

Creative Zine



PHOENIX

Magazine for students of English Language and Culture
at Utrecht University.

CREATIVE zine - June 2023

Cover and Design by Zuzia Gelauff
Logo by Cecilie Balemans-Højberg

Team 2022-2023

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Jonathan van Noppen, Yule Brückner Photographer
Dione Maarssen, Mohana Zwaga, Tessa de Bosschere,
Emilie Wingreen Illustrator

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Thank You

Soraya van den Steen, and all creative writers

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Contact Albion Utrecht

Trans 10
3512 JK Utrecht
030 – 253 66 69

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Word of the Board

Hey my lovely Albioneers,

What a year it's been! So many new faces, so many old faces (including my own). This year was a special one for our association, since this was the first year that there were absolutely zero Covid-19 measures that Albion had to adhere to, and oh how we took advantage of that. Throughout the year, Albion has been able to host the most amazing parties, symposia, sports activities, and above



all: the first Big Trip since the start of the pandemic! We traveled to Dublin with 40 Albioneers and our lovely teacher, Dr. Johanna Hoorenman.

Every academic year is different, and every academic year has its ups and downs. I really hope you can all end the year on a positive note and prepare for some well-deserved rest. I know I am ready to throw my badge in the ring. Have fun and I will see you next year!

With love,
Soraya/Dora/Mevrouw de P/Mom



A Thank You

From the Phoenix Board



Dear readers,

The time has come to say goodbye. We didn't even realize this was our last issue until we actually started to write this. It's been a creative year, one that we are both very proud of. We have produced four (and a half) issues, each having its own personal struggles, but the end product always made up for all of it. We had a great start to the year, mostly because Jamie Campbell Bower learned of Phoenix's existence (yes, that actually happened, thanks to Zuzia), but we immediately felt the thrill of creating something that was ours. And that joy and passion stayed with us for the rest of the year.

This creative zine is our parting gift, our last hurrah, if you will. After this page, you find beautiful creative pieces written by Albion members and students from the English Language & Culture BA. To them, we want to say thank you for their entries. It was a wonderful experience to read through every piece. We have been very careful with these works and hope we've done the authors and their art justice.

So, we say goodbye with a full heart and lots of pride in what we have accomplished this year. Of course, we would not have been able to do any of it without the help of our entire Phoenix team. Their creativity and enthusiasm for the issues we put together are present in the end product, and to them, we also want to say a huge thank you.

For now, we pass on the torch to our proteges, Aitana and Zoya. Under their leadership, we are positive that more beautiful Phoenix issues will emerge in the academic year of 2023-2024.

With much love and gratitude,

Helenie Demir, *Editor-in-Chief* 2022-2023

Zuzia Gelauff, *Creative Director* 2022-2023

P.S. Did you see the word search puzzle on the back?

Cenotaph

Written by Mohana Zwaga - Edited by Helenie Demir

Am I really only ever

A beggar

For the scraps of my community?

This drifting

Gnaws at me

And I fear – that if I let this

Breath –

Go and untense my muscles I will simply

Sink

below its surface.

And maybe then – maybe

Maybe my bones will wash up somewhere –

Again

Maybe a beach

Bleached white with sunlight and salt.

Anonymous again, unless

They find my teeth –

An ivory reminder that I once

Too tried to be

And say something, hoping

It could matter.

Apartment for Rent

Written by Mohana Zwaga

Illustrated by Zuzia Gelauff - Edited by Aitana Montoro

Two bed, one bath, sleek and modern amenities.

.

This home is a nothing, a maybe someday

When I am old enough -

Successful enough -

Wealthy enough - kind enough.

.

When I am

Enough.

.

Home is my illusion

The temporary interruption

A stillness when you realise.

.

Home is an incongruous sensation

One that

When you think you can recognise it,

know in your bones and gut and -

.

That.

.

Home is what you have found

leaves

Just as suddenly.

