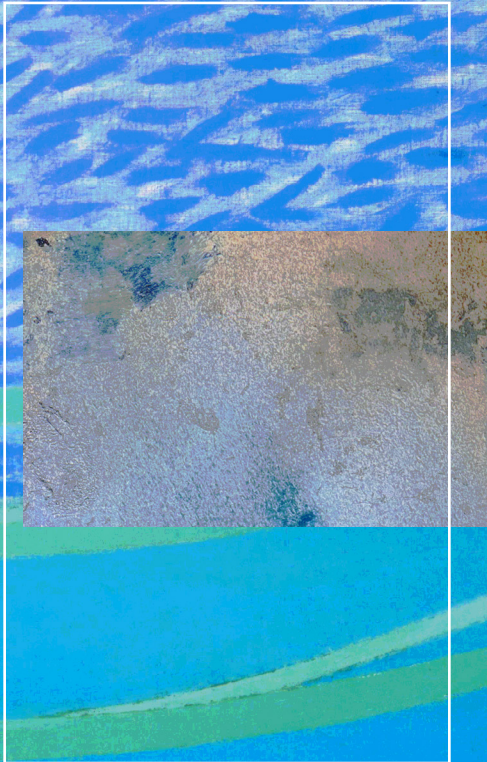


*ab-str-act*



Separate from the Sky and the  
Mothership

Would fall through with a banner  
Waving in a language we wouldn't  
Understand though the meaning is  
As clear as these intetcontinental  
Contrails hatching mackerel Sky

*Author - Publication, Issue, Year*

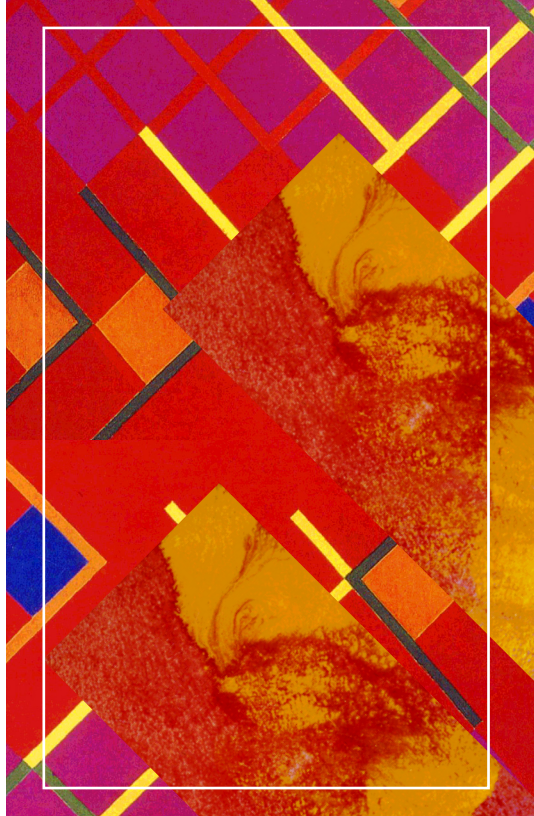
And rivers of grief. Our dismissals  
And the love we ignore,  
when we don't run  
After the sparrows because  
the sparrows  
Will fly away.  
My Sparrow, fly away if you have to.  
But know that I am coming.  
I am low in the grass.  
I am burning.

*Author - Publication, Issue, Year*



Neither you  
nor your soul  
is waiting for me at  
the end of this,  
I know that, the salt  
nearly clear after  
I chisel out the pews,  
the see-through altar,  
the opaque  
panes of glass that  
depict the stations of  
our cross —  
Here is the day  
we met,  
here is the day  
we remember  
we met...  
The air down here.

*Author - Publication,  
Issue, Year*



The background is a complex abstract composition. It features a central horizontal band with a collage of organic, textured elements in shades of brown, tan, and black, resembling wood grain or biological structures. Above and below this band are large, flowing, organic shapes in various shades of blue, teal, and green, creating a sense of depth and movement. The entire composition is framed by a thin white border.

# *ab-str-act*

## Paintings

Yoo YoungKuk  
Peter Bradley

## Poetry

Dan Chelotti  
Nick Flynn