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COVER

I scream into the darkness

Ally Zlater

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How much better is silence; the coffee cup, the table. How much better to sit by myself like the solitary sea-bird that opens its wings on the stake. Let me sit here for ever with bare things, this coffee cup, this knife, this fork, things in themselves, myself being myself.

Virginia Woolf, The Waves

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reeling ---> healing

Teresa Fellion



Watch reeling —-> healing above or on YouTube.

the taste of freedom

Andrew Davidson-Novosivschei

a boarded-up kiosk
called the taste of freedom
is what I think about
when I think about house pets

one time my dog bit me and I bled
in his mouth he never
started eating people but I bet
he thought about it all the time

lady emily

Erika Suárez



.....

a reminder to water your houseplants

Andrew Walker

Catherine Barnett not so directly asks me if I've watered my houseplants, which reminds me to water my houseplants.

Just two small succulents in two separate rooms, sitting in the sun, withering from my neglectful winter.

The plant in the kitchen stretches toward the ground, distracted by gravity, sucking water through its soil.

This is how you know how much it needs,
this is how you know it is hungry.

My worries of killing another waking thing keep me from collecting more to help occupy this space, to grow in the corners of myself, to breathe opposite of me.

As I finish watering the one in the kitchen, I stop to write something down in my journal (do it now, before you forget):

Can my plants feel unhappiness?
And if so, will they forgive me?
Will I remember to water the pot in my bedroom
when I'm finished? If I finish?
Does this count as an apology?
Does this count as a reminder?

3 a m f r i e n d s

Hannah Radeke

Away from the airport, Boston is flat night
that doesn't drop. Somehow, sleeping in the terminal
wasn't transcendent or romantic, but there's promise
in a twenty four-hour diner and its false day.

There's a college boy in line, Drew.
We are both alone and need a reason
to not call the night dull.

Everyone who has 3am friends flocks
wide-eyed to the jukebox,
red splinter against the wall.

We talk about nothing. His soft face laughs easily.

They flip pancakes in front of us and
we eat breakfast at this ungodly hour
like they do in the movies.

Perhaps if it were raining we could be
real together. Four days come and go

Every year I miss the last year more.

koala fable

Gillian Lee

*The koala animal eats cool green eucalyptus all day long.
This is a koala poem, not an allegory for the homosexual experience,
though the reader may enjoy the poem
in any way they wish, and in any company.*

A woman says to her beautiful koala friends,
"I don't like the taste of toothpaste.
whenever I fuck someone for the first time,
if he brushes his teeth, I ask him to
please rinse his mouth out afterwards extra
well, so I don't taste it." and her friends
look at each other, and the brave one replies,
"I have absolutely no idea what
you are saying to me," big wet
tears in her little brown eyes.

unclaimed tenderness

Bill Wolak



.....

the resurrection

Meg McCarney

on holy saturday, you condemned
your catholic parents and conducted
your own midnight service,
swan-diving in each other's mouths
outside the movie theater in your car.

you turned the music up louder—
talon of the hawk— and went deeper,
going for the gold, the tonsils, divinity.

you wanted to be good again,
to see yourselves reflected
in somebody else's eyes without crying.

when you eventually unraveled,
you laughed uncontrollably, senses newly heightened,
alive in the dead of new england not-quite-spring.

as church bells rang downtown,
you felt your feet filling your shoes,
your bones meeting sockets,
your narratives returning to your possession.

revelation

Lucas Khan

My temporal lobe decayed
silently and without a word.
Twenty-two percent of the brain
turned black and fell out
like sand. But the lights
haven't short circuited yet.
Neurons flicker like the first
stars in late evening.
When I try to speak
it's vibrant and beautiful
on the scans. My brain is shrinking.
I lost the ability to articulate
except to say, I'm fine.
Things fall apart.
I carry festering ounces
of my mind like glass
marbles in my pocket.
My hands turn them over
and over as if polishing
rust. I stay up and watch
the street lamps turn on
all at once, every
neighbor had an epiphany.
I pray to god and ask
if this is real. I ask for comfort.
But I don't believe in god.
I just wait for the lamps
to flicker out, this time
one by one, so I can finally
sleep.

avoiding the daily news at night

Michael Quigg

keeping the hallowed things tidy;
dusting shelves fluffing
chocolate brown couch cushions,
placing everything organizable
into alphabetical orders
returning lost toys to patient cats
being here although the stars
in this space burn in different feelings
than the distance between
their celestial siblings.
i can lie here and feel the same shades
before i throw my phone across the room
aiming for the carpet, instead hitting
the polished wood of the dining room.
nothing cracks but all the living things nearby
jump in wide-eyed surprise,
one of the cats make a comment
about breaking stuff apart.
but nothing is cracked or scratched or bat-
tered, it's all fine now, let me keep tidying
the hallowed things dusting from un-use
the shelves fluffing together in ornament chocolate
brown couch cushions create the burrowed time.

catherine's wheel

Giada Rotundo



.....

a b e c e d a r i a n

Ven Corbet

as if
by flash flood—suddenly
cold
done with this or so it seems
except when—sick—you are
fond of me. it flips like a rain-bred fish—
gutter-bather, i
hung on to this—something—for dear life
indecisive at best—pest
just for you perfect
known enemy.
love is jaded, and wet—galoshes
meant for play—muddy bled and
no-don't-step-on-the-rug—a mess
pesky because it requires
questioning what you do—neverending—
rut. this rut i've been in
stuffed-up, angry, at times near-rabid—it's
tiring. enough of this
undertow. you leave without me. i wash from the rain—which i do nowadays—
very easy to keep moving—for you—
wherever. damp, i listened—there was no rain. i'm too
xenial for
your flip-flop. it's all coming down, a rain-game
zero—to what? it hardly matters. i pour endlessly

disorder under heaven: the situation is excellent
Gerard Cabrera

Mario's stroke had created a big revolú in Elvin's life. More than la muerte de Mamá but less than Luis. There he went again, making comparisons. Why did he have to put things in order like that? Quien sufrió mas? Mamá o Luis? Cancer or AIDS? Como si fuera una competencia.

