

Oct 2019

ABSYNTHE

Trent's Alternative Press

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

OUR CENTER FOLD,

// POETRY BY REMI AKERS //

STORIES,

18 // DUALITY

25 // COLDWELL MANOR

A SCRIPT,

20 // WHITE MIRROR

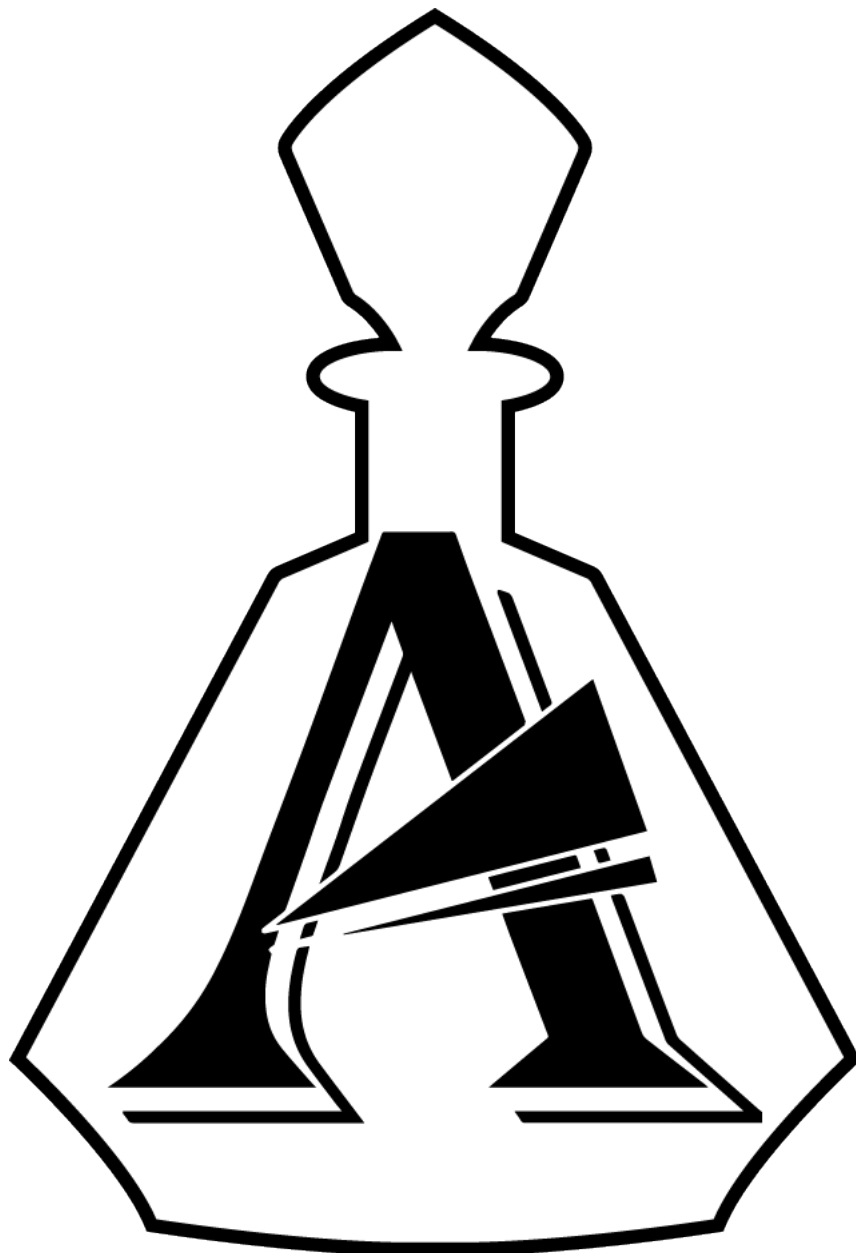
& MORE ...



CONTENTS

- 04 // LETTER FROM THE EDITOR
ZACHARY BARMANIA
- 06 // TO ALL THE BOYS WHO'VE KILLED BEFORE
JAIME BOYD-ROBINSON
- 09 // THE DEFT CHRONICLES
BRAYDEN KNOX
- 13 // BUYING AN UNKNOWN PSYCHEDELIC OFF
A FREELOADING HIPPIE IN MEXICO
SHAUN PHUAH
- 16 // BITTER CUP & MARSHMALLOW FIELDS
REMI AKERS
- 18 // DULAITY
SPENCER WELLS
- 20 // WHITE MIRROR
MELCHIOR DUDLEY
- 25 // COLDWELL MANOR
KELSEY GUINDON
- 28 // THE WITCHES OF PETERBOROUGH
KAVYA CHANDRA
- 29 // THE CASUARINA TREE
ZACK WEAVER
- 30 // TRAPPED IN MY HEAD & FALLING IN LOVE
JULIE MUSCLOW
- 31 // OUR TEAM

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR





Dear Reader,

Welcome to Absynthe Magazine! We pride ourselves on showcasing Fiction and Poetry from local Trent students and Peterborough writers, and humbly hope you enjoy. As editor, I'm going to foster as much creativity, as much discourse and as much fun as I can.

Now, enough about me. Let's talk about *you*.

There's an election coming up, and I want to make sure you're going to vote. I know what you're thinking:

"WHOA! AMBUSH!"

Just hear me out. I could tell you that it's an honor even to live in a Democratic country, in times when Autocracy, even Fascism, is rearing its ugly head all around the world. I could tell you that young people are now the largest group of potential voters in Canada. I could even say that we have access to more resources than anyone else in any other time in human history.

But... you've heard all that, haven't you?

I want to tell you that now is the time to act decisively. This is the election to vote in, *your* election to vote in, and it's yours to win.

Cynicism is a powerful, and convincing bedfellow, however, and you may not agree. You could say that the system is too much like a game, it's disillusioning. Especially when in 2015 you urged people to vote Liberal because you were too young, and now in 2019 see a guy in brownface on your feed. Yikes. You could even say that you don't like any of the candidates, or that you simply aren't political.

But... I've heard all that, haven't I?

If you care strongly about an issue, I urge you to vote. For me, the motivator must be **CLIMATE CHANGE**. I'm 21, and I'm convinced that my generation feels helpless to fight such an issue. Yet we are the most equipped, the most prepared for this fight. Even before the idea of **CLIMATE CHANGE**, I was taught to value and honor nature. Things like littering, pollution, and acid rain are as old as the Pyramids in my mind. I've never known a world without them. But in my lifetime, *our lifetimes*, we've seen the signs that reality is chasing our worst fictions, apparently in a race to determine who's worst. All the species rendered extinct, and the Amazon... The Amazon...

The time to act has come, actually it came a long time ago.

Look around the world! Students, young people, are taking action to improve their lives. *This is politics*. Hong Kong, the Green New Deal, these are simple demonstrations of the power you have. Protest, Free Speech, and most of all: The Right to Vote. You may feel apathy but think about *why*. Ask some simple questions, like:

"IF I BELIEVE THAT, DO OTHER PEOPLE? HOW MANY? ENOUGH TO SWING AN ELECTION. MAYBE? IF I DO BELIEVE THE SYSTEM IS A SCAM. DO I WANT TO CHANGE IT?"

Think for a moment about who benefits from you not voting, from you believing the whole system is a scam.

To all the new first years, check out Sadleir House to study, the Seasoned Spoon for food. Support your Levy Groups!



