

everlasting

A photograph of a tropical sunset. The sky is filled with soft, pastel-colored clouds transitioning from blue to orange and yellow. In the foreground, the silhouettes of tropical trees, including a large palm tree on the right and a leafy tree on the left, frame the scene. The overall atmosphere is serene and peaceful.

issue 1
catheartic magazine

editor's note

When Catheartic Magazine began on an evening in late June, we weren't sure where things would take us. But with a month since our inception, we've become inspired by everything received along the way. The work we review uplifts us with an everlasting impact, and we hope Issue 1 can do the same for our readers.

We remain passionate on expanding our mission in future issues. Catheartic Magazine's ultimate wish is for youth to feel welcomed in sharing experiences with mental health in a community of writers and artists.

Finally, we express infinite gratitude to all our amazing contributors who have made Issue 1: Everlasting a reality. We genuinely loved reading every word and seeing every artwork you submitted. Issue 1 is the result of the stories you shared with us and for that, we are forever thankful.

Thank you for reading Issue 1, we hope you enjoy!

Brooke Yang
(Founder and Editor-in-Chief)

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Sticky Feelings of Love

by Gabriela Quintero

i sit around and i wait

waiting for the day i get to experience a fairy tale type of love
one for the movies, like the ones of those around me

it can't be that hard,

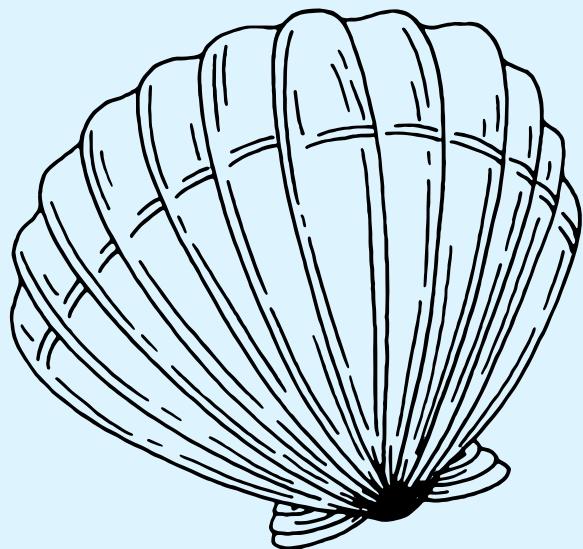
for it to find its way to me.

i sit and i wait

sticky sand on my body

salt on my lips

love feels like the beach



the waves flow back and forth

but the water stays and brings the sand with it everytime

Gabriela Quintero is a student at FAU High School who wants to pursue a career in journalism and enjoys writing poetry.

My Friend

by Ruby Annas

I groan as I feel something digging into my side. I lift just the top part of my body, looking like a beached whale slowly coming to life. It's the same thing again, my friend looking at me with those bright white eyes. It's the only thing I can see in this dark void.

It feels like I'm lying on something, but all I see is black. It looks like I'm floating. The big white eyes continue to stare at me, never blinking. This is constant. When I stare back, it's like a mirror. Those eyes are just like mine, empty. We live in this dark void together.

I reached out to the creature for it to grab my hand. It doesn't have a body I can see, only feel as it wraps it sinks its invisible hand into mine. This is our daily routine. It never leaves my side. It goes wherever I go.

We walk through the void, seeing but not feeling. I know other people are around and, in a sense, I can see the world. I can see when I'm driving, when I arrive at work, I can see my laptop, and I

just exist. I can see everything... at least there's that.

These moments have become normal, and they happen a lot, but they're not constant.

Sometimes, I can see more than the surface. I can feel beyond. It's like a light from within myself. On those days, I didn't have my white-eyed buddy with me. It's just me.

I woke up, jumping out of bed. I rush to my car, excited to start the day. I speak and actively listen while I interview. I'm able to think critically about what I write and have the right responses to my editor.

And my favorite thing about this state is that it's always present when I'm with my boyfriend ... and I hang out with him a lot. Those empty days with my friend will never go, but I have phases in my life when that lessens. I just try to hold on to those good days. I hold on to those good moments.

