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pathos



LITERARY MAGAZINE
SPRING • 2020

SPRING TERM
2019 - 2020

Dearest Reader,

This year has been one of the most difficult for Pathos Literary Magazine. Between the obvious hardships brought on by the pandemic and a major shift in positions, we've been struggling to find our sea legs. In spite of the circumstances, the authors and artists featured in this issue have gone above and beyond in producing dynamic and meaningful pieces of literature and artwork. I hope you can take a break from the havoc and settle in.

Special thanks to our graduated staff: Sadie Jordan, Harrison Gerard, and Moxxy Rogers for being such an amazing team and working to make Pathos the publication it is today. We hope to make you proud!

Your patience and continuous support is invaluable for our publication. We are forever grateful to not only the authors and artists who have so bravely submitted their work, but also you, reader. Thank you for faring these treacherous waters as we navigate our way through the storm.

Please enjoy and stay safe out there,



Claire Miller
Creative Director
Interim Editor-in-Chief

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Creative Director
Interim Editor-in-Chief

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FRONT COVER:

THE 24 HOUR GRIND

ANNIE COUCH

BACK COVER:

UNTITLED

MISSI JARRAR

THE SAME PART OF THE CITY

A. Stircu

In the dawn, peonies look like emerald
Marbles, barely bulging although
Yesterday they were tightly bound.

On the corner, the Neighborhood
Watch sign has left a rectangular
Tattoo, the tattered pole protrudes into
A cloud-sodden sky dripping particles.

The vacant car across the street
Has seven letters opened and
Discarded on the dashboard. The man
Whose fingers crept between seal and
Envelope always slumbers in the
Backseat in the afternoons — evenings
He rumbles to places I do not know,
Places he does not know.

My neighbor, with her dimpled smile
Leaves her blinds crookedly drawn.
They account for the certainty that only
Exists within the rosebud of the bush
Too overgrown, too overworn.

When I walk along the street,
My mother grips me like the
Handle in the shower — installed
For the people she was paid to
Shower. We metabolize the
Scent of the same lilac bush, of the
Neighborhood we know, but it
Lingers differently.

It consumes us separately,
Because she is not I, and I am not
Her, although this house
And this street has built us both.
She mentions something about

Returning in the dark when the peonies

Have budded, just to place a
 Few in the vase in the house where
 There are too many things on the table
 To see your food — I remind her, flowers
 Die when they are cut, and although
 They appear to survive off water,
 They're healthier on the bush.

Her eyes trail the horizon cut out by buildings
 Subsidized and designed to cram
 People where there are no gardens, no
 Lawns, no peonies, no lilacs.

It's the start of spring on SE Stark.

R POEM

Justin Grinnell

long night car ride
 song's radio vibrations
 melting audio sensations
 bass on my heartbeat

crested furrows across
 pursed lips preemptive
 tension on scarlet
 no man's land

wrinkled war her
 barbed wire brow
 fortifies eyes
 shoots to kill

red lips smack
 disgusted retort
 black waves dam breaks
 sedimentary distort

words burrow
 in my core detonation
 sharp pinpoint expansion
 sundering relation

faster than tears can run



The 24 Hour Grind

Annie Couch
Acrylic

IMPOSTERS*Jamie Hammon*

Each an imposter
we lean into the wind
unloading from the bus,

we throw up our hoods, scatter
show ourselves to be jaywalkers and waiters
or hesitators
some of us hungry
some of us already needing a drink
some of us ashamed of where we slept
or for how long
or with whom.

And some of us —
indifferent.
We let the day spill over us like rain,
uneasy at worst
tolerant of it all

I'm doing well but
it's such a long show

PORTLAND GENERAL ECCENTRIC

Annie Couch

So for twenty four years the city sat there like a miracle
Strumming and singing
It just hung here
Like a question
Thrumming and throbbing
Like a baby frog at a tuba concert

Transatlantic communication,
Gaslit stoves,
The invention of spray-paint.
Braziers.

Ideas I've never had just made this city work
Just ticking away, tick tick tick
Always someone to wind it up again

Light rails,
Telephones,
Nike,
Cancer research,
Experiments.

So here I am, important as a stranger
On a pink Huffy bicycle with a baggy of cashews in my pocket

Coming along and seeing it for the first time
And thinking, "Huh-uh. Nobody's loved this place like I have."

I'M FROM

Edesa Allahverdi

“I’m From”

I’m from Iran

Where I napped in my stroller with a stray cat.