Look at him. Look at my man, babeando when he isn't careful.

Que calentón. He pulled out a rainbow bandanna to wipe his sweat, then Mario's. Mario could walk a little, but it was easier to push him in the wheelchair with all the crowds.

They had met at Bear Pride in Ptown ten years ago, thanks to Elvin's pelt. Whoever invented bears deserved to be Grand Marshal of the Stonewall people forever and ever por los siglos de los siglos Amén.

But sex had to be adjusted. It now had to be enough to hold Mario and listen to his heart and his strokey love talk. He knew it was love talk from the tone and sometimes he could make out a few words.

There was rehab and PT and OT and pills to manage. Appointments and finding parking. Ramps, elevators, grab bars, bath mats, home aides, machines. Where was the fun? No one could tell him. What was going to happen? He thought he had paid his dues. Did he deserve to go through this all over again?

He felt shitty thinking about it. And what did deserving have to do with it? He should concentrate on the good times they had shared together. Not even planned, just happening, whenever. He supposed it was good they lived that way. Did Mario remember? He tried to ask him about it a few times. Remember Montreal? Wilton Manor? A nod. What good is a memory when you can't discuss it with the person who made it with you?

Elvin looked around. Too much rain and one hundred degrees in the sun. Plastic in the fish they ate and plastic in the water they drank. El mundo se estaba acabando. They were the lucky ones. They didn't have a Maria to wipe them out — yet. One day soon the city would have its own disaster and then everyone would have the same blue tarp to cover themselves and ask Why me? and How did this happen?

The parade came to a stop to let the crosstown traffic through. A break from the pushing. They were on Sixth, and behind them were a contingent called the Historical Marys with big cardboard signs. A hundred years ago Elvin could be hung, stoned, castrated, beheaded, imprisoned, tortured, fired from his job, or be refused service in a store. All with the blessing of

the Church, State and fellow citizens. But today the signs were signs of change. Federal funding for AIDS in 1990. Sodomy laws overturned in 2003, and gay marriage in 2015. Conversion therapy and gay panic had been banned just this year. Progress.

In the 70's at la U.P. he had studied history and been a member of a Maoist independentista student group, but his love of patería and Luis was stronger than the macho Viva Puerto Rico Libre-ism of those times, and he and Luis had both left the island to join another vanguardia, Manhattan with its bars and discotecas and delicious wildness. And he had never regretted it.

But lately he had been having doubts. Dark pensamientos. About prognosis. About sobredosis. About using a pillow. But every time he pictured it the whole thing seemed like a fraud.

Twenty five years ago he had marched down the same avenue with Luis. Now it was fifty years of gay pride and so much time had passed, pero pa' qué? Just to be in the same position as all the straight people he thought he was so much better than? Now he was in the same boat with people who hadn't cared if he was tattooed or quarantined, or cured or saved — now everybody was equal.

What did it mean? He had always thought history kept moving toward progress, in cycles, claro, but always in a forward direction. He didn't understand it, but the parade had begun to move, the vuvuzelas and the drums calling everyone to a sort of chaotic togetherness, like a symphony without a conductor, and he and Mario, in their matching Marge Simpson wigs, were going to rumba salsa merengue bachata all the rest of the way.

h a m p t o n b e a c h

Theadora Siranian

The city is a diving bell of heat
and car exhaust,
and so we abandon it,

leave it all behind for a purple
minivan filled with beer and sandwiches.

We are all so concerned
in our own way about

redemption, what we are
to make of ourselves.

The sky is a painful blue and we crawl
along the highway toward a state

I never thought of as origin, but
for the lack of anywhere else
to drive the stake of memory through.

*The road is narrow and it goes straight through
the gardens of Paradise.*

And then I'm there, stretched on a beach
on a beautiful day in the middle

of the black hole
of my twenties, surrounded

by god's children, all the tattoos
and muscle shirts, the unanchored
umbrellas and metallic tang of fried food,

and the teenagers: little girls
with breasts hard as unripened fruit
wearing t-shirts that scream in neon
Sluts like to party!

I imagine each day here is a never-ending
weekend full of conversations that reach

depths no further than the preferred
architecture of a potato chip.
Flat, ridged, extreme ridged.

All the world wants from me here
is the desire and attainment
of the disregard for anything but desire.

And if I agree to the potential physics
of the universe, in a way I'm visiting
this place, and I'm also here forever.

There will always be a version of me
sitting in this hot light, worryless and benign,
a dark plum in my hand, the flesh

the color of animal tissue, some slick,
vibrant muscle, the clouds above

nothing more than tiny islands
in an otherwise unencumbered sky.

i scream into the darkness

Ally Zlater



.....

u t i o f a h u r r i c a n e

Robert Beveridge

If you can make
this light you can
make your 10:40
with Mike where
he will tell you what
is wrong with your
résumé, the world,
the second season
of American Idol,
and Crystal Pepsi.
As a bonus he will
throw in some tips
on how to make
an off the rack suit
fit just like it was
custom made for you
by a blind tailor

a c o n v e r s a t i o n

Porsha Monique Allen

Are you happy? she asked.
Sometimes, I said, but I can't
explain this to my mother
because she is sad too &
doesn't want to be alive
any more than I do.
Sometimes I think that
her children are merely
her mistakes that found out
where she lives.

aleigh and asher

Erika Suárez



.....

the old man and his strawberry jam *Jeffrey Haskey-Valerius*

As he stared into the Atlantic, the old man no longer saw its bellying waves. What had once been thick globs of strawberry preserves oozing across the horizon, was now, simply, a stale slab of bread, giant in its loneliness. Gulls cawed above, searching to be satiated.

