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Front Cover Isabella Wu
Back Cover Sophia Kim
Letter from the Editors

As the sun sets on another frosty winter term, we look back on the sparks of joy that filled these dreary months.

Students have taken advantage of the season: packing hockey games and form skates, huddling around s’mores pits in the chilly air, and spontaneously taking to the hills for late-night sledding. Cheerful music and a sense of warmth filled the dining hall as snow blanketed the ground outside. Even in the more mundane moments, you all kept spirits high on campus.

The Lit has also found moments of joy within the dark and often solitary winter days: we celebrated Valentine’s Day with chocolate, Coldplay, and heart shaped cards, spreading smiles across campus.

Every submission we have received this term was a ray of light amongst the dreary days. Photographs of our campus in the snow—its brick buildings outlined in white—and poems celebrating afternoons curled up inside reminded us of winter’s beauty. We are so grateful for those who dedicated their limited time to The Lit, whether through attending meetings, submitting work, or simply spreading joy.

As we look towards a relaxing break and the warm promises of spring, we hope to make even more memories with all members of the Lit community.

We are beyond proud to present the Lit’s 2022 Winter issue; an issue that embodies the conflicting and beautiful aspects of this past term at Choate Rosemary Hall.

The Lit would like to thank our advisors, Dr. Siperstein and Ms. Ashford, for their constant encouragement and guidance. In addition, we would like to extend gratitude to Ms. Nolan and Ms. Thomas for their help in the Copy Center, making every issue of The Lit possible. And to our subscribers, benefactors, and patrons: thank you for your never-ending support.
Sight Without Vision (no adjectives challenge)

He pressed a hand to my forehead and blessed it, rubbing paste on my brows. I could smell the salt that coated his fur; it flooded my lungs, choking me. I flung myself back onto the mat. He leaned over me, looking straight into my eyes, seeing nothing. The salt continued to bombard me, and once more he began applying the paste. I tried to squirm my way out, using my legs to propel me out of the tent. But my father knew where I was; years and years of blindness had given him the skill of sight without vision. He pressed down on my shoulders, forcing me to hold position. Soon, I will be like him. The paste will fall down my brows in my sleep and infect my skin. My nerves will never work again. My eyes will shrink in size as well as importance, and the sight without vision will not only be his tool but mine. I force myself to relax. Don't I want this? All I have to do is stay still. The bottle of 'medicine,' which my father placed by his side, glimmers. Orange. I wonder if my father remembers what color it is. He still remembers what I look like, I think. Sometimes he repeats it to himself, over and over again. I can hear him whispering, repeating our images through words. My father can't bear to lose any of it. He tries to replace memory with memorization. Will I be like my father? Will I wallow in my past, trying to remember what is standing right in front of me? It is a gift, the blindness, the sight without vision, the vision without sight. My father knows thinks he shouldn't about the world – about the future. I need to know these things too. But he also doesn't know things he should know. Like my face. What is the cost of power?
ecstasy

Asphalt is a cruel reflector.  
It tells me your time is up.

Sleet carries me away in sheets of ice;  
my head is made of glass tonight.

O stars! O heavens!  
O cruel and unending fate!  
Give me hope in a splash of sunlight,  
or else tear my heart out with your red, red hands.  
You throw lemon juice into each of my wounds,  
dancing maniacally to heartbeat sounds.  
Stab! stab! between my delicate fingers,  
let my pain be the rhythm of the night.

At least I know for certain:  
there will never be another as beautiful as me.

whirlwind

how far is a light year? how far is a light year?  
i’ll get there faster. three ten to the nine.  
is there anything you can’t do? just try to find out.  
you have always burned brighter. you sparkle and shine.  
what would you do in the darkness? do you know how to be ignored?  
some days an oasis, some a mirage. always the destination.  
pick yourself up and crest the next dune. there is nowhere you cannot go.  
do you remember nowhere? do you recall nothing?  
you will never know it again.

you will never be content returning to dust.  
you will be the storm forever.

