

# Transients Magazine

## SEARCHING FOR WHAT



## DOES NOT EXIST

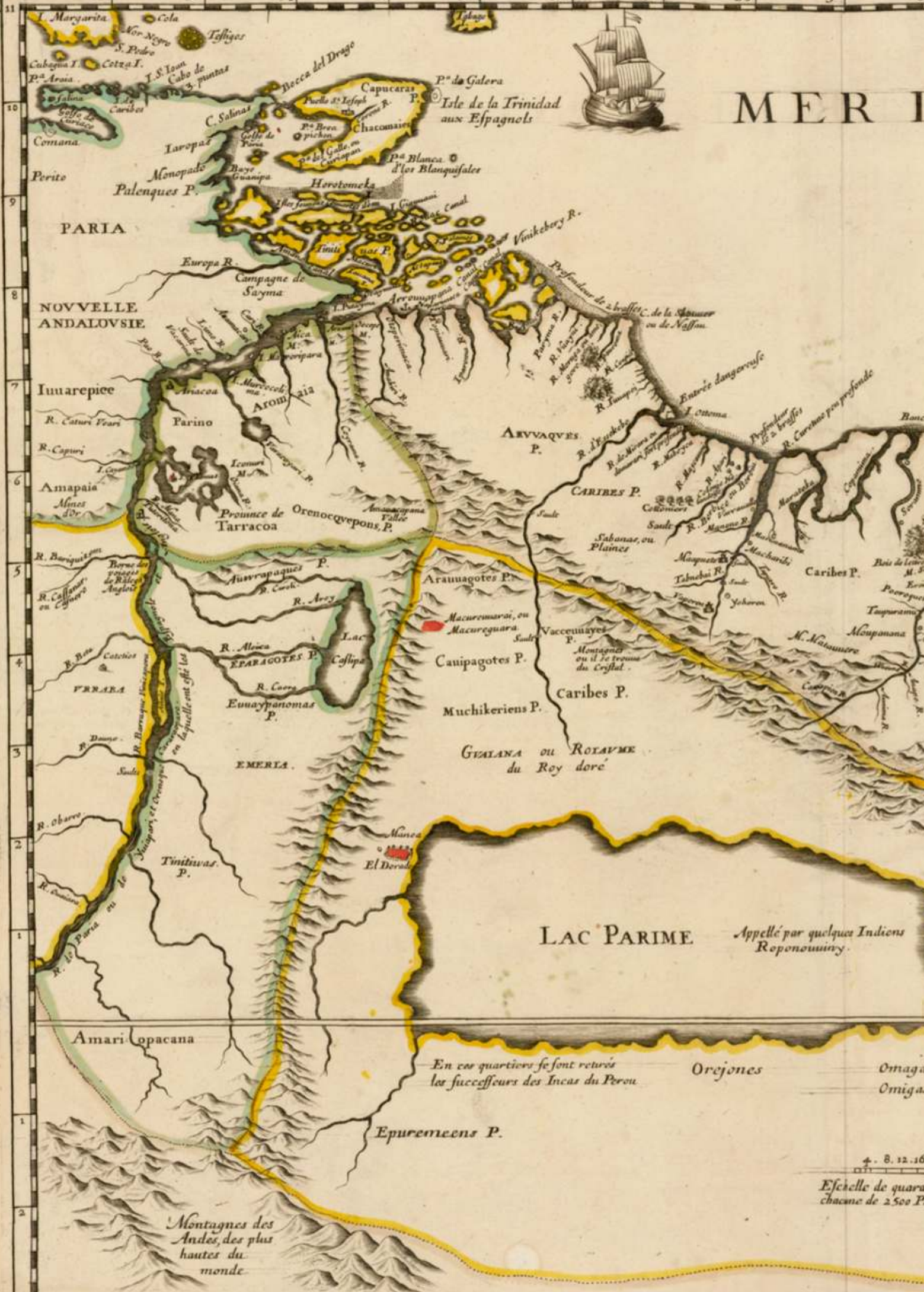
### ISSUE IV

WINTER 2024





# MER I



PARIA

NOUVELLE ANDALOUSIE

Iuuarepiee

Amapaia

FERRARA

Amariopacana

Isle de la Trinidad aux Espagnols

Prouince de Tarracoa

EMERIA

LAC PARIME

En ces quartiers se sont retirés les successeurs des Incas du Perou

Orejones

Omagas Omigas

Montagnes des Andes, des plus hautes du monde

4. 8. 12. 16.  
Echelle de quarante  
chaque de 2500 Pa

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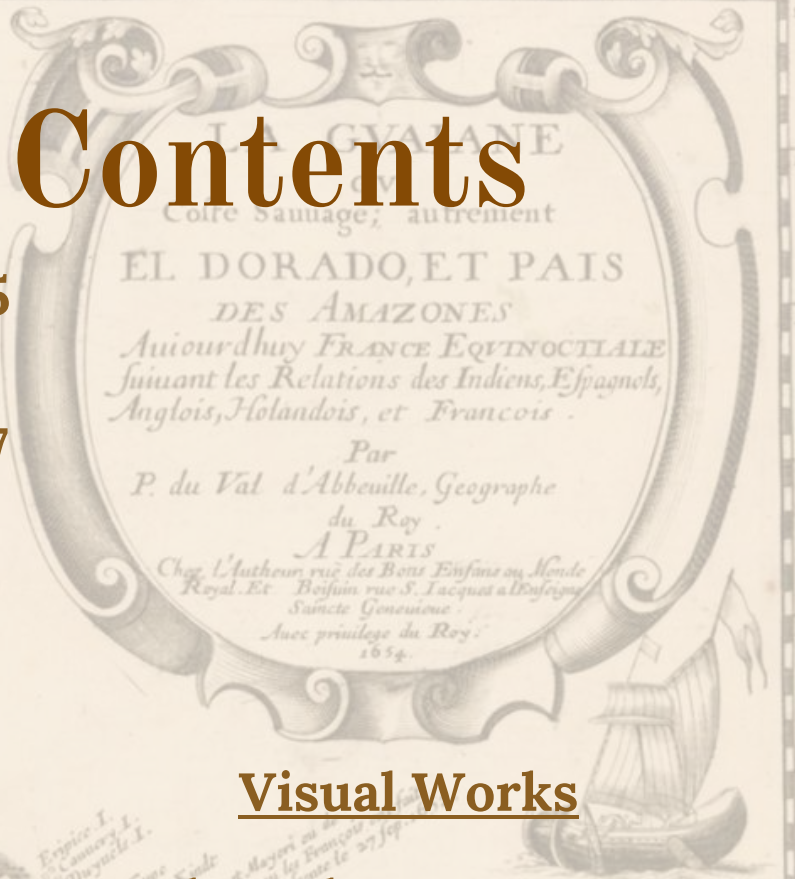
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# Message from the Editors

Welcome, reader, to issue IV of Transients Magazine.

Here in London, evenings start at 4pm now. My neighbour hung a wreath on our door, and friends excitedly discuss first Christmases with partners' families and new year's plans. It is the time for perfect - dinners, dates, gifts, a perfect end to the year.



VOTIVE FIGURE (Eastern Cordillera - Muisca) - 600 AD - 1600 AD

We chose to focus this issue on searching - an act which brings great joy, curiosity, despair, and triumph; which has, as a prerequisite, something to search for. Searching requires an object of desire. However, in our experience, the search often brings more than just that end. El Dorado has become a timeless story. The original tale felt so real, countless people set out searching