Where I traveled from lap to lap bouncing on knees.

I’m from Pakistan

Where disposable camera flashes stained my vision.

Where my scalp was haunted by pigtails.

Where “Edesa echelah” sent my mother into a panic.

I’m from Chicago

Where I built umbrella forts with my best friend.

Where flooded soccer fields mimicked Monet.

Where I painted my plate with khorosh.

Where believing I could fly gave me stitches on my chin.

Where my eyes turned red staying up to watch *Samurai Jack*.

I’m from California

Where wildfires were artists and the sky was their canvas.

Where I felt like a headless chicken turning sixteen.

Where I folded myself into a paper airplane and let the wind do the rest.

Where I dug holes in the sand searching for mirrors.

Where I learned people are temporary tattoos.

CREEK TRAIL MESSAGE

Dana Lopez

A motherless child

needs this earth more than some, even though
unconditional has her conditions

Showing us her limits and righteous power
all of us equal in potential for destruction, but to choose love is

radical when you are full

Rusted screws and shards of broken bottles —
demolition is not how you might refer to your work

but I do mine

Divorced from mining diamonds or oil

I am looking for our soft dark dirt

clear cerulean waters and patchwork green ceilings

If it is true that we contain all of our generations
I can only be mother to this one

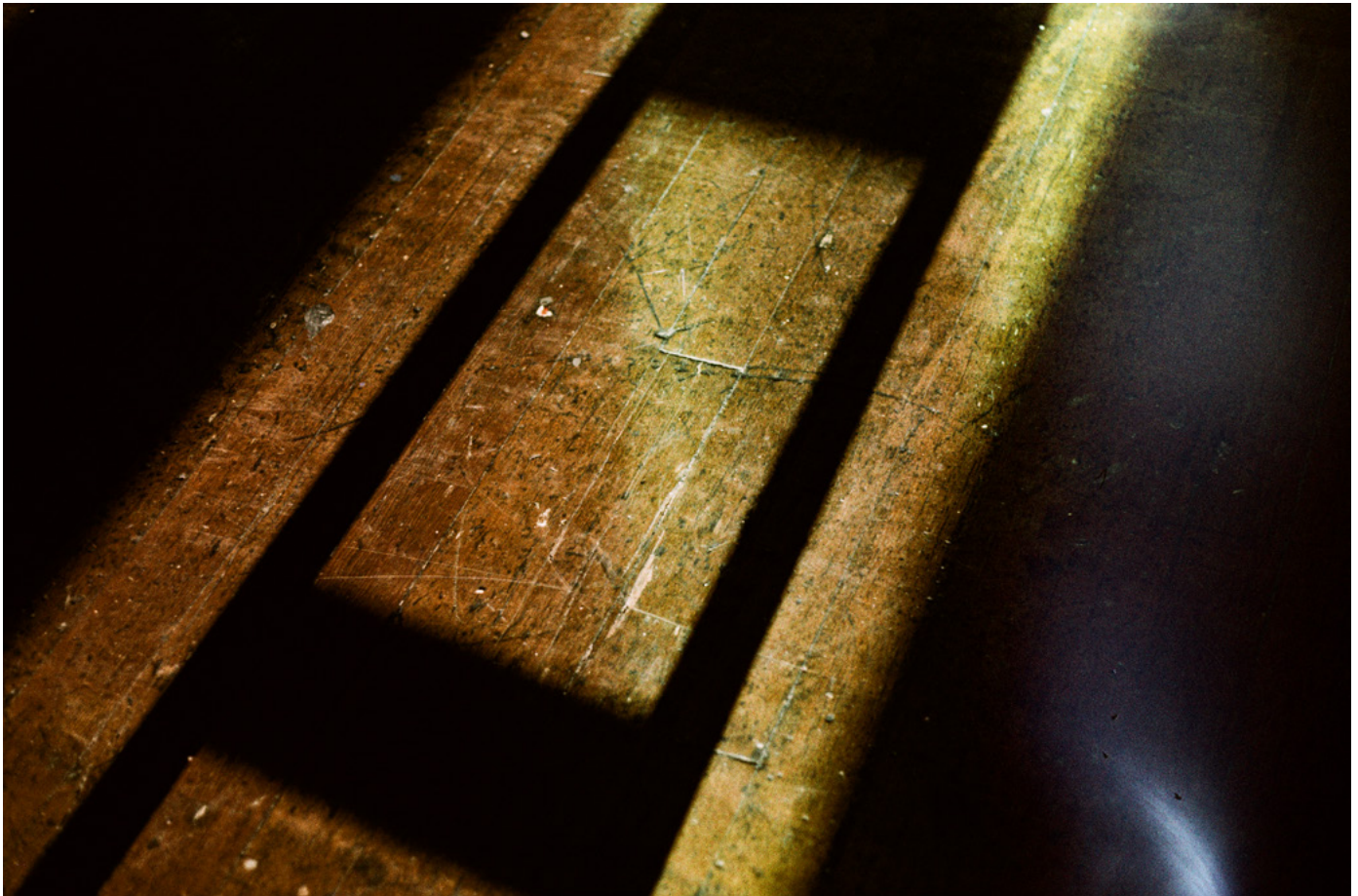
all of our mothers knew things

Let us act instinctively where they did not



Reaching For Spring

Hailey Brink
Mixed Media



Where Light Reaches Further

Bryerly Kurk-Lafontaine
Photography

IN THE SHADOWS*Emma Crowe*

Terror courses through my veins while I walk in the pitch-black void of night

Every sound is attached to a possible predator
Every person I see is out to do nefarious things

Standing in the presence of shadows is not any safer

I've been waiting at my stop for what feels like a lifetime
I feel the beady eyes of a stranger
Staring me down from across the deserted street

I pray for the two blades of yellow-tinted light to shine my way
To save me from my darkened perch

The beady eyes turn cold as steel
As they inch ever closer to my person

At the last conceivable second,
The blades of light save me from impending ruination as they head in my direction
And settle in place in front of me
I hurry to my seat
And the blades of light speed away from the shadows

A SONG FOR NEW ORLEANS

Maya Richard-Craven

Each street is covered in mud,
stray dogs search for their owners' bodies.
They toss and tumble through the wreckage
like dendrites, millions
of branched extensions pile in the streets.
