

# THE SUNSHINE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF POETRY & SHORT FICTION

SEPTEMBER 2021

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Elyse Hwang  
Eliezer Lopez  
Katie Ellen Bowers  
Nikki Kriaski  
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Lynn Marceline Pinto**

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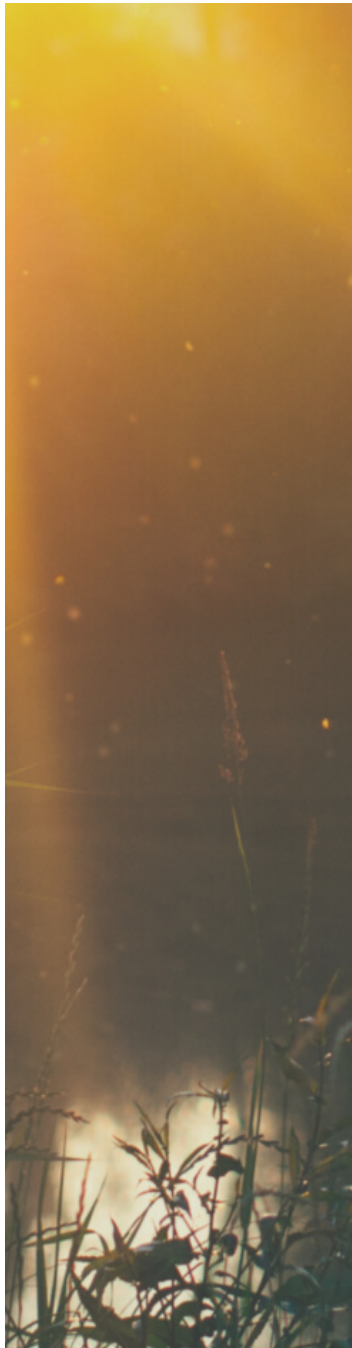
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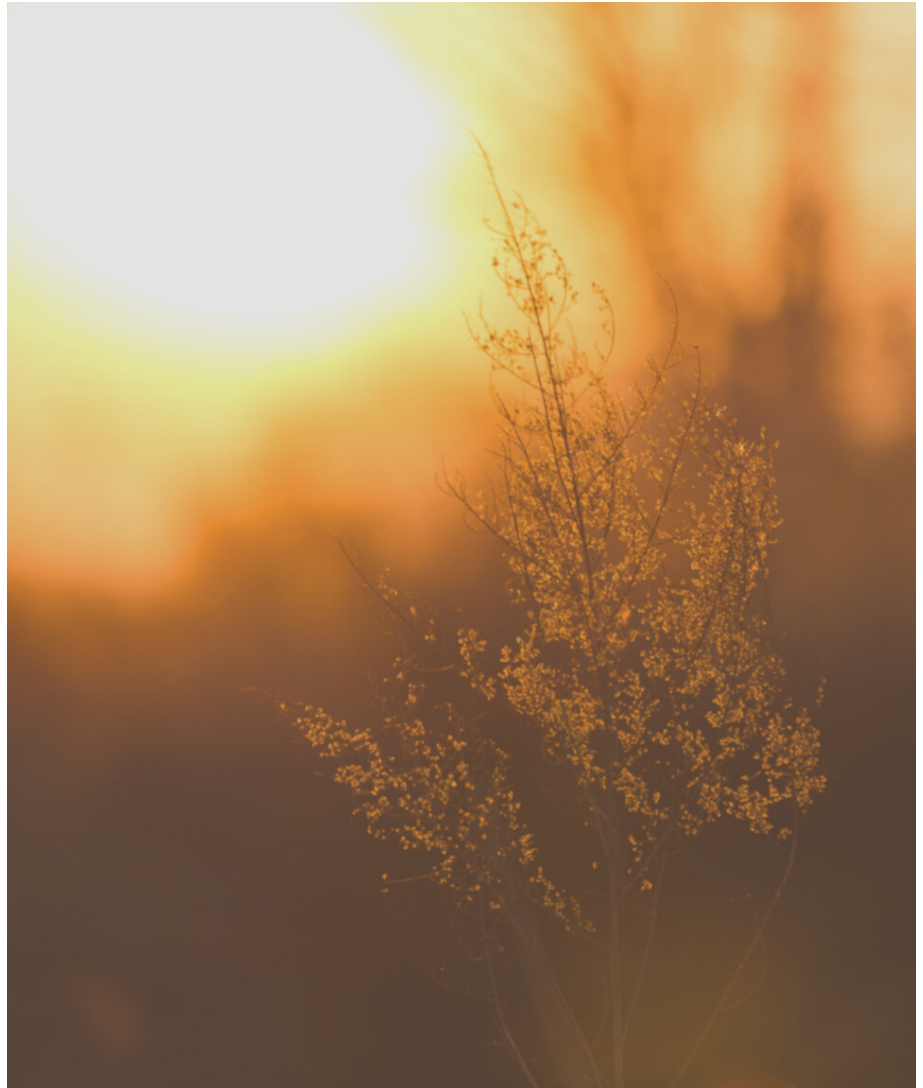
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**Contributor Information**



# EDITOR'S NOTE



If I had to sum up this theme of this unthemed issue, it would have to be time. The concept of time came up again and again in all of the submissions we received. Whether we were talking about time running out and having to say goodbye or waiting for something magical to happen, we're all very aware of its passing.

That's not to say all of these submissions deal with the ticking of the clock, but it's something that you can't quite escape. Either way, my 11-week-old puppy, who is currently curled up at my feet sleeping, enjoyed reading through all of the submissions sent our way.

But before you dive into this issue, I'd like to say thank you to all of the wonderful individuals who shared a little piece of themselves with me. I greatly appreciate your time, effort, and courage! Without you, this magazine wouldn't be possible!

And thank you to all of our lovely readers! I hope you laugh, cry, and enjoy every word. Enjoy your time with us.

Cheers,

*Danielle Adams*



*POETRY*

# SILENT BRAVEHEARTS

By Ruchi Acharya

The midnight scars tell tales of all:  
Of courageous, brave-hearted, and polished mighty heroes they call.  
Stalwarts marched forward pounding boots on the ground  
More tanks, more gunners, more men, all are down.  
Whistling bullets sink in the torso of noble-spirited,  
Marrow freezes, tank sneezes; festering with hatred, we drifted.  
Invincible fires, fired the soldier whose friend was burnt alive  
The battlefield now baptized in ichor, the grisly perfume of corpses arises.  
Berry-red blood from the mouthless wounds dripping by,  
“We don’t turn away” a soldier’s shout, breathed under a pagan black sky.  
With survivor’s guilt, faith in-built; the men with moral injuries cross-by,  
Behind the enemy’s line, upholding wisdom and divine; their spirit never  
dies.  
Outnumbered target-hits and explosives mark the victory at last!  
But the battle never ends for those post-traumatic men.  
A warfare between remembering and forgetting,  
They are trying to cope with grief and supportive smoldering.  
Feeling horror beneath their skin, out-stress all-bound,  
Mistress’s hand from behind, mother’s fine-dine,  
Made their almighty strength sound and profound.  
On December’s solstice night, whilst joy reaches its height,  
I pulled the trigger with my emotions intact,  
That’s how a warrior survives, by murder-suicide.

