doppelganging the past, wearing
 a decade-old face.
She opens an invisible door, hefts out

a jumble of dowels and disks,
 jostles it into place. *See,*
 the witches' staircase,
she says. Points: *Look, it leads right in though*
the window. My Rubicon: balance beams,
 ladders and suspension bridges,
 height begging for a fall.
She's a lit match and I'm last week's
headlines. *Chicken?* she sneers.
 I grab the battered plywood,
 leap on, belly first, and scream.
Splinters impale my palms. I scramble off,
reach out to grab her hand,
 bond us in wreckage and blood.
 But she's gone.

Star Dreaming

Visual Art by Virgina Woods-Jack



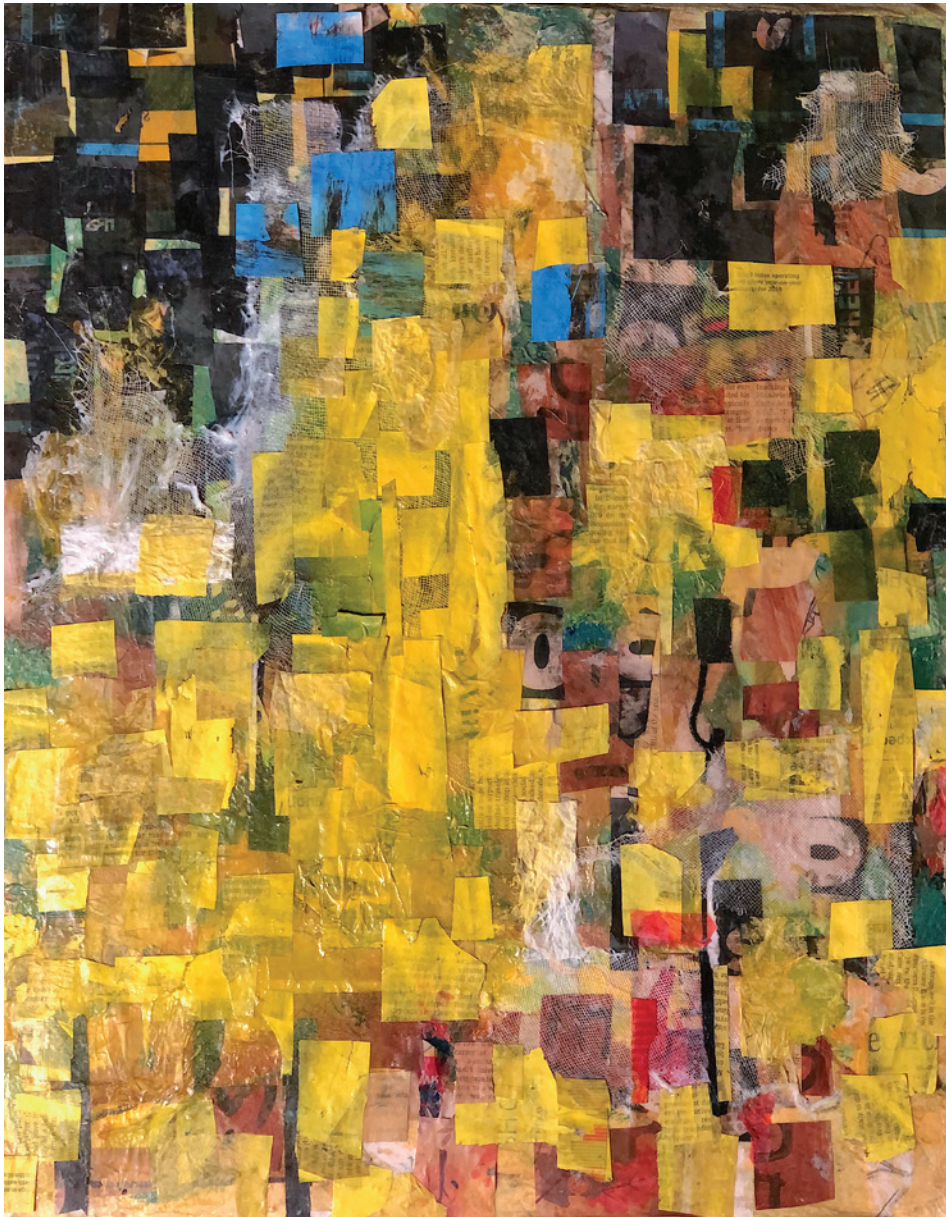
let us wake different

Poetry by Ash Good

not / lover / mother / other / promise / keeper / sweeping
maple's / mess / ego / medicine / burrow / together
dream-deep / in / marrow / unknown / what / weathers
freeze / where / green / copters / seed / who / we'll
be / roots / lifting / foundation / potential / over-winters
among / frosted / fiddleheads / amanitas / warm / trunks
untricked / crave / more / birdsong / before / rousing
daffodils / sun / hydrangeas / chant / we / still / know
life / tulips / rise / defiant / rest / clatters / on
late / morning / orbit / eyelash / rousing / freckle
stirring / closed-eye / murmurs / our / small / asks

