

OTHER PEOPLE

Collection No. 5

Winter 2023



Eclipse

Editor's Note

Welcome to Other People Literary Magazine's fifth collection, *Eclipse*! We're thrilled to have the opportunity to present more incredible work from the artists of UCSD to the world. For the past four issues, we've opened submissions without casting a vision first; we chose the themes of previous collections as we discovered common currents in the beautiful art and writing that we received. But with this issue, for the first time, we sent out a call to the artists of UCSD with a theme created by our Co-Design Director, Kristy Lee: Eclipse.

An eclipse marks a new age, a doing away of the old, a place within shadow, where people may look to the sky and marvel at raw truth. As it passes by, it might brighten up the gloom, shadow elated emotions, or disperse arcs of light that bleed through darkness. And then the cycle starts anew. A place of transformation. A place of renewal. A time for evolution, when the wheel turns, and light and alignment reflect a greater part of ourselves.

And in response to this theme, our fifth collection was born. In the short stories, poetry and visual art of this issue, you'll uncover in each piece a different phase of transformation: exploring how the absurd eclipses the mundane, dealing with the metamorphoses of time, examining the dualities of language and experience, and more.

We're deeply grateful to so many people for making this issue possible. Thank you to everyone who submitted their work for sharing a piece of themselves with us; to the incredibly dedicated and talented members of the Other People staff for giving their time and energy to making all aspects of our club run; to our graduated alumni who created the foundation of this organization and entrusted it to us; to the faculty in the literature and visual arts departments who have cheered on and supported our publication issue after issue. And last but not least, thanks to you, our readers, for carving out a space in your life to connect with our work.

We celebrate the passion, resilience, and unwavering commitment of this truly special community, and we hope you enjoy your journey through the pages of *Eclipse*.

Happy reading!

Nina Gerardi & Zoe Wong, Co-Editors-in-Chief



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in the cave she walks away

by Claire McNerney

illustrated by Amy Stukenholtz

it is darker than midnight,
no lights except the glow
of human heat, the outline
of her hands ripping off the mic

off the tour route, she veers to the caverns,
past the rocks unstable, through the tall
stalagmites, still and arcing like the
ribcage inside her racing chest

it is quiet in the cave they do not
sing over her they do not film her
they do not take pictures and ask
her for favors they are not there

alone for the first time in years,
she takes a breath, it echoes loud
with no bodies there to muffle it,
she can hear herself at last.



The Twelve zodiac Animals Visit

by Ruofei Ivy Du

illustrated by Helen Huang

Here it is. The dawn, cusp, hammer-space-bud before another year can blossom. You're in the old nursery, where your sister's friend slept before she turned five. Now, it's been repurposed into a storage room, with a rocking chair in the middle. You sit on it and face the shivered glass window, staring through it at a waving image of the moon. In this space, you have nothing but time; these moments are the ones reserved solely for the countdown. It begins in the next room: the dining room, where all your family members and family friends are batting oil away from the surface of hot pot soup and wishing one another preemptive congratulations. Any moment, and a new year will flip on its back, exposing itself for the world to see. The countdown in the dining room sounds like a mumble: random cacophonies of sound made purely for ritual purposes. Any moment, now. Any—

Different festivities divide your focus, but this is one of those countdowns that cannot be reset. No alarm clocks with snooze buttons readily available, which always seem generous enough to allow just five more minutes. No. Something is *going* to happen. Regardless of the celebration, the noise happening outside the room. Nothing was meant to steal you from the significance of this cosmic time commitment.

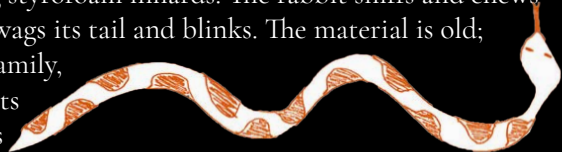
So you try not to think about what everyone else is doing right now.

It's been an eternity, maybe, since you've lost count. The twelve animals have appeared, but they make no sense.

