

LACOSTA BRAVA

March 2021



you know what I mean magazine
issue 6



**A message
from the editors...**

**life's a beach. in
many ways.
stormy,
sometimes
beautiful, often
loud. we're all
trying to find
that perfect
spot in the
sand.**

**you know what we mean.
davia & monica**

you know what I mean?

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Public

Push

primordial soup

**anna
mader**

Primordial Soup

Tastes like seaweed salad and clam broth

Its brackish water

a muddy water

a swirling mass of tiny microscopic things

the sulfur rich smell of ancestral creatures

**gulls coast on currents of air above air thick with salt
and moisture**

**bikes and shovels lay rusting as nature reclaims
minerals turning shells indigo, orange, and rose**

**the sandpiper terrorizes the periwinkles as they
bubble into the sand**

**a fin cuts water and sends ripples ricocheting of the
incoming tide**

**mystery foam congeals at the wrack line bone
bleached driftwood pokes out of the sand like a
hasty burial fiddler crabs scuttle eating waste as if
with hands**

rumble of a gator the scream of a shore bird

the osprey watches all

son of a

BEACH

The last time I had fun at the beach I was a piece of sea foam.

Since commandeering this body I now call mine it's been nothing but misery amplified by the tedium of waves along the shore. The human is at once too big and too small to go to the ocean. The sand is tiresome and it gets lodged in the various pits and genitals to extreme discomfort. Wet skin is like Velcro and it is designed to sprinkle dirt wherever it goes.

Just add water.

Also boats are stupid.

Every six months or so there is a news item describing a missing catamaran manned by two dullards with enough food to last an afternoon and I greet this information with an ambivalent sigh because of course the ocean is inhospitable and any effort to avoid that fact ends with a bloated corpse, either from breathing in salt water or consuming pastries on a Carnival cruise.

The ocean is a trained vocalist and it drowns out every sound because you can't beat that breath control and yeah you're gonna have to ad the dialogue filmed on its property because it knows you're lying and you better be prepared for an extra day of audio work because you hired the ocean as a background artist with deferred pay and it's insulted.

**No singing around the ocean unless you're comfortable being heckled with a calm
"ssshhhhhhhhhut up."**

The ocean is in love with the moon but those feelings are intermingled with jealousy of its remoteness. They send each other massages but the ocean feels them more deeply.

The ocean's favorite film is Titanic.
Its favorite food is gunpowder.

It's quite preoccupied with a longterm scheme to swallow the Malibu cliffs as punishment for the owners' egregious fake No Parking signs along Highway 1. Not that it wants more people trampling over its delicate hōkime on the daily but more so because it hates interpersonal deception. The ocean is mad at me because I wanted life as a solid sack filled with plasma rather than that of a bubble filled with air. I wanted to resemble the ocean's hideous houseguests and I left without saying goodbye. I return, a little less frequently than before, and try to change back. But I only hear the wind relay apologetically
"the ocean wanted me to tell you that you are a coward and a thief."

I know this is just to hurt my feelings.

ether merman

Horizons

Pranshu Mishra

The elements of the coast are grounded in the earth and the water, where two forces meet. Air peels through the waves and across the bluffs and beaches, filling lungs and lifting sails. A trinity, until we bring the fire of our spirits.

Landlocked as my childhood was, I don't think I personally remember the first time I saw the ocean, as the cold waves crawled languidly unto the rocky, mineral-laden sand of Half Moon Bay. Pictures now are all that tell me of that trip, that it existed. Armed with my sunglasses and a blue hoodie as I sat on a rock posing for the camera, I felt excited to be somewhere that wasn't our small apartment home at the time. The smell of the salty sea air, the feel of grains against my bare feet, the call of ocean birds. Nothing could ever be as filled with life and touch as the beach.

Save for the beaches that line the western coast of Southern California, I very rarely return to the coast. Those repeat trips – 4th of July bar crawls, touring around with a newcomer to LA – have very little place within me. Repetition dulls clarity. Even rarer still is the opportunity I feel available enough for me to journey to the beach. Laziness was definitely a factor. A twisted view of my body as well. But perhaps the most subtle aspect of my reticence regarding the journey is that I do not deserve the opportunity.

I will attempt to justify that I have not earned the right to experience the coast. After all, who has the time to even travel to the beach during a busy work week? In fact, once the weekend hits, who has the energy remaining to go to such a place, so casual and free? Even now, during the pandemic (the never-ending year in which I write these words), I question the reason to go for a matter of personal health and safety: a comfortable and plausible excuse to deny experiences, new and old.

In the end, I have allowed myself to experience the coast for one reason and one reason only: vacationing. The last New Years' trip I took (I feel I must emphasize that it was before the pandemic) was to the coast: Morro Bay. The last trip abroad to India I made, I took the time to travel to Mahabalipuram, a coastal town of some cultural significance, to experience the coast as perhaps a normal part of life, rather than separating myself from it. Ironic, I could say, or contradictory. I prefer aspirational, deluded, and hopeful.

I have seen things on the coasts, things that bind me somehow to my reality. Key moments of my life have inadvertently involved the water and the edge of land. Intentionally or not, I find peace and potential as I look out, over the horizons, contemplating past, present, and future.

