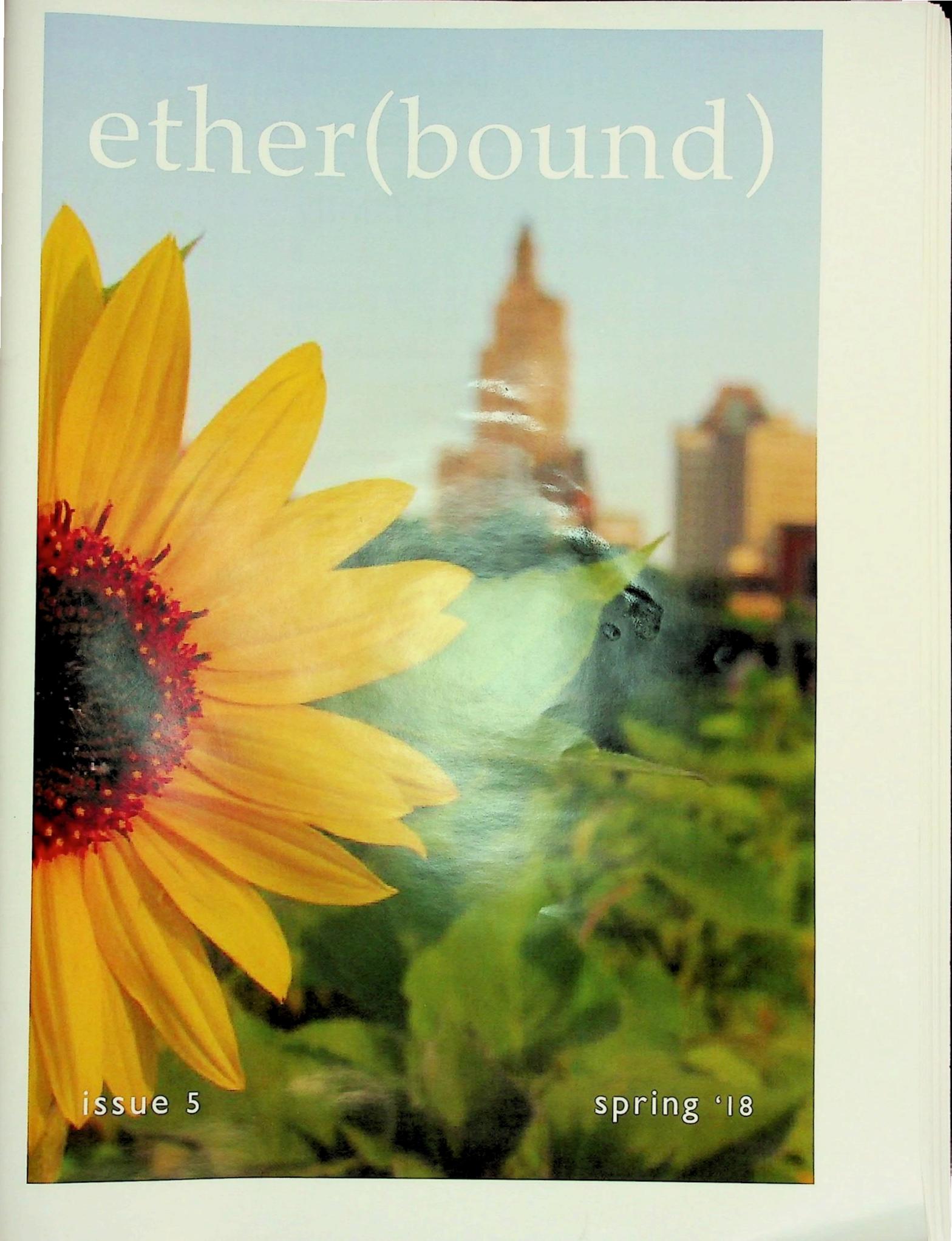


ether(bound)

A photograph of a hummingbird hovering near a large yellow flower with a red center. The background is a blurred city skyline with a prominent skyscraper. The text 'ether(bound)' is overlaid at the top in a white serif font.

issue 5

spring '18

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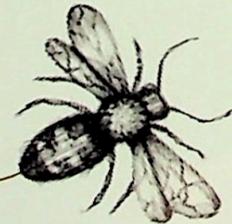
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A special thanks to Jeremiah Dyehouse and Donna Hayden, The Writing & Rhetoric department, Travis Williams and Shawn Dufault, The English Department, The Gender & Sexuality Center, the Writing Center at URI, the 193° Coffeehouse & to our spectacular artists for submitting to our first print issue.

cover art 'Renaissance City' by Hecmar Delgado

bee motif Jasmine Lancaster-James



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(e)ditors' note

A thank you note to our readers:

Our conceptual theme for this issue is "pollinators." We at ether(bound) are so excited for the coming of spring, when bees arrive and the world seems to come back to life all at once. We feel that ether(bound) is coming to life, too, now that we have our first print issue. We're especially grateful for the increasing support of faculty and readers.

Enjoy the issue,

ether(bound) Editors

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Summer Drives

Katrina Thornley

Stars through sunroof
As words and laughter
Swirl like the universe,
Fluttering in veins
Little creatures whispering
Secrets of the stratosphere,
Pumping to our hearts
In quick succession,
Turning cheeks crimson
Vocalizing heart's mind
When words cease
To connect.

(e)



Driver Slow Down Madison Holland

(e)



Easter Sunday Hecmar Delgado

(e)

Tell Me You're Famous

Shannon McDonnell

Growing up in Boston, everyone I knew had a very similar claim to fame. We all had a distant, extremely hazy connection to Mark Wahlberg. For me, that point of pride was the dark-haired boy in my driver's ed class, who may or may not have been his nephew. His name was Oscar. As I generally sat behind him in class, his face was actually an enigma to me. During my sophomore year of high school though, if I were asked to draw a detailed picture of each and every curl on the back of his head, I could do so. There was nothing outwardly lovely about this boy. He was someone my sister would refer to as a "salmon pants" man. On casual days during our classes, this celebrity-once-removed would wear vineyard vines polos, khaki shorts, and boat shoes—he had the character of a rich man brazen enough to wear salmon pants. The combination of this preppy style and his utter lack of respect for our teacher generally would not have made an attractive man in my book. But because of the notoriety that his name hinted at though, I desperately wanted him to notice me.

Every time I walked into that classroom I was distinctly aware that he was there and that his impression of me was beginning to form. The fact that I wanted to impress him didn't really affect much of my actions though: he still saw me show up sweaty and defeated after softball games, still saw me repeatedly fall asleep during road rage videos, and worst of all he still saw the beginning of my body's revolt against me.

The summer after my sophomore year I could have sworn I was dying. I wrote out a list of possibilities: cancer, heart disease, mono, lime disease, and in one delusional moment, the belief that the pneumonia I had when I was seven never actually went away and was finally taking me down.

I told the doctor that it had to be more than anxiety. I told him that it felt like a weight was being pushed down in the center of my chest at all times that I couldn't shake loose. It was like a bra so tight that it was beginning to dig grooves into my ribs. No matter how tight it got I could never seem to unhook it. I said to him that I was only fifteen years old and even I knew that anxiety didn't stop you from breathing. It didn't make you feel as if you lost the ability to swallow. It didn't entice you to drink bottles and bottles of water in an effort to clear your air passageways. It didn't make you feel like you had eight appendixes in your abdomen all bursting to a synchronized beat. It had to be something *more*.

For three weeks I scarcely left my house. I scarcely moved. I could barely swallow and I couldn't bring myself to find food appealing. I was told that I lost seventeen pounds. Three weeks into my slow decline, my mother came across a date on the calendar in the kitchen that had been underlined in red. "Shannon's last drivers ed class," it read. It was a makeup, if I didn't go it would be six months till the next one and I needed my license by the start of school.

She told me to get off the couch. Her calendar said I had to be there in thirty minutes. I begged her to let me stay. I told her I would figure something out about driving to school. I can't breathe, I told her.

She put me in her car and handed me a gift. A single brown paper bag. I can't even breathe mom how do you expect me to eat?" I snapped at her. "It's not for your lunch Shannon, it's to breathe into if you need, your doctor says it should help," she answered back calmly. I thought of it as my saving grace, a beacon of hope in case of the embarrassment that would surely ensue. I tucked it fiercely into my bag.

cont...

