

euphony

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*Euphony* is a nonprofit literary journal produced biannually at the University of Chicago. We are dedicated to publishing the finest work by writers and artists both accomplished and aspiring. We publish a variety of works including poetry, fiction, drama, essays, criticism, and translations.

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**COVER**

Margaret Hart

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# POEMS

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# POETRY EDITOR'S LETTER

Dear Reader,

When I began my tenure as the poetry editor of *Euphony*, I thought that poetry was more static than dynamic. The poetic form seemed to me better suited to capture than to release, caught on moments rather than movements. Like the Chicago winter, it froze everything it touched, stilling the decay of a flower in bloom, or rendering a well-loved face forever peaceful in sleep. What I failed to realize was that moments are movements. The Chicago winter may seem still, but it is not. The snow falls; ice freezes; it thaws and re-freezes. Each molecule is in a state of constant struggle.

Likewise, this season's poems are far from static. They shimmer and writhe. The sensual restlessness of "Sultana" catches flame and becomes savagery in "burning." The palliative motion of "Intertidal Emptiness Is" spirals into the frenzied "pulse of the Atlantic." Like a shell that contains the sounds of an entire ocean, the nautilus-like structure of the poem exposes the meaningless simmering in the syntax of deceptively peaceful white noise, and it delves into solipsism with the realization that the only sound is the frantic beating of the speaker's own heart.

What I love best about these poems is their shared refusal to generalize, to abstract, to risk succumbing to cliché. Love emerges at the intersection of insects and the blue light of a phone, or else in a twilit McDonald's. In "Nightscares," we cannot look away as the floating body of the speaker's dead mother morphs into a pickle bobbing in a jar. The jittery synesthesia of "A crime behind the curtains" reveals light to be just as ominous as shadow, and "Alluvial Plain" is the rare nature poem that places stoicism before sentimentality. The last two poems especially, which chronicle two dissatisfying experiences with junk food, achieve mastery in their ability to wring revelation from the banal.

I hope that the hot blood of these poems keeps you warm when everything around you is cold. It has for us at *Euphony*. We will see you again in the spring—after the thaw.

Best,  
Annabella Archacki

# Sultana

---

*Esther Sun*

In Baghdad the stars prick liquid night  
like white flowers in Badruldour's hair. She thins,

waits, murmurs in her sleep. Red fruit of red fruit,  
constellation of constellations, brightest

of lapis lazuli. The nomadic moon, pale cheek  
of the sky, rises and rests in the pliant curvatures of history.

Princesses of the Arabian nights, they two  
are one and the same. Beyond the walls

of the city, desert sands billow into whorls,  
mirroring their princess's skirts.

# burning

---

*Elinor Clark*

spuming nothings

froth

around the mouth

watch the sand with brume filled eyes

half dead

half something else

you swept me up

landing without feet

hyperhidrosis peeling skin

shake it off wildly dance

around the pyre we erected

out of broken things

makes everything taste of

burning prayer

# That Modern Technology Creates an Illusion of Closeness

---

*Olivia Stowell*

is a fact that is not lost on me  
as my eyes scan towards the parking lot  
waiting for a car

the raindrops on the window are small beetles  
crawling back down glass toward dirt

to nestle against tree roots  
to make homes  
against all odds, to fight fires  
before they begin to burn

i wait to hear from you,  
checking and checking again  
hands full of small ants  
teeming to the word  
that does not arrive

in the end, our separation is only  
a means towards the illusion

the fact is not lost on me  
that god leaps in the synapses  
that light up when my phone buzzes  
with the simulation of you.

# A crime behind the curtains

---

*D.S. Maolalai*

you open your window.  
the night stays outside.  
your lightbulb,  
shock-bright  
and frightening;  
shadows skulk, skittish as raccoons  
or a manged up tabby cat  
which doesn't know you,  
hiding out in corners  
and crouched behind the bins.

ah  
electric light;  
brassy and fine as loud  
music,  
confining time around  
and leaving night  
to slide  
like a crime behind the curtains,  
even when you're tired  
after work  
and it's cold outside  
and the window open.

# NIGHTSCAPES

---

*Rochelle Jewel Shapiro*

My dead mother floats naked in an aquarium. The water tinges her peach skin. She floats on the surface like one of the dead goldfish in the bowl on the sill of my childhood home. Even dreaming I know that my mother can no longer have skin though she dieted down to skin and bones. I know, even dreaming, that now she is only bone, but somehow, she floats with her green-tinged skin. I press my face to the glass.

I am a child again behind the counter of my father's grocery store, poking in the pickle barrel with the longest fork you ever saw, watching the pickles bob in the brine along with the pickled tomatoes and the dark dots of pickling spice. I hear my father's rumbling cough. I smell the smoke of the Lucky Strike that hangs from his lips. I hear my mother tell him, "Herman, those cigarettes will be the death of you."

My husband and I are back in the old Tudor house where we raised our son and daughter. Lying next to each other in our upstairs bedroom, we're startled by a thunderclap. Soon rain pocks the gabled roof and comes right through the bedroom ceiling, raining down on us in thin sheets like beaded curtains.

I'm crying, my pillow damp with tears. I curl into my husband. "We waited too long to have kids," I whimper into his chest. "Now we're too old." He throws his arm around me. "Shh, you'll wake Rebecca," he mumbles, and falls back to sleep. "Grandma," my grandmother whispers through the door.

# INTERTIDAL EMPTINESS IS

---

*Stephen Massimilla*

a natural trend extending so far for so long  
for no reason, like the spirit in the shell

of who I am  
hitched to  
the wheel  
and dip of a gull  
under flour-sack clouds spilling smoke

for miles above the tiny ballet of sandpipers  
fleet-footing  
toward a sand cove,  
their turn again re-  
turning  
in the laze of light always ruffling

in sea caves in  
fish holes—their invisible odor the only sure  
transmission of obsession  
among coral gaps  
and liquid absences

ageing past daybreak,  
past slow hypnosis pooling

where I cup  
this moonshell curled  
like a sleeping albino beaver  
in my palm in  
my mind filled  
with spiral  
stairwells  
flutes of channeled whelks  
rolling nearer



# Alluvial Plain

---

*Carla McGill*

Reckonings of generations  
stone knots in curving lines  
layered with fallen fruit,  
millennia of clay and branches,  
years of drowned hopes.

Water courses down  
even now, and in the sand  
and gravel, pieces of whiskey bottles,  
pages of bibles, rodent teeth.  
Someone has to look.

Behold the flakes of emerald,  
the abalone sheen on river stones,  
glory be to the smooth sediment  
in certain places and to my own clarity  
in split seconds fading in the dusk.

# Chewy Chips Ahoy Recall Due to Unexpected Solidified Ingredient

---

*Lee Hodge*

Is how I felt  
Biting into a piece of gravel  
Suspended in peanut butter or  
Opening a packet of sugar inside of which was only  
A single perfect dead bee,  
Not unlike how you felt  
Telling me over the phone to see a professional  
And now I'm repeating it like a mantra printed  
On the polyester carpet—a last bastion of induction into the cult  
Of radical love of acceptance of forgiveness of I am one  
With all things except the unexpectedly-solidified things.  
Hearing this is anyone who looks the slightest bit like  
It is the last thing they want to know.  
Today there will be a horrible crime involving your mother, I will  
announce to them  
Did you know that?  
Your mother, not mine, mine is PERFECTLY FINE.  
It was all so well and good once and smelling of  
Not being pushed out of a moving car  
Which is something like being born  
And therein lies this sympathy  
With those perfect disks of  
Studded gold inching toward a horizon  
Grey and dusky in an almostnight  
Ticking toward in and eventually

# A McDonald's Love

*Elinor Clark*

Like a McDonald's meal, you said, our love  
Would not go off. I could preserve it in a case  
And in forty years it would look the same,  
A little dusty, perhaps, but still  
The same.

We'll still be sat at the table, the one we're sat  
At now no doubt, just older with more scratches,  
More rings that coffee cups had sweat-stained  
Into the wood. We'd seal lips tight,  
Each looking at the other, open palms  
Upon the table, half cupped leaves  
Planted long ago to catch  
A rain-soaked

*How?*

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# PROSE

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# PROSE EDITOR'S LETTER

Dear Reader,

Welcome to the prose section of *Euphony's* Winter 2020 issue, our first for the new decade. As we prepare to graduate college and enter the workforce, we here at *Euphony* have been grappling with many of the themes of this season's issue—coming to terms with the past, telling our own stories in our own words, living life to the fullest, and being the best people we can be. We hope that these stories inspire you to reflect on your own lives and move into the new decade with the resolution to do what makes you happy.

We begin with “A First and Last,” a story of owning up to the sins of the past. This year's short story contest winner, “A First and Last” captures the trauma of revisiting one's childhood, but it also speaks to the necessity of forgiveness in order to move forward in life.

Next we have “Cindy Evans's Prickly Past and Present—*Spork Magazine*, November 2018.” This story, framed as the bio of the ex-wife of an ex-rocker, had many of our staff convinced Cindy Evans was a real person. The piece focuses on the retelling and reclaiming of a life told a hundred times before.

We move on to “Tangerine Summer,” a story of dreams unfulfilled. As aspiring authors and poets, many of us related a little too closely to the existential dread of never succeeding in our chosen artistic professions.

Our final prose piece is “Understanding Everything.” A meditation on the narrator's life over the past twenty years, we thought it was the perfect piece to end our issue.

We hope you enjoy reading this season's issue, and we hope to see you again in the spring for *Euphony Journal's* 20th anniversary issue!

Happy Reading!  
Orliana Morag

# A First and Last

---

*Uma Menon*

*1st Place Contest Winner*

“Your mother died two weeks ago,” he said. “Is that right?”

I steadied myself in the wobbly wooden chair and swallowed hard.

“Yes, Father, she did, but how—”

“I know these things, you know,” the priest said before I could finish. “I’m very sorry for your loss, but your mother is in a better place now.”

“Of course,” I said. He had probably seen my face as I walked into the confession box. Siyapalli was a small village. Most everyone knew my mother. They knew she had died. They knew that I had come back here after six years for her cremation. The priest probably knew what everyone else did.