I hold on to the moment of going to the aquarium with my boyfriend. Us going through the clear tunnel, full of fish swimming above us. I get spooked by a saw shark and laugh.

I hold on to the moments of my sister getting married and then my brother doing the same. At my sister's wedding I was a bridesmaid and I cried while I stood up there beside her. At my brother's wedding, I took pictures with the help of my boyfriend. The SD card wasn't in the camera when they said their vows. I got upset and cried, but my family and boyfriend were there for me.

I hold on to the moments of when my family and I have goofy moments and make up our own games like, "where is Elroy my Boy?" During one of our many family trips to Tennessee, my dad won an Elroy toy, The Jetsons character, from a claw machine. We started our game of hiding the toy and trying to find it. All five of us shouting, "Where are you Elroy my Boy?" around the hotel room.

I must always remind myself, that when I am depressed, the people I love are the ones who get me through it. They help me find more of those light filled days.

Never Alone

by Olivia Lawrence

Touch me

Touch me till I burn with the same flames that engulf you

Until your heart is my heart

And your pain is my pain

Burn me until the lines of hurt and hunger blur

Because all lines are meant to be crossed

Just as I will cross rows of blazen blue to hold your hand

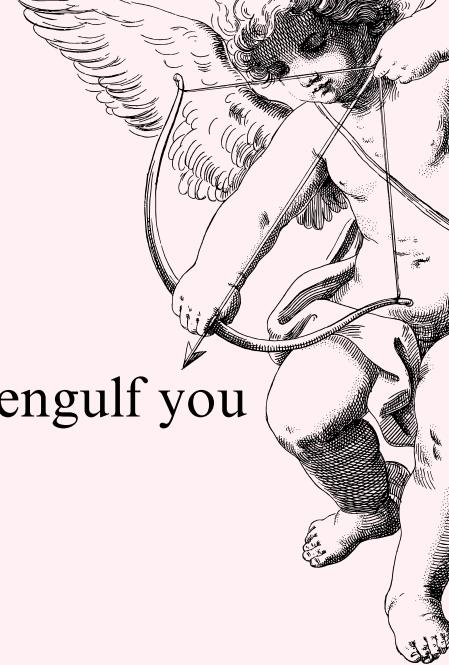
As you defeat your demon with swords dipped in water
made from your eyes

Gems that glow hotter than ruby's in the afternoon sun

I will stand with you through hell

Damn ever touching heaven

Because heaven doesn't exist if I'm not with you.



Olivia is currently a student who is fascinated with teenage experiences. After she created a poetry account on Instagram she hopes to share her experiences so that other people can feel seen and hopeful.

from afar

by Heloise Flores

My starry sky, I gaze at you
when I know I could.

I grab every chance when there's no hinder
and keep my fingers crossed, wishing that I could see you
clearer.

The crowd may distract the sight
of me adoring you from afar
But I'm glad because you never noticed.
For things might change if you did.

However, this is only between the two of us
but in this written piece, allow me to ask
"How lovely is a mind full of life?
And how beautiful is your mind when it tells you to smile?"
As you walk away, I'm glad we still exchanged glances of
goodbyes.
I guess even the idea of adoring you ends at the right time.

At night, I dream about talks
we never really had
but I swear to the heavens,
you're a divine soul that I'm only
meant to admire.

You're so far away. What many call a steady floating kite.
Then there goes the gleam in your eyes that burns like a campfire.

Hence, I must keep these feelings hidden, I'll be a liar.
But in my depicted fiction, our story ended
when we danced during a rainy night
under the bright golden streetlight.



Heloise Flores is a writer and musician who always explores different genres. Although as a writer, she preferably writes horror, satirical, and gothic themes under creative fiction. And as for her life advocacies: she advocates anti-bullying and anti-discrimination. She combats these current issues through her non-fiction written works. Other than all of that, she is just a typical person who enjoys art, music, and recreational sports.