Joy An '23
The Vibe

awkwardly
i approached you with not even an excuse
i pointed at your headphones
you shrugged
"it gives it a whole different vibe"

the noise of the football game drained into the background
the chained wall of the bleachers opened
one of us on either side
cracks appeared between
the intertwining wiring, cold metal, that separated us
one crack wide enough appeared for you to hand me an ear of your headphones – not airpods – the intertwining wiring, white plastic and tangled, would connect us
pull me closer
and you did

i asked what you were listening to
bruno mars you said
my eyes opened, "silk..."
you nodded
"can i...
your hand appeared after rummaging in your hair to find your ear
one song ended; the next song began
i listened
"skate?"
you nodded
i sang along quietly
i didn't want to sing louder than the beautiful silence of that moment
did you know that smiling makes a sound? it's called beautiful silence
did you know that silence is beautiful? yes you did – you told me once, later
after a while i turned to you as we talked
my eyes wanted to see not a loss, not helmets flying, but a win
i turned but my ear of your headphones fell out because the wiring was too short
we laughed

later i saw you again, headphones on, an empty seat to your side
i hopped down two sets of bleachers
asked if i could listen too
less awkwardly
you agreed
smiled
my dream
this was my dream
actually; last night; this happened; believe me; it had already happened
and it felt so good

Anonymous '2x
Why I Write

At any specific moment I think of the books I’ve read, cataloged in my memory like a library of forgotten quotes that were once meaningful enough to be highlighted by dull graphite and a line whose shakiness resembles my own. These forgettably memorable moments remind me why I write.

I write to encapsulate nostalgic moments I’ve never experienced. I write to fulfill my inner mind fantasies of dark nights and cold bricks and soft paper and dark ink. I write because I was told to. I write because I was told not to. I write because rights are debatable and so is humanity. I write because music ensnares my soul in a way I cannot express. I write for a purpose I have to discover. I write for a teacher. I write to communicate to myself and with others. I write because of the people I admire who accomplished and established the changes I desire in our world. I write because of fall and crunchy leaves that hand deliver dopamine to my brain. I write because I am told I write well. I write because I am told I could be better. I write to articulate the art in my mind. I write with the voices of frustration and failure while they argue with their counterparts, the voices of competence and perfection. I write because of the poison I am fed by the environment I choose to be in. I write when I cannot eat, sleep, or breathe. I write because when I touch something with my right hand I cry. I write because my nail polish remains chipped and my eyeliner becomes smudged. I write because I draw on my hands in class. I write because the moon grasps my soul and has held me since I was a child. I write because I want to share my thoughts with the world. I write because I do not want to share my thoughts with the world. I write because I am a child of immigrants and college is no longer a goal, but a necessity. I write because my identity requires it. I write because a newspaper retains a voice in a way I cannot yet manage. I write because word counts are irrelevant. I write because I have read metaphors that have explained my own emotions better than any therapist ever could. I write because I forgot how to play the piano. I write and do not want to share. I write because I create art. I write because I am not allowed to speak. I write because I am expected to speak. I write for the contradictory aspects of my life that only ever make themselves known as half-truths. I write because I am incapable of falling in love without an intellectual discourse prior to the plummet. I write because I have been trained to. I write because I was taught to. I write because I learned to. I write to think.

I write for myself. I think.

MIKAYLA DASILVA ’24
Underwater Myth

the sun
turns into weak ripples
and eats the lily pads
   for dinner.

drowning underneath the surface
is a quiet prayer
of false hope, long forgotten since the reckoning,
pale fingers unable to grasp
the fisherman's slippery pole.

i dive into the pond,
ready to hit the shallows but discovering
a mermaid palace, abandoned and haunted,
instead

     — a pearl floats past —
a salmon kisses its baby —

the solar power of that great star
humans dream about
has retracted its tendrils
from this evil place — we speak no language,
we hear no plea.

only bites of
the lily pads remain,
and we are now
   unprotected.

a curious human dips a toe in.
we arm our troops.
Returning Home

Sitting in the buzzing train, he stared blankly out of the window. It was chilly that morning. His breath formed a thin layer of fog on the glass, and he could only see giant blocks of fuzzy colors sliding swiftly behind him and a reflection of his face. That reflection displayed a growing domination of white specks in the already frizzy gray hair thriving across his cheeks and chin, resembling dead sprouts of thrones surviving outside a small, dilapidated home of so many jaded residents of the city. I am old. He thought.