“You’ve finished the last rites, haven’t you?” he asked.

“She was cremated.”

“Of course. You’re not Christian,” he said. “Nor is your mother.” I shook my head, forgetting that he couldn’t see me. I wasn’t sure if it mattered, but I didn’t think he’d turn me away.

“No, I’ll presume,” he said. “Is that why you’re here today?”

“What—yes—oh wait, no,” I said, jumbling my words. “No, no, that’s not exactly why I’ve come here. Sorry.” I picked at the skin around my nails, a habit that I had picked up recently.

“Nothing to apologize for, yet. What brings you here, then?”

“My own father,” I said. “My father was a Christian. He used to come here to pray, before I was born.”

“I see,” the priest said. “Maybe I know him,” he chuckled.

“Maybe. But he died when I was eight years old,” I paused. “A long time ago.”

“I see,” he repeated. I waited for him to say something more, but he remained silent. I watched a lizard skitter across the ceiling, its tiny feet suctioned in place.

“It’s been twenty years, to the date. To the date of his passing, I mean.”

“Is that right?”

“Yes, Father,” I hesitated. “He fell out of a coconut palm. By the

time the doctor came, it was too late,” I said. I wondered if he knew already—not by the supernatural, but by word of mouth.

“Do you like coconuts?” the priest asked.

“No, not anymore. My mother says that I used to.”

“And what does that mean?”

“I don’t know,” I said, frustrated by how little he said. I wanted to tear the grille away with my own hands and speak directly to his face. I knew that it was there to protect the confessor and not the priest, but I had grown to resent protection.

“Is the tree still there?” he asked.

“I don’t know. It was my father’s ancestral home. I don’t live there,” I said. After I moved to America, I hadn’t kept in touch with anyone from Siyapalli, apart from a call to my mother every week or two. My father’s family was an entire day’s travel from Siyapalli. We had never bothered to keep in touch with his family, really, after his funeral. I’d never thought twice about it either.

“Well, the tree’s still there,” the priest said. “Pick a ripe coconut from it and break it against a wall. Eat the meat of the coconut—raw, or with poha.”

“I don’t know where it is. I was only eight,” I said.

“Search for it. That’s part of your journey,” he replied. “Do you know how to climb a coconut tree?”

“No,” I said. “My father used to climb it with a ladder. I—I guess I could try the same.” I wasn’t convinced that I should go back, or even that I could. I had come here on a whim, and I now wanted little more than permission to leave.

“A ladder,” the priest noted. “Then what went wrong?”

I closed my eyes for a moment and watched the sun rise and fall inside of my eyelids. It was so long ago that I couldn’t procure tears if I wanted to. Only heat.

“Nothing,” I insisted. I felt something between my fingers. The lizard had wrapped its tail around my thumb, squeezing lightly. The tip of my thumb was red, though not painful. I shook my hand, unraveling the lizard. It jumped on to the net.

“I was playing with a coconut—a young, green coconut—while he was picking the rest. I threw it, as a ball. And it hit the bottom of his ladder,” I said. My stomach escaped from under my body and my lips sealed like dry sand. So many memories were left in my head, wrapped carelessly in their own flesh.

“Did your mother know?”

“No. She was here, in Siyapalli, when it happened.”

The lizard had made its way on to the grille. It slipped through a hole at the bottom to the other side, with only its tail sticking out towards me.

“No one told her?” His voice was gentle, yet, it leaped out at me through the wood and the grille.

“There was no one to tell her. My grandmother—I mean, my father’s mother—was the only one there. She was in the house when it happened and assumed that he had just fallen. I didn’t consider telling anyone at the time.”

It was true, yet it wasn’t. I had in fact considered telling them, but I could never bring myself to do it. It was both selfish and selfless. Even as a child, I learned to hide truths and emotions so well that I needed no training when I became an adult.

“Then what changed?” the priest asked.

“Nothing.”

“Nothing?”

“Well, a lot of things have changed, but I don’t know if anything—relevant—has changed.”

“Anything relevant,” he repeated. “What was your mother’s dying wish?”

I opened my mouth and closed it almost immediately. I had left my mother alone in her old age, never bothering to visit her after I left for America. It occurred to me that I didn’t really know what she had wanted. And now her body was burnt ash.

“I don’t know,” I said, for what seemed like the thousandth time that day. “I wasn’t there, by her side, when she died.”

“No, you weren’t. But still, she was your mother. You must know what her last wish would have been, after eating from her hands for so many years.”

“I don’t. I don’t know,” I said. The lizard’s tail disappeared into the darkness. “I think I’ve confessed everything I need to. Thank you.” I rose from the chair. Its creaking reverberated through the tiny church. My cheeks warmed and reddened, the same way they would when I was a young boy.

“Confessed to whom?” he asked. “Have you confessed to yourself?”

I stopped in my tracks and felt my feet and fingers swell. I opened my mouth to reply, but felt it was better to leave. I rushed out of the box and to the door of the church. As I twisted the doorknob open, I ran into a tall man, who was chatting away on his phone. He gestured an apology to me, without making eye contact. He was wearing a priest’s robes and a large cross around his neck.

I turned to watch him. His hair was gray and his face was wrinkled. It was the face that I had seen occasionally during my childhood in Siyapalli at festivals, baptisms, and weddings. It was the priest of the church—the only priest, to my knowledge, at that tiny church.

I turned again, with my hand still clamping the knob. I couldn’t see the confession box from my angle. The priest leaned against a bench at

the back of the church, continuing to talk on the phone.

In the corner, a man scurried up the stairs to the altar. He kneeled and bowed his head in prayer. I watched him for a long moment, losing all sense of time and place. It wasn't until a lizard, perched on the door, began to chirp, that I finally left—once and for all.

# Cindy Evans' Prickly Past and Present

*Spork Magazine, November 2018*

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G.E. Cabarle

Three-dollar margaritas are never really worth the salt on their rims—if they're rimmed with salt at all. This is the first thing Cindy Evans (née Leonard) tells me after we grab our drinks at Cubbyhole in Greenwich Village. Despite the bar's reputation for being one of the last standing lesbian bars in the city, it's filled with a variety of queer people (gay, Cindy corrects me dozens of times that week), mostly middle-aged or elderly folks who look like they put roots in the floor of the bar twenty years ago and never left.

"The dyke bars are dying," she says in a conspiratorial whisper that retains her thick Jersey accent. "That's why they can afford to make such terrible drinks here."

Nevertheless, she orders three more over the course of the next four hours. All peach—for the pussy, she says, which is somehow funny all three times. Perhaps it's because having drinks so casually with the ex-wife of one of the most famous men of all time seems in and of itself to be a joke. Yet, here she is. 72 years old, totally grey but as sharp-eyed and foul-mouthed as her writing suggests. "Totally grey" being her own words—she's insisted that I remind the audience of this particular piece that women get old too and don't have to be beautiful either.

"That's why I needed another dyke to write this. All of the men who have ever written about me say I look good for my age. What kind of shit is that? Let me be old and ugly for Christ's sake. I haven't been tight downstairs since 1965. My tits hang to my belly button, you know? It's too late for me."

Her publication history would disagree. In the past six years, she's published three books—a compilation of her most popular essays from the late 20th century, a book about lesbian feminism in the 1970s and 80s, and the upcoming release that's inspiring this very profile, *Ashore: The True Story of James Leonard, the Sand Dunes, and Me*. The book, like many rock memoirs, promises the unearthing of many truths hitherto unknown. What makes this book stand out from the rest is the fact that it's well known by those who are *in the know* that Cindy won many of James' writings—anything addressed to her, and, more controversially, writings that mentioned her in any way—during their divorce proceedings in 1970. She's openly said that the book will contain direct excerpts from many of these writings, though she's been mum on

exactly how many or the context they will be placed in.

“I wanted to write the entire book about myself, but my editors told me that there’s no money in stories about garden parties,” Cindy says dryly. When she downs her drink, the cheap plastic cup cuts her on the lip. Her exclamation “F--k!” cracks up a couple of young lesbians on a date nearby. She smiles back at them after she wipes her mouth on the back of her hand.

“I like to set a good example for the youth,” she says.

On day two, Cindy and I meet at the Leslie Lohman Museum of Gay and Lesbian Art. There’s a new installation of lesbian photography that she’s been wanting to see. The museum is free, though donations are encouraged. When we sign in, Cindy hands the person working the front desk a fifty dollar bill.

“Patronize the art you want to see,” she says. “If you don’t, it will disappear—just like that!”

We wander into a room covered in a vast array of historical photographs of lesbian love and genderfuckery. As we observe each picture, she makes special note of anyone who turned up in her 2016 book on late 20th century lesbian feminism, *No Good Pussy at the Discotheque*.

“Is it good feminist praxis to call a bad feminist a c--t?” she says, thumb on the inscription of one of the smaller photographs. “Because the woman in this photograph really was a c--t. Real playgirl—and didn’t give any indication of it before she f--ked you, either. I had several friends in those days who were chewed up and spat out by her. *Some feminist.*”

When we’ve exhausted the photographs, she pauses at the entryway and gives the room across the hall an ugly look. It’s an installation on gender, drag, and trash-based performance art.

“You can go in there if you want. I’ve seen enough of that gender bulls--t for a lifetime.”

It’s easier to get a read on Cindy’s upbringing from biographies about the Sand Dunes than in conversation with the person herself. She has a habit of referring to places in the generic—that one beach, with the boardwalk that’s all umbrellas when it rains—and her skill for chronology in casual conversation leaves a lot to be desired. Unfortunately, most of the descriptions of Cindy in biographies have at least a whiff of sexism in them, right down to her placement in the index—Cindy Leonard (see also: Cindy Evans). For example, Philip Nelson’s highly editorialized *Surf!: The Sand Dunes in their Generation* introduces her thus:

*James Leonard met his future wife, Cindy, on the beach in autumn of 1963. She was beautiful—tall, tan, thin, and golden-haired. He was 21; she was 17. Her mother knew, when Cindy brought him home, that they'd one day be the face of the state of New Jersey.*

Cindy, who was estranged from her mother for much of the 1970s and 80s, takes offense at both the form and content of this picturesque scene.