I want to be the girl you think of

by Kanmanee Fagerlien

I want to be the girl you think of when you think of girls. I want to be the girl you think of when your car is overflowing with the scent of her. When half of your bed is stolen and you barely have the blanket to yourself. When you lie half asleep hoping I'd call, wondering if you should put your sneakers on and wander out in the cold just to dial my number, 2 times would it ring until you'd hang up. I want to be the girl you think of when she makes breakfast, with too much salt in the eggs and undercooked rice. When she laughs at your silly side and how she'd complain about how you like your music while you sleep. 'it's too loud,' - she'd say. 'I can't sleep.' I want to be the girl you think of when your hand rests on her thigh. You'd kiss her 'I love you' but never 'let's go swimming at the lake and blast our favourite music all night.' I want to be the girl you'd tell your mother about.. (and your brother and your cats and your guitars and your bed.) I want to. I want. I want to be the girl you think about, but I'm not.

I'm not.

Kanmanee Fagerlien - A young and humble poet with dreams bigger than what her hands can hold. She dreams of New York: sipping wine in jazz bars and dancing in her apartment at dawn break. She started showing interest in literature early in her years, and furthermore had she fell in love with poetry in which her greatest inspiration is Sylvia Plath, but her work, however, is inspired by the simplest, human desire to be held and the loneliness of it all.

A voice of a little girl inside me

by Mahnissa Maneerut

In a realm where innocence once dwelled,
A tender heart so deeply compelled,
I speak to my inner child, only six years old,
Wounded by a pain that time cannot withhold.

Longing to protect her from the world's cruel sting,
I reach out, nurturing the pain she did bring,
A violated soul, no escape in sight,
Alone she cried, hidden in the dead of night.

Reparenting her spirit, love I bestow,
Guiding her gently, helping her to grow,
In the corner of her bedroom, tears now subside,
As I console her, her fears I confide.

With each tender touch, the wounds start to heal,
And within her heart, a newfound joy reveals,
Resilience awakened, shining through her gaze,
She stands tall, ready to face the world's maze.

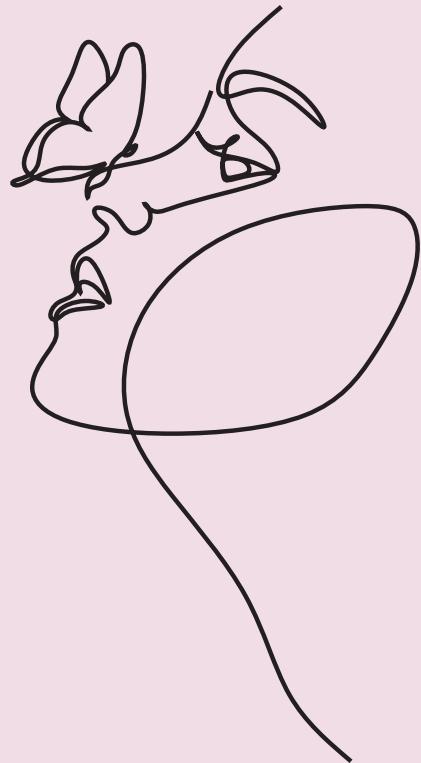
A voice, once timid, now resonates with might,
As my little girl, she prepares to take flight,
Confronting her mother, who caused her such pain,

Her voice, loud and clear, echoes like a refrain.

"Mommy," she says, tears streaming down her cheek,
"I don't need to be strong, I need to be meek,
For I am just a child, in need of safety and care,
Not a vessel of strength, burdened beyond repair."

Her mother, who believed pain made her grow,
Now sees the truth, her actions they did sow,
Regret fills her eyes as she finally understands,
The damage inflicted by her own hands.

Innocence reclaimed, my inner child stands tall,
Her voice echoes, a victor's triumphant call,
For in rediscovering her peace from within,
She learns the power to heal and begin again.



Break The Binary

by Syd M

Blackened eyes from exhaustion,
run down from the foggy rain,
ever-deafening violent voices they scream,
angered over no control of my appearance and thoughts,
karma is not my friend;

tell me why I cannot cut my hair,
have flags wave proudly on my wall,
even with all my effort to be of service, I fall apart cyclically;

Broken wings of a disheartened angel,
internal restless beating coming from a heavy chest, get
these bags off me, no part of me wants in of this
feminine body,
all of me deeply aroused to be shot down,
reborn to something else kept away from the polarized binary,
yearning for the prolonged fresh taste of freedom upon
these chapped lips.