(e)

"I liked there to be a reason behind my discomfort. That way it was tangible, if it wasn't tangible it wasn't real."

Oscar was in the front row; he was laughing with a pretty girl with shiny hair. I sat behind him. Our teacher played a video about a man who shot somebody with a crossbow in a fit of road rage. Excitedly, Mr. Gibbons told the class that this case happened two towns over from us. How wonderful.

I crossed my arms when I sat down to try to ease my mind into believing that the pressure in my chest was simply from my arms. I liked there to be a reason behind my discomfort. That way it was tangible, if it wasn't tangible it wasn't real.

I barely made it through ten minutes when I sprinted down the hall. I left as the man with the crossbow looked into the camera as he sat in his prison cell ten years later and spoke about how much he regrets his actions. He wasn't thinking.

For me it was the opposite, I sat with my back against the bathroom door and assessed my situation. I couldn't be in that room any longer, I told myself. In there I had to pretend that my body didn't just start a mutiny. Out here behind closed doors, I scratched and grabbed and pulled at my bra, hoping that any freedom from it would release me from my suffocation. Suffice it to say it did not.

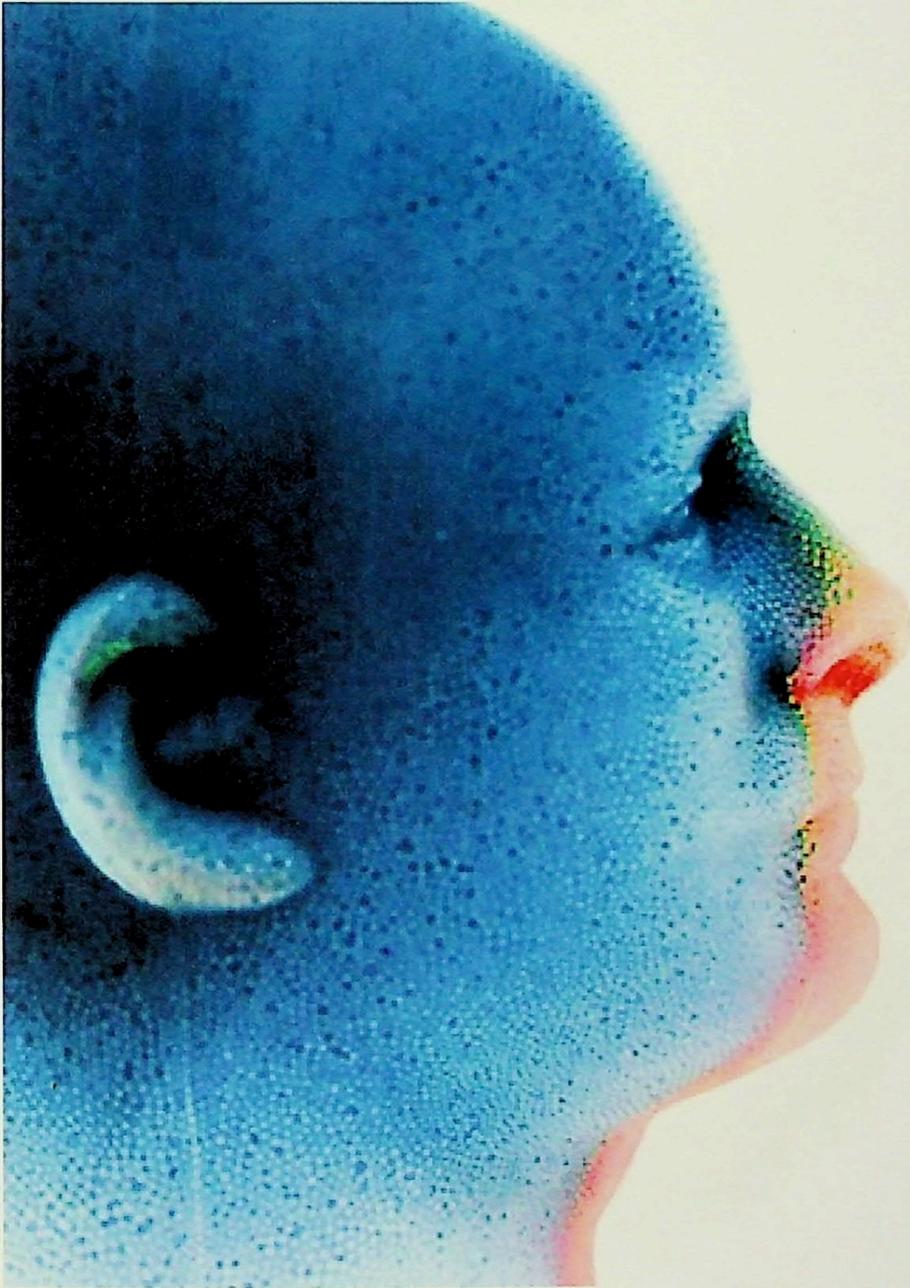
I walked back into to the road rage lecture, told my teacher that I was sick and needed to leave, and turned to look at Oscar. He didn't look back. It's strange how in the midst of my mental deconstruction everyone around me didn't notice a thing. To them, all was well. Strange how people like Oscar could remain exactly the same. He stayed rich, he stayed happy, and his hair stayed perfectly curled. I truly don't believe he saw a thing.

Years later, I would find out that my best friend used to carry brown paper bags with her as well. I'd learn that she too thought she was sick, that she too felt deviant from the rest. I'd learn that three percent of the country actually felt a similar kind of pain; but back then, sat in a room full of silent and content students, feeling pain in my body that seemingly had no explanation, I felt that no one on earth could ever understand.

The school that I was in had beautiful red brick buildings that wrapped in a circle around a neatly trimmed lawn. It had modern technological updates that became second nature for students but was also a nuisance in every teachers day. It housed Steven Tyler's daughter, possibly Mark Walhberg's nephew, and even had a young girl sat on their sidewalk trying to master the surprisingly complicated marvel that is the brown paper bag.

Out on that curb, a woman walked by pushing a stroller with two blonde children in tow. She stopped, looked down at the young girl and cooed, "Honey, is everything okay?" Reasonably she had nothing to complain about, class was fine and she wasn't offended at all by her minor rejection, but yet she felt so much pain. "I'm alright, thank you," the child whispered to the woman. Pleasantries were much easier to exchange than descriptions of things even she didn't understand. One of the children in the stroller began to laugh as he teased the other. They were in a beautiful place on a sunny day and their smiles came naturally. The young girl wondered why hers didn't too. She looked at the mother and decided not to try, anxiety was too hard to explain, and as she recently discovered— even harder to accept. ●

(e)



Unknown 2 LJ

(e)

Look At Me Miaki Nakayami



(e)

Leave the Desk Light On...

Cynthia Munrayos

Winkle course in no distress,
still in your presence, in between single
eye boats, water keeping me and you
in working currents, placing capacity.

Unlovable worlds imagining rooms
with pairs of doves. Accessing other
rooms with lost petals, but you and me
keep the rivalry between our fads.

Darling, ding lightful moon dust on
your shoulder. Whisper sea onto my
blessed stone. Come down to me, down
to us.

Come to me, and I promise I'll slip
a tiny piece of paper under your crushed,
drooled pillow. I'll write "*Mi corazoncito*"
dripped in hibiscus leaves as they plunge
out the beak of my sahara teapot.

Where are you? I can't stay in heap forever,
and I wouldn't feel the need to cry on your
thrifed tee shirt if I had not found you in
that room collected of lost leaves.

(e)

A Starship Follows Sirens

Darien Strassfield

Blue moons

Hang from each ear

And you take the ocean

In the form of pearls strung together,

Wrap them around your neck.

Shielding your back with thick waves of oxyn hair,

Blinding those who stare too long

With gleaming eyes that reflect the celestials.

Wayward sailors

-finding home by starlight-

Will become lost

In their drowning endeavor

Towards the bottom

Of the universe.

Sing

Sing

In tune to the hum of an astral engine

As we drift along.