# IF I DIE YOUNG

By Maria Giesbrecht

invite my 11th grade English teacher,  
Mrs. Stronach to the funeral / burn my body and  
put it into ten different vials for each person  
that I loved  
my phone password is the  
anniversary of my high school boyfriend  
and I / please play Everglow by Coldplay as you  
say your final goodbyes  
there is salmon in the fridge, don't let it go to waste  
the bearing in my washing machine needs  
to be replaced / message my Hinge matches to let them know  
i didn't ghost / send my deepest condolences to the  
mountains of the west coast  
donate all my shoes, every last pair/ save me a seat at your  
wedding, I'll be there

# THE WAY BACK

By Denise Alden

Sometimes I think the most American thing about me  
is that I miss station wagons the way I hate SUVs.  
My brother and sister and I are in the way back  
of our wide beige Plymouth, a trio of towheads.  
When we got older, we fought each other for the front seat.

My mother drove to where the money was to spend the little we had.  
We never saw the country club behind tennis courts  
that loomed over the golf course along old Highway 12.  
We ignored the mom-and-pop shops in our town for the Red Owl  
and Ben Franklin and Dairy Queen in Wayzata.

On this solstice, the center of the world is changing location.  
Fires burn Lake Street, rubber bullets and tear gas spray Lafayette Square,  
and statues tumble down in Charleston and Louisville,  
Birmingham and Nashville. Broken things are things.  
Every birth leaves a death in its wake, so we must be brave midwives all.

We three loved waving to people in the car behind us,  
thrilled when they waved back, their faces diminishing as we sped  
into a future we couldn't see. Facing forward doesn't always mean  
we know what is to come. Maybe it's best to arrive fresh and dumb,  
waving goodbye to what was, finally letting go of the way back.

# PIRATE JENNY

By Denise Alden

Hers the most-wished-for black freighter,  
her song a brittle humming intended to soothe you  
as she came for your head while making the beds.  
Do not believe anyone, least of all women:

their siren song, that brittle humming intended to soothe.  
All the maids in all the bedchambers in all the world  
do not believe anyone. Least of all women,  
Jenny kept her eyes horizon glazed. Her ship coming in any day now,

while all the maids in all the bedchambers in all the world  
surreptitiously leave their quintessence and blood behind.  
Jenny kept her eyes horizon glazed, her ship coming in any day now  
to swallow your nightmares. Sirens and selkies

surreptitiously leave their quintessence and blood behind.  
Sometimes, day follows night and breeds insolence,  
swallowing your nightmares of sirens and selkies.  
What you fear is unimportant to her, only that you fear:

it rights the balance of waves, tides and undertows.  
She came for your head while she made the beds.  
What you fear is unimportant. That you fear  
her is her most-wished-for black freighter.

# GARDEN HOSE

By Tohm Bakelas

we speak in tongues  
even navajo windtalkers  
would have difficulty  
transmitting across  
enemy lines

our code will not be cracked

often, i tell you: these days  
i struggle to write poetry,  
the muse is long gone,  
my thoughts are stagnant,  
the river is dry,  
i've chased all the herons away

but i know i'm wrong,  
all i need is here,  
it's all here,  
it's you.

# IRONING OUT THE PANDEMIC

By Margaret Rodgers

Some people like to iron

Many do not

The good things about ironing are:

It smells wonderful —

Roasty and redolent of fresh air and sunshine.

It restores order to a random wrinkly bundle of stuff.

I knew someone who ironed every piece of laundry, underwear and all.

She said that it made things lie more neatly in her drawers. She was a primary teacher. I would not have

liked to be in her class and we weren't particularly good friends.

In dressmaking, things work out better if you iron the seams.

You can iron and watch tv but you can't iron and read. (Both pro and con)

It was once a signifier of good grooming to be wrinkle-free.

Is it still? I guess in some circles such as politics and business.

But not in the arts or in most kinds of manual labor.

There's a Canadian film where the mother makes grilled cheese with her iron.

The not good things about ironing might include the fact that the iron is more or less a one job tool — disregarding the grilled cheese, it's no Swiss Army knife and would not be grabbed on the way out of a burning house.

And in fact might have caused the burning house.

## IRONING OUT THE PANDEMIC By Margaret Rodgers

There's leaving the iron on,  
melting synthetics into a sticky glob on the iron, thereby rendering two things  
useless.

There's standing too long before the ironing board, getting varicose veins and  
backache.

There's summer ironing of cottons and linens, the time of year when most of  
the wrinkling occurs, when  
someone else I know used to stand in cool water to iron, an image with  
horrifying possibility.

And someone else told of sharing a back stoop with a Kuwaiti family who had  
a servant that ironed all  
day long. Those endless white robes. She was tempted to sneak her own  
basket in beside the others.

So to iron or not?

We all know that we must flatten the curve.  
An iron won't do it.

# WONDER

By Margaret Rodgers

There's wonder  
but it waits  
like a cat in a corner.

The usual – the stars:  
was it Peter Cook who said  
As I looked out into the night sky, across all those infinite stars, it made  
me realize how  
insignificant they are  
It was  
because I Googled it.

But wonder – itself?  
In every thing  
a child finds it.  
My son, in his stroller  
pulled his thumb out of his mouth  
and asked

*Do the hats turn into boxes?*

The thing was, we were in Eaton's department store in the elevator. When  
we went in we were in the hats section and when the door opened, we  
were facing a row of boxes.

Magic can happen anywhere.

## WONDER By Margaret Rodgers

On another occasion, driving in the dark, he, in the back seat, looked up at the full moon and filled us with wonder, saying

*Moon, will you come down and be in my hand?*

Back to the cat though –  
it can pounce at a beam of light  
at a plant.

Does it wonder?

# HOURS (FT. YOU) - A SLOWDEATH

By Bidisha P. Kashyap

dawn - whimpering fragile silhouettes/satin laces wrapped around wine-stained sheets/ the streetlights flicker slowly/ "what is it like to love someone till every single breath is just an reminder how you have to get through another day alone" - i stare at the sticky note beside my bedstand/ deafening silence creeps up my spine/ yet i find a home somewhere in between/ somewhere far amidst the first ray of sun a lone bird sighs/ i tell myself that i don't need you/ my words come out in series of stutters/ please come home.

noon - old typewriter keys clash against tired fingers/ i tuck a loose strand of hair behind my ear/ the sky looks like a pastel patchwork of metaphors today/ i hope the winds on your side of the town are gentle on your freckles/ inside my third drawer, somewhere carefully tucked inside some envelopes/ and i try so hard to not reach out for your smile/ i have survived two octobers alone since you left and i am not sure if i can take the third one.

dusk - i run my fingertips around the edge if the ceramic cup and watch my date flash me a smile/ his long brown locks are similar to yours but yet home feels so far/ long slender fingers run over my knuckles; he looks outside the window/ a tint of shyness kisses his cheeks/ i smile and shift my gaze to the sky/ have you found a different heartbeat to call your safe place now love? (i hope you still think about me)

midnight - thunder whirls past the city as i spend another sleepless night with empty arms/ the wooden box where we kept our promise rings, now serves as my ashtray/ you left me like an unfinished poem after feeding me with a very promising ending/ i smile to myself and then laugh and then choke on my own sobs/ how am i now supposed to finish the poem in me if your thoughts keep on breaking me over and over in every passing hour?