A phone call from someone sitting on a bluff, overlooking the ocean, telling me what I didn't want to hear, but knew, deep down, was an inevitability. A celebration after finals, an impromptu trip to sand and cresting foam to unwind and separate from reality. Trips to the coast were that of punctuation, a comma, a period, a question mark. The end of something, the beginning of another.

In a performative facsimile of happiness, my father would often implore us to travel, mostly to Mexican resorts (so he wouldn't feel guilty about drinking). The coast was an image of luxury, of comfort and separation from the world. A twisted reflection of a sanyasi, but I think a sanyasi would find the truth in the mentality of isolation, if not the capitalist trade of it. These were coasts that I found stale and immobile, as arrogant as it is to say so.

So it was that, after a third or fourth trip, I requested to pick where to travel next. My father agreed, with some trepidation. My mother and I eagerly put together a plan.

A trip to Ireland - because *Game of Thrones* was at its peak - took us on a driving tour of the perimeter of Ireland. Eventually, our journey brought us on a cold summer day to the shores of the west. Harsh, rocky bluffs. Cold, biting air, and loud, cacophonous water. The fire of life was what you brought here, burning and smoking away, sharing and dimming light, sending and obscuring signals.

The cold winds threatened to steal into your bones, bite away at whatever warmth you brought to its perch. *Intruder*, it seemed to speak, *steel yourself against our howls and mirth*. Suffice to say, I was well armed with a nice woolen jacket, comfortably snug shoes, and a hot mocha.

As we walked along the cliffs, the smell of surf and salt lingered some scores of feet below us, the accompanying crash along the bluffs reminding us that, should we hazard a glance below, past the railing that kept us from foolhardy shows of bravado, straight down as if we were bowing our heads in prayer, we would see the cold waters lashing up against the steady, stony walls of the earth. A clear day did nothing to warm us, so the fire we brought was all the fire we had to us.

I would say that the fire I had was burning bolder and more magnificent than ever, but I enjoy the taste of chocolate too much to let that mocha survive any longer than a couple minutes, so the brief flare I possessed faded rapidly. Farewell companion of heat and water, I have stolen your existence and made it my own. In the rubbish bin it went, without a second thought.

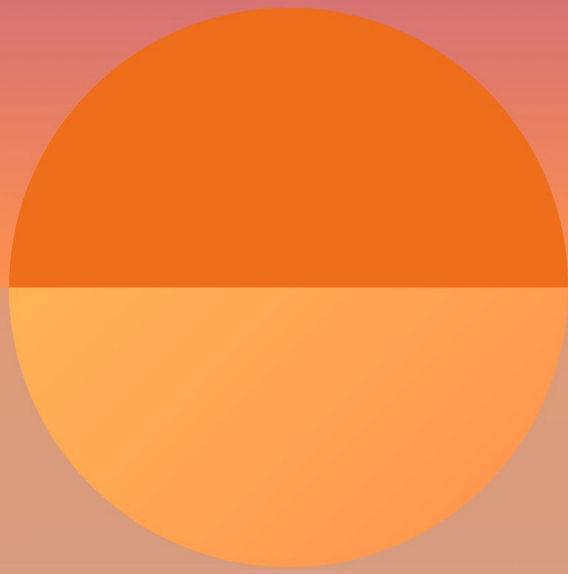
Touristy as the locale was, the clicks of lenses - phone and cameras alike - accented the terrain as we continued. My brother remained close to my mother as they walked on, talking to one another. My father was taking his own pictures, starting and stopping here and there - after all, we made the trip! We need pictures! - and I walked on alone, never too far ahead, stopping to wait for the others. These moments of patience allowed me to take it all in.

Departing from the visitors' center, the walkways were comfortably spaced, plenty of way for one to pass another walker. The sound of music rang out as you passed by local musicians, knowing their audience and being plenty early and prepared to greet them. I saw tourists come to this initial cliff, take pictures, mill about, and return to their cars.

Past the well-maintained concrete walkway, past the second concrete rise into an observation tower, past even the last barricade of concrete to serve as a punctuated stopping point along the self-guided tour of the cliffs, there was a small wooden fencing made of round wooden posts and wire. This railing departed from the previous walkways to lead onto another trail, one not as manicured and kept, but of dirt, gravel, and stone. I did not hesitate to journey on.

It was mid to late morning then, about 10 or 11 in the morning. As we walked south along the trail, I thought nothing of the grandiosity of this height, perched as we were above the waves. The thought was not what kept me fascinated. It was the feeling of the place.

We hear at some point in our lives that many people find rain pleasing to the spirit because of the presence of negative ions. I cannot speak to that (or even muster up the energy for a glancing moment for a Google search), but I am sure that the feeling of being in the rain is analogous to how I felt there, upon the Cliffs of Moher - where else would we be? - although the elements and their positions were reversed.



Peace. That is what I found on that long, silent walk. By virtue of having the longest legs and perhaps the most stubborn mind, I had us walk an extra hour, to the point where we had no idea how to return to our car, my little adventure-turned-kidnapping gone awry, at last. Once we had puzzled that out and gone on our way, I was sitting in the backseat of the rental car, listening to Raleigh Ritchie on repeat – having just discovered him – and reading *The Wise Man's Fear* – the book I was devouring at the time.

