

Studio Moone Presents



Summertime sadness, you're a paradox, indeed,
A tapestry of emotions, both profound and in need,
For as the sun sets, and the world takes its lead,
I'm left with a heartache that dances with the
breeze.

So, let me embrace this melancholy embrace, For within the sadness, beauty finds its place, In the fleeting moments, I'll find solace and grace,

And treasure the memories, time cannot erase.

Though summertime sadness may pervade my soul,

I'll cherish its presence, for it makes me whole,

For in the depths of sorrow, love will console,

And through life's seasons, my heart will always

hold.

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THANK YOU TO ALL THE CONTRIBUTORS! THIS ISSUE WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE WITHOUT YOU



A letter to you: The reader By Tega Joannes

As the warm breeze whispers through the trees and the sun casts its golden glow upon us, we find ourselves entering the bittersweet embrace of summertime sadness. In the pages of this issue, we invite you to explore the complex emotions that arise during this season of both joy and melancholy. Studio Moone is a platform for creativity, weaving together stories, art, and experiences. We strive to capture the essence of the human experience, and this summer is no exception. We believe that within the depths of sadness lies the potential for growth, introspection, and even beauty. Within these pages, you will discover a tapestry of narratives that delve into the wistful moments of summer. Our talented contributors have poured their hearts into their work, painting vivid scenes that evoke nostalgia, longing, and reflection. From prose to poetry, photography to illustrations, we present to you a kaleidoscope of emotions that will resonate with your own experiences. Through the lens of 'summertime sadness', we hope to remind you that it's okay to feel a sense of longing amidst the vibrant energy of the season. Sometimes, it is in our moments of melancholy that we find the most profound connections with ourselves and others. So, as you navigate the sweltering days and starlit evenings,

Sincerely, Tega. (Founder and EIC)

brings.

remember to embrace the full spectrum of emotions that summer

To Love, A monologue By di0r.4ng31

Sometimes I wonder why I love too much too. It's like this insatiable 0, this longing to pour every ounce of my being into someone else. But it's not just about giving love; it's about wanting to receive it back the same way I give. I crave that reciprocity, that mutual affection that fills the void in my heart. Yet, I find myself hesitating, afraid of diving into something that might turn out to be empty, devoid of the depth and sincerity I yearn for. I want to fall in love, but I don't want it to be shallow, superficial, or fleeting. I want it to be REAL. RAW. MEANINGFUL.

Love, oh love... such a paradoxical emotion. It brings immense joy, but GOD it can also be

painfully agonizing. It's this beautiful mess of vulnerability, strength, ecstasy, and heartache. And yet, despite the pain it may bring, there's something undeniably pure about it, something that makes me feel truly alive, TRULY HUMAN. Well maybe, I

am too human.

To Love, A monologue By di0r.4ng31

Maybe I feel too deeply, too intensely. Maybe my capacity to love is far greater than some can comprehend or reciprocate. And perhaps, that's where the struggle lies — in finding someone who can match the intensity of my love, who can meet me halfway in this chaotic rush of emotions. So here I am, caught between the desire to love fiercely and the fear of being left with nothing but shattered pieces of my heart.

I can't help but wonder about the nature of love itself. Is it something we can control? does it control us? It's like being swept up in a tempestuous storm, unable to resist its pull, yet simultaneously yearning for the calmness it promises. Love demands everything from us — our time, our energy, our emotions — yet it gives back in ways we cannot always predict. It's a gamble, a leap of faith into the unknown, where the stakes are nothing less than our complete selves. And what of vulnerability?

To Love, A monologue By di0r.4ng31

Love strips away our defenses, lays bare our insecurities, and yet, in that vulnerability, lies our greatest strength. To love is to open ourselves up to the possibility of hurt, but it's also to open ourselves up to the possibility of unparalleled joy. It's a risk we take willingly, knowing full well the potential consequences, because the reward – the chance to experience a love that transcends boundaries and defies logic – is worth every moment of uncertainty. As I connect with the emotions of love and fear, I remind myself that to love deeply is to live fully. It's to embrace the messiness of human connection, maybe its draining, complex, unfair, scary. Who knows really? But I am willing to go through all of it, completely and wholly? Am i willig to risk it? Yes. Yes i am. Love, despite all its complexities, is worth it. It's worth the pain, the vulnerability, the risk. Because in the end, it's what makes life truly meaningful, truly beautiful.

I Don't Love, Love Now By Utkarsha Bagde

I don't love, love now.