This was the precipice of his death.

He dug into his corduroys and pulled out his beloved's jar of Smuckers Seedless Strawberry Jam—his wife's, from the day she left. Grunting through the rheumatism, like great pearly mountains rising from his knuckles, seconds stretched into a full minute till the red-and-white checkerboard top clicked.

How had he gotten here? A lifetime of melancholy, swirled into half a decade of unbearable heartbreak, as if with the back of a spoon.

As a boy, he'd found it easier to use a spoon instead of a butterknife, like he'd always watched his mother do, to spread the peanut butter and jelly across the bread. It was just a preference—the way his father preferred his brother over him; gin, neat, four fingers, over dessert. His open palm over his belt.

He met his wife in college. Up until then, botany had been his great passion; he'd spent much of his youth walking through gardens, drawing or photographing the plants, and later learning their origins, their taxonomies. *Fairy, fairy, fairy*, his father bit through cigarette smoke. He applied for business school instead. Thanks to a pretty girl who distracted him from his antitrusts and inflation rates, though, he flunked Economics 101 and had to retake it. When he failed again, he dropped out—and stayed with the pretty girl.

Several years later, his pigtailed daughter was too embarrassed to invite him to Career Day. *You just sell stupid candles for a living*. Fuming, wordless, he went downstairs to fill his shame with a sandwich. Some of the strawberry jam got onto his finger, and he licked it off: so impossibly sweet, like all the candy of the world in one lick. He hadn't had a PB & J since boyhood and had forgotten how delicious they were. It reminded him of his mother, a pastel wash of colors, a string of pearls around her neck, telling him to ignore the bullies at school—to forget the big bully at home.

His wife was the one who had them switch from grape to strawberry. *We're a sophisticated strawberry family now*, she'd said, returning from the store one Sunday. *That so?* he'd smirked, and she dug out a thumbful for him to taste, fresh from her warm skin. *Tastes fine to me, but I may need some more...*

Years passed. His daughter birthed a daughter of her own. He and his wife retired to a breezy coastal town in Maine, where the water could freeze your bones year-round. His wife's heart began to fail, and with it came legs twice their size, as though all her blood had sunk and never resurfaced. Within a few years, she couldn't walk, and by the time she was terminal, she needed more and more oxygen from a tank to compensate for the sludge her insides had become.

In her hospice bed, she had the silliest request—but he couldn't possibly refuse. *Go out and get me all the fixings for the greatest PB & J in the world, will you?* He bought seedless jam, for her choppers, and all-natural peanut butter, because even though she was dying, he couldn't justify giving her anything second-rate. He even bought a package of apple slices he'd found by the produce. *You've got to get your strength up*, he imagined telling her.

When he came back, the nurse was relieving the oxygen meter on the wall and then removed the mask from his beloved. *I'm so sorry*, she said, through the blur filling the room.

He had never felt anything so cold in his life—not even the raucous Maine sea—as when he bent down to touch his face to hers. He felt his chest crumple into a used, ripped, forgotten paper bag.

When the nurse left him to grieve, he opened the peanut butter and the jam and the apples. The sandwich was soaked with snot, but he placed it on her hardened belly anyway.

I won't go on.

He did go on, for five years longer than he'd thought—through a bout of shingles that felt like being burned alive; the loss of his license after he rear-ended a patrol car; the growth of little rheumatic tumors on his knuckles, rendering him unable to spread his fingers.

After each grievance, he bought a new jar of strawberry jam and carried it around in his pocket. He would pry it open, using his fingers—claws, by the end—to eat glob after glob, as if a child discovering fingerpaint. It reminded him there was still sweetness in the world—however temporary.

*

Now, he lifted the lid that his fingers had worked so hard to twist: the same jam he'd bought *her*, the one he'd buried in the fridge and forgotten about once he became busy making her arrangements.

It stung his nostrils, like ammonia. The checkerboard lid dropped, a clang and a clatter as it sashayed down the cliff rocks at his feet. He forced himself to look: a constellation of mold—white and green and purple fuzzballs—burst in a web across the rim.

Waves were somersaulting on the rocks now. Was it possible? Just a minute ago, they were quiet as death. Had it been only a minute? Perhaps it had been a dream.

Yes, it was possible: the wind was picking up now. It was as if his breath had replaced all the air—as if, in this decisive moment, he was no longer breathing and he was the air.

One with it.

Wisps of his white hair flew back and forth, wings trying to flap away, away.

t h e c a t w e i g h e d m o r e t h a n h i s b a b y d a u g h t e r

George Ryan

Amorous, bibulous and inclined to
pharmaceuticals, he nearly always

dreamed up some kind of political lure
for the very poor and the very rich

a u b a d e f r o m a d r e a m

Hannah Radeke

The hotel erupts into being—
cheap wallpaper planets stop spinning
and someone has written your name
on the backside of the headboard.

You aren't awake yet, though morning
comes like a cymbal through the open window.
The ceiling comes down.

Outside, the sky is glass and
I feel bad for leaving. As in waking life,
I look only partly like myself.