# WAKING UP IS A BITCH

By Seniqua Sherman

Do you feel it?  
Skeletons dancing their way out of graves, dirt  
shifting through their bones.  
Do you see it?  
The veil laced with cracks, a fragmented  
wall fall.  
And then there is nothing.

Do you feel-  
Witness the galaxies merging, the dust  
from their stars grinding against each other, for  
the perfect fit.

Don't you know?  
Truth is coming. Late.  
But Truth is coming.  
Say goodbye to this rose-y dimension.

# THE CRONE

By Seniqua Sherman

why do i fear the stars?

they tell me that change is coming - to welcome the Destroyer  
that things do not grow in wastelands

things i already know

they say to me, what i won't

they tell me change must come  
or i'll self-destruct  
or the potions will kill me

they tell me change must come  
or my shadows will eat me

things I already know

# MY PERFUME IS TEARS OF MEN

By Christina Hennemann

I extract your tears and catch them  
In a delicate flask of frail shellskin.  
I label the fragrance Tears of Men,  
With an asterisk: \*rare.

I spray the luxurious scent on my neck,  
Every morning since March 19, I bathe  
my wrists in your weeping absent innocence.

My hair soars in the powdery dust and  
Shoots sparks into your glistening drops  
Of salt, water and sea.

I'm covered in storytelling streams of guilt,  
And red wounded sunset skies, drooping,  
Infused with feathery flakes of rainbow clouds.

Before I go to sleep, I fragrance my pillow.  
I breathe in your holy scent of pink daisies,  
Musk, vermouth, ground tonka beans;  
Exhale my black thorny roses.  
My dreams are fertilized and purified.

The flask is filling quietly, swelling up,  
To a purple river engulfing my castle.

I am pregnant with an illusion  
Of salty cotton candy and sleep,  
Finally resting soothed in your essence.

# FAITH IN SHELLS

By Christina Hennemann

Esker of the river, you gifted me  
With a pair of frail pink clam shells,  
- perfectly  
Holding on to each other, glimmering  
In the sunlight like thinly cut rose quartz.

I pick them up and steal them from you,  
Your beaches are richer than any woman\*,  
More beautiful than any man\*.  
You can do without them, while I can't.

I lost my Inis Eiscir Abhainn clam twin,  
To aquamarine seas and purple sunsets.  
My footsteps in the golden sand vanish,  
Forlorn in the lapping turquoise waves.

My ear draws music out of the pink shells,  
I dive into the water sluggishly, feverish,  
With flushed cheeks and a rush of blood.  
You are speaking to me:  
'Hold these precious clam shells in awe,  
For one cycle of the moon in silence. Then  
Your clam twin will return to you.'

Pink shells pressed against my pulsing heart,  
I sit on the deserted pier and wait.

# TUBERS

By J George

My friend from the city, calls to warn,  
to not serve him boiled tapiocas when he comes home.  
Yes, I agree cassava cannot be an item of lavish taste,  
but I wonder who could say no, to those lovely tubers shaken freshly from  
earth,  
with the dampness of life still sticking to its sides like a cloak  
and the smell of rain, the nascent of mountain rains holding in them,  
as if it has stocked all the monsoons for this sudden introduction to light.

See, I can serve along with it -  
bird's-eye chilli(kanthari) chutney, my grandmother's specialty.  
Two tiny cubes of rock salt, a small dollop of coconut oil  
now frozen like canned aloe-vera gel  
and a splash of purple onions - small sliced.  
Ground to paste on an ancient wooden plate  
frequently used by my granny.  
You must try them with the tapioca boiled,  
you can never say no after I promise.

And there is still more I must offer you –  
the spice of Indian mackerel  
dipped in a saucy masala curry as well.  
Here, I am sure you cannot say no, to the colorful feast  
arranged on a banana leaf cut fresh large green.  
Maybe that's how you will start liking these mountain tubers,  
with the warm bites of the high range mist  
stuffed to some tubers and their climbers,  
the added spice and colors,  
amending the blanch, the cold, the lifelessness.

# WANDERING IVY

By J George

People are advised to maintain a safe distance,  
Recommended to isolate themselves,  
and prevent a greater collateral damage,  
lessons from the times of pandemic;  
and then I think.  
Eventually, there would come a day,  
When you would chant goodbye to me,  
In the name of your mother tongue,  
On behalf of your state of domicile,  
Pointing fingers to that invisible wall,  
Separating us,  
In a language I barely speak,  
You would say calmly or  
It could be me, retrieving early,  
Into quietness, from the fear of the unknown uncertainty.  
But, in time, the day would come,  
We both know well,  
And I wonder should we practice social distancing  
Or quarantine and contain all?  
Or shall we still,  
Span the grounds with our feet coloring it its mehendi red soil,  
Watch the moon rise in the empty sky, like a plate of molten silver  
While sipping some warm milk.  
Or shall we lay in each other's lap and  
Talk of the past, we were not a part  
Talk of the present - the views we have.

## WANDERING IVY By J George

Lean against the poles, the walls,  
Let you tie my hair, shall we?  
Feel the cold on our skin rising in little bumps, as  
We watch those episodes of our favorite show, again and  
blanket,  
blanket the great storm that's gathering.  
Or should we practice the social distancing  
In hope of numbing the pain,  
Curbing the wails, that are yet to reach?  
Quarantine ourselves and contain within  
All that is love?  
or maybe we could plant some  
wandering ivy, in those broken empty bottles we left behind  
and watch it grow while we learn to branch -  
out of love.

# A POEM IN WHICH WE GROW UP

By Elyse Hwang

i visited the Pacific yesterday.  
all I remember are the soft whispers of the waves  
beckoning me towards the glimmering water,  
away from a cloudless sky

the only vivid image that remains is you.  
do you remember that summer night you snuck into my house?  
our skin sticking to the heavy air  
as we crept into lavender August skies.

the moon was a ripe peach.  
i can still remember its orange glow  
illuminating your eyes  
twinkling with silent laughter

you grasped my hand  
and stole me away  
eyes closed, breaths soft,  
nowhere to go but west

it was supposed to be a secret,  
but the bumps and bends of the 405  
have become a part of my body