I couldn't quiet that fixation, even after what must have been the fiftieth play of "Bloodsport" and the drama of Kvothe reaching the bandit camp in the dead of night. I put the Kindle down and looked out the window. In a rare moment, I paused my music. A silent car ride, passing by trees and meadows. The crunch of the wheels as they sped down the roads, with the air rushing past closed windows. I looked out to my left, out to the horizon.

The green grasses. The rolling plains. The small coppice of trees we would enter and depart from, here and there. Beautiful, certainly. But why was it so different?

There was an end to the horizon here. Broken by view, or building, or rock, or some formation or another. The horizons led to a determinate location, your eye was drawn naturally to it. And there, your search would end. Once you caught something in your eye, you made the unconscious decision to not look further, to explore what could be past this landmark or eyesore. This was it, this was all that would lie in wait for you.

On the cliffs, at the cross of the elements, there was no end to the horizon. I could imagine... anything. To go anywhere, to be anyone. To be in any age, to be any other soul that stood here on that earth and dream a new dream. Make a powerful decision, one to change a life. To create monumental action, because you are unfettered by a particular thing in your line of sight.

You are free.

We did not visit the coast again after that, although we did do our best to see castles and landmarks (we were on a self-guided *Game of Thrones* tour, after all). When we returned to our home in California, I did not linger on what I had seen on the coast or on that trip. Like the eyes cast over a landlocked horizon, I moved on. Step after step, day after day, moment after moment. Time marched on, and I followed its wake.

But every now and again, I would catch a whisper of the air. The sudden sound of water rushing against a cliff, even though my apartment was far from any sort of body of water. The feeling of standing upon the edge of a precipice. Strange insights into the past, senses that would take over. As if I were haunted by the coasts of my past.

The ghosts that I allow myself to have.



I am enchanted by how your familial traditions have influenced the foundation of your brand. Can you tell us a little bit about the origin of Montserrat's name and the support system your grandmother provided for fellow women during her career?

Montserrat really has a double meaning: Not only was it my grandmother's name, but it is also a mountain in Barcelona. To borrow from your incredible phrasing, the Montserrat mountain is actually known to be an enchanted place! It is a mountain range rich with history, religion, and magical moments. To begin with, the mountain itself is really one of a kind, primarily because the rocks are not jagged, but rather they are rounded and almost pillar-like. When I was little, I used to think they looked like chubby fingers pointing to the sky. At the top of the mountain, there is the infamous Benedictine monk Monastery, Santa Maria de

Montserrat, which exudes beautiful Spanish architecture. There you can find The Virgin of Montserrat - a statue of the virgin Mary and baby Jesus. She is one of the black Madonnas of Europe, and is believed to trace back to the 12th century. The legend is that the Benedictine monks built their Abbey around the statue, as to not disturb her. Now, let's travel down the mountain and drive the coast a bit until we get to the other Montserrat: my grandma. In our family's hometown, Calella, she ran one of the biggest factories of Barcelona, called La Fabrica Llobet. Through the factory, she employed women from many of the surrounding towns, and was a champion for women's financial independence. She believed in self sufficiency through the opportunities of work, and strove to give women the chance to discover their autonomy and self worth. My grandmother has since passed away, but her legacy lives on as the factory

new york's golden girl: an interview with carolina cordón-bouzan

FOUNDER + DESIGNER OF MONTSERRAT-NYC

was sold to the city of Calella to be a cultural center of arts, events, and sports.

Who are some of the “strong and sensual” women in your life who you aim to embody with your designs?

THE strong and sensual woman in my life who I aim to embody with my designs is my mom. She had the best style. She was sexy and classy all at once, and not afraid of color either! Her go-to outfits for nights out to dinner were typically a good suit from Gucci by Tom Ford or Armani, (with shoulder pads, of course), paired with a sexy silk top or a lacey corset. And for big parties or galas, she was the brightest star in the room with bold dress hues like Valentino red or wild vintage prints from Emilio Pucci. One long dress in particular that I remember was a lime green Versace spaghetti strap dress, with a corset top and lacing up the sides. I’m definitely not doing it justice in my description, but trust me when I say it was the coolest dress. I remember thinking to myself at the time, “THAT’s a bold choice!” And I was kind of scared for her to wear it in public - I guess because I was worried about people making fun of the color. But as I’ve grown older, I’ve thought back to that dress and have come to realize how confident she was in celebrating and flaunting her individuality without caring what other people thought. That’s something I try to embody in my designs and brand photography, and in my own style as well.

Freshwater pearls! That phrase alone is a dreamy escape. Why do you personally like to incorporate these treasures into Montserrat’s essential aesthetic?

I fell in love with freshwater pearls for their differences from one another. No two are alike, and I love that! They’re considered “not perfectly round”, and anything “not perfect” sounds pretty perfect to me. Moreover, their individuality lends itself to transform the overall piece of jewelry to become one of a kind as well!

What does Costa Brava mean to you?

sigh In a few words, Costa Brava to me means family, nature, ease, growth and love.