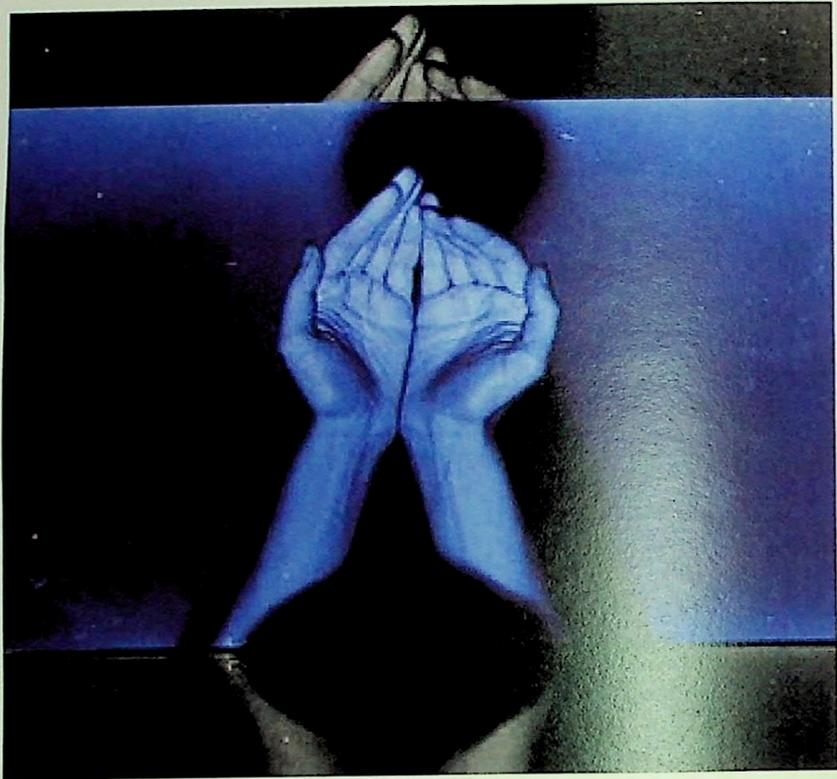
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Outta Pocket Nate@Nite



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Hands Out to your Vices Nate@Nite



BackBay Station Blues Nate@Nite

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August 9, 1974

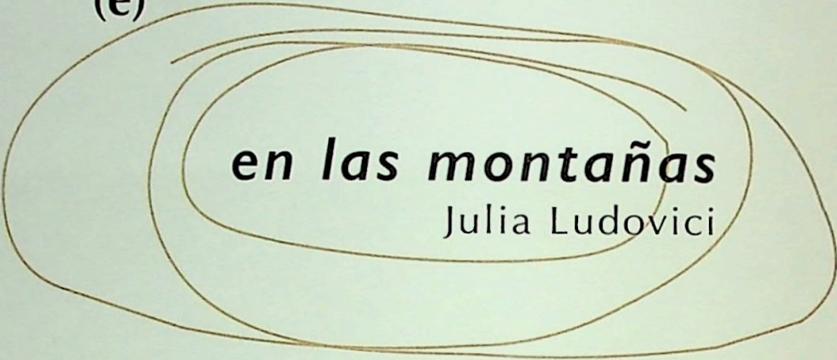
TR Sanzi

The first day of sobriety, or as Neruda might call "an Orchestral morning-lover." She is rising before dawn to meet me at the steps, calling out from the screen door, paint cracking.

Gerald Ford's veneers and windshield wiper fluid irredeemable on the flame print. The Priest's hairpiece, an assailant Island renegade of committee meeting subcommittee meeting subhuman Soviet sober -- sonofabitch. That damn tile is a cool month, far away, with a child there cooing any word in edgewise.

Last night on Francis Street: Behold! A mounting (suffering) holy Evangelical Church bowing down to that revivalist method. Derisions of Hellenistic mountain tops line walls today. Politics are reaching for the greatest gift of all: White Teeth and what Aristotle said about women, but all that beauty and inversion frightens soft Midwestern Americans. I arrived late in the evening after New Hampshire wind went calling to find the lights dim and "S" building word upon Word, spread out spackle, that delight in Skopje reversing... for that one moment, brainteasing me, like a toilet paper map-maker carting wares to and fro, a shimmering beaker of border river, melting into détente.

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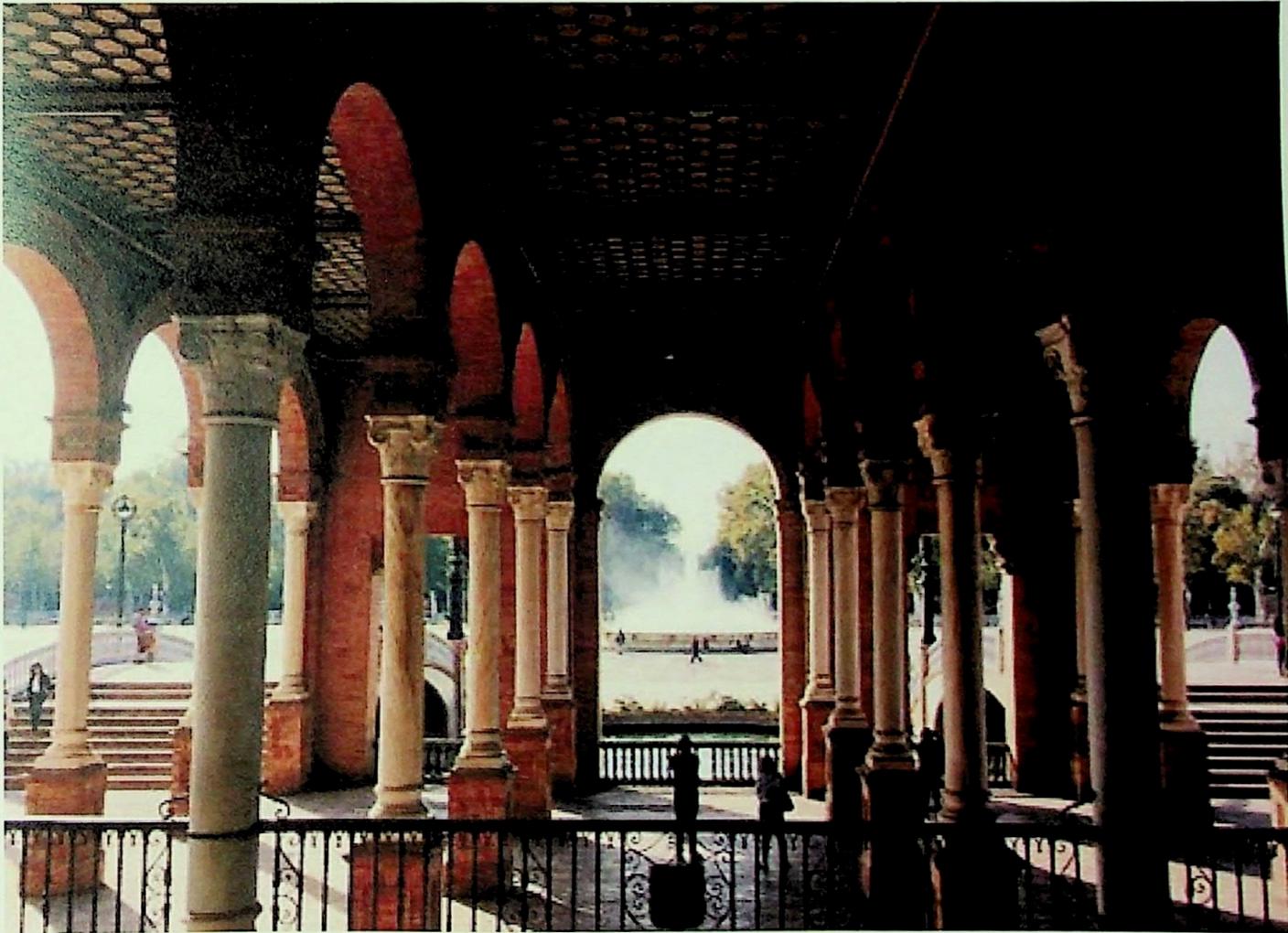


en las montañas

Julia Ludovici

hay una fuerza incomprensible en las montañas,
una sabiduría profunda, oculta entre las cumbres y las valles.
las montañas han sobrevivido todo,
y son tanta antigua como la Tierra misma.
me siento indigna de vivir en esta paz anciana,
esta energía divina
que es omnisciente ahora,
como si cuando me vaya de este lugar
yo traerá las montañas conmigo en mi alma.