A nightmare from hell. Blue gray
bits of flesh become one with murky water.
The population size diminishes down
to the size of a single axon,
the stadium its terminal.
Black arms above rooftops, seeking a signal,
a recognizable sound, of no one is coming,
capillaries at fingertips lose their color.
When the waiting sleep, it is in waiting.
When given refuge, it is in waiting.
Children make finger guns amongst
each other, emulate officers
in black and blue who refuse
to come and get them.
Like cell walls,
New Orleans is permeable.
Cell walls protect
organelles of the cell
but sometimes water gets through
and when it does the ark is flooded
and the animals run loose
or fields are flooded and
people start to drown,
having waited on rooftops
black arms raising in the air
waiting for someone, anyone,
to come and stop by
so the children keep playing
making finger guns but
the men in black and blue
the men with guns and power
they don't come
so the blood continues to run.

HOME*Emma Crowe*

There's a beehive hanging from my uvula.
There's a spider spinning webs between my skull and brain tissue.
There's poison ivy cooking around my intestines.
There's a chandelier of cocoons cemented to my ribs.
There's red ants convening under my tongue.
There's weeds emerging from the disks in my spine.

There's a whole ecosystem spreading across my
surface — foliage replacing follicles.

There's no need to put up a fight.
The seeds were there before I was.
At least what was once flesh is now

home.

THE DEAD ARE LAUGHING AT US

Jamie Hammon

This is the room of excitement and terror and sleep. Here is where you first tasted the violets and licked the honey spoon. In this room, the wallpaper wolves carry pomegranate hearts in their bloody jowls and a thousand tiny gold pyramids hang from the ceiling.

This is the room where your heartbeat writes Psalms.

In this room, it is always night, but you light it with candles and moonbeams. The walls of this room are lined with jars of pickled oaths. The floorboards are made of wine barrels from ancient Greece, and under the rug, there is a trapdoor to the virgin diamond mine. You sit cross-legged in this room and ash your pencil into a Moroccan soap dish while blowing kisses to the messiah.

This is the room where the clock whistles the nightingale song.

This is the room where the woodpecker crashed into the window. Here, you nursed him back to health. This is the room where you burned the letters and wrote the eulogy. In this room, you are disgusted by the lugubrious games of your dreams, so you fold them into origami cranes.

This is the room where you drew the Tower card and screamed.