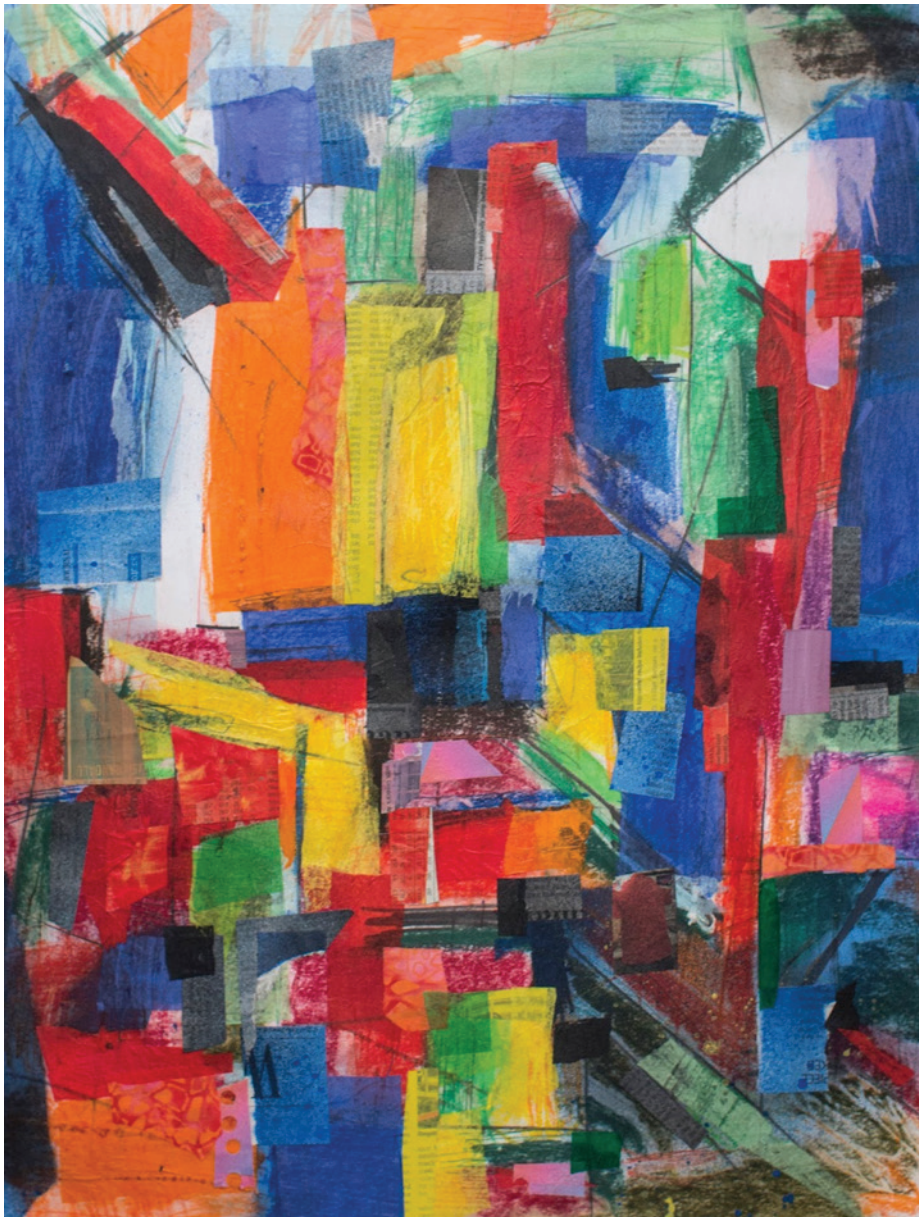
California Dreaming

Visual Art by GJ Gillespie



Dream In Your Pocket

Visual Art by GJ Gillespie



Donnafugata

Fiction by Moses Hubbard

Francis and Elena are sitting at a table in a small courtyard. The sun is down but the air is still warm and thick. At one time the walls of the courtyard were part of the defensive architecture of some long-forgotten royal estate; now there are restaurants inside them, all of which have tables and chairs that spill out into the little square. Everyone in the courtyard seems to have come back from a long day at the beach, after which they have washed and made themselves up and dressed in elegant, loose-fitting clothes. The glittering sounds of silverware meeting other silverware and plates punctuates the murmurs and discreet babbles of laughter swimming around them.

It takes Francis a second to remember that there is a glass with a splash of Catarratto in front of him, and a waiter standing next to the table, and a question hanging in the air. Do you like the wine? But, even before he has reached out to touch the stem of the glass, he knows that the real answer to this question, the thing that would be honest to say, is something that cannot be spoken.

In a world with different rules, maybe he would be able to give the honest answer, and maybe that answer would make sense. He would look at Elena, who is watching him now, and he would tell her, if I ever meet the person who did what they did to you, I will kill them. I will hurt them as badly as possible as quickly as I can. I'll pick a point on their body and I'll beat that point until it breaks, until it disintegrates, until it ceases to serve its function.