“Phil and my mother are full of shit. James and I were friends who had horrible sex that knocked me up and then we had to get married to save face. ‘The face of the state of New Jersey,’ give me a f--king break.”

When I ask her if any of the biographies that have touched on her life are accurate, she responds, “Oh, f--k if I know. I don’t read that trash.”

On forums about the Sand Dunes, Cindy is something of a running joke. Shitposting subreddits make disgusting jokes about her—photoshopping bruises on her face, saying that her lesbianism is all a ploy to make money, ranking her attractiveness in comparison to the other Sand Dunes wives, and joking that they jerk off to her relationships and affairs. One creative and dedicated Reddit user takes pictures of pages of her essays and books and creates blackout poems on them that say things like “I like dick,” “I deserve to be beaten,” “Rape me,” and “Ugly bitch.”

She’s aware that many people do not like her—though she says that she lucked out by not being married to James when the Sand Dunes broke up. The same subreddits that mercilessly insult Cindy have engaged in harassment campaigns against James’ second wife, Romy, on Twitter. Cindy herself is of two minds about the harassment saying, “Am I supportive of her as a feminist? Yeah. Did James f--k me in the divorce settlement? Absolutely. It’s complicated. We don’t get coffee. I hate her. But she doesn’t deserve what she gets, for the most part.”

Not all of the hate she gets, however, is blind. Many critics have pointed out Cindy’s tendency towards trans-exclusionary radical feminism as a perfectly good reason to be highly critical of her as a public figure. Nowhere is she more vocal about this than in her public statements regarding her husband’s alleged affair with recently deceased genderqueer painter, Sarah Simon Samuels. Sarah’s posthumously published letters (self-censored before her death) offered a new window into her relationship with James—including a potential corroboration of the rumor (hawked by Cindy herself since her ex-husband’s death in 1980) that Sarah and James may have had an ongoing affair between 1960 and 1966. Cindy has repeatedly refused to acknowledge and accept Sarah’s gender since she came out quietly during an interview

with the *Village Voice* in 2014. She views Sarah's coming out as a direct descendent of the gender performance art that was on display at the Leslie Lohman Museum.

"He and Ashley [Sarah's Wife] were always putting on a show with that sort of thing—they made money and got social clout through pretending their heterosexual relationship was anything but. All of this talk of him being 'genderqueer'" —with this, she puts the word in literal air quotes—"it's all a ploy for attention because he was so afraid of being seen as irrelevant in his old age. I mean, you'd think by seventy years old you'd make some f--king peace with being irrelevant, you know?"

Over the course of our four days together, Cindy shares, of her own accord, her opinions on hundreds of topics—third wave feminism, Donald Trump's presidency, the perceived decline in literacy, PC culture, global warming, veganism, lesbianism, the New York City Public School System, the 1%, whiteness, the MTA, ageism—yet she grows weary of her own rants as though I continually insist on bringing up the topics in the first place. Perhaps she's been a public figure for too long to have the energy to keep up with her own well-worn statements.

On Twitter, Cindy has over 3 million followers. She quote-retweets fascist and centrist thinkers, as well as the Commander in Chief, and adds angry commentary in all caps. During a walk through Chelsea, I ask about this contrast between her lengthy essays of the 70s and 80s—if it has anything to do with political efficiency or building a personal brand.

"The market for writers isn't the same as it was back then," she says. "Even if you're famous, they pay you one cent a word, and they expect you to promote yourself. I'm lucky in that I can use my ex-husband's name to sell my essay compilation for a much higher price than the original compensation I got for their publication. Even though I do hate him, he did give me the gift of financial survival. I don't need to *build a personal brand*—but I do get to tap into the one I was given when I was 17 years old."

It's difficult to know whether or not to feel sorry for Cindy considering her steady writing career following her departure from the inner circle of the Sand Dunes. Despite her divorce payout being proportionally tiny to James Leonard's net wealth, it still amounted to \$75 million in today's money. Even in the 1970s, her tragic story of divorce and lesbian realization only went so far with some feminists who thought she had too much money to have clout. Cindy finds the whole concept of authenticity to be ridiculous.

"*Authenticity*. What am I, an internet celebrity? All that matters is if you can write a good story people connect to. The emotional reaction someone has to it is what's really authentic."

On day three, we travel back to her childhood home in Manahawkin, New Jersey. Cindy hates driving, so we take my car instead. We get stuck in traffic in North Jersey; “Pretty Jersey Girl” comes on one of the radio stations Cindy keeps flipping through. She pauses on the station and turns up the music.

“I always liked this one,” she says. “People sometimes say it’s about me, but it was Peter who wrote the lyrics. They only think I might have something to do with it because James used to dedicate it to his girl onstage. But that was all an act to rile up the teenyboppers.”

She looks out the window, humming along expertly with every note. When the harmonies split into four, she naturally takes the contralto part despite it being hidden deep beneath the flashier melody.

“We’d double up parts at family parties. Derek always had the quietest voice, so I’d help him fatten the notes,” she explains. “You know, sometimes I think he’s really the one I should’ve married. Peter and Michael haven’t talked to me since the divorce, but Derek still checks in sometimes to see how I’m doing. He’s alright when he’s not f--king ranting to the *National Enquirer* about fluoridation in the water supply.”

The song switches to “A Hard Day’s Night” on the radio. Cindy smiles. “God, Peter was endlessly jealous of this one. That riff at the beginning—perfection.”

The deeper we drive into the heart of New Jersey, the more Cindy has to say about music. She’s remarkably knowledgeable about the era she was a part of, and more knowledgeable about contemporary music than the average septuagenarian. Our trip through the pinelands is narrated at a steady clip—each song on the radio has a thoughtful opinion attached to it. One can easily imagine another life where Cindy had chosen a career in music criticism rather than political commentary.

Two hours into the trip, she turns to me and says, “You know, most of the time I don’t really like Derek. All of that cult bullshit was pretty unforgivable, so I don’t answer his phone calls. I think what I said gives the impression that we’re friends when that couldn’t be further from the truth. We’re two people who were in the same place at the same time, so sometimes, we get coffee. But that doesn’t make us friends.”

Reviews of Cindy’s books have been mixed, with many reviewers calling her recollections of the lesbian separatist community of the 1970s and 80s ahistorical. During the course of her career, her opinionated essays have contradicted themselves dozens of times—sometimes within the same year—and her Twitter has been marked by some as “politically incoherent” and many others as “TERF garbage.”

This year’s biography of her late ex-husband, *Ashore: The True Story of James Leonard, the Sand Dunes, and Me*, has already caused a

stir in the rock journalism community—especially among people who consider themselves surf music experts. The consensus has become even before publication that her book will be more supportive evidence than reliable primary source. Yet, in this era of believing women, something about this attitude aimed towards James' own ex-wife instinctively bothers me. For better or worse, Cindy is a primary source—yet Derek and Peter, despite their own histories with unreliability, are often considered more definitive. Derek's semi-coherent 2004 profile in *GQ* in which he claims that there's evidence that everything since Y2K might be a hologram has been cited in three "definitive" biographies since its publication.

More so than most people, Cindy Evans views herself as a highly reputable source. When we visit her childhood home, which she mainly uses as storage for her estate and occasional visits to the shore, she seems to have a memory associated with every nook and cranny of the house.

"I remember all of those," she says when we pass by height markers inscribed on the wall.

"Even the infant ones?" I ask, amused.

"*Especially* those," she says, bending down to tap the shortest inscriptions. "Why would I forget something so insane? I mean, there I was, an infant, and they're holding me to the wall as someone draws something over my head. I was crying my eyes out thinking they were going to hurt me. Funny to think about now, but f--king terrifying back then."

When we pass by her bedroom, she pauses.

"I need to grab some papers from in there, but you can't come in," she tells me. I tell her that I understand. The clunking and rustling behind the door that follows is more intense than expected for someone her age. After ten minutes she emerges, red-faced, her grey hair tousled. A big binder is clutched under her arm.

"We can go," she says, walking with an unexpectedly long stride. "I don't like this house. Too many memories."

Cindy lives alone in her apartment in Greenwich Village. In the 70s, she and her son briefly lived in a feminist collective in the East Village, several blocks away from St. Marks Place. It only took about a year before she learned that she needed to live alone with him. Living with five other women who had opinions on how she raised her son was not the feminist utopia she had dreamed of when she divorced her husband. Jacob was a rambunctious seven year old boy, prone to breaking things that technically belonged to other women in the collective, and he liked to shriek when nobody was paying attention to him. So, she moved to a one-bedroom apartment just off Bank Street and enrolled

her son in drum lessons with some of the money she had saved up from the divorce settlement. Her writing was being sporadically published in some larger publications, but she still relied on alimony and savings to cover most of her expenses.

After graduating from high school, Jacob studied music at Rutgers-New Brunswick where his father had tried (and failed) to get a bachelor's degree so many years before. Unlike his father, he graduated with honors.

In 1987, Jacob moved to Hoboken and got a job at a company that writes jingles for commercials. Like her, he is gay and lives alone, though Cindy tells me, "He has many gentlemen callers."

It seems strange at first glance that Cindy would argue for a world for women and of women when she's spent most of her life living with men or alone. To Cindy, however, it makes perfect sense.

"I was spiritually poisoned by my father, brother, and husband until I was unable to connect with women in the way all women deserve," she says. "In an ideal world, women wouldn't have to live through that. I would be different than I was back then—than I am now, too."

We go to visit her son on day four. After meeting at a coffee shop for breakfast, Cindy and I take the train to Hoboken together. She's brought a notebook and spends the next half hour scribbling in it.

"Jacob is my best collaborator so I bring a lot of first drafts to his house. He's brutally honest—*always*," she explains.

Jacob lives in a modern walk-up on the third floor. He doesn't answer when Cindy knocks on the door—"probably wearing headphones"—so she searches around for the spare key under the doormat and lets herself inside.

"Jake!" She shouts towards the bedroom when she gets inside. "Your mother [distinctly pronounced YA MOTH] is here! Say hello."