Costa Brava means so much to me. That’s where my family is! It’s a very nostalgic place for me. It’s where I was fortunate enough to escape to in the summer and be carefree with my cousins and friends on the beach and in the discotecas ;) Once I started college, and intense summer internships began, I had to forego my Costa Brava summers and quality time with my family - that really hit me as a byproduct of growing up. Ever since then, Costa Brava has become a place that is frozen in time for me through my nostalgic memories of meeting new friends, discovering new beaches and different towns, crushing on boys, dancing the nights away with my cousin, and truly not having a care in the world.

After graduating college, you made a pretty big shift in career paths, which led to the triumph of Montserrat. How did this decision making process come about? And do you have any advice or words of encouragement for fellow young people who are thinking about making a change?

Honestly, the decision came about while I was reading Diane von Furstenberg’s book, *The Woman I Wanted to Be*. I was reading her book during Spring Break of my senior year, while I was applying to jobs in the space of public policy in Washington, D.C., and exploring programs for a Master’s in Public Health. Throughout the book, she makes her argument very clear that she always kept in mind the woman she wanted to be: independent and living her own true life. Her book sparked questions in me about if I was living my most authentic life. When I pictured the woman I wanted to be, was she really a woman with a career in public health? I started asking myself questions... What type of

environment do I want to work in every day? Who do I want to be working with? What do I want to wear every day? They may sound like dumb questions, but to me these are crucial elements in one’s day to day that would personally make or break my happiness. In having these honest conversations with myself, I was able to peel apart the layers and see the woman I wanted to be. If I wanted to live authentically, I wanted to be working in fashion - not on Wall Street where I had interned, or at Deloitte where I (thankfully) did not land the job after that day long interview.

And then I had to tell my dad, a brilliant oncologist and pathologist, that I no longer wanted to be in public health... instead, I wanted to be in fashion. That was a toughie. He definitely thought it was a phase at first. Plus, in all the years I had held internships, not a single one had been in fashion. So he was pretty skeptical that I would even like it. But, I loved it! I was so happy to go to work every day in Manhattan’s Garment District, and to run between studios and factories. And the rest is history! I don’t think I would be nearly as happy as I am today if I had never listened to myself and made that leap to follow my gut into what I truly wanted to.

My advice is to let go of other peoples’ expectations, and to be true to yourself and do what you want to do. I also think that’s easier said than done, and it’s something that I still keep working at for myself. I was always scared, or better yet: self conscious, that people would just come to perceive me as yet another stereotypical “dumb blonde” girl working in fashion. It’s a self-imposed feeling that I’ve had to work towards overcoming. But at the end of the



materials and fabrics themselves. I love to rework samples that we never put through to production by taking them apart and putting them together in different ways. I'm very visual in that sense - it's most helpful when I can see different materials and actually mold or pin them into their new shapes.

How has your multicultural background influenced the way you communicate your ideas as a designer?

I always try to include both of my cities (NYC and BCN) in my designs and collections. Typically, I've found that I like to take the collection's theme, which is usually surrounding a female protagonist, and place her in modern day Manhattan or Costa Brava and play with the ideas of what she would wear today and how would she style it and ultimately tell the collection's story through that lens.

What advice would you give to anyone who wishes to start their own brand/pursue a career in design, but is unsure where to begin?

My advice to anyone wishing to start their own brand or pursue a career in design is to first work at someone else's brand. Sure, you can start your own business on the side and flex your creative muscles while doing so, but working at a brand that is not your own is immensely helpful in learning all of the aspects of running a business and a brand because you will learn from all of their mistakes. Once you start your own brand, you're risking and spending your own money, which can become very expensive if you haven't learned the mistakes and wins beforehand on someone else's dime. So, my advice is to go work for someone else and try to learn as much as you can from a 360 degree approach.

day, I just remind myself: Who cares what other people think? This is my one life to live, and I want to live it the way I want, or else I'll have wasted my one chance! I encourage everyone to do the same :)

What is your ideal creative space? Do you put on music/make a certain meal/read anything prior to sitting down and sketching out ideas for your designs?

I'm not really one to need an ideal creative space! Mainly because most of my ideas often just pop into my mind, and then I'll hurry to make them with materials I have lying around or simply sketch them out. Other than that, I love to research the chosen theme of my next collection and gather inspiration from there. For example, the theme / inspiration for our upcoming SS21 collection is Botticelli's Birth of Venus, for which I did so much research into both the mythology of Venus and the life and works of

Botticelli. That research gave shape to the key elements that I wanted represented in the collection that would reflect the theme of Botticelli's Venus, and inspired so many of the new designs.

Which era(s) of the past (or present or future) do you draw inspiration from?

I draw a lot of inspiration from the 1970s and 1990s/early 2000s - specifically from Halston, Yves Saint Laurent, and Tom Ford. I gravitated to these designers, and their respective time periods, for two key elements: the ease in their materials, and their push and pull between femininity and masculinity.

Which colors/textures provide the most stimulation to you as a designer?

What provides me the most stimulation for designs and inspiration is playing with jewelry



Let's imagine that we're in 1978- and you're getting ready to go out on the town to Studio 54. Which Montserrat pieces will you be sporting, and why?

Oh man, my absolute dream! Gotta start with the fit, then we'll move into accessories :) I would 100% rock our Pink Lily Fuschia Jet Set. I do not consider my style to be feminine at all, but this fuschia pink color is so killer that it catches everyone's eye. Anytime I wear the Pink Lily Fuschia, either as a set or as separate pieces, I feel so confident, sassy, and sexy. It really just gives me that extra pep in my step, ya know?