for it, convinced the only distance between it and them was a matter of miles. In my opinion, it's good that this mythical city was never found. Perfection isn't meant to be.

Throughout this season, we would like to invite you to discard perfection, and instead find value in the search.

We hope you enjoy this issue, and see you next year.

**Note on the image:** 'muisca raft' portrays the ritual that originated the El Dorado myth. This gold figurine was created by the Muisca indigenous tribe and is on display in the Museo del Oro, Bogota, Colombia.



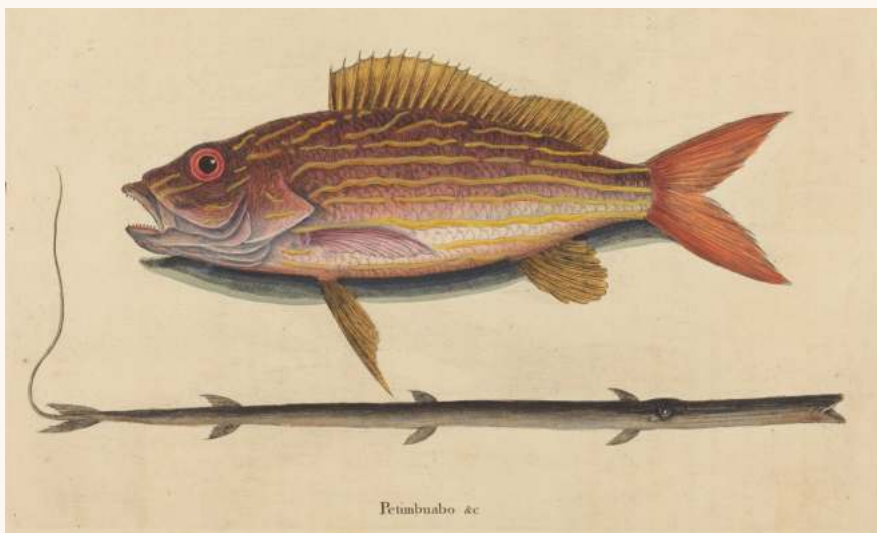
Melissa and nadav  
Co-Editors  
Transients Magazine

# TINNED FISH SUMMER

*Suze Kay*

I came to the land with dreams of fish on crushed ice beds. I thought to walk the market with the taste of espresso lingering on my tongue, a scarf tied around my neck. I watched Purple Noon to prepare myself for the heads, the guts, the swinging scales weighing wind beside each tent. All this I conjured. It was clean, it smelled like nothing.

I found lemons on the road to Amalfi as big as my head and asked a stranger where to find the market. *Non esiste*, she insisted. She directed me to Conad, where I bought a hard-shelled loaf and a can of sardines. I sliced open the lemon and found it mostly pith: empty, bitter, not at all what I wanted. A small bone caught in my throat, tickled.



