



BLASTBONES

VOLUME II



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**FREE PALESTINE.
FUCK ICE.
WRITE POEMS.
KISS BISEXUALS.**



Creature Features

Teo Perez Lara

Jemma Love

Zazie Kanwar-Torge

Felix Colson

Nissi Odessa O. Mandanao

Alex Acord

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Carolina Reynoso

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Jordynn Espinoza

Menagerie of Reviews

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Editor's Welcome!

Hi! Here we are in 2026, who would have thought we all would make it this far. Two years in and we are still pushing through the utter madness surrounding our landscape. The creeping devouring endless void of oppression. The tendrils of violence coming up from the gutters of our lives. We feel it, we know it. But here we are, alive. I am so proud of the community we are building. I am thoroughly awe-inspired by the artists, writers, ponderings that have come out of the darkness. I hope these little morsels fuel you and inspire you to continue existing and pursuing life.

I am thankful for all those who support, who endure, who remain. This is a labor of love and we are thankful for reading and hosting events in honor of Blastbones. Let it move through you. Keep fighting, keep demanding, keep together.

This is all for you.

The howl of life rushes through you and I hope these spirits that exist in this volume keep you moving and give you the inspiration to submit to the next volume.

Until then, enjoy.

Claw of Punishment by Teo Perez Lara



Each time I remember,
corrosion occurs, I love this
melting, his name won't
contort me in my
nightmare, I will inflict
upon myself, not a man any
longer.

Grotesque is his gnawing, on floorboards, escaping my mind one
more time to terrorize my sleep. I loathe, but I am shameful in this.
I despise, a vacuous hate, I am told to quell. What is true of a
survivor, if they are not allowed to vengeance?

“Chains of Liberty” Poetry by Jemma Love

The clattering chains confine fascist minds, all speak to the beat, of only one kind of harm.

The world is dangerous! Or so I am told, by a young fellow, still learning the ropes of “Success”.

No hugs, no compassion, our empathy? We must ration. To trust is to die, more foreseeable than taxes.

It's strange to see, a young mind which embraces an idea that states if we embrace others, we will doom ourselves to a worse fate.

But these ideas are of no matter, the evidence as strong as “Flat Earth”. Emotional appeals of personal hurt, always surrendering to laughter, so one could escape the trap.

And so, I laugh. Not of the young mind, but for the ideas, still of only one kind that harms, empty selfish appeals, dancing in their heads. No other phrase can fill me with such dread that continuously links.

That is why I must laugh, my life is not one to dread. Freedom does much more than simply bringing home money, food, repeat, repeat.

Freedom is, as for you and for me, best practiced in lives which are free through liberty, not controlled through the shackles, clanging in your mental tombs, but by that which grew inside a mother's womb. You can call the ideas peace, justice, liberty, but no matter the name, it is what you do, not the idea nor its fame, that makes me look at you, America, and cry out, "Shame, shame, shame.”

“Ouroborean Sunmouth” Art by Zazie Kanwar-Torge



“Division of Labor” Poetry by Felix Colson

They put me on the carrots
That summer I got a job at the factory
Hiring fair labor shortage ICE raid
Reverse order
Don't think too hard about it
All you had to do was pass a piss test
And not talk back too much
Some people couldn't do it
But who am I to talk
I lasted an hour on the carrot belt
Before they moved me
The manager shaking his head like I
Was dumb
Not surprising, they all thought
We were dumb
Dumb to have a shitty job (all of us)
Dumb to be Mexican (most of us)
Dumb to be women (also most of us)
Dumb to be incarcerated (a few of us)
Too dumb (me)
To toss out the shitty carrots

And I was dumb, with nostalgia
Recalling the delight of grade school lunchtime
Finding carrots crossed like legs,

This one's got little hairs,
This one so long how did it even fit
Head and shoulders above the rest
Making the cut was simply making me smile
And so I cheesed at the carrots
In their unsorted glory
Dumb with naivety
Dumb in thinking
They all belonged (us).



“Heartbreak is a craving with no substance to satisfy it” Poetry

Nissi Odessa O. Mandanao

Neuroscience tells us that affection is an ignition that triggers chemical reactions to the brain that leads to the feeling of love itself—with pleasure developing into attachment and attachment into need. Scientists even call this network the “reward system” because it is through this feeling of pleasure that the brain reinforces one’s behavior. And this reward is something that one will inevitably crave.

The caveat—such craving does not notice reason, or timing, or consequence.

It does not care that your lover seems to forget their love for you every time they’re angry. It does not feel the ache in the footsteps that you take to the public terminal just so you can catch the last bus that would take you to their place. It does not see how you puke in the bathroom in the middle of the night. It does not hear how you plead for your life when you wake up in the morning.