When home starts to

become walls that close in around me

Embrace a space

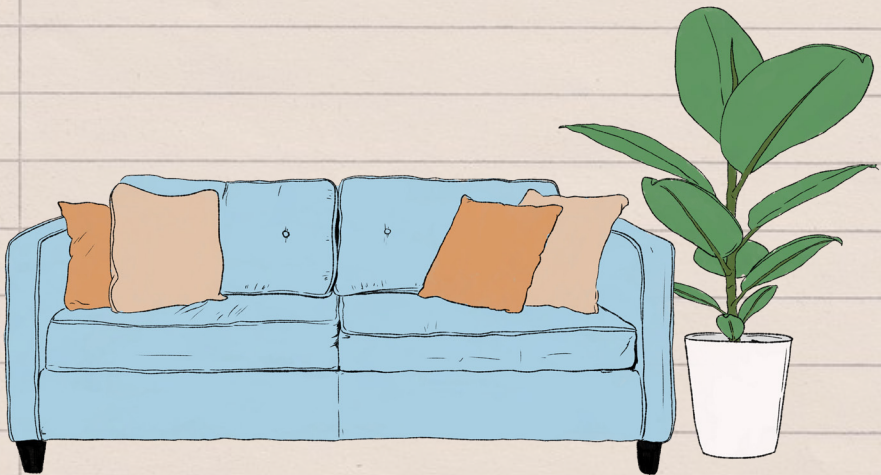
The safety becomes my trapdoor

.

When
on other days
A home is what I seek
And instead
I find gaping lack
Splinters in its wake.

.
When home, just, briefly, is a person
A suspension of impact
All I can think of
Is a trapdoor.

.
For it to turn
A sly look over a shoulder
Until, briefly, me.



The Machine

Written by Alice Dribnokhod - Edited by Anna Preindl

I

Am a dream, an intricate scheme,
Born of design, fashioned to shine,
Careful and fine, no step out of line,
Dutiful clean, well-oiled machine

Eager to work, conceived for toil,
Forged to endure, never to spoil,
Go down a path, trodden before,
Have what I need, and nothing more

I'll keep up my pace, I'll smile polite,
My heart beating fast, my fingers turn white,
Blurred vision, strange noises, sharp stinging fright,
My words lacking sense, my eyes losing sight

One of my cogs is not turning right,
The path that I trusted is no longer right,
Keep the wheels turning, that is what's right,
Stop my head's spinning until I feel right

What

Do

You

Want?

To look in the mirror and remember my eyes,
To sleep through the night and wake up well-rested,
To have steady hands when I try to make art,
To pump out the water that seeped into my lungs

I have no instructions, no guidebook, no map,
I'm stumbling blind with my laces untied,
I strained my back - I looked at the sky,
Breaking my arms in a reach for the stars.

breakdown.

Break myself to the bone. take those bones, my tendons,
my skin, down

up

build them back in UNFAMILIAR shapes Disregard
symmetry, disregard patterns disregard rules.

Run until i taste blood . pour the blood onto everything until i see
sparks. Contort my face

singing talk to weird strangers, Cut My Hair, Pierce My Nose.

shrill

notes,

Swallow pills and watch my pupils expand,
Smell flowers, pick them, feel thorns prick my hand.

Zugvogelseele

Written by Alice Dribnokhod

Edited by Hester Schneider

today I met
in foreign words
a book of ghosts and swaying trees
the lonely souls of moving birds
laid on my heart with calm and ease

Zugvogelseele

today I met
in autumn's calm, the colours of the sky
saw distant lands
took both my hands
and made me gently cry

today I met
the cicadas' longing tale
enticing me with siren's might
the sunrise, tired and pale
was my reward for endless night

today I met
echo and narcissus in embrace -
myself again, staring at reflection,
a grimaced mask on my own face
a foggy skies' protection

today I met
cruel ocean waves,
a deep abyss,
cold piercing ice, desire's graves,

a howling chasm, parts amiss

today I met
another wild-haired traveler
torn cotton on the knee
barefooted, and child faced
missing two front teeth

today I met,
the buried spark,
the prospector struck gold,
unplanned i ventured in the dark
and plunged into the cold
today I met,
myself again,
blinded by the sun
felt comfort, felt the warmth of rain,
adventure has begun

My Self...

Written by Anna Maria Popo - Edited by Anna Preindl

My self...

My hungry self

What happened to you?

Where did you go wrong?

A soul with no destination

A face with no expression

Haven't you heard the myth before?