Mark Catesby 1731- 1745

# Dark apples

*Irina Tall*



# Luckily The Lab Monkeys Were Evacuated

*J.B. Kalf*

The massive clouds of dust and rock shards, projectile, recursive, tearing up what little remnants of barns and small towns were found in the Americana desert, the sand stampeding at 30 miles per hour, pricking corrosive any flesh and furry or scaled hides that encountered the violent mass – the sandstorms were on their way to Maudlin, Texas from the west.

The storms were on their way to the small town and Dr. Bena Gonzalez was packing up the necessities from her ranch-style home into little boxes before the dust was to arrive while her brother, the manchild Anito Gonzalez, remained steadfast in his backyard, where spread across the sand and dust was a miniature recreation of the Texas Revolution featuring miniaturized Spanish missions where battles were fought and civilians of fledgling nations massacred in the name of the relatively new concept of nation-state independence, and this notion of freedom being antithetical to the migrations of St. Francis and his apostles where the small hovel of balding men understood independence in childish, dandelion-esque terms.

Dr. Bena yelled at her brother from inside the house.

“We already packed up the monkeys at the lab! Get in here and help!”.

Anito continued to readjust the tiny Mexican army men and Anglo settlers in his backyard, yelling over the wind, “I’m not leaving!” and crouched down to adjust the tipped COWS.

“We’re coming back after the storms! We’re just going over to San Antonio for a few days! I don’t get —”.

“And I don’t want to leave! You know how they exaggerate on the news!”.

The birth certificates were tucked into a box. Then the tax returns from two years ago.

“The monkeys have more sense than you!”.

Anito stood up in the backyard, a mythical giant looming over the cotton ball puffs of canons and exquisitely re-painted bricks of Mission San Juan, the wind rising and knocking over more and more manufactured pieces of Anito’s historical diorama. “Don’t bring up those monkeys! You just feel bad for them, so why don’t you join them!”.

“I am, nitwit! People are dying!”.

“And I’m staying!”.

The monkeys in her lab had part of their skull removed so the doctors could hook up wires directly to the brain to analyze synapsis connections while the monkeys performed tasks. She did not wish this on her brother.

“You have five more minutes until I leave!”.

“Fine!”.

And she stayed for ten. And as the wind increased velocity, little cuts formed along Anito’s flesh as he restructured the men, re-appraised the battlefield. Dr. Bena watched her brother reconsider staying in the lonely expanse of the backyard, all approximately one hundred and twenty acres of somewhat-inherited, arid desert land.

Anito yelled, “Let me change!”. And she sighed, thinking thank God, not thinking about the approaching storms flying guerilla in the air in untampered swirls, cutting and cutting the air over the land and bone and stone containing so many unknown or forgotten beasts.



George Elbert Burr, 1921



**Untitled 1**  
*Rachel Coyne*

I  
(IBEERE)

I still dream of that day,  
the Blue Hour -  
at the throes of dawn, birthing the sun.

My mother and I are in a yellow Keke Napep, heading to Challenge,  
her mouth, a fountain of advice - ránti ọmọ ẹni ti iwọ nşẹ.

I remember the son of whom I am, as I said goodbye to Ilorin,  
and beheld the city knocking on  
heaven's gate one last time.

**NOMAD**

*Anuoluwa Ngozi*

II.  
(BABA MI)

Father,

I am only listening to your commandments.

*You told me no one longs for moths in this city,  
that it's a half-formed thing doomed to burn.*

*Ninu òkunkun labisi, ninu òkunkun ni Yi o kusi.*

Now I am on a quest for Eden,  
that promised land,

where the fragile flowers of my heart can bloom.

III.  
(OMO IYA MI)

Dear siblings,

I am nothing but a cadaver hungry for the love you could not give.

I am a nomad,

Roaming the manicured streets of Abuja,

Searching for home in the arms of strangers.

*Eyin egbon mi, E Gbadura fún mi, Ilé ni abo sinmi oko arrinrin ajo*

IV  
(IYA MI)

Mother, *omo ti so nu soko.*

In the dark of night,  
my eyes is a rivulet of tears,

and my heart yearns for home.  
I grasp at the paling images in my library of memories,  
and I reminisce.

*The chaos of Maraba,*

*that city center where crescent*

*and cross tango in perfect harmony.*

*the golden domes of Oja-oba mosque,*

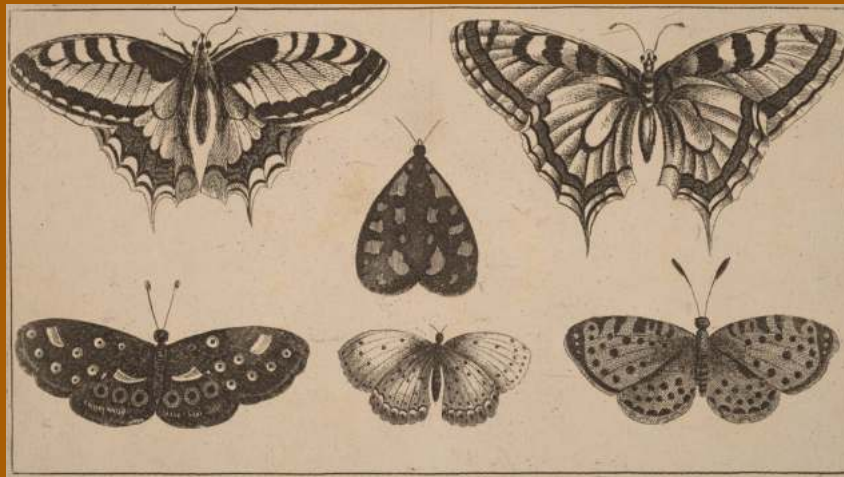
*and the multitudes of Muslim faithful, that flood its gates on*