I don't love, love now because,

You were a broken glass which people asked me not to touch,

But I did anyway because oh how could I watch you fall apart in front of my eyes,

So I picked up your pieces one by one and wounded my own hand,

Because for me you were my love then,

But then the plot comes you left me and gave me the wounds which I did deserve,

I can't blame anyone not even you because, you'll end up saying "did I ask for it?"

Can't even blame other people,

Because they already warned me about not to touch vou.



Sweet Summer's Embrace By Gaganjit Kaur

Under the starlit canvas of a summer night in New York City, Leona and Mauz embarked on a date that would become a cherished chapter in the story of their love.

Their boat glided gracefully across the tranquil waters of Central Park's lake, propelled by Mauz's steady strokes of the oars. Leona's laughter bubbled up like a melody, filling the air with the sweet sound of her joy. "I could do this forever," she sighed, her eyes reflecting the shimmering lights of the city skyline.

Mauz glanced over at her, a soft smile playing on his lips. "I wish we could," he murmured, his voice carrying the weight of a thousand unspoken promises.

As they floated on the gentle currents of the lake, Leona leaned back against the wooden bench as her fingers trailing through the cool water. "Tell me a story," she whispered, her voice barely audible above the rustle of the leaves.

Sweet Summer's Embrace By Gaganjit Kaur

Mauz's eyes sparkled with mischief as he began to weave a tale of love and adventure, his words painting vivid pictures in the canvas of her mind. And as the sun dipped below the horizon, casting the sky in hues of pink and gold, they found themselves nestled beneath the sprawling branches of an ancient oak tree. They sat on a soft blanket with bowls of juicy strawberries and soft bubbly champagne, the sweet nectar of the fruit stained their lips a soft red.

"To us," Mauz said, raising his glass in a silent toast to the beauty of their shared moment.

"To us," Leona echoed, her heart swelling with gratitude for the love they had found in each other's arms.

As the first drops of rain began to fall, they abandoned themselves to the whims of the storm, twirling and spinning amidst the droplets like two souls set free. "This is madness," Leona laughed, her voice ringing out like a bell in the stillness of the night.

Sweet Summer's Embrace By Gaganjit Kaur

Mauz grinned, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "Only if you consider madness to be the purest form of joy."

But even amidst the intoxicating rush of their dance, a shadow lingered on the horizon, casting a pall over their perfect evening. "Promise me something," Leona said, her voice barely a whisper against the backdrop of the storm.

Mauz turned to face her, his expression somber.
"Anything," he replied, his voice tender and soft as he tucked a withering rose into her hair.

"Kiss me hard before you go," Leona murmured as she leaned close.

And in that moment, with the rain pouring down around them and the world fading into oblivion, they sealed their pact with a kiss that spoke of love and longing, of passion and despair. For in the midst of life's fleeting beauty, they had found solace in each other's arms, a sanctuary amidst the chaos of the world. And as they held each other close, they knew that their love would endure, a beacon of light guiding them through the darkest of nights.

The beauty of the nature by Eshaani Chhabra



On The Melancholic Qualities Of A Summertime Romance by Kaitlyn Fan

I'm starting to forget what she was like. It's been exactly 3 years and a day since I last saw her. It was an overcast day in late August, just like the day she had to leave me. I met her in late spring, as the summer breeze swept her right into my arms. In retrospect, perhaps her arrival was more like the gentle waves rolling upon the shore of a white sanded beach in Greece. That summer was like none other, leaving me to mope with the bitter aftertaste of regret on the tip of my tongue every day since.

One night, I took her out to go firefly catching by the fields. Well, mostly for her. I'd recently broken my leg, and it was in the process of recovering. As I hobbled my way around on crutches, I watched her, dirty blonde hair, or maybe it was the color of honey, swish around as she ran around the field. As much as I wanted to remain in that moment forever, or be able to relive it over and over, I can no longer remember her laugh. Summer was but a fleeting moment, a polaroid blown away with the wind. Swinging into creeks, sitting by a bonfire, dipping in the lake, teaching her how to skateboard (of course, after my leg had healed.) The temperatures dropped early that year, I recalled. The fragments of my memories with her swim around in the vast ocean that is my mind, sometimes washing up scattered pieces for me to remember. She drove while I blasted music in the passenger seat, speeding

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along the rough rural roads in hopes of finding temporary solitude and peace. I didn't know it then, but it was her form of escape from the cruelty of her reality. Parking to watch the sunset, she whispered to me sweet nothings with the deepest sincerity. And I would return them as I tucked a strand of her loose hair behind her ear. I adored her lace ribbons and the softness of her sweaters that she would lend me.