The woman in white is lost in the dark

She's barefoot, and angry, and savage,

Her beauty, her grace, her peace

Got lost the day she disappeared

Who's going to tell her that she's not real?

The deeper you bury her

The louder she screams

You feel her when she's near

Her gown touches your feet

The roots grow deeper

You pretend that you don't hear her

But she is there

When you close your eyes-

She exists

She learned to walk in the dark

She finds her way back

When you least want her

When they least want her

They don't see her like you do

You see her in the reflection of your mind

She's cold, like steel

Don't be afraid...go to her

It is you

All I am – it's just a mirror.

Νέμεσις

Written by Anna Maria Popo
Illustrated by Emilie Wiingreen
Edited by Hester Schneider



If I were fire
you are the match
Give me life

To not choose –
is to not be loved

If I were air
you are a hurricane
Destroy me inside out

To choose –
is to befall

If I were earth
you are the earthquake
Shake me so I feel

The tragedy of arrogance
feel nothing
feel all at once

If I were water
you are the ocean
Let me swim in you

The wrath of the goddess will
find me
for the hybris I commit

Nemesis is what awaits my love
So, leave.

Witness

Written by Rose Özüm -
Edited by Helenie Demir

I watch the wind blow
Slowly through mothers' hairs
I watch as a string leaves
To change its path to one that
seems fair

I witness a leaf withering on its
branch
Desperate to hold on but know-
ing it can't
I witness the heavy silence that
follows its fall
Not knowing where it will land
but just listening to its call

I feel the first sight of the white
snow substance
That comes by nearly every
year
I feel the hesitation of its pen-
ance
On my cheek, it's not a tear

I remember it freezing and
thawing in one go
It leaves nothing behind, just
an echo echo
I remember its colour
Only growing duller

I ask it about the taste that lin-
gers in my mind
How can it be so cruel yet so
kind?

Strong Women

Written by Rose Özüm
Edited by Anna Preindl

When
We
Feel
Unwanted
We
Stop trying
Don't fix it
Don't beg
We
Uphold
Ourselves
And
We
Walk away
Strong Women

The Way Up

Written by Rose Özüm - Edited by Helenie Demir

I want to tell you all a story
It starts with a simple knight
That searches for glory

She was wearing a thick chainmail
armour
And wasn't much of a charmer
She tried to say hi
But everyone only ever said bye

So she travelled all across different
lands
Through mountains, lakes, and
beaches filled with sands
Because of a rumour she heard
And even though it sounded absurd
She went on a journey to find a
monster hidden in a cave
And was told to show no fear and
just be brave

And throughout her adventure
there
She met many who claimed her
strength came from somewhere
Except from within her

They pointed at her sword
Claimed that's why she won an
award

They pointed at her food
Claimed that's why her bones
renewed

They pointed at her mind
Claimed that it was not humankind

Their attitude made her solitary
And their turpitude made her
reclusive and wary

But she still had a mission to
complete

So back on track she went
To find the cave retreat
And it was a journey fully spent

She didn't lose her hope
Nor did she lose her smile
And if it wasn't for the crocodile
She would also still have had her
soap
And not have to smell for such a
while

In the last village she visited
She hoped they would share their
meals
But that was not the case
They still hunted her at her heels

At the last bridge she had to cross
She walked past humans who had
also known loss
She offered them a drink in
consolation
But was only ever met with more
hesitation

Eventually she arrived at the cave's
entrance

And could see with just one glance
What she would be fighting

The stench gave it away, revolting
and really not inviting

Her single step forward enacted a
roar

The voice that followed spoke sour
but sure

"Who dares to disrupt my slumber?
I have lived in solitude for many
years

To be away from humans so go
away

Or does my voice fall on deaf ears?"