In Peace and Solidarity,

Zachary Barmania : Editor-in- Chief

TO ALL THE BOYS WHO'VE KILLED BEFORE

Jaime Boyd-Robinson

The girl's foot drags across the forest floor, collecting sticks, stones, and various forms of animal poop as she limps along. Her breath fogs up the air with its rattling wheeze. Her hair gets tangled in branches. She does not care for the feeling of feces on her bare foot, nor about the way her breath is no longer true, nor about the way the forest tells her to stop. She can only keep moving.

Away from the spotlight of the moon.

Away from the empty grave.

She stumbles over a tree root, her head lolling dangerously to the side. She catches herself before the earth can claim her and rights her head to the proper position. The branches creak above.

Headlights filter through the dense brush as a car passes on a nearby road. The girl stops her limping. Her unblinking eyes stare ahead. The earth takes its chance: a vine moving with the wind tangles in her hair and tugs. Annoyance does not fill her heart, nor does any other feeling as she reaches back and slices the vine in two with her nails. The vine curls in on itself and recedes back into the dirt to nurse its wound.

Clippings of thoughts clamber around her head begging for attention as she stares toward the road. But she only allows two to get through.

Find him.

Kill him.

There is no sense as to why these are the only two thoughts she allows through. But they drag her forward anyways.

The branches and underbrush part for her as she steps out onto the road. Headlights flash as brakes squeal. The passenger window rolls down, a cheesy smirk and a wandering gaze looking out.

"Hey, pretty lady. Need a ride?" the cheesy smirk and wandering gaze asks. Chuckles from his friends wrap around his words and follow them out.

The girl tilts her head dangerously to the side, her straggly hair covering half her face. She does not know what to do with these boys. They are not him. But they act like him. But they are not him. She will not kill them. She turns away.

"That's a cool tattoo you got there, hun. Where'd you get it done?" The backseat window has rolled down, a too-bright smile and a baseball cap peeking out.

She turns back toward the car. A face. His face. A soft smile. A sharp pain. Choking. Drowning.

The girl blinks repeatedly, trying to clear away the darkness overtaking her vision. She coughs, tries to get rid of the coppery taste in her throat. The wind rustles the trees behind her. She does not know what's

To All the Boys Who've Killed Before

happening, why these images keep replaying in her head.

She stumbles with one final cough, her good foot giving out beneath her. A dribble of blood trickles down her chin. The boy with the too-bright smile and the baseball cap grabs her before she can hit the ground. She does not feel grateful for him.

“Are you okay?”

She is slow to move her head back to its rightful position as she looks at the boy with the too-bright smile and the baseball cap. She does not wish to answer him. He is not him. He does not matter. She pushes past him.

Stops.

The wind tugs at her hair, carries the scent of the boy to her on a silver platter. Charming words. Too much alcohol. Dark room, fumbling hands. A struggle. Threats. Dried blood.

Submission.

He is not him, but he smells like him. She grabs him by the neck, her dirty fingers marking out a path of bruises. His eyes bulge as the same fear he created wraps around him and squeezes. She does not bare her teeth in a wolfish grin. She does not revel in his fear. She does not flinch as his screams fill the silent night when the earth tears him apart and leaves nothing but bones.

As the night falls silent once again, his friends swallow their breath. A breeze passes through the open windows of the car. It catches on the loose threads of the cheesy smirk and wandering gaze, and pulls. The girl turns her unblinking eyes toward him. His wandering gaze no longer wanders as his lack of remorse shines through. There is no anger boiling her blood, no hatred. She takes a step toward the car and watches as his remorseless eyes fill with fear.

“Drive, drive, drive.” His friend stomps on the gas pedal, the car squealing in protest before racing away.

They do not get very far.

A tree long dead from disease falls into their path. The driver doesn't react fast enough. She hears the airbags go off and the groans of the boys still left alive. Skin peels off her foot as she drags it across the road. Hands fumble for seatbelts as the wind whispers their secrets. Frustration overtakes them as they realize they aren't getting out of this.

The girl stops in front of the back door. Blood leaks from her foot, the pavement hungrily soaking it up. The boys left alive stare at her, eyes wide, tears leaving tracks. Nonsense begging bubbles out of their lips, but she doesn't hear it. She opens the back door.

Gets in.

And tears them apart.

With blood under her fingernails, she continues on. They were not him so she must continue on.

Streetlights flicker and buzz at the edge of town. The girl stops a moment to watch them as more images circle through her mind. A different wind running its fingers through her hair. Houses mixing together in a blur of colour. A hand on her thigh.

She looks down as if the hand is still there, but all she sees is a bruise. She does not question how it got there. She does not question if these images are hers. The wind gives her a gentle push. She must find him. And kill him.

Stars twinkle their warnings as she stops in front of a house. The stone in her gut tells her this is where she'll find him.

The front door is silent when she opens it. As soon as she steps over the threshold,

To All the Boys Who've Killed Before

more images bombard her. These images are mixed with grief, with heartbreak. A tear rolls down her cheek, but she ignores it.

She has no choice but to crawl up the stairs, droplets of blood left behind. Giggles and happy voices fill her head with each step she climbs. When she reaches halfway, the giggles turn to screams and pain at the roots of her hair.

He is asleep when she finds him. His lips look just as soft, his hair just as wavy as she remembers. If he opens his eyes, she'll see the laughter and the mischief that were always taunting her.

Her nostrils flare. He smells like lies covered in tooth-rotting sweets. Unlike all the other times, the girl's anger boils through her blood as hatred almost restarts her non-beating heart. She wants to do everything he did to her.

So she does.

She starts with his foot.

His eyes snap open as she snaps his ankle. He cries out as she slowly moves up his leg, marking a path of bruises, letting him feel each stab of pain. His howls of pain fill every inch of the room, but she feels no remorse.

With a broken foot and bruises covering every inch of his body, he begs for her to stop. That he never meant any of it. That he's sorry. She stares down at him, her eyes unblinking. He looks up at her as best he can through his bruised eye and gives her a smile that would have melted her heart before.

She wants him to drown in that smile.

Before he can say another word, her fingernails slice across his neck. Branches bang on the window as he drowns in his own blood. She watches him as he drowns and wonders what he was feeling as that kitchen knife took away her last breath. She wonders if he felt nothing as she does now.

She will not bury him. He does not deserve the kindness of the earth.

She leaves him choking, leaves him trying to call for help as she once did. She follows the same road back. The anger has dissipated while the hatred has evaporated into the air. She feels nothing once again.

The car and bodies have been claimed by the forest, the dead tree removed once more. As she gets closer to the forest, the branches part for her, welcoming her. Head lolling dangerously to the side, she steps through.



THE DEFT CHRONICLES

Brayden Knox

When thinking of what to write for this month's issue of Absynthe, I went to my best friend- as one should always do- to steal her ideas! That is when she proposed writing a story on a group of high school students that were hired as waitstaff for a new restaurant that they had to build while only being paid in bottles of wine. When she suggested this story, I gasped and asked; "Is that real!? That can't be real!". All she could do in response was giggle at me and point across the road. I followed her finger to the cursed restaurant we worked at a few years back when we were freshly graduated from high school. It was then I remembered- yes, that was a true story, a true story I live and just happened to push the memory of it deep, deep down. And so, may I present to you the hilarious and unbelievable story of when a few of my friends spent an entire summer being scammed, taken advantage of and somehow, had a great time doing it.