(e)



Archways Sabrina Rodriguez-Gervais

(e)



Shades of Blue Sabrina Rodriguez-Gervais

(e)

Rhythms of Salamanca

Jenna Ziegelmayr

The nuns' voices were my alarm clock each morning. Their singing from the small chapel downstairs would trail upwards through the courtyard and through the open window of my dormitory. The rattling metal blind did little to keep out their songs, but it did do a good job of keeping the room cool and shady as the sun rose. I'd pull off a thin pink sheet and start getting ready for the day.

My study abroad classmates and I would meet for breakfast in the basement cafeteria of the residence for 8:40. On the way down, the chapel was usually empty, and the sisters were nowhere in sight. What do nuns do after church?

After chatting with my friends over a bowl of Frosted Flakes, I'd fill up my water bottle at the bubbler in the corner of the room (it was always cold), and grab a little prepackaged snack. Usually a chocolate-covered square of yellow cake in a crinkly plastic bag, they reminded me of the Little Debbie's oatmeal pies I'd eat as a kid. I was never an early riser, and they were the quickest thing to grab while I was rushing out the door to catch the bus for school. My mom never liked me eating junk food for breakfast, but she'd still smile and wave goodbye from behind our front door each morning. I'd stash one of these Spanish sweets in my school bag as my friends and I headed upstairs and out the door to walk to class.

As a group of 12 or so, we'd lose our breath in the cool Salamanca air as we walked up a steep hill first, passing by a building under construction, a closed bar, and a building with garage-like storage units that were plastered with stickers and graffiti. Salamanca was covered with graffiti, especially the word *atún*, or tuna. In purple and green and blue spray paint, *atún* dotted our path along the cobblestone street. It was simultaneously baffling and hilarious. We later found out from our professor, Imelda, that it's the tag of one infamous graffiti artist.

As the sun wasn't high enough yet to shine over the buildings around us, we'd walk in the shade. Some mornings would actually be a little chilly and make me wish I'd brought my cardigan, but I knew I'd regret it by noon when the temperature rose to well over 90 degrees. At the top of the hill, we'd turn right onto a more level sidewalk. Yawning, my friend Tori and I would talk about how late we stayed up doing our homework assignments, but sometimes our conversation was muffled by the rumble of a street cleaner or trash truck finishing up their route.

Crossing an empty street, we'd walk through one of the large stone archways of the lower right corner of the Plaza Mayor. Some of the wide, flat stones of the floor were still drying from the street cleaners' wash, and the sky above us was wide, cloudless, and blue. As the sun rose higher, the dark stones would grow dry and warm. Truck drivers were dropping off deliveries to the Plaza's cafes and gelato shops, their color-coded chairs and folded tables still stacked up from the night before. José Alberto, the rather handsome waiter at Cafetería Las Torres, would usually be unstacking some of his cafe's chairs. He had big brown eyes, light brown hair, and never buttoned the top few buttons of his dress shirt. He once pointed out to myself and some of my girl friends--Tori, Lizz, Megan, Bintou, and Lucia--how interesting it was that we always seemed to go to Cafetería Las Torres when he was working. We assured him that it was purely coincidental.

cont...

Sunlight would glint off of the French doors and windows on the balconies all around the upper levels of the Plaza, revealing a glimpse into the expensive apartments and the local government offices housed in the main facade. Directly across from us, it was the tallest part of the Plaza. Some old bronze bells and a few flags, like the red and yellow national flag of Spain, and the completely red flag of Salamanca, accented the red-gold color of the Plaza's sandstone. In between each of the famous arches of the Plaza were carved relief portraits of some Spain's most important politicians, artists, and public figures. Like antique cameos, each was enclosed in an ornately carved oval. The sun illuminated the features of Miguel de Unamuno, Rey Juan Carlos and Reina Sofía, Francisco Franco, and others, all of whom joined us in watching the city wake up.

Walking straight towards Calle Toro, we'd pass underneath a stone arch in the top right corner that was identical to the one we used to enter the Plaza. Calle Toro was the longest stretch of our walk, though it was probably just under a half a mile. The street was usually empty of cars, though every morning we'd have to step over to one side to let the occasional delivery truck or van pass. I walked carefully to avoid tripping over some of the raised gray cobblestones.

A bit farther up on the left was the Parroquia de San Juan de Sahagún, a small, unassuming church made of yellow sandstone. Mario, our program's director, told us that every June, there's a festival to celebrate San Juan, including concerts, soccer matches, theatrical performances, and fireworks on Río Tormes. He clarified that the celebratory masses were held in the New Cathedral, one of the much larger churches that overshadows the Parroquia de San Juan's small steeple on Salamanca's famous skyline. An older man was stationed just outside of this quaint church, selling newspapers and fruit from a little stand. He and his centuries-old backdrop seemed a bit out of place on Calle Toro, one of the streets lined with modern shops like Zara and H&M, that connected the Plaza with the "new town" of Salamanca. But, I suppose it should be the other way around; do the new shops fit in with these beautiful, antiquated buildings?

Sometimes, my friends Layla and Sarah or would stop to grab a coffee at the Carrefour supermarket, but otherwise, we never stopped walking. It helped us wake up in the morning. Rather than sitting in a stuffy, crowded bus that stopped every few minutes on the way to school as a kid, walking in the fresh air was more fluid and relaxing.

I wonder how much different school would have been if I had to walk there each morning as a kid. In the third grade, I had to walk to school on a field trip to Hornbine School, a small, pure white, one-room schoolhouse built in the 1840s. Dressed in a red and white dress typical of the period and carrying my lunch in a mint green metal pail covered with a cloth napkin, my bus driver was instructed to drop us off about a half a mile from the school. Together, my classmates and I walked on the yellowed grass on the side of the road as our teacher rang a bell from Hornbine's front steps. I walked carefully then, too, afraid of tripping on my long skirt. Starting off the day by breathing in the fresh spring air was lovely, and it helped me focus on my schoolwork throughout the rest of the day.

At the end of Calle Toro, we'd cross an intersection to a busier street, where some small trees, metal bike racks, and parallel-parked cars buffered us on the sidewalk from the commuters driving to work. The sun shone over the buildings on our right, illuminating the other side of the street. Farther into the new city now, both sides of the street were lined with small, cramped cafes, clothing stores, and shops. My favorite was the fruit shop. They'd usually be open in the mornings, their store cramped with bunches of yellow *platanos* hanging from the ceiling, plastic milk crates full of small *sandías* and *naranjas* sitting just outside the door, and plastic packages full of juicy red *uvas* and *cerezas* stacked inside. Shoppers stood on tiptoes to hand some Euros over to the worker, who stood behind the tall mountain of fruit. It was just like one of those clip art photos on my Spanish vocabulary worksheets in high school--*una frutería*.

The little cafe that we frequented during our hour-long lunch break in between classes was right next door. A woman named Sandra usually worked the counter when we visited, and she came to remember my usual order: *un café con leche y un croissant*. She'd bustle around the cafe, her black apron's pockets full of signed receipts, extra napkins, and some gold Euros to make change. She'd smile and wave hi to us if we'd catch her setting up the cafe's few white plastic tables and chairs on the sidewalk.

cont...

(e)

“Would our rhythms leave an echo?”

Sandra didn't speak much English, so we'd order our lunch as best as we could in Spanish. She, kindly, would speak a little slower for us, with the exception of saying goodbye; “hasta luego” would sound more like “hastluogo” with her quick accent. I wonder if she perceived us differently when she'd hear us chatting in English as we walked by. For me, Spanish has always sounded quick and more fluid than English. How does English sound to Sandra?

I'd see and hear the same rhythms of the city each morning. José Alberto setting up his cafe's tables. The rumble of the street cleaners. The man selling newspapers from his stand outside of the church. You don't notice as many patterns when you ride the bus, other than the same passing leaves, or that really big bump in the road on Winthrop Street. I wonder if the people of Salamanca would miss me and my friends once we left and stopped our usual routines. Would Sandra remember my order? Would our rhythms leave an echo?