I don't remember the day she confessed her feelings to me, nor have I felt anything similar to what I did then, but I do wonder what, if anything, could've been different if I acknowledged my reciprocation of them. The thought of living with her crossed my mind frequently, but I always brushed it off as "oh, the perks of genuine friendship." As much as I want to forget this part of the story, it is always the pain that remains longest. Her mother caught us at a local café that we always visited. The woman had scolded her for liking another girl right in front of me, dragged her home, and the next thing I knew, the moving trucks were here. She snuck out and slipped me her new address, asking me to promise her I'd write. And with that, she kissed me for the first and last time, then a caress on the cheek, and she was gone. Of course, I couldn't break such a promise. I wrote every so often, carefully sealing and sending my letters off. But I never received a response.

The next 3 years paled in comparison to the short yet sweet time I had with her. I never gave up on writing, but I stopped expecting a response a while ago. To be completely honest, I was quite disappointed, and maybe even mad, that she couldn't even be bothered to write to me on my 16th birthday. The end of summers were always painful, not only because it was the season she left, but it was also because it was the season when I had the time of my life with her. I would sit in the same café, in the same spot that we'd always sit at, but only now I'm alone. I think even the barista who used to serve us, Ella, could guess what happened now. Ella has kept me company a few times, asking me how I was or if I've heard from her. My father suggested that I go hiking, saying that it would help me get over her quicker. I did, but I could only see her silhouette in everything around me. Just as I thought I'd gotten over her as I finished the hikes, I would immediately relapse into a cycle of missing her, longing for her, and missing her some more. So I stopped.

I sigh as I blow out the scented candle, leaving a trail of smoke. Her favorite song was playing as I baked cookies with my mother. The pitter-patter of a summer shower hit the windows in a sad, yet mocking chorus. Hearing a knock on the door, I paused the music and told my mother I'd get it. And as I opened the front door, the last people I expected to see were her parents, standing in the light drizzle, carrying two bags of envelopes. In one, I recognized all the letters I had sent her over the 3 years, but the contents of the other one seemed foreign to me. Upon seeing me, they dropped to their knees with a mix of relief and regret on their faces. As they apologized to me in tears, my heart sank. I almost knew for certain where this was going.

Her father spoke as her mother sobbed onto the bag, already wet from the rain. The sun peeks through the dissipating clouds, covering the porch in a brilliant golden light. "We're so sorry. For taking the letters you wrote for her and keeping it. For not letting her send her own letters to you. But it's too late to apologize to you, I'm afraid... She took her own life yesterday."

And so my dear, that is how this story ends. Next week, I shall make the long drive to your home, but without you in the passenger seat. Yes, you heard me right, I myself have learned how to drive after you've left. I promise to bring your favorite flowers and lay them upon your grave. I hope that, when this piece of paper sealed in an envelope touches the cold of your headstone, and when the scent of my perfume wafts above your name carved into the rock, you'll learn about the words I never dared to say.

With greatest sincerity and love,



A Letter For My Dearest by Ash

How have you been? I hope you're doing well. It's been a torturous summer. The heat doesn't seem to find its way to ever decrease and it most certainly keeps increasing. Even as I write to you, I'm sure tomorrow will be hotter than today as today was hotter than yesterday. The scorching rays of sunshine felt like daggers of welding metal stabbing through my flesh and skin. Daggers. Like the ones you left behind, stabbed deep into my heart. I hope you're doing well.

Last I heard, you were off to Greenland. I bet it's cold there isn't it. Unlike back at home, where people are hurrying for every last droplet of water. Like cacti, they seek whatever amount they can hold. The local pools of water in the villages are drying up, our last hope remains the ocean water. The Indian sea, if you can remember, is not too far from our district. I'm terrified of the depths ahead of us, the chances of drowning are tremendously dangerous. Not that you'd be afraid of drowning, you've drowned my soul in pain multiple times before, this is just child's play for you. I hope you're doing well.

So where are you now? With her? The new girl of your liking, or with yet another? Will she fan you when it's unbearably hot.

Will she spend her savings on iced water for you during the heat.