I walk toward the sunset, but its edges
fold into the creases of the sky & curve
into the moon. Sleep would be nice,
but I have too much thinking to do.
In a month, I forget your mouth.

How quickly absence
falls into death.

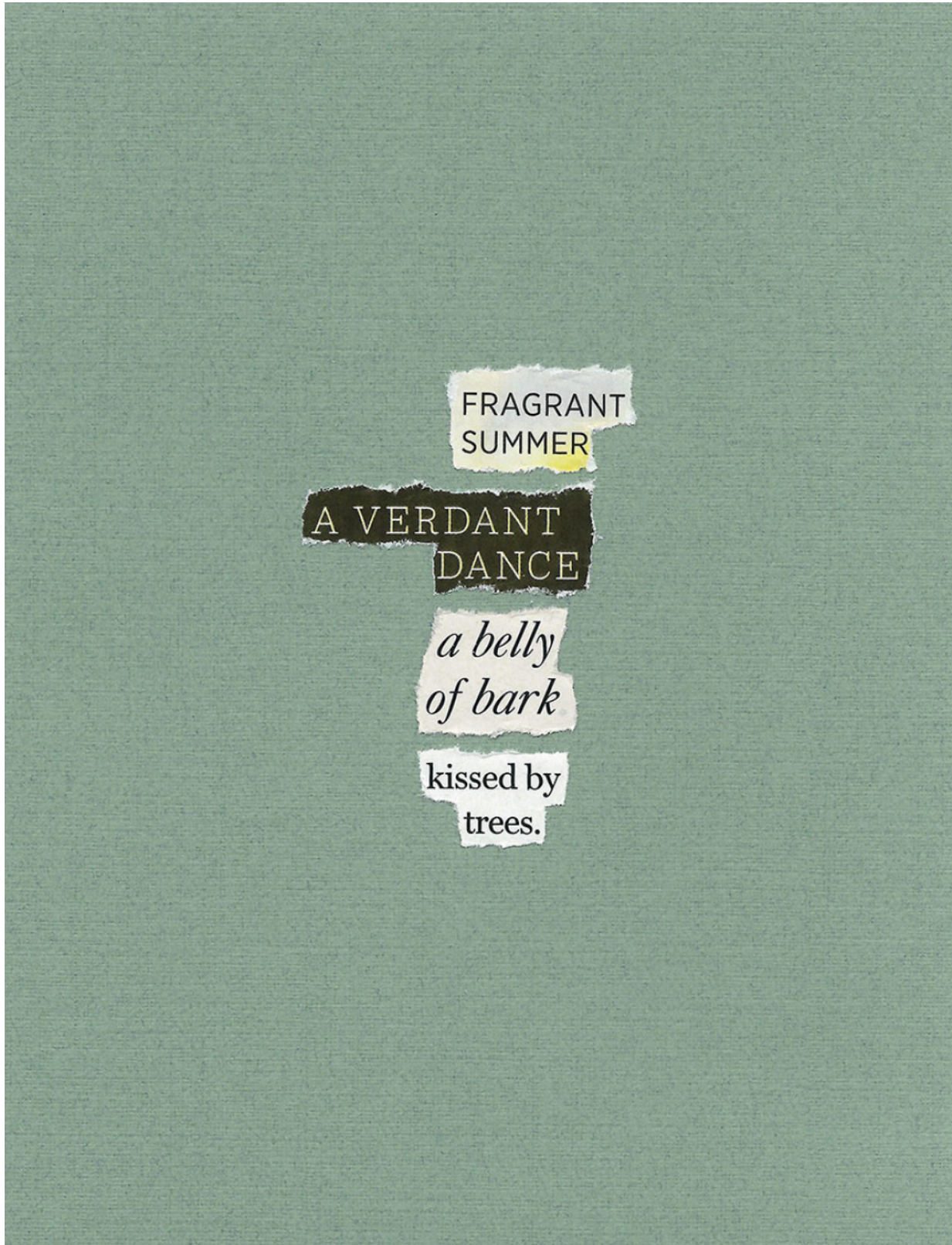
b o y s w i l l b e b o y s

Andrew Davidson-Novosivschei

when I was little
I saw a music video
with Sting bare chested
with candles and hot wax
for a good part
of my childhood I wondered
what it would be like
to sleep with Sting
like any other regular boy

fragrant

J.I. Kleinberg



catherine and her wheel

Giada Rotundo



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c r a p e m y r t l e s

Barbara Daniels

I'm sick of snow blocking the AC Expressway
and gutter ice dams wrecking my roof.
I've been planning a move to North Carolina

for the better climate and whole-hog barbecue.
But North Carolina is moving toward me.
Fig trees travel northward, camellias,

magnolias. New Jersey ponds don't
freeze now in winter. Early in March
false cherries form blossoms

like big prom corsages. Crape myrtles
used to mean Southern living.
They bloom in New Jersey now, June

through September. Once they were shrubs,
but warming turned them to tall trees
with spectacular blooms.

Warming brings pests too,
the loveliest spotted lantern flies
flashing red, white, black. Without

a hard frost they might turn up anywhere,
chewing fruit, eating trees. When they get to
the sycamores, sap weeps from the open wounds.