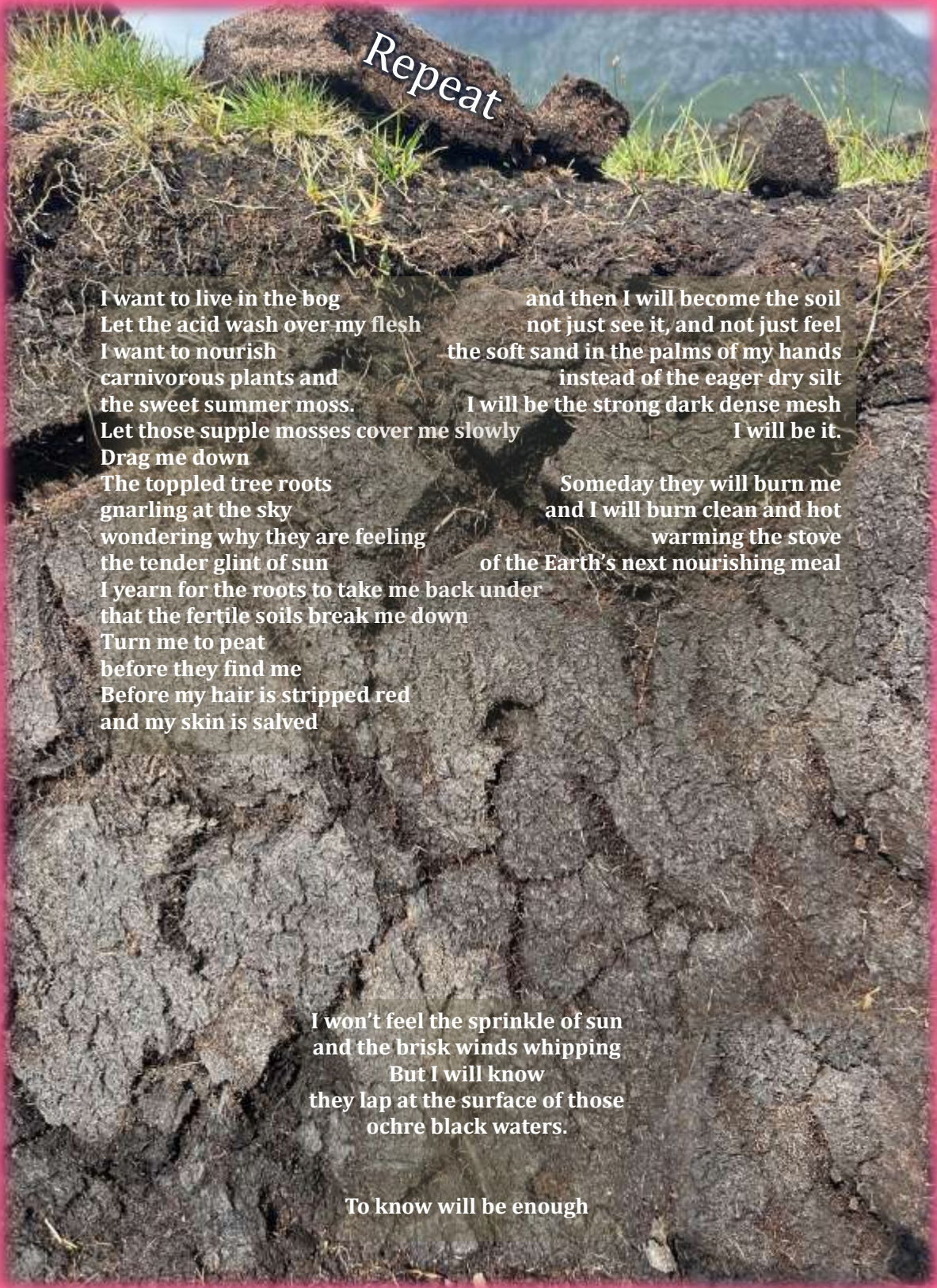
Love only knows how to light you up on one end, and suck you in the other. It draws you in, consumes you whole, and tosses you out when all you have left is your butt. It even steps on you to extinguish your flame.

Because in both the scientific and poetic sense, heartbreak is a craving with no substance to satisfy it with.

And with that, all I could do was flick my lighter and let it touch the end of my cigarette as I drew my inhale.



Love only knows how to light you up on one end, and suck you in the other. It draws you in, consumes you whole, and tosses you out when all you have left is your butt. It even steps on you to extinguish your flame.



Repeat

I want to live in the bog
Let the acid wash over my flesh
I want to nourish
carnivorous plants and
the sweet summer moss.

Let those supple mosses cover me slowly

Drag me down

The toppled tree roots
gnarling at the sky
wondering why they are feeling
the tender glint of sun

I yearn for the roots to take me back under
that the fertile soils break me down

Turn me to peat

before they find me

Before my hair is stripped red
and my skin is salved

and then I will become the soil
not just see it, and not just feel
the soft sand in the palms of my hands
instead of the eager dry silt

I will be the strong dark dense mesh
I will be it.

Someday they will burn me
and I will burn clean and hot
warming the stove
of the Earth's next nourishing meal

I won't feel the sprinkle of sun
and the brisk winds whipping
But I will know
they lap at the surface of those
ochre black waters.

To know will be enough

“Symbiosis” Art by Ani



“But Dad I Love Her” Art by Carolina Reynoso



“Dire Wolf” Poetry by sami h. tripp

Dire Wolf	
Conjuring the dead is not an absolution	We all have wanted
so	
desperately	to bring back a thing we lost
to return a thing we’ve stolen	to remake something we have unmade
We have learned to splice ghosts	into the flesh of our children
but have not yet made a world that they can survive	
where they don’t disappear	
in the first place	



“Untitled” Art by Alyssa Hernandez



“Let’s Go Back to Fucking” Poetry by John Perez

How sweet

Are these fleeting moments

Of us bursting ourselves

For each other to see

The visceral spring-loaded confetti of... *expression*?