But here, at this table, with the waiter standing patiently beside them, it would be impossible to say this. Not just because it would be strange or rude, because it might offend Elena or the waiter or whoever might happen

to overhear them, but because it simply does not fit. The true thing has nothing to do with the waiter or the wine or the gentle good mood of the space around them. It has nothing to do with the question he has been asked. There is no place for this answer here.

Elena and Francis had woken up early in morning to go to a small town on a mountain, where there is a castle on the side a cliff, built over what in ancient times was a temple to Venus. The castle was separated from the rest of the town by a garden, which had a maze of paths and alcoves and miniature courtyards and small staircases that trickled down the sides of the cliff. The castle wasn't open when they arrived, so they bought coffee in little paper cups and wandered through the garden, studying the statues in the fountains and gazing out at the landscape beneath them.

Francis remembers, very generally, that they were speaking about their memories of fantasy in childhood - what they had believed about magic, how they thought magic operated in the world around them. The garden seemed to have this effect on them, it allowed them to speak about things that they didn't usually talk about, to give form to ideas they maybe didn't realize they had.

Elena explained that, when she was a child, she had often felt as though magic had been waiting just around some corner. If she went through the right door or followed the right path in the forest she would discover a portal into another universe, or a ring that would give her incredible powers. She spent much of her childhood anticipating the moment when something like this would happen, when she would finally stumble her way into this more dazzling and mysterious way of being alive. As she got older and learned to contextualize her fantasies, she began to think of magic as precisely this anticipatory space, the sensation of the possibility of something impossible happening. The anticipation was real to the extent that it was bounded by itself, that it formed its own borders.

Then Elena was telling Francis about the thing that had been done to her when she was younger. The information slipped into the conversation almost without him realizing it; they were talking about one thing and then

they were talking about something much more serious. Elena said that she still doesn't remember exactly what happened, or how it happened. For a long time she had simply forgotten about it, or she had refused to let herself think about it, refused to let it be a part of her life. Even at the moment when the thing was being done to her, she had felt herself leave herself, in the way she described it. As if she wasn't really there. And all of this made it hard to place how the thing had happened, and also where the experience itself existed, within her, if it did in fact continue to exist.

Francis leans forward and reaches out to catch the stem of the wineglass between his thumb and his middle finger. A cuff of perspiration is beginning to form on the lower surface of the glass, around the splash of straw-colored liquid. He dials the stem between his fingers. The light in the wineglass appears to remain in the same place even though the wine and the glass that contains it are turning.

At the moment when Elena told him what had been done to her, Francis knew that this information should produce an equivalent emotional response - that he should feel rage, nausea, maybe a shameful erotic arousal - but he didn't experience any of that, not at first. Even as he went through the motions of sitting down with Elena on bench beside a fountain, and putting his arm around her, and looking into her eyes, and asking her things, and trying to say things that were honest and correct, inside he was unchanged. Not numb, not shocked, but no different than he had before.

It wasn't until just now, here in the courtyard, when the waiter pulled the cork out of the bottle of wine, that the feeling arrived. Now he understands that the feeling moves of its own will. It lingers behind things and expands and emerges suddenly. And in this way, by burying itself and waiting to emerge, the feeling protects itself, it ensures its own continuation.

When Francis himself was a child, he had imagined that he might have the ability to move objects with his mind. It wasn't that he expected magic to happen, exactly. There was never a moment when he fully believed that he would in fact move an object with his mind. But what there had been was a much more tangible sense of the possibility that something like that

might happen. There was a difference between the real world and the world of magic, but both of them felt true, and the membrane between the two worlds sometimes felt quite thin. So even if he never technically believed that he would move an object with his mind, in a way he also knew how it would feel if it actually did happen.

This sense has dissipated over time - the membrane between worlds has thickened - but it has not entirely disappeared. This, too, remains somewhere inside him. As Francis looks at the glass he imagines a pulse of energy running down his fingertips and through the stem with such speed and force that the glass shatters.

But things don't work like that. Invisible things have power over us, not the other way around, and magic is a fantasy that attracts us because it allows us to imagine that this relationship is reversed. All that Francis has is more questions. Where do the things that happen to us go? Do we hold these things in our bodies? What does it mean for them to spread out, invisibly, from one person to the next, until another thing happens?

Elena reaches out to touch Francis' wrist. The tips of her fingers are cool against his skin. She looks at the waiter, nods at the bottle of wine.

"I'm sure this will be fine," she says.

How a Sonnet Wakes Up

Poetry by Mary Elder Jacobsen

Ears

flinch (*Damn*

those hammers—

at dawn—again!),

then spring to and call

the rest: “Up and at ‘em!”

Nose starts, stretches, yawns, and feels

a touch of coffee, bacon, rain.