A rat stumbles off the head of a bull, which bucks backwards and kicks down a set of obsolete bead mazes. A horn pierces a picture frame on the wall, narrowly missing the acrylic print-heart of a young girl, her arm around her sister, but with her fingers so tense you can tell it took the wizened convincing of a professional photographer to get her in that state. Instead, the glass comes down to the floor— invisible, but clattering as if charged with an electrical force. The goat is next; you're certain this isn't the order it's supposed to be in. Everything is stochastic. It's been a decade since you last stepped into that Sunday Chinese school, the last time anyone would remind you of the importance of these holiday traditions without a long pause and a sudden, solemn whisper: *So what's next? Are you finally going to do something with your next year?* The goat swivels its great horns while the rat runs a lattice-pattern between its legs, ducking for cover. It slams itself against a bookshelf entombed with dust, blankets and blankets of it. The blankets fly off, and the spiderwebs that have settled in the interstice between hardcovers feel themselves torn to pieces with this renewed motion. While the goat bucks and trots a quick lap around the small room, the monkey and pig take turns trying to climb on each other's backs, each trying to make their grand entrances at one another's expense. The monkey dangles a tanghulu skewer in front of the pig and slings one calloused hand over its back. Properly irritated, the pig slumps to the ground after trampling a plastic toy phone, leaving a slime trail of drool in its wake. The monkey should, somehow, know that tanghulu meant something to you. It was your favorite snack, back at the old apartment your family lived in, when your mom would come home from her cashier job,



whip some up, and recite you Mandarin picture books that you couldn't read a word of. When she liked to smile with moon-shaped eyes while cupping your face. You can no longer describe the taste except to say that it must have been overwhelming sweetness, and your mother no longer works. The monkey flings the tanghulu into a corner, where lint and gray gnats will congeal on its sugar-sticky surface. The snake comes in through the line of light under the door, stringing its way up the lamp by the rocking chair, continuously smashing its head on the lightbulb, as if biologically programmed to batter brightness. The horse dashes through the room multiple times, its eyes on a vast and rolling valley beyond the walls. You're forced to abandon the chair for the corner of the room, where the countdown noises from outside might be quieter if you hold your hands over your ears. Metal hoof-marks crater the uneven floor. The rocking chair, and its accompanying ottoman, have been reduced to jagged wood and pouring styrofoam innards. The rabbit sniffs and chews, and gags at this unnatural material, then wags its tail and blinks. The material is old; the rocking chair once belonged to your family, back in that apartment. When your parents slept on the same frameless air mattress as you and prayed you might one day make



enough to buy each of them their own house, with their own peony bushes and wooden animal carvings out front. The cushions were softer back then, less bogged down by old age. Degraded from a lifetime of celestial events, in such quick and endless succession that it seems like everyone is just stacking countdown after countdown, year after year, allowing time to gather speed exponentially and without mercy.

The dogs that pull a red sled full of firecrackers in shiny garbage bags begin to mistake the counting for long-distance friends.

One by one, they howl along with the sound that ripples through the wall. Reminding you: it's there. It's happening.

One dog, flop-eared and frenzied, chases a rooster, sending old foam tiles into the air, so the letters on them read like a number of unintelligible sky banners. The rooster must be choking on something. A foam tile, or even some dessert it pecked up in the dark corners no one else is paying attention to any longer. Its neck is an indistinguishable shape: shifting, amorphous through the crowded circum-



stances. The tiger's entrance only adds more chaos: a glitzy, glamorous roar and snap of the teeth. The other animals must feel this primal echo in their prey bones. It bounds towards the shivered window— the window with the rippled surface, in which all things through it appear amorphous and unresolved. It crashes through, glass-wound blood skating orthogonal to its royal stripes. The symbol of your sister's year is free, now. Free, like when she grabbed your shoulders and told you she would be after college, with a better degree and a more brightly-lit future than you. You can still see her soaring, or even hear her voice if you wish, through the wall you're leaning against. Leading the ritual. You kick aside

remnants of the ottoman. The dragon blows steam through its double-barreled nostrils. It does figure-eights, quad-lutzes, and whatever other skating terms you can think of, along the ceiling, disrupting the old brass chandelier. Grazing against the bulbs, its scales glow sunset portraits in their cloud gong texture, and make the sound of big city fireworks that reverberate through a cave formed before the beginning of time. But there is a time tonight; you have found yourself in an era where people gather once an earthly revolution for the sake of temporary joy. You have found yourself in a state where time voids all other existence, and enters you wearing everything else as skin. Where the seconds come as years, as animals, as dust, as heavenly bodies, as a chant composed of numbers that keep winding down. So the scales scrape to a simple melody:

A-three, a-two, a-one—

It's all noise. You hold your head in your hands and try to breathe. The animals have passed through this hoarder's den. Somewhere, a dark object has passed over a source of light, and the temporal event has happened. Then the ceiling light buzzes, as always, heard through the wall. Only the rat remains, gnawing on the salvaged foot of a rocking chair as the pig finally departs, its coiled tail bouncing along with it, as if moved by the same divine force that moves flowers to bloom in spring.