*Jumaah Friday on my way back from school.*

*The countless churches of Gaa-Akanbi,  
and their funny names that annoy me.*

*Is this the fate of the sons who send themselves into exile?  
To long for a home that does not want you?*

*Oh mother! our hearts are one in the grief for your son.  
I am the dead thing, reincarnated in a cycle of self-rebirth.  
Soon I will grow my wings in this new city,  
like chrysalis, morphing into butterfly.*



## GLOSSARY

1. ránti ọmọ ẹni ti iwọ nṣe. – remember the child of whom you are.
2. Ninu òkunkun labisi, ninu òkunkun ni yi o kusi – In darkness it was born, in darkness it shall die.
3. Eyin egbon mi, E Gbadura fún mi, Ilé ni abo sinmi oko arrinrin ajo – Oh my brothers, pray for me, home is the resting place of a sojourner.
4. Omo ti so nu soko – your child is lost to the wilderness.



**Sleeping**

*Irina Tall*

# Soliloquy on Motherhood

*Maria Carolina Quin*

The weight of knowing you would sacrifice your existence so your mother's life would have been better. The weight of knowing that she has given everything for you that this world is not made for single mothers that she has sacrificed herself for you not because she didn't know better but because there wasn't another option. It could have never been you and her only you or her and she chose you and oh how you wish she chose herself. If

I could go back in time I would go to the year before I was born and I would warn her I would beg her not to have me. But I know she would stubborn as she always was she would have had me. So I would warn her of her mistakes and oversights of the sacrifices she shouldn't have made and tell her she did well so so so well.

I carry everything of you your hopes and fears and dreams and I live for myself and myself only nowadays how you always taught me. Funny how the teacher could never apply her teachings you lived for me not for you most of my life but again what would have been the other option? Knowledge is power but ignorance is bliss and how I wish to be blissful. But how when I am filled with power?

# EL DORADO

*Cassidy Reece*

The story of El Dorado is one many people have heard, and whether they remember the details or not, a sense of youthful adventure sparks at the mention of this legend. Somewhere in the blurred details of names and places we find traces of the 'naïve' belief in something magical.

El Dorado refers to the king of a mythical kingdom in South America who had wealth beyond modern imagination. His city was gilded in gold, overflowing in every way. In particular, the legend says the king took part in a ritual where, covered in gold dust, he would dive into a lake, surrendering various treasures to the depths. Although the dust of history blurs the lens we look back on, creating mismatched versions of the same tale, the story itself holds up a spotless mirror on the human heart.

There is another story that reflects the essence of El Dorado: *Notes from the Underground* by Fyodor Dostoevsky. The narrator observes human nature, and one trait, in particular, stands out: given the guidelines to the perfect life, a life with no discord or anxiety, man will choose the more reckless path simply because he does not want to follow the masses. We all want to feel chosen, to feel that perhaps if we are brave, or reckless, enough we can find something ethereal at the end of dismantling the life we are told we should want.

Imagine you are about to board a ship to South America. To see a loved one? To visit some distant, intriguing city? No, to hunt down a place no one has

ever proven exists. There you will be, a traveller with nothing but the clothes on their back and a vision of glory so real you can almost feel the weight of gold in your pocket. Where one sees a mad man, another sees a genius – it's liberating, it's enchanting, it's all about the words you use to create this vision. Such a brazen disregard for the typical structures of everyday life intrigues us all.

Two times two makes four. According to Dostoevsky, that is concrete and irrefutable, yes, but there is no life in it. There is no real living in knowing the precise outcome. There is life only in the unknown, and life amplified in suffering. This is abundant in the search for a mythical place, and while doing so, we find that although we have built our cities and lives around order, the human heart longs for chaos.

Twice two equals four, and we all know this, and it is a law of nature. But to believe in magic, and to believe that you might be the one to stumble upon it, ignites something in the human heart.

How can we see these expeditions as futile, then? How can we call these explorers delusional or mad when in their bravery we see realized the very desires we all hold? Perhaps it is our envy of those with courage we wish we had.

Perhaps it is a recognition of the suffering they caused.

Thousands of people have died in search of El Dorado, illness and shipwrecks and pure, unadulterated violence. The city itself has been dispelled as a mirage, and this treasure has evaded the hands of explorers so far. We don't all chase wealth, that glittering stack of gold which urged many men on. But we all have something somewhere in the primal, fleshy recesses of our mortal bodies, where a built-in longing to have something to believe in pushes us to run after it with such dedication that the claws of death only urge us further on.

Passion subdues the sting of an inevitable death, regardless of where it comes from. This gold was the goal, but in no way was it the sole treasure. The thrill of the hunt, the joy of boundless expression through illogical action – these were not senseless and easily-avoidable deaths. To avoid death at the cost of living is nonsensical. What is a long life with no passion but just an extended death?

El Dorado urges us on, and the legend sets hearts ablaze even now. We do not want to follow the masses, we reject the guidelines to the perfect life. And amongst those desires is The Gold, the gilded king, offering some magic into our lives and a call for human curiosity which, even in the face of logic and structure, cannot be suffocated.