Jacob Evans looks and sounds an eerie amount like his father. Same height, same build, same blue eyes, same tan complexion, same tense energy. He flits around his home with the plug-in headphones to his keyboard and guitar around his neck as though a song might come to him at any moment. The only difference seems to be that his father never got to live til Jacob's age of 53—a fact that he seems to be ambivalent about.

"We were never very close. He left mom when I was five, and it seemed like he was always touring or drunk before then. It was sad when he died, of course, but I mostly just wanted the reporters to leave us alone. They wanted us to grieve publicly more than we were grieving privately."

Cindy ruffles his hair at that admission. Even as adult mother and son, they sit next to each other on Jacob's kitchen counter with their

shoulders touching. Around her son, some of Cindy's sharp edges smooth out.

"We should've left the city. I don't know why we didn't," she says.

"Because New York City is the best city in the world," says Jacob.

"Then why don't you live there?" says Cindy.

"Fewer people call me James in Hoboken," says Jacob. "Besides—*someone* worthwhile has to live in New Jersey. Thought it might as well be me."

Cindy lets out a laugh from deep in her gut. Jacob can't help but giggle too.

"It's not that funny, Ma," he says as she wipes tears from her eyes with the butt of her palm.

"I know. But I love you," she says.

We order takeout to Jacob's place—pizza, because "pizza is better in Jersey"—and everyone cheers when it arrives. Jacob pops open a dusty bottle of wine and pours each of us a glass. He cracks open a bottle of Perrier for himself. Having dinner with both of them is watching the two of them descend into their own little world, where inside jokes and debate are an unexplainable love language. Jacob and Cindy appear to agree on almost nothing and yet they do it mostly with a smile. The only solemn topic between them is Cindy's new book.

"I keep telling her that she's giving too much away," he says. "The more of my father's writing she puts in that book, the less they're going to treat her narrative like a source in and of itself."

Cindy sighs. She rubs her eyes, exhausted from the topic and the wine.

"Yeah, but what am I doing with those letters anyway, Jake? Hoarding them? They're getting moldy in the Manahawkin house."

"Then throw them out! They belong to you—they don't have to belong to anyone else," says Jacob. Cindy grabs his hand across the table and gives him a sad smile.

"I had the misfortune of marrying a famous man. Everything about me already belongs to someone else."

# Tangerine Summer

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*Mialise Carney*

I squished the tangerine between my hands, fingers careful not to poke holes into the thin skin. Warm, sticky pulp slid down the back of my hands, tracing its way between my knuckles and dropping off my wrist into a bowl between my ankles. The tangy smell and perpetual fruit stick would take a while to fade, an entire summer would pass before I'd be able to dig the soft pulp out from underneath my fingernails. My summers had always been like this, spent squeezing juice in the earliest moments of dawn. Despite quitting my sister Avi's juice bar last summer to leave for drama school, I had returned for another summer spent pressing my aching palms into the sides of fresh round fruit, my face reflected upside down in the frothy bubbles.

Avi was eleven years older than me and gave me all the grunt work, as if making me wake up at five in the morning and hand squish citrus for a few hours would make up for me stealing her chance at a lasting childhood. Over the last few summers, I'd begun to resent squeezing the tangerines and when it got to be too boring, I'd imagine the little misshapen lumps were shrunken heads of people I didn't like. Sometimes, that made my mornings easier.

I wiped my hands on my apron, lint catching little black flecks on my fingers. I dropped the fruit sack, all drained of its purpose, into the plastic box on the other side of my barefoot. I hated the way they lay there like they were tempting me to something I couldn't have without all the work. I was only on the second of the thirty or so tangerines I'd have to squeeze dry before the early morning was over.

I hadn't wanted to return back to Avi's juice bar. I hated the consistency, the predictability of her place, the Pinterest pink walls to match the gray stained wooden slats she spent a snowstorm gluing to the front of the bar. Metal stools painted awful colors like lime green and country blue scattered the dining area and little calligraphy plaques dotted with fruit puns beckoned to potential customers from the large glass storefront. Everything about it was what you would expect entering a juice bar, everything about it was perfectly Avi.

When I left for college, I hadn't wanted to be like Avi, I didn't want to own a business that would slowly run me into the ground, manage employees, or really work with food. I had gone to college in the pursuit of accomplishments like Avi, to have something to show

for myself, but had come back, palms upturned, begging. I wanted to act and started at a school specifically for drama students, but it hadn't been what I thought it would be, it hadn't been easy, it hadn't given me a good reason to wake up in the morning.

I guess I thought it would have changed me, made me into a productive, eager, student, like all those study-vloggers I watched online; I even bought the nice stationary, the over-priced highlighters. But it hadn't been like that, and I'd failed out, returning home to grovel at the feet of my sister, kiss the soles of her sticky Skechers, beg for a full-time job squeezing juice and blending smoothies, a failure of a pilgrimage for something I thought would be better than working a day job.

Instead, I retreated back from searching for purpose to the comfort of squeezing tangerines. Hand-squeezing was a specialty, one we only did for one woman, a woman I called Tangerine June. I don't know if her name was June, and I imagined it definitely wasn't Tangerine, but that was what I called her, like we were on a first name basis. While we poured lime juice, apple juice, and orange juice from brightly printed cartons, cardboard turned soft at the corners, Avi seemed to agree with June that tangerines were too sacred to be distilled.

Halfway during my first summer working for Avi, Tangerine June showed asking for freshly squeezed tangerines. I'd spent every summer since I was thirteen sitting on crooked wooden steps, sprays of sticky pulp in my hair. Tangerine June caught my eye because she wasn't like the other customers that came into this place, she seemed to have a type of entitlement, a calm security that made me feel like everything would happen just right. I was speechless, staring up at her when I handed over the plastic cup of frothing warm tangerine juice, her fresh, thickly manicured nails scraping the back of my hand, like she wanted to take some part of me with her. It didn't seem odd for her to like tangerine juice. It made sense, like only the best nectar could be fit for someone as godly as Tangerine June.

I never talked to Tangerine June but Avi did and sometimes I would overhear about June's life. Over the last few summers, I learned in bits about June. Most of the knowledge I earned didn't matter, like how she had an allergic reaction during a root canal, or how her husband bought a motorcycle and nearly ran her Pomeranian over, or how her best friend had twin boys, but the interesting thing I learned was that she was an actress on Broadway. A lead. Sometimes when I laid awake at night, thinking about all the things I'd do when I got out of Avi's juice bar, I imagined her dark, red curls and how they shifted under the bright lights. I don't know if my interest in drama started before or after June, all I know is in June I saw everything I wanted, and everything I couldn't have.

Bits of biting juice sprayed up into my face, and I flinched, my eyes closing on reflex. I picked up the last tangerine, delaying the end of my day's first project by picking at a white lump I'd neglected when I peeled them. I pressed it, careful to lace my fingers together so the fruit wouldn't jump out and roll across the dirty concrete.

I liked the difference between the tangerines and how they felt between my hands. Some were so taut they'd pop, an audible snap, like a water balloon in slow motion—flesh peeling back at an instant, splattering soft dots of stickiness across the concrete, drying as soon as the morning sun reached it. Some were so overripe that I could barely handle them before they'd melt; dark, heavy juice giving way, falling eagerly from the safety of skin and into the pool of all the other tangerines I'd mashed before them. I liked tangerines because I understood them, I could tell by the outside, by the curls of the pores, and the soft smell dripping from their skin whether they were good or not, like instinct, like something I was good at.

The screen door squeaked open behind me and I looked over my shoulder. Avi's head stuck out, her light blond pieces falling forward out of her headband.

"Tangerine lady is here," she said.

I watched the rust flicking off the screen door, dusting into a pile on the wooden platform. She didn't wait for me to answer, the screen door clipping shut slowly behind her.

I poured the bowl of juice slowly into a plastic cup careful not to knock it over as I chewed my lip. I imagined the juice sliding down the stairs, streaming over the concrete and into the grass. I controlled an impulse to knock it over, to see what would happen if I did.

I imagined Tangerine June waiting there, her pumps shining in the dull morning light, her arms crossed, relaxed, expectant. There was no uncertainty, she knew that as soon as she walked through those doors, a small plastic cup would be presented to her froth sloshing just underneath her rounded nose. I resented her for that, the easiness of her control, the regularity of her life, I wanted to be like that too.

I followed Avi's shadow inside, slipping a lid out from a clinging, thin plastic sleeve. I pressed the lid onto the cup, careful not to spill it over the edge. Over the pickup counter, I could see Tangerine June in a thin, leopard print blouse, her face half obscured by the slanted sunlight cutting through the glass window, a blue stained-glass charm threatening to shower her in color. There was an almost holiness to her, it sometimes hurt to look at her. I stopped for one moment to consider her. The soft rounded curve of her cheeks, the careless flow of her eyebrows, dipping off into her hooded eyes, thick, precise eyeliner, so dark I could see it from there. I imagined the difference between us and the hours to follow in our day—she would sip her juice on her

drive into the city, hum along to the radio, her nails tapping against the steering wheel. In a few moments, she would be spilling out lines to a room full of desperate listeners, people who wanted to see her, to listen. In a few hours, I would be eating cheese curds in my bed in Avi's half-finished basement, watching reruns of celebrity interviews, wondering what it was like to really, really feel passionate about anything, to live for myself.

Sometimes when my morning alarm really stung, I laid awake listening to the distant croak of a lonely cricket, and I wondered if it was sheer force of all my muscles pressing, mushing, squelching, leaking in to mix with the juice that made it so appealing to June, like she was siphoning my youth out of me with each sip. Sometimes I felt like I was handing my whole life over, and I worried she could taste it. I got heavier every time I passed the thin plastic cup from my curled hand into her expectant, languid fingers—my body sinking further into the floor, until I knew I was nothing but emptied.

I leaned over the counter. "Small tangerine juice," I said, glancing up at June. She looked up from her phone, her deep purple nails stopped their click-clacking. Her head tilted a bit, almost in recognition or confusion, her hair sliding off her shoulders.

"Oh, you're back," she said, a soft smile creeping up her cheeks.

I grimaced, caught slightly off guard. "Oh, I guess."