We keep held-in most of the time

We stand bare, our bodies aching

For these fleeting moments that we now dream of in our adulthood

Contrary to the grandeur we dreamt of as kids

Making shapes out of our naked organs

Hoping that in pieces we find meaning

Then we do it

Over

And over

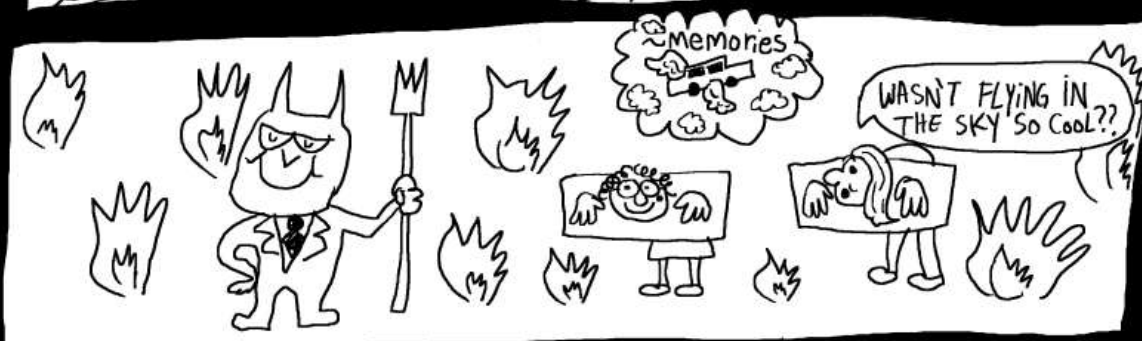
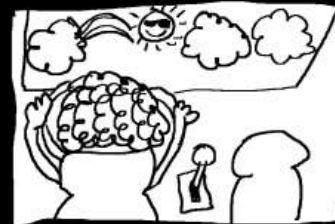
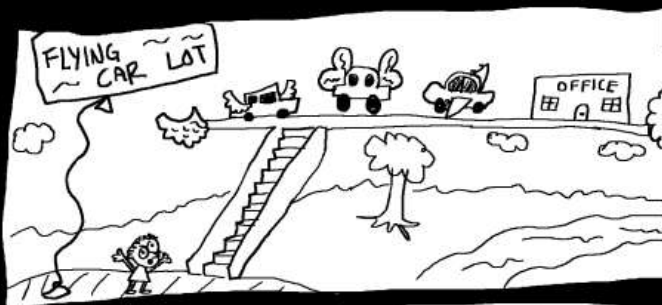
Again

“Puckered” Art by Ulysses Fruguglietti



A Comic by Gosh Darlin

UPWARD MOBILITY @goshdarlin



“The Convergence” Poetry by Rhiannon Cielos Chavez

I’m listening to a YouTube video of a lady with a Spanish accent reading Federico García Lorca’s Ode to Walt Whitman while I trim my pubes. I’m doing this because Tuesday is the day I’m going to suck your cock, meaning, very likely, that Tuesday is the day you’re going to finger me. I’ve never cut my pubes for anyone before; I am fond of the “full bush,” but you will be the first person to see my micro penis post-testosterone, and it is, in fact, so micro that if I do not whack my bush, you will not see it. / The lady with a Spanish accent reading Federico García Lorca’s Ode to Walt Whitman says the word “faggot” about 13 times. “Urban faggot,” and something about Walt’s sexy body, and I can’t help but think of you and I as Lorca and Whitman, about to converge 130 & 90 years later. The convergence will happen on a twin-sized mattress in a small, square room in the San Fernando Valley. I will probably call you a faggot 24 times and play it off as a reference to your favorite poet. / I’m not sure what Lorca loved but I know Whitman loved the land, America, Lincoln. I love these things as well. Here are some other ways we are like Lorca and Whitman: You can speak Spanish, I can not. / The bathroom floor is fuzzy, and Tuesday can not come sooner.



Poetry by Elliot Puget

If This Is Love, I've Made A Terrible Mistake

I fought one boy with my hand tied	Even if the whole world cries 'Shame!'
I flowed with tender and trustful affection	we are not necessarily bound to feel
<i>In certain situations it's better to be</i>	ashamed.
<i>conquered</i>	I became surer than ever before
<i>than conqueror, more Prometheus than</i>	I revealed the individual stripped bare
<i>Jupiter.</i>	unvarnished, frightening and obscene
After this date the artist's frenzy affects	in its nudity.
all I undertake	It was absolute expressive power
I was no longer anxious for	and its spiritual significance.
advice and approval.	brutal, terrifying. I
I knew what I was doing	sacrificed myself, submitted willingly to
and what I was capable of doing.	the discipline imposed.
<i>I feel a strength within me that I must</i>	
<i>develop</i>	
<i>a fire I can't put out.</i>	

“Bootleg Chicano Mindsets” Poetry by Benni Quintero

0 no soy de Rancho

The instigated rot of homogeneity,

the Frida Caldo of Mexican cultures in my 1st and a half gen Mexican American mind
notices in adulthood that my dad does not dress like his friends.

His friends at parties sport pointy snake skin boots

proper cowboy hats made from cow hide

the most pristine blue jeans

and a big shiny belt buckle always sits centered on their artfully textured brown leather
belts.

My dad wears a crisply ironed guayabera, black leather boots, and a matching plain
black leather belt holds up his cleanest jeans.

The problem is, when I ask my dad why he doesn't wear cowboy hats, I'm actually
asking him,

Why don't you dress Mexican like the other Mexicans?

When he says

Pues porque no soy de rancho.

He calls me ask

What is and is not mine?

What is lineage and what is someone else's story a stranger claims I might have ties to?

“Where the Characters Are” An Essay by Evie Groch

What possessed me to attend this tiny writing class for seniors in my little city by the bay in northern California? Better yet, what made me return for my third visit?

Today, as class was about to start, Renee, the lovely lady with the shock of rich white hair, walked in decked out in her special Christmas sweater. She had brought with her a Christmas teddy bear that sang when she wound it up. She beamed with pride as she turned it on. Bill, the older gentleman seated next to her, leaned in to hear what it was saying. He couldn't make it out and had to ask Renee to repeat the words in a loud voice. She started to, but soon gave up. Bill retreated back into himself.

Mildred, our teacher, started the session having me read the piece I wrote last week. I had written about children and holidays, the gifts I selected with great care for my grandkids, and the special meals I would be serving. These were all wrapped up in the new and old traditions we were sharing. Mildred actually seemed to like this piece. She didn't race to point out any grammatical issues or punctuation questions. Renee loved it. She said, “This is what Christmas is all about.” Without being able to stop myself, I volunteered, “It's actually Hanukkah.” Bill and George never have anything to add or say, unless it's about their own work, or if absolutely forced to speak.