When I had heard my small, tourist town on the shores of Lake Huron was getting a brand-new sushi restaurant I was intrigued to say the least. Despite being a broke and under cultured student, I had a pretty big love for sushi. My town consists of one tiny main strip, filled mostly with small gift shops and a few pub-like restaurants that are typically crawling with American tourists in the summer, later to become a vacant ghost town in the winter. It was safe to say a stylish sushi restaurant did not fit, but nonetheless, I was keen to

welcome it with open arms. The last thing I expected was to apply for a waitress job there. However, I was in need of a new summer job and my best friend insisted we apply together. And what's more, my other friend was already employed there! The same day I sent in my application; I received a call letting me know I had the job- despite not really being interviewed for it. I was over the moon at the news! *My first waitressing job, and right on the main street of my hometown!* My two friends and I were about to have such an amazing summer serving together and making good money, right? Wrong. Red flags were basically whipping us in the face right from the start, but we were too young, impressionable and gullible to see them.

The first sign things were about to go wrong was that when each of us received word we got the waitstaff jobs, the owner of the restaurant we shall call 'Deft' for privacy reasons, warned us he was still in a little bit of construction, giving us two options. Basically, we could either wait 2 weeks to start fresh as waitstaff or get our hands dirty, start right away and get paid to help with finishing touches. We of course needed to start right away as we were going to be university students and needed as much mullah as possible. The reflag we managed to ignore was that when we received the job we were also told we would need to only our smart serves, but a boating service license and OTEC

The Deft Chronicles

certification. These certifications made no sense and did not match up at all. OTEC stands for Ontario Tourism Education Conference and typically teaches costumer service professionals and hotel managers how to properly interact with customers. Ok, this was slightly related to field, but the boating certification!?! The owner of Deft explained it was because he had this used cruise ship that he purchased second-hand in Nova Scotia, and that he was going to fix it up and serve sushi on it. The lucky few of us that got the certification could serve the sushi while he drives us around the e. coli filled Lake Huron with a few over-paying customers.

Yes, I know what you're thinking; *why on earth did this not set off any alarms for you?* Well, simply put, I was young and the idea of working in a restaurant and on the lake seemed fun, even if it wasn't really plausible.

Did this ever actually happen? Absolutely not!

Why you may ask? Because the boat looked like it had been stuck in a gang beating between Hurricane Dorian and Sharknado while King Kong held it down. This thing had wood rotting all over the cabin and literal holes in the side. Half the floors fell through the boat and the windows were all smashed in. I should also mention, it was the furthest thing from an actual cruise ship. No sir, it was MAYBE the dollar store version of lobster boat. Because of this we never actually stepped foot on the boat in the water, but we did get lucky enough spend some time on it. Any time actually spent on the boat was in a stranger's driveway where it was parked for 2 of the 4 months in summer. This takes me to my first day.

I showed up to the restaurant, 15 minutes early and ready to help where I was needed. When I walked in, I was rather shocked to see a completely blank, small space with nothing but tools and tarps in it. *What in the cinnamon toast fuck is this?* I thought. The restaurant was nowhere near being ready to open. There was no flooring, no bar, no drywall. There was barely a roof! What's more, is the space was not large enough to fit more than one table and maybe a small and awkward bar. This was a shack at best, and completely unfinished.

The owner was quick to approach me and draw my attention away from the fact that nothing was done, letting me know that my first day will be spent on the boat. *'Oh, awesome!'* I think to myself. *'I get to spend my first day on the water. What a wonderful deal!'* Hahaha- no. Think again.

Instead of being taken to the harbour, I am taken to some random old man's house and introduced to another staff member (the future sue-chef) and told to follow his lead. Carol (the name I am giving the owner for confidentiality reasons, and yes, he is a boy) informs me that today we will be peeling the paint off the boat. By hand. That right, no chemicals or pressure washers. We were each handed a heat gun and scraper and told to get to work. This one day turned into an entire week of hand peeling the paint off this boat in 40 degree summer heat, scaling the side of the tall boat with a broken ladder, in the driveway of some unknown mans home who was willing to let Carol store his atrocious excuse for a boat. During this time, the kitchen and waitstaff was thrown around from the boat to the restaurant, carrying out constructions tasks we were nowhere

The Deft Chronicles

near experienced enough for. This further led to me and my friends each getting heat stroke more than once, but the owner did not seem to care.

Once we painstakingly finished peeling the paint off the rotted wood that was the deck of the boat, we were finally done! Next we had to start painting the outside of the boat, so we left the boat early, ready for a fresh start the next day.

We arrived early, paint supplies in hand the next morning, thankful we no longer had to breathe in the fumes of burning paint. However, my friend and I realized to our absolute horror that Carol had hired someone to take out the deck entirely and replace it with fresh wood. Yes, this needed to happen because the old deck had rotting holes. HOWEVER, we did NOT just spend a week getting heat stroke and laying on the floor of this thrifted boat only to have all of our work removed. HELL NO! This moment was a turning point for us, as we had found time and time again our uneducated construction jobs were never good enough for our boss, despite never being given direction or taught how to safety and properly use any of the tools/supplies. Here is where our frustration began to grow.

Not to mention, this is not where the ridiculous tasks ended.

No, for 2 months of the summer we did construction. We were promised two weeks, but instead spent 2 months grouting tile, putting up dry wall, painting, building benches, plumbing and installing and kitchen supplies. The kitchen supplies, mind you, he also purchased second hand and, made us clean with toxic and corrosive solution because they were SO

dang disgusting only dangerous chemicals could get rid of the grime. They were so hard to clean in fact, that the health inspector failed the owner 3 times prior to opening because they were still caked in grossness- despite spending days chipping away at it. One Carol even made us go to his parents' home and clean out their garage. Yep, you heard it right. We were goddamn slaves to this man and were too young to even realize how much we were being mistreated. The worst part was that he was never pleased with outcome of our tasks. And why didn't these tasks look professionally done you may ask?

BECAUSE WE HAD NO IDEA WHAT WE WERE DOING. I was an 18-year-old female. I never patched a hole in a boat, caulked piping or laid tile. No! All I knew how to do was sweep and even that was dicey for me.

Believe me, this flaming pile of bullshit did ware down on us, but not before it got even worse.

One of the worst parts of our days was playing housemaid every morning and cleaning the Airbnb he ran. And don't go thinking; *well that's not so bad, you clean some surfaces, change some sheets, take out the garbage.* Well you are right; in perspective those tasks are rather easy.

Yeah, easy on land! But ON A BOAT?

That's entirely another playing field. Yes, this man had another boat that sat useless in the harbour, basically only acting as the smallest floating room to ever exist. Every day my best friend and I went down to the harbour, got seasick while trying to change the rectangle bed

The Deft Chronicles

and cleaned up dirty underwear, used condoms and paper towels with who-knows-what on it. To our complete horror, we later realized it was the owner using the boat for his one-night stands and dates. This small sailboat was only genuinely rented out a few times in the summer for actual guests. I will spare you some of the non-family friendly details, and yes there was more, but this was consistent behaviour throughout the summer. The only thing that got us through all the labor was the tight bond we formed with the other staff members that somehow also got looped into this terrible nightmare. We all knew it was ridiculous, but we stayed anyways because we really wanted to serve at the end of this, earn good tips and meet some interesting tourists.

However, all this came quickly crashing down when it came to finances.

So, let's talk money.

Working construction and waitressing are two completely different jobs, and for that reason have completely different minimum wages. Because waitstaff can make quite a lot in tips, their minimum wage is far less than that of any

other job. After a month and half of not being paid, my co-workers and I finally complained enough to get the green. What we were handed was just straight up insulting. Sketchy envelopes of cash and a bottle of wine each.