Skin blinks, rubs sleep-crumbs away, takes in

the view—soft sheets, warm sun, a loved one’s flushed

cheek. Tongue roves around in the dark, following

the ridge of gum and tooth, soon finds the roof, then turns

to wander more, not too much, still feeling somewhat hushed.

Thirsty, Eye gulps down the big glass of world by the window.

A Palindrome

Poetry by Vimla Sriram

APPA

I say it forward

I say it backward

The last letter hangs, uncaught.

The sound of void burns my eyes

Words become ghosts

I fold the palindrome in two and put it away with the dress I won't wear.

I wait for time to forget

I wait to heal time

I tiptoe to the cupboard with the folded dress and unfold the word in my mouth slowly.

The last letter hangs, uncaught.

The sound of void burns my eyes

I say it backward

I say it forward

APPA

This Tufted Field On the Outskirts of Town Represents
an Ohio Landscape With a Tint of Twilight Added To It,
Creating an Atmospheric and Dreamy Image

Visual Art by Aaron Zaremsky



Nocturne for Cello, Voice, and Wings

Visual Art by Ann Calandro



The Dream Pen

Poetry by Chun Yu

Since I was a child
I often dreamed about chaos of war
always running in a wheat field
or crouching between dense stalks
to hide from pursuing enemies.
At first, the wheat protected me
with their gentle green shades
where I even played, lost in
fleeting moments of fun.

But I grew taller and taller
or perhaps the wheat
even grew shorter.
Suddenly one day
they fell to my ankles' height
no longer covering me
even when I crawled.

With no other choice
I rose from the fallen wheat
raised the gun in my hand
faced the enemies in pursuit
and aimed—

but the gun
turned silently
into a pen

still held in my hand
keeping archenemies
at bay...