It took a step forward into the light
Which made the cave tremble in
fearful delight

And as she predicted when it came
into view and full height

This was definitely a dragon worthy
of her fight

She voiced her reason for coming all
this way

Told him all what she's been
through to be here today

And while she was telling her story
She realised how it wasn't bloody
and gory

She's changed along the way

And she needed to accept that that
was okay

No longer did she stand afraid in
front of the fearful beast

The want for glory had also signifi-
cantly decreased

There was a new objective that had
reached her soul

She decided on a different path to
take

She let go of her control

To make room for a new weapon
that was no mistake

She threw down her sword and took
a stand

It was now or never to show the
world her open hand

She took off her great armour and
scattered it on the floor

A soldier she would be no more

She kneeled in front of the dragon
Not submitting defeat

But to grab food out of her bag
That he might want to eat

And even if his teeth would be the
last thing she would see

It mattered not

As it was her odyssey

That made her realise

Some lifesaving advice

There was nothing here to roast

She knew now that it was kindness
and love

The world needed the most

Shelter

Written by Evi van Andel - Edited by Hester Schneider

Thunder roared in the distance as Isolde ran for shelter, a bloody knife clutched in her hand. Though the rain washed away most of the blood, it had already stained the girl's dress. A dress that had once lightly billowed behind her as she ran to greet her friends but now desperately clung to her legs as she ran.

Thankfully, the rain made it harder for her pursuers to follow. Unfortunately, it also made the cobblestone streets that much more slippery. Isolde almost fell as she turned a corner and lost a few seconds steadying herself. By the time the large outline of the library rose up in front of her, she was completely out of breath. Just a few more seconds, just a little bit further, and she would be safe. *Finally.*

She sprinted up the stairs two steps at a time. Two. Four. Six. Just a few more. Ten. Twelve. And then finally, finally, she reached the top. Using the final bit of strength she had, she pushed open the tall wooden doors and stumbled inside.

She fell to the floor as her knife clattered against the ground. The librarian who was working the front desk, a tall and kind-hearted woman, looked up and abandoned her work at once. She crouched down in front of the girl.

"How can I help?"

Isolde looked up at the woman and a delirious laugh escaped her. "Now that I have reached safety, I am alright," she said.

Thunder sounded loudly through the front door, startling both women. The librarian stood up and closed the front door, which Isolde had forgotten to do, after which she reached down and picked up the knife. Taking a handkerchief from the pocket of her skirt, she wiped it clean and handed it to Isolde. Isolde looked away as she stood up and accepted the knife. But the librarian just smiled.

"Let's get you warmed up, shall we?"

"Gladly," Isolde responded with a sigh of relief.

The librarian showed Isolde to a fireplace on the first floor, but before she could settle into the armchair or thank the librarian, a commotion occurred in the entrance hall. The librarian rushed downstairs while Isolde, growing more afraid by the second, walked to the balus-

trade overlooking the entrance. The fear quickly turned into terror, paralysing her as she recognised her pursuers.

The small but heavily-armed group scoured the ground floor. They were all dripping wet from the rain, and a few of them were bloody from Isolde's knife. None of them had bothered to close the doors and none of them seemed to care about potentially damaging the vulnerable objects the library housed. With confident strides and fire in her eyes, the librarian met the group. As kind as she had been to Isolde, most people knew her for her ruthlessness. The pursuers would soon learn that it was unwise to oppose her.

By the time Isolde realised she should leave, it was too late. She had met the eye of the short girl standing at the back of the group, holding a dagger the size of her forearm. The girl stared Isolde down with a hateful gaze that rivalled that of the most vicious literary villain. It was hard to believe that Isolde had once run toward the girl, excited to greet the closest thing she ever had to a sister.

Now she ran the other way.

Isolde took the knife from her pocket and sent up a quick prayer to the goddess of protection that the blade would protect her. She ran through the library while the other girl chased after her. Isolde sprinted up staircases and down rows of shelves, desperate to find an exit. Meanwhile, the storm outside became overwhelming. The sound of the thunder drowned everything out and the lightning was blinding, disorienting everyone in the vicinity. Isolde turned down another row of shelves and opened the door in front of her. By the time she realised that it led to a balcony, it was too late. The girl had caught up with her.

It wasn't until a few minutes later that the librarian found Isolde standing over the body of the girl, the knife tightly clutched in her hand and dripping with blood, that the nightmare ended. The librarian led Isolde back inside right as the first rays of sun broke through the dark clouds.

The Siren

Written by Evi van Andel - Edited by Aitana Montoro

There is an odd beauty in the end of the world. The actual ending itself, of course, wasn't beautiful. No, the beauty appeared when people survived and the world kept turning. When against all odds there was still a life to be lived. When what we thought was the end was actually a deeply tragic beginning of a hopeful new story.