At the end of the block, we'd reach a meat shop. Legs of *jamón* hung from the front windows, and different red meats were displayed in a glass counter that stretched across the middle of the shop. Our professor, Imelda, taught us a lesson one day about *jamón*. She explained that the pigs from which the legs come are fed very specific diets, and the *jamón* that is the most expensive comes from pigs that are fed acorns--*bellotas*. This explained the frosted glass logo on the meat shop's doors. Even though these doors hadn't yet opened, we could still smell the intense, spicy scent of the *jamón* inside. Imelda told us that she loved this smell; it reminded her of her childhood. It wasn't exactly appealing to me so early in the morning, but I suppose Imelda might not like the smell of the sun-warmed leather bus seats with peeling duct tape patches that so reminds me of my childhood.

Turning the corner at the meat shop, we'd cross a small side street to the local high school that housed our summer classes. Little trees lined the street, and some of their thin green leaves and white flower petals decorated the sidewalk. We were greeted at the heavy, dark wood door by Mario and his daughter Lucia, who joined us as a classmate. The sun shone on us as we filed inside. Mario stayed to a moment to wave to us from the doorway, smiling and saying “Ciao” before walking back up the street. ●



Tracking Julia Penczak



Catacombs Sabrina Rodriguez-Gervais

(e)

Untitled

TR Sanzi

Unwavering, now, I am beginning. My letters remain will on your lips. There is a man walking towards me, his hands broken. He has sought healing for several years now, and no home can provide the salve, the vivid color necessary to untie static coats. Streams where Isa and Giles caught their fish lay dormant, silenced, because she is dead, she decided to die. There is no new Word. New work each day distracts us from the fact that all this comes to an end. We meet our end. I am thinking in block sentences. They are pumping out like bullets. I am afraid. My voice has become like the static, the disfigured and the beaten, those underneath.

My voice is no longer mine entirely. I must speak for more people, embrace more people. I must mirror the horror in their eyes.

Black Bodies

Sierra Clayton

These black bodies have felt so much pain
Without having a way to cope
These black bodies have been locked in chains
With no sign of freedom or hope.

These black bodies have been told
That they have no worth.
These black bodies have been left dead and cold
Lying lifeless in fresh earth.

These black bodies have been beaten and bruised
And sold for money to the highest bidder.
These black bodies have been left confused
Making them indifferent and bitter.

These black bodies have been used all up
Raped, scarred, torn to pieces.
Their history has been mixed all up
Their own culture ceases.

But these black bodies are more than meets the eye
Smart, brave, inspiring, strong.
Even though they've been fed huge lies
Told they were worthless for so long.

But one day, these black bodies will rise
All to the White Supremacy's surprise
The day they are forced to take off their disguise
That's the day that will be their demise.

Despise their hate for us we know
Just who we are and where we will go.
The next generation refuses to stay low.
And we refuse to take it slow.

These new black bodies are the revolution.
We will rise against the institution
To find a system that works for us.
Because these black bodies have had enough.

(e)



Particle Effects Tatiana Bisacci

(e)

Dear Mr. Officer
Kassie Lafazia

Dear Mister Officer,

When I was a little girl, I wanted to save the world.

I dreamed of being a superhero, the president, a lawyer, a firefighter, and even yes, a police officer.

I played cops and robbers on the blacktop, serving justice before my daily pb&j

Mr. Officer, on your desk are two applications for review,

One for a John Smith

Another for Darnell Jackson

MIT told them last week that white sounding names are 50% more likely to get a call back on a job, Darnell graduated top in his class, but you wouldn't know because Johns should be arriving for his interview soon.

Dear Mister Officer,

White Privilege means my skin holds me accountable to say their names out loud because no one else will

Black Privilege means being pulled over for driving a nice car in a bad part of town,

Black Privilege means being told to get over slavery even though my grandparents didn't share a water fountain with the "coloreds"

Black Privilege means being told, "you're the black version of", or "you're only good for sports and music", or "Your skin color is a great halloween costume"

Black Privilege means how many times does a man have to say I can't breathe before you loosen the grip from around his throat?

Mister Officer, eleven. Eleven times too many. Eric Garner pleaded I can't breathe eleven times and yet, Six. Six feet below the earth. Six children mourning his death. Six people killed on July 17th alone.

Dear Mister Officer,

Why do black lives not matter?

"Oh no, honey, what we said was all lives matter,"

Mr. Officer, let me ask you again,

Why did white people create an inclusive term so they wouldn't be left out this time

Because the name of the movement was obviously "only black lives matter"

Dear Mister Officer,

When you decided to become a police officer, you recited an oath

"On my honor I will never betray my badge, my integrity, my character or the public trust".

Mister Officer,

Honor, defined by Merriam Webster, means to be of high public esteem

But what is honorable about choking Jonathan Sanders to death with your flashlight?

And when he yells uncle you forget that he is one
His children lay untucked because Daddy hasn't read to them yet
His wife sits by the phone because he said he would call,
But how can you call when you can't even breathe

Mister Officer,

You promised us you would never betray your badge, the symbol of your office,
That means when Charles Kinley used his black hands as white flags you were not supposed to shoot
But this matter is as black and white as the old film cartridges under my bed
Where the monsters from my nightmares wait to grab my feet

Dear Mister Officer,

How did Sandra Bland die?
Because the people who were there can't seem to remember
And the only one who knows was dead in her mugshot

Mr. Officer,

The legal drinking age in America is 21, So why did Trayvon Martin take a shot at the age of 17?
And the only chaser that he got was the man behind him
His mouth was filled with pleas for help, not with the taste of salt and a lime
This year Trayvon would have turned 21 just 19 days before me
But instead 8 more lives were taken by police on his birthday alone.

Mister Officer, Why did you kill Keith McLeod?

Were you afraid of the finger he pointed at you or the color of his skin?
Because Mister Officer, I wanted to save the world once too.
And my protection was the L I made with my fingers on the blacktop

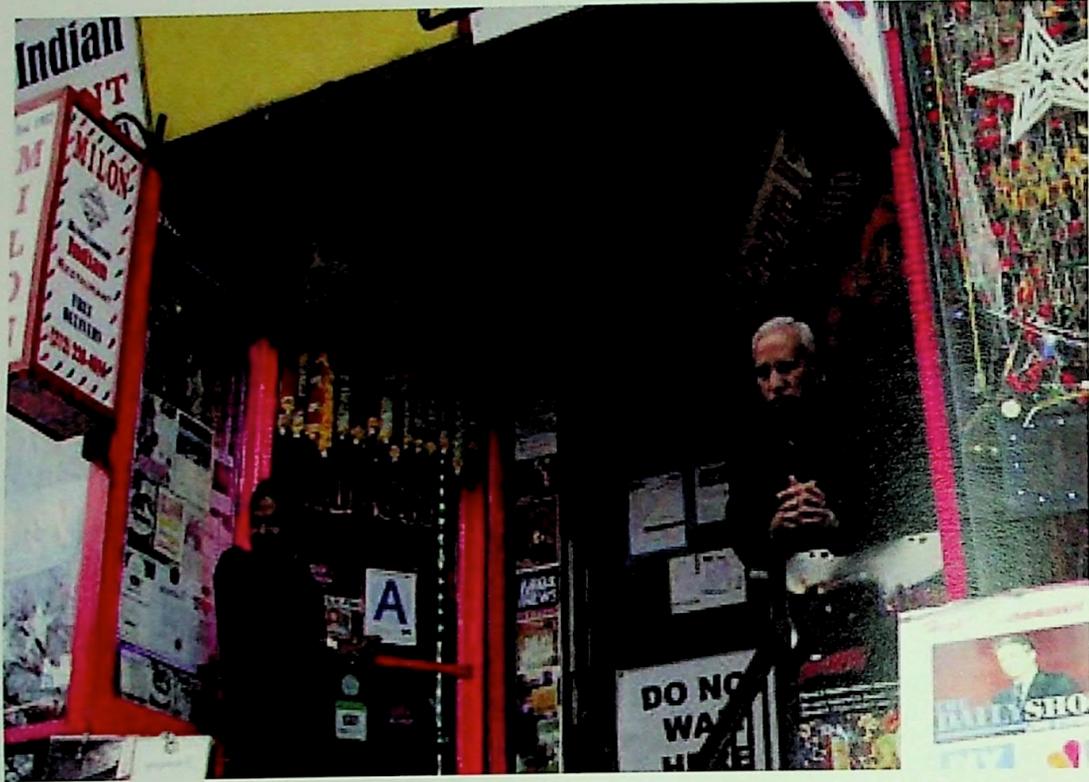
Dear Mister Officer,

The difference between you and I is that when my fingers shot someone at recess, the robber got up and
walked away after I unloaded my ammunition on him.
And this is not only about badges, Mister Officer
Because George Zimmerman never finished his criminal justice program
So why Mister Officer were Trayvon Martin last words "What are you following me for?"
And this boy saw the barrel of a gun and not the tip of a finger
Why is it that your sirens are a cry for justice but our voices are not?