Now onto the jewelry! I'd pair the set with our upcoming Mallorca Choker - a 5 tiered freshwater pearl choker with a wavy metal piece at the forefront. And as the outfit's unfolding in my mind, I'm thinking I'd throw my hair up into a high ponytail with some good waves in it for bounce and volume. This would also give me room to show off my necklace and earrings without cluttering the space with my hair. And now for the earrings: I would style the set and the choker with our Monells Earrings. Although the pearl shapes and gold pieces of both jewelry are different, they still play into each other as they're the same colors (ie. white and gold). I'd go with The Monells Earrings because they're unique enough to make a statement, while being small enough to pair with a larger necklace piece. It may sound like a lot now, but it's Studio 54, baby! And honestly, I'd probably wear this to your birthday party this weekend anyway ;)

BONUS!!! How do you incorporate sustainability into your practice, from idea inception to packaging?

Sustainability is really important to me when it comes to all aspects of our brand. In fact, when I applied to Gallatin's Master's program, I initially thought I would be studying sustainability in fashion! I find the amount of waste that the industry produces to be insane. And what

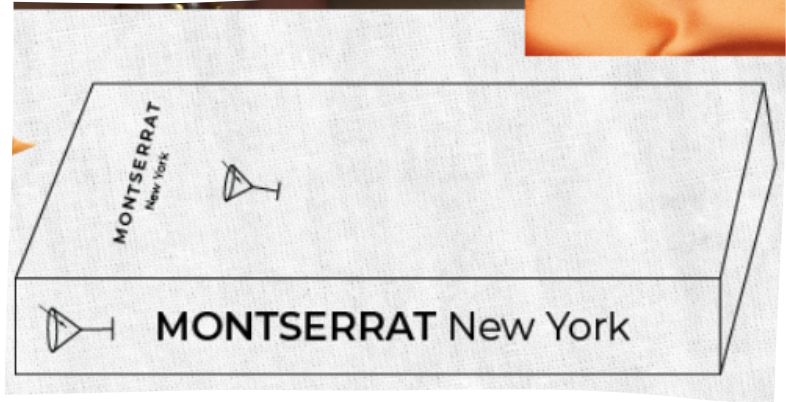
scares me the most lately is the long-lasting impacts on our environment that we as consumers are making through our new normal of online shopping.

From ideation to production, I strive to not use excess materials. For example, I rather connect two pieces directly, if it's possible, and forgo the extra metal and material of a jump ring. When it comes to production, I try to look at it from an engineering perspective, where you have to solve for so many parts while making sure the whole will still works.

In terms of packaging, we think about sustainability a lot. When you order a piece from us, I want you to feel like you're receiving a beautiful gift for yourself, but I also don't want to use excess shipping materials or packaging in your gift. So, we have built an experience in which the packaging we created is meant to live as a keepsake for you to reuse, instead of immediately being thrown away. Additionally, any excess materials are minimized - for example, instead of using the entire 20x30 sheet of tissue paper in 1 order, we cut our tissue paper into 4s to only use as much is needed for each order. And lastly, we have worked to make our mailers biodegradable!

But what about my fears surrounding the environmental impacts of our online purchases? We're working on that with TerraPass - a company that offsets all of our brand's carbon emissions, from production to shipping. We ❤️ TerraPass

Visuals and jewelry by Carolina Córdon-Bouzan.



