

Burying the Ghost
by Dorian J. Sinnott

I buried you today
six months deep—
in the gray-clad mist of morning.
The dirt and dew clung to my boots,
like you had clung to my mind—
parasitic—
leeching memories and filling them with poison.

I buried you today,
but I brought you no roses—
the thorns you left in my heart were enough.

There were no tears (not anymore)
and the last breath to leave my lungs—
the last breath upon laying the shovel down—
was relief.

I buried you today
not the bones, but the ghost—
an airy apparition left to perish in the fog.

Dorian J. Sinnott is a graduate of
Emerson College's Writing, Literature, and Publishing program,
currently residing in the beautiful and historic
Kingston, NY with his two cats. He spends his weekends cosplaying at
comic cons up and down the east coast, and
herding cats at his local humane society. Dorian's
work has appeared in numerous magazines and journals, including:
Riggwelter, Crab Fat Literary Magazine, and The Hungry Chimera.

ESL
by Liat Miriam

I'm quiet now.
It's hard to be loud when you've grown
used to silence and hide from your
mother tongue. To write in another
language is to forget where you're from,
she said.

She said her name is Gal and she's
sorry her English isn't better. I watched
her suck her thumb. She said she just
turned sixteen. Gal means wave, as
in the sea. The sea is loud.

I'm quiet
walking beside quiet;
fists clenched.

I watch the clock. The clock ticks loud;
it tells me it's time we talk, but I'm used
to silence. I take cue from Gal --- stick
my thumb in between my lips and move
it in, out.

What is subtle?
Subtle is an order.
Orders are loud

when spoken into

Liat Miriam currently lives in Harlem,
after spending time in Israel, Colorado,
North Carolina, and around New York state.
When not writing, she enjoys meeting dogs and eating hummus.
For more, check out her twitter @lislit.

Hunted Gazelles
by Sarah Wang

during passing period
I walk with a target on my back
but don't worry, my notebook tells me how fast to run
if an AR-15 is in proximity
which restrooms are closed;
which teachers will let me in when the alarms
start ringing

in math class
we are taught to find the probability a gunman will
enter campus
if the angle of our desks will protect us from bullet holes
that reach inside locked doors
these lectures become crucial
you learn how to factor chances of survival

are we only statistics?
numbers to be remembered in textbooks

moments in history
when condolences were not enough
another school shooting on channel 6
the dollar and fifteen made for every child who sends the text
it is not a drill

the bullet holes in my shoulder will not heal from your prayers
it cannot be bandaged by empty promises held in the cartridges
emptied in classrooms

don't build a church on education
the second amendment will crumble the holy ground

All I Know
by Sarah Wang

the other day i learned that the boy in my
chemistry class packs prejudice for lunch
to make intolerance more comfortable in his mouth
ignorance passes through his stomach
full
like men before him it goes down smooth but i am not jealous
before a mer ica i learned to befriend hunger
who stays with us when water no longer runs
a home painted red, white, and blue, i promised myself
the a mer ican dream
built from maggots underneath our floorboards fleas
that spring through my hair rotten durian that keeps me fed
cold make stronger baba says
i asked him if this is what he wanted
if he imagined a mer ica with her dirty looks as bro ken en gli sh blossoms
from our throats like a river on a rocky bank
out flows
segments of a puzzle undone
why did she teach us no before sympathy
immigrant before friend
how to plea before thank you for your help
she smiled while we froze
didn't her baba teach her better



i'm king of klonopin
shower water gets warmer
heart gets cozy, and as they say
love is in the air
but it's such a heavy crown
to carry in my confused head

i'm king of the blues
i feel lazy, but i'm always numb
when i'm with you my touch gets
so acute, keen, lovely

i'm king of the holidays
when i stay home and drink your substances
i don't need nobody else
i see my destiny in your colors

i'm king of nothingness
it has always been like this
i'm an empty mess, a fallen ceiling
my soul is destroyed by you
but you saved me from madness in the process

when i have a lot of you
it's my kingdom come
you're my God, my faith, my belief
the only one i'd give my secrets
the only one i gave the key
that opens my brain
and makes it calm
like the dark night sky
in a particular new moon

and why not say
like me when i feel like
klonopin king
doped out
high on you

dependent.

Valium Hippy (birth name Rogério Berardo Filho)
is a writer and poet born and living in Recife, in northeastern Brazil.
He is currently 20 years old and writes to cope with mental health complications.
Instagram: @valiumhippy and @valiumhippyway (poetry)
Twitter: @valiumhippy

Sarah Wang is a junior at Arcadia High School in Arcadia, CA.
She is a teen poet, activist, and journalist. Her bylines include *The L.A. Times*, *VICE*, *D*, *Alhambra Source*,
Arcadia Weekly, and *HuffPost*. She is a Scholastic Arts and Writing Gold Key
winner for her poetry, later to become a Silver Medalist, and a Silver Key winner for her memoir.
She is the Founder and Editor-in-Chief of *The Loud Journal* and a third-year member of the Student Advisory Board for the *L.A. Times*.
She was the youngest intern in her class during her summer internship at the
L.A. Times where she covered politics, culture, and the arts.
Her Twitter is @sarabwang