**Untitled 2**  
*Rachel Coyne*

## **Winter Wraps Around Again**

*Mena Brazinski*

Things just don't die like they used to and you're trying not to either because you've decided anything that makes you want to kill yourself a little less is a noble pursuit so you whistle in public even when you get strange looks and you hug your little brother whenever possible and you love loudly and often and well, except your lips are silent and cold and your little brother is slipping away from you (it's

not your fault or his, it's no one's really, but no amount of imagery can soften the blow) and there is no one to curl into but yourself. You know your own arms well enough by now, and you don't mind them but you think a change of scenery would be nice. Running away would be a noble pursuit, changing your name and hair would be a noble pursuit, most noble pursuits make you feel vulnerable and humiliated and so they must be worthwhile, they've got to be.

Winter wraps around again like the porch Carter fell off of and the stitches in his chin don't show when he is looking down and he is always looking down, and you know you're not in love this year because when you make eggs you don't burn them and you respond to all your emails in a timely fashion and you haven't been in a fender bender in months, and you also want to kill yourself a little less. You think this means the noble pursuits must be working even though the blood never came off the towels and Marcus still has scars on his arms he won't talk about, but some things just can't be helped. You didn't ask him about them, not once, not because you didn't want to know but because you crave the kind of closeness with him that dictates he offers that information to you unprompted. You won't ever make steps towards achieving that.

The time passes anyways and you will scrub and wring until you expire and the stains will outlive you both and you'll like it just fine.

You don't know who you are without the soft body of a woman to wrap yourself around, like winter, like the porch Carter fell off of, but you know you like when the people you're in love with are shorter than you because you are always looking down. You think it's genetic, you think you got it from your father, you think he's in love this year but you're not sure and you don't ask him, you don't want to know. You're not sure if cold winds and good poems want to make you kill yourself more or less because they remind you just how deliciously alive you are but also how selfishly you've squandered it, and you are an awful, awful man but you think you'd be a gentle lover if someone gave you the chance to prove them wrong. You miss summer sometimes, you miss country breakfasts and country lawyers, you miss the greenery, the golden expanse, your days laid out before you like the clothes your mother used to pick out for you on the same bed she tucked you in on half a day earlier, because violets on the front lawn and wallpaper melting into you made you want to kill yourself a little less, even though what actually made you want to kill yourself a little less was once having had something worthy of nostalgia. You miss the house on the hill like the home it wasn't and monotony is dull and scorching but boredom kills, and being flirted with once in the corner of a party would cure you, you're sure of it.

The snow is a silver blanket that tucks the house in every still night and it reaches over and closes your eyes like someone would do for you if you were dead. Your mother

who is Carter's mother and who is Marcus's mother sometimes but not always, used to wear hoop earrings as big around as your arm (your arm now, not your arm when you were a kid) and paint her eyes silver and when she started tucking you in at night she locked that piece of her away forever, because little hands ruin shiny things and tug them to the ground, put diamonds back in the rough and imprison the second decade of the female existence. Most women have pieces of them they've locked away forever, and you learned this not from your mother, but because you

fold yourself in half when you have someone to witness it, and it's always an honor to wrap yourself around women but sometimes in the after you can see the marks the bars left on your body.

You've made your peace with this. It's a small price to pay for warmth.

You spiral like a staircase that wraps around like winter, like the porch Carter fell off of, you will always wrap around like winter even with no one to love.



*Tulita Westfall, 1937*



Her eyes are hidden in the darkness

*Irina Tall*

# Hypothetical // Hallucinations

*Christopher Tang*

It's a silly question, yes, but it's late and she's cute and I love hypotheticals. So. *In a room full of all the women in the world, who would you run to first?* And of course, it's true, I'd look for her the way any child tries to spot his best friend in a crowded playground; the way we love the things we cannot be without in a sea of humming faces. And as I sit and write this, I know that some best friends have to wait a while before they get to meet again. The ocean is bluer than we think, and love letters fly distances too high for any plane, any international border. Still, it's true, I'd look for you, even if the room is lying, even if you're not really here

## The Godless Life

*Robert Boucheron*

Calling someone an atheist used to be an insult. An atheist was depraved, immoral, and damned to roast in hell. The word has dwindled, but it still has unpleasant associations. Americans who call themselves atheist are a small fraction of the population, about 4% overall. About 10%

identify as agnostic. Technically, this means they neither affirm nor deny the existence of gods, but the word has better connotations than atheist. About 28% identify as having no religion, which could mean they believe in something spiritual.

The most interesting statistic, but the hardest to grasp, is the number of people who simply ignore the question.



*Georg Andreas Wolfgang the Elder, 1665*

say they are Jewish or Catholic, by which they mean an ethnic group, not a faith.

Buddhist, Hindu, and Muslim each claim about 1% of the population. Most are Asian by heritage, and the label says nothing about what they believe. Despite the small numbers, plenty of news stories say these minorities are growing while Christian denominations decline. Muslims face political hostility, such that their mere presence provokes some Americans. Again, the racial and political incidents magnify the number of people involved. On the

They have walked away from church, or they never went, or they have no knowledge of or interest in religion. They amount to half or more of the population. If pressed, they reveal a family history with a Christian denomination, or they

other hand, a minority of Americans practice an aggressive form of Christianity. They call themselves evangelical, fundamentalist, traditional. This group sees anyone else but especially an atheist as a target, to refute or convert.