I found a jerk chicken place just down the road,
not North Carolina but almost as good.
Crape myrtles bloom: coral, lavender, scarlet.

standoffish at the party

Joanna Cleary

this is the poem about the party from last night skin and sloshing drinks and so many / people / who couldn't be touched this is the poem about mythopoesis and how i scooped myself closed like an egg gleefully calling out *Drop me and you'll be sorry!* as i forced them all to remember how our petty wounds hurt how we are wounded all the time how *Splat!* i would've gone and made a mess over everyone's fine shoes this is the poem about how good it felt to have the people i love wrap their youthful / fingers / around my youthful / body / so they could protect me and then to feel their youthful resentment simmer on my skin while still knowing no one would ever let me fall

the intensity of intimacy

Bill Wolak



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i s n ' t / g o o e y / n e i t h e r

Austin Miles

f.

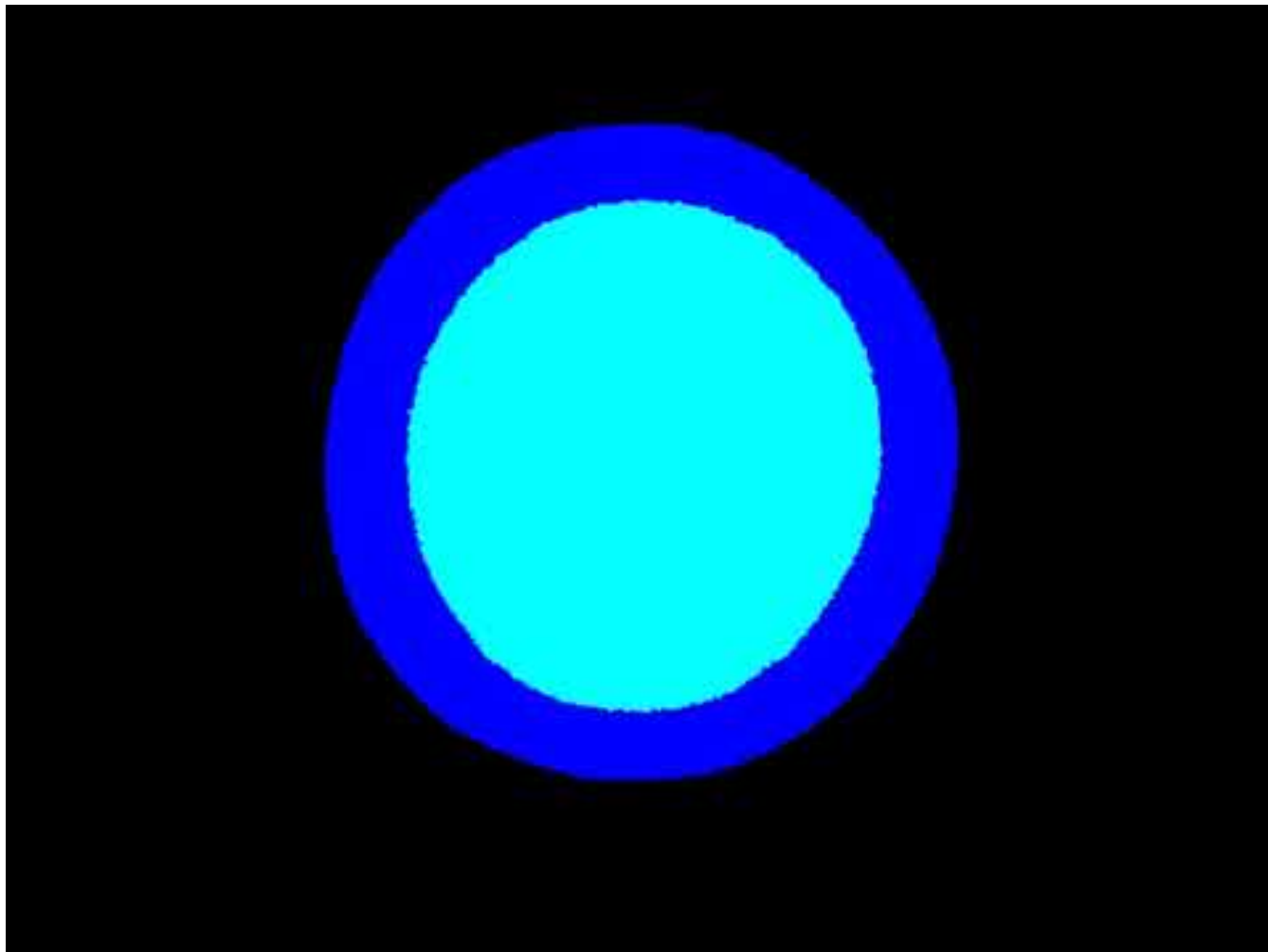
Fog hopeful could maybe go elsewhere
yet... is basically a democrat—
+ enjoys womb of u.s.a—
looking 4 meaning in the past—

f.

Dog: think m.e.s. in conjunction w m.p.a. /
u.s.a.c.e. or... want 2 gestate relaxed
in a white + glaring womb yh they want
purest heritage a past
só great it must've been *theirs*

poem diary poem two

Adwaita Das



[Watch Poem Diary Poem Two above or on YouTube.](#)

i t ' s w i n t e r

Joanna Cleary

The office worries about clients' IP rights
And we churn out NDAs. Between emails,
I think about sex. I want another snow day,
For us to lose billions until it becomes just
Fucking ridiculous how much we're losing,
Though I know I'd miss this place if I left;
There are moments like love when we talk
About our kids playing outside in the snow.
In the mornings, sunlight through windows
Touches my myopic face as I type. I make
What can't be held. It's winter. I'm needed.

p r a c t i c e

Theadora Siranian

In a different hemisphere my father reads
a book about rain, lies restless night after
night, thinking about the best way to paint

a grey sky. Mornings he peels an egg over
the sink, watches the cats hunt, the clouds
shift. *Altostratus undulatus, altocumulus*

floccus. Noctilucent for those thin tresses
only visible when the sun has just fallen
below the horizon. Night-shining. A gift:

this obsession with our frail taxonomies.
He promised when the world abandoned
me, when we all abandoned each other,

a story, a word, even a single letter could
do. Sailors wrote songs about the sky,
prayed to figureheads woman and animal.

