Diman Literary Magazine
Winter 2025

Photo by Eris Stets

Isolation in a Winter's Veil

By Onyx Pires

I've always hated the snow
But lately I've been hating the world around me
It gets lonely, but it's not like I'm bothered by it
Moving through spaces in crowded places like a poltergeist

That's just how it is
I mean the snow is pretty and pristine
Keeping everyone away from seeing my face
I'm glad they don't get too close, because it's already cold

I don't need snowflakes getting stuck in my hair
And I certainly don't want frostbite
So I think I'd rather be alone, while having to walk in the snow
But my head feels more like a storm

Love

By Noah Davis

Photo by Eris Stets

Love

It's a word that holds a lot of meaning

So much meaning that we as a society long for it

But what we don't realize is that there is a difference between actually finding love and longing for it

Love is also a force, a power

A power so strong that it can build flourishing roads and cities but at the same time destroy whole empires

We as a people, use the word love too loosely

We use it to describe everything we like, but just slightly more

There is no in between

Love is a word that holds so much meaning but at the same time means nothing

Love is often mistaken for other feelings, but with no in between, we have no other option

What often gets forgotten is that to love one thing, is to hate another

I'll say that again

To love one thing, is to hate another

To acquire love we must make sacrifices

Love is never just given, yet so much is given just to have it

Life doesn't give chances, yet it does offer opportunity

The opportunity often gets wasted, if not collected

It gets wasted at the first sight of love, or what we think is love

We are willing to throw everything away for this feeling, that if it were actually true, wouldn't require sacrifices

Then we find that love isn't true, then we are left with truly nothing

Left lonely, left empty, left forgotten

That feeling never goes away

Especially every time you fall back down to that place

But that's what we were raised to find, love

Raised to believe that love is the only thing we need in this life

But we look for the wrong love

We long for the love of another

Yet forget the love to give ourselves until there is none left

To love one thing, is to hate another.

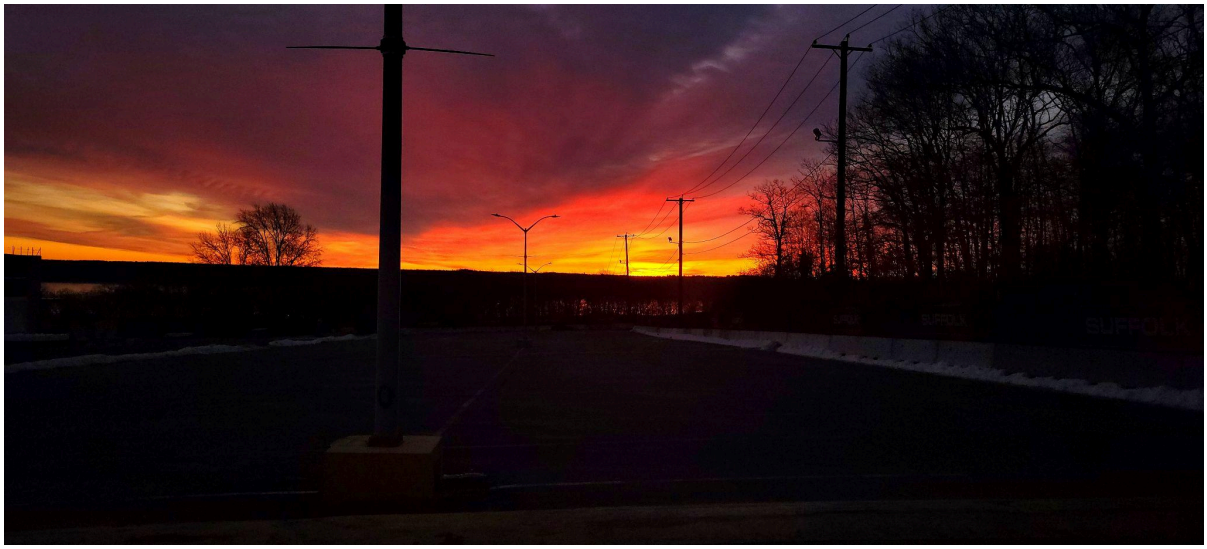

Photo by RJ Smith

Sunrise

By RJ Smith

Every morning
Same routine
Thoughts are aborning
Wake up, dress, and go get some caffeine

Drive in the dark
Air is still fresh
Pull into the lot and park

Rest back and sigh
Sun starts to shine
Look up at the sky
Colors like a design

Pinks, reds, yellows, blues
I snap a photo
Of all the beautiful hues

Watch the sun rise
The clouds rolling past
The night says goodbye
The blue sky so vast

Step out the car, just to say
“Take a deep breath,
It’s a new day”

Rap DayDream

By Ajani Barros

Photo by Eris Stets

I went on a ride
We had to pull aside
No accident or folding metal
Into foil; just sat to think…
At rapping I’m dominant
in the dark real ominous
A big band one day got cash for me
My skills no tragedy

It will pay me big money
no dramatic irony

Ready for the Day?

By Theodore Kearney

Ready for things to connect?
Ready for things to neglect?
Ready for you to feel like a big league?
Ready for you to feel like a big fatigue?
Ready for your importance to be involved?
Ready for your importance to be dissolved?
Ready to feel being massed?
Ready to feel harassed?
Ready for your work to be polished?
Ready for your work to be abolished?
Ready for the day to yell yoo hoo?
Ready for the day to yell boo hoo?