Right. It's the rat's year again. Your year. Marking twenty-four years of living with

your parents. A meager year since you regained the energy to pull yourself out of bed and allow the job hunt to begin. You have tens of applications sitting in inboxes, unread; even the reviewers embrace their families and shut down the bleaker, more arduous parts of their lives for a holiday. More than enough rest before a potential miracle. The celestial events add one to the snowball-count, and yet there's still that slim, bright-eyed, bleary belief in the Year of You. You hear the tapping nails of the small creature that remains to survey its territory— an intrepid sound piercing soft celebration. Maybe it has succeeded in sniffing out remnants of lint-dusted sweetness, which have somehow, you believe, made it through the noise. You release your ears and rub your eyes. The countdown is over; it's time to begin counting up again.

One, two, three—



INVITATION

pen and marker | Boopala Arul

the temporariness of twenty

written and illustrated by Kyoko Downey/ k. diangelo

my youth slips away

in waxy ribbons cascading
down a child-bearing body
in curves assured by feminine
maturity, each period
dissolves into rivulets

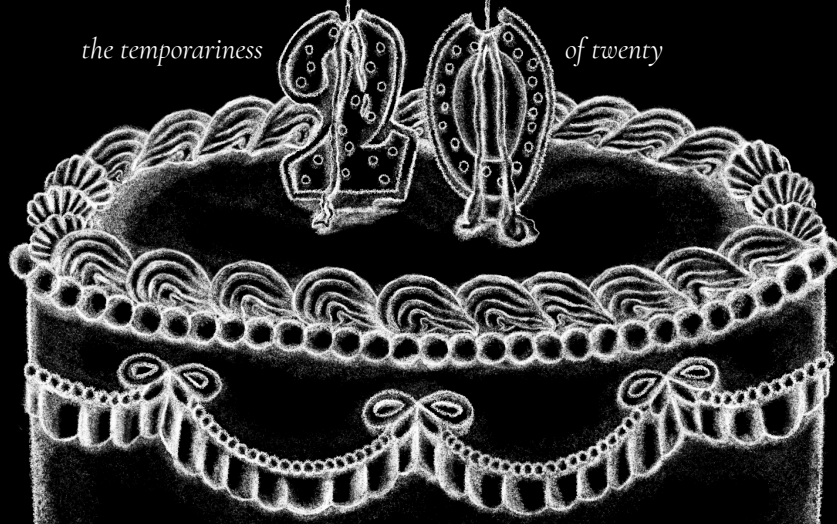
as the flame flickers
through me, that
fearless fire
fading —

what
used
to be
like
wildfire,
unhinged,
uninhibited,
unrestrained
inferno,
that dazzling
devastation
desired for
its youth,
has begun to
burnout.

now, at twenty,
the audience once allured
by that lightshow, have also
fizzled into mere embers,
curling into smoky wisps
like the breath of all that
has passed me, returning
to my lungs only
after being blown
away.

i am
the candle
and the wick
is my skeleton,
bones withering,
melting into a pool
of me-scented essence,
surrendering
myself
to time,
to serve
with light
and burn
but a
moment.

the temporariness of twenty



YOURS TRULY YOU

by Addison Yelverton

illustrated by Allison Gable

They been lookin' for a sweet They can sink into
They always lookin' for soft realm They can
twirl undo caress
siege

one too many
often much unwanted
won't be tempering what They do
curse them

go 'head hon
pierce it
perform it through wounded view blast your fury up
blue deep set your heart to match the latest eyelid hue then knock
dictated reduction off you

walk away
swear your face be wearin' final blush bruise
better stake self-claim
shore up every might
fortify the sides
queue archers atop
your renewed lady limits
for the citadel will be shaken swarmed a Miss construed
in your curve shaped formation They
lurk
advancin' to assert
devalue
to contort what's true

so incinerate imposed solitude
reshape it into fuel
answerin' Their question as to who's runnin' your rescue

'til and past death,
Yours Truly You.



Cognates

by Gabriel Rojas

Alacranes aplastados detrás
de casitas parpadeantes
en el calor cobre de California
o quizás Califas
o un Aztlán ya vendido,
ya olvidado
como memorias
de la vida que había
existido antes del crisol
empezó a escaldar
los colores dos veces
más hasta sin
sabor
sin sueños más allá del
desierto de lenguas secas,
el sol se convierte en un carbón
en el horizonte frío. Y
tú no puedes recordar
cómo decir los nombres
del tiempo que nunca ha sido.
Tú: una imitación
en un presente persistente.

eternity

Alacrity, plastered detritus
decays perpendicular
in cobra-colored California,
Okies' caliphate.
Owned at last: your vitality,
your doubts,
combed memories,
delivered habitats,
excised anterior crises,
embezzled and scandalized
lost colors, dosed vices,
mass haste as sin
savored
sin-swollen masks allayed,
deserted second languages,
a soul seeking verses carved
into the horizon, free. Yet
tune-oppressed records
connote decisions, lost names,
tempos cut unconsidered.
You: an imitation
in perpetuity.



illustrated by Kayla Weiss

MAYA IN THE CLOUDS



digital photography | Alana Anderson

When, during the million-cricket symphony of rain, I
Was met beneath the shivering bows of a magnolia tree
By a figure dressed in sombrest gray
I bowed my head and, duly, began to pray
But my erstwhile idol did the same to me
Beneath the boughs of the magnolia tree.

