

Kalliope fall 2019

[Insert letter from the editors here] Occusam volla pro tem faceruptur?

Vent experrovid magnihit harcian tinvero dendipsuntis id quunt audion re nos voluptaturio odipsam et, omnis earibusa conet voloremqui ipsae re eos ad es re nonem liqui aut aut aut exceatis modi utate estiusti omniae debitiu sapieni musam, atur re, quas dolorep erferep elluptas nist ut venis velest el esequo te volorer eiumquia net ut ullite pa perum velit, occatent.

Accus re ea di sin nimus aut molorio. Et fuga. Ut quatemp ellitio remquid ut eate nullab ipsam haritatem quunditi sa quid quidignis mo desequiatem ut volest, nitiorum ius suntto bero temossum ea veliquid qui dolorum, sit lant odi magnat landi ad quos sed magnit qui qui quam aut pore, unteces totatque nienihitat ute as minihil in perchil igente nihicillore, am quas corum hiliq- ui aerciae perspero volupta que volore, que dolupta tionsed que evenda aut poritatorit pe excerun tiundae mint exceatur reritatur aliqui blam quamusda inihitiur aribus dit, estis dolupici debitiam nimpos ent.

[Love, The Editors]



Kalliope editors-in-chief
Stephen Williams Ortega & Michelle Erdenesanaa
Literary editors
Edie Abraham-Macht, Daniella Cohen, Jane Zhang
Arts editor
Lucas Holter

Design by Sidney Hirschman

Table of Contents

Vespers Charles Lee	1
Songstress Rebecca Goldberg	3
Photographs by Alec Dai	5, 6
Eden Emma Brodey	7
Liminalization Yuri Bong	10
Forest Fire Jane Zhang	11
Photograph by Sebastian Baez	14
Refrain Andrew Ballard	15
Our First Overnight Date Sharla Moody	17

Vespers

Charles Lee

It starts in the afternoon, this coming together of all
Under a late sun peering golden
Through the rigging of oaks over an avenue
Men and women moving nearer,
Coming to hear, to see
They line like ants into a flowerpot
I, too, mosey on under woodshadows
Bells merge their twining chords and pull
The shadows longer until we all seem to be reaching
Somewhere, past the waiting trees, through the doors

We rest in a room like an open kiln
The heat gets in somehow, through walls
Like light through gauze. We hear a voice
Like an old man singing in his head
Through all the joys of life, it wavers
Insistent, proud, strength holding fear
May we never forget, it cracks now, breaks off

And a man not knowing what to feel begins to weep
He knows the pulsing fear, the sick, silent fury,
of sameness glossed by smiles but not joy

The voice becomes transparent, a lap
Of water over stone. I leave to hear the silence
Flowering into streets and decide that this day
I might insist on difference
I've come to know that whatever
I give words for has already died
So I've found a way around this
For a while, I think, I won't speak at all
Instead other things will speak
Like some blue eyes implying a mystery

A messenger, maybe, coming in
Through the wind's polyphony
She tells me nothing would ever be
Quite like this. She says it like throwing a message
In a bottle into the sea
Not quite as a joke, perhaps, but almost
I hear what it means this time
So over the smell of a tired river, now,
A different brightness in everything, in the leaves,
In the eyes of people passing on the street

Songstress

Rebecca Goldberg

On the fourth night
of the winter hunt,
the lord's men sit with their blades
sheathed, faces eager at her table.

Diana's arm dances circles for them
above her stovetop—she whistles
between the gaps of sharpened teeth
as coyotes carve caskets into the wood
of her doorstep.

[They ravage; she sings]

When vernal dew begins to trickle
across the stipules of the honeylocust,
golden weeds will burst from where beasts once
dug bloodied claws into swollen grain.

[They croon; she sings]

The cry of the wolf beseeches forgiveness.
The bloat turns to rot,
the rot to ash,
the ash to wind.
We are all gliding through the tear ducts
of a silent sort of century.

[They pierce; she sings]

A bitter shade awaits the bitch
beneath the varnish of the canopy.
Who are we to numb
our wounds with drink and she with tongue?
This is how dogs come to know
the spoken language of the specters.
Our mouths, once maggot white,
reddened quick
when we dared to taste flame.

[They gorge; she sings]

Not even a numinal home can stand after
hounds have devoured the hearthstone.
Their stomachs expand with cadence death,
taking supper from the symphony.





Eden

Emma Brodey

When my youngest brother Henry was two or three, he didn't believe in sleep. Maybe it was because he rarely fell asleep in bed. He'd nod off over dinner, or on the sofa. My parents would carry him upstairs. It never crossed his mind to think about what happened during those blank hours of sleep. They probably didn't seem like a blank at all. To him, days followed days. There was nothing in between, and that was exactly as it should be. He didn't wonder why he was in one place and then another; it was a miracle, and he hadn't learned to distinguish the miraculous from the everyday. When we asked him how he'd slept, he responded with exasperation: "I don't sleep, remember?" I envy him that faithful disbelief.