She moved forward, tucking her phone into her bag. "Your sister told me you went away to drama school," she said. "How was it?"

Heat bloomed in my face, the sides of my chest, around my back. I thought about the hours spent silencing my alarm, skipping classes, making snow angels drunk in the middle of the night by myself. The auditions I didn't go for, the times I refused to speak up because I was too worried of getting it wrong, the letter I received stamped with Academic Dismissal.

"Oh, it was good," I said, my hand clamped on the lid of the juice I placed on the counter.

"Drama school was so foundational for me," she said, "The best years of my life."

The cup of tangerine juice trembled under my fingers, and I hated her. I hated how complete she was, how fully cooked, how far past all the struggling that got her to where she was. A part of me expected to lie, to lie that yes, yes it had been so good for me. Maybe tremble a half smile. But I couldn't, I wanted to punch her, any way that I could.

"I failed out," I said.

Tangerine June's face stuttered a little, a slight twitch under a rock-solid foundation. "I'm sorry to hear that," she said. She hesitated, her fingers lingering on the table, waiting for me to let go so she could forget about me, return to routine. When I didn't, and didn't say any-

thing she said, “At least you’re back here. You’re the best juicer they’ve got.”

I felt something in me crack, something I’d been waiting for like a twig in the breeze, I could feel it ready to give all year. The twig just settled softly into the muddy puddle at the bottom of my stomach, my lake, a dreg of all the things I was willing to bury inside of me.

“Am I?” I said. She nodded slightly, like she was trying to appease me, like she knew something wasn’t quite right.

“I wouldn’t really know,” I said. And it was true, I’d never tasted the fruits of my labor.

I pulled the cup from underneath her fingers, snapped it away. I didn’t want Tangerine June to get the last good bits of me left.

I brought the tangerine juice to eye level, admired how the pulp looked when the bright morning light hit it, like an orange swirl, a pond full of koi. I peeled the lid off, the sharp, uneven edges biting into my fingers, into my skin. I wanted to taste it.

I brought it to my lips, and I gulped and gulped and gulped, forcing it warm down my throat. But it didn’t taste like fruit, it tasted like vomit, like sharp bile. It tasted like stomach acid, like the sweetest, sweetest candy I’ve ever tasted, and the strongest vodka shot, and it was like I was taking back something I didn’t realize I was giving away.

I drank until it was gone, until the last frothy bubble slid down the plastic, over my cracking lips, settling on the middle of my tongue, slowly, patiently, careful to not miss any of it, my secret fountain of passion I hadn’t realized was inside of me. I placed the empty cup down, my taste buds dripping, using the edges of my fingers to wipe the juice from my lips, delicately.

Tangerine June shifted, jerking back like she didn’t know how to look at me, her servant, her deliverer, her youth drained dry. I’ve drunk it all, I wanted to say. It’s mine now, and there’s none left for you.

I trembled with uneasiness, my stomach sloshing, uncertain how to hold the thing without feeling hollow.

# Understanding Everything

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Corey Hill

August 2, 2003

I am tempted to believe that by sheer force of will we have thrown the hurricane off course.

We conceal ourselves in a sunroom where we can drink rum and smoke cigarettes and talk about music. We wear t-shirts and shorts and sandals. Alex wears that straw hat he wears during hurricanes (for safety reasons). We rest our feet on the glass table covered in magazines and ashes and pizza crusts.

"To the afternoon," Alex says, drawing me back to the bottle of rum, the deck of cards, the conversation. It is difficult to know how long I have been staring through the window to the sky and the white strands of clouds and thinking of nothing. My circuitousness doesn't matter, anyway, so I raise my plastic cup and everyone else raises their plastic cups and we mash them together.

I know that we will be safe on this porch forever, that the hurricane will never come anywhere near us, that they've cancelled classes for no reason at all. I am flirting with a realization of some sort, it is dancing there in the periphery.

My hand grazes Mia's, and she smiles.

I smile in response. The universe provides a glimpse into the secret undergirding, just for a moment, and I grab it.

"I get it," I say out loud, not meaning to.

"Get what?" Mia asks, leaning in. They are all looking now. I open my arms wide.

"Everything," I say.

This sort of nonsensical level of confidence is typically Alex's provenance, but I am emboldened by the drop in barometric pressure and the rum and the marijuana.

"Everything! Everything!" They stomp their feet.

Everything!

"Do you understand particle physics?" Alex asks.

"Everything!"

"Do you understand how to conjugate verbs in Latin?" Greg asks.

"Everything!"

"Do you understand the ending to 2001?" Jordan asks.

"Everything!"

We make a crown out of one of the empty Coors Light boxes and as the newly omnipotent member of the group I am required to wear it. I make grand pronouncements but my edicts are only half-heartedly adhered to.

For twenty minutes or so Jordan and I talk about animal rights. Jordan is passionate about them. She is fierce in her advocacy for chinchillas, rabbits, orangutans. She gives money to homeless people. Generally she is better than the rest of us and she is tireless in her efforts to persuade us to join her.

The first rains start at nine or so and by ten o'clock we have to leave the sun room because the rain is so heavy it is hard to hear anyone.

I stand in front of an open refrigerator next to Mia and supposedly I am looking for food but I am also thoroughly enjoying the tongues of frozen air slivering from the open door. She is close to me and it is perhaps an opportune moment to ask for clarification on the status of our relationship following our having slept together a few weeks back after months of joking and smiling and occasional making out. The ambiguity is generating ulcers. For me. She seems fine.

"You are going to run up their electric bill," she says.

"You're right," I say instead of the other stuff.

I close the refrigerator door.

As with any evening of the sort there are multiple poles around which our energies are arranged. We talk about what we will do after college in a remarkably straightforward assessment of our actual prospects. We play frisbee in the kitchen and there are minimal casualties.

Once again Mia and I are standing side by side, this time in the living room.

"Comrade," she nods.

"Comrade," in response.

"I think you have a problem," she says.

"What's that?"

"How is that a problem?"

"There isn't always an explanation. Sometimes it's just...chaos, randomness. Entropy. That's how it goes. There isn't always a reason for shit. Not in the big sense, the small sense, any of it. It's a hell of a lot easier if you just accept it. Makes life better. Smoother sailing, you know. But you, just beat your head against the wall and think something's going to come out eventually," she says.

"Okay, I'll stop then. I'll just float through without any thought whatsoever," I concede.

"Like you?" I ask.

"Of course," she says.

She kisses me on the mouth.

A few seconds later Mia and I are together in the spare room, removing clothing with ferocity, the rain pulsing against the window. There is very little light; this room has blackout curtains. I glimpse her in fragments of flesh and shadow.

“Do you understand us?” she asks at one point as she is atop me.

“Everything,” I say.

She laughs and then bites my shoulder and we continue.

### *After*

Something has been loosed during the night of the hurricane. Perhaps like plates shifting on currents of magma it is a force that has always been there. Perhaps it is brand new and we conjured it into existence as we slipped against one another in the spare bedroom. Either way, it is certifiable that something is there now that was not there before. In the morning we eat pizza together and we are still 17% drunk. We have slept together before and we have eaten pizza together before, yet now, this particular morning, I know that something is different.

“So, well then,” she says.

“Yes, agreed wholeheartedly,” I say.

This morning we don't have to say more than this. That's how it's different.

I put down the pizza and kiss her on the mouth and her taste is alcohol and tomato sauce.

“I think at some point we decide what this is,” she says.

The way of it - something tentative, awkward even, in its newness. I don't want to spoil it by risking too much at all once. If it is glanced at only from oblique angles, then it is preserved, it can grow without the glare.

“I think at some point, we will,” I say.

We are aligned, I believe.

We are driving at night with the windows open and the world limned in moonlight and delirious with expansion.

In the beginning there is a rough energy to our time together that borders on dangerous. Or it would if we knew anything.

What reason would we ever possibly have to question anything? We are vital. We are hilarious. We are the only people in the universe to have felt this way and it is impossible to understand from an external vantage point, so there is little reason to try and justify.

### *Fall 2003*

I am supposed to be working towards something.

It could be something discrete, as in:

B.A. International Relations

Or it could be something less defined, as in:

Becoming a Well-Rounded Adult

Either way, on both counts, these aims feel difficult. Or less than important. I am getting stoned a lot, drinking a lot, spending afternoons and nights and mornings finding various configurations for Mia and I to arrange ourselves in, many times barely remembering most of what has transpired but knowing that it was fine, it was good, I wake up with all my limbs intact and Mia splayed across me and those blank spots are filled in with imagination.

One day we take Whippits inside the Winn Dixie and steal chips, the next day I wake up at 7:00 A.M. to go to my speech class.

Sitting on the back porch at Alex's place, listening to the frogs croaking in the nearby lake, I feel certain that there is a strumming line somewhere that we could find if we just had more time.

We get thrown out of Universal Studios.

Various sex acts with Mia at all times of the day and night.

I decide to study political science.

We get thrown out of a Denny's.

An essay, a class; the physical process of getting an education seems secondary to the goal of pushing out as far as we can go to see if there is anything that could possibly ever happen to us.

We get thrown out of the Go-Kart place whose name I cannot recall.

Jordan is driving me to the store when she gets a phone call from home. First she just keeps driving and talking, and then she pulls over on the side of the busy road and she's nodding and her face is slate.

"My brother has stomach cancer," she says.

Viewing the slow-motion dissolution of Jordan from one step removed is a surreal spectacle. She is determined in this as in all things. She is on the phone, she visits home, she still does well in class. She hosts a fundraiser in her hometown.

"I love you, you know," I say. Mia is not even really paying attention so I think this is best.

"I know. I know. I don't know why you had to say it to me," she says.

"I don't know, I've just been thinking about all this shit with Jordan's brother, and life, and I don't know, I thought I should say something."

"You're ridiculous," Mia says.

"So you love me too, then?" I ask.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," she says.

Jordan's brother dies.

2003-2004

Mia and I move in together. Alex moves in with us for a few months until he moves in with Mikey so they can sell coke together. Jordan gets

arrested breaking into an animal testing facility. Greg thinks about joining the Army and going to Iraq. Thinks better of it. A meteor passes close to the Earth and some people in Wyoming kill themselves so they can hitch a ride on the careening rock and ice.