Cover art by Jeanette Paak



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①



FILM NEGATIVE

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②



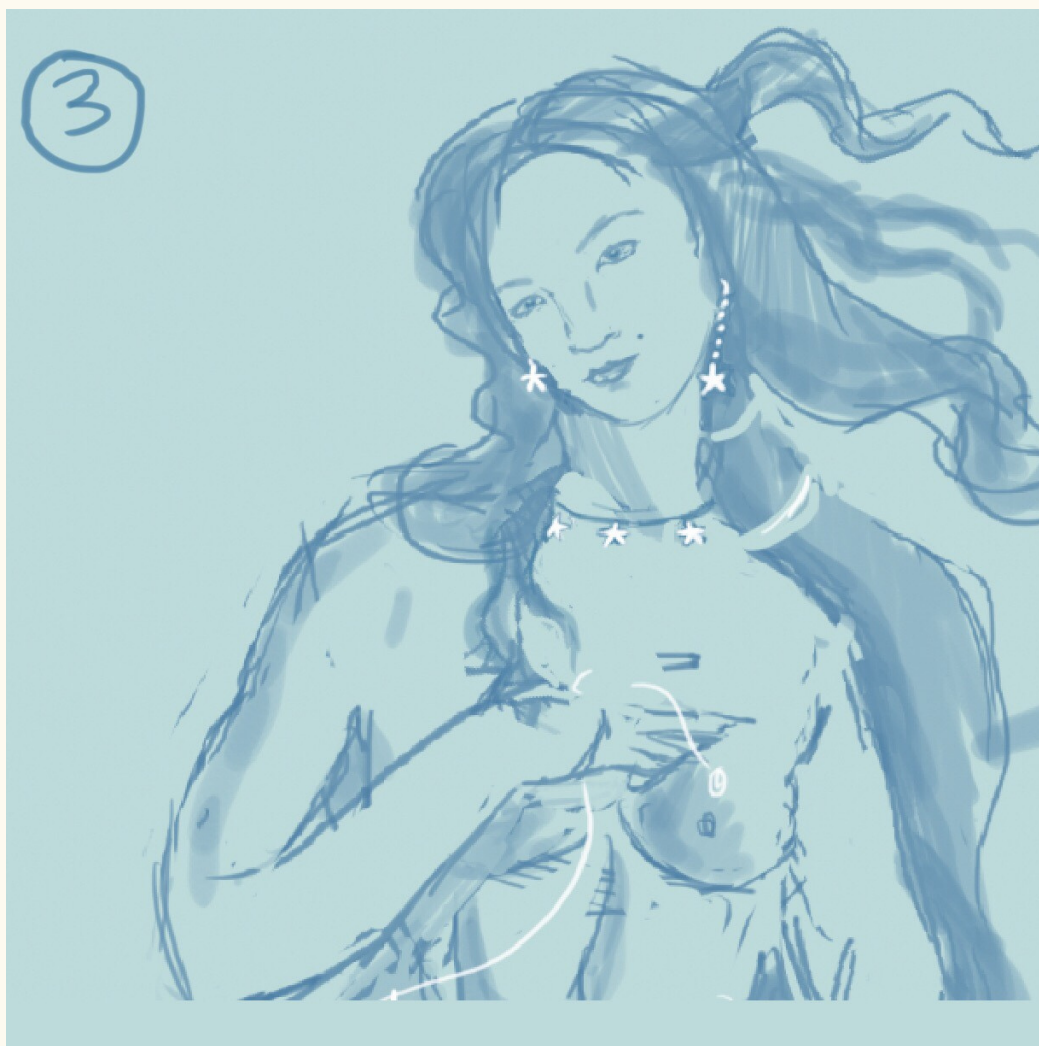