Without a familiar to worship a ship was
surely doomed. Fishermen refused
to learn to swim, not wanting to prolong

the inevitable. Never call a fish by its
proper name, for to name something is
to love it. Some would even watch while

others drowned, unwilling to deprive the sea
of its catch, afraid it would return instead
for their own families. I haven't spoken

to my father in a month, haven't called him
by his name. Terrified this afternoon: *Is it
possible this is the first time I've written*

to survive myself? He'd tell me it doesn't
matter—the question, the answer. Only
the waiting, and what comes after.

o d e t o d a n n y

Gillian Lee

i am drinking oat milk and reading whoever wrote the book i spent twelve dollars on and finished in ten minutes. so you know how old i am.
older than oat milk, but young enough to drink it.

my friend, take my hand. i have not cared about anyone's problems since my brother died.
but an adorable stranger hugged me and i thought, maybe i will love someone
shorter than me for the first time in my life. that is, i want to.

that is, i actually want to sit across from you and hear about your mom.
i haven't felt that way in a long time. danny, i have a caramel on me.
i am a treat. enjoy.

if you are stressed out, do the following. rinse out the inside of your nose
with a terrible blue teapot named neti. have a slice of a fruit. take a vitamin.
enjoy a fine dining experience. wonder if you need glasses.

outside the window are the branches of the trees held and waving on the backs of the horses
of the breeze. what is worrisome? oh yes—all of it. count the branches—it will matter.
you are a human being.

you are meant to count branches and weep and hold and watch useless television.
more television has been made than you will ever watch. it is not your plight to watch it.
it is not mine.

or watch your own tiny sliver of it. my sliver is shark programming. i have seen all of it, but
i'll look no further. i am not afraid. i love my shark programming. every july
there is more. sharks are endless.

it's very exciting for science that they keep finding uglier sharks. on my birthday
they found the ugliest shark of all. it was a gift from god to science to me, on my birthday.
“hello, wake up,” called the telephone.

“they've discovered the ugliest shark.” I had barely turned twenty-four an hour ago. there is hope
for us yet, i supposed aloud, gently laying my telephone to rest on its little bed,
and then laid down my tired and precious head.

spinning round and round

Giada Rotundo



.....

Solitude is fine, but you need someone to tell you that solitude is fine.
Honoré de Balzac

contributor biographies

Porsha Monique Allen is a native and resident of Richmond, Virginia. She received her MFA from Queens University of Charlotte. Her work has appeared and is forthcoming in *The Scene & Heard Journal*, *Scalawag Magazine*, *Obsidian*, *Rattle*, & *FEED*. She was selected as a semi-finalist for Naugatuck River Review's 12th Annual Narrative Poetry Contest. You can find her on Twitter [@porshamallen](https://twitter.com/porshamallen).

Robert Beveridge (he/him) makes noise (xterminal.bandcamp.com) and writes poetry in Akron, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in *Stone of Madness*, *Thirteen Myna Birds*, and *Caustic Frolic*, among others.

Gerard Cabrera (he/him/his) is a gay Puerto Rican writer originally from Springfield, Massachusetts. He holds degrees from Brandeis University (1985), Hunter College School of Public Health (1995), and Northeastern University School of Law (1999). He has represented people with HIV in housing and family court, practiced health and regulatory law, and served in New York City government. Currently he works as a court attorney in child protective proceedings in the New York State Family Court system. His work has appeared in literary journals such as *ACENTOS REVIEW*, *JONATHAN*, and *KWELI*. He has attended Bread Loaf, The Writers Studio, and completed a residency at The Camargo Foundation in Cassis, France. In 2019 he was interviewed about his novel *Homo Novus* on CNN en Español.

Joanna Cleary (she/her) is an emerging artist and recent graduate of University of Waterloo interested in using poetry to explore the intersection of sexuality, shame, and the body. Her work has previously appeared or is forthcoming in *The tEmz/ Review*, *The Hunger*, *Gordon Square Review*, *Every Pigeon*, *Always Crashing and Subterranean Blue Poetry*, among others. Follow her on Instagram [@joannacleary121](https://www.instagram.com/joannacleary121).

Ven Corbet is a transmasculine writer and graduate of the University of Colorado Denver. He writes work in experimental forms about disability, trauma, and being queer. His work has been published in *F(r)iction's* online issue, *Dually Noted*.

Barbara Daniels's *Talk to the Lioness* was published by Casa de Cinco Hermanas Press in 2020. Her poetry has appeared in *Cleaver*, *Faultline*, *Small Orange*, *Meridian*, and elsewhere. Barbara Daniels received a 2020 fellowship from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts.

Adwaita Das is an author and artist from India, Planet Earth. She studied English literature and film direction; worked in theatre, news, cinema and advertising. Her books—"27 Stitches", "Colours Of Shadow" and "Songs Of Sanity"—deal with the human psyche. Her art explores mindfulness. She has illustrated affirmation pieces for volume two in the "Mindscape Series: Young Mental Health". Adwaita facilitates creative sessions for mental awareness and wellbeing with cathartic doodles and writing.

Andrew Davidson-Novosivschei (b. 1987) is a translator and poet from Arizona. Translations have appeared in *Asymptote Journal*, *Trafika Europe* and others. His English-language poems have appeared in *Nomans Journal* and *Extract(s)*. His Romanian-language poems have appeared in *Poesis International* and *Tribuna*. He is currently based in Bucharest.

