

EPONYM

INNER;OUTER
ISSUE 3.5

INNER
OUTER

MINI-ISSUE



OUR FIRST MINI-ISSUE

EDITOR'S NOTE

INNER/OUTER speaks to how the hidden introspective aspect of our life interact and correlate with the outer. How our secrets affect our behaviours, how we choose to reveal and make sense of those inner parts of ourselves.

If you've been following us closely you may have noticed our last minute theme change for Issue 4. But before that happened, we received some amazing pieces of poetry that we didn't want to abandon and leave unseen by our readers. Thus, this mini issue was born! We hope you enjoy this small but mighty collection of introspective poems.

Always,
Carys Richards and Dana Collins

IMAGE PROVIDED BY THE HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE

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*curated by Dana Collins
and Carys Richards*

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THE GLASS IN THE MIRROR IS BLUE

EDEN GRAY

The glass in the mirror is blue
The mirror is on a chair in the middle of my room.
I lie on my floor next to my bed to listen to the rain
ut I can't hear it sounding how I want it to.

I hold a book up to the mirror,
the text is backwardsblue;
I smile up close to the mirror,
my teeth are backwardsblue.

The sound of your breathing through the phoneline
in the complete sour shadows of my room
feels like soft grey velvet.

What would happen if I closed my eyes,
let my hands fall, let my brain stop consuming?
Writhing is like writing
and I can't sit still.
except for the times I stay too still too long.
Feel the brown soil —

Wandering the streets, the night not so rich,
(it tastes more like cold green tea made too strong than it does treacle)
I love how green plants look with the veil of darkness.
That shroud of notlight
placed lightly over the leaves.
This air should let me breathe.

The glass in the mirror is blue
Last night I dreamt my fingers were turning into mud
that got washed away, but the mud never stopped
and the water never stopped.

Later in the dream there was a tightness under the bones of my chest,
but it was okay because you were there.

It is foolish to think that dreams sound made up when written down;
they are made up before they are written down,
eden that is the very nature of dreams.

I know Years
and I feel them slice me thinly.

The first time I said that aloud, I wanted her to love me,
no, to love the me that exists in my selfwriting.

It's funny the things we think to mention.

I feel born transparent,
veins clear through my skin,
bones somewhere underneath.

I feel born transparent, having been transferred, ready to be transfixed.
Suspend me in the white light,
in hopes that I become white light.

The glass in the mirror is blue

In anger
You say tear from limb to limb,
I say —

There are wolves in the world, and their fur
is soft to the fingertiptouch,
and their incisors are there to glint
and to pierce your skin,
my neck is smeared with blood
There is something awkwardly sensual about this,
so I will always invite you in.

I think of bound feet/raw meat
chest pressed tight/tonsils shown in screaming fright
muscles that ache/minds that stay awake
I think of rocking boats/heavy coats
the smell of sex/the times you text
— my bed is not the place to rest,
I think this in a round, and the rest.

Everything is blue in the mirror except for my tongue,
my tongue in the mirror stays red
and in the red of my tongue
I see the revolt.
Burn it all down baby
let the ashes make the earth.



An Orange Peel – A.K.A The Bedaubing of Veracity

I grab my hat, grab my staff, and burst out on to the stage,
“Welcome One! Welcome All!”
They mirror my smile, they steal my energy, they copy the one
They want to be
The singing, the dancing, the tight 10 stand-up routine, my gifts to them,
And I God’s

And I love myself for doing that.

The straight-faced ‘I’ve done better but thanks’ later in the pub,
The artifice is fake, it’s a self-check to let mastery reign
“You were good, you were great!” They said
“I’ll have another beer please”
Drank.
Yeah.

And I respect myself for saying that.

The black ceiling repeats the compliments from earlier,
Suddenly under the cover, another Summer of love to discover, I
recovered.

What is humility but pride trying to look nice about it?

GODDAMMIT!

God I am!

Shit!

Can't stand it a bit, little quick tip riddle me this: is this it?

This is this!

This is it!

And I hate myself for thinking that.

I don my hat, grasp my staff, and bless the stage once more.

“Welcome One! Welcome All!”

Their mirror is steamed-up and they lose the nuance.

Post-post-post-ironic smiles for everyone!

And I myself.

LUKE BERRIDGE

Dream on.

Haya Genawi

Stop, check in with yourself, they said

Check the room, check in with the fluttering in your mind...

Check again, so to keep yourself afloat whilst reaching for the stars.

Though I read the time and my dissatisfaction is evinced.

What does it all matter anyway? For I never count the hours

But what I have made of them. Virgo.

And I jump up and down with each triumph,

Whilst pulling out my heart strings

So I can sew them into poetry.

Say, I have felt the ease of artistic fluctuation

– I could not dare untangle a beautiful muddle.

I cannot push for flawlessness. Ergo, if life is to imitate art,

I shall paint passion across my canvas.

Haya Genawi, nineteen, is a BA English Literature student and writer from Manchester. Visit @Hayasworks on Instagram.

Thank you so much for reading Eponym's first (and hopefully not final!) mini-issue. If you want to be the first to know when our submissions are open and when our issues may be dropping, follow us @eponymmag on Instagram and Twitter.

Keep your eyes open for Issue 4: Hate Fuck, which is hot on Inner/Outer's heels.

As always, stay safe, stay kind and keep creating the wonderful art we are so grateful to receive from you all.