## A POEM IN WHICH WE GROW UP

By Elyse Hwang

when we reached the bluffs,  
you kissed me on the cheek and promised  
the world  
my heart soared

into the twilight,  
the rhythm of the ocean  
guided our last dance

# THE SCIENTIST'S DAUGHTER

By Elyse Hwang

my father never told me he loved me  
his outstretched fingers finding cygnus and orion's belt in  
a muted night sky  
scattered with heaven's sparkling tears  
in a pattern he could always remember

my father never hugged me  
obsessed with his reverse polish notation calculator  
trying to teach the genius of a yellowed abacus  
and the woes of desmos' graphs

my father never kissed me  
after he lugged his tired legs up the attic steps  
to dig up his medical school microscope and crystal slides  
filled with cheek epithelium, bee's antennae, and  
tiny owl's hooklets

my father never tucked me in  
lecturing on the beauty of fractals and Fibonacci  
furiously scribbling tangent lines  
with slopes only he could discern  
with the time he never had

for his daughter

# RESENTMENT

By Eliezer Lopez

Resentment came one night from under my bed. He told me he wasn't a monster. He had heard everything and held my face still stinging from my mother's hand. He held me in his arms and let me cry, never once saying "If you keep crying, I'll give you something to cry about." He told me through hiccups and ragged breaths, "Remember this moment and let it burn in you always." Resentment hovered behind me, always breaths away. His gaze on the back of my neck made my skin simmer. A vigilant bodyguard and I his charge. He was there when my mother didn't believe me. He was there in the bottom of tequila shots and cups of vodka. Each time, he'd comfort me and with the silver-flick of his tongue he'd tell me "Remember this." As I grew up under his care, "Remember this" became a scrapbook he would recount with me every night. He'd ignore me when I said I was too tired, and he ignored me when I said "But I've forgiven them." He'd shake his head and point to each picture, "This can't be forgiven." When my acupuncturist put needles around my body to help me heal, she targeted my liver. "I don't have liver issues," I had told her, and she shook her head. "Your pain is being fueled by your liver," she had replied. When I asked how, she held my hand and told me "That's where resentment lives." Each needle was a sharp pinch and beside me Resentment stood, proud, with his scrapbook over my face. "Remember this?" he had asked me.

# LEECHING

By Eliezer Lopez

There's leeches in the water  
something in my bones  
it makes my stomach turn  
and the nights are only getting longer

still can't sleep  
laying in our sins together  
white tub, greywater  
throwing words like axes  
can't decide if we're making room for new growth  
or clear-cutting our love.

Such a hypocrite of me  
to say you're drinking too much  
when I lost control driving straight  
and you took the winding path

but what a new face I'm coming to learn  
dark side of the moon and your phases  
immaterial and bitter  
always silent and stewing.  
Is it enough to watch you sleep  
to know peace

is it enough to tuck you in  
and go unheard?  
a shadow of myself during the day  
a shade of yourself in the evening.

## LEECHING By Eliezer Lopez

toothaches and pinched nerves  
ribs that don't expand  
knees that can't stand

...

How many apologies before the ship  
can't see the stars from the sea floor?

# NOW THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE PERFECT

By Katie Ellen Bowers

In the old house you shared for years with your ex-fiancé  
in the bed you shared with many in-between  
the air-conditioner didn't stand a chance against the sticky May heat

I'd just given you a copy of *East of Eden*, fingers running along unread  
passages, an inscription brushing against the inner folds

your skin pressed to mine  
sticking with sweat

you'd already written, days before, in your tiny scrawl, in a battered notebook,  
that you thought it was too soon to speak the words aloud and so

I didn't respond  
except my skin was already sticking to yours

when sad-green eyes met mine, inches above and sunken within

and you whispered words to me  
before you could help yourself.

# AIR OF SEPTEMBER

By Diya Padiyar

ten  
the air churns the insides of my lungs struggling to escape out.  
I feel my lungs growing smaller and smaller each night.  
nine  
and each day the world outside is growing bigger and bigger.  
emptier.  
eight  
and I can feel each falling leaf.  
pilling on the insides of my stomach.  
seven  
there is no other trying to breathe besides me.  
what is it that has been mixed in the air of September?  
six  
that has left me alone and forgotten.  
five  
the world outside draped in strangeness.  
that darkens my lonely apartment  
the air is fumbling in  
four  
triumph and transformation of green leaves  
burning to tangerine.  
three  
and I can feel it tempt.  
two  
what is it that has been mixed in the air?  
that I long to run out.

## AIR OF SEPTEMBER By Diya Padiyar

fly to the horizon.  
set free from home onto.  
one  
the waves.

While I tremble in the claustrophobic shelter of my apartment,  
the bird returns to find itself homeless.  
The last leaf on the tree fell,  
leaving it all alone.  
And all she longs for is a nest,  
only as big as her feathers.  
No air would make her claustrophobic  
if she could hide in her home.  
The horizon was her clutches,  
mine were these walls.  
And that is when I breathed the fear  
of being homeless.  
I breathed strangeness  
I breathed content  
of being secluded  
in a shelter.

# HARSHLY QUEER

By Aditi Mitra

I always enjoyed my ride back home  
In a blue train  
With people swarming and,  
A sweet cacophony of assorted tones  
That kept me awake  
In earnestness;  
And if you closed your eyes, you often  
Thought you heard a lullaby  
That sang of life. Of people.

Hawkers hovering through the crowd  
Added sounds, refreshments  
And sweat, but  
The sound of palms  
Clapping strongly in rhythm  
With intermittent voices of queerness  
Immediately would make everyone  
Look away  
In an untraceable direction of  
Disdainful blankness.

The tension in one's face  
To keep their purses concealed  
And money forgotten  
Would be disputed and bargained for  
A few coins tossed into  
Those palms, roughened  
By age and society;

## HARSHLY QUEER

By Aditi Mitra

The queer looks of disgust and mockery  
At their hideous outfits  
And an inexplicable shrug of untouchability  
As they dared to bless  
The sweat-filled foreheads of  
Their benefactors, to whom  
They appeared clumsy and heartless -  
Pronounced how they drained cash

With sweet words!

But some odd Springs back  
I saw a mother holding her child,  
Swaddled in the folds of anguish and stress,  
Beside me  
Seemingly distracted by illness  
Into faraway oblivion -  
Find strength and warmth  
In those queer beings  
Who gathered in silence to bless the child,

And give a share  
Of what they had earned  
To the mother, who was as poor as  
They;  
Yet nobody felt moved, and nobody  
Lauded their gesture  
Because their heartlessness couldn't  
Acknowledge the truth -

## HARSHLY QUEER By Aditi Mitra

But that day I had noticed  
The happiness that gleamed in those eyes,  
Smudged and blackened with a veneer of a  
Queer kohl.

# AS GOOD AS A PAINTING

By Aditi Mitra

A little bird  
Wears a shimmering skin of  
Burning gold and precious red, and  
Sits by the window  
Each day  
Like a skylark that cannot sing,  
And hardly stirs;  
While the wheatfields brighten up  
To greet the day.  
He dreams of almond blossoms  
And the vast red vineyards of Arles -  
A little farmhouse down at Provence  
Where he first smelled sunflowers  
That swayed in the summer breeze,  
Filled with love; and now  
He stares in awe and wonders  
Will this last forever?

A vase full of irises and poppies stands  
Somewhere in the room,  
Almost like a painting -  
Redolent with paints and absinthe -  
That reeks of an artist's unfulfilled dreams  
And unpaid liberty;  
This bird, however, becomes the only spur to live  
And die beside.