### *Alex Overdoses*

Something can happen to us.

It seems ridiculous, we were convinced it wasn't possible. The problem with Alex is that it is impossible to properly calibrate anything within this group of people. We drink for eight hours a day, we chain-smoke cigarettes, we eat mostly pizza and chicken nuggets, we take acid, we smoke weed, we don't exercise, we crush up Xanax on the countertop. Everything is skewed. I assume everything is fine for everyone else, that we recognize the special circumstances of age and near invincibility.

That fucking guy who never wears shirts with sleeves opens the door.

"Hey, Alex here? We're supposed to go get his new driver's license today," I say.

"I think he's in his room," Mikey says.

Bilbo (I have no idea what this guy's real name is) is playing video games in the living room. That vapid girl who is always here is dancing. The air is heavy, the place has the feeling of a crypt or a room where an elderly aunt recently passed away. The blinds are all closed up, and the look of Mikey's eyes, the air, indicates they've all been awake for at least a day or two.

"He's in there, I think, he wasn't feeling too hot so we brought him in there, you know, let him cool out, cool cool," Mikey says.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"I mean he wasn't feeling good, what the fuck, man, what do you mean what do I mean?"

I push Mikey out of the way and don't even bother knocking. I push open the door and I immediately smell vomit. Alex is on the bed, only his underwear, covered in sweat. There is vomit everywhere.

"Jesus Christ, Mikey, you didn't come check on him?"

He's still breathing, but it's heavy. I try to open his eyes and get him to respond but nothing happens.

"We have to get him to a hospital. There's something wrong with him," I say.

"We can't call anyone here. You fucking stupid? We can't bring anyone here," Mikey says.

I get Mikey to help me carry Alex to my car. I drive him to the nearest hospital.

*After*

Alex drops out of school and goes home to Michigan. Everyone re-evaluates the kinds of choices we've been making. Jordan starts studying more. Greg decides he isn't going to drink or do any drugs. Mia and I, though, we don't do any of that. We take another tack. We will redouble, triple our efforts even.

We are eating gas station hot dogs on the curb by the Chevron at 4:30 A.M. on a Tuesday, reaching the delirious kind of feeling possible only at these boundaries.

"Maybe they're all overthinking it. Maybe it's nothing. Like the Zen masters say," she says.

"That seems sort of disappointing," I say.

"Eh," she says.

"Eh?"

"Yeah, I think it's fine. I'm having fun, you're having fun. I think that's enough, for now. What else do you want?" she asks.

"I guess you're right," I say.

*June 8, 2004*

Mia tells me while we are eating cereal together that she has been sleeping with other people for the better part of the last eight weeks.

"Why would you do something like this?" I ask.

There is a long pause. Her eyes move north, east. I see her working to control her breathing. She is planning on telling me the truth, I think, but I can see that she's also struggling with her answer.

"Maybe I'm afraid. Maybe this is easier. Could be anything. I don't really have to explain myself. I don't have to explain anything to you,"

"I never said that you did. If you didn't want to do this, why did you say yes? Nobody forced you into this. I just, it doesn't make any sense to me. Didn't that mean anything to you? I thought you wanted something with me," I said.

"Maybe I do, I just don't know about right now," she said.

"That is a wonderful answer, after everything we've been through together, a really great answer. You're just fucking wonderful," I say.

"I don't know what to tell you. You knew, you knew," she says.

It's hard to say. Of course I suspected somewhere deep down that nothing could ever be as certain as I'd tricked myself into thinking it was.

I drive to Cocoa Beach but I don't have enough money for a hotel room so I sleep inside my car, parked in the lot behind a giant t-shirt store, feeling apocalyptic. With Mia, with everything else, the frantic tempo of everything hasn't given me any time to evaluate, so when there's a crash, when Alex nearly kills himself, when I break my finger jumping off balcony, and now, sitting this in this parking lot - when

there's a crash, I am unprepared. I should have some outlet, someone to talk to, but I really don't. Mia is the only person with whom I would normally talk about something of this size. And she's obviously not ideal.

### *Graduation*

Mia and I share all the same friends. It is impossible not to see her. The pain of seeing her with other people subsides, of course, it's never as acute as that first system shock, but for a few weeks I have the dull ache of not being with her when I want to be with her. I am unwilling to accept that she is free to make these kinds of decisions, she can do whatever she wants. It just feels like something happening to me, capriciously. I have to see her, I can't get away from her. Orlando suddenly feels small, I can't get away from anything. It's this plus a thousand other things that compel me to leave. I never really planned on living in Orlando the rest of my life anyway, so this seems as good a time as any to find a new set of handles to grasp.

We have a big party at my apartment.

"We should try and be friends," Mia says.

"You never really apologized," I say.

"Consider this that, then," she says.

"What?" I ask.

She takes off her shirt.

I know every part of her, of course. And we are together, ephemeral. It will do. It is no different than anything else; simply a matter of scale. The timing all lines up, anyway. I am leaving. She is leaving. We can do this once more and then be on our way.

I can still smell her on me the next morning when I drive off and think that I am making serious decisions.

### *Chicago*

Nothing like someone else's spit on your shirt to welcome you to your new home. I see the spit with my own eyes, there it is, a glob that is disturbingly, alarmingly, disgustingly green, but I also am hovering above the train, looking down on this poor guy with spit on his shirt trying to formulate a response. I know that it is spit from a homeless person. The homeless person is angry that I stepped in to stop him from harassing an elderly Chinese woman sitting by herself. He would like to continue muttering slurs under his breath, scratching himself with his dirty fingernails. I have impeded him in his goals for the day. He is now shouting slurs at me, curling and uncurling his hands, and I can only look at his fingernails and make a calculation about further engagement and the likelihood that whatever is growing beneath his fingernails will end up in the scratches in my skin that would likely result from said

engagement. That the wound will grow infected, that they'll end up having to amputate a limb. I will get a cool robot limb, of course, but still.

"Welcome to Chicago," a middle aged woman says to me. I nod. She goes back to flipping through her magazine.

The homeless guy shuffles to another car on the train. I have only been here for three days.

### *There Should be a Marker*

I feel that I've been lied to in that there is no indication to mark the passing of one phase to another. I've moved to a new city, graduated, I've gotten a job, I started cutting my hair shorter, I quit smoking, and yet there is nothing different, not really. The breadth of a place like Chicago, does however make one point over and over: you are just one little piece, and nobody owes you any attention. Not one person. The buildings loom. People rush. A train goes overhead. A bar closes and you walk out into the street and step over and around the trash and grime and human misery. Then it's another week and the gurgle continues, the steel frames still loom.

2007, 2008

The Bush presidency is on its way out. Great news for the United States, the rest of the world. I am more aware of these kinds of things now because I am a functioning adult. Functioning Adult. So when I go to parties I can talk about the upcoming election with some degree of fluency. Now that I am aware of these kinds of things it occurs to me that I did nothing over the past few years in regards to the wider world. It occurs to me that perhaps this is a potential source of the nagging feeling that something is missing.

"I was out there in 2003 in San Francisco, biggest protests I'd ever seen, before the war started. You should have seen it. It was so powerful, to walk down Market Street with tens of thousands of other people, knowing you were doing something to stop the war machine," Jessica, from marketing, says to me.

"That does sound powerful," I say.

Also powerful, perhaps the most powerful drive in all living organisms, those basic drives, the most basic, screaming out from the core of the lizard brain—spread your genes spread your genes spread your genes—and Jessica is more alluring than ever when she starts talking about protesting.

"You should really think about getting more involved, you know, you really should. I mean, sure, we work for an evil fucking P.R. firm, and some of the crew I used to run with would probably kill me if they knew what kind of thing I do all day, but that doesn't mean I still don't

have agency. I gotta do what I can do. That's all you can ask for, really. To do something, whatever you can," she says.

"I really think I will," I say.

Powerful, I think, over and over. Powerful. I think that if I can latch onto her somehow I can absorb some of this power. Osmosis, there have been far worse reasons to pursue a relationship with someone.

I listen intently and really get to know her. I tell her my best jokes.

So we date for a few months. I volunteer at a shelter and give hot meals to the local homeless folks. I read about drone strikes. Famines. I would have thought it would make me feel good about myself but I do not. Instead I feel overwhelmed. I go to this place every Saturday for nine weeks and homelessness still exists. Jessica dumps me, moves in with an investment banker, Bush leaves office, Obama enters office, the homeless people are still there, the planet is still warming.

*December 4, 2009*

I want to feel the same way when I get drunk that I used to. It doesn't seem fair that this doesn't work the same. It is all the same movements, everything looks the same from the outside but an evil elf came through at some point and rewired all the stuff. Also, I feel worse in the mornings now.

*A Bench in the City*

I have located a perfectly fine bench to lay down and rest my head for a moment. Of course that part of my brain that has not been subdued with whiskey has raised a few red flags about the propriety of being this drunk in a public place when I am not at all familiar with the laws around the combination of drunkenness and publicness.

I will stay here until such a time as I no longer find it convenient.

Maybe I will sleep here for a hundred years and when I awake all of the world's problems will have been solved.

*March 19, 2010*

Seeing Jordan with Theresa in their tastefully appointed home in Phoenix is depressing because they are so functional. They have shrubbery. Pruned and everything. They look content. It's impossible to really understand the interior life of another person, so they could be all tangled up in there, just like me, just like I imagine everyone is, but if that's the case they are doing a hell of a job fooling me.

They have prepared an excellent meal that includes tomatoes and fennel from their backyard garden. It is the kind of meal that exists primarily in magazine spreads, never on my own table. We are eating out of ceramic bowls made in the garage by Theresa.

"You always liked those Disney movies, now you'll have an actual

kid to watch them with,” I say.

“Well, eventually, it’s been a bigger struggle than I thought it would be,” Jordan says.

“Lesbians love Disney movies,” Theresa says with some authority.

“I didn’t know that was exclusive; I always liked *Robin Hood*,” I say.

They are singular in their want. It makes me both happy and incredibly jealous and also sad for them that they have not yet gotten this thing they want so much.