夢筆

Poetry by 俞淳

小時候常做兵荒馬亂的夢
我總是在麥田裏奔跑
或者臥入密集的麥叢
躲藏著追兵。
那麥子起先總是
用它們溫柔的碧蔭呵護著我
甚至讓我短暫地嬉戲玩耍。

但是我越長越高
或是那麥子竟往低裏長。
有一天它們忽然
落到了我的腳踝
即使臥倒
也不再掩護我。

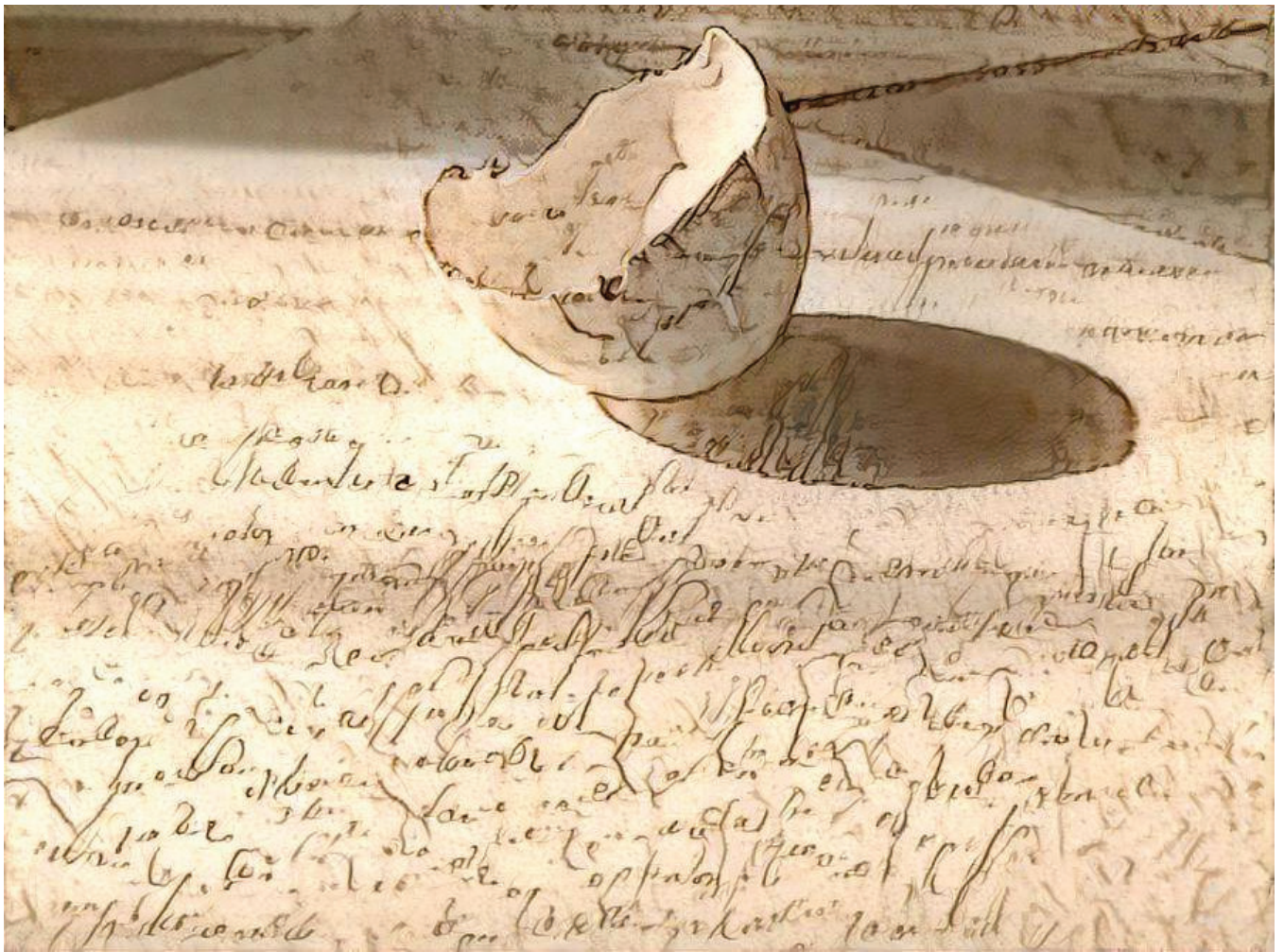
別無選擇
我在麥叢中站起身
舉起手中的槍
對準迎面而來的
敵人——

那槍卻在手中
無聲地化成了
一支筆

至今在握
抵禦著
大敵……

Poached Narrative

Visual Art by Jolene Armstrong



Parallax

Visual Art by Jolene Armstrong



Getting Mad to the Tune of Ernst Haeckel

Poetry by Bryce Baron-Sips

I heard rumbling from a video the Intro Bio students were watching, a basal orchestra dragging out drawings of radiolarians, silica-skeletoned zooplankton, in geologic time. The cellos and horns pulled me under and I felt myself compressed by millions of years of music. The middle-aged teacher muttered that the sound wasn't working and I almost called her fossilized to her face until she fixed it. The real music is plinky, hands out the arcane in chiptune, and I was the one with the head full of holes. I eased down in my seat at the back of the room, eased myself with platitudes about how I wasn't turning to peat.

Cooking Up Someone

Visual Art by Ronald Walker



cosinoid elation

Poetry by William Bain

picassoesque landscape
drunk as a vowel—
a moon reveller
chasing artemis fever in
heightened
dog star light

Sand-Faced Woman

Poetry by R.L. Boyer

1.
Amid the murmuring bustle of the upscale coffee
shop, a tiny Japanese woman sits, alone—unnoticed,

as if seeking to remain invisible or, perhaps,
hoping to be seen—looking like the survivor of some

private holocaust within. Surrounded by the chatty
crowd, she alone sits by herself, in silence. The noisy

throng is dressed in bright summer fashions, fitting for the
sultry weather; she alone is overdressed, in layer-

after-layer of drab yet stylish clothes, wearing her
entire wardrobe. Her long black hair is worn in the style of

a geisha, but recklessly, as if she had not washed or
brushed her hair in months—matted, in thick gray patches,

sprinkled with ashes and dust. Her dark, fear-filled eyes smolder
like dying coals against the smudged-on pallor of her face—

carelessly painted, yet Kabuki-style, as if she had covered
her face with fine desert sand. And her eyebrows, her lips—

paler still, pale as pale death, as if she had touched them up
deliberately with flesh-colored paint, just enough to erase

the features. Like a frightened child, she stares down furtively
at the empty table where her tea sits, cooling, in a

wax paper cup. With intense concentration, without the
slightest motion, she holds the cup between her hands.

For a long time, she sits perfectly still. Then, moving
gracefully in a single, unbroken arc, she retrieves

a blank postcard from a camera case—strapped to her
shoulder like a Japanese tourist—and holds it,

reverently, just inches from her eyes, in hands held
together in silent supplication—palms upraised, as if

holding an icon. She studies it carefully at close
range: her posture is formal and rigid; her thin,

carelessly painted lips are pressed tightly together,
holding the silence. For a long time, she hardly moves—a

stone Buddha in the temple gardens at Eihei-Ji.

2.

This evening, while sitting on her cardboard box hid
beneath the freeway overpass, she will repeat her strange

rite: singing to herself, without moving her lips, the sad
lonely song of a geisha, imagining that soon she will

follow her soul to the other realm. She will not hear the
constant rumble of traffic overhead, only the

melancholy notes of the shakuhachi flute, each note
giving birth to a distant memory arising from

her silence. She will fold her small hands delicately, in
a gesture like prayer, and admire her postcard while

dreaming of moonrise over Fujiyama and cherry
blossoms in the springtime gardens of Kyoto. She will

dream of laughter, of storms, of gathering kelp along the
seacoast near Hokkaido with her mother. She will dream of

giving birth to an army of miniature
origami warriors to stand guard and keep her

company through the long, lonely night, and of her beauty
in her youth, entertaining powerful men in the tea

houses of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Tonight,
while she lies fast asleep, she will dream the dream that always

returns: of being held in the arms of her first lover—
and of a butterfly in flight.