As the city drifted further away, the knot of tangled hemp knitted by the relentless anxiety brought to him by decades of city life slowly unraveled itself and flew out of the most congested part of his soul. Its dull colors blended into the fleeting blocks and were soon lost. Instead, a stream of buried sorrow filled him through his cracked fingernails and that newly emerged mole on his left ankle. Parts of the skin on his hands lay bare under some gossamer threads attempting to hold together cloth patches and his cotton gloves; they were like the unprotected, delicate openings of earth on the prairies left by ruthless hunters. The weary receptors embedded under that skin probed his brain in short episodes, constantly reminding him of his body’s uneasiness in the cold.

A night a few days ago, he had finished work on the construction site. Given his illiteracy and waning ability to recognize words, he remained as a worker in the cooperation for thirty years. He gave in to all the work of his tendons and muscles, but never enjoyed the cool air conditioning in the gleaming glass and metal buildings. It was late into the evening, in the middle of a thunderstorm. The incessant sound of falling raindrops played like a bass undertone to prelude the thumping of thunder. With no umbrella or car to protect his spent body from the heavy rain, he released part of his weight on the semi-wet cement wall and waited quietly for the storm to end. The city was at peace. He watched in silence and realized its blatant, rapid augmentation in the years he had spent building it. This growth was quicker than that of his own body or the mountains surrounding his childhood home. He couldn't help but start reminiscing those long-gone afternoons in fresh spring grass, head over the clouds, feeling the burgeoning and the beats of the earth beneath him. Nature and he sprouted at an organic pace, in sync. A connection, one that could never be replicated with cement, was always present then. It was bugs in his ears, pollen on his eyelids, and soil in his eyebrows.

With no hope of the thunder stopping, he closed his eyes and let his body slide onto the floor. It was time to go home. He thought.
The morning fog on the windows faded; neither his face nor the words of aspiration he wrote on a similar piece of glass many years ago was left there. The train stopped at a crude station surrounded by mountains; it looked so alien and sped up swiftly under the menace of nature. He got off the train and started to walk home, guided by no maps, no GPS, but an intrinsic intuition buried in his flesh.

The place was eerie to many. It had always been hidden under the low clouds between the hills that were just a little taller than small bumps on the floor. The air is crisp. Earth’s physiques were so primitive, as if the deities were still weaving out the terrain from clouds. They must have been so clumsy at their job and scattered balls of clouds over hills that seemed to be fortuitously decorated with snow. The trees were sturdy and chunky. They were experimental products from the hands of God, lacking a smooth silhouette, and unable to sway along with the gentle breeze.

Expecting a rudimentary cabin, he reached the spot behind a clear creek but found only a rabbit hole and a few bunnies tending their babies. Wind caressed his cheeks. He calmly realized that God might have recollected the dirt and wood used to build his home and used them in the formation of another riverbank not too far away. Hearing faint sounds of water rippling, he laid down on that hill with faith.

After the passing of an immeasurable amount of time, time itself had disappeared. But in this space pertaining to no idea of time, he felt a sense of eternity. The kind of eternity not to be found in the revolving gears in the city’s industrial parks, but the kind that had always lived in his memories of the quiet flowers rooted in the mud walls of his childhood home. Then, or perhaps there, he stopped moving. His fingers reached into the earth and were entwined in the dense roots of the weeds. These tuber-like beings, nourished by the sorrow that overwhelmed this human body earlier in a common artifact of civilization, pierced through coarse sand; lumps of broken pebbles; vibrant-colored insects; and twisted, intertwining arboreal tissues, infinitely stretching to the farthest, deepest end of space.

Celina Wei '23
The Bear Who is Free

On a windowsill in New York City sits a bear who can see, but not talk. He is in danger of falling off, always. The cars rush below him and he is scared, because all that is keeping him away from those tires is a half-foot of wood. Each night the air grows colder and the wind blows stronger in its threatening presence. Each night the boy in the room yells louder and louder, and the bear is afraid for him. He wishes the boy’s mother would stop opening the window each afternoon. If the wind hit the bear the right way, he would be gone.

The boy’s tantrums are fierce, and in one of them, he picks the bear up and throws him against the door. The bear is scared for the boy, and sad for him. As the boy walks out he takes the dragon, who seems to be winking at the bear, and hugs him in his anger. The bear is jealous.