Syd M is a non-binary Arab American poet and artist that strives to capture moments of healing and self-awareness. They have been published by Querencia Press, Iceblink Lit and Pile Press. They also love drinking coffee and writing about nature.

we won't ever let you forget us.

by Maggie Jordan

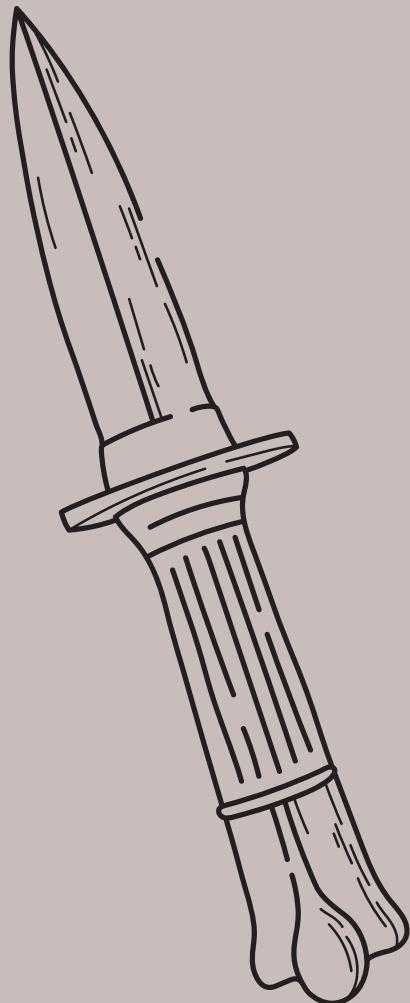
everyone tries
telling me
it'll hurt less with time

i think my memories
have grown knives
they stab deeper into me

every day
twisting their blades
ever more

they whisper
my deepest fears
some times.

(sometimes they scream, too; those days are the worst)



- *we won't ever let you forget us.*

Maggie Shay Jordan is a creative nonfiction writer and poet in her third year studying English at Florida Southern College. Her work has appeared in or is forthcoming from Rewrite the Stars Review, Curio Cabinet Magazine, and Persimmon Review, among others. Keep up with Maggie on her Instagram @musingsofmaggie.

Sterilized Shelter

by Grace Sinkins

I'm not afraid of falling asleep in a frigid bed,
With needles pushing at my decaying skin.

My fate is universally inevitable.

I pray that the machine works overtime,
To keep my heart thumping.

I'm not quite sure I'm okay with dying;
Reality doesn't hide behind the illusion of choice,
In a fourteenth story cemetery,
Only the first names on the tombstones which are engraved with
puppies.

Hope is a facade and optimism is the real sickness.

My vomit tastes like a ticking clock.

My legs aren't strong enough to hold me up.

My father now prays to Jesus Christ,
Someone who he believes hasn't been so kind to me.

The only higher power that exists to me is whatever is pumped
through the IVs;

Stable enough to keep me alive whilst robbing me of a life.

Maybe it would've been better if I never cried to my doctor.

I don't find bliss in this sterilized shelter.

Grace Sinkins is a seventeen year old poet who has been published in numerous magazines such as Corporeal Lit, Apricitea Magazine, and Meditating Cat Zine. You can find Grace in the classics section at a library or on Instagram @gracexlizzie.

Saline

by Simone White

Seafoam stains the shore
Alone she sits
Along the tide and the winding water
She begins to snivel
The ocean swallows her tears
In a briny laugh it catches her sobs
It condemns her as one of the many
With each weep she is damned
stealing the misery from the woman
The ocean withdrawals with a howl