A few good atheist debaters have risen to the challenge, notably Christopher Hitchens and Bart Ehrman. Books and magazines are devoted to the atheist cause, or the secular or humanist cause. In general, though, people who live the godless life do it on their own, with no support group or gathering place, though they sometimes go for bumper stickers.

Raised as a child in a suburban Methodist church in the 1950s, I went to Sunday school and loved to sing hymns, standing beside my mother, with the organ booming. At Harvard College, I attended the vaguely Protestant chapel, listened to the elegant sermons of Peter Gomes, and took a course in the history of the Reformation. As an adult in New York, I attended Methodist and Episcopal churches, sang in choirs, fell in with a clutch of gay Episcopalians, and made friends with gay Jesuits. Moving to rural Virginia, I continued to sing in Episcopal choirs.

Although I joined and left several congregations, I was never born again. Did the spirit pass me by? For years I wondered if this was the case, or if other people exaggerated. I now think they spoke in the idiom they found familiar, whatever crisis they suffered. Psychological states are hard to describe, and what one person calls grace another calls mental health.

As a freelance writer in the early 2000s, I researched American utopias, communes, and intentional

communities, religious and secular. I visited some in Virginia, including Catholic monasteries and a community called Yogaville. I read books on the subject, including histories and personal experiences. The literature is vast, considering the small numbers of people who have lived in these communities. The presence or absence of religion made no difference to their success. Christian monasteries are in severe decline, while Twin Oaks, a secular hippie commune founded in Louisa, Virginia in 1967, is still going strong.

At the same time, I read books on philosophy and sociology, especially of the skeptical kind. Emile Durkheim, William James, and Susanne Langer wrote classic analyses of religion. I now accept the argument that it is a man-made artifact, like language, tools, symbols, and drama. Statements about gods and God, about spirits and spiritual things, and about imaginary places like heaven and hell are a special use of language. A person makes these statements in order to proclaim allegiance to a group. On some level, he or she knows they are fiction, but the group demands that its members say they are truth.

The language of religion is all metaphor, as it must be, since it describes what is invisible, intangible, beyond the reach of sense perception. The Hebrew-Christian god is described as a king, a father, a whirlwind, or a disembodied voice. Feelings and states of mind are described as lifted up or obedient to a command. Much of the language is about power, and the language itself has the power of poetry. The Bible is a collection of poems, myths, fables, and stories, a great storehouse of literature.

I discovered the Historical Jesus movement, a loose group of mainly Protestant scholars. The movement began in the nineteenth century in France and Germany, and it continues today in the English-speaking world. Scholars try through close reading and analysis of ancient texts to penetrate beyond centuries of theology, back to the original sayings and life of Jesus of Nazareth. The ancient texts are mainly the New Testament books, written in Greek, and a few documents from the early Christian church, also in Greek. Jesus and the Jews of his time spoke Aramaic, a language akin to Hebrew. Who translated and when and where?

The scholars do not address this question. All the ancient texts are altered, and none can be confirmed through archaeology or non-Christian sources. Jesus may have lived, but what he actually said and did was translated, rewritten, and edited a generation or more after he died. Scholars detect stages in the process, but they have found no original text in Aramaic or Greek. Which of the sayings and deeds of Jesus are authentic reports, and which are fictional additions? In the gospels, Jesus has already taken on attributes of the classical hero, such as birth from a virgin, magical abilities, and rising from the dead.

Each writer on the Historical Jesus creates the figure they want to see: a fiery revolutionary, a visionary prophet, a man of peace, a traditional Jewish rabbi. I fell into the same trap, and for a while imagined a Jesus who wrote wonderful sermons and parables, spoke about a utopian kingdom of heaven, and moved people as a dynamic public speaker. Maybe he did. Or maybe those who wrote the

gospels and other Greek texts created the ideal preacher.

It is worth noting that the same pattern occurs in the lives of Buddha, Socrates, St. Francis of Assisi. The historical man or woman left a verbal legacy. Others later on wrote stories about them, and they recorded verbal material which was then augmented, translated, and edited. The original person is lost in the process of deification.

When I observe the daily lives of people around me, those who profess a faith and those who do not, their behavior shows the same range of good and bad. Noticeably, those who say they believe in a supernatural being who can work miracles do not rely on miracles to get by. Claims they make about the power of prayer and messages from God cannot be verified. Are these pious individuals deluded or dishonest?



## Behind the star

*Irina Tall*

As humans, we are all compelled to play the social game, jockeying for position and trying to talk others into doing what we want. Some people invoke a higher authority, like children who threaten to tell mommy, voicing their opinions as laws from above. Or they step into the dramatic role of God, and deliver judgments based not on reason or

principle, but on some fictional source.

Most of us try to avoid the bullies, big talkers, and those who proclaim a transcendent truth. I stopped searching for it. I accepted the world as it is, with all its mystery and misery, and do the best I can.

## Nesting

*Patricia Russo*

There is a thin spot in the garden  
you can find it if you pass your hand  
slowly  
across that patch of grass  
that looks the same  
as all the other grass.

