

ARTART

Steaming with the boiling, bleeding hearts of witches and mystics,
retail workers and receptionists.

Every time a man says *calm down*,
a crack beneath the river

widens

and the earth heats the water,
a kettle about to whistle.

This happens every time a woman's throat swells,
with words foaming on the tongue
like an allergic reaction,
before she decides to gulp them
where they eat at her stomach lining
until she develops an ulcer
and when they conduct her autopsy,
handfuls of pomegranate seeds
pour from her intestines.

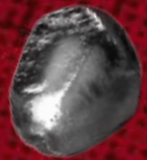
Lucia's ghost treads in liquid red,

with the dead, fruit-packed bodies,

left to graze the tree line,

as they float down the merlot river,

marking the first death of each woman.





Prophecy

By Angelina Sokolsky

My mother in law stitches a soft doll, full of feathers,
when she was told it was to be her daughter in law,
choosing crimson, cobalt and moss
to sew apathetically,
genes of enthusiasm, paranoia and envy,
a mixture that would undeniably boil and
simmer into a strange feeling
that would later name itself clear: rage.
I watch my mother stitch my newborn body,
why do you inject your pain into me?
Pricks with precision and a repetitive stab
that eventually soothes,
training my vagus nerve to hum
as my ingrained way of churning emotion
silently.
It's bigger than me, I realise,

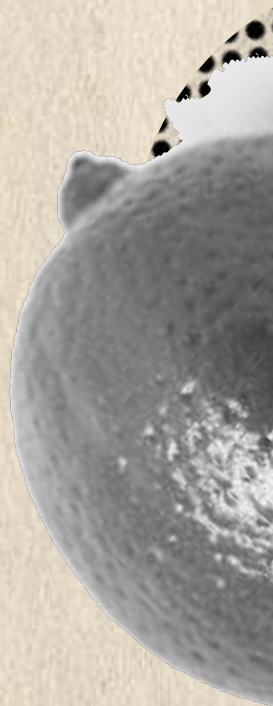
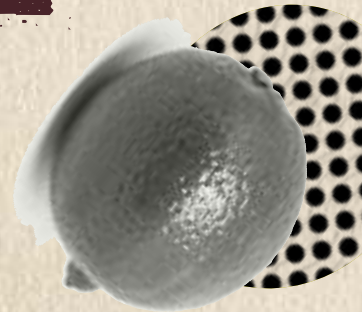
this doll full of feathers the centre
of a tapestry,
weaved with jewel tones,
hung in a humid, dripping jungle,
bleeding.

KEY LIME PIE

By Angelina Sokolsky

INGREDIENTS

6 limes (*make it quick, I don't have a lot of time*)
300g thickened cream in a bag to pipe
3 egg yolks
Calm down, it was just a joke
Don't make it obvious to your folks
1 tbsp icing sugar
Don't wear that, you'll look like a hooker
150g butter, melted
I haven't told him that I've never felt it
300g oatmeal biscuits
3 cans condensed milk,
Why don't you like it? It's lace and silk!



STEPS

Prep is key. Preheat oven to 180. Place martini glass in the freezer.

Process biscuits, round and down, press harder, whisk his words, jumble and change until words become letters.

Press them into the tray, they don't matter but they're a useful batter.

Bake for 10 minutes, but don't take it too far, not yet.

Cool it.

Take out glass and fill with gin. Add some tonic, isn't it ironic? Both liquids clear, one burns and kills, the other placid, classic, a corpse who's just ecstatic.

Add milk. Add zest. Add juice. Make it wet, but it needs time to set.

Read the instructions, consult the experts. Don't keep going when I tell you it hurts.

You never seem keen to try to make me gleam. Under your eyes I don't want to be seen.

I'm beginning to spiral. Beginning to see, indeed. You don't get what I mean. Pour the prepared mixture into the prepared crust.

We must, we discussed, I thought we had lust. Did you teach him how to cuss? But darling I'm tired. You don't want to be fired.

Bake for 12 minutes, you like that time.