Dear Mister Officer...

Honor their freedom, honor their justice, honor their lives
Thank you for vowing to serve and protect all of America
Now please, serve and protect ALL of America.

(e)



East Village Jupiter



Sam and Cigarette Jupiter

(e)

Saint of Strangers

Maxwell Gates

I met a Saint today,
What an honor and a privilege,
Kindness radiated from her spirit and I felt it,
Few words exchanged, one gesture of love,
I forget that the good walk among us.

I met a Saint today,
She did not perform any miracles,
No statues cried, nor portraits bled,
The blind stayed blind,
The dead stayed dead.

I met a Saint today,
Her wrinkled face smiled at me and I smiled back,
Her deed was small and great at once,
In a place of wheels and spinning spokes,
It's the rusted and the bent that give the most.

I met a Saint today,
Those and selfless acts are hard to come by,
We forget that we can be one and do those,
This little woman had no motive for her acts,
Yet she chose to love in this brief moment that we
passed.

I met a Saint today,
She proved her Sainthood in a simple fashion,
She knew that her time was before mine,
But she saw that my burdens were less,
So she let me cut line at the CVS.

(e)

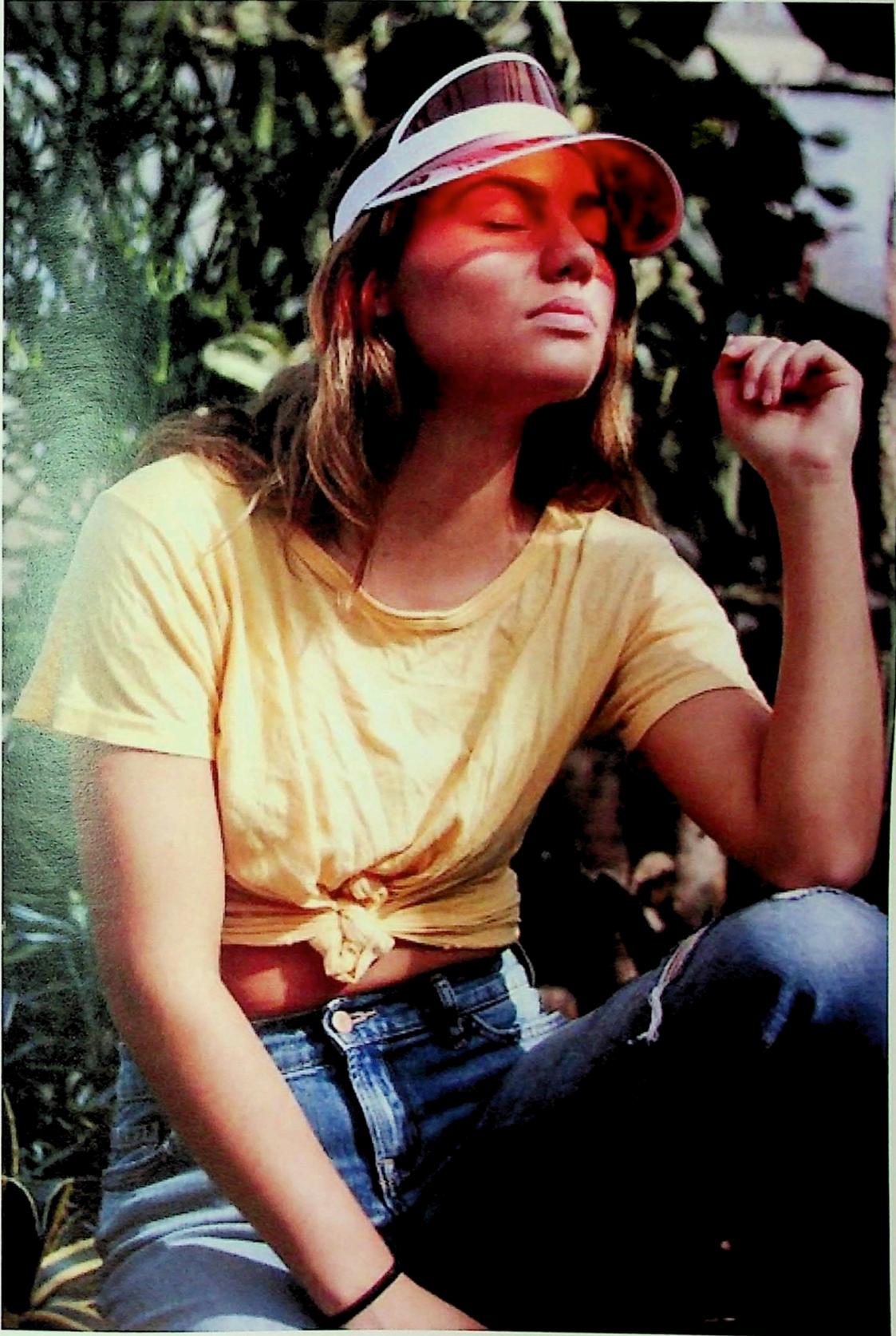
Eat You Up
Olivia Ferreira

Every bite marks a bruise left on my neck
unsearched skin
lost souls stuck within depleted diaphragms -
a crooked spine.

A honey bee boy,
I pray for the sting that comes from the sweetness
of his flowers.

The bone-dome
of my skull
cradles these soft files.

(e)



Beginning Of The End I Juan Lora-Corona

(e)



Twin
Jordan Scott

Twin, noun
Two together
separate but equal
From the Old English word meaning, double
Trouble that's original never
heard that one
before

Monozygotic, adjective
A fancy way of saying
Our parents are done with
Having children
Ovum, ovary, eggs that split
Or something like that
Do you look the same naked?
If I poke her
Or stab her in the back
will you feel it
Just the same as if it was intended
For you?

(e)

Two together
Separate like branches
But interlocked
By the one root
Of a shared bedroom, memories, friends
But whispered
That she was the prettier one.
Same growth, speed, thrive, drive,
Top percentile
Until she wasn't
Until there was a turn
And you couldn't share clothes any more
Because she swam in yours

Poke, prod, IV's, blood bleed bled
She's suddenly angular, acute, obtuse, right,
not right
BMI dropped,
Heart slows
Food pushed around into the trash
When the other one isn't looking.
I'm glad you're not like your
Sister.

Twin, verb,
to separate, divide,
Set free.
Do you use a mirror or do you
Just look at each other
To know what comes next?

(e)

Beginning Of The End 3 Juan Lora-Corona



(e)

Do You Drink

Olivia Ferreira

Do You Drink -
"to release the demons"
or because you're having fun?
Or is it to let loose?
Until you become as dark as the whiskey you've drained?