The boy’s tantrums are fierce, and in one of them, he hits the wall of the sill upon which the bear sits, and the bear, and all the other objects on the sill, fall to the floor. The boy cries and clutches his hand, for it was badly hurt. He falls to his bed in anger and pain and shock and emotion, and he lifts up the covers and crawls under them, cuddling with the dragon, crying into the dragon which seems to be winking at the bear. When the boy leaves the room, composed, the bear and the other objects lay on the floor quietly. The mother puts them back on the sill and opens the window.

The boy has one more tantrum that night, a fierce one, and in it he throws the bear once again. But this time the window is open, and out goes the bear who now knows he is free.

David Garsten ’23
Blue, Rasberry

...Just that rasberry blue
is how i think about you
the flavor tastes so sweet
but isnt real.

Every time i ask someone who
knows you they say youre too
far out of reach
from me.

Why dont you know that i like you
if blue rasberry doesnt exist
why does it taste so good?

Our eyes met once twice never again
blue rasberry melts in the sun of the winter
inside jokes repeated all over again
are we just friends
or more.

Now rasberry blue drip drops
on cement heart flops
in my chest ice falls
from the sky like
rain a disguise
for my face
as i cry
say hi
to u
its...

Anonymous '2x
macabre of my people

diseased people deserve to burn, to go back to the country they came from.
to take responsibility for this sickness that devastates the world now,
for surely, this is all their fault, the Chinese virus...

i drown out the voices of the television and tilt my head back against the jut of the tub.
even as the bathwater runs cold, the slow flickering of the bathroom lights
encases me like crackling baked skin and i burn until i am nothing but
a corpse that hangs prettily on television screens.

i go, willingly.

so this is how it feels to be a monster.

this is a country that has ravaged us,
beaten us until we are reduced to festering bones & veins that burst like discarded gas pipes with our wallowed grief.

we are made into caricatures, twisted images until no one can tell where the dark separates from light, where the good dissolves into startling fear.

they shake fists in front of our delicate features, trace marring hands against the slits of our eyes, bind our gaping lips, and slough off our newborn wings.

blood-soaked blades that twist in our rotting guts, the acrid taste of gunpowder that drips down our mottled tongues like medicine, thick and heady and purposeful.

our hands are sticky with red and we turn to our brothers, our sisters, we see the tortured lives that drip down their chests, their shins, and onto the earth that only swallows and says nothing.

and suddenly we were faceless animals, floundering and blind and breathless,

forced to forget our immigrant songs that bubble and scar in our ripped and binded throats.
the melodies that burst from our chests now
curdle into muted screams
chanting, louder, louder,
gone.

the television screen blazes and
shatters; glass remnants bleed onto the floorboards and we are
left staring at a
broken screen, at those of us that have fallen at the feet of
armed guards and wicked smiles and harsher words,
cuts on our fists our breaths torn from our beaten chests
our fingertips cold against trembling thighs.

the attacks come faster, they gain traction and our hearts clench
for countless familiar faces on reporter screens with
blooming bruises and bleeding wounds and
screams for help.

our eyes are silent; the sorrow
mottles and desiccates
in our hollow glass ribs.

the hope, the lingering embers of something futile,
fares until there is only the numb thrum of a beating heart,
the silent realization that perhaps this was inevitable all along—
both betrayed by those that had once embraced us
with open arms, called us beautiful with wonder-filled eyes.

we die with our mouths open, begging for
a chance
to breathe.
meditations on a sixteenth birthday

--one--
what does it mean to grow up?
my skin is still soft and red;
i still carve hearts
in the fog of shower walls.

--two--
they say the primordial was 5 inches deep.
sometimes i feel like i am 6,
reaching towards a world that hasn’t learned to love me yet.
i pray i never tire of being
the kind of person everyone must adore.

--three--
i got my driver’s license this summer
(just like we always talked about?)
so please tell me how i ended up here,
going 98 on a rainy interstate.
this aching in my head won’t end
knowing you’ll never love me the right way again.

--four--
my hair is newly cherry-flavoured;
i couldn’t stand being who i was anymore.
do you like how i look with metal in my tongue?
re-invention is the lie i will never stop
telling
until i am everything i have ever envisioned.
would you believe me if i told you?
i’m still crying over heartbreaks ten years old.

--five--
i stand on the gray of an ash-tiled floor
and see myself bathed in sunlight.
each day i ask why i continue to act
as if my steps are consequential to the
fabric of the carpet.
look now and remember you are more
than a bookmark,
though you can’t see where the proof of your pages lies.
you are the story i beg for each night
right before i close my eyes.