There, the past and the future  
overlap, erasing the present.  
You must move your hand very slowly  
or else you'll get dizzy.  
The birds avoid it  
hopping around  
flying over

except for one  
that mourning dove  
who sits there squarely  
shoulders hunched, head down  
as if harboring  
a secret clutch of eggs



*Robert Havell after John James Audubon, 1829*

but never for more than an hour or so.

Maybe she gets dizzy, too  
but she keeps coming back  
day after day  
to brood on that spot  
stubbornly  
as if she hopes  
that despite the blurring of times

she can, through will and care  
pull the edges apart far enough  
for something new  
to be born.

**Untitled 3**  
*Rachel Coyne*



A wooden cat from Kyrgyzstan  
in my coat pocket connects me  
to the texture and shape  
of the people and place  
even eleven days after I have returned  
from a visit, whenever I reach for it –  
recalling in the partly-polished grain  
the substance and fiber of moments  
lived and carved into abstract form  
of noodles and smiles, tall felt hats,  
steaming dumplings, and mountains  
whose edges would have dulled  
if not for the sharp claws of a real thing  
to secure my presence there  
a little longer in the mind. And in my hand  
holding it one more time I wonder  
if it might actually be a wooden fox.

## Kyrgyzstan Souvenir

*Ryan Keating*

## Archeology Wish List *Christopher Tang*

- *statue of Apollo with his bow and arrow*
- *two lovers in Pompeii (frozen stiff)*
- *commitment issues, freshly unearthed*
- *four Roman coins (208 BCE)*
- *a defensive nature*
- *a Grecian urn, telling the story of Eros and Psyche*
- *statue of Christopher Tang with his pen and paper*
- *Christopher Tang and Driti Shah*
- *I love her (not buried anymore)*
- *a myth // forever touching*
- *a love letter from Orpheus, to Eurydice*
- *a text conversation (she's in Belgium again)*
- *a dream // a house and three kids*
- *to be a constellation*
- *so other lovers can see us*
- *and have their own little moments too*

# Contributors

**Christopher Tang** explores nostalgia, identity and memory through poetry and creative-nonfiction. He holds a BA and MA in Creative Writing at Warwick University, with experience as a music/student news journalist. His published work can be found in magazines like *Outlander*, *Seaside Gothic*, *engine(idling)* and *RUBY Literary*. Twitter: @chris.tang15

**J.B. Kalf** is currently slipping on ice. Found within *Beaver Magazine*, *The Shore*, *Poetry Lab Shanghai*, *Roi Faineant*, *Coalitionworks*, *Inkfish Magazine*, *October Hill Magazine*, *Does It Have Pockets*, *#Ranger*, and elsewhere. Prefers limes to lemons and can be found on Instagram @enchilada\_photo and Bluesky @enchilada89.

I'm **Cassidy Reece**, an engineering student and avid explorer. I am excited to be involved with *Transient* magazine and explore themes that make me sit and sift through a muddle of thoughts. Being 21 is like living a dozen lives and hopefully those experiences can translate into some interesting writing. I hope whoever is reading this gains as much enjoyment as I did writing it.

**Mena Brazinski** is a writer from Upstate NY who primarily writes poetry and creative nonfiction.

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**Suze Kay** is a pastry chef in New Jersey. Her poetry is published or forthcoming in *HAD*, *The Hooghly Review*, *BRAWL Lit*, and more. She's happy you found her here, and hopes you'll keep up with her on Twitter @suz\_chef or Instagram @the.suz.chef.

**Robert Boucheron** worked as an architect in New York City and Charlottesville, Virginia. His stories, essays, book reviews, and translations have appeared in *Alabama Literary Review*, *Bellingham Review*, *Fiction International*, *New England Review*, and *Saturday Evening Post*.

**Rachel Coyne** is a writer and painter from Lindstrom, Minnesota.

**Patricia Russo's** work has appeared in *One Art*, *Acropolis Journal*, *Vagabond City*, *The Twin Bird Review*, *Revolution John*, and *Metachrosis Literary*.

**Ryan Keating** is a pastor and writer on the Mediterranean island of Cyprus. His work can be found in publications such as *Ekstasis Magazine*, *Fare Forward*, *Roi Fainéant*, and *Funicular*. He is pursuing a PhD in Philosophy of Religion at the University of Cambridge. His chapbook, *A Dance In Medias Res* is now available from Wipf and Stock.

**Irina Tall** is an artist, illustrator. She graduated from the State Academy of Slavic Cultures with a degree in art, and also has a bachelor's degree in design. The first personal exhibition "My soul is like a wild hawk" (2002) was held in the museum of Maxim Bagdanovich.