Bill read his piece about his memory of an aunt who blew in his ear and sexually aroused him when he was a child. His writings all seem to lead to something sexual. When he finished, Renee said, “That is what Christmas is all about.” “Uh oh,” I thought. She can't mean that.” “Renee,” Mildred asked, “Have you gone back to the first piece Evie read? About Hanukkah? We're on the second piece now.” “Oh,” exclaimed Renee who didn't look the least bit embarrassed.

Phyllis read her tiny piece about shopping, how she hated it, but found it necessary. It's challenging to get her to give details and descriptions, but Mildred keeps trying.

George read his few paragraphs on still being alive and well. He is 95-years old and proud of it. Each of his pieces now sounds like all the others he writes. He recounts his time growing up in an orphanage, talks about his jobs, and confirms his love of life and writing. It was interesting the first time I heard him read it, but by now I could have told you what was going to be in it. Perhaps he saved it from last time and handed it in again.

Mildred shared her poem. Each week when we write, she creates a poem. I enjoy all of them immensely. They have inspired me to emulate her style. I asked her to share with us her thought process as she puts the words and phrases together, but she cannot explain what's intuitive for her.

We were then invited to share what we had written during the week. Renee pulled out a short piece on *Things* and proceeded to read it aloud. The word *Things* had intrigued her, and she had written two pages about it. When she finished reading it, Bill surprised all of us and said he liked it. Renee almost couldn't catch her breath. She wanted to go around the table and have each of us define *things*, her special word. "What a monumental waste of time that would be," I thought to myself. "Please, Mildred," I prayed, "Don't do it!"

Mildred went right into critique mode, pointing out wording Renee could improve. It was hard for Renee to follow, but she made an attempt. I was waiting for an opening so I could point out several things as well. The opening didn't come. Mildred raced on to the next paragraph, when I interrupted and said, "May I make a comment on the paragraph we just left?" There was a pause until Mildred finally said, "Yes." I had noticed that Renee had placed a comma and a period outside of quotation marks she had used. "They belong inside," I reminded her. Eventually Mildred agreed with me. Bill spoke again, and said, "I never knew that." Renee had written the sentence: They were photos of Bob and I when were young and beautiful. I pointed out that "I" should be changed to "me" since it was the object of a preposition. Renee looked very uncomfortable, but Mildred looked even more ill at ease. No one spoke.

Finally, Renee said, "No! I won't change it. It sounds better my way."

Mildred spoke at last, saying, "Renee, it's incorrect to leave it the way you have it. It needs to be "me."

"No, it doesn't!" she reiterated. "I wrote it. I'm the author. I want to leave it the way it is." Mildred and I shared a look and decided to leave this alone.

I had written two short poems, one on clutter and the other on painting. These were my attempts to try out Mildred's style. I passed out copies of both and read the clutter poem aloud. Mildred was in her element as she made suggestions, some of them rather insightful. I appreciated her feedback. Out of the blue, Bill, who often sleeps through oral readings, spoke up and said to me directly, "I feel let down by your last line." I stared at him, not uttering a word. Finally, he continued, "It's clichéd. You need something more arresting." I had no comment for him. He had made the critique so stinging and personal.

I read aloud my second poem. Mildred loved it openly. No one else had anything to add.

Why do I keep coming? Where else could I get a cast of characters so authentic? It makes sense to use this writing group as the great resource it is. It serves me well.