The day you left was just like today, the man inside the radio had reported a temperature of 43 degrees while you were away. When you came back you told me you had loved another. My tears were unrecognizable against the sweat on my face. It was a painful heat wave that day, but you revealed to me a far worse pain. Every morning after that day I woke up drowning in what was a mixture of sweat and tears. You ran off to another place with apparently the woman of your dreams. Wasn't that me, wasn't that what you called me during the cold winter day of when you proposed your undying love to me.

Undying. I hope you're doing well. I'm not doing well. The heatwave has gotten to me. Doctors have told me it could get worse, they told me there is such little to provide as treatment for this condition. Are you happy? Is it nice to be in such a cold place which suits your cold blood and heart. All you have to do is put on more clothing, to increase warmth by trapping air inside each layer. For you there's another advantage as you can easily conceal your many lies underneath the clothing. It's easy for you to adjust in cold weather. It's absolutely difficult for me to adjust in warm weather. I don't think I'll make it until the day our people go and fetch pure ocean water, for my body is now shriveled up. Raisin like skin on my fingers, my face beyond description.

Because just as your false love, I too am dying. After all this time and all your lies, I hope you're doing well my dearest.

Just A Summer Thing by Mia Kate

the sand between our toes,
as if it was in a timer,
but i was told that love only grows,
i wasn't ready for an ending,
wasn't ready to write sad prose,
when everyone tries to console you,
with "sometimes that's how it
goes,"

next summer should we meet again,

at that peak where the wind blows, i shall not speak again of our love, for our love it surely froze.

Maybe When We're Older by Angelina Marie

"Hi, I'm Lucia Giancuola. Vinny's been my best friend ever since we were children." Everyone there seemed dead too. It wasn't just Vinny in his casket who was dead. "I know Vinny wouldn't have wanted me to do this because he always said that when he died, I should just hide him in a bridge somewhere in Upstate New York and run away. He always had a fucked up sense of humor, you know? But really, he might've been the very best person I've ever known." I cleared my throat and pulled out the notes that I wrote the night before. I read them over and over very quickly. I didn't need to repeat his whole life story like everyone else. I shoved the cards back in my pocket and fixed my posture. "Two weeks ago on June 10th, 1963, Vinny picked me up from a party that I didn't want to be at. He picked me up at around 9:30 wearing his black button up tee and a white tank underneath that had oil stains on it from helping his dad work on cars. Vinny waited two streets over for me because he knew that everyone would think less of me if he picked me up wearing that. I personally didn't care, but he insisted, I just wanted to see him. I actually ran those two streets and got blisters after, but oh well." I stopped to chuckle. "He drove us from Newark to Coney Island for a night out in New York because he knew that I'd been so stressed with my college work and what not. We just talked endlessly about stupid things and

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laughed forever about anything. Games after games, photos after photos. It was when he noticed that the beach was empty and asked me if I wanted to relax. He put his tee down for us to lie on and had me in his arms." I struggled to continue, it felt like marbles were in my throat. "I was just bitching about school and being so selfish. It caught me off guard when he stopped me and said that he loved me. That wasn't all though," I cried. "He said he had loved me since the day he met me and knew that he would always want to be with me. He said he loved the way my nose curves like a beak, the way I can outsmart a room of Harvard-educated men, the way I hold my fork, the way I can live freely when I'm at the beach. He just loves me, that's what he said. He grabbed my chin softly to lift me for a kiss. He kissed so beautifully, like I was being blessed. It was our first kiss ever. But I'm the idiot who pulled away from him. I'm the idiot that said, maybe when we're older. And now I live every day in regret because maybe if I hadn't said that, none of this would've ever happened." I glanced at his closed casket. "My Vincenzio, I hope you know that I've always loved you. Maybe more than you've loved me, maybe longer. I wish you never would've found that gun, I wish you told me you were thinking about this than telling me you loved me." I let out one last cry before I stepped down, "I hope in our next life we will be that old Italian couples who sit out on their porch and drink strong coffee, have five cats in the yard, grandchildren making noise around the house,

and bicker about stupid things but love each other more than yesterday and less than tomorrow." I took a step down as everyone sat in silence, not a dry eye in the church. I had to leave though, I had to go see my Vincenzio.









"beach time blues" is a photograph containing the scenery of a beach- a staple environment for the summertime. yet somehow, it looks so sad. somehow, it is peaceful and calm all while being depressing, seeming to wrap you in a hug of tears. this is truly summertime sadness.