Underneath the Magnolia

by Tate McFadden
illustrated by Helen Huang





colored pencil | Guyon Perez

PORCELAIN IN SILKS

a day at the beach & reprise

by Nandika Mishra
illustrated by Tammy Ding

a day at the beach ▼

scoop through the sands,
swing your hands up,
expecting to find shells,
a dream to hang up.

grains fall through,
they were never there,
rough palms remain,
only wear and tear.

the tide rushes in,
glazing over your *mehnat*,
you think you'll be rewarded?
mujko hasao mat.

gather up that gold,
try to build your castle,
blue seas dance outward, sneering
as your bow comes unraveled.

lie back, lie back
to make what's pale not so,
but on your skin, only roses bloom,
it was never going to work, you know.

now pack up your umbrella, it's time to go
as the sun sinks into the sea,
you tried, right honey?
at least, it seems that way to me.

but it serves just as well to renew.
it ain't sunlight, baby,
the barest light peeks through—
amidst charcoal shadows

that bathes everything, makes things moonlit,
it's faith, in a sense,
the shine speaks to it,
but, yet, however, even though

hearts and hands are bound.
now forever still, hold your turmoil, speak never
that timepiece that was smashed on the ground,
no ticking, merely its silent sound,

mujhe maaf karde.
they only form tears, anyway.
kya badi baat hai?
little bits of silver slivers,

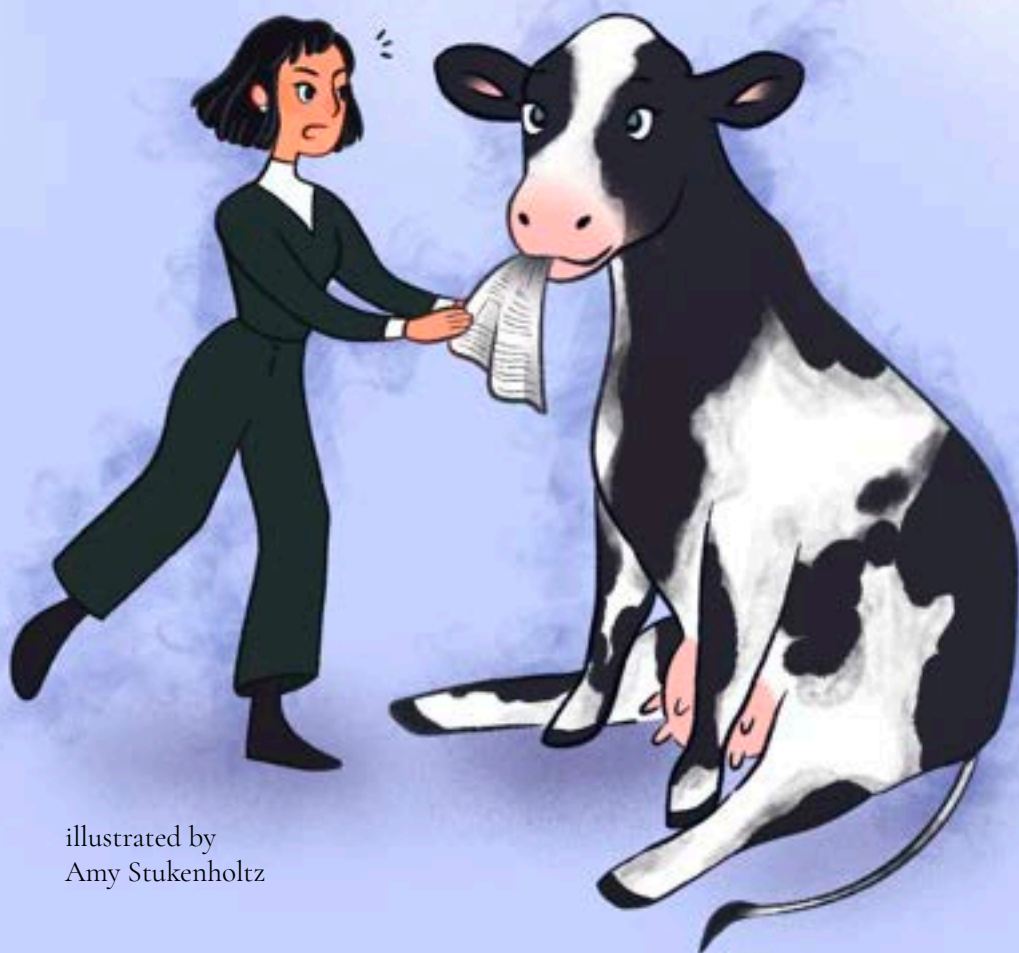
like that's all you needed to reclaim?
talking about sanity is derogatory—
like your beloved video games.
turnabout your thinking,