### *An Occupation*

I do not have to work at Starbucks, I remind myself each morning. This is my mantra. I repeat it like Stuart Smalley into the mirror. I do not have to work at Starbucks. I have to sit at a desk, of course, but in the global continuum, I could have it much worse. I could be stitching Nikes in a deathtrap in southeast Asia. I could be working on a highway construction crew. I could be diving through raw sewage. This is an actual thing. These are part of the mantra, of course, it could be worse. I sit at the desk. I fill out the reports. I contribute when we are in meetings, on email chains.

I do not have to work at Starbucks.

### *April 2010*

Dispatch from Jordan through the electronic mails.

*Another form filled out, fingers crossed!*

I am personally invested in Theresa and Jordan’s journey to adoption. I follow their numerous updates on Facebook with an earnest interest that has been lacking in most of my own endeavors for quite some time. My own life feels like a television show I keep meaning to keep up with but the storylines have gotten too opaque. There is no clear villain, not even a clear hero.

Sometimes I have aspirations to helpfulness regarding Jordan and Theresa’s adoption woes. I’ll write a letter! Make phone calls!

Of course I do not do any of these things, because I am not sure who to write or who to call, or how that would help anyway. I am pretty sure there is nothing I can do.

### *March 28, 2010*

My neighbor, Danielle, is standing in my kitchen drinking a glass of wine. Tyson, her husband, is traveling. She says she is bored when we’re talking in the hallway and basically invites herself in.

As I’m pouring the wine I tell myself that there is no impropriety here. We are just two neighbors having a glass of wine and we will talk about the driest subject matter possible.

“Cheers,” she says.

I clink my glass of wine with hers.

“Sooo....tell me everything. What’s going on at work? How’s the love life?”

Danielle is one of those people who forces intimacy in every situation. Obviously sharing wine in the kitchen is somewhat intimate but she always asks these kinds of questions.

“Everything—not sure. Work, hey, same as always. Love life, erratic,” I say.

She puts her hand on my hand and of course I look down and then we both laugh a bit. Danielle is attractive, and that is enough. It is always enough for something minimal; whether there is enough there for anything maximal doesn’t really matter with these kinds of things.

But I am not sure and then she moves her hand and even the minimal possibility has shifted, ever so slightly.

I am pouring another glass of wine, and another.

Still, she leaves. A chord, dangling in the ether, waiting for someone bold enough to come along and wrap their hands around it and see what can be hauled out, gasping on the grass.

*May 3, 2010*

I am on a conference call not at all paying attention when I see the text come in from Jordan.

They are the proud parents of a newborn baby named Kaylin. She’s a ridiculously cute brown baby with curly hair and he looks a lot like Jordan which I know is not the result of any sort of relation but still the brain wants to make that kind of connection and who I am to stop it?

I put the phone on mute. I am crying ridiculously, freely, wondrously, while Craig from HR talks about something he thinks is important.

*July 12, 2010*

Cincinnati is not the worst place to have an annual conference, but it’s down near the bottom. Sitting at a table by yourself underneath the unforgiving lights of the convention center eating a turkey and cranberry sandwich with a three ounce plastic cup of pink lemonade is the sort of situation that invites inquiry into the choices you’ve made. The conclusions drawn from this type of investigation are damning. Always. Never once have I been exonerated once the questions start. I am doing everything I can to arrest this interrogation. It is not working. Also the pink lemonade needs sugar.

“Well well well well well, comrade,” I hear someone say.

I look up to see Mia. She is wearing a pantsuit and her voice and face and the memories of our time together are still an incredibly potent force.

I put down the terrible sandwich.

It is a bit like seeing a cell phone in the hand of a civil war soldier; these two things do not belong together. Mia is, has been for some time, stored neatly in a folder marked “Old Business” and this folder, along with many other once lively threads, is stored in an annex. The thought occurs to me that I have just been staring at her, and back to my terrible non-sugared pink lemonade rather than providing a response.

“Still don’t want to speak to me, then?” she says.

“There is no way to stick to any resolve for that long,” I say.

“Good, because this conference is horribly boring and I would like to not kill myself by the end of it,” she says.

“I had no idea you worked in P.R.,” I say.

“I don’t, actually, but I ended up here all the same,” she says.

We are supposed to sit through the rest of this but of course that will not happen. We grab as many free drinks as we can at some bullshit networking thing and deftly avoid having to talk to anyone trying to make professional connections.

Chicago feels smaller now that I have someone who knows just how to move through it, the right way. We make quick work of the whole town, top to bottom, before I find her sitting on my lap, running her fingers through my hair, kissing me vigorously.

“One thing about the company I work for, they don’t skimp on the hotel rooms,” I say.

We never had the capacity for lower speeds. Not then, not now. Just the back of her neck, the brush of her lip, and I am ready, she is too.

Then, right then, it is the thing. For once in so goddamned long there is only this, only us, a strange time loop of the smell of her, which is unchanged, the feel of her skin, which is unchanged, the energy between us, which is unchanged, and for whatever that time period is, the lights of the city through the window, it is just that, and we remain locked together on the ground and we laugh and it is only that.

I wake up and the room is empty. For thirty seconds I think that she might have gone out to get us coffee and bagels. Perhaps she will walk back into the room and we will laugh and I will tell her I thought she’d left, I thought that she was still the same when clearly she was a stable person who might be worth building a life with. The scenario runs away from me quickly and gets to a place where I am thinking about how big my apartment is before I put in a hard brake.

Mia doesn’t come back. She doesn’t text me or email me or shoot me a direct message on Facebook. Part of me likes to think that there is something special about this, that whatever we have goes beyond these little points of communication. I have never been able to make that particular lie stick.

It seems more likely that she is incapable.

Cincinnati is very much like Atlanta which is very much like Hoboken. I don't think we require very much to carry on. As long as there are sputters of possibility from time to time, a connection with a redhead at the sushi place down the street, a great game of pickup basketball, a visit to see my sister's kids and chasing them around the yard. This can be enough for most of us, especially me. It has been so far. I check in to the hotel. I make myself dinner. I invite the neighbors and my friends over to watch the season premiere. Getting through the day the week the month the year is abridging your ambitions and learning to take as much as you can from these sputters of something brighter.

In my head Mia at least waits until the morning before she declares that it can never work. She at least is buttoning up her shirt when I come out of the shower and she laughs and there is that realization in both of us that if it were going to work it would have worked when we were younger, when we were more vital, when so many pieces hadn't been eroded by sunlight and conversations with real estate agents.

*After*

I think that I will create demarcations. That I will walk into the office and tell my boss just how stupid it all is.

"What's stupid?" the motherfucker would likely ask.

"Everything, Allen, everything," I would say.

"Tell me more, this is interesting, an interesting...theory," he would say.

"Everything. Especially that red tie you like," I would say.

Allen would arch his eyebrow and put his fingers underneath his chin and lean back in his chair and no matter what, he would remain in place.

Declarations, demarcations, no. Instead it is a soggy rectangle of Cinnamon Toast Crunch, elongated by too long in the milk, stretched into the next rectangle, until it all becomes mush.

I will fight them.

I will not allow them to keep getting away with it.

At night, seven or eight drinks in, it is a certainty: I will.

I will call up my Aunt Clara and tell her she's wrong about immigration.

I will be different.

*September 2010*

There was a gravitational inevitability about this thing with Danielle. It didn't matter so much to me, as I have always prided myself on my flexibility in regards to outdated social norms regarding relationships. Still, I was shocked by the ease with which we transitioned from being flirtatious neighbors to frequently having sex in the afternoons, the

mornings, at night.

The first afternoon there is not even a strange tension, no glass of wine. She simply knocks, I open the door, and we are talking about the pool being closed and then we are not talking and her underwear is on the ground in the kitchen, the timer is going off on the dryer and I am mercifully free from constraint for a few moments.

It is remarkable the durability of this idea that the next thing will be it, it can fix something. That sleeping with Danielle, that placing my fingers beneath the elastic of her panties, to her hands moving across my stomach and that sharp intake of breath, will actually be substantive.

There is no glass of wine. There is only Danielle laughing at a joke I make about lifeguards, not even that great of a joke, and I see her pink tongue extend, and she stops laughing and this was always going to happen, we can both see that it was stupid to think we'd ever talk about the pool being closed, the neighbor's dog barking, the mixed up mail, the carpet being replaced in the hallway, the discovery of a new kind of dinosaur in Argentina.

Her underwear on the ground, I keep glancing at it because I am inside her but still some of our clothing is on; this is the pace at which we move, this is how durable the idea that there is something there, inside of this other person.

*January 11, 2011*

I am not all that surprised when Mia texts me to tell me that she and Robert aren't working out. Is is the inevitable result of the fact that Robert is an actual human being and that will always be a disappointment to her in the end.

I tell her about Danielle and we have a meandering conversation about whether it's possible for people to really change past the age of ten years old or so.

We are both skeptical, but haven't shut the door completely.

*Daily*

I wake up early. I can never sleep in, no matter how late I stay up, which is always late. It is odd that my body is so eager to catapult itself into this thing, even though it's rare there's an opportunity to fully engage.

I watch the news and confirm my suspicions about the absence of a benevolent deity hiding out somewhere past the edges of the solar system.

I go to work. I am quite adept at making people think I am good at what I do.

Danielle comes over, glances around, makes small talk. Removes her clothing. We have sex.

Danielle returns to her apartment.

The laptop glows on the edge of the bed, the miniature world in waves, particles, all of human experience categorized for me, and eventually I lose the race, I sleep.

*Nationwide, Worldwide*

The Republicans are up to their old tricks. The stock market goes up. There isn't enough rain. Or too much rain. Frogs and bees are disappearing.

*September 2012*

Danielle gets divorced and life is nothing if not a series of branching lines so we give it a shot. There is plenty of space in my apartment. We enjoy the sex. We laugh together. She is sad about having been divorced, but more from a strange anachronistic way of thinking than that she misses her spouse.

*That whole year*

I learn to live with it. The feeling that everyone else is living a different and more interesting and more fulfilling life than you.