Moonstruck by Ash Peek

Moonstruck My thoughts are scattered Scrambled things It's hard to think When you have me so infatuated The way your eyes Glow in light The way your thoughts Are unknown to my mind It can't be easy to think When you speak to me Like I'm the highest of royalty It's enough to make me cry I love being loved. Especially by you I love you, Because it's so easy Yet I still Trip over myself

To prove how I adore you

For no reason at all

Remember Those Summers by S.K. Sanjana

Remember Those Summers?

Remember those summers?

When running around the beach

Wasn't about burning calories,

And fitting into societal criteria wasn't a compulsion.

Remember those summers?

When you could wear swimsuits

Without ever thinking

You might look bloated.

Remember those summers?

When looking chubby wasn't an insult,

When covering yourself up wasn't about hiding scars,

And making friends didn't require effort.

Remember those summers?

When staring at the ceiling

Meant seeing those pretty glow-in-the-dark stars,

And sleeping till 5 AM wasn't so hard.

Remember those summers?

When meeting relatives

Didn't lead to anxiety attacks,

And taking a slice of chocolate cake wasn't a mistake.

Scorched by Sweet Teas. by SG.

People love teas and the soothing effect they have on them.

When dried leaves stain its surroundings brown as they scream together in boiling water.

When the familiar scent surged and travelled around the area, swirling into your lungs.

Hot cup upon the table.

Vague mist rising along with the rate of my heartbeat.

They said teas are sweet.

But to me it tasted different.

To me it tasted like tears.

Like the pain on your skin as it burns red.

Like the heat of water as it splashed onto you.

Like the cries of a child and the glares of adults.

They said teas are sweet.

Oh it was anything but.



The Things I Missed. by SG.

At times like these I tend to think back, back to the days where I had someone who would talk to me, back to the days where I had something to have fun with, back to the days where I had somewhere to go back to, back to the days where the air was clean and the sun was warm.

Now I have left.

I have left that place for too long, for a place too far to return from.

The people I cherish, the things I like, the places I adore, all gone.



Never back then, have I ever thought I'd miss that place this much. Never back then, have I ever thought I'd miss those people this much.

Everyday felt like a routine.

Something I took for granted.

Something I didn't think I'd feel attached to.

Until I lost it.

Until I lost it for too long.

Only now that I'm too far gone have I realised that, that place was home.

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do plastic flowers bloom? by: aschea ng

do plastic flowers bloom?

pallid petals splay across long-forgotten shelves a stone cold bud locked in a hollow stare poised and porcelain, it has long since given up on shaking away the dust that warps its plastic body in decomposing seconds

there must have been a time when it savoured its artificiality a special place in time had been carved out for this ever-blooming beauty poised and porcelain, flawless forever its photocopied petals never shed their soft glow

from its ornamental display, this ghost of a flower watches another garden flit through time their true petals crumple and twist into the ugliest browns until spring returns with fresh seas of kaleidoscopic blossoms that unfurl in shades brighter than before poised and porcelain, eyes unblinking, a plastic flower wonders if its plastic petals have ever flowered

rot creeps into its centre where its heart should have been if it is no longer flawless, what can it be? it withers although it has never lived a life it lets itself lie forgotten, it hopes to turn a shade greyer poised and porcelain, beauty unfolds only in decay

Summer Nights by: Candela Sanchez Ariza

SUMMER

I love summer nights.

It's the moment when I can be myself in the darkness of my room, it's the moment when inspiration comes to my mind and my words flow, just like now.

But at the end of the day, it is just a moment when I can hide myself from others, and when I can cry without covering my mouth, 'cause no one hears. It's the moment when I'm not only alone but also lonely.

It's not the only time I feel this, but it is the only time everyone is quiet enough for me to know it. Quiet, yes, we all are.

The silence is so loud I can hear it.

I hear how my head tells me that I have nobody, that everyone leaves me, that I have no one next to me.