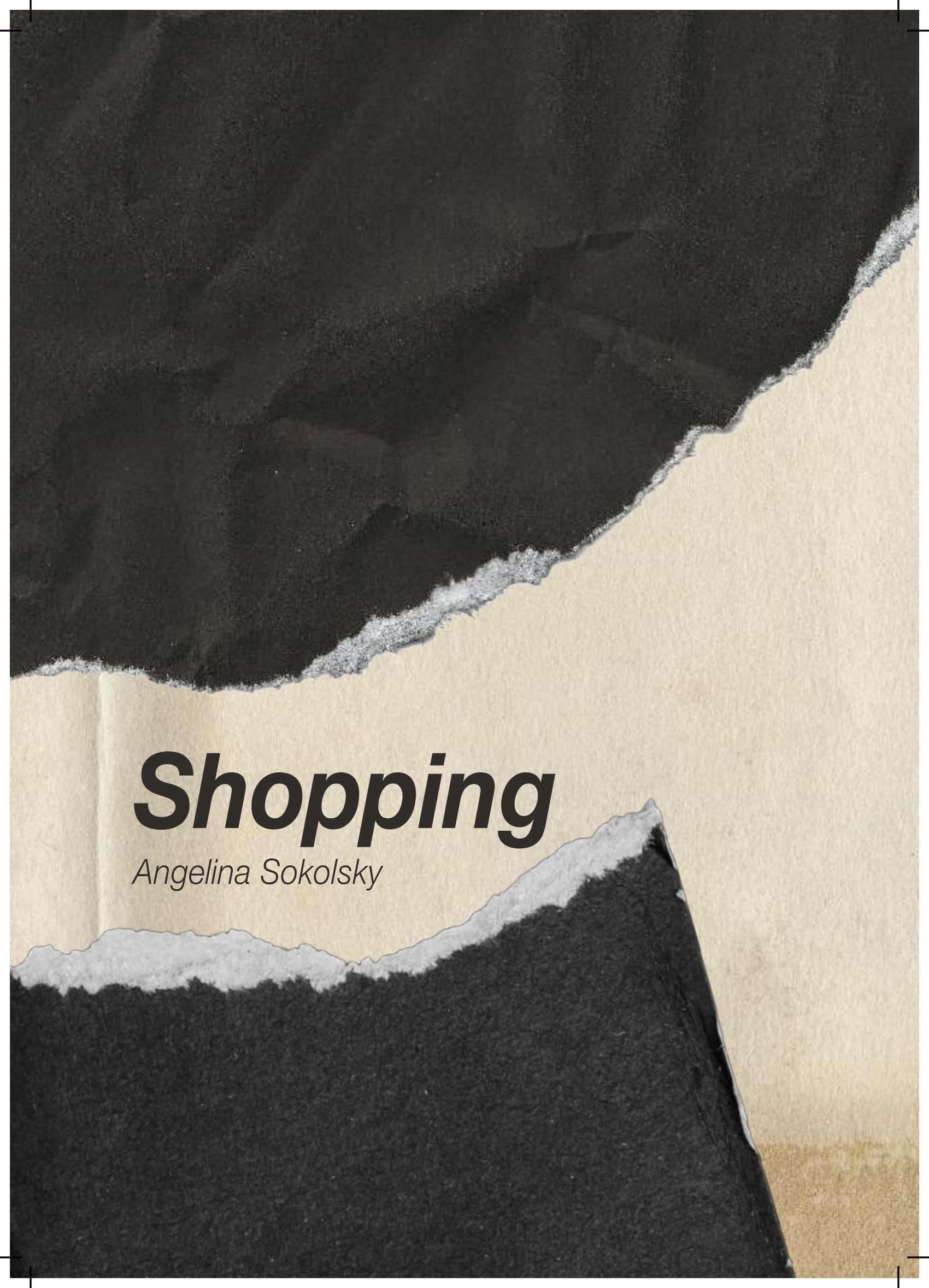
I wish it were longer, but it's alright, I've learnt to wonder.

Go to the refrigerator and cool it.

Ice your cheeks, brush your teeth, it's over for the week, wash yourself until you squeak.

Cut into wedges and serve, if you've still got the nerve.

Decorate. I'm telling you, it's going to be great. Grind me against a cheese grate.



Shopping

Angelina Sokolsky

Flour—*plain, not self-raising*

White bread

White eggs

Nice legs

New pegs

Do supermarkets sell kegs?

Carrots

Shallots

Potatoes

Anything he says goes

Butter

Bacon

Beef

I want to go vegetarian,

but I want to slaughter.

Pasta sauce

Parmesan cheese

But, honey, that crap smells, he said

A bad smell, I replied, doesn't mean you shouldn't taste.

Toothpaste

Sponge

Makeup aisle—try something grunge

Keep it natural, clean, it makes sense when you're lean

Mexican beans

Snow peas

I could crush you like a flea

6140
~~2 cups of flour~~
~~1 + 1/2 cup of oil~~
~~1 + 1/2 cup sugar~~
1 tsp salt
6 tbsp but
1 cup of

A black hand, possibly a mannequin or a prosthetic, reaches out from the left side of the frame. The hand is positioned as if about to touch or hold a piece of white graph paper that is torn and crumpled on the right side. The background is a solid, vibrant red. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of the hand and the texture of the paper.

PART ONE: CREATION.

Mother, child bearer, child.

When does one become two?

Poor thing.

When does two become one?

Poor, poor things ...



PART TWO: DESTRUCTION.

Violence against nature.

Isn't it strange to create something that hates you?

How strange to bite the hand that feeds.

How fulfilling, how rich.

Feast upon your god.

How nourishing.

Only your nature to feed.



By Lando Sins

CLOSER

Serena Emanuele