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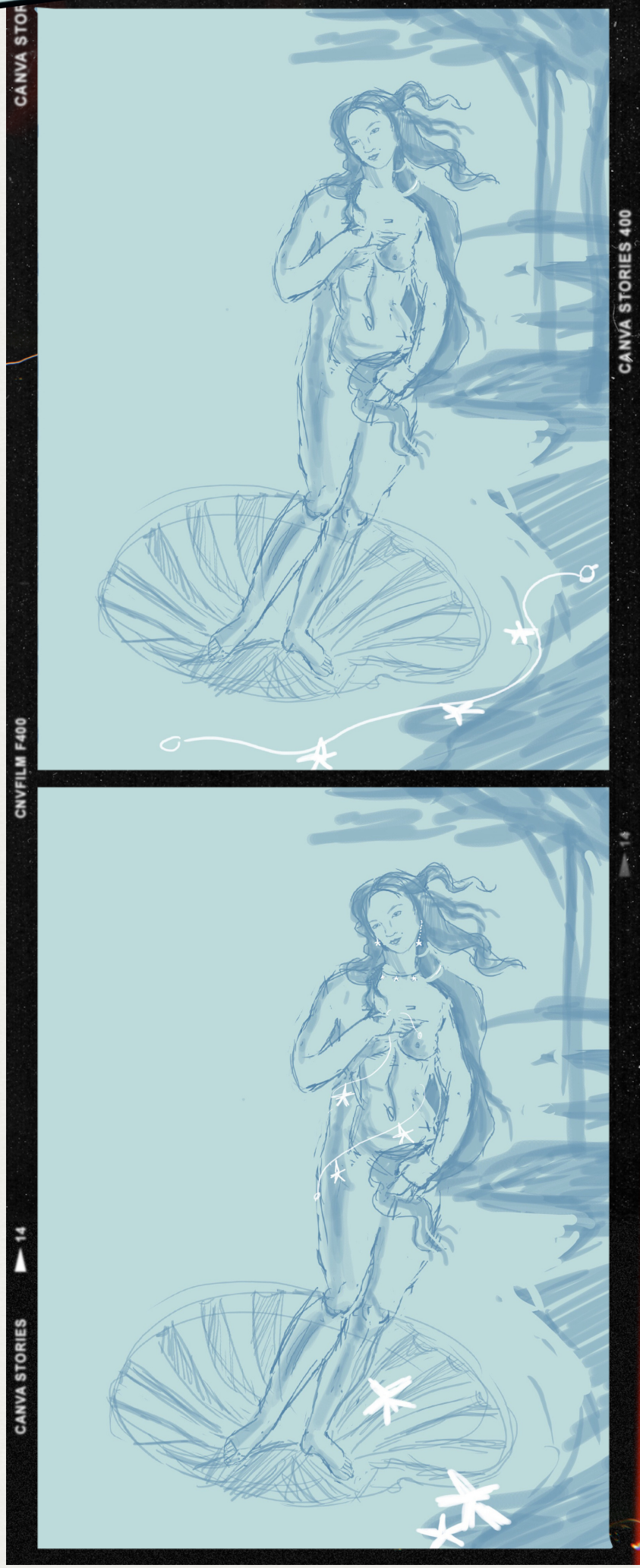
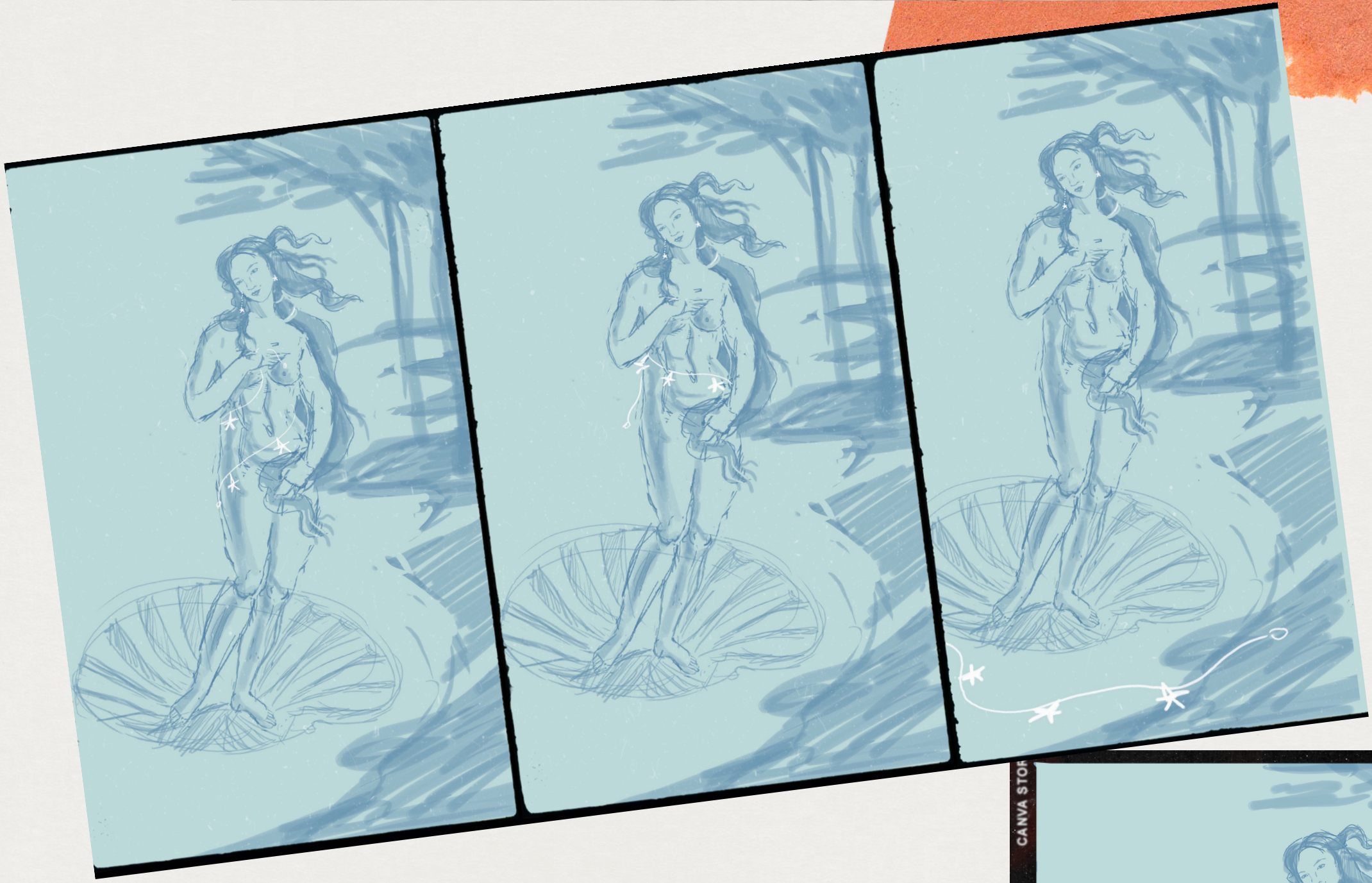
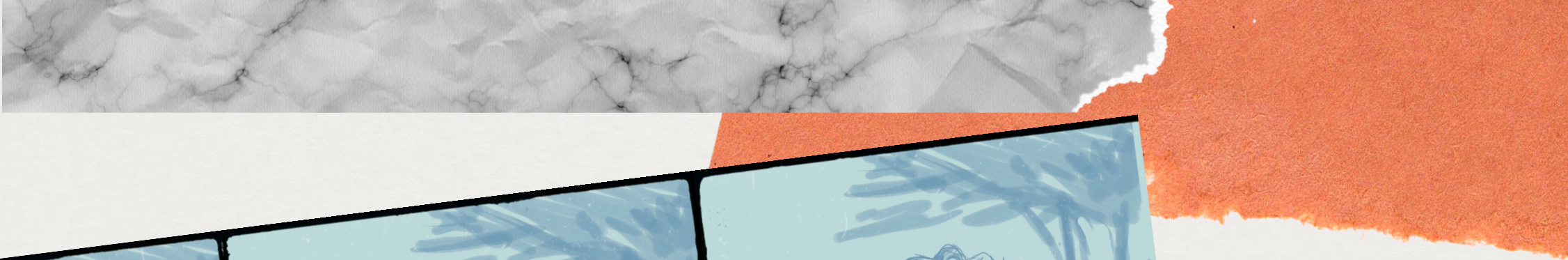