## AS GOOD AS A PAINTING By Aditi Mitra

Strolling where the fields met the skies,  
Winding through cypresses and  
Olives that grew,  
And the garden of the parsonage,  
Where lovers embraced  
While children scuttled past;  
The Rhône became a muse under the  
Starry night  
On a canvas emptied of hope  
And colors growing thick;  
Unknown to what effect it'll stand  
For ages to come, before the  
Lights blew out.

Autumn still reminds of poplars  
Whose shadows grew long with the moon  
And stood like tall  
Curators -  
That only able hands could paint  
For the dreamy eyes.  
But the pain felt by this little bird  
Who can never sing for itself,  
Echoes in my hollow eyes  
That sees, but only one shade of black,  
And can never paint;  
I long for the days before the fire,  
  
And I crave to see the last sunset  
At Montmajour  
Where I had once seen a painting of  
Yellow and Hope.

# HOLD YOUR TONGUE, WOMAN

By Lynn Marceline Pinto

The child that I was, I would cackle and gawk;  
At the pigs in the farm and the chickens, that came by a flock.  
In grade three, my teacher would persistently throw me out;  
Claimed I was a diversion, turbulent and haught.

As I began to bleed, my parents implied I spoke too much;  
Good girls in Indian households held their tongue, it wasn't to be used as a  
crutch.  
My siblings were the worthy role models- the ideal;  
I was a failure and I'd just vortexed into being suicidal.

As a teen, a man groped me on the bus;  
Cinema taught me to kick or at least cuss.  
But my tender-self stood there still as a boulder;  
I prayed someone would find me and save me before my heart grew colder.


During my youth I was told to take up a presentation;  
Expected to be thorough and exude sophistication.  
But when I stood up front, I began to tremble;  
My words metamorphosized into an incoherent mumble.

At nineteen, I drew my first straight line and lay;  
As if my skin were a canvas and my body a potter's clay.  
A cut and a jab, sometimes with a blade;  
Others, a kitchen knife I'd find on the counter-top, casually laid.

## **HOLD YOUR TONGUE, WOMAN** By Lynn Marceline Pinto

I am a teacher, now I teach;  
I'm expected to practice, all that I dare to preach.  
But I go numb when I look at their face;  
Lest they think, I'm nothing short of a mediocre disgrace.

I've been labeled as a misfit, defeated and depressed;  
My mirror is a witness to my turmoil, smothered and suppressed.  
I have years of unwinding to cope with and desperate chains to break;  
I'll commence with tackling the norm, for my silence is at its best, when awake.



*PROSE*

# CHUDAIL

By Udit Mukherjee

This tale grows with the slowly creeping vines all the way out of a remote village in India. A couple thousand steps north of that desolate isolation of thatched roofs and mud houses resided a widower and his son's widow. Their relationship was as hauntingly stormy as that of Heathcliff and his daughter-in-law. However, in this story, it wasn't the devil that died.

He blamed her for the death of his wife and son and treated her as unfairly as this unreasonable assumption. His wife had died mid-bark while screeching at her about a missed spot. She had been wielding the brush that was painting the wife's vast swatches of grey goatee. The son had died mid-croak of a heartbreak.

She had been tired that night due to the in-laws' constant tirades and forgot to massage his feet with lukewarm lotion. He had sobbed loudly and passed away quietly, quite suddenly. She had been left behind with a humor as dry as his feet that night.

She had no place else to go. She had no one left to be or lose. With no town to sympathize or people to call her home, she was stuck in that rotting house with him. She decayed daily at his whim and mercy. One strand of hair departed her scalp hourly.

Then, one lonely night she discovered dancing. People looking up at the sky, wondering if the wisps of shady clouds had kidnaped the full moon. That was not so. The moon had just pitied her and come down himself to teach her how to dance her solitude away.

## CHUDAIL By Udit Mukherjee

When he caught her smiling as she dragged her feet backward along with the moon, he came out with his machete. The moon took fright but couldn't get away before the monster had cut a slice out of him; he waned gibbous in sadness.

Then the father-in-law turned to her and tied her upside-down from a tree with a handkerchief binding her feet. "Serves you right to walk the Moon's walk! There will be no further happiness from you, you insolent wretch!"

The next morning when he came to the tree to check for her breath, none was left. "Curse it all, how inconsiderate, dying before making my morning tea!"

It was as if she heard his plea. Her eyes fluttered open at a dead stare. She swung round and round the branch till she was standing on it. Then she glided along, walking the Moon's walk, or that's what he thought.

Something was hideously wrong, though. Her feet still dragged, she still smiled albeit deathly, but this time she moved forwards. Her feet now pointed backward, disfigured by the night's hanging.

"Chudail!" he screamed at her like he had multiple times before, but this time he really meant it. All his hair turned grey in one flap of an eyelid as his heart was arrested mid-beat. She flipped her luscious mane and laughed into the leaves surrounding her.

# EVERY DAY

By Aly Rusciano

"Morning," she said.

"Morning," he said.

Except it wasn't morning. It was mid-afternoon, but there was no easy way to say that.

She cupped her tall cup of coffee with her gloved hands, the cup's warmth seeping through the thick blue wool.

He clawed off his cap, dark brown curls slinking down to brush against his forehead.

"You going to get something?" she asked as she raised the steaming cup to her burgundy lips.

He shrugged as he pulled on one end of his scarf, allowing the wet fabric to rub against his neck and fall into his hands. He took his regular seat at the table adjacent to hers and pulled out his laptop from his snow-dripping backpack. The cafe was quiet, just as it always was during this time of the day. It was too late to be morning and too early to be evening. The coffee junkies had already come for their morning Joe, and the bustling businessmen and women were still too busy to stop for their evening caffeine kick. It was just the two of them sitting amongst the dimly lit scenery, just as it was every day.

"Usual?" he asked as he placed his laptop on the table.

She nodded, the dark imprint of her lips sealed against the cup's outer edge. He wondered what that must feel like.

## EVERY DAY By Aly Rusciano

The soft beams of light bouncing off the pillows of snow framed his clumsy edges, illuminating him in an icy glow. She pretended to watch the snow out the window behind him, but, like every day, it was hard to look away.

She wondered what he did on his laptop for an hour each afternoon. Once he opened it, he was lost in his own little world. She wondered what his world was like. He never got a coffee, tea, or muffin. Instead, he would sit at the table next to hers, blocking her view of the window and type.

He kept his eyes on the screen as he recalled what she was wearing today.

She kept her eyes on the drifting snow behind him as she raised her coffee to her lips once again.

He saw her raise her cup out of the corner of his eye. There was only so much more time before she would stand.

She dropped her gaze to the table, which was stained with rings of brown and black.

The final sip came too quickly. She must be in a hurry.

She rose from her seat. "See you tomorrow," she said softly to him before dropping her cup into the recycling bin and heading to the door.

He looked up from his screen, his fingers stopping mid-sentence. He hadn't had enough time to gather the courage, just like every other day.

Her back was turned before he could say anything else, and he watched as she braced for the cold and galloped out into the snow.