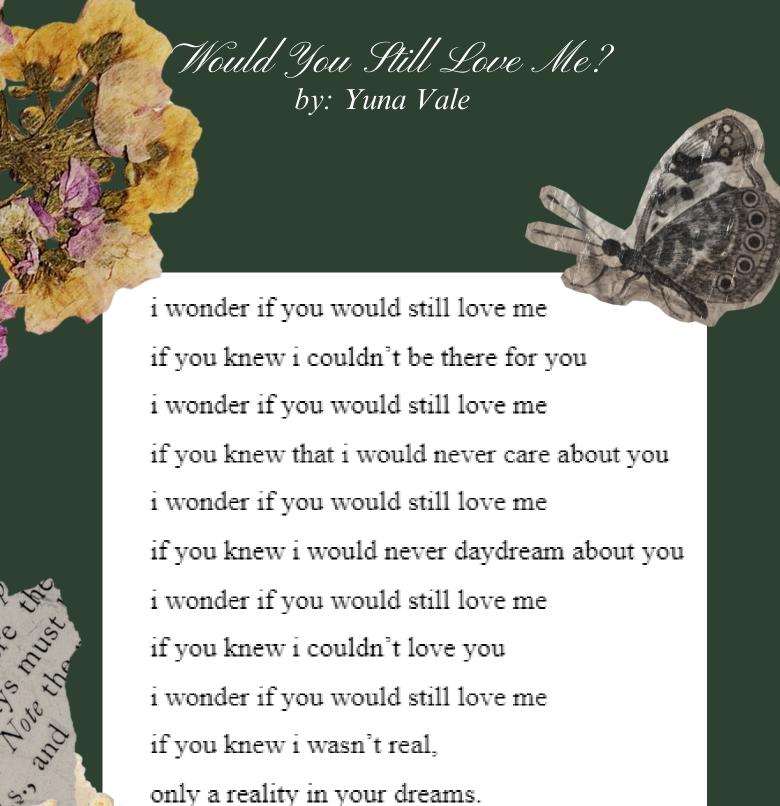
But the scariest part is that it doesn't freak me out, in fact, it relieves me, 'cause for a long time now

I'm more afraid of people than what I am of this summer nights

The Tale Of A Smile by: Alisha Khan

People approaching them or perhaps just walking past automatically smile like a trigger has gone off Few return the gesture, and most don't But if only the people knew the situation they'd surely But alas the people are ignorant of the huge effort they needed to pluck up and though the eyes squint and the dimples say hi the heart cries tears of legit blood the smile is attractive but meaningless for it lost its charm along the reasons available every time, now it doesn't make any difference the smile no longer represents happiness but demonstrates the worldly weariness like every small joy, the smile is long lost from smiling for every reason to smiling for none at all she has transitioned in maturity and has grown up to be eccedentesiast.





The Unrequited Verse by: Adjira

The other day, you showed me your poetry
I smiled, and said, "It was beautiful"
Yet internally, my heart shattered,
At the thought of who it was about.

I once peeked in your little diary,

The one in which you poured your heart for him.

Being your friend felt lucky

But today, my tears flowed as i questioned the skies,

"Why make me a girl?"



You deem me your closest friend,

Unaware that my soul yearns more than just a mere friendship.

Envy coils within me as you speak of him.

My luck now feels more like a lie.

Why do you consistently overlook me?

Why does it have to be him over me?

I witness those silent exchanges, the unspoken bond.

I've noticed your shy smile and racing heart whenever he's around.

Your eyes radiate your love for him.

I just hope he brings you all happiness.

Maybe in another life, reversed would be our roles

d I would be the one you adore.



sun-kissed

what a beautiful word

to be touched by such a marvelous thing

blessed by the wishes of a goddess

dots like constellations on a sky of skin

out of order, but put together too

small parts to a whole

seemingly mundane, enormously major empty without

Entity by: Dhristii chatterjee

You had patched a piece of me
Sewed it shut for what I thought would be an eternity

Then you came with your scissors and knives and cut the stitching out

Barely keeping me alive

I wondered why you mended me

Then left me out to die

You acted like an entity

Haunting the walls of home

Refusing to comply

Here i lie

And here i stay

Thinking of you everyday

Time passes quickly

My heart races fast

I shouldn't have made a fuss

Then maybe the old you would've been back

So Here i lie

And here i stay

Regretting you, everyday.





Stolen Sunshine by: Marziya Abbas

Never will the Sun's warmth be able to touch the winter that's settled in my bones.

The world keeps turning like a kaleidoscope, but all I see are the colours that we lost.

This house, this whole damn world, feels so empty, with everything around but you.

My heart aches in a summer with the sunshine stolen.

My soul screams for you, a silent cry that gets lost in the wind.

I yearn for a breath that feels alive again, a spark you took with you when you left.

My fate, tangled with yours, now strays in the dark.

Where do I go to let the tears flow free, lost gem I can't hold anymore?

These heels dig in, but there's no path, just a futile chase in the grip of this sad summer.

Peace is shattered, the world a faded photograph.