I remember that day vividly. That day when I first felt that tiny sliver of hope again, despite everything.

I remember because it was the day I met her.

The sun had slowly begun to set as I was walking through the forest on my way home, or, well, whatever qualified as 'home' at that moment. I heard her before I ever saw her. The optimistic notes of her guitar rang through the air of the otherwise calm forest. The apocalypse had been going on long enough at this point that I had become hypervigilant for every tiny sound that could indicate danger. But this was different. The sound made me stop because it was the first music I'd heard since the electricity gave out. It was the first time since the old world was lost that I had heard a person make noise on purpose just because the sound was beautiful. The sheer hope conveyed in that small but very human act was enough for me to want to get as close to it as I could.

Like a sailor pulled to the song of a siren, I found myself pulled to the musician in the woods, not even bothering to pull out the knife I kept hidden in my boot. If it had been anyone else, I most certainly would have gotten myself killed that day. But it was *her*, the siren who I fell in love with, the person who refused to kill even the smallest insects. It was her, and so I was safe.

When I finally saw her, she was engulfed in a golden ray of sun and enshrouded by nature, like an ancient goddess from a painting. She looked as beautiful as her music sounded. Until the music stopped.

"Who are you?"

She looked at me, eyes wide, her hand gripping the neck of her guitar tightly, as if she seriously considered using it as a weapon.

"I'm so sorry," I quickly said. "I didn't mean to interrupt. I was just on my way home and I heard you playing so beautifully."

"Oh," the siren said, a soft smile playing on her lips. "Thank you."

"Did you write it yourself?" I asked.

"I wish," the siren laughed. "No, it was written by somebody else."

"Still, you made it sound great."

"Thanks."

A soft silence fell over us, the only sound a few birds chirping in the distance. We stood opposite each other, both trying not to make things too awkward. We were, after all, practically strangers.

"I'll be on my way," I said, breaking through the silence. "And again, sorry for bothering you."

"Don't worry about it."

The siren smiled at me as she said it. Her smile was slightly crooked, showing her equally crooked teeth. It made her even more beautiful. There was so much more I wanted to say to her, to this stranger. But I couldn't. So I smiled at her, looked away, and walked back to the path that would lead to what was then supposed to be a temporary house.

"Wait!"

I turned around. The siren had stood up, still clutching her guitar tightly, and taken a couple of steps toward me.

"What's your name?" she asked, yelling to bridge the distance.

"Sophia!" I yelled back. "What's yours?"

"Morgan."

Instead of luring me to my death, the siren saved me. She gave me back the hope that I lost ages ago. I get to hear Morgan's music on a daily basis and I have never felt so lucky. When the electricity came back, she forced me to listen to her extensive vinyl collection. In return, I forced her to read all my books. And when we met others, she was the one who reminded me to meet them from a place of hope and kindness while I reminded her that not everybody *can* be trusted. It's a work in progress.

The Meadow

Written by Nina van Veen - Edited by Helenie Demir

The Meadow stretched out far and wide before her and she held still mid-flight to take it all in. Soft grass, waving in the wind. Willows with their hanging leaves, surrounding the field. And flowers. Flowers everywhere. She had missed them so much. Daisies, pristine white with a yellow core, like the sun. Sunflowers, mimicking the sun in an altogether different way. Both were equally beautiful to her. Bluebells brought the colour of the sky to the earth. Colour was everywhere. Ava had had a difficult time underground, but only now did she really understand how much she had missed her colours and her flowers. Involuntarily, her mind went back to the disaster that had befallen the fairies at the end of last summer.

Prince Claude had always been disobedient and uncareful, but this time, he had taken it too far. His prank in the goblin mines had been successful, and the nasty creatures got what they deserved. But Claude did not notice that they had followed him back to the Meadow, leading them straight into their home. The fairies didn't stand a chance.

They fought, of course, but fighting was not what they were made for, and against this many goblins there was really nothing they could do. Ava shuddered from the memory and the sunshine suddenly didn't feel so warm anymore. Their queen was ruthlessly murdered, alongside her entire family, and the rest of them were taken into the mines, forced to provide light while the goblins hacked out diamonds, sapphires and rubies. It had taken her over three seasons, but Ava had finally escaped. She just hoped she wasn't the only one. Brushing the thought away, Ava flew on. There had to be other fairies here, and when she found them, they were going to build a new home. Everything was going to be alright. It just had to be.