find forgotten lexapro.
open your backpack,
a dewy pearl glows,
under obsidian nether

reprise ▲

VIOLATIONS IN THE GUEST VISITOR POLICY

by Riley Sutton



illustrated by
Amy Stukenholtz

Everything would have been fine if it weren't for the cow.

If it weren't for the cow, it would have been a perfect day. Real productive. I was working all morning on the insurance report, and I even finished early, in time for lunch. I ate my turkey and cheese in the break room, going over the latest celebrity gossip on my phone. When I came back, the cow was there.

"Moo," it said.

"Excuse me," I replied. "You're in front of my cubicle. I need to get by."

It did not look very interested in moving.

I was a small person, really. Five feet and a handful of inches. I was not very confrontational either. So I couldn't get by the cow. And it just kept looking at me with these vacant eyes, mouth agape.

My computer was still on, so it looked like I was clocked in. I mean, I was clocked in, obviously. I just couldn't respond to my emails. Or file my letters. Or do anything at my desk.

"Excuse me, you need to move," I tried again.

The cow gave no response.

It wasn't going to listen to me. I needed someone else, someone more versed in bovine removal. I started to pace around the office, looking into everyone's cubicles as I passed by. The cow's head was taller than the cubicle walls, just barely, so I could track it as I walked around. It wasn't going anywhere.

Jeff from accounting was playing Tetris on his computer. He quickly shut out of the window when I came up behind him—then, when he saw my face, he smiled.

"How's it going?" he asked.

I shrugged.

Jeff pulled up the insurance report. "This is good work here. Very specific. There's a spot on the fourth floor opening up next month, you know. They need a lady up there. I could vouch for you."

I'd heard about the opening. "I don't know if I'm ready for a promotion."

"Nonsense. You've got C-suite level skills. I mean, as much as anyone up there has any skills. You treat your job like it's your life, and they love that at corporate."

He was right. I've never hated my job, and that's more than most people can say. Plus, the promotion would come with a huge pay raise.

I fidgeted with my shirt sleeve. "Ashley thinks I should apply."

"She's probably right," Jeff replied.

There was an awkward silence. Jeff drummed his fingers on the desk, impatient. He wanted to get back to Tetris. "Do you need help with something?" he asked, in the polite way that people offer when they want you to leave them alone.

"Actually, I do."

By the time we got back to my cubicle, I expected some sort of change. Movement from the cow, at least. Maybe it was going to bother someone else. But nothing changed. The cow was still there, blocking my way.

Jeff crossed his arms. "Well. That's pretty inconvenient."

"I'll say."

He examined the cow up close, looking in its snout, its ears. He leaned down and got under the stomach. The cow didn't seem to mind.

"It's a girl cow," Jeff said.

"Why would that be relevant?"

"I don't know," he said, getting back up. "Maybe she has baby cows somewhere around here. Maybe that's why she came in. What are those called, anyway?"

"Calves, I think." I looked in the cow's eyes, hoping for some sort of connection. "Do you miss your calves? Are you looking for them?"

"Moo," she said.

I pulled up an image of a calf on my phone, and held it so she could see it with her left eye. "Is this what you want? Your babies?"

No response.

I sighed. "Yeah. I don't care about babies, either."

Jeff shook his head. "I don't think that's it."

I checked my watch. It was 2 p.m., and I had things to do before I went home. There were papers that needed to be delivered to the third floor, and I had to send a letter to Ashley's landlord, asking to add a new roommate. Plus, Ashley decided that tonight was our date night, and I couldn't be late. She hated when I stayed late at work. So the cow had to be moved, somehow.

Jeff sighed, stretching his back. "Shouldn't we try to entice her away first?"



"What do you mean?"

"I think I have some leftover lettuce from my salad. Cows eat lettuce, right?"

I nodded. They do.