-



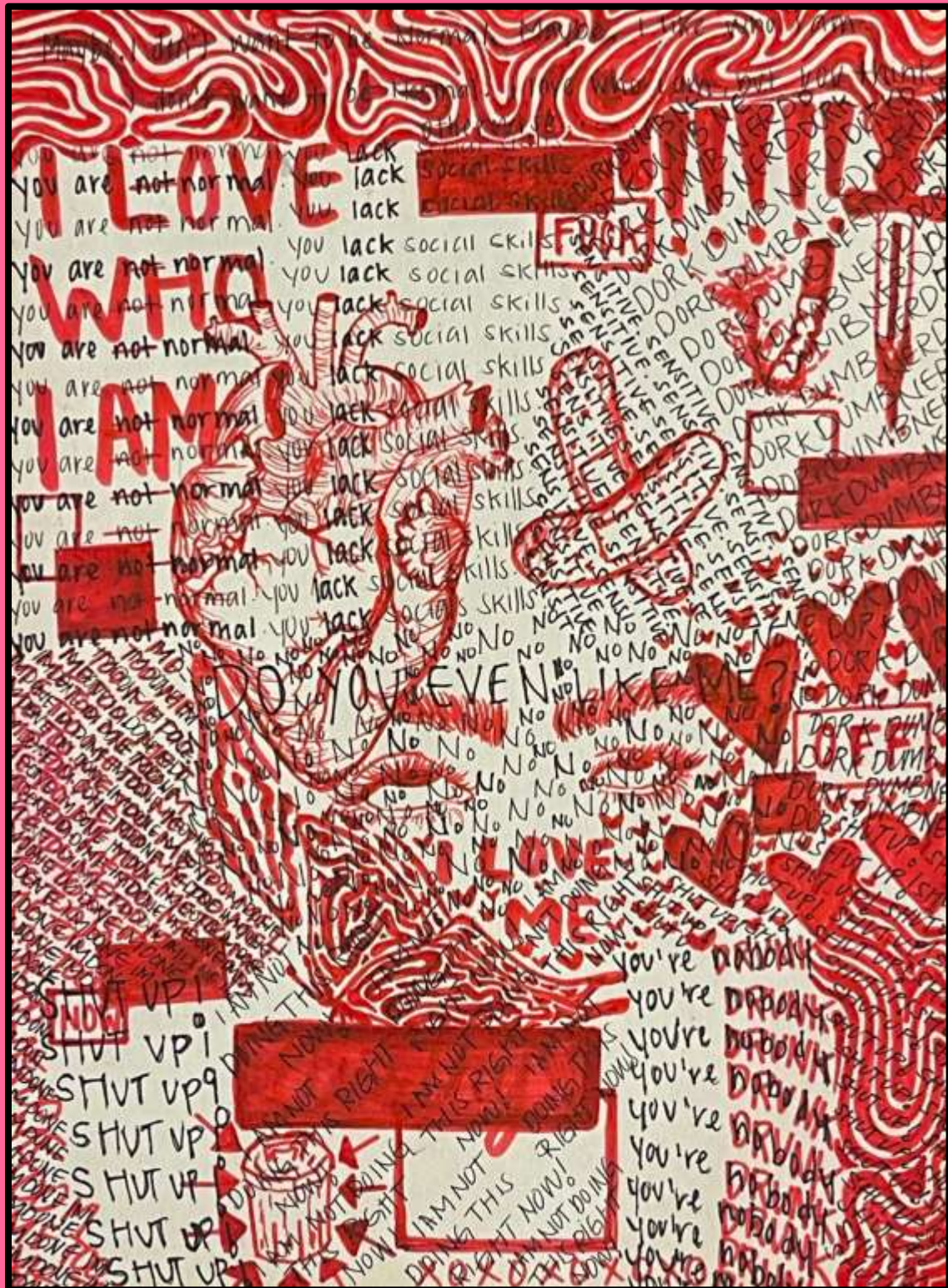
“Two Persimmons” Art by Okitani Koji



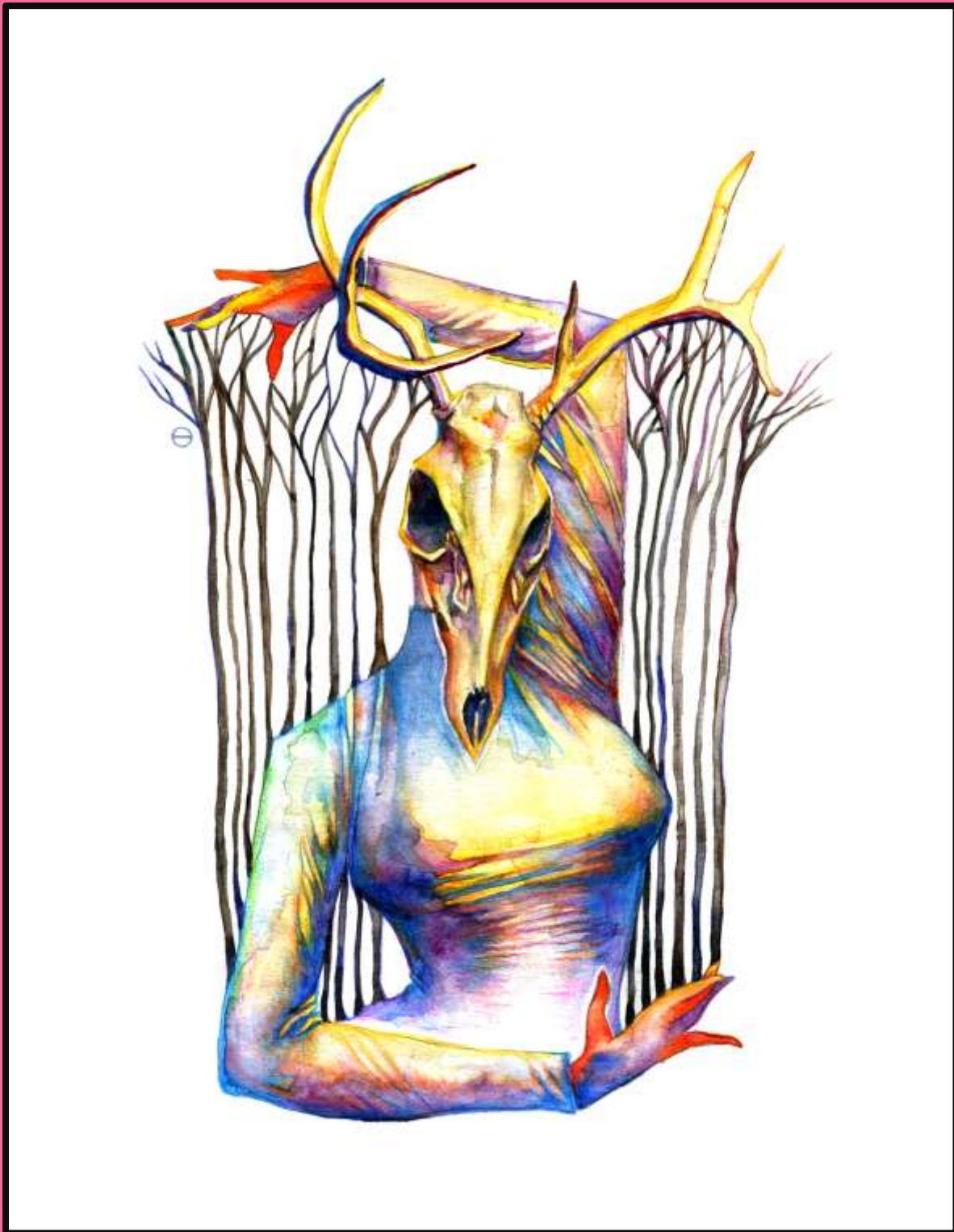
Take a piece of me.
Take a piece of me.
A piece of me, take.
Take me.
Take.