Why the wine? Because he was under-the-table paying us waitress minimum wage in cash and compensating for missed tips with a cheap ass bottle of grape wine despite us all being underage.

AND let me tell YOU- a month and a half of tips in a tourist town is enough to pay rent, NOT purchase the no-name version of Girls Night Out (and that's as cheap as it gets). With this frustration, one of my good friends did the right thing, the thing we should have all done, and quit. The remainder of our now tight knit crew were in it until this restaurant we built from the group up, opened. And Deft did open, but that half of the summer is an ENTIRE other story that you can read in part 2 of 'Deft Chronicles' next month. The last two months of summer included drugs, sinking boats and a private investigator. So please don't miss out!

Stay funky and fresh my friends.



BUYING AN UNKNOWN PSYCHEDELIC OFF A FREELOADING HIPPIE IN MEXICO

Shaun Phuah

"I'm just going for one more mojito," I say.

Friday evening at a hostel in the small town of Tulum, two mojitos in, and saying goodnight to my friend Dorothy who's my travelling companion for this trip.

She looks at me and crosses her arms, she's a big Asian woman with long black hair, basically a sister to me. "Okay, don't go crazy with the drinks. We're leaving early tomorrow."

I nod, "It's good, dude. I don't like getting drunk anyway."

Tulum is a beach town here in Mexico, on the Yucatan Peninsula. The town is quaint, with totally fucked up roads.

"What happened here?!" Dorothy had said on our first drive through, the whole place looking like a live simulation for a spacewalk on the surface of Mars, the car bumping up and down and making unnatural squeaking sounds.

There are tourists everywhere, Spaniards and Americans mostly, most of 'em walking up and down in big floral clothes, white skin bright and red from a long day out on the beach.

Tino calls me from the bar, "Ayyy, hermano!"

Tino's a sweet skinny bartender here at the hostel, with jagged front teeth that protrude outwards every time he smiles. He's told me about his brother who's moved to the states.

"He's working hard, you know? Early

days and long nights. Like me," he laughed and passed a finished drink to one of the hostel guests before he turned back to me. "You liking Mexico?"

"It's a really beautiful country," I say, "I love it here. What's your brother doing in the states?"

"Running a restaurant. Trying to make a good life for himself, you know? Just like the rest of us."

Now Tino is crushing up mint leaves in a glass cup, and squeezing up a lime.

"Como estas, Tino?" I ask.

"Bien! How are you, my friend?"

"I'm good."

"Another mojito?"

"I'd love one."

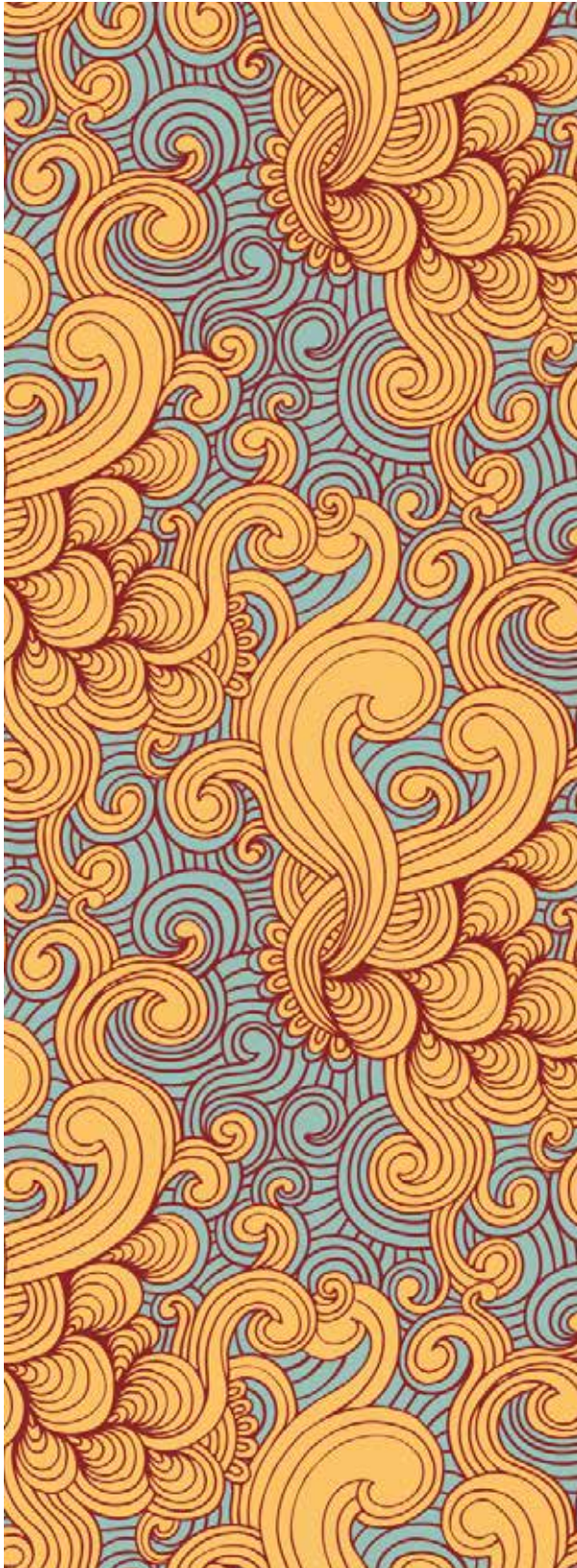
He flashes a big smile and nods, "for sure my friend." He points to this big white guy with big curly brown hair, in full floral vacation garb, swearing and fiddling around with the big speakers, silent in the outdoor hostel lobby.

"You met Jerry yet? Needs music, you got music?"

Jerry hears his name and swings his whole body around, he's got a drink in his left hand and he says, "phone's a goddamn piece of shit."

"You want music?" I ask.

Buying an Unknown Psychedelic off a Freeloading Hippie in Mexico



“You hear how sad this place sounds without it?”

Tino rolls his eyes and starts shaking up a new drink.

“What kinda music you want?” I ask.

“Hard rock man, something with a big guitar.”

I plug my phone in and play what I've got.

I sit back down at my table and Jerry joins me, drink in hand, head swinging around, “You got Hendrix in there?”

I nod, “he's coming up next.”

“Love Hendrix man.”

“Where you from?” I ask.

“New York, man. Used to be a hippie way back when, y'know?”

“Oh yeah?”

“Hell yeah. Used to do sound for the Grateful Dead, y'know that? Used to be up with Garcia and all of 'em. Taking acid and going wild all the time.”

Tino comes over to me with my mojito, puts a hand on my back and says, “you listening to Jerry talk? If he starts pissing you off, you just walk away hermano.”

I laugh and nod, “thanks Tino.”

He walks away and I turn to Jerry and say, “I'm a big fan of acid too.”

Jerry smiles and looks left and right before looking at me, “You want some?”

“You got acid down here?”

Jerry acts all indignant at this; takes a deep sip of his drink, “of course man. I know the damn chemist.”

Buying an Unknown Psychedelic off a Freeloading Hippie in Mexico

"Oh yeah?"

"Hell yeah. Used to do all of it man. Got really big into the opioids too. Used to be doing fentanyl all the time. Oxycodone? That what it's called? Doesn't even matter, just know I did it all the time. Made my skin itch too, but it all felt real sweet. So, what, you want some LSD?"

I nod, "I'd love some."

He looks around all paranoid and he says, "Alright, two hundred pesos a tab."

"I just want two."

He walks off into his room and comes back with a small sheet of white paper in a tiny glass bottle. He pulls the paper out and with a small pair of scissors, he starts cutting them into small square tabs.

"Gotta be a lil' discreet here, y'know?" he says, "Mexican jail is mean business I tell you what."

"All drugs are decriminalized in Mexico for personal use though."

He scrunches up his face at this, looks like a pug, "What?! No... bullshit. No such thing. They catch you with that shit and you're gone as hell."

I shrug.

"You've just been staying in Mexico?" I ask.

"Yeap, got myself shackled up with the owner of the hostel here," he points with his thumb to his room, he laughs and says, "she and I can barely even speak the same language! Don't matter though. She and I always getting in big fights, but 'cause of her I get to stay here for free so long as I clean the pool up in the evenings."

"You said you were American?"

"Fuck yeah. Good things happening in America these days, y'know?"

"Yeah?"

"Trump's doing great things, man. Fantastic things. He's really getting America to shape up again. Gonna build that wall."

"You're excited about his wall?" I ask.

"Fuck yeah!" He says, cutting the last tab out and putting it in a small baggie, "what he's saying's true, y'know? And I've seen it firsthand now too. It's all true, Mexico's really sending their worst up to America. Freeloaders, rapists, murderers, all the worst of 'em are the ones going up the border, and they're just let loose up there man, and they do what they wanna do, rape who they want, it's crazy. And what'd Obama do? He laughed and let it all happen. Now what's Trump doing? He's getting rid of all the freeloaders' man, and I couldn't be fucking happier I tell you what. Send 'em to jail, send 'em back down to Mexico, I don't care, just get 'em off the streets."

He passes the baggie to me and I pocket it.

"That's strong shit man," Jerry says, "good acid. Couple nights back I took a tab, was still tripping 'till way later that night. Was with my woman in bed, and she just thought I was drunk again, but I was really tripping. Was in bed with her, on my back, enjoying the light show behind my eyes, y'know? She didn't even know it that whole time. Got so mad at me fidgeting in bed that she made me sleep out here."

He laughs, and I down my mojito and say goodnight.

The next day, Dorothy and I take a tab each by the beach, and realize an hour or two in that though we're tripping, what we took was definitely not LSD. We laugh at and feel bad for Jerry, who doesn't know anything.

BITTER CUP

Remi Akers

This space isn't a home, it's a prison.
Beige walls creep closer, I am missing
Pieces of my soul.

This roof is no shelter from the storm inside.
Hands around my throat, not a ghost to confide
In this black hole.

These words and tight embraces are a pseudo-affection.
I've grown used to false assurances, so excuse my hesitation
To trust your kindness.

Your traditions keep us silent, no room for critique.
Forks scrape our plates as we fill our mouths so we can't speak
About what bind us.

Warm eyes and bright smiles thinly mask your disgust,
As you cite an old book to tell me I must be crushed
By the weight of your shame.

And there are days when I forget that I am what you hate;
Like warm coffee on a cold morning, I start to believe this love is safe,
But it's not the same.

Then I am suffocated, as I hold my breath.
If you only knew who you were hugging, you might squeeze me to death
And think you did me a favor.

Your self-righteous face scowls at me, as I am outcast
Like I'm soft serve in a cone and you asked
For a different flavor.

My mind is crying, stuck inside a memory.
In this house I am invisible because you refuse to see
That I'm valuable.

I'm tired of wallowing in this animus state.
This guilt was concocted but I won't be force-fed straight
From your table.

MARSHMALLOW FIELDS

Remi Akers

The road ahead is muted.
My thoughts are convoluted.
I distract myself for my own protection,
And catch a glimpse of the sun's reflection
On the hood of an oncoming transport.
Shadows in the sky become my last resort
To separate myself from bad signs.
Green and white diamonds and yellow dotted lines
Lose their meaning when you join your hands to pray,
And bold arrows point the way
To a far off city where I don't belong –
A place where everything appears oblong.
I try not to be a coward
But, as the cars move forward,
My heart shifts into reverse,
Following the pull of a passing hearse.
Out the window there's hay wrapped in white
And a scarecrow holding a kite.
I see a magical land of dreams
And the world I know comes apart at the seams.
I feel my scars being made anew,
While dusty clouds and faded blue
Are painted on a lake that whispers my name,
And I'm convinced I'll never return from whence I came.

DUALITY

Spencer Wells



“A mistake can only happen once until it becomes a result of blatant ignorance.”

I wish I knew the name of the man who said that on the bus, as he was talking to the passenger beside him. It sounds familiar, even now – almost as if he was reading it off a quote. I can’t help but imagine he lived by those words in a way that most people would never hope to. It was pained, as if by some tragic catharsis he was sworn to reconciliation with himself, or even someone else. Though I have heard many quotes of that nature, I guess it never really stuck with me the way it did hearing it from someone else. Perhaps I was just in that kind of mood where you can’t help but overthink something you hear, even if it doesn’t sound important by any other convention.

The bus was full of people heading downtown. Students, workers, parents of children in strollers, and so on. Nobody really stuck out. I couldn’t find a seat, so I found myself a space where I could grip the railing above. I got a text from a friend I saw a couple nights ago, saying that his roommate got home safe from the club the evening prior. A small relief, guessing that he’s done that a hundred times before, but more so in knowing that he didn’t get into trouble on that occasion.

I vividly remember him and a group of guys my age getting into a verbal dispute outside of a convenience store a couple weeks ago. We were all groggy and tired. It was two in the morning, and we were all heading to his house after a night at the bar – one of the guys went to pick up a pack of cigarettes and Gatorades for the hangover that would welcome him in the morning. At least he was thinking ahead. Anyhow, when he came outside, he bumped into another guy and didn’t bother saying sorry. Neither of them did, for that matter.

Duality

“Watch where you’re going, asshole!”

The difference in how anybody else would say this as a response is that the guy screamed it into my friends’ ear. There was no other way to perceive this than anything other than a provocative gesture, and this rang true for my friend as well.

“Talk some more shit! I dare you!”

At that moment, I was conflicted with the decision to either stay and help him with the fight that we all knew was going to happen – after him saying that – or run for my life. I couldn’t help but keep my gaze on the guy that walked in. Like a bull seeing a waving flag, I had every nerve telling me he was going to charge.

Against all odds, the fight ended right there. The group of guys that walked into the store as we came out just ignored us. Maybe they admired my friends’ audacious attitude, or maybe they decided that a fight really wasn’t worth it. Who knows? If anything, it was just another dick-waving contest between two intoxicated douchebags. It really set me off, but it appeared that I wasn’t alone.

When we got to the house, he burst into a fit:

“I don’t know what the hell came over me, I was THIS CLOSE to knocking his teeth out of his skull!”

Shamefully, I had to remind him of how lucky he was to not be socked after what he said.

“Bro shut the hell up! You started it.”

“How!?! That piece of shit saw me coming! I should’ve let him have it, UGH!”

“Are you stupid!?! The camera was right in front of you! What are you trying to say, that you wish the whole thing ended up worse?”

“No, no obviously I wouldn’t fight him in the store. I wish I took him into the street or something.”

It was getting ridiculous, and my sobering was making me irate too.

“You’re an idiot. They have cameras outside of the store too. Listen to me, most fights don’t end up the way it did back there. Most people end up getting the crap kicked out of them, or even stabbed, sometimes killed. You don’t know if those guys were carrying back there so why don’t you just be grateful that they weren’t!?”

“Listen man, I’m so sick of letting these people talk out their ass!”

Duality

You're probably right about not fighting them, but still... its so hard to just let it happen, you know?"

"Yeah, I know what you mean. But you got to be chill about it, that's how you stay alive. Besides, isn't that guy from the south end still in jail for punching the doorman to, eh... what's that place called?"

"Yes, I'm aware of what happens when you assault a security guy. That guy was stupid from the beginning, that aint got nothin' to do with me."

"But it does, though. Cops catch you beating the shit out of each other, you're done. We both saw what was going to happen. Get it through your thick skull, man!"

"Yeah, whatever. Pass me the blue Gatorade, will you?"

Around the time that the bars close the doors and kick the last of the drunks out, the streets become a dangerous place. I've seen other instances of groups beating the hell out of each other, hollering curses into the air as they engage in drunken violence. If the police aren't around, you best believe that the best course of action is to get out of there as fast as you can.

The bus I was on that morning smelled horrible. It was early, and there was a kid at the back with vomit covering the front of his shirt. He looked like he was pulled out of a grave – I felt sorry for him. Long ago when I first experienced a good night out, I found out the hard way how much a hangover can ruin that memory. I'm grateful now that I know my limit, but aware that for others its hard to know what there's are until they reach a dangerous point. Alcohol is a gamble sometimes, its best to play it safe.

"There's a duality to all moral decisions. The good decisions we make in a collective effort to feel confident about ourselves, and the bad decisions we make to forget the former and be careless. In truth, there's only so much that can be contested in terms of saying that both are crucial to our existence. In order to learn from our mistakes, we must make them one way or another. When they happen again, we must be mature enough to take responsibility for them, lest we lose our moral balance."

Never have I heard anything more passionate or inspiring than what that man said. Christ, I don't even think the guy next to him was paying attention either. I guess its just a matter of whether you're in a good state of mind – then again, a bus isn't the most comfortable place to have a conversation with a stranger. I couldn't resist the urge to know more.

"Excuse me, sir? Would you mind if I write that down?"

WHITE MIRROR

The future isn't what it used to be



Season 6: *Do Robots Dream of Electric Dicks?* Melchior Dudley

SCENE 1

A scientific laboratory, with a workbench in the middle of it. The walls are filled with shelves of various tools. The room is an odd mix of a biologist's lab and an auto shop.

CHARACTERS

Ian McKenzie: a man in his twenties.

Marc McKenzie: a robot in his twenties.

Lukas Scoffenberg: a man in his fifties.

Ian McKenzie and Lukas Scoffenberg stand by a workbench, upon which Marc McKenzie rests, asleep.

LUKAS: How do we wake him?

IAN: It's not wise to assume his gender.

LUKAS: But you just referred to it as a "he."

IAN: I was joking. Foreclosed gender identity was definitely something I programmed. I don't need my subservient to struggle with that dilemma.

LUKAS: I am grateful for that, but anything less would be a breach of our contract.

IAN: Yep.

Silence.

IAN: We wake him with a loud noise or by turning on bright lights. Just like a real human waking from a deep slumber. I've got that overhead light I can use.

LUKAS: Before we wake him...

IAN: Yes?

LUKAS: He can't hear anything we say?

IAN: No.

LUKAS: You believe this to be the one?

IAN: Yes.

LUKAS: The Prototype.

IAN: Yes.

LUKAS: And you've made him to be obedient, loyal, strong, deserving of nothing?

IAN: Yes.

LUKAS: Most importantly, though: impossibly

White Mirror: Do Robots Dream of Electric Dicks?

tolerant, quiet, all of those things that will make him work until the last drop of blood?

IAN: Yes. But the thing is...

LUKAS: Yes?

IAN: He may have one or two small glitches yet. Easy things, nothing we can't patch. But just be patient. We might need a small update or two. I can install such things when he goes to sleep.

LUKAS: I see. May I remind you that the primary payment will be given to you after the build is fully completed, which includes such "patches" as you state.

IAN: I understand. I will not give you machines that are half-finished.

LUKAS: I see.

IAN: May I wake Marc up?

LUKAS: You may. Wait!

IAN: What?

LUKAS: This waking up...what do I say?

IAN: I dunno. Just act normal. He should be pretty respectful. I've made a few ambiguous memories for him which give him the necessary learning for manners, etiquette, etcetera. So if anything, it'll be like he fell asleep at a party and woke up on a stranger's house. Has that ever happened to you?

LUKAS: No.

IAN: Hm.

With a great dramatic swipe, Ian flicks on the lights. Marc wakes, gently, and rubs the crust out of his eyes.

MARC: God...the light!

Ian shuts the light off.

MARC: Thank you. Why'd you have the lights on? I was trying to sleep.

IAN: Good morning, Marc. Or maybe I should say...good afternoon!

MARC: Jeez. I should've set an alarm. Thanks for waking me.

IAN: You're welcome.

MARC: I'm Marc, by the way.

IAN: I'm Doctor Ian. You can call me Ian. Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

MARC: Nice to meet you.

IAN: This is my friend--

LUKAS: Good afternoon, I am Lukas Scoffenberg, Founder and CEO of Scoffenberg Incorporated.

Lukas crushes Marc's hand.

MARC: Ah! I'm really sorry, I should be going. I honestly don't have any recollection of how I got here. I know there's work I'm late for, but -- wait...

Ian and Lukas smile wickedly.

IAN: You don't remember where you work.

MARC: I know, I know. You don't have to believe me.

IAN: Marc. It's you who is unlikely to believe us.

MARC: Huh?

IAN: Do you know where you got your name?

MARC: My name's Marc. I mean, it's nothing special.

IAN: Short for Marcus? Marcus Aurelius? Do you have a French background?

White Mirror: Do Robots Dream of Electric Dicks?

MARC: No...Wait. I can't -- This is weird. Who are you?

LUKAS: Do you know your middle name?

MARC: Won.

IAN: Marc Won. Interesting. French, maybe, and a bit of Chinese.

MARC: I don't think so..

IAN: But you're not sure.

Marc gets up and starts inching towards the door.

MARC: I should be going. This is weirding me out right now. I don't know what it is, but I can't think properly right now.

IAN: You're Marc Won. Mark One. The first model. We only needed one shot at perfection.

Marc grips the doorhandle.

MARC: It was nice to meet you. I'm sure we'll meet again. Bye!

He opens the door and stands in the doorway.

IAN: Marc, I made you.

Marc turns to walk through the doorway, but walks into a brick wall instead.

MARC: What the fuck?

LUKAS: Marc, don't be afraid.

MARC: What the fuck are you doing, you fucking perverts! What the fuck is wrong with you!

IAN: Marc, that doorway leads to an area under construction. The exit is behind me.

Marc walks cautiously towards Ian and Lukas.

IAN: But before you go -- my last name is

McKenzie. Ian McKenzie. I'm your father.

MARC: What?

IAN: I'm your father. You're my son.

LUKAS: Don't be afraid. You shall inherit the earth.

Marc sits down. He pulls at his hair, tortured.

MARC: What is wrong with me! I can't remember...anything...Did I get hurt? Is this a hospital? What's wrong with me! Please, help. I feel like I'm lost in my own head!

IAN: Easy, easy. Breathe.

Lukas begins to pace, agitated. He whispers something to Ian.

IAN: I know, don't worry. He will be okay.

Marc begins to cry. Lukas stops and throws up his hands at Ian.

IAN: There, there. Marc. You're a robot.

Marc can't help but giggle and sniff away some tears.

IAN: Marc, I'm being serious.

Marc looks up at Ian and the gravity instantly sobers him.

MARC: No I'm not. Fuck off.

IAN: I built you in this room. Look around. I can show you the blueprints for your build.

Lukas pulls some papers off of a drafting desk and hands them to Ian. Ian shows Marc.

IAN: Here they are. Beautiful. See this one? That's a model of your pancreas. Even a robot needs artificial insulin. If he's going to eat human food, that is. But your tastebuds -- never quite figured them out. Do you have any cravings right now? I'm curious -- you know what spaghetti looks like and is made from and all

White Mirror: Do Robots Dream of Electric Dicks?

that jazz -- but I bet when I say the word “spaghetti,” or even “tomato,” you couldn’t know what they tasted like. Does your mouth water? Probably not yet, eh? Just give it a minute. Wait until you try a real Italian lasagna. My favourite.

LUKAS: Or fois gras.

IAN: If you’re into torturing ducks, yeah, go for it.

MARC: Wait, wait, wait, wait. I can’t.

Marc is looking at the blueprint of his rib cage. He’s begun to feel his ribs, counting.

MARC: People are supposed to have 12 ribs on each side.

IAN: Yes. For you, though, 12 on the right, 11 on the left. Do you know why that is?

MARC: Adam. The original man. Gave one of his ribs to Eve.

IAN: Very good!

Ian winks at Lukas, who, for the first time, is impressed.

MARC: I must’ve broken it. This is surreal.

IAN: You broke it, so it dissolved in your body? Unlikely. You know that.

MARC: Surgery, or something--

IAN: You have no scars. Listen, Marc. You’re a robot.

MARC: I’m not--

IAN: You have no penis. I did not give you that technology.

Ian and Lukas grin. Marc smiles back at them, expecting a punchline. Then he sits still, trying to feel without touching his hand to his crotch.

IAN: I gave you testicles. They’re necessary for sex hormones, and I like to think of them as cute decoration. In a pathetic sort of way. Like mistletoe -- hanging up in January.

Marc’s grown so uncomfortable that finally, he can’t resist. He touches himself, feels, and is alarmed.

IAN: See?

Marc jumps up, ready to fight.

MARC: What the fuck!

Curtain. End of Scene 1.



COLDWELL MANOR

Kelsey Guindon

The floors creaked. Moonlight streamed through the ripped curtains, illuminating dust covering old furniture in the living room. The house smelled so foul, the group of friends felt nauseous. But what else was there to do on Halloween in their small town? They were far too old to go trick or treating and the high school parties were lame and awkward. When Jack dared the rest of his friends, Trish, Sam, and Skyler to spend the night, they couldn't pass up the opportunity.

Legend had it that fifteen years before, there had been a gruesome accident in the house. Neighbors who had been there at the time wouldn't give details, but the fear and panic in their eyes gave away more than words ever could. The younger kids in town claimed to see shadows in the windows, stalking them as they walked along. There wasn't one person in town who didn't cross the street when passing by, frightened by the eerie presence of Coldwell Manor.

The house had been left abandoned. It was an unspoken agreement of the town that nobody, not even the banks, would take over to fix the place up or sell it off. People tried to avoid talking about it altogether. The house was one of the bigger buildings in town, an old Victorian mansion that would have been exquisite in its time but now seemed more like a casket than a house at all.

The gang set up their sleeping bags and lit the lantern they had brought with them, eager for the night's festivities to begin. Sam had brought a ouija board, determined to prove his bravery. He was a dorky, gangly kid with large rimmed glasses and ears that earned him the nickname Dumbo at school. Trish, the edgy one in the group with pink and

blue streaks in her dark hair, suggested hide and seek. They sat and began unpacking their bags full of games and alcohol smuggled from their parents.

Skyler screamed. Blood drained from his face.

They all shot up, standing up from the dirty floorboards.

A rat ran across Skyler's sleeping bag and back into the darkness. He made his way toward the door.

"Not so fast," Jack said slyly. "What are you, ten?"

Jack and Skyler were brothers. At 16, one year older than the rest of them, Jack was the leader of the pack. Skyler looked up to him and couldn't face the embarrassment that came from disobeying Jack. Skyler was met by blank stares by the rest of his friends who clearly had no desire to leave. He went back to his sleeping bag, scanning the room for any more rodents.

"Good," said Jack, grinning. "Sam, why don't you set up the ouija board?"

Sam began setting up the ouija board, but gave Skyler a worried look. He didn't enjoy making other people uncomfortable and he was starting to feel unsure about the whole ordeal.

But sure enough, the ouija board was soon ready to go. The teens gathered around in a circle, sitting with their legs cross and knees touching. They placed their hands on the planchette, and began to move it around in circles to warm it up. Jack, naturally, would

Coldwell Manor



be the one to ask the questions. He was, in his own stupidity, fearless of everything that crossed his path. He saw himself as invincible.

“Who is here?” Jack questioned the board. Nothing. There was no movement. They waited a couple of minutes.

“Hello? Who is here?” Jack started to look annoyed.

“Whatever, this is just a dumb kid’s game an-...”

He was cut off by the rapid movement he suddenly felt at his fingertips.

“What did that spell?” Asked Sam, not feeling brave at all.

Trish gulped. “It spelled TRICK OR TREAT.”

Coldwell Manor

The light in the lantern flickered off.

“Jack! This isn’t funny! I’m not sure what kind of stuff you’re trying to pull but this is too far.” Skyler was fuming. He was used to his brother’s pranks but he didn’t expect anything like this. It had to be Jack, right? What other logical explanation was there?

Jack sat still, unmoved by his brother’s accusations. The colours had drained from his skin and left his complexion translucent and ghost-like. The truth was, he had no logical explanation of what was happening.

The house went completely dark. Jack felt as though he could drown in the silence. Goosebumps raised on his skin and he felt coldness pass over him. In the silence he began to hear laughter. Maybe it had been a joke after all. But the laughter grew louder and more sinister. It was clear that it hadn’t been coming from his friends at all.

“Jack, I’m getting really scared,” his brother cried out. In his fear, he sounded much younger. Jack wanted to hug his brother, but when he reached out, he was no longer across from him. The lantern turned back on.

“Maybe he’s just playing hide and seek?” Trish suggested, but there was no hope in her voice.

And so, they left the circle, missing one crucial thing.

They forgot to say goodbye.

The most important rule of ouija boards is always to say goodbye, or the game keeps going.

Trish, Jack, and Sam pulled out furniture and looked in corners but they could not find their friend anywhere. He had vanished. The house was nearly 4000 square feet and with no working lights, it could be a while before they found him. They concluded

that surely, he must have run out of the house afraid. He was probably back at his house by now, changing into warm clothes and getting ready to sleep rat-free.

They gathered back on the floor. Jack took his cigarette lighter from his back pocket and held up the board, watching it burn. He could see the faces of his friends through the flame, shadows cast across their faces from the flickering light. Suddenly, there was more laughter upstairs.

Trish and Sam left to investigate the noise. They were peeved at Jack for convincing them to come in the first place, and not entirely convinced that he didn’t have something to do with the night’s strange occurrences. They made their way up the old spiral staircase, using Jack’s lighter to guide them.

Jack waited for what seemed like half an hour, before he decided to go look for them. Maybe they had found Skyler and he was hurt so they were trying to help him.

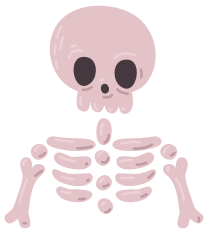
They were nowhere to be found.

He searched the house frantically all night, looking in bedrooms, closets, bathrooms. He looked until he had been through the entire house.

Daylight came. He sat, defeated, on a dusty couch in the living room. Packing up his bags, he hoped they were all at home, just trying to teach him a lesson.

When packing his belongings, he picked up the planchette which he had not burned along with the board. Peering through the looking glass, he screamed. There, standing beside him, were his friends. He ran out of the house, leaving everything behind.

To this day, Jack claims he can see his friends watching from the windows every time he walks by Coldwell Manor.



THE WITCHES OF PTBO



Kavya Chandra



The witches of Peterborough are claiming authority and the abnormality is consuming the insane, these days, the cacophony is being brewed into a marinade of 375 degrees straight

and a pinch of bone marrow extract, the hair from patriarchy's tail, a dash of dysphoria, sprinkles

of scrutiny, shame and addiction, the spit from the family's gutter, the heart of social ostracism- all sit plastered on the book of spells, "the witches have made their kill again!"



In the malleus maleficarum, the crime has been to be, and in these crimes my mother forgets my name as she goes through the lists of people who died stabbed in their sleep, and I sit in silent corners of these streets, wearing my best ghost clothes, and even the air can't hear my distress the bad, foreign words are spelled out: social abnormality! Apologies to the supremacy, I leave thinking the witches are brewing conformity in their hot pans, the salt thickening unapologetically;



We do not fit with the dominant trend of your norms, but the cauldrons are hot and the policemen fidget with the squeaking cold bars in their 3 walled- box that doesn't believe in the powers of the witches' words, their chants- you can't kill us without letting us live, you can't kill us without stopping to see us alive- the pressure cookers churn the paste of disgust, burning the witchcraft of love- same sex, different bodies, different sex, same bodies- they're churning dead with dismay:

Get rid of these revolting, wicked witches! Jailed inside of caves and humiliated, we put

belief in the mixture, sit quiet and wait for the sleeping dragon to saute our blood in all the colours, the dragon is normal: the dragon is my father, the conservative poster child of no hocus, no pocus- where shall the jelly of the beast be made, then? The dragon drags us out to the corner, and promises to keep us safe:

the witches of Peterborough are gay, lesbian, trans, asexual, bisexual, 2 spirited and being burnt at the stake.

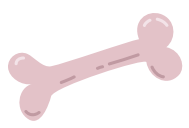
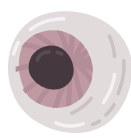


They separate the witches scientifically, then biologically, then spiritually, in the bedlam of knowing very little about our spells, we witches don't spook you out anymore, we're "deranged"

we witches sell our bodies to you in exchange for food, rats in the chemical labs, we're born for your experiments and asked to create small improvements in barbarous settings where you shock us socially, physically- we're able bodies, we're nobodies- "are you failing to cope up socially? Is your mental health in decay?"



Functionally performing, but mentally astray, the witches brew cold syrup of love and disarray, they brew comfort and community, acceptance and consistency, of curiosity and queeriosity, but nothing mixes, it's too coagulated, no potions seep into the Earth- the variables are changed, now, and we're sitting at round tables with our guts in the soup, we're making trauma our favourite spell, we're the chagrin in our own cauldrons- the witches of Peterborough, we give up autonomy and are ritualistically stuffed into the ground with our voices still crying for help, still begging for mercy.



THE CASUARINA TREE

Zack Weaver

I've been beneath the Casuarina tree
saw the water nymph climb from dew,
hushing nightmares by the glass
ornament in her hands
emitting a glow, embraced by the dull
calamity of night,
her lulled footfalls marked not sand nor
sound,
and bade me recount each world I had
known.

origins proclaimed from the various sides
of paradise I had known,
immortality mused the frightful
forgetting of faces under the Casuarina
tree,
enamored once again by fractured
features sprouting beautiful flowers and
familiar sound,
until each had made a final murmuring
pass before transcending, swilled by dew
back into the formless azure glow and
once again the night,
mundane as peaches in a wood box that
she held in her hands,

the moon's coyote grin restricts us in
silence with smothering hands,
she tells me to personify the sages I have
known,
and in a story recite them, before the
night
concludes in daily conquest of sky, above
the Casuarina tree,
which to she will pay homage, by
spreading morning dew,
enacting birds and all earthly sound

so, I gave her fancied letters,
meaninglessly arranged as spoken mortal
sound,
orchestrated by dead arbiters, their
scribbling hands
creating testaments of eternity for this
shaped manifestation of dew
teasing, tempting, beholding, the
shimmering blue unknown-
hiding under the fairest shade of the

Casuarina tree,
from that glowering turpentine moon,
beholding night

as the dim usurper of creation, existence,
and everything in between- night
and its fleeting mares fathomed only by
brief intermissions of earthly sound
like here, under the phantasmagoria of
the Casuarina tree,
those ovals piercing celestial blue, reach
sifting hands
through crayon road maps and a short
list of what I've known,
prodded by clamoring spirits clambering
from dew,

some are born from dew, others have
dew
thrust upon them in hollow night
behind mingles of love no longer known
reflected in weary sour sound
conjured by azure hands
under the Casuarina tree,

the ground was dry before dew slipped
into the cracks of the Casuarina tree,
the night was heavy under phantom blue,
my hands
attempt to catch various shades of
unknown emitting unnatural sound



TRAPPED IN MY HEAD

Julie Musclow



Thoughts are racing through my head,
as I try to lay in bed.
Images flash before my eyes,
the ones that tell of all my lies.
A happy boy I may appear,
but underneath I wish I could disappear
Dark circles around my eyes,
as I lay awake until sunrise.
My thoughts become a constant pain,
an advil would not help this persistent migraine
I always say yes, but in my chest, my heart beats no.
I wear myself down, yet I seldom frown.
My temples vibrate and feel like they'll implode.
One more stress and I swear my head will explode.

FALLING IN LOVE

Julie Musclow

Leaves crunch beneath my feet.
Every step closer to you makes my heart beat.

On a cold fall night you warmed my heart.
Whenever I'm without you I fall apart.

The colours have changed and we have too
You opened my eyes and I fell in love with you.



OUR TEAM

TYLER HOLT
DIRECTOR

ZACHARY
BARMANIA
EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

SAID JIDDAWY
GRAPHIC DESIGNER

REMI AKERS
WRITER

JAMIE
BOYD-ROBINSON
WRITER

KAVYA CHANDRA
WRITER

MELCHIOR DUDLEY
WRITER

KELSEY GUINDON
WRITER

BRAYDEN KNOX
WRITER

TYLER MAJER
WRITER

JULIE MUSCLOW
WRITER

SHAUN PHUAH
WRITER

ZACK WEAVER
WRITER

SPENCER WELLS
WRITER



ONLINE

ABSYNTHES MAGAZINE GOES BEYOND
PRINT BY ENGAGING READERS WITH OUR
ONLINE CONTENT. FOR YOUR DAILY DOSE OF
EVERYTHING ABSYNTHES SUBSCRIBE AT

WWW.ABSYNTHES.ORG

ILLUSTRATIONS

5 / EMMA JOHNS
14; 16; 17; 18; 28; / SAID JIDDAWY
20 / MULCHIOR DUDLEY
30 / JULIE MUSCLOW

PHOTOGRAPHY

13 / PETER CSAKVARI
COVER; 8; 12; 26; 24 / PEXELS.COM
30 / JULIE MUSCLOW

COPYRIGHT © 2019. ABSYNTHES MAGAZINE.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