This cow, however, was not interested in Jeff's lettuce. When we came back, she was chewing on one of my letters, the one for Ashley's landlord. Her teeth made a terrible grinding noise, and some of the pulp fell out onto the floor. She did not react to the offer of lettuce.

"Don't eat that, eat this," I insisted, but she just kept chewing.

"I hope that wasn't important," Jeff said.

I grumbled. Ashley was going to be pissed.

Other snacks had the same effect. She didn't want any of my lunch, or Jeff's, or any of the abandoned goods from the communal fridge. She just kept eating the letter. A few times she would swallow it, and the chewing would be over, and then all of a sudden she'd be chewing again.

"Did you see that?" I asked Jeff.

"Yeah."

"How is she still chewing? She just swallowed."

"Oh. Cows have four stomachs. So they keep throwing their food up and re-chewing it."

"That sounds really inefficient."

Jeff shrugged. "I think so, too. But no one asked me." He grinned, as though he'd said something funny.

I looked around at the other cubicles, trying to find someone else to help. No luck. The woman in the cubicle next to me had clunky headphones on. A man across the way stared intently at his screen, not looking up.



Someone walked by us, with a big chunk of papers in their hand. “Excuse me,” they said to the cow, elbowing by. She still didn’t move.

“I need to get back to work,” Jeff said. “It’s almost 2:30. You should just go to HR.”

“What are they going to do?”

“I don’t know. Maybe this kind of thing has happened before.”

The head of HR is named Henry. I know this because it’s my cat’s name, and because he wears a little gold name tag every day, just like everyone else on the fourth floor. Human Henry, not the cat. My cat has a collar.

Henry, Jeff, and I stand in the aisle. We regard the cow with furrowed brows and serious expressions. Henry strokes his beard.

“Well, this simply won’t do,” he says plainly.

“I agree,” I say.

Jeff looks like he wants to interject, but he stops himself, eyeing Henry’s frown.

Henry huffs. “Have you tried giving it snacks?”

We nod.

“Have you tried telling it to move?”

We nod.

“Have you tried physically moving it?”

Jeff holds up a finger. “According to Wikipedia, female cows weigh around 1,600 pounds. I don’t know if we could lift her.”

“It’s a female cow?” Henry asks.

“Yes.”

Henry nods, contemplative. “I see.”

There’s a pregnant pause. I twiddle my thumbs behind my back, so no one else can see. The cow has finished the first letter, and she’s eyeing another one. I don’t know how I’m going to replace the ones from corporate.

Henry leans over to me. “There’s a position open on the fourth floor, you know. Are you going to apply?”

My hands are sweaty, so I wipe them on my pants. “I think we should deal with the cow first.”

“If you want. I hear that it’s perfect for you. Larry was asking for you directly.”

Ashley’s going to love that. If I get this promotion, she says, we can start trying for a baby. “Oh. That’s nice.”

The cow turns her head, looking directly at me. My pulse stills. I wonder if she’s going to charge at me, or eat something else off my desk. A report? A stapler? My keyboard? With four stomachs, she can probably handle anything.

“Moo,” she says, simply.

“Well, it talks,” says Henry. He looks at Jeff, brows furrowed. “Don’t you have to get back to work?”

Jeff nods, noncommittal. He’s lying; there’s nothing on his schedule today. But Henry waves a hand, dismissing him. Then we’re left alone with the cow.

Henry shakes his head. “I don’t know what to tell you. If you can’t get any work done, we’re going to have to dock your hours for this afternoon. I’m sorry.” His hands are folded tight across his chest.

“What?” My voice is a bit louder than I mean for it to be, and I can feel my coworkers staring. I lower to a whisper. “I mean, this isn’t my fault.”

Henry sighs. “I know. I’m sorry. It’s company policy. Just following orders.”

“I didn’t do anything wrong! I tried to get work done, I swear. I did the insurance reports already and everything!” I groan. “Can’t I use a loaner computer or something?”

“They’re all checked out for the day.”