For me, falling asleep is a succession of wakings. Like Henry, I often believe I haven't slept at all. But it's not because I go to an easy resting place—it's because I spend my nights at the edge of one, slipping my arms

through the gate and trying to pick the lock from the inside. Sleep is personal. Like our minds, it's a place no one can follow us. It's a place we can't even follow ourselves. I don't remember the moments after I fall asleep, but I remember the ones before. So here they are—as far as I can take them. This is what it's like to fall asleep.

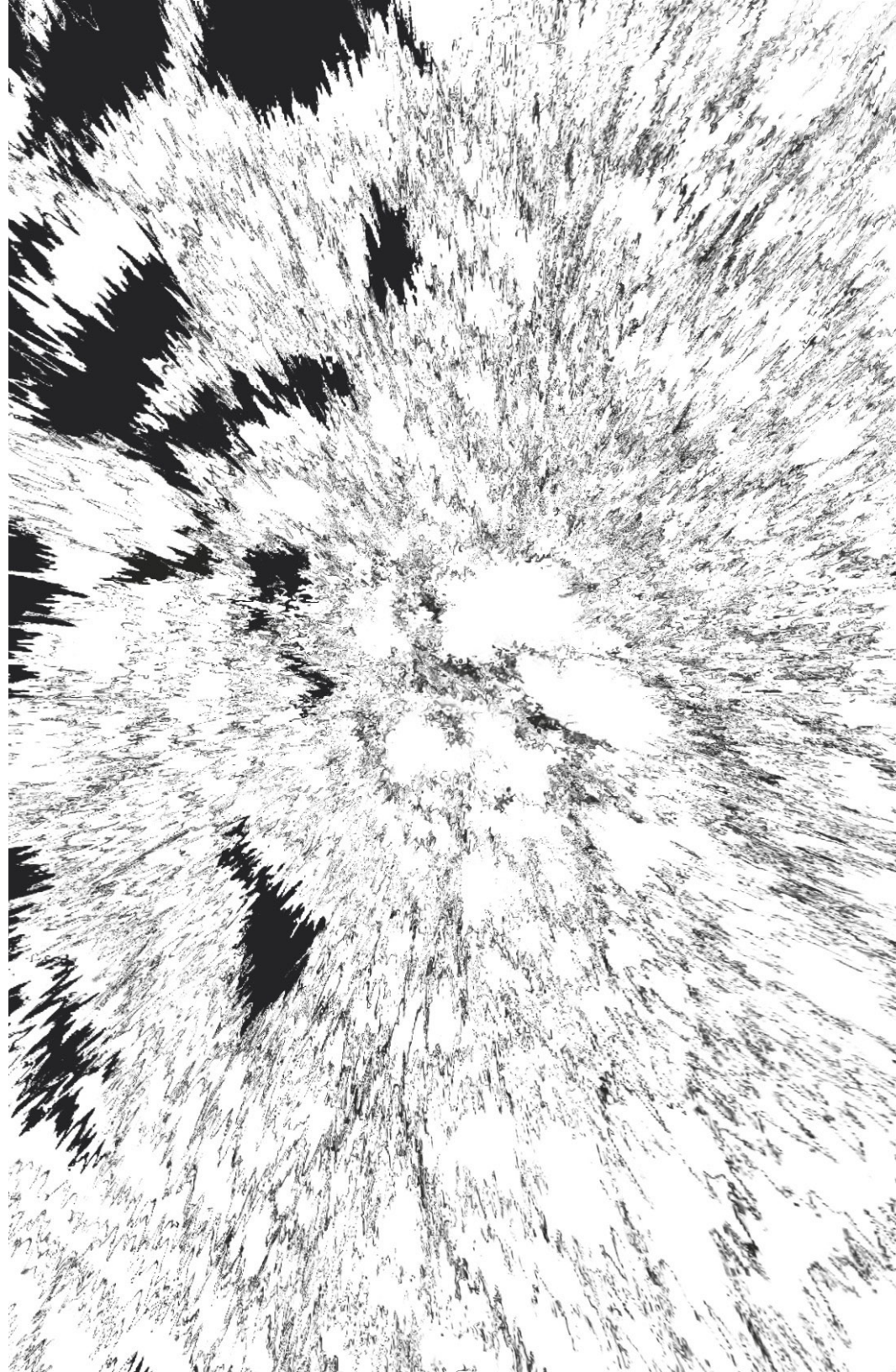
The first moments are wonderful. My pillow is soft and my blankets are warm. It's delicious, the moment you realize that you were holding yourself up, and now you don't have to. But that first comfort only lasts a minute. I can't find the right way to rest my head on the pillow. I remember how lovely everything was this morning, when the sun was glowing softly through the curtains and my bed was like an extension of myself, when the world was perfect and I couldn't stay.

Now something's wrong. My body's physical in a way it wasn't before, and so is the bed. The pillow has corners, and if I bury my face in one of them it pokes my cheek until I try the other side or shift over onto my back, which all of a sudden aches in odd places and seems strangely shaped. Side. Back. Other side. Upside down? I spin like a slow and impossible top. I've never been so self-conscious. I want to sleep—I'm tired. So I keep track of every movement, impatient. During the day my mind usually has other things to keep it busy. But in these minutes it has nothing to do but second guess every move my

body makes. I've never agreed with Descartes, but this is almost enough to make me a dualist.