"Ava?" A soft voice suddenly spoke, disbelief sounding through every word. "Is that really you?"

Quickly, Ava turned right, flying closer towards the sunflower from where the voice had seemed to come. It sounded familiar, that voice, but no, it couldn't be. He couldn't be alive. Impossible it may have seemed, but he was there nonetheless, hidden beneath a yellow petal.

Prince Claude. The cause of all her problems. The cause of the downfall of her people and family.

“It is me. I thought you had died with the rest of your family.” She sounded accusatory and she hated it. Fairies were supposed to be happy, but part of the happiness that used to be inside her had disappeared below ground. She feared it would never return. The prince’s eyes found her, and she saw that he, too, had lost something.

“They thought they killed me,” he whispered. “They left me here to die, but I healed instead. Ava, I’m so sorry. All of this is my fault. Everyone is gone, and it is all my fault.”

For a split second, Ava wanted to tell him that he was right, that was all his fault. But she couldn’t do it. She couldn’t tell him that it was all okay either, or that he was not to blame, but she didn’t have to remind him of his role in what had happened. Claude had suffered enough, and so had she.

“It is all in the past now,” she said to him, and she gestured towards the flowers all around them. “Spring has come, and with it new beginnings. We’ll start anew, together. We’ll leave this cursed place and build another home, far away. If other fairies get out, they will find us, for fairies always find one another if only they feel at home.”

The gratitude and hope in his eyes brought some into her own heart. They could do this. Together they could make this happen. She held out her hand and Claude accepted it. Standing on the sunflower, they took in the Meadow that used to be their home for the last time. They would find a new home and they would find happiness there. Ava did not let go of Claude’s hand, but instead grabbed it even tighter. Claude did the same thing. Together, they flew towards the sun, leaving the place of nightmares behind, to build a new home. Ava was not alone anymore, and she knew that soon everything would be alright.

A Baptism of Fire

Written by H. D. Barsaum - Edited by Hester Schneider

A framed picture always offers the idea of perfection. It is a finished product, deemed beautiful enough to be lined on the walls of a king's castle. And if a king has it, it must be flawless. The life of a royal seems like a dream of many, but it is nothing more than the depiction of a fairytale. It is something we all long for, but once we have it, the truth of the matter sets that perfect picture aflame.

My sister in the right corner burned first. Her dark brown hair turned red, then black. Her yellow dress, the one she was so fond of, with the embroidered flowers of gold, was a pile of ash at her feet. Next to her was my brother. He always was a quiet type, doing whatever he was told, hiding in the shadows. While I could imagine the screams of my sister in my head, my brother was as quiet as the dead. He would leave this world as he had lived in it, silently.

The flames moved to my parents who stood proudly over their children, the future of their house. Mother wore a gold dress, glistening with stones that shone even brighter in the flames. She was like a diamond, nothing could scorch her pride, not even a daughter who only brought her family shame. Father's burgundy suit brought out the disappointment in his eyes when he looked at me. His stoic face didn't change when the fire took him. He knew who was responsible for the death of his house. He had always known.

Finally, I watched myself go up in flames, but I felt nothing. How could I when the person burning was someone I didn't even recognize anymore? This girl listened to every order given to her. She was too desperate for approval and it cost her the life of the woman she could have been.

But no more. Let this idealized image of the perfect family burn away. I didn't know who would survive the fire, but I was convinced that the girl who was so eager for praise would rise from the ashes. She would be born anew and fly far away from here. From now on, she would only seek her own approval. I could see it in the flames in her eyes, she was ready for what was to come.

I looked back at the hall I came from where the blazing flames reached the ceiling. The smoke caught in my throat, choking me. If I didn't get out now, the whole castle would collapse on my head.

My eyes found the painting once more. Everything and everyone in that picture was gone. The threads of the life I once lived, the ties to my past, cut off by my burdened conscience of righteousness. The Gendrics needed a cleansing, and the fire would wash the corruption in the roots of this family away. Let the scorched surface of this façade turn to ash and the world shall see what it means to grow up in a perfect picture, framed with inevitable regret.