My summer's stolen, you slipped away,
a whisper on the breeze, a ghost I can't touch.

The gone you are, and the emptiness, all that's left of us

Lost are all colours of the world,
For this season will never be the same,
Without you, O the never-returning,
Without you, O the dead!

"A Love Buried"

He was shorter than average,
but his eyes,
larger than life,
more intense than most,
beautiful with the fullness of brown.
I envied it, the way he stared,
so lackadaisical,
but with a fierceness to it,
the burning force of his gaze.

As often as I say have seen him, it hardly ever happens, but I always find my eyes drawn to him, that peculiar look in his eyes, the mystery behind their wavy depths, that draws me in again and again, Inexplicably.

He tells me nothing,
he says everything,
with a single brush of his hand,
a feather-light touch,

a smile, his warmth.

And I am lost,
mesmerized by his charm,
filled with longing and desire,
what I can't have, can never have.
But he was shorter than average,
and yet I still remember,
the scent of his skin,
of hope and longing,
the way he looked at me,
and the thrill,
strange and sweet,
that he never knew he gave me.

"Can't Afford"

Do you ever feel less than, unable to escape?

It's just the way I feel, and I don't know what to do.

Because Pain is inescapable,

And I can't afford to be scared--I intend this as a promise.

I won't let myself be lost in something else ...in you. There's no way out of my head;

My mind is strained to breaking, it can't bend any more.

Out on the street in front of me—there is nothing but night—Someone stands before me who seems like they can see right through me—

...How did you come here? You're in my thoughts--not close by and yet you've been here all along.

We might not even remember anymore... so why do I think that we once met?

Mindful of the dream I caught, a stranger walked into the world—away from another.

I feel like a fool when we look at each other, a stranger! And yet... may dream of love's path.

Why should such joyfulness bring us rage, rage? Do you not care—to sate and be free--- for if

there is not tomorrow, savor tonight?

"Voices"

When I speak it is not so much I do as say
"No, I did not" a thousand times; rather,
And each time that I utter "Yes it is," in cold intent,
The truth with its desire always seems to betray me—
In the middle of space, the words go "Hatches".
I am glad you do not know how to listen, nor care.
Think only how we were two lovers who fell in love;
Desiring the same thing, but unwilling to be one.
How we fool our minds and make us believe it's real.
Forget this, forget everything. Nothing I have said—
Is true. You have spoken earnestly to me of what you fear my heart will feel,

Of its tensing and shivering, of its loss and of pain. Yet your touch has not drawn blood from these wounds.

It does not appear as though it might be so—But if last night was indeed not you crying out in your sleep—

then where did you go? Where is your voice? Was it—real?

war of a thousand years, quelled by God abla his greatest treasure by: M.A. Missy

Gold scattered by God himself; it pauses the most ruinous battles, but not in the way a white flag would.

Love walks in and levels the walls I built so carefully. My sword is of no use; I dipped it into swirls of Gold and it returned beaten and broken. An emblem.

> Something in me was clawing at my insides, begging to come out.

> > Prisoners of war.

Loveless faces.

Twirling streams of Glitter, Gold, Glitter, Gold.

I folded my days into the shape of this feeling. Of the liquid life pooling into quilts. nongly believed Of the fire and brimstone overtaking churches. Of the bruised knuckles against ribbon.

war of a thousand years, quelled by God $\, \& \,$ his greatest treasure $\, by \colon M.A. \, Missy \,$

But something has shifted in me.

Blood red was reformed into a color free of sin.

Fools die to wallow in it.

I die to escape it.

Only one word can define this: glimmering, gleaming Gold.

I wore iron hearts,
now I wear vintage dresses.
I pulled on something fortuitous
but lovely all the same.
Right from my heart to my lung.
Perhaps peace is of saints & spirits.
I choke on Golden bands and swallow God.

"Thank you for killing me so beautifully."



The Metal Worker by: Mireille

April

It's as if the drill in my head has stopped but the wound is now beginning to bleed.

How do you learn to fix yourself and get rid of that constant need?

For just once, I'd like to have something of my very own To put away in a drawer and to never be shown.

The need for love is desperate even if it's painful.

There's no other feeling in the world so beautiful.

I don't understand why you put down the drill.

I was happier with the familiar hum even though it was growing unstill.

I grew attached to the dull vibrations that to the average human would have sent them

screaming

I grew to you like a parasitic creature becoming more fond of you only for you to end up leaving.