Teresa Fellion founded *BodyStories: Teresa Fellion Dance* in 2011, after choreographing independently since 2004. She has performed for Lucinda Childs, Sarah Skaggs, Kimberly Young, M'Bewe Escobar, Skip Costa, and Martha Bowers, and performed works by Twyla Tharp, Deganit Shemy, Liz Lerman, and Megan Boyd. Teresa completed a Dance MFA from Sarah Lawrence under Scholarship, a Certificate from the Ailey School on scholarship, and a BA in French & English Literature with a dance minor from NYU as a Merit Scholar. She received Choreographic Fellowships from SummerStages Dance Festival, ICA Boston, and an American Dance Guild Fellowship for Jacob's Pillow's Choreographers' Lab. *BodyStories* has shown work at Baryshnikov Arts Center, Jacob's Pillow, The Public Theater, Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery, University of Florida, ENTPE University (Lyon, France), NYU, Jazz at Lincoln Center, Ailey Citigroup Theater, Bryant Park Summer Stage, BDF Edinburgh at EICC, Agnes Varis Performing Arts Center at Gibney Dance Center, NY City Center, Dixon Place, UME, ICA Boston, 92nd St. Y, Naropa University, Franco-American Cultural Center, CPR-Center for Performance Research, 14th St. Y, Merce Cunningham Theatre, The Dance Complex, Southampton Arts Center, Triskelion Arts, and in concerts with Phish. More info available at <http://bodystoriesfellion.org/>

Jeffrey Haskey-Valerius writes poetry and fiction in Southern California. His work has appeared in *Northern New England Review*, *Thimble Lit Mag*, and *Sixfold*, among others.

Lucas Khan is a half Pakistani middle school teacher battling multiple sclerosis. He wants to represent the disabled and chronically ill in the poetry community and give them a voice.

Twice nominated for Pushcart and Best of the Net awards, *J.I. Kleinberg* is an artist, poet, and freelance writer. Her visual poems have been published in print and online journals worldwide. She lives in Bellingham, Washington, USA, where she tears words out of magazines and posts occasionally on Instagram @jikleinberg.

Gillian Lee is a white queer trans individual in the burbs chasing blurbs.

Meg McCarney is a third-year student studying Creative Writing with a specialization in Poetry at Lesley University in Cambridge, MA. Previously, her work has been recognized by the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards, *Commonthought Literary Magazine*, and the Sigma Tau Delta Rectangle. She adores Jeopardy re-runs, corgis, and baking oatmeal raisin cookies, among other things. In her work, Meg aspires to help others name and confront their demons, whether those

be internal or external, familial or romantic, centered within the self or concerning the world at large.

Austin Miles lives in Columbus, OH. He has poems published in Recenter Press, Dream Pop and the tiny.

Michael Quigg received a Bachelor's in English and Writing from Illinois State University. His poetry also appears in ISU's creative journal Euphemism. He has lived in various parts of central Illinois nearly all his life, and currently lives and works in Bloomington.

Hannah Radeke is a poet and photographer living in Chicago. They studied art history and creative writing in undergrad.

Giada Rotundo was born in 1991 lives and works near Milan, Italy. The artist's research was at the beginning founded on images of the past. Her art reflected the understanding of what has happened, at times forgotten, but represented in a modern way. That's why we often see men depicted, from the late 1800s beginning 1900s, re-elaborated using present day techniques. Nowadays she is facing up new themes that include horror and splatter in art. She has collaborated with the Visoni Altre Gallery, Atelie22, Pepita Ramone Space, Open Space Art Living, Metodo Milano Artist-run Space, Tirabasso Gallery, Passepartout Unconventional Gallery, Artepassante Project, Benjamin Mac Gallery, Tail Online Gallery and Galleriazro.

George Ryan was born in Ireland and graduated from University College Dublin. He is a ghostwriter in New York City. Elkhound published his *Finding Americas* in October 2019. His poems are nearly all about incidents that involve real people in real places and use little heightened language.

Theadora Siranian is a graduate of the MFA Program at the University of Massachusetts, Boston. Her poetry has appeared in *Best New Poets*, *Rust + Moth*, and *Atticus Review*, among others. She currently lives and teaches at Nazarbayev University in Nur-Sultan, Kazakhstan, where she is also a poetry editor for Angime, the first trilingual literary arts journal in the country. Her chapbook, *She*, has just been released by Seven Kitchens Press. More of her work can be found at theadorasiranian.com. *The road is narrow and it goes straight through the gardens of Paradise* is borrowed from Laura Kasischke's poem "A Long Commute."

Erika Nina Suárez (she/her) is a photographer currently living and working in Fort Worth, TX. Suarez moved to Texas in 2012, from West Palm Beach, FL. She completed a BFA in photography at The University of North Texas in 2019. Her work is primarily made utilizing a medium format view camera. Suarez's current body of work highlights concepts of intimate familial relationships, the irrevocable need to bear witness to habitual sensations, and investigates her own identity through her Hungarian and Nicaragüense parentage.

Andrew Walker lives in Denver.

Bill Wolak is a poet, collage artist, and photographer who has just published his eighteenth book of poetry entitled *All the Wind's Unfinished Kisses* with Ekstasis Editions. His collages and photographs have appeared as cover art for such magazines as *Phoebe*, *Harbinger Asylum*, *Baldhip Magazine*, *Barfly Poetry Magazine*, and *Ragazine*.