## EVERY DAY     By Aly Rusciano

*Maybe tomorrow, he thought.*

*Maybe tomorrow, she thought.*

# RED LIPSTICK

By James Hancock

"Fine! If you must know, it's your sister..." Jack's last words.

Stacey's rage got the better of her, and she flipped. Her temper clicked to impulse mode and the bottle of wine in hand was swung forcefully against Jack's head. The bottle didn't shatter as expected. A hard thump to Jack's temple and he fell.

"Jack?" Stacey mumbled as she looked down at her husband. "Jack? Are you okay?" She dropped the bottle and screamed.

Through floods of tears, Stacey explained the events of late as police interviewed her. Explained the unfaithfulness of her husband, and how she had snapped upon hearing her twin sister, Samantha, was involved. The 'other woman'. She felt such a fool. How long had they been laughing behind her back? Stacey had caught Jack trying to cover up the clues. She was angry but didn't mean to kill him. She was sorry. So very sorry.

"Red lipstick on a wineglass. I caught him trying to wash it off, quickly and unnoticed. He was hiding the evidence, but I knew what was going on. I'd found a gold butterfly earring on our bedroom floor a week ago. A single earring. Not one of mine. I searched our bedroom and found a dress and lingerie hidden in a bag under the bed. Sexy lingerie. And to think they were my sister's. In our bed..." Stacey buried her head in her hands and sobbed.

## RED LIPSTICK By James Hancock

Unknown to Stacey, Samantha had arrived in the interview room next door. The color left her face upon hearing the full details and severity of the situation. She shook her head, repeating 'Oh God' over and over. She felt sick. This was her fault. It was a terrible mistake.

Their birthday was in three days, and Jack had spent the last two weeks hunting for the perfect presents. Stacey would be surprised and delighted. Jack had bought gold butterfly earrings, silk lingerie, and an expensive dress. A dress which was so magnificently 'fashionable' it didn't conform to standard shape and size. Jack panicked and asked for Samantha's help.

Samantha took an afternoon off work and came to the rescue. She was the same size as her sister, so Samantha tried on the dress whilst Jack continued to search for the butterfly earring which had gone missing a week ago. No luck with the earring, but the dress looked fabulous. Stacey would love it.

Two glasses of wine seemed the appropriate reward for Samantha's discrete and speedy assistance. The gifts were put back into hiding under the bed, and after deciding which restaurant they would dine at on the birthday evening, Samantha went home. A successful mission.

Hours later, Stacey came home. A long day had soured her mood, and seeing the bottle of wine on the kitchen top, she instinctively poured herself a glass. Jack kissed her cheek and noticed Samantha's wineglass on the draining board. Trying to maintain the surprise, he grabbed it and wiped away the only clue.

Jack's bane. Red lipstick.

# CALLING

By James Hancock

The forest was beautiful. Dark and deadly for any who didn't show the respect it deserved, but beautiful nonetheless. A playground for nature's children, and she was a fiercely protective mother. Branches stretched in the breeze, weeds fidgeted, and things watched. Watched from high and from low. Studying those who came before and awaiting those who would come after.

I didn't know why I was here, but I knew to behave. To stand still on the path and let them watch me. I was their guest. One of the silent brothers and sisters. My purpose was unclear, yet I understood it. I must wait for the sign. The fog of confusion would clear and I would become whole again.

The night was unexpectedly cold. A gentle but cutting breeze surrounded me; chilling my blood and numbing my skin. Leaves rolled away from me and towards the noise. The noise I was suddenly aware of, along the path and into the thick. There was 'a something' nestled among the trees, moving from the deep. It had no place there, nor I here. But here I was. And the thing called to me. Called through a voice of metal and static, with slow and definite purpose.

*vonn... vonn... vonn...*

The sound vibrated in the dirt underfoot. Earth, stone, and root trembled with its force. It was in charge of everything. Everything was aware of it and bowed down. It was screaming at me. I would hear it and I would respond.

Terrified, I wanted to run but couldn't.

*vonn... vonn... vonn...*

## CALLING By James Hancock

The noise overpowered everything. My teeth rattled with its force. My bones shuddered under the cold meat, and it pulsed through me. It moved closer. I closed my eyes, and I could see it. A black rock with a heart of fire. A sharp pyramid, ten feet tall, floating before me. Alive. Talking to its child. It knew me and was beckoning me home. I was being collected.

How long had I been here? Working, listening, observing, and learning without bias. Without the knowledge of my true self. A clear mind. What was my purpose, and what had I learned?

I wanted to flee into the darkness. To hide. To wake up from the nightmare, caked in a cold sweat and with a racing heart. But no. I would walk forth. I would embrace the call.

*vonn... vonn... vonn...*

One foot forward, and then another. Pulled forward. And then the black stone burst and filled the forest with a powerful white light.

Through dazzled eyes, I saw it. My truth made suddenly apparent. There was more to me than I knew, and realization was a deep cutting knife. My visit had ended, and the dark, silent deeds were ready for analysis. Memories and emotions were collected for examination. I was a soldier of the great order. I was a relentless seeker of truth. Through my hands, I had learned of death and destruction. I was the darkness, and my heart was the blackest stone.

# ANTHROPOLOGY OF A MOTHER

By Kiana McCrackin

1.

I ask my husband to follow, to look at the cloud in the blue, blue, blue sky.

See there? At the edges? Storm.

I don't have much credibility, never before lived where it howls.

But, just as I predicted the sky opens up, releases its demons, comes undone, screams at me to release mine.

No one bothered to tell me how the prairies turn into oceans in the wind. I watch their waves, their ebb and their flow, and wish I didn't feel like I could float away with any gentle breeze. I pull the grasses from the earth, examine the roots. Not much holds them, yet I never see them anywhere but grounded.

I have one vital rule. My babies don't need to know that I sometimes feel like the wind. But today I am scared. And today I don't care about the rules.

*Let's play a game.* I tell them. *I will lay down, and you keep me here.*

*That doesn't sound like a game, mama.* Blythe tells me.

But Briar is already climbing, and so I don't really care. The weight is heaven. Her small face rests sweetly on my chest. Her little arms fall on either side of my stomach, hands on the floor. She lightly kicks her little feet, which hit my thigh. She is always moving, my Blythe.

## ANTHROPOLOGY OF A MOTHER

By Kiana McCrackin

*Do you ever wonder what the Earth would look like if we woke up one day and everything had blown away?* I ask them.

*No, mama, that is weird.* Blythe says.

But I can't stop thinking about it. About an Earth with no trees and no water. Just a barren wasteland. I can see myself wandering through it. Always alone. The sky is full. I guess that is where the water must have gone. Birds fill out the edges of my periphery, and when I look for them, they are gone.

2.

I have gotten really good at killing flies. One is buzzing now around my room and I wonder do flies sleep at night or should I go get the swatter from where I left it on top of the fridge. There is so much noise in this house, but the fly is what makes my brain frenzied.

My husband is even better at killing flies. He waits for them to go to the window, look out at the world they belong to, wonder how they became separated from it, then he shuts the window, trapping them between the screen and the glass. I wonder how he can stand to watch their torture. Are they hot? Are they thirsty? Are they becoming more and more desperate? When he is gone, I open the window, swat them instead.