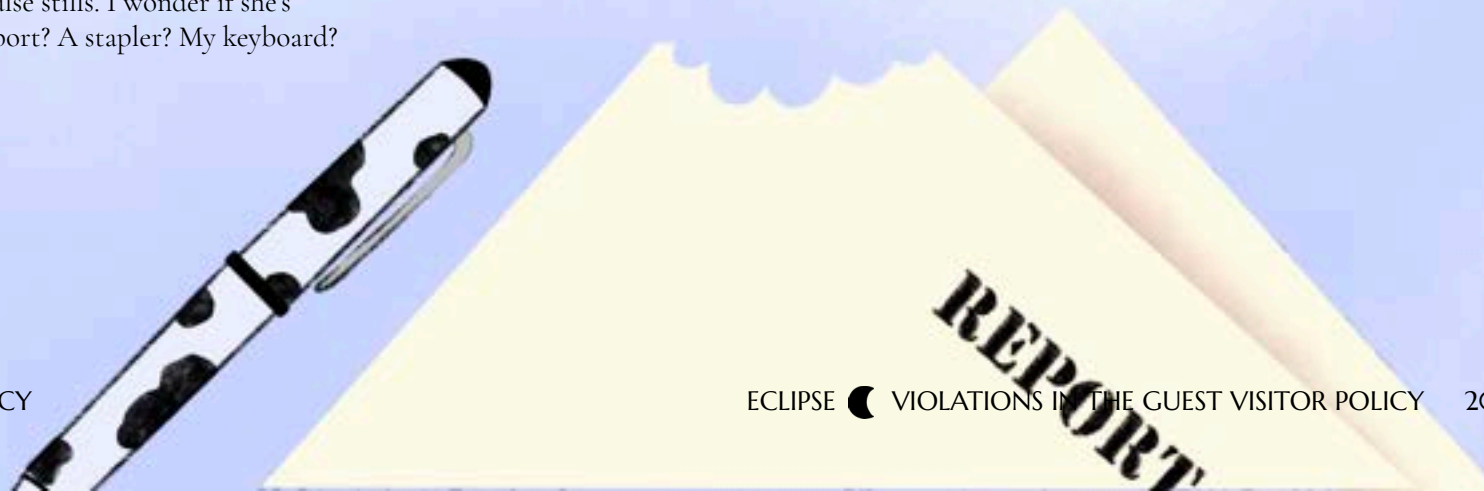
He looks sad, he really does. His eyes are downturned in a corporate show of pity. I take a deep breath, but my hands are balled into fists.

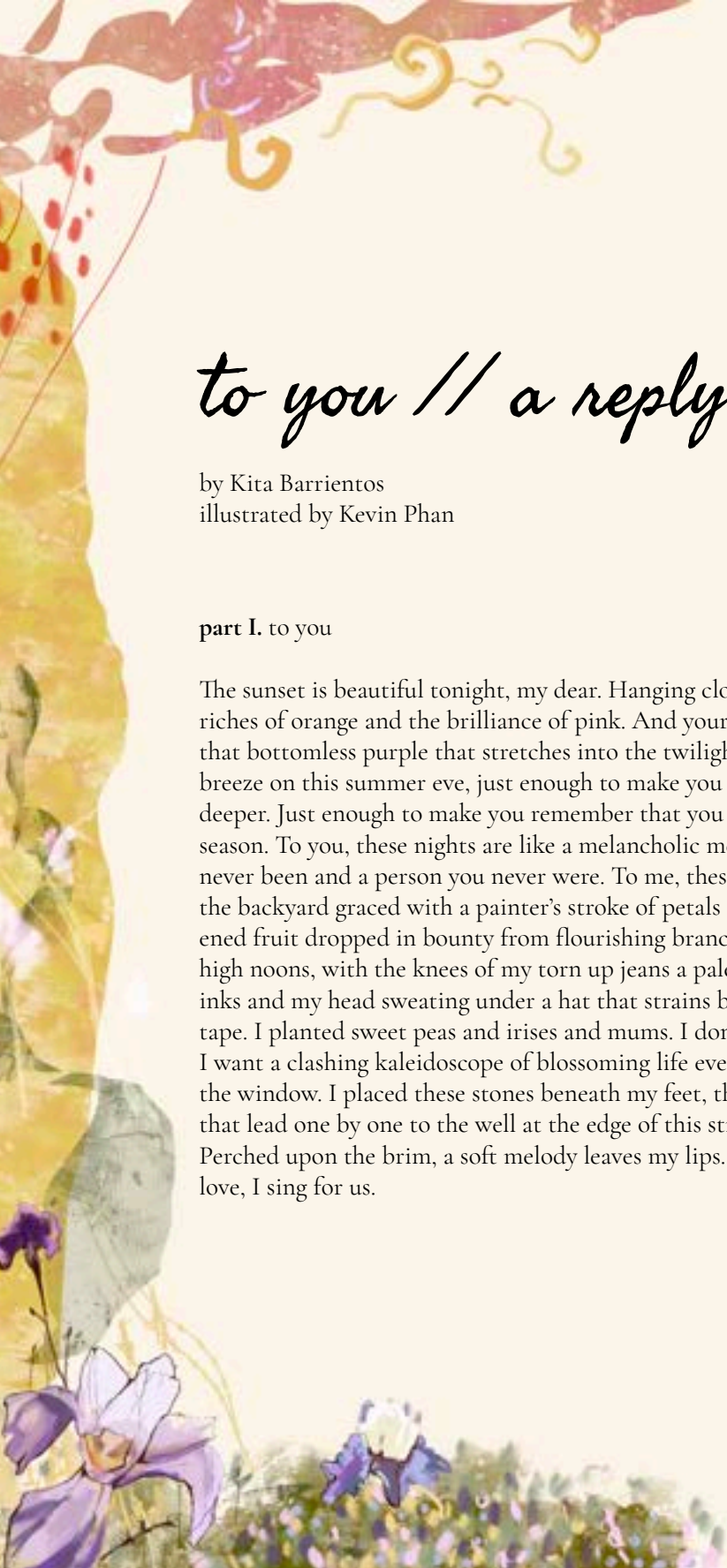
I stare at the cow, unblinking. I want to yell, or scream, or push her out of the way, but I can’t bring myself to do any of that. Her eyes are kind and innocent, but they look heavy. She’s exhausted.