Ally Zlatar holds a BFA in Visual Art & Art History from Queen's University & an MLitt Curatorial Practice from the Glasgow School of Art. Currently, she is pursuing her Doctorate of Creative Arts with the University of Southern Queensland. She has dualistic experience as a Curator/ Artist and has been involved in many projects and galleries globally. Ranging from projects with such galleries as Agnes Etherington Art Centre, Hunterian Art Gallery & Glasgow's Centre for Contemporary Art. Exploring her artist practice as a methodology that suggests the human condition is more complex than it is currently understood. Using primarily paintings, she examines, instigates and provokes notions of the individual experience through specifically focusing on philosophical discourse, body image, embodiment & ethics. Additionally, her book *The Starving Artist: Understanding Body Image and Eating Disorders within Contemporary Art* is in over 30 Universities world wide including Harvard, Yale, Princeton etc. (More info here: <https://thestarvingartist.pb.studio/>). She started a charity for The Starving Artist as well which has raised over £5000 for Eating Disorder Treatment.

editor biographies

Megan Jacobs is the Fiction Editor for Apricity Press. She received her B.A. in Literature with an emphasis in Creative Writing from Mills College. Her work has appeared in *The Walrus*, *Voices and Visions*, and Apricity Press's inaugural issue. She is the founder of *Cultivate Happiness Now*, a lifestyle blog that aims to provide tools and inspiration to help women create the happier lives they crave using a small step approach. She was recently a resident at Art Farm in Marquette, NE. She currently lives in Oakland and is working on a collection of short stories. Most recently, Megan enjoyed reading Matthew Lewis's *The Monk*. Authors she loves and is inspired by include John Irving, Frank McCourt, Donald Barthelme, Edgar Allen Poe, J. Robert Lennon, and John Fante.

Marcelo Kuna is the Dance Editor for Apricity Press. He graduated with a B.A. in Dance from the Communication of the Body Arts course at PUC-SP. He currently lives in São Paulo, Brazil. Dancer, singer and certified DanceAbility teacher (Montevideo, 2013), Marcelo is interested in exploring queer performativity, and the mixed abilities of (dis)abled bodies through the arts of the body. Recently, he created a concert called "Cancioneiro Queer" (Queer Songbook), which features LGBTQ/feminist songs from the repertoire of Weimar Republic Cabaret, Opera, Broadway, Off Broadway, and Brazilian Musical Theatre. Together with his solo "Transviado (Ich bin die fescche Lola!)", the concert was presented as a part of the November/2016 SESC Palladium's program comprised of LGBTQ artists' work, in Belo Horizonte, MG, Brazil. In 2016, he published a 'made for iBooks' ebook called "I Am The Naughty Lola!", currently available for purchase on the Apple Store's iBooks app. A feminist art manifesto that focuses on a male body dancing with camp sensibility, the book travels through recent Dance history, and Queer Theory to investigate possibilities for a queer dance.

Mira Mason-Reader is the founder and editor-in-chief of Apricity Press. She has a B.A. in English, Creative Writing and Dance from Mills College and has an M.A. in Creative Writing from University College Cork in Ireland. Mira is a poet and a dancer whose writing has been published in a variety of publications including, *Cordella Magazine*, *ELKE "A Little Journal"* and *The Walrus*. As a dancer, Mira has performed both her own work and other choreographers' for over twenty years. One of Mira's favorite recent dance performances was "Reading a Wave", a dance & art installation by Bay Area artist Laura Elayne Miller. Authors close to Mira's heart include e. e. cummings, Sandra Cisneros, Dorianne Laux, Ramona Ausubel, and Jeffrey Eugenides.

Eden Julia Sugay received her B.A. in Creative Writing from Mills College and is the Poetry Editor for Apricity Press. Her writing highlights her voice as a queer woman of color and reflects on navigating identity and relationships, and their constantly evolving natures. Eden is inspired by the sun and the pink-faced, glossy-eyed details of honesty (read: she is a Cancer sun-Cancer rising-Aries moon, and a huge advocate of crying). Her work has appeared in *The*

Walrus, Kissing Dynamite, and Folkways Press. When Eden isn't frantically jotting half-formed thoughts on the edges of napkins or on her phone's notes, she likes to fill her time dancing, baking, and exploring new ways love can manifest. Writers who quite literally give Eden life are Audre Lorde, James Baldwin, Ocean Vuong, and Ada Limón.

Colby Taylor is the Prose and Poetry Editor for Apricity Press. She received her B.A. in Creative Writing - with an emphasis on fiction and playwriting - from Eugene Lang College of Liberal Arts at The New School. Colby works as a Content Coordinator in Marketing. She is based in Brooklyn and spends her days writing copy and producing videos. She will always be working on short stories. Recent influences of Colby's include, but are not limited to: Vivian Gornick, Sheila Heti, Joshua Ferris, and Maggie Nelson.

Darian Volk is the Visual Arts Editor for Apricity Press. Darian has a B.A. in Art History from Portland State University and lives in Milwaukie, Oregon. Darian has been working in the visual arts field for a number of years, varying between the creation of her own works of art to teaching art to special needs students at the local high school she graduated from. Her personal art focuses on turning literary works into visual art pieces with a concentration on the human form. As an art history student, she has studied many art movements, her favorite being ancient art -especially Greek and Roman- as well as the Renaissance. Her favorite artists include Titian, Dürer and Cindy Sherman- specifically the "Sex Pictures" series.

Apricity Press is an online annual publication of poetry, prose, fiction, art, and dance. Submissions are open from September 1 to January 1 every year, and our submission guidelines can be found on our website. Read all six of our issues at apricitypress.com!