Birds having been calling out to me, or maybe just calling. I think my feet wish they were birds. I start wearing socks to try to tame my bird feet. Contain them so they can't sprout wings. I still check them every day, running fingers along the arches. No wings. (Yet.)

I ask Blythe: *If your feet were birds, do you think they would fly you away or fly away from you?*

## ANTHROPOLOGY OF A MOTHER

By Kiana McCrackin

She isn't sure. We spend the morning drawing bird feet on bird girls. My feet are sweating. The flies are buzzing. One lands on my calf.

3.

The setting sun signals to the ravens. They flock from all corners of the sky, appearing from trees and abandoning metal rooftops with a screech of claws. They gather in the air, but they do so without pattern. There is no leader, or at least none, that I can discern. The frantic flap of black wings moves them forward in one direction, heading to wherever their raven home is. I imagine them communing in the dark, hundreds of birds cawing all at once. Mothers tending chicks, maybe, or showing off treasures they foraged to add to their nest. Fathers pruning feathers until only the glossy, magnificent ones are left.

*Do Raven's nest? Together, I mean? Like in little raven villages?* I ask Blythe.

Mom, why do you think I know this stuff?

I don't know, school teaches you something, doesn't it?

We definitely aren't learning where all the ravens go.

I should look for a different school for her.

We watch the last of the ravens until they are too far in the distance to watch anymore. I notice now that two ravens remain behind the others. They are calling to each other in low tones. Pruuk, Pruuuuk, Pruuk. One turns their beady eye to a left-behind bag of chips and swoops down to claim it. The other follows, pecking viciously at the first. They must be married. I adjust my socks.

## ANTHROPOLOGY OF A MOTHER

By Kiana McCrackin

4.

I am tired of watching out for wind-girl, bird-girl. I pile blankets high up on top of me, so I won't float away. The door opens a crack a few hours into my becoming bear-girl.

*Mama, are you going to get up?*

*Did they teach you about hibernation?*

*Hibernation is in winter, mama. And humans don't hibernate.* She closes the door again.

I watch through my windows the trees moving to the wind, moving but not moved. Must be nice. Must be nice to have all those roots.

The door opens again, and Blythe is back again, holding the hand of Briar. They climb into my cave with me. We tangle together. They smell like dirt. I think I'm underground. Air feels heavy in my lungs; the air feels like Earth in my throat. Do bears breathe when they hibernate? Why can't I breathe? Maybe I am not a bear-woman after all.

Some time passes, and we are snuggly still. Air isn't Earth anymore, Air is Air.

Oof? Briar asks me, hungry. Her word for food. I laugh. I climb out of bed. I peel off my socks, scoop her into my arms.

# LINGER

By Nikki Kriaski

"You're going to go to Hell for this, Alice...." Gladys whistled into the sunrise.  
"You can't stay in limbo forever."

The deep autumn sky rippled under the waking heat. Auburn, marigold, and russet leaves lay twisted, strewn, wind-blown among skeletal willows, elms, and ghostly dandelions, and against the stone benches and fiery brick-red hedges that impeded their flyaway wanderings.

Gladys puffed busily on a skinny cigarette as she chided her sister and sipped lukewarm Darjeeling tea, her sage floral sundress quietly blending in with the somber, earthy rainbow-like she herself was part of the passing foliage.

"Nonsense again, Gladys. My soul is my own and always shall be." Alice scribbled away furiously in the little grey notebook on her lap, then stuffed a few squirming frogs between the pages before snapping it shut and flipping it up onto the pile that towered from the dusty gravel at her feet to well above her wispy white hair. She added a pocketful of glossy wings to the next, teardrops from weeping hilltops to the next, and an echo from a flooded canyon to the one after that.

The tower teetered with booklets full of pressed icicles and ringing verses and stray shapes roaming against the pull of brass clocks, or pages made of whispers or sand, or brilliant golden rapeseed fields swaying from cover to cover instead of pages, pictures, or words at all.

Gladys flicked her half-smoked cigarette off to the left, then flickered a few times herself under the shimmering daybreak.

## LINGER By Nikki Kriaski

The smoldering butt landed in a pile of tattered, threadbare leaves heaped up around the legs of a resting swing set, igniting a sparkling yellow flame that spread eagerly among the gossamer fragments until a sharp gust of wind unexpectedly snuffed it out altogether.

“Anyway, it’s not me. They’re looking at the wrong...That’s not what happened.” Alice hopped off the bench and began suspending journals from low-hanging clouds and falling pine cones and balancing them on the backs of tired, heavy bees, or the prickly spines of dying thistle, all while casually plucking fluttering, ashen moths from the dawn sky and popping them into her mouth like wild peppermint candies.

Gladys swept an armful of journals from the stack before sliding off the bench after Alice. The flowers on her sundress shook in a dull breeze, leaning, pulling toward the blazing sunrise as if anxious to fade in the vivid light, as Gladys went about stashing, tucking, wedging booklets under loose iron railings, under patches of dried grass, behind peeling billboard signs, behind the approaching equinox—this one hummed, that one buzzed or fluttered, another sang out like a nightingale’s sweet birdsong, and another sounded of falling rain...

The background is a solid light pink color. It is decorated with stylized autumn leaves in shades of yellow, orange, and brown, and small clusters of dark red berries on thin brown stems. The leaves are scattered around the central text box, with some overlapping it.

# *CONTRIBUTORS*

## Ruchi Acharya

Ruchi Acharya is a Business Analyst and the founder of an international writing community popularly known as Wingless Dreamer. She is an Oxford University summer graduate in English Literature. Her poem, "Long Distant Call" was the winner of the 4th Issue in the featuring contest of Poetryworld.org. She has contributed to multiple writing platforms such as The Pangolin Review, Fairytalez.com, Overachiever magazine, Rigorous Magazine, Detester magazine, Loose Tooth magazine, Afropuffchronicles, Rhodora, and Poetrychoice, among others. Her literary works include poetry, love stories, and motivational quotes. She has a deep interest in Victorian Literature. She never ate a dragonfruit. You can find her at <https://www.ruchiacharya.com/>



## Maria Giesbrecht

Maria Giesbrecht is an emerging poet residing in Guelph, Ontario. She is obtaining her BBA from Yorkville University and works as an accountant during the day. Maria will be published in Sunday Mornings at the River, a quarterly poetry anthology, in Fall 2021.

## Udita Mukherjee

Udita Mukherjee's first book, *From A to Z*, was published in Pride Month 2021, and it features queer leads. Her poems and stories have appeared in several zines, blogs, and anthologies and her first play was part of the Bombay Theatre Company's TTP 2020. Additionally, Udita's artworks were in the Pride Liberates STW Community Video and in the Pride magazine published by Coin-Operated Press. She loves women uplifting women, sad lyrics with happy tunes, and sobbing through animated movies.




## Denise Alden

Denise Alden lives and writes in the Twin Cities, and some of her work can be found at Hecate Magazine, Scalawag Magazine, The Sock Drawer, and forthcoming in Holy Flea.