Joy An ’23
if i

if i wear away in winter winds,
will you look for me 40-inch under?
a frosted 0-fahrenheit fever fills my bones.
if i, encased in white (if i’m pure forever)

if i asked you (soundless words, lips blue):
do ravens stay for winter?
you may tell me some don’t
some fly, some flee, for southern weather.

but if i plead, if i do,
i hope they stay, leave an ebony plume,
an offering, or an elegy,
or a bid goodbye on my snow-leadens tomb

and if i’m gone, if i am,
i hope they claw at my dying embers
i hope these black-coated crows
if i am gone, croak and cry, crazed in fervor.

if i wilt away in winter whispers,
will you come back in the summer? (if i asked)
will you tend my fading murmurs? (if i plead)
will you keep me here forever? (if i’m gone)

(if i) listless body, blue and bony, sorrowed, speechless, in the ground
(if i) lamenting spectators, fathers, mothers—corvine beaks turned in a frown
(if i) please, please, please, immortalize me in the ice-still now
(if i) if i die, if i, if i

Sunny Vo ’24
the grey palette (yeah, a love letter)

i often dream about going back in time
back when i could see colors in all their glory
after you, colors were never the same.

every so often, i still try and paint you
but the colors are never beautiful enough.
i settle for my dull palettes.

but every guy i try to paint looks like you.
and every song i listen to sounds like you.

they told me once i came outside,
everything was supposed to be better.
but they never said how cold it was out here.

and so every time i exhale,
i see my breath in this frigid air,
and i think of you.

i fake a smile and cross my arms, shivering,
goosebumps running up and down my body.

but i'm only human
and it's so fucking cold.

so when he lends me his coat for the night, i say yes.
and for a moment, the colors are back.

but each time they come back,
they leave even worse.
more faded than the last time.

the colors are almost gone, my love.
please don't let them turn grey.

Anonymous '2x
If You Were a Man, My Love

If you were a man, my love, then you would be a masculine one. You’d be a small one, only five feet, seven inches, a bit taller than you right now. Your masculinity would be considered perfectly normal and you’d talk with your low but smoothly determined tone of voice without being called “fake”. The mid-length cargo shorts and workout t-shirts won’t be anything “weird” to wear since you are just one of the boys, not an unnatural-looking girl.

If you were a masculine man, we wouldn’t be considered as “just friends”. When I smile at you mid-conversation, hug you with a little tip-toe, grab your hand and wave it around, people will see us and say, “Are you guys dating?” They would never realize that they would have never said that if you aren’t a “man”.

If people ask us if we are dating, we would just laugh it off and admit it. We’ll enjoy all the advantages we get for being a “default.” In fact, we would even enjoy the “disadvantages” of being “obvious”. We wouldn’t be allowed in each other’s rooms but we would be able to tell our parents about each other’s significance. The lame high school building with its predictable arrangement of classes and classrooms would turn into a world of magic.

If we lived in a world of magic where anything was possible, then I wouldn’t have to be writing this piece. You are a creature of courage and I, a coward with an endless love for you, would soak ourselves into a pond of time, where no hour, minute, second flows, but only the infinity hovers over for us. No big problem would come our way, only if you were a man, my love.

If you were a man, my love, then nothing could break you, and if nothing could break you, then nothing could break me. However, since you are not a man, since one of us is not a man, one touch is a struggle and one step causes a traumatic fight. Since our gender matters so much in this queer world, we will cry to each other’s arms about the problem started by prejudiced glances. If you were a man, we wouldn’t even know these obstacles exist.
If you were a man... if my love, you were a man... you'll never be one. All this imagination about freedom from discrimination will always only pain me, and you, my poor beautiful love. If you were a man, my love, even if you are one, you would always be the same to me. All that matters to me is your gaze, your hold, and your smile - the way you let me lie on your arm, throw random words of affirmations, and endlessly care for our happiness.

.

.

Remember my love, we are not loving to prove, we are loving to love.