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FILM NEGATIVE





My Internet By Monica Mouet

Surviving the party felt correct, and so did the promised pilgrimage. That moment when I went ahead to check if anyone was watching—I looked around so that no one was watching.

I spit up a Silent Scream into the canyon's canyon the symmetry was off like it's always off especially when I decide to toss my eyes into the garbage slush and pretend like my thoughts aren't programmed by my Internet. Feet are gross until you massage them yourself no one else wants to do it and guess what they play a role in getting your body around when you want to reach the end of the road or leave your own party so, pay a little respect. Not too much though I know what the Internet has done to feet.

Turkey on wheat, 2 Impossible Burgers, and three Cokes. Ordered them online so now we all know that this was the marketing campaign for how we save ourselves: make the non meat taste like meat so that we can buy more of that non meat.

Survey says we like this survey says we eat like shit survey says

nothing and we know nothing thank god.

jill galbraith



Begin
Listen
Lean in
Read the lessons etched in the sand
Tremble
Believe
Drop your sin
Like your fucking trousers, dude
Run to your love
However long it has been
She welcomes you
Especially when you are In the nude
There is no
Need
Plan
Expectation
There is only
Obligation
To be your full fucking self, please
Extra lettuce
Hold the cheese
Your BLT is made of facon
I don't know what it is but it's definitely not bacon
And I could care less
Your tomatoes are fresh
And your bread?
The best It's all about
Consistency
Practice
Pause
Adaptability
And habit
Maybe once I've done the same thing for billions of years
I'll be better
At it
The sea seems to see seams
So deep I didn't know they were open
Moaning
Beneath me
Growing
Hoping
Oh
There is no teacher greater than the tide
With every breath
She purrs
Demure:
My girl
Endure
Rebel
Relax
And Thrive

Blue Boo

beautiful,
streichorous
lol

blue is the color of the ocean

that's inside of you **I'm stupid** but
help

This metaphor
feels cliché

inferior?
uncultured.

↳ I know you hate when
I call myself that

I know it's true amazing how I

float in you despite the density of

my bones weighing me down
I do feel like I can drown at any moment

blue is the name of my favorite songs

I listen to while driving down the

10 zooming fast as I can get to you
18 mins without traffic
↳ sorry mom

making up new words of love to

familiar sounds

↳ and truly bizarre
noises and melodies
in my voice memos

↳ I write so much in
my car like literally
screaming out lyrics to
siri in my notes app

→ also youtube
karaoke vids of
songs I love to sing

you kiss hello

your eyes are

wet

→ like fresh rain on a pavement but I never saw it pour

I say you drown in your own depth

↳ doggie paddle

where is my life jacket though

oh my blue boo I'll spoon

though it's much too

hot

aimless

even in winter... LA

↳ god I hate sleeping in

back and forth

↳ always seasick

we rot till you

↳ or rock?

forget what I

forgot

the world

↳ it comes natural to me

is fraught but not when I'm

holding you

→ safety when I'm the ~~protector~~ protector



I'm so blue

imbue

me with pain

I'd rather

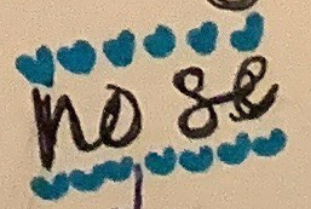
sit in yours than mine

anyway

↳ picture us like a big turquoise lava lamp

I kiss goodnight

my nose is wet



↳ wet nose healthy dog

↳ you and me and our snot

trust fall

sunshower

when I was younger
I believed in faeries
clapping until they could breathe again
I believed in gods and goddesses
who stood at the altar of preservation
I believed in dewey-eyed princes
who would save me in my time of sorrow
I believed in sashes and gold
to brighten a perpetual tomorrow
I believed in imaginary friends
who stood at the beacons of hope
I believed I could control the motion of waves
that stood in front of me, an infinitesimal moat

I feared the holy Lord, I feared the smite of demons
I gasped at the sight of so many Achilles falling
At the edge of reason
I shrunk into a chasm to hide from the pain
cauterizing until the ocean swept me up again
And the drought returned
And then an endless rain
Until I could feel nothing but my eyes opening
To catch the sun touch the fields of grain
time and time again
a voice called me back again
time and time again
a voice drew me in to sing
to tell me

that life
is a trust fall

that if you are lucky
the world might catch you
If you are brave enough to lean back
and see the stars above you.
life is trust.

sometimes blind, sometimes wide-eyed.
and we often fall
into each other's arms,
wounded beyond recall.
but linking together
is what keeps the tension alive
linking beyond our capacity
clapping until we breathe
fantasy as proxy for truth and relief.
life is a trust fall.

and someone keeps catching you
someone might catch you
but don't expect it to happen
time and time again
be the one to be your shelter.
may your arms shelter your heart
may your thoughts shelter your eyes

may your dreams sweep away the lies
you tell yourself.
life is a trust fall.
so fall into yourself.

in the memory of poet
Lawrence Ferlinghetti
1919-2021

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Just about every thing

Featured watercolor paintings throughout the issue are by Davia Schendel.

see you next time ;)