Love is Pure

Visual Art by Steven Tutino



Tutino Forest of Love

Visual Art by Steven Tutino



A Place I Remember

Fiction by Shaun Rouser

Turning his head partway, Sasha answered, “Right, heat’s included but you pay cooking gas,” wagging a finger to his side as he spoke while moving upward and forward. His English wore a Serbian overcoat and keys jangled in his left hand, red suspenders creating mortar joints against the flesh of his stout back and attaching to the waistband of stretchy, indigo denim jeans. I watched the heels of his chestnut boots ascend the maroon-carpeted stairs, my right hand, unusual for me, tracing the banister as we spiraled to the second floor. Three knocks against the front door preceded his announcement, “It’s Sasha,” and we stood briefly as he found the correct key. Twice more he knocked then moved to unlock the door, which opened and prompted him to say, “Ah! you’re here, I’m showing the apartment.”

“Yeah, the management office told me,” she replied, introducing herself as Grace. She was in jeans, too, but of a dark blue and cuffed around her ankles, a white t-shirt, and thick, grey cotton socks that were purple on the toes and heels. “So, this is it.”

When Sasha spoke, he at times extended his fingers starting with his thumbs as if objects were being counted. “Like we discussed, one bedroom,” he said, displaying a thumb, “living room, a little nook area off the kitchen,” now signing an L.

“And it’s twelve-fifty a month?” I asked.

“Yes, twelve-fifty.”

The living room was decorated with houseplants, two bookshelves of mostly fiction, a television and oval-shaped coffee table, and matching carmine red couch and armchair over which hung five starry lights of an arc lamp. Sunlight permeated through a set of balcony doors. Sasha escorted me through the apartment, but as typically happened, imagining myself and

possessions in spaces as I walked from room to room was difficult. The memories of another life, the texture of another history saturated the floor, the walls, the air, and even the imposition of a made-up reality seemed a crime against the existence of another soul. But turning my life into an extension of theirs lessened that disquiet. Grace and I had full-size beds, so mentally replacing hers somehow felt a lesser transgression, and testing the bathroom sink, shower, and toilet joined us in the democracy of bodies. In the kitchen, I ran the sink as well and commented on the amount of counter space.

Sasha told me, "You like the place, I can tell."

"I do, it's really nice," I replied, "I could see myself living here."

"Good, good. It's a quiet neighborhood and I make sure everything in the building is taken care of."

We returned to the living room as Grace watered a dracaena. Putting the can down, she touched her stomach once, softly, as if something lighter than a fetus had kicked her and, with a false smile of embarrassment, said, "Sorry, guys," before opening the balcony doors. I walked toward them, never sensing the uninvited guest, and Grace stepped aside. The balcony was small, perhaps two feet long by five feet wide, just large enough to give a speech to the park it overlooked.

"That's a great spot for people watching all summer," Grace said, "You can get a pretty good view of sunrise, too, if you're up that early."

"All the tenants love that," Sasha added, "Fireworks on the Fourth, lotsa stuff."

Grace said, ...

Then Sasha said, ...

I was unmoored from their presence, the life in that park engrossing me. It was a simple area with a blacktop and tennis court in one corner and a playground below them, the rest only grass freckled by trees. The voices and barks, the laughter reached me in a lovely discordance then sound by sound fell away until one remained. "Good boy," she was saying, "Good boy," taking a ball from the mouth of a liver and white Brittany. Her dark hair was still worn in a ponytail, the tip of which neared her waist, and she

wore turquoise running shorts, her old, tan Birkenstocks with a black tank top that exposed a grey sports bra underneath. From her knees she threw the ball again, the dog catching it after a single bounce.

I could not sleep and was lying in a darkened morning. She was next to me unawakened, the gamboge haze of a security light penetrating the closed blinds. I shifted from my side to back, interlaced my fingers and folded a pillow beneath my head. The hours I watched pass, blackness succumbing to a silvery haze that revealed her bare leg curved above the bedsheets, then ochers and yellows slowly illuminating the room. I lowered my eyelids and imagined the very scene to which I'd blinded myself, a blanketed corner of the mattress, pull chains following the orders of a ceiling fan, her now leaving an unbroken slumber, and kept them closed as replication married reality. Her legs, she stretched them over the bed's port side, and her feet, they bent the hardwood into morning bells. Instead of turning the slats, she drew the blinds with two unapologetic tugs before opening the window completely. Looking into the sunlight, "Bonjour, mon amour," she said then returned to bed by crawling over me. She laid her head on my arm, angled her left leg between mine. I crossed my ankles, braiding our limbs, and responded, Bon-sure, mon a-moor. She giggled and positioned herself on an elbow to teasingly pull and hold my jaws and lips as we repeated the phrase. Bonjour, mon amour, bonjour, mon amour, bonjour, mon amour, bonjour, mon amour, bonjour, mon amour. We laid in bed the entire morning: she slept and woke every few minutes, I set out for the kingdom of sleep but never reached its borders.

Turning from the park, "Where's the laundry room," I asked.

Sasha responded, "Right downstairs. I'll show you."