Don't be fooled by this room. The incense burned here smells like the inside of the pine toy chest where you often hid as a child. In the closet, the grotesque red mask dances in darkness as an ode to your first nightmare. In this room, you gnash your teeth and shriek at the mirror, then cover it with the purple velvet veil.

This is the room where you made the promise.

This room isn't what it seems. This is the room
where the ape ate the mushroom. Your money has no
value here, but a sonnet buys you a loaf and a fish.
This is the room where you painted God on the back
of a pizza box. Your orgasmic laughter echoes in this
room like a carillon.

This is the room where you received the
transmission.

In this room, there is an abalone mantelpiece,
where you keep the lavender urn filled with your
grandmother's ashes. The fireplace is stuffed with foul
papers, and you sleep beside it on the bed of peacock
feathers that you made.

This is the room where you remember the secret.

MIDDLE-SONG

Jay Hernandez

oh, I won't lie to you—!
 I have wonderful ideas.
 I dream of red seas parting in a new bedroom light.
 These thighs that once trapped my dormant self
 will be brimming at their edges with golden rapport
 as their intimacy with my hand sighs,
 blooming in tingly rhymes of rapturous retorts.
 There's a captured glisten,
 a mirror of my eye
 in the core of your red light
 that blows ships to smoke on rock-waters
 and blows my extended lips so my weakest joints dodder.
 In moonlight
 I'll peel back the carcass, and the Blood Orange will drum-beat,
 fill the vulnerable air — my nail beds full of your excellence
 and the tangerine's hair.
 "Ah," you'll say, "Our Tangerine. Split."
 I had unwrapped you as chocolate and mixed my wrapper
 with spit.
 You've been the milk cream of my night.
 Now, we lay
 two corpses of traffic light ecstasy
 you on me, like I've cried
 me beneath, my beet's hymn blushing ineffably.
 I want us both to eat well
 but for now, we eat slices of each other and citrus delight.
 I keep my two quarters
 and you eat a half.



deep breathing in small spaces

Justin Soto
Photography

O SPELL

Jessamyn Duckwall

a candle burning red won't weave red threads through fingers
that didn't light the match.

and it's true you won't find a garnet sunk in the mud.

the ashes are lovelorn; the ashes wear a purple dress.
it will never be the right dress.

a rose unfurls beneath your eyelid. the rose is not a rose.

the rose is a thistle and you fall in love with it.

perhaps in the midst of your longing you see a lighthouse.
who lit its lamp? did you?

you bathe in its halo. you warble.

the wind she is laughing at you.

a candle burning black won't burn those poems etched into
your skin — the wax

might seal a letter shut but perhaps the letter is intercepted
by some unknown distance of oceans
beyond
oceans.

the night she is cold and your hands they are empty.
o little pinprick, go back inside. go back to sleep.

TIME IN 2020*Sabrina Lozano*

an orange square
like a flashlight in the inky black
illuminating a part of the big nothing.
i love to watch it after i spend my days
looking at the buds on the trees
open up to the sky and take up space
against the big blue.

i watch the clouds move across the sky
like bison before they were hunted
down into a single-digit population.

dark and then bright
over and over again.
the days bleed into each other since time has no more meaning.

the darkness slinks its way over the trees
and dresses the clouds into their evening wear.
until there is nothing left but an orange square
shining against the inky black.

NINETEEN YEARS IS ENOUGH TIME TO FEEL

Frances Bigelow

There are days I feel my heart will explode.

There are moments when the many weights —
of youth,
of identity
of personhood —
threaten to push me straight into the floor
through to the other side.

There has been pain.

There has been cruelty and isolation and fear and self-doubt.
There have been loves unrequited and manufactured.

And I have craved death like I crave water,
or air
or the glow of blue eyes.
I have slept and been disappointed by the waking.

But there has been light.

There has been warmth and there has been friendship,
trust
laughter over raspberry tea.

There has been love.

There has been love, there has been love, there has been
love — love in envelopes across state lines, love frozen in
Polaroid film, love pressed in books like flowers and love
played between the frets of a guitar.

Love in the smell of the rain.

And I have forgiven
those who stepped on me, who ran from me and called me
unkind names
those who couldn't live up to the image in my head
those who didn't love me, and those who never will.

The world is always spinning, and I can go on living.



Object Interview I

Jiliann Wierenga
Photography



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WRITERS, ARTISTS AND THINKERS!

.....
Don't forget to follow us on Facebook and
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most recent submission period, interesting
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on what Pathos is up to.

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