*Things with Danielle, Life generally*

Danielle is a real person. She wants things. She has a drive, same as I do. But I suffer from a longstanding inability to fully realize this. That she is not simply an agent of the things that I want. I wonder if there are people out there who are able to fully ingest this fact; to live in such a way that their actions fully consider the feelings of another person, rather than what this other person can provide them in a certain context. Does this make me a horrible person? Sometimes I am convinced this is the case, other times I am more lenient with myself. It depends on the level of pollen in the air, the traffic, my blood sugar, whether a Democrat is in the Oval Office. Danielle is a real person, as real as me, and sometimes she is boring. Sometimes she has a bad sense of humor. Sometimes she is not it, and I know it. But she is also easy, and good looking. I am not a horrible person. I am a real person, we both are. That's fair.

*September 2013*

There is not always an explosion. Many times it is a taper. This is how it ends with Danielle. She doesn't have the same sense of humor. She is boring. She is a real person. She wants things.

2014

Something something something something.

*Summer 2015*

I decide that I will travel to Tierra del Fuego with my outdoorsy friends Cal and Viktor who do shit like run marathons and eat healthy and go on hundred mile bike rides. They've been gently moving me in this direction for some time. My weekends are filled with preparation. Hiking.

It is at this point in my life that Mia decides to interact with me in a way approaching normal.

"I am sorry," she says one day via text message.

"For what?" I respond.

"For being shitty," she says.

"Which time?" I ask.

"I really think we could have worked out, if I'd been different," she says.

"I think about it a lot when I am going through a mood, feeling in a funk, I think maybe it all could have been different," she says.

"These are all things you really should have said a long time ago," I say.

"I know. If there was some way to go back and take it all back I would. We would have lived together in that apartment. We would have gotten a dog. We would have had kids and you would be happy and I would be happy. I just know it. I know that it would have been better than this, for both of us," she says.

"Just as likely we would have been miserable with all those things," I say.

She is quiet for a long time.

"That's a possibility," she says.

I am now able to run fifteen miles at a time with no problem. I lift weights. I drink water like an adult. I am ready to go to the end of the earth.

Mia calls a lot now.

"You should just text me. That's what people do now," I say.

"I've never been like other people," Mia says.

"Yeah, agree," I say.

"I want to see you," she says.

"When?" I ask.

"I'm coming your way next month, visiting a relative."

"Oh, I won't be here. Going on a big trip," I say.

There is a long pause. I infer that Mia is upset, but she won't ever say this. So instead she says:

"Okay, next time."

I still go to Tierra del Fuego. I hike through dense brush and climb rocks. I sweat and my legs are sore every day. On a clear cold night on the top of a mountain I am overcome with awe at the beauty of everything

that has ever been. I am convinced that something is happening, that this, this moment, will reach out to the past and into the future and create some sort of lasting chance.

*An Understanding of Everything*

It is gone, whatever it was. The boats are still coming in, the fog rolling in, the spreadsheets are still there. It's all still there, I'm still here, and the ends of the earth are still where they are.

I tell Mia she can visit whenever is convenient for her.

Sometime a few weeks after this invitation she shows up at my doorstep with a giant suitcase.

"I am here," she says.

"What's with all the stuff?" I ask.

"I might stay awhile," she says.

"How long?" I ask.

"Until we get tired of it," she says.

"Okay," I say.

She will be gone, either in the morning, or in a month, or when that meteor comes back around and slams into the middle of Golden Gate Park. We'll die, of course, so will the frogs, the bees, the sun, everything. It will be the same for me, for her, either way. We'll eat the shrimp, we'll drive down the coast, we'll have sex on a beach somewhere with sunlight streaming off the waves. It's not everything, not really, but it's enough for now.

# CONTRIBUTORS

**G.E. Cabarle** is a writer and civil servant residing in Brooklyn, New York. She spent much of her youth in North Dakota and attained a B.S. in Microbiology and Master of Public Health from North Dakota State University. Her creative fixations include the intersections of queerness, gender, and social class, as well as experimental prose and dark humor. When she isn't writing or working, Mx. Cabarle enjoys singing in her local LGBT choir and doting on her spoiled cat.

**Mialise Carney** (@mialise) is a writer and editor from the Boston area. Her writing has appeared in *Menacing Hedge*, *Sagebrush Review*, and is forthcoming in *Atlas and Alice*. In her spare time, she enjoys stealing antique silverware from museums and preparing her application to become a full-time hermit. Read more of her work at [carneymialise.wordpress.com](http://carneymialise.wordpress.com).

**Elinor Clark** is a recent philosophy graduate hailing from Leeds in the cold and rainy North of England. She writes obsessively and has recent work published or forthcoming in *Strix*, *Book XI*, *Wild West Press* and *Poetry Village*.

**Margaret Hart** is a third year Art History and Visual Art double major hoping to work in curation after college and eventually develop a full-time creative practice. She makes art because she believes certain experiences can only be accurately communicated visually and tactilely.

**Corey Hill** is a human rights activist, journalist, parent, and occasional tree climber. His fiction has been or will be featured in *Euphony*, *Clarion*, *Antithesis*, *Prole UK*, and many others.

**Lee Hodge** is a current Master of Fine Arts candidate at Virginia Commonwealth University. She holds a Bachelor's Degree in writing from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Her work has appeared in *Heartwood*, *Clinch Mountain Review*, *After Hours*, and *Mouth*. She is a recipient of a 2020 Laura Bassi Scholarship.

**D.S. Maolalai** has been nominated four times for Best of the Net and three times for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in two collections, *Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden* (Encircle Press, 2016) and *Sad Havoc Among the Birds* (Turas Press, 2019)

**Stephen Massimilla** is a poet, scholar, professor, and painter. His multi-genre *Cooking with the Muse* (Tupelo, 2016) won the Eric Hoffer Book Award and many others. Previous books include *The Plague Doctor in His Hull-Shaped Hat* (SFASU Press Prize); *Forty Floors from Yesterday* (Bordighera/CUNY Poetry Prize); *Later on Aiaia* (Grolier

Prize); a study of myth in poetry; and translations of books by Neruda and others. His work has appeared recently in hundreds of publications ranging from *Agni* to *Barrow Street* to *Colorado Review* to *Denver Quarterly* to *Poetry Daily* to *The Southern Review*. Massimilla holds an M.F.A. and a Ph.D. from Columbia University and teaches at Columbia and the New School. ([www.stephenmassimilla.com](http://www.stephenmassimilla.com) and [www.cookingwiththemuse.com](http://www.cookingwiththemuse.com))

**Uma Menon** is a sixteen-year-old student and writer from Winter Park High School. She is a 2020 National YoungArts Winner in Writing and was nominated twice for the Pushcart Prize. Her first book, *Hands for Language*, is forthcoming from Mawenzi House in May 2020. Read her work at [www.theumamenon.com](http://www.theumamenon.com).

**Carla McGill's** work has been published in *Shark Reef*, *The Atlanta Review*, *Cloudbank*, *Paragon Journal*, *The Hungry Chimera*, *Carbon Culture Review*, *The Alembic*, and others. Her story, "Thirteen Memories," received Honorable Mention in *Glimmer Train's* 2016 Very Short Fiction Contest. She lives in Southern California and writes poetry and fiction.

**Rochelle Jewel Shapiro** is the author of *Miriam the Medium* (Simon & Schuster, 2004). She's published essays in the *New York Times* (Lives), *Newsweek*, *Empty Mirror*, and many other magazines and anthologies. Her short stories and poetry have appeared in the *MacGuffin*, *Entropy*, *Storgy*, *The Iowa Review*, *Peregrine*, *Permafrost*, *Reunion: The Dallas Review*, *Frontier Poetry*, *Moment*, and other venues. She was nominated for a Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. Currently, she teaches writing at UCLA Extension. <https://rochellejshapiro.com> @rjshapiro.

**Olivia Stowell** is a graduate student at Villanova University pursuing her M.A. in English. Her recent work has appeared in *Kissing Dynamite*, *Ghost City Review*, *Apricity Magazine*, *Sweet Tree Review*, *3Elements Review*, and *The Albion Review*, and she has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. Find her on Twitter @[dogsandguac](https://twitter.com/dogsandguac), or on her website [oliviastowell.weebly.com](http://oliviastowell.weebly.com).

**Esther Sun** is a junior at Los Gatos High School in northern California. Her work has received national recognition in the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards and appears in or is forthcoming from *Élan*, *Blue Marble Review*, and *The Wildcat Review*.

# SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

*Euphony* welcomes submissions of unpublished poetry, fiction, essays, reviews, creative nonfiction, and plays. We publish work from members of the University of Chicago community and from authors around the country, accomplished and aspiring. Please read the following guidelines before submitting your work:

**Our review period is from October to June**, though submissions may be sent year-round. We aim to respond to submissions within three months of receiving them (for submissions not sent during the reading period, this means three months pending the start of our review). Depending on the volume of submissions we receive, response time may occasionally take longer. We appreciate your patience, and we take care to thoroughly consider each piece through a rigorous three-stage selection process.

**All manuscripts should be sent to [euphonyjournal@gmail.com](mailto:euphonyjournal@gmail.com).**

In the subject heading of your email, clearly state the genre of the work (poetry, fiction, etc.). Attach your submission in a file compatible with Microsoft Word or a basic text editor—not in the body of the email—so the formatting of your work is preserved. Please type your work and number the pages. There are no strict length or genre requirements, but past issues will offer some perspective on the type of work we publish. You may include a brief biographical note in your submission (no more than 4 or 5 lines) if you would like one to appear in the journal. These notes may be slightly edited for formatting reasons.

**We accept simultaneous submissions.** If your work is published elsewhere, please notify us immediately so that we can remove your submission from our queue.

Your piece may be selected to appear exclusively on our website; in this case, we will notify you for your permission. The print issue is permanently archived online. Both print and online rights revert to authors upon publication.

Please visit our website, [euphonyjournal.org](http://euphonyjournal.org), for more information.

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EUPHONY  
5706 S. University Avenue, Room 001  
Chicago, IL 60637

PRINTING  
Grace Printing  
8130 N. St. Louis Ave.  
Skokie, IL 60076

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