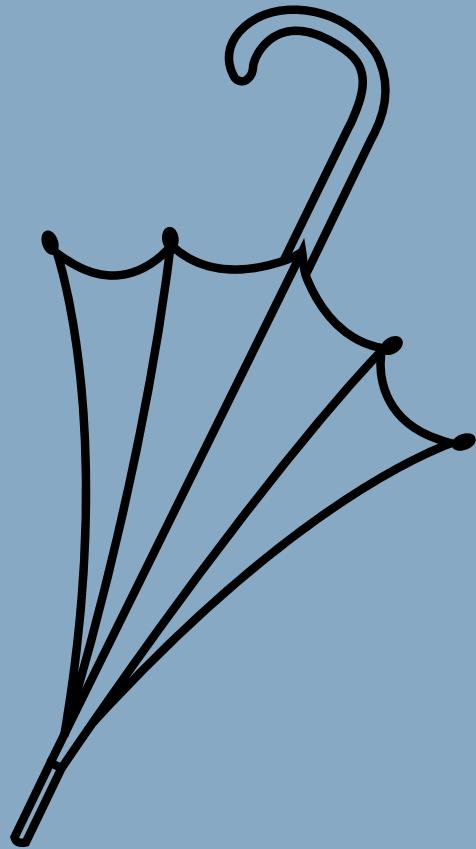


Simone is a 16 year old senior in highschool. Her favorite author is Albert Camus and she continues to study philosophy in her spare time. Outside of academic pursuits, Simone enjoys running, napping, and trying out new flavors of kombucha.

The Endings of June

by Lungmying Lepcha

A sense of rain
the dullness of the room
flickers the light of the flower
inside her mind
she gets up
sways her body in a mode of dance
picks up the bag of essentials
and with an umbrella
Goes down the hill



the tiny droplets of drizzle wets her hair
as she switches off her umbrella
walks in the rain
she knew that the sun
had to be down the hill
which was ironic

the smell of the wet soil
the fog that blanket the area around
her companions followed her

Just as the monsoon follows after summer
the scorching heat which was troublesome

now gets replaced by the dull fog
It's been years she last played in the rain
Her childhood was filled with summer and spring
Now she could feel winter and monsoon too .

With the fickleness of what followed ahead
the echoes of laughter soon filled with
mute words
with only the sound of the boots walking in the
damp soil .

Lungmying Lepcha is a 12th grader hailing from the Himalayan state, Sikkim. A poet in progress, she wants that she can read out her poetry and stories, keeping you occupied for the entire day.

Blaring Familiarity

by Gloria C.

a child sits on the doorstep that i know so well
she asks me if i remember these walls, these memories.
i respond back:

this door frame is carved out of hearts, souls, pieces of my body,
spread along each crack, each crevice of the wood.
vulnerability is smothered over the doorstep,
with laughter, falling out of century-old walls.

she nods, and asks me if i still consider this home.

home? i laugh. home?

isn't a home supposed to be happy?

you didn't let me finish the story.

the ending is this:

suddenly,

this house isn't built for me and no longer feels welcoming,
no longer feels the same.

the girl cocks her head, frowning.

why? you seemed happy.

silly little girl,

you don't know the pains of life quite yet.

let me retell this story:

my heart was plunged out by a knife.

i was taken away from myself.
fresh tears will always soak on the doorstep,
and laughter is another type of pain.

Gloria is an aspiring poet who likes to travel. Many of her poems are narratives that are inspired by her experiences when traveling. In her free time, she likes singing and scrapbooking.

Fa(r)ther

by Isabelle Wei

Some days I say I'm going to meet my father at the park, or the gym, or the nearest Taco Bell—although I have no father—simply because it sounds so lovely. Thin and feeble, it is a dream that steeps

in the puckered pages of old novels, featuring fathers with daughters—making merry, roasting potatoes, gawking at the intricacies of hair braiding. This morning, for instance, I hurried down a bushy corner of nature, looking

to find tomatoes. The grass was too hot to run barefoot across. I touched the sod, fingers running fishhook to weed. Felt folds in the field where roots twisted into pretzels—I bought a bag of it on my way to

Taco Bell, licking off the white salt. Two tables over, a family clinked chocolate shakes like

knocked teeth in a hard kiss. A pigeon walked under the table and picked at a dropped dollop

of cheese. We both ate in silence.

The quiet was comforting. I like a place that has room for thinking. I like a place where you can listen to people talk about little things,

like the scent of gardenia against jasmine, the difference between teal and turquoise, or the best sandwich filling. It's hummus. I eyed a man who could be my father step inside, holding

a sprig of pale yellow jasmines—the color of buttered popcorn. I inhaled, looking through the glass at a movie theater across the street. There were fathers all over the city. Any one of them could be mine.