## Tohm Bakelas

Tohm Bakelas is a social worker in a psychiatric hospital. He was born in New Jersey, resides there, and will die there. His poems have appeared in numerous journals, zines, and online publications. He has published 10 chapbooks. He runs Between Shadows Press.

## Aly Rusciano



Aly Rusciano is a 22-year-old recent graduate of The University of Tennessee at Martin, where she majored in English while focusing on Creative Writing and minoring in Theatre. Aly can often be found at her family home in Tennessee, reading outside or typing away at her computer. She has been writing ever since she could hold a pencil. Aly's love of books and passion for writing continues to positively affect her life as she pursues a career in the publishing industry while simultaneously chasing her dream of being a published author.

## Margaret Rodgers

Margaret Rodgers is an artist, writer and curator. She was founder of The IRIS Group, taught at Durham and Centennial Colleges, and was Director/Curator at VAC Clarington. She is the author of *Locating Alexandra* (Toronto: ECW, 1995) about Painters Eleven artist Alexandra Luke, and is published in various journals. Her blog is at [margaretroddgers.ca](http://margaretroddgers.ca). In 2015/16, she curated *Crossing Borders*, an exhibition exchange between BluSeed Studios, Saranac Lake NY and VAC Clarington. In 2017/18, she was Guest Curator for The Robert McLaughlin Gallery exhibition *Legacies: Luke, McLaughlin, Donovan and MacGregor*. Her series of paintings titled *Crosswords* will be exhibited in the RUG Gallery at the Women's Art Association of Canada, and online October 27-Nov 16, 2021.

## James Hancock

James Hancock writes stories that are a little bizarre. He enjoys taking readers down strange and seldom trodden paths. Often dark, and always with a twist or two along the way. Comedy, thriller, horror, and weird fairy tales. Stories to make you laugh. Stories to make you cry. Stories to make you leave the bedroom light on. But most importantly, stories you will want to share with your friends. But they might not thank you for it. He lives in England with his wife and two daughters. And a bunch of pets he insisted his girls could NOT have.



## Kiana McCrackin

Kiana McCrackin is a writer, a photographer (with a BFA in professional photography from The Brooks Institute of Photography), a cloud gazer, a tree lover, and a mama. Kiana is most interested as a writer and artist in the experience of being a human/woman/mother/wife and the emotions that come with those roles. She grew up in Alaska, has lived all over the west coast, and currently resides in South Dakota where she is discovering what the wind has to say. Her work has been published in Pif Magazine, Sky Island Journal, Moonlight Magazine, and is forthcoming in Words & Whispers.

## Bidisha P. Kashyap

Bidisha P. Kashyap is a young aspiring artist from India. Currently nineteen years old and a history major student, she regards writing as a passion and as a process of healing. Old school romance and finding beauty in the most ordinary places are typically the main subjects of her poetry. Being introduced to literature from an early age, she has been published in many magazines, anthologies, newspapers, literary websites, and blogs. Now she looks forward to publishing her own set of poems.



## Seniqua Sherman

Sen is a NJ based Hatha & Trauma - Informed Yoga Instructor, Reiki Practitioner, Writer, and Pole enthusiast. Her focuses are on racial trauma (specifically Black & Indigenous ) and survivors of sexual violence. Her approach isn't exactly conventional. The goal is to decolonize ( to remove the settler/colonial influences) from her practice — hoping to expose and educate her communities on how we can take care of ourselves; also our allies in how to better support us. Sen has contributed a wide variety of content; interviews, informative articles, opinion pieces, poetry, and fiction pieces to several publications like the Nasiona, Lunch Ticket, and Harness Magazine.



## Christina Hennemann

Christina is an emerging writer based in the West of Ireland but originally from Germany. At the age of six, she began writing her first English songs and poems with the help of a German-English dictionary. Since then her English skills have much improved, she hopes. Recent or forthcoming publications include The Martello, Littoral Magazine, 805 Lit + Art, orangepeel and Maythorn Mag.

## J George

J George currently writes from Pondicherry. Her poems appear or are forthcoming in Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review, Pop the culture pill, Asian zine, For Women Who Roar, Literary Shanghai, Mookychick, Fish Food Mag, and others.



## Elyse Hwang

Elyse Hwang is a teen writer from the Los Angeles area. She works for her school's literary magazine and has had her work recognized by the PTA's Reflection Contest. When not writing or musing about her future, you can find her wondering where her childhood has gone.

## Eliezer Lopez

Eliezer Lopez is a senior at the University of Central Florida currently majoring in Creative Writing. His work has previously been published in the 'BloodLust Anthology' and 'The Cypress Dome.' He currently resides in Walla Walla, Washington, and uses he/they pronouns.



## Katie Ellen Bowers

Katie Ellen Bowers is a poet and educator living in the rural Southeast with her husband and daughter. Her work has been recently published in Qu Literary Magazine, Broad River Review, and The Dewdrop.

## Nikki Kriaski

Nikki Kriaski is a short story writer who loves playing with narrative structure and perspective. Her fiction has appeared in Sooth Swarm Journal and The Purposeful Mayonnaise. She graduated from the University of Toronto, where she studied English, Philosophy, and Writing & Rhetoric. A former indie entrepreneur, she has also worked for not-for-profit organizations and as an artist's studio assistant. She lives and writes in her hometown, Calgary, AB.

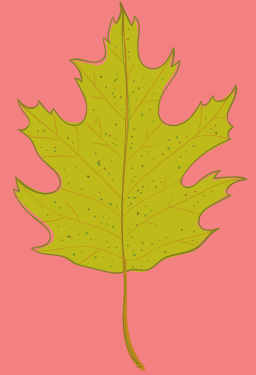


## Diya Padiyar

Diya Padiyar is a 16-year-old student from Goa, India, surviving on poetry and productivity. She can conquer the world if her coffee has the right amount of cinnamon. She aspires to share her words with the world, and her work has been published with Hooligan Magazine, Ice Lolly Review, Girlhood stories, among others.

## Aditi Mitra

Aditi Mitra, an English major from the University of Calcutta, explores and writes about critical issues dealing with the human psyche. An avid reader and aesthete, who infuses emotions into art, Aditi has been featured in several magazines such as The Alcove Publishers and Moiramor. Her papers presented at various seminars have earned her accolades, and her flair for writing has been recognized on various platforms through her contributions to art and literature. Her poems especially reflect the depth of her perception and drive her readers to think beyond the conventional. Aditi dreams of showing the world a silver lining that would not only make a difference but help the impossible find a voice within the possible.



## Lynn Marceline Pinto

Lynn Marceline Pinto was born in the coastal town of Mangalore. She is an avid reader, passionate writer, and environmental enthusiast. She has a penchant for all things seafood. Currently, Lynn is a lecturer at St. Aloysius College (Autonomous) Mangalore and she just ventured into the field of teaching, hoping to find her passion along the way. She is equally apt and curious regarding content writing and would someday like to taste life in the corporate sector. Her free time is spent reading books and ordering more before she completes the ones on her bookshelf.



## Images

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