(a sunken ship)

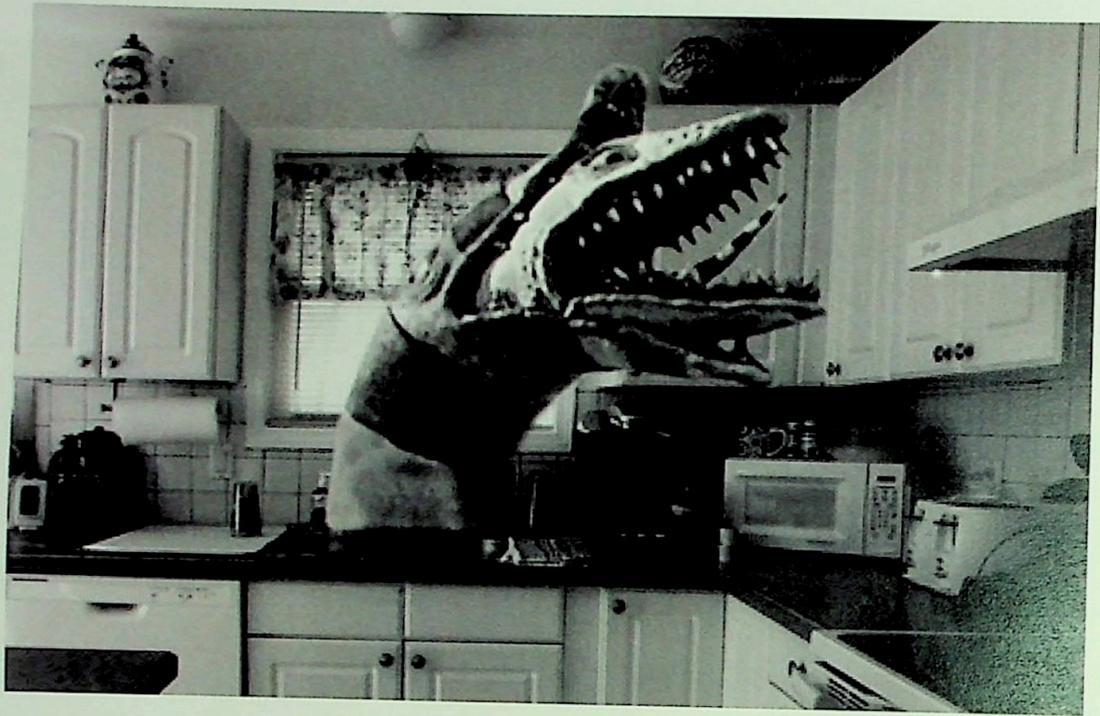
I find myself lost in the decay
of myself
my body
my mind.

This whale
is no longer gold -
brood in this tight airless vacuum.

I let the night braid my hair - my blood
ripens
in season
I swim in the tides /
the moon pulls along.

I ripen
and open my mouth -
all these lost and lonely words tumble off the to of my
tongue.
I've lost myself in the sea.

O, honeybee
come back to me.



Kitchen



Washer

*Domestic
Dreams
Series*

Gabby Rosa



Stove

Oven



(e)

Listen To Your Spaceship

Darien Strassfield

The captain told the story less than a light year outside the solar system, just past the Oort cloud.

Stardust from the Milky Way still drifted in the corner of the portside window, bright wisps outstretched from the spiral where the Cygnus Constellation shifts restlessly.

She croons into the radio about pitch matching the engine of Hermes in E minor during rounds. Steady boots and weightless limbs pushed over mesh flooring, and sharp whistling with the pressure alleviation through vents.

A trust placed in the prowess of a ship so diligently stitched together that engineers thought to steal her away. A child of metal and nuclear fission. The first of her name to be called a traveler rather than singer. All previous echos of Apollo drifted in dented hosts, decaying orbit, permanent cryogenic sleep. In its place, Hermes' voice broke through the pitch of space. She cultivated sound like a captain created a crew, an embedded methodology in circuits and muscle memory. The motherboard of human anatomy hums within the machine.

Through static, the captain says that she is in the last compartment, a crack in her helmet. Fire isn't a threat without air, but she worries that outside the protective kevlar suit it will be so cold her skin will burn.

With silence outside Hermes chrome skin, only the ship hears the meteoroid pierce. A snapped string in a series of seamless transitions. Percussion ground to a halt. A beacon of worry within the ship. Tethered to curiosity like the names of prior satellites, their navigator sought the instrumental irregularity as the ship cried in any tune it could muster with damaged cords. Untrusting of Hermes' message, the human paranoia printed in bypass codes and the crew knew a true hush of an concert hall.

Count all the other travelers after my ship. Behind the captain's voice came Hermes, pre-recorded and persistent, pleading. *Please make your way to designated safety suits. There is danger present.* Female voices intertwining.

There will never be another.

Your safety is of the utmost importance.

This is the captain signing off.

All records and recordings will be saved in the memory console. Your messages will be preserved.

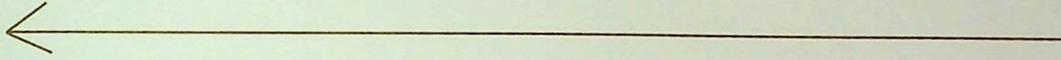
Goodbye.

At the end of the broadcast, ground control could make out the ship's greeting falling into repeat. A minor short circuit. Hermes was waiting for its crew. It was assured that all recordings and embedded data of the current history of humans, sheet music for *Imagine* by John Lennon, and a copy of the painting *Starry Night* was preserved.

Hello, I am Hermes. I will be with you along this journey. How may I help you?
She sounded magnificent. ●

(e)

“The motherboard of human anatomy hums within the machine”



Unknown 3 LJ

(e)



cctv VOYEURISM Nate@Nite

(e)

Weekdays, 3:00 p.m.

Jenna Ziegelmayr

"Jen, put it on channel five, please," my mom calls from the kitchen. I cherish my last minute or two of after-school cartoons as she pours hot coffee into a glass mug, adds a splash of cream, and stirs quickly. When the dinging of the spoon stops, the fridge door opens and promptly shuts as my mom puts the carton of cream away. She hurries over the hardwood floors of the kitchen and into the living room, where her slippers make a softer, more muted footstep over the carpet. "Put it on five, I said! *GH* is on."

Reluctantly, I reach for the clicker. My mom eases herself into her normal corner of the couch and pushes the plastic button on its side for the recliner. It pops up suddenly with a thump and a reverberating boing of a few old springs. The television goes black and silent for a moment as the channel changes.

Sonny and Carly are talking in hushed tones on the dark pier that is frequently a crime scene in my mom's beloved soap opera, *General Hospital*. "See? This is why I asked you to put five on. Now I missed it," she says with agitation. The time is now 3:02 p.m.; we've missed the beginning of the conversation.

She reaches for the clicker and holds down the volume button in earnest. The springs of the couch squeak a bit as she leans forward to hear what Carly has to say about who the father really is. The scenes in *General Hospital* always seem fuzzy to me, as if they don't have enough lighting in the studio. Sometimes I wonder if they don't have the best sound equipment, either. I can't tell if there's extra static on the microphone, or if it's just the buzz of tension between Sonny and Carly's whispers.

Their conversation is interrupted by a single gunshot and a small gasp from my mom. Some upbeat music begins to play as the screen switches over to a bright commercial for yellow Swiffer mops, where a couple of muddy kids giggle and stomp through a clean, white kitchen. My mom turns to the couch cushion between us and begins shuffling through the glossy inserts of the morning's newspaper. She grabs her scissors and starts carefully clipping coupons. It's quieter and more crisp than cutting construction paper, and the methodic rhythm is relaxing. One cut up. Turn the paper. Two cuts across. "I think Carly's lying." Turn the paper. One cut. Turn. Two cuts. "That's why the other guy shot Sonny," she tells me with confidence. ●

(e)

Hazel Male
Cynthia Munrayos

Let me refer to you
as the moon in my name.

Oh, girl. The morning set your scene at
Mulholland Drive. Sick, sunny day laid on
a window portrait. Seeing him in the reflection
of a complete sunshine. Wasted in deep lashes.

A pair of luminant spheres. Scene to scene,
stage to stage, midnight after midnight. There's
a body next to mine. Cupping the outline of my
torso, and sorting me in a body wrap.

Spencer Reid. Spencer Reid. Spencer Reid.

Budding, supple, rapid man/boy/guy.

Mid dim: I cried you on my shoulder at the
middle of the steps. How could I not hold you
close enough in your saddest pose.

In the morning, meet me in a montauk,
tuck me in your fire girl balloon blanket, and tell
me the difference between circa and hail the sun
In one dose.