Isabelle Wei is a writer and literary editor. She loves poetry, pastries, and painting, although not necessarily in that order. In her spare time, she enjoys writing and reading stories that reflect her love for the natural world.

please, birdie

by Ashley Hong

birdie, birdie
who roams the endless, hollow skies
Please prick my hunched shoulders
Fly me towards the unforgiving sun
 burn me to crisp
 as my ashes rain upon our spiteful world
ah, the future that befalls on me,
It has made my shoulders too heavy.

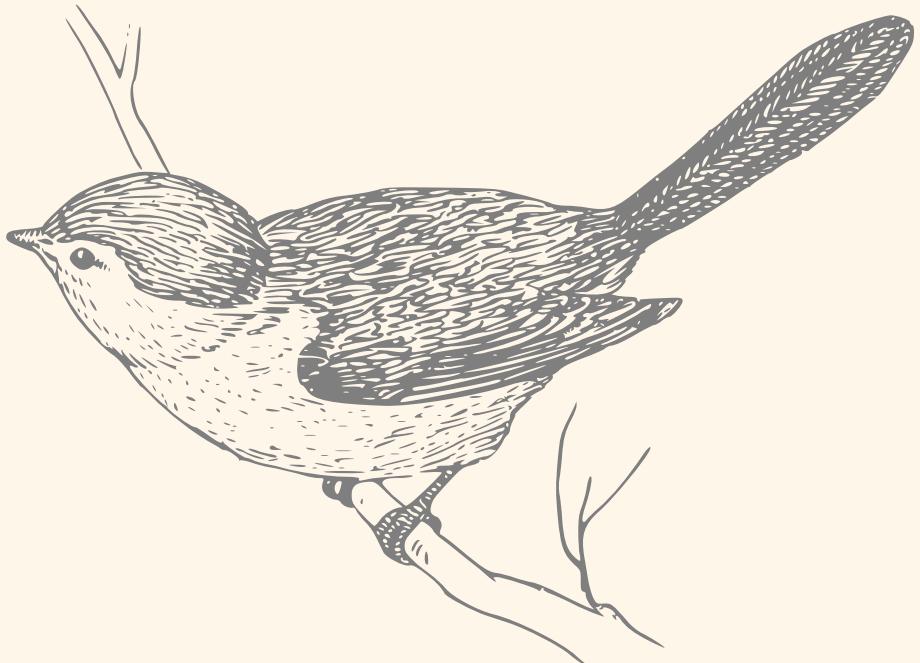
birdie, birdie
who intertwines with deadly, lonely winds
Please pluck out my eyes one by one
and take them far, far away;
 lakes that reflect the moon's gleam
 cliffs where zephyrs become your best friend
ah, a puff of murk stains my eyes,
I ask my eyes, “Where is the light?”

birdie, birdie
who soars through piercing galaxies
Please tear my legs with your mighty claws
out of this quicksand ridden with a scent of regret,
repelling the gravitational pull

Let me, my legs, fly
free from gravity
free from these hefty chains
ah, perhaps my leg has sunken,
It has rendered me paralyzed.

birdie, birdie
who's tattered wings flap against life itself
I beg you— take my bloated, threadbare body to a
wasteland
devoid of throbbing gossips and whispers,
where there is just trash and me;
 where I am not an oxygen thief
 where I, too, can spread my wings
ah, a sudden plume of emptiness escapes my body,
I float into the desolate clouds,
sun radiating a welcoming glow;

thank you, birdie.