"Wonderful, the building where I am now, it's like walking across a football field to reach it."

I thanked Grace, we wished each other well, and Sasha and I exited the backdoor. Reaching the alley, Sasha flipped through his keys to find the laundry room's, but then I told him, "I don't need to see it. I just like to know where it is, but from everything I've seen, I trust this is a really nice building."

“Are you sure,” he replied, pointing a thumb at a mahogany brown door about seven or eight feet away with a dome-shaped security camera above it. “It’s no problem.”

“That’s fine. I liked everything I saw, there’s no need to peek at a few washers and dryers.”

“Two washers, two dryers,” he said, “One dollar to wash and one dollar to dry.” I nodded and muttered an affirmatory, “Ah,” then Sasha continued, “If you like the place, the application is online and you should complete it as soon as you can. I have another viewing this afternoon and maybe another. We’ll see.”

“Okay,” I responded, smiling, “I’ve got all that information.”

He said, “Nice to meet you, sir,” to which I responded, “Same here,” and we shook hands.

The park was indecipherable from the other sounds I heard. Roofers were talking in a language I couldn’t understand, the unmistakable click of someone coasting on a freewheel bike, somewhere above me air conditioners were running and dripping water onto the pavement. A plane flew overhead and I stopped walking to watch it pass in the opposite direction, too far away to see anything but its white belly and the red and blue stripes on its tailfin. I asked myself, “Does ‘je t’aime’ still mean ‘I love you’ in French?” I could also hear my steps restart on the gravel, which were no faster or slower than usual. Reaching the street, I turned away.

Skimming the Surface of the Mind #8

Visual Art by Nicholas Karavatos



BIOS

Jolene Armstrong is an artist, photographer, poet, writer, translator, and Associate Professor in Comparative Literature and Literary Studies at Athabasca University. Her work has recently appeared in *Galaxy Brain*, *Peat smoke Journal*, *MacroMicrocosm*, and is forthcoming in *Wildroof Journal*, *The Hunger Mountain Review* and *The Society for Misfit Stories*. She is particularly interested in the intersection of art and literature and the potential that immersive environments present as storytelling mediums. In her spare time, she assembles in images and words the shimmering, sometimes terrifying, ephemeral beauty that marks our collective existence on this blue planet. She lives and works in Amiskwaciy-Wâskahikan, treaty 6 territory (Edmonton) with her two kids and a menagerie of weird pets and projects strewn about her house.

William Bain's writing has appeared online or on paper in *Abstract\Ext*, *Barcelona Ink*, *On-Barcelona*, *Ferbero*, *larealidaðnoexiste.com*, *Red River Review*, *Tusitalaproject.com*, and *Wild Roof Journal*, among others. Some of his small format artwork has been displayed in *Ferbero* and *larealidaðnoexiste.com*.

R.L. Boyer is an award-winning poet, fiction author, and screenwriter. He is currently a doctoral student in Historical and Cultural Studies of Religion at the Graduate Theological Union and UC Berkeley majoring in Art History and Aesthetics, bringing a Jungian interdisciplinary lens to the arts and humanities.

Elya Braden is a writer and mixed-media artist living in Channel Islands Harbor in Ventura County, CA, and is Assistant Editor of *Gyroscope Review*. Her work has been published in *Calyx*, *Prometheus Dreaming*, *Rattle Poets Respond*, *Sheila-Na-Gig Online*, *The Coachella Review* and elsewhere. Her poems have been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and have received several Best of the Net nominations. Her chapbook, *Open The Fist*, was released in 2020 by Finishing Line Press. You can find her online at www.elyabraden.com.

Bryce Baron-Sips is an ecology student and writer from the Chicago area. He has previously been published in *Coffin Bell Journal*, *LUPERCALIA Press*, and *Wrongdoing Magazine*. He writes about fantasies that impinge a bit too closely on his reality, and so it makes sense that he was later diagnosed with bipolar disorder, and writes about that too.

Ann Calandro is a writer, medical editor, mixed media collage artist, and classical piano student. Learn more at www.anncalandro.webs.com.

Tina Carlson is a NM poet and nurse practitioner. She is author of two books of poetry: *Ground, Wind, This Body* (UNM Press: 2019), and collaboratively with two other NM poets, *We Are Meant to Carry Water* (3: A Taos Press, 2019). She won second prize for her poem 'Heaven' in the Cutthroat, a Journal of the Arts 2020 Joy Harjo Poetry Contest. Her third book, *A Guide to Tongue Tie Surgery* will be published in spring 2023 by UNM Press.

GJ Gillespie is a collage artist from Oak Harbor, WA. In addition to natural beauty, he is inspired by art history -- especially mid century abstract expressionism. Winner of 18 awards, his art has appeared in 55 shows and numerous publications.