Faer Son '24
winter's memory

you breathed to me,
    soft blushing breaths that i caught on the tip of my tongue,
let myself taste on the lips that warmed only to yours.

even as the passage of time ebbs and fades and floats past us, there’s a double to my heartbeat,
    a catch in my throat and a blankness in my ears.
a fading echo that dissipates rapidly,
    until only the ragged sound of my own breathing is left.

stubbornly i kept you in the bedrock of my veins,
singing even when it burned me to stagnate.
    it’s only when i meet the you that i had forbidden myself to see,
take in the rigid broadness of your chest and the sting of the cold curl to your lips,
    that i realize,
    the spring has wilted,
our summer monsoon has passed.

    but darling, my heart still remembers.

even in the fraying scars of winter,
in the rotting blooms of a lost lover’s spring,
    it still beats to the timing of your breaths,
clenches & soars & fractures to the falling lilt of your voice.

we were tricked by the folly of our own naive happiness,
bewitched watching delayed films of soft exchanges and dancing hands.
    over and over,
the tapes corrode and scar in my palms and bind me to pinpoints of nothingness.
but broken record players don’t have owners,
and water must have a broken memory too,
because the laced paths we carved together in the etchings of the winter’s last ice have lost their truth.

i always thought the word ‘ending’ had a rather beautiful ring to it.

ending—it seems like a word that reaches, takes the space that was filled before and distorts it,
makes it so that no matter how hard you try to fill it,
it will always be jagged, a corner catching on an edge.

a lover’s sigh,

a riverbank of falling streams,
these petals tear open at the fall of the first snow,
they close tight to the breasts of spring.

halls of orbeez mirrors,
hands of the softest blades,
licorice embraces &
starlight laughter &
pomegranate words.

forever i chase my hiraeth,
this home i’ve never known.

Isabella Wu ’24
Grief is a Tree Planted with Time

grief is a tree planted with time
sadness is a temporal phenomenon

i planted a tree, and it grew slowly, and then it grew faster
yesterday the tree was cut and dragged away
now it exists only in my mind and in the imprint,
the shallow dip of the land where it fell, the slightly differing soil texture that covers
its absence, but only i know to look for those things:

there's the nail in the wall that i hammered for you
the letters of your name in a lit poem
an origami paper squirrel
the word, random, all-caps: "pigeon"

there's the reminders i set for years or months in advance – for february 14th –
i haven't crossed them off my list, erased them from the app, yet, ever

there's the journal, small black and leather
almost every page filled with what now feels like useless ashes
from a tree that was cut away
and burned.
The pages might just as well be burned because you'll never read them
but i cant bring myself to do that, either.
there's the memories i was planning to bring back
the questions i was going to ask

the... everything, just everything that i had planned for us,
never realizing that – always this self-inflicted blindness – there might not be an us in the end.
to begin with

 David Garsten '23
Mother Moon

Mother moon and her stars of misfortune watched wearily over the black fields that washed away our bodies. The tall grass no match for her white light. Quickly she casts a spell and the magic of her shape enthralls men of all creed. She, in her ancient wisdom, writes the tells of love and hate. The silent whispers of promises to one another and the curses that crawl through the night. I stare back at her milky eyes, her tears like warm cream that I suck at. I reach out, grasping for her cold warmth as she inspires me like so many others. I watch the web she casts with her embroidered velvet dress, constellations of ancient beings and creatures forever sealed within our minds. O mother moon shine down your blessing, give the gift of eternal youth and satisfy the needs of those who call on your truths.

Noah McBride '23
Patrons
Young Kim
Maya Moorthy
Olga Robertson
Cecilia Wolfson

Benefactors
JR Ahn
Doungjai Gam Bepko
Dana Brown
Theodore and Sara Kim
Alyssa Montler
Patricia and Berry Stone
Literati
Celina Wei '23
Celeste Shattuck '25
Evelyn Kim '24
Kk Liu '24
Nikki Ramos '22
Ryan Lee '22
Andra Ionescu '24
Justin Lee '25
Grace Wu '24
Colin Miley '23
Zoe Plunkett '24
Bo Georgen '22

Faculty Advisers
Stephen Siperstein
Alex Ashford

Masthead
Macie Simmons '22
Marcus Ding '22
Tyler McLemore '22
David Garsten '23
Cassatt Boatwright '24

Literati
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Ivie Ojior '24
Katherine Chong '25
Blake Bertero '22
Yujin Kim '23
John Markley '25
Paola Diaz Del Castillo Rosique '23
Portia Chung '24
Elena Zhang '24
Helena Burger '24
Lucy Dreier '24
Bryant Figueroa '23