TAFM

“Healing Drunken Words” Art by Sabrina Garza



“Skulldance” by Thalia Patrinos



Poetry by Jacqueline Sevieux

I am from...

I am from popcorn ceilings
From Jack Daniels and Frosted Flakes

I am from the burning apartment on the second floor
From an orangey red cramped chaos

I am from rosemary bushes permeated with eucalyptus
From a spoonful of black-eyed peas for luck

I am supposedly from:

Doc
Henry Etta
Stephanie Yvonne
Jackson Jean-Emmanuel
La Petite Femme

I am obviously from unbridled rage and conditional love
From tiptoeing on scattered emotional eggshells

I am from Southern Baptist, agnosticism, and stoicism
From chicken n dumplings and peach cobbler

I am from the arms of a mother, a father, to a stranger's
hold
From neglected cribs to backrooms with TVs in the trees

I am from freckles that multiply with age
From Fresno, Tishomingo by way of Lake Pennington,
Bakersfield

I am made from 1326 Chester Place
Made from the blood of the survivors

“LA LLORONA EXPERIENCES APOCALYPSE ANXIETY AT THE SITE OF 40,000 NEW OIL WELLS” Poetry by Shelby Pinkham

I fit mi triste in
drink it down

– Every knife dulled or
enchanted

a highball glass,
in one aching gulp –

shattered
on
organ.

November arrives
icy
too much above me –
to bottom – I can’t

too late
water weighs
So many stranger
ghosts sink

float
my way

out

for several days.

If you die
you stay

hungry,
hungry.

I measure
old wishes,

distance
between
those randomly

interspaced whispers.

to doors
and

press my

windows

they’re
coming

ears

trying to find

where

from.

whole years of I forgive
unhappiness.

relief
and
ache.

I am still rotting
fruit,
nothing more — I see
spirits,
only when
they too
are weeping.



“Hehe” Art by Jordynn Espinoza



A MENAGERIE OF MICRO-REVIEWS

Spellbinding poetry re-shaping the world from an eye that dazzles the page. Transness is always seen as dangerous but this is power, read this divinity.



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Rewrite your relationship with humanity and nature. Connect your body to fullness, how it has to be endless, Drake's lyricism demands you, be open.



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This short story collection dazzles with foxes, with revenge, with what it means to be feminine in a world who demands you to stifle it. Read as power find its way through.



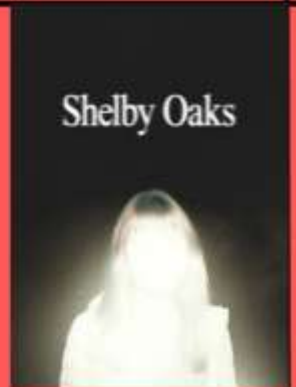
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Quiet, reserved love that breaks through in the Scottish countryside. Watch these men break through their insecurities and fall in love. One of the best indie queer movies of all time.



You can rent / buy on Amazon Prime / Netflix / Pluto TV.

Told in found-footage and then POV, this horror movie showcases endless suspense and mood until its raw, bloody ending. Follow the main character as she searches for her lost sister.



You can rent / buy / watch on Shudder, Amazon Prime, Netflix, Pluto TV.

A Word From Beyond / From Our Sponsors

Alex Acord would like to say: “This quote is from one of my favorite books “the secret garden”, which is mostly about making small steps toward something every day (e.g. building and tending a garden in that case) and then finding in the end that your goal has crept up to you and become very attainable over time; An essence that I function and survive by.”

“At first people refuse to believe that a strange new thing can be done, then they begin to hope it can be done, then they see it can be done--then it is done and all the world wonders why it was not done centuries ago.”

— Frances Hodgson Burnett

“Who’s a Good Boy” Art by Sarah Theresa Lee



“Blood-Letting”

Elizabeth Bathory fears what I fear, could call it chaos, could call it mania, could just see how those women were accessible, tortured, hungering.

They wanted youth, taught so young, youth was the pinnacle.

What is a femme without an antagonistic masculinity

bring me to the altar, hang me up like October, Abigail, Lorna

I'll flail, I'll flit, drip into the marble bath you set.

Once a sacrifice, always a reminder, do not avenge or entice a scorned entity.

All the men in the world devise power from a terrified feminine

what if I flipped A Man upside down, feet first, swinging

across my room, cannot evade love, then, so what if

we immersed ourselves in decadence

implore me toward a just past as it would dictate. Ha! set A Man free?

Men

Do

Not

Deserve

Swift

Kind

Retreat.