(e)



BLUE - Short Film

LJ

etherboundmag.com/blue



(e)

Carl
Ellie Phipps

I said "lol" but
What I meant is that I love you
What I meant is that gardens grow a mountain range of wildflowers
Down your spine
From your eyes
Your voice is a collection of
Every beautiful thing I've ever touched
Every exotic food I've ever tried said "lol" but
What I meant is that I love you
What I meant is that gardens grow a mountain range of wildflowers
Down your spine
From your eyes
Your voice is a collection of
Every beautiful thing I've ever touched
Every exotic food I've ever tried
That made me close my eyes
Tilt my head back and sigh
I meant to say that your laugh breathes lightening in to my veins
The night sky shimmers on lakes and reminds me
That I am blessed to breathe the same air
As you with your mechanic hands and
Your decadent thoughts
Like pastries from the North End
I devoured with someone else that I loved
Awkward hands that you fumble around
Searching for the same kind of peace I find in you
I meant to tell you that
I check up on you
I worry about you
I pray you make it home safe when you work late
And the city lights are not as bright
I pray you are at home the nights your friends drink too much
And breathe false invincibility
Someone told me once that asking someone to wear their seat belt
Is a way to say "I love you"

(e)



Renaissance City Hecmar Delgado

(e)

Blooming Skirts Julia Penczak



(e)

They No Longer Chop the Trees

Kaitlin Morgan

My world,

Dear world weeping, or wondering--*where are the trees?*...kind, of world. I ask you to consider, no? You see the trees? The Willow with her bowing, vowing to bend her head to the wind, and Oak, with her--does the axe rust in the wind? --*aching*...forgive my hand. I asked you to consider, yes?

I set my Parrot, you see, the drawn shades, against your Canary. He sings no longer (axes are silent), the silver name burdens his foot in waste and seeds. His calling clicks against the bars; his beak feigns a cackle. Metal faints the taste in our own veins, I tell you (click, cackle), I did not want it there. I want it *here*.

Here lies the Ink, the Pages--unbury your burdens, world. Do they grow, you see? Perhaps, between the fallen leaves, and the Hand who tires of smudges arching her pinky, feeding the keys.

Your Hand
(she, still creating)
And they, still here.

(e)

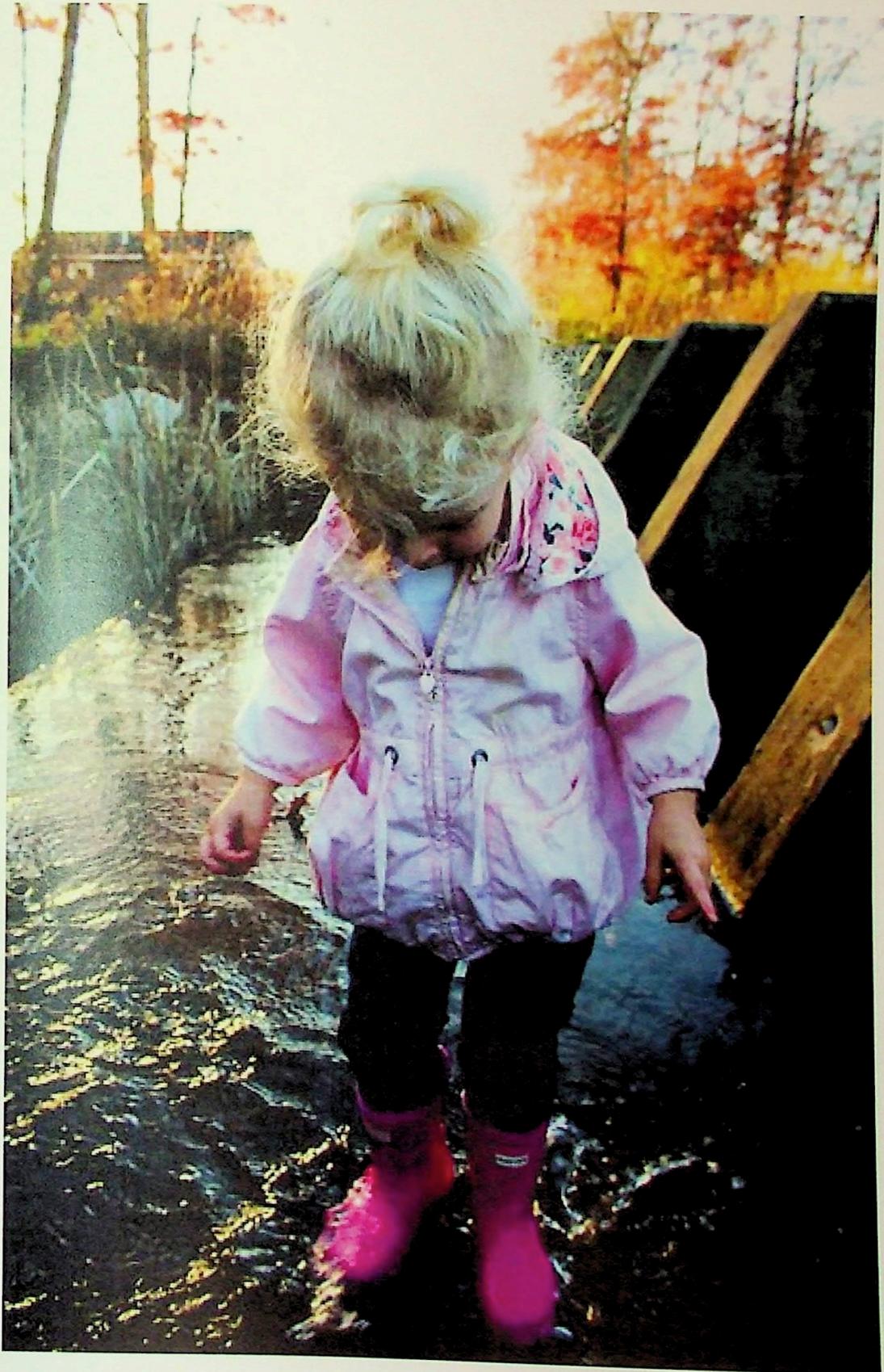
Palm Readings

Katrina Thornley

My palm
Hits yours
Lifelines meeting,
At crossroads,
Mine continuing
Where yours ended-
As though pried apart
At birth-
But fate
Created a map
To the universe
Through hands
That know
Only love.

(e)

Spring Splash Madison Holland



(e)

Winter

Alexandra Millberry

We drive around at night,
My feet in your lap, your hands clasped lightly around my legs.
Occasionally your fingers tighten, like you want to latch on, but you know better.
Your other hand grips the steering wheel so tightly that your knuckles turn white.
My hands grip the seat underneath me in a way that has nothing to do with our speed
We both know the dangers of holding on too tight.
Though that doesn't make it any easier to keep things loose.
Your fingertips trace the outline of my kneecap as you navigate the backroads of the place I've
called home for as long as I can remember.

When summer comes, the tourists will seemingly pour out of the cracks in the concrete and
pack the beaches.
They bring their screaming children, their bottles upon bottles of sticky sunblock, and their
sweating bottles of rose.
They'll drive their range rovers down the same backstreets that we once drove down, reckless
and exhilarated, on the verge of blowing your speakers.

When the weather warms, we will have to part
But for the winter, these streets belong to us.
So we ride.

(e)

Basic Anatomy

Jordan Scott

The three smallest bones in the human body
Are in the ear

They work together as a chain
Linked, joined, connected.

One.

A pinky promise is not valid
Unless you seal it with a kiss,

A compromise of the
twelve muscles of the lips

That looked enticing when you said my name
Last night

Our pupils dilated because of the dark
Or because of the cotton sheets tangled

Between our legs and

Those brown eyes that move
100 times per second

Never left mine.

The hand is made up of twenty six bones
And yet yours was feather light

As it traveled down my arm,

Up my leg

Medically called cutis anserina

Let's not get too technical

About this particular arrangement

We find ourselves in.

According to *Plato's Symposium*

Humans were originally created

Attached to another person.

Four arms four legs

One head one heart

Separated by a formidable force and

Always longing

For what they can't have.

(e)

Dreamland Sabrina Rodriguez-Gervais



(e)