my body, my choice

by Darcey Spruce



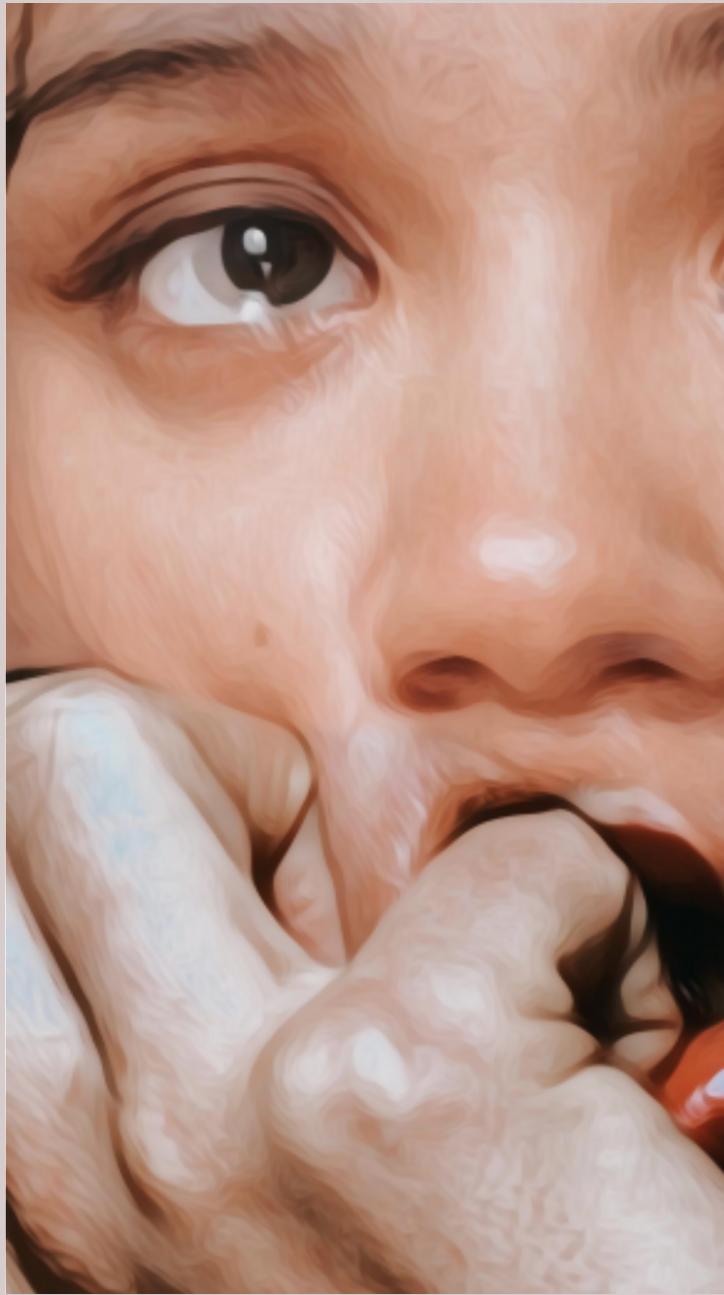
"my body, my choice", is one of my original art pieces about abortion laws. the use of the colour pink in the background is there to represent femininity and an almost childlike innocence, as the rights for women to choose whether they get to birth a child or not has been taken away from them. there are an assortment of different women protesting, like the suffragettes, protesting for women's rights to vote, and modern women protesting against abortion laws. the piece isn't *just* about abortion laws, as it could be interpreted in any way with the text "keep your laws off our bodies".

KEEP
YOUR
LAWS OFF
OUR BODIES



An Everydauj Battle

by Daniela Lorraine Brutas



DANIELA LORRAINE B. BRUTAS, also known as 'Raine' is an aspiring classic romance novelist and contemporary artist. The author of *Till Death Do Us Part* and *Sunset Haze in an Anthology Book* for Ukiyoto Publishing Magkasintahan Volumes. She was immersed in the beauty of writing through purposive storytelling in her time as a campus journalist during her junior high school days. The once unbothered Raine who lives in her own little world was disturbed. When her rose colored glasses broke and saw how the world could be crumbling, she started writing blogs, submitting to magazines and anthologies. To Raine, her mission was to empower authentic, fearless and contemplative works rooted in purposive storytelling. Raine also enjoys acrylic painting. She often finds herself painting from inspiration in her dreams dedicating pieces to her own life. Most of Raine's works are heavily influenced by this expression of the subconscious mind from life's usual predicaments. She is also the author of the blog, *Clouds&Raine—A Dreamer's Space* (<https://theyourlifeonthego.wordpress.com/>)



Transience of Life

by Erica Galera



Erica Galera is a fine arts graduate of Silliman University. She works part time as an online encoder and an art editor volunteer at Haluhalo Journal, an online student-led journal. She enjoys photography and cooking. She is passionate about music and crafting.



thank you for reading issue 1!