You will

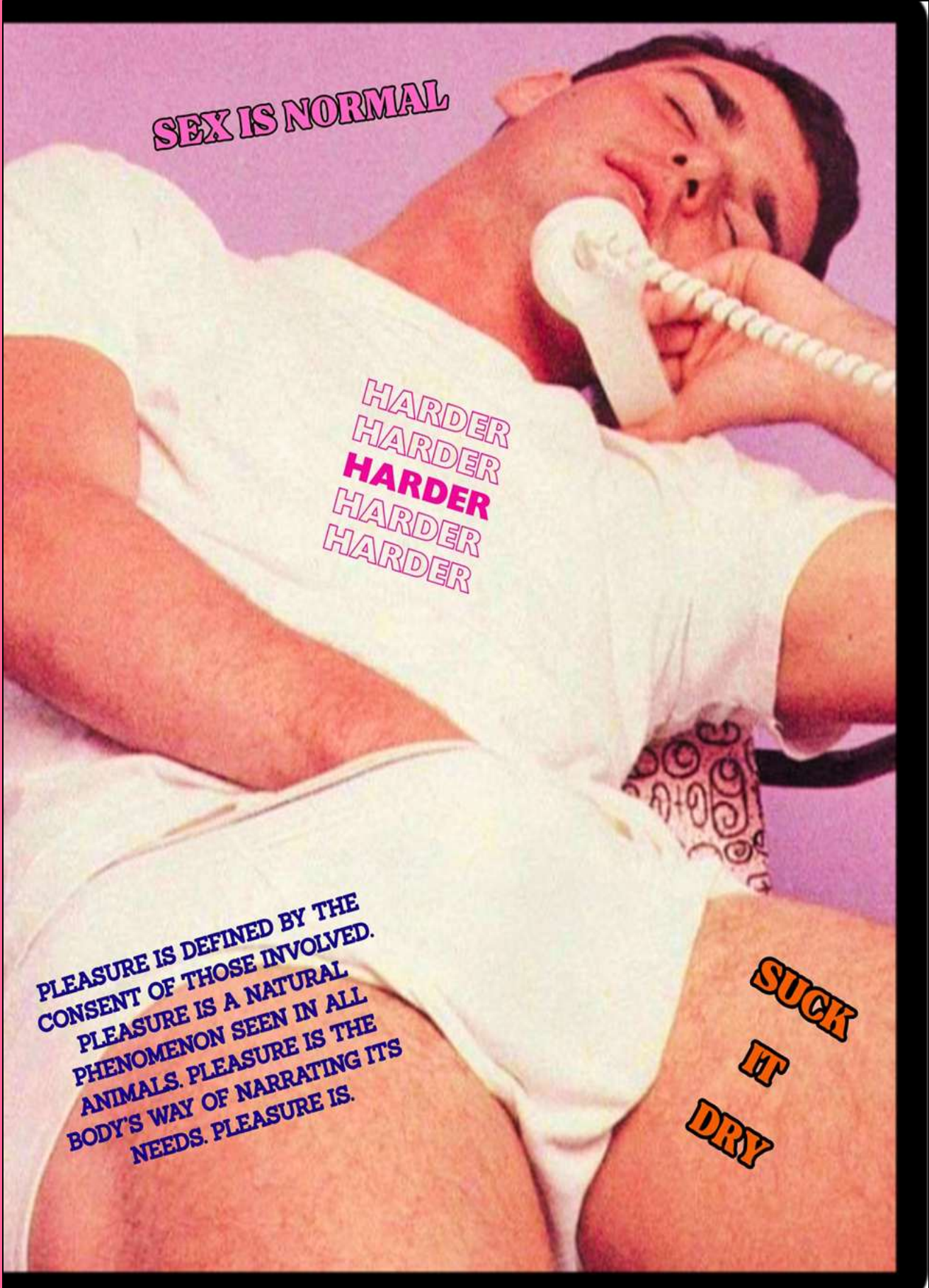
Suffer

As

We

Do.



A photograph of a man with dark hair lying on his back, wearing a white t-shirt. He has a white vibrator in his mouth and is holding the coiled cord with his right hand. The background is a solid light purple color. Several text overlays are present on the image.

SEX IS NORMAL

**HARDER
HARDER
HARDER
HARDER
HARDER**

**PLEASURE IS DEFINED BY THE
CONSENT OF THOSE INVOLVED.
PLEASURE IS A NATURAL
PHENOMENON SEEN IN ALL
ANIMALS. PLEASURE IS THE
BODY'S WAY OF NARRATING ITS
NEEDS. PLEASURE IS.**

**SUCK
IT
DRY**



Don't wait for love. Don't exist in
the fray. Find desire. Punish your
sadness.

Thank you to the art of all our intersecting communities. Art used in collages and back / front cover includes:

Jan Kuhlemeier, Shift XXI, 2025

Par Medusart. (Photoshop + tablette), 2016

Jimmy Desana, Aluminum Foil #4, Self-Portrait, 1985, Vintage Cibachrome print

Ryan Coit Photography, Suck My Bible Dry, 2015

Daniel Marcellus Givens, Embrace 3, Pen, Prismacolor & paint marker, 2015

Ken Haak, “Summer Souvenirs”, 1984.

Godmachine, Dark Fantasy, 2015

Alex Stoddard, “Bathe in the river of the damned and wash away your guilt”, 2022

OBITS

Mateo Perez Lara (they/them/theirs) is a queer, non-binary, Latinx poet from California. They are the editor and creator of Blastbones Zine. They have a pamphlet titled Glitter Gods, showcased with Thirty West Publishing House. They have an MFA in Poetry from Randolph College. They run Blastbones Events in Bakersfield, California. They are a Tin House Summer 2024 Residency recipient. Their work has been published in The Maine Review, The Acentos Review, The Normal School, and elsewhere. Their favorite movie is “I Still Know What You Did Last Summer”.

Jemma Love is a trans artist, physicist, and educator who finds deep joy in learning and making. Focused on collaborative works in community-centered spaces, their work blends technical curiosity with creative exploration. They enjoy pushing toward new and futuristic horizons of shared possibility. On all socials as CodeJems.

Zazie Kanwar-Torge (he / him / his) is professionally known as Zazie Productions, a multidisciplinary outsider artist working across sound design, visual surrealism, avant-garde music, and conceptual media.

Felix Colson (he/him/his) enjoys the color periwinkle, watching dusk settle and making jokes in the cousin group chat. His favorite movie is The Suicide Squad (2021).

Nissi Odessa O. Mandanao (she/her/they/them) is a budding author in Mindanao, Philippines. She is yet to be a cinephile, but their favorite movie is "Everything Everywhere All at Once."