Ash Good is a queer & non-binary poet, designer, editor & activist in Portland, Ore. They are the author of several books and chapbooks including *Us Clumsy Gods*, forthcoming from What Books Press in 2022. Poems appear in *Voicemail Poems*, *Willawaw Journal*, *Cathexis*, *Not Very Quiet*, *The Timberline Review*, *The Cape Rock*, *Rise Up Review* & others. www.ashgood.com

Moses Hubbard is a writer and editor based in Berlin. His work has appeared in *City Paper*, *HASH*, *FU Review*, *L'Inquieta*, *Labar*, *Passengers*, *Sleek*, and others.

Mary Elder Jacobsen lives in North Calais, Vermont, where she works in editing, writing, and the arts, as well as local community-driven volunteer efforts. Her poems have been published widely in literary journals, anthologies, and elsewhere. In cooperation with Art at the Kent, she is Coordinator of Words Out Loud, an annual series of readings by Vermont authors held in a still-unplugged 1823 meetinghouse each Fall.

K. L. Johnston first realized an interest in photography after she managed to wrangle seven kids to adulthood. Traveling with the SC ETV Endowment gave her the opportunity to explore wider environments, and her first published photos appeared in that organization's in-house magazine. She has since published in numerous small magazines. She is an opportunistic photographer and the only planning that goes into her photography lies in taking her camera with her wherever she goes. The majority of her subjects are environmental and she looks for images of details, places, or things that may be overlooked.

Nicholas Karavatos has been an assistant professor of poetics at the Arab American University of Palestine near Jenin in The West Bank, a U.S. Ambassador's Distinguished Scholar to Ethiopia in 2018 at Bahir Dar University, and from 2006 through 2017, an assistant professor of creative writing at The American University of Sharjah in the United Arab Emirates. At the Modern College of Business and Science in Muscat, Sultanate of Oman from 2001 through 2006, he was a senior lecturer in humanities. His first year as an expat worker was on the faculty of the Fujairah Technical School in the UAE from 2000 to 2001. Karavatos is a graduate of Humboldt State University in Arcata and New College of California in San Francisco.

Anthony Afairo Nze is a graphic design student and artist from Indianapolis Indiana. His work has appeared in journals such as Roadrunner review and The Abstract elephant. For more of his work visit him at [afairosgallery](#) on Instagram

Leila Quinn Ortiz is a poet and social worker in NYC public schools. Her work has appeared in numerous publications including *Apogee*, *Bodega*, *Sixth Finch* and *Tinderbox*. Leila is the author of two chapbooks, *Girl Life* (Recreation League, 2016) and *A Mouth is Not a Place* (dancing girl press, 2017).

Shaun Rouser's short fiction has appeared in *Colloquium* and *The Rupture*, and a chapbook collection, *Family Affair*, was published by Red Bird Chapbooks. He previously co-founded and served as co-editor-in-chief of *The Blackstone Review*, an online arts and humanities journal, where he also contributed fiction and non-fiction.

Born and raised in India, **Vimla Sriram** is a Seattle-based essayist. She writes about birds, women's silences, home, and identity. Her writing appears or is forthcoming in *100 Word Story*, *Wanderlust*, and *io Literary Journal*.

Steven Tutino was born in Montréal, Canada, and is a painter, poet and writer. He is currently a graduate student at Concordia University in the process of completing an M.A. in Theological Studies. His artwork has appeared in numerous journals and magazines including *TreeHouse Arts*, *Montréal Writes*, *Spadina Literary Review*, *The Montréal Gazette*, *The Indianapolis Review*, *Apricity Magazine*, *Ariel's Dream*, *Wild Roof*, *Beyond Words*, *Unlimited Literature*, *The Raw Art Review* and *After the Pause*.

Ronald Walker is an artist living in the Sacramento area of California. He works in a style he terms "Suburban Primitive". This style combines his interest in the origins and functions of art along with life in the suburbs. He has had more than 50 solo exhibits of his work and holds both a MFA and a MA degree in painting.

Virginia Woods-Jack is a British born award winning photographic artist, advocate and curator currently living and working in Aotearoa New Zealand. Her practice explores notions of connection to place, materiality and memory to consider relationships between the human and more-than-human worlds.

Chun Yu 俞淳, Ph.D. is an award-winning bilingual (English and Chinese) poet, graphic novelist, scientist, and translator. She is the author of a memoir in verse *Little Green: Growing Up During the Chinese Cultural Revolution* (Simon & Schuster) and a historical graphic novel in progress (Macmillan), and more. Her poetry and translations have been nominated for Pushcart Prize. Her work appears or is forthcoming in the *Boston Herald*, *Orion*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Arion Press*, *Xinhua Daily*, *Poem of the Day*, and others. Her work is taught in world history and culture classes. Her website www.chunyu.org.

Aaron Zaremsky is a Photographer and Writer based in Yellow Springs, Ohio. He has been taking photos and writing for about a decade now. He has lived and traveled to Italy, Morocco, Spain, Texas, and has some great images from all those places. He strives to create images that are striking and evocative representations of the form and structures of our fantastic world. He hopes you enjoy his work, and are drawn in by the stylistic and compositional decisions he has made.