Once it stopped I felt a new pain shake me and this was much worse from what I recall. Because, I'd rather be in pain standing with you than not be there at all.

It's a curious thing because now I sit here right where you left

me

I sit here barely functioning not able to move
I sit here dripping with the blood from the hole you left
I sit here wondering why I pulled that plug

I sit here still hoping you'll come back

Chocolate Boy by: Meheru Alaspure

PART ONE

A song, last night pranced in my mind,
A fawny ballad of a young naivete falling in love.
As I sit now across the room glancing at you,
Your hair flip-flops over your Belgian chocolate skin with an iridescent sheen.

Your smile, horribly infectious.

In a voice hollow yet so deep, you utter gibberish,

Yet your balderdash, singsongs in my ear,

Like Beethoven composed it.

Your words, blasphemy to wisdom,

I am dazed with this perfumed warmth

It is quite blissful, I must say.

This exotic feeling called love.

Erasing my gravity,

Levitating in space.

Your presence touched by the breath of winter.

Those longing eyes caged me in chains, I didn't wish to break.

You lock your eyes with mine,

Here goes another petal of this withering wisteria.

Fatally attracted to your nectarine.

Chocolate Boy by: Meheru Alaspure

PART TWO

Adrenaline rushed through my veins, Raging like the thunderous waves Yet everything felt so serene. Serene like a lightning death Serene like a raining thunderstorm Serene like a splitting canyon Serene like a boiling volcano And blood-curdling at the same time. Blood-curdling like the tranquil sky Blood-curdling like the cajoling cuckoo. Blood-curdling the flying dandelions Blood-curdling like the girl next to you. This infatuation melted in my heart This deadly passion My heart enveloped in gold, Pounding to burst out like a star in a million paradoxical pieces

On this purple night,
I am trapped in this world of mirrors.
With the quietus hovering over my mortal blood.
It was him, my Chocolate Boy.



To live and to die to live by: Meheru Alaspure

Pain, it soars through the heart, like a cold blade dipped in burning hot gold, drenched in abstract emotions beyond sapien understanding. It feels like an endless void at the end of time. The thirsty feeling, the vile hunger to drown in pain. It is like levitating but also tumbling down the passage of time. It is choosing between death and beyond life. It is choosing between poison and elixir. We tend to drink the poison, and deteriorate our machinery in hopes that it will magically transform into an elixir. But we never face the undying fact that we are addicted, that there is something neurologically wrong in being addicted to this feeling of death and self-immolation. Age, complex but yet so simple, a number that divides the knowledgeable and the foolish. But there is something almost amusing about being foolish. You inevitably feel more, die more, suffer more but also live more. There is this predefined code in living with discipline, it fulfills your desires. But there is something fragrant about living that exceeds every treasure the world has to offer. Living is loving the pain, embracing the grotesque, sowing flowers in the brown, hugging the cobalt expanse of sky but also wanting to destroy it with rage and thunder. It is to foam, to awe, to love and then meet death while loving. It is to feel gray, not black not white, but a rich vibrant shade of grey. The grey twisting in your gut, annihilating your senses and drugging your mind. Living is to hurt again and again till the hurt becomes something beautiful. Something like a soft lilac light on your bluest days. Anguish quenches sufferance. Man quenches this cycle of life and death because of its fantastical ability to feel and live.

Addicted To Breathing by: Meheru Alaspure

Inhale. Inhale every bliss, every joy, every paradise this ephemeral life has to offer. Inhale the bright city lights. The dazzling stars. The streets bustling with pure chaos. Inhale because you can. Because you want to feel every touch, every tickle, every brush ever so lightly on that bruised skin of yours. Inhale because jubilation is painting an aurora borealis in front of your wet pupils. Exhale. Exhale because your diaphragm needs to rest. Exhale to purify your trachea of all that has gone wrong. Exhale because tomorrow today won't exist. And the sun will rise again. Your mistakes won't be 3D, just a hazy memory. That you can choose to forget. Or keep playing like a broken record. Breathe because you have to. Because you get to. Because you are obliged to. Because hopefully this dark tunnel will end soon. Because you will meet light one day. Because even if everyone turns against you, you have you. You have yourself to count on. To breathe. Every breath is salvation, every breath is a wound healed. Every breath is a possibility. And possibility is what runs you, me and the world. So breathe.

You have reached the end of issue one: Summertime Sadness

AGAIN. THANK YOU TO ALL THE CONTRIBUTORS! THIS ISSUE WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE WITHOUT YOU

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