**Maria Carolina Quin** - El que busca encuentra y al que le tienen le guardan.

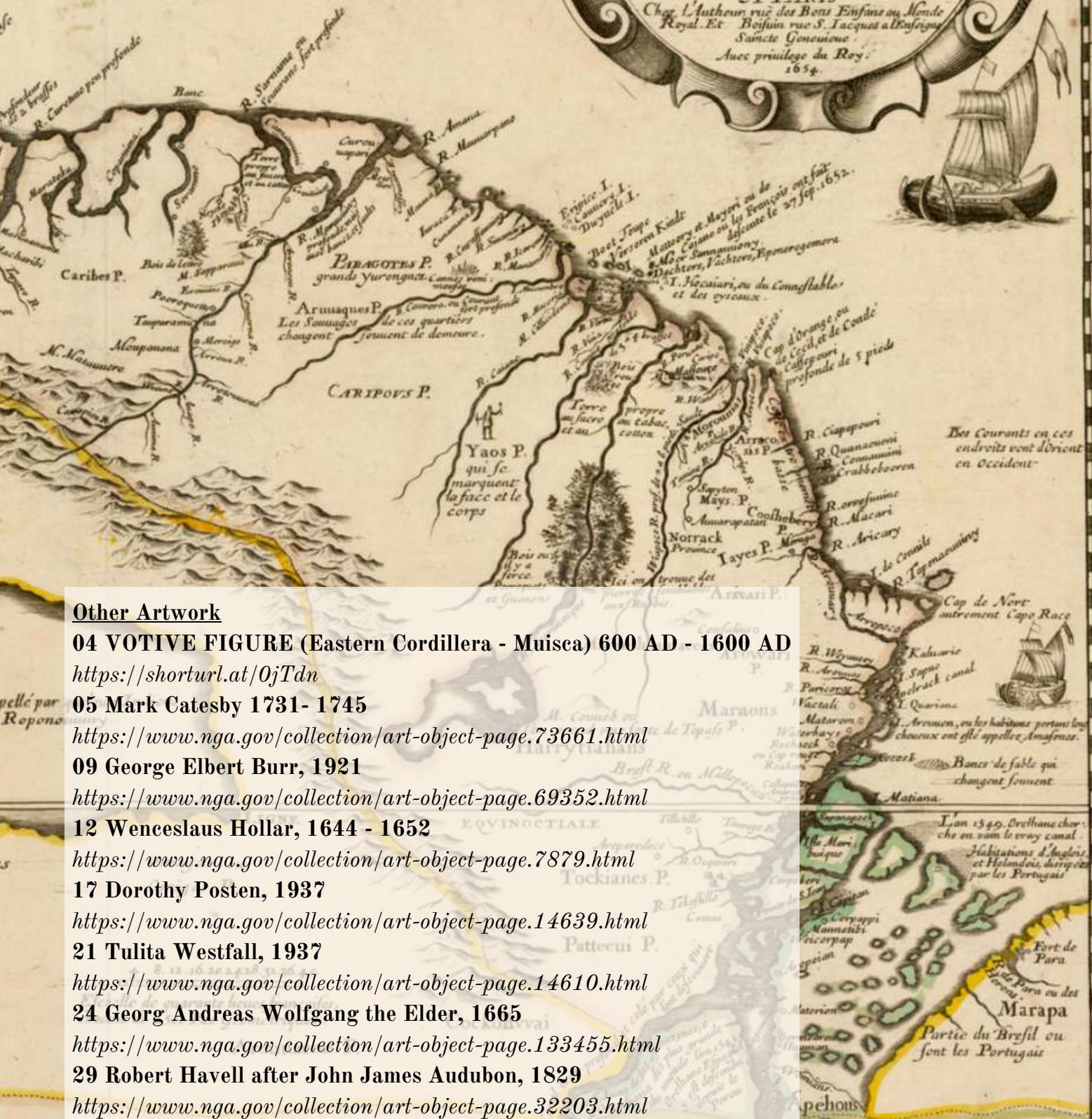
**Anuoluwa Ngozi** is a literary polymath and thespian whose work interact with strangeness, Africanness, social justice and mysticism. A recent graduate of the department of history and international studies, University of Ilorin. When not haunted by stories, they can be found daydreaming about brighter days. Find them on X(twitter) @byanuoluwangozi.

MER DE NORT

LA GVAIANE  
OV  
Coste Sauvage; autrement  
EL DORADO, ET PAIS  
DES AMAZONES  
Aujourdhuy FRANCE EQVINOCTIALE  
suivant les Relations des Indiens, Espagnols,  
Anglois, Hollandois, et Francois.

Par  
P. du Val d'Abbeville, Geographe  
du Roy.

A PARIS  
Chez l'Auteur, rue des Bons Enfans au Monde  
Royal. Et Besim, rue S. Jacques a l'Eschole  
Sainte Genevieve.  
Avec privilege du Roy.  
1654.



**Other Artwork**

**04 VOTIVE FIGURE (Eastern Cordillera - Muisca) 600 AD - 1600 AD**

<https://shorturl.at/OjTdn>

**05 Mark Catesby 1731- 1745**

<https://www.nga.gov/collection/art-object-page.73661.html>

**09 George Elbert Burr, 1921**

<https://www.nga.gov/collection/art-object-page.69352.html>

**12 Wenceslaus Hollar, 1644 - 1652**

<https://www.nga.gov/collection/art-object-page.7879.html>

**17 Dorothy Posten, 1937**

<https://www.nga.gov/collection/art-object-page.14639.html>

**21 Tulita Westfall, 1937**

<https://www.nga.gov/collection/art-object-page.14610.html>


**24 Georg Andreas Wolfgang the Elder, 1665**


<https://www.nga.gov/collection/art-object-page.133455.html>


**29 Robert Havell after John James Audubon, 1829**

<https://www.nga.gov/collection/art-object-page.32203.html>



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