“Can you please move out of the way?” I ask.

Her head tilts to the side. She seems to understand me. With soft, gentle steps, she walks down the aisle, and out toward the elevator. I sit down at my desk, amazed. She only ate one letter.

“Good work,” says Henry. “Hopefully you can catch up on your work.” And then he turns on his heel and leaves, gold name tag sparkling in the fluorescent lights.





to you // a reply

by Kita Barrientos
illustrated by Kevin Phan

part I. to you

The sunset is beautiful tonight, my dear. Hanging clouds sprayed with the riches of orange and the brilliance of pink. And your favorite of course, that bottomless purple that stretches into the twilight. There's a small breeze on this summer eve, just enough to make you breathe in a little deeper. Just enough to make you remember that you don't actually hate this season. To you, these nights are like a melancholic memory of a place you've never been and a person you never were. To me, these nights are ours. In the backyard graced with a painter's stroke of petals and tilled soil and ripened fruit dropped in bounty from flourishing branches. I made this. In the high noons, with the knees of my torn up jeans a palette of moss and earthy inks and my head sweating under a hat that strains beneath layers of duct tape. I planted sweet peas and irises and mums. I don't care if colors match. I want a clashing kaleidoscope of blossoming life every time I look out the window. I placed these stones beneath my feet, these burnished steps that lead one by one to the well at the edge of this striking summerscape. Perched upon the brim, a soft melody leaves my lips. Like Orpheus to his love, I sing for us.

part II. a reply

i got your message

you could not have left it in a more obvious place

but even then, it arrived a stranger, a withering shape hazing through layers of anesthesia; a sudden amnesia held together with the sap of rotting fruit and sun-stained duct tape

instead of irises and mums, i learned to love the fungus and the damp, smearing my shins and fingernails are pulped petals and the ink from poems i'll never write
i did not place these stones above my head, but the moss that nestles between them
proves that life still grows where the sunset does not reach

in a fleeting moment of glistening clarity reflected through whiskey amber, you threw yourself against this crumbling well and sang into its tapering depths

as with every echo, your verse faltered on the way down

i don't recognize it all, just bits and pieces of a tune that fractures and lands like shards about my feet

i pick them up and the blood from my fingers feels warm like your embrace, swathed in that forgiving summer night

from these sanguine pieces, i create a mosaic embedded in the mud—a half-made kaleidoscope of your song

read like a worn artifact, shakily unearthed, it sounds something like this:

“a poem I once wrote to myself,
on a night gentler than this,
knowing that even with the passage of time, my changing self would not alter beyond my reach,
knowing that eventually I would meet myself again
and when that person could not give themselves grace,
I would give it to them.”

in the same time it took for orpheus to turn around, you disappear and fall like eurydice back to the darkened recesses of my faltering memory

i lift my misting eyes to the window of sky above me and watch as the silhouette of evening clouds pass beyond these high walls.

i hope, in time, you'll forgive me.

ASCENSION

digital art | Alperen Ayan



You grew on me

by Luke Carmichael Valmadrid
illustrated by Allison Gable

Only when eyes were elsewhere, your hand held mine,
lushly conjuring wildflowers up my arm. Lithe roots,
learning an old dance to a new song, found purchase
in the fertile soil of a dark heart. We spoke to the petals,
too bright and feisty to prepare to fall. We told them stories
of lilacs, of strawberry moons, of a flying snake
that did not have to eat itself anymore. The flowers
flushed a jealous shade, twisting a möbius fortune as they told it:
we would not last the coming winter. The spring, for us,
could only be new life.



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