Alex Acord (She/Her) is a Latina Bakersfield local. Field chemist by day, busy collecting hobbies by night. She enjoys several pastimes which currently actively include: boxing, fermentation, crocheting, singing in a choir, and of course, writing poetry as inspiration strikes her. Her idle pastimes include: just hanging around, yearning, being a buffer, and dilly-dallying. Her favorite movie is Princess Mononoke

Ani (she / her / hers) is an artist from Watsonville, CA residing in San Jose. She uses magazines and vintage photos to create cut and paste collages. She finds inspiration from redwood forests, mushrooms, and other resilient acts of nature :-). Her favorite movie is *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*

Carolina Reynoso (she / her / they / them) is a gay Latina poet, artist, activist. She helps those on the Autism Spectrum for a living. Carolina writes as a way to make sense of the complexity that is existing as a human being on this planet. You can find them on Instagram: @soycaro_lol.

sami h. tripp (they/them) is a poet and librarian (among other things) living, creating, and communing with the land in Central California. Their poems have homes in *Bramble Lit Mag*, *Blue Heron Review*, *Saints and Sinners Festival 2023 Poetry Anthology*, & *Huizache*. A hyphenate who is constantly in awe of the ways science and magic braid together, they write towards reconnection with ancestors past and present. Their favorite movie is 1999's *The Mummy*.

Alyssa Hernandez (she / her / hers) born and raised in Phoenix, Arizona, is an online art teacher serving middle and high school students with Autism. She is also a part-time ceramics student with an affinity for collage and mixed-media visual art.

John Perez (he / him / his) is a recent graduate of San Jose State University. Between the pandemics, mental health crises(es), and sex-drugs-and-partying, he barely achieved a bachelor's in creative writing with teeth and knuckles bloodied. While struggling throughout college, he was often found in open mics holding on to poetry like a lover. He is particularly interested in queer and Asian narratives and is a huge fan Ocean Vuong.

Ulysses Fruguglietti (they/them) is a local poet and artist in Bakersfield California. They are inspirationally existing through silly sketches and writing poetry. They were the featured poet for Kern Poetry at Dagny's Coffee and featured for Blastbones Events. They are currently working on their first book. Find them for now on Instagram: @relent_lyss.

Gosh Darlin (she / her / they / them) is an associate of arts alumni from Bakersfield College and multidisciplinary hobbyist who likes to draw and sing sometimes after working in an electronic factory most days of the week. She believes that Pachamama 2018 is a great film.

Rhiannon Cielos Chavez (he / him / they / them) is a trans-masculine whitewashed Mexican from Los Angeles, California. He received a BFA in Creative Writing from Southern Oregon University, where he read his debut chapbook, *Beer Hunter* (Armadillo Pussy Press), at the 2023 Oregon Fringe Festival. Their work has been published in the chapbook anthology *One Poem Festival: An Anthology Celebrating 20 Years of Letras Latinas 2004-2024*, as well as in Jefferson Journal, Drifter Zine, Mobile Data Mag, Main Squeeze, zines & things, and more. Rhiannon is the Development and Operations Assistant at Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center. Their favorite movie is Mid90s.

Elliott Puget (he / she / they) is a transsexual artist, writer, and fetishist. The words from his poetry are cut out of books and magazines, then reordered and glued into small zines. She is currently pursuing her master's degree in library and information science with the goal of working in a public library. They volunteer at a nonprofit for sexual diversity and education in North Hollywood as their librarian. Their favorite movies are Whiplash (2014) and Black Swan (2010).

Bennie Quintero (they / them) is a multi-media artist and writer from Watts, Los Angeles. Their favorite movie is I Saw the TV Glow.

Evie Groch (she / her / hers) is the Ed.D., Ina Coolbrith Circle president. She enjoys writing poetry, short stories, memoirs, humor, and opinion pieces. Her work appears in the New York Times, The San Francisco Chronicle, The Contra Costa Times, and online venues. Many of her poems are found in published anthologies such as: *Soul Poet Society – Quintessence Anthology*, *My Robot & Me Anthology*, and *My Father Taught Me Anthology*, and *Touching, Poems of Love Anthology*. She lives in El Cerrito, CA and engages in the themes of travel, language, immigration, and justice. She is the author of *What Do You Bring to the Table?*, *Half the Hurricanes*, and soon to be released *The Other Shoe*. Her favorite movie is 2001: A Space Odyssey.

Sabrina Garza (she / her / hers) is a Hispanic, bisexual multifaceted artist. She has earned her Associate of Arts in Art and Studio Arts, and she hopes to continue pursuing her dreams in the creative world. For Sabrina, art is more than a passion, it's a lifeline. Creating allows her to express emotions that words often fail to capture. In moments of emotional intensity or struggle, art provides her with healing, clarity, and purpose. It is through her work that she finds balance, beauty, and a deeper connection to herself and others. Her favorite movie is *My Girl*.

Thalia Patrinos (she / her / hers) also known as Tippy Ki Yay loves to bake recipes found on gravestones and write stories that no one reads. Her work has appeared in *Wingless Dreamer*, *Human Parts*, and *Grim & Gilded*. She is the creator of the Spacecraft Tarot. Her favorite movie is Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining*.

Jacqueline Sevieux (she / her / hers) is a Central Valley-based creative. As a first-generation Black Haitian/American, her roots go deeper than what meets the eye. Sevieux is inspired by the dark and mystical nature of our reality. By blending surrealist and Americana elements, she creates a tone throughout her work that is quintessentially Sevieuxian.

Shelby Pinkham (they / them / theirs) is a non-binary bipolar cancer survivor. They have received fellowship from Lighthouse Writers Workshop, Brooklyn Poets, Lambda Literary, and CantoMundo. Their work can be found in Honey Literary, ctrl + V, The Offing, and elsewhere. They teach at Clovis Community College, and they are currently working on their single-subject teaching credential.

Jordynn Espinoza (she / her / hers) is an up-and-coming artist from Bakersfield, California. She enjoys anime, video games, and multi-media art.



**THE END...
for now**