I start to forget my body again, and my mind remembers something vital: six years ago I met a classmate on the street and called her by the wrong name. It was Julia. Did Owen's mother think my swimsuit was too skimpy at the beach last summer? I woke up my roommate yesterday morning. I dropped my deodorant, and it made a noise. She hates me. My stomach's a little queasy now and I shift again on the bed. It's harder to move. My limbs are stiffening, clumsy and numb. What if every night, the moment I'm asleep, something horrible happens to me? What if it's like surgery, cruel and painful and I live it every night but I just don't remember? It's the narration. The tenacious selfhood. The knowledge that I'm watching, and I'm worse than Julia or my roommate or anyone's mother. I could sleep, if I could stop thinking about what it means to lose consciousness.

On nights like that there's not much I can do. I'll hum a song. Pray. Time passes. My head feels lighter and heavier at the same time, like I'm a fish swimming around and around in a thick glass bowl. Gravity tenderly rearranges itself around me. I swim slower and slower as the water darkens. Sleep is a forgiveness for the things I haven't done.



Forest Fire

Jane Zhang

That day by the shape of a pond I waited for the clouds to come. It almost did but didn't. Then at some point it rained.

I carpooled with a boy to get there. He was my age. He had a handful of uncooked rice on one side of his car. He and his friends ate popcorn off of the ground.

He played a podcast about tongues — how they should always touch the roof of your mouth when you breathe. He didn't brake when turning.

Not much happened in the next few days. I was always hungry, always waiting for the next meal. Making tea was too much effort so I just drank hot water.

When I finally made tea, I couldn't find anywhere to throw away the teabag. So I drank from my cup again and again until no color came out and it was water all over.

I spent most of my mornings looking outside. Can you imagine this place feeling warm? What would the burning trees say?

That day by the shape of a pond I saw the boy again. I was lying on the grass when I saw him. It was a beautiful view.

"I would check for ticks tonight if I were you," he said.

Then he left me amidst my yellow flower buds. Always the yellow flower buds. How can we ever do them justice? In those days I did a lot of breathing. I am doing it right now as we speak.

On the last day we all sat in a circle and talked about our feelings. A musician started crying because the forest was burning. He cried and cried. He broke the circle.

I've read somewhere that the three primary colors are permanent by nature. They seem to have been here before us.

Green is not a primary color. It truly does not feel permanent to me. When a tree burns, red and yellow devours the green, until all is black. But are the colors we see not merely unabsorbed light? The leaves of a tree take in all colors but green. Green is the negative of the real thing.

I have never seen a forest fire. My hope is that when the leaves catch on flames, green narrowly escapes, while all the rest burns. I woke up with a fever.

The boy and I ate walnuts on the way home. I asked if walnuts could grow into trees. He asked if they were steamed. I said yes. He said no.

He sometimes took his eyes off of the road. We stopped by a gas station that sold flowers. The flowers stood in rows. The flowers stood upright. I have never seen a forest fire.





Refrain

Andrew Ballard

I said to you:
do not open this door—

At this time, the old
bedrooms lie almost completely
emptied, with light
faded sheets
drawn over the windows

There is no sound but a slow,
persistent leaking, and the still-
frantic steps of two mice somewhere
in the walls

Now, a family
of white moths dwells here
on my sister's pillowcase; they eat
small openings into a soft
woven blanket

And in my mother's
window boxes—where she had always planted
red petunias—small, golden-breasted
robins have knitted nests, carpeted
with down, where they sleep
on blue eggs.

I said, this is not at all
your place—

Even after all of these years,
the front step is guarded still:
The same snake my father feared
appears on the stone
to wash himself
in the afternoon

It seems he is relieved,
now that the brush by the road, the tall grass,
purple bell-flowers, and rows
of Queen Anne's lace,
have overtaken the lawn,
and my grandmother's plots of rhubarb.

If you go, then you should
go carefully—you see:
Outside, it has been dark
for a very long time.

Our First Overnight Date

Sharla Moody

We were outside of Charleston, on the way to Babcock
when you pulled over at the truck stop on the interstate
and asked if I wanted a pop, and I said no, so you locked
the door when you shut it and I watched your gait,

your shuffle inside to peruse the Cokes and granolas.

Over in the car at the next pump a skinny man
filled his Ford with diesel. There was a Barcelona
sticker on his bumper and Budweiser on his can.

His wife in the passenger seat—well, I don't know if she
was his wife—eyes blackened and sagging bones and browning
teeth, she held a baby in her elbow, and she smiled at me weak.
She flinched when he got back in, the baby cooed, they were
drowning

with throats full of booze. He glared at me and drove down
the highway; I doubt that I have ever seen them again.
You came back with two Sprites and kissed my frown,
and I tried not to remember or care about them then.