I wiped the single tear that fell down my cheek away and ran outside to the hill where the new Larya Gendric would be waiting for me. And I will protect her for the rest of my life.

Written by H.D. Barsaum

Illustrated by Emilie Wiingreen - Edited by Hester Schneider

The Sun and Moon

I had a quarrel with
The sun
And she disappeared
For some time

It does not matter
I have always liked
The moon
A bit better

Her mysterious gleam
Seclusion drawn
From the blue
Hiding the yellow

The moon is
My friend
The sun was too
But she left



The Sun and Moon II

They both taught me something
They both meant something

The sun showed me clouds
The moon solitude

But even the sun doesn't always shine as bright
And the moon is surrounded by the stars

I was never really grim
I was never really alone

There was always light
Even in the dark

The search for it was long
But eventually I had found it from within

The Sea Shanty of the Rabbit

Written by Aitana Montoro - Edited by Anna Preindl

The rabbit was sweating allegories on the kitchen counter.

There was a sailor sitting on the table, holding a spoon with trembling fingers. The sailor put the spoon's bowl over his eye like a spyglass, and glanced at the anchored prey. The animal was breathing storms and gasping mouthfuls of fangs, a red smile grinned in its ripped belly.

"Let me take your coat, good sir," the sailor said. There was dirt beneath his fingernails and salt in his cracked lips. The voyager of the seas plucked the petals from the rabbit's body. He loves me, he loves me not. The whiskers of the rodent ticked like clockwork, and the mechanism screamed when the hand struck death o'clock. White fur floated around the kitchen like thistledown, and the sailor made a wish while the lump of flesh on the cutting board shuddered bloody and naked.

The pot laughed a bubbling hot laugh, too loud for the underwater silence of the kitchen. The sailor held a mirror to the rabbit's corpse, and he cut its flesh with silver reflections. His stomach foamed when the glitter from the sweaty allegories stuck to his skin like barnacles. He combed his hair with the ribs of the rabbit as he waited for the pot's hysterical fit of laughter to cool down. The teeth of his visceral comb chewed the treasures tangled in his rusted curls.

In the pocket of the sailor's coat, the moon was buried between fishnets, worms, and seaweed. The moon was weeping tears of stardust, and the ghost of the rabbit curled around her motherly breast. "Goodnight, sweet child," the moon said. She began to sing a lullaby to the rabbit about a mournful gypsy but the sailor hushed them. Unsaid words floated in the lunar waves like ships.

The sailor rubbed salt in his wounds, and mermaids' song rose in the heat of the kitchen. Hunger, he fell down a rabbit hole.

Phoenix Word Search

CROSS OUT ALL THE WORDS TO FIND THE SECRET MESSAGE

A	N	E	S	R	O	T	A	R	T	S	U	L	L	I
G	I	R	Y	A	L	I	T	E	R	A	T	U	R	E
A	N	O	O	N	U	J	S	N	I	A	L	L	I	V
W	A	C	U	N	A	L	B	I	O	N	I	L	S	M
Z	V	E	T	A	Y	E	T	Z	M	S	N	E	S	U
A	A	G	E	M	T	D	G	E	U	R	G	D	E	Z
N	N	A	A	A	I	I	P	V	A	E	U	N	Q	O
A	V	T	T	R	U	T	H	I	S	T	I	A	U	E
H	E	T	I	I	Q	O	O	T	R	I	S	N	E	S
O	E	O	M	A	I	R	E	A	A	R	T	A	L	O
M	N	C	E	P	T	S	N	E	B	W	I	V	S	R
D	O	H	K	O	N	B	I	R	D	E	C	I	L	A
O	T	R	I	P	A	C	X	C	H	K	S	V	R	O
L	L	P	H	O	T	O	G	R	A	P	H	E	R	S
E	D	O	R	O	T	N	O	M	A	N	A	T	I	A

AITANAMONTORO
ALBION
ALICEDRIBNOKHOD
ANNAMARIAPOPO
ANTIQUITY
COTTAGECORE
CREATIVEZINE
EDITORS

EVIVANANDEL
HDBARSAUM
ILLUSTRATORS
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