you know what I mean magazine

issue 6