

## THE DEEP BLUE

SHAH TAZRIAN ASHRAFI

After the sun hides itself,  
Leaving trails of flame  
In a cotton candy sky,  
And the old lady from the moon  
Gazes at you,  
You shimmer in blue  
With ocean hands,  
Send crashing dots of blue  
And pull them back.  
You sparkle  
With electric blue lights.

I can see ocean galaxies,  
Colliding with each other—  
Breaking and re-birthing,  
Swimming and dilating  
At my feet,  
Lodging salt planets between my toes.

You are something else  
When the sun is meditating  
And the old lady is knitting—  
Something more than a breathing sea  
Spitting seashells.  
An electric caress.

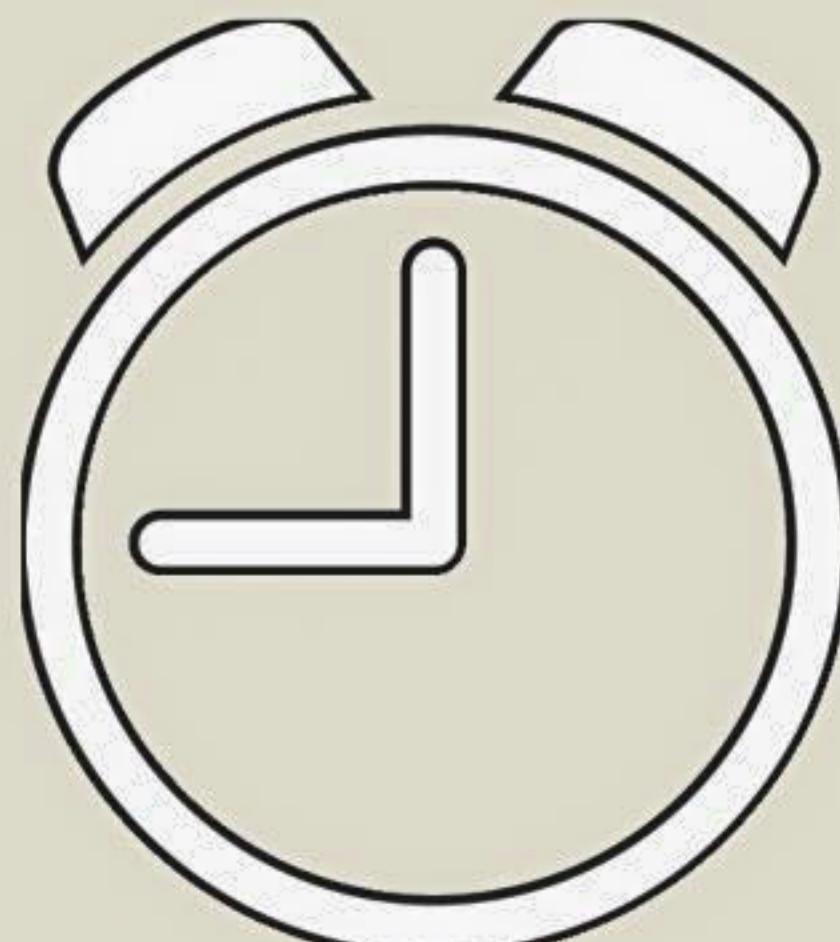
## too much time

TUPI KAR

why do I  
write  
if I am so apathetic?

i don't have  
time  
for this

why do you have  
time  
for this?



## Behind The Scenes Of A Personal Exorcism



TABEYA A. AZDASIH

In the grand scheme of things, I am  
insignificant.

I am dust, and less than.

But I am not the kind of girl to settle  
down in the void, I will not be quiet at the  
peak of that mountain, I will not be  
content I will not be content I will not be  
content –

*I was made to be something, somebody and  
I will not be content.*

My blood boils at the thought that one  
day the last person who knew of me will  
perish and that will be the end of me.

The need to live forever, my legends be  
the whisper of the universe, my limbs in  
your head.

Bear the Devil's crown in exchange for  
eternal life.

I am calmed by almost winter curling  
its lip at me, vicious. Finally, penance. My  
breakfast tastes like ash, the almost too  
sweet taste of cherries would be a welcome  
distraction from this nothingness if I did  
not deserve it - but I do.

What's wrong?

My food tastes like the walls of a  
volcano, my tongue is a boulder in my  
mouth, it's face stained with soldiers  
blood. My mother is a crow without a  
voice, picking at my shining eyes, my  
father is a sinkhole, a wide mouth with  
arms for teeth - pulling pulling, killing. I  
wish we had more time to bask in the pink  
of the sun, I've never done that with you.

My name, you don't say it the way you  
spell it. The way one would hold a knife  
on their tongues if they had the chance -  
carefully, like it might cut you. The sigh

comes from deep within your marrow, the  
ripples from the centre of your being, a  
slow, drawn out jumping of your blood.  
The hair on the back of your neck rises  
when I open my eyes - as a wolf, why  
would you wear sheep's skin at all?

The story begins with the death of a  
neighbor you did not care for, but it  
hardly matters because it changes you  
anyway.

That's what death does.

The wallpaper in your room is a sleepy  
pastel lavender, little blue roses blooming  
at precise intervals, a little maddening  
how precise. It begins to breathe the first  
day you lose your mind. Because that is  
what it means to be mad, you give life to  
everything. That is what it means to be  
Everything, you like Plath, in over your  
heads - the walls will remember you as the  
girls who wanted to be Everything.

Body slumped, limp spine like a doll, at  
night you are raised to your ceiling by an  
invisible string tied around your waist  
while the rest of you discovers how much  
you adore the ground. It is always the  
same, longing of gravity, your hands and  
the tips of your hair and the soles of your  
feet belong buried in dirt. The feeling of  
having once had a home, when you're  
miles out the door.

The neighbors pray, the priests and the  
children, the police cars begin to glitch in  
the middle of the day before disappearing  
entirely.

Devil girl, pray for the Devil girl, the  
Devil has her spine, her tongue, the Devil  
has her head and her lungs.

The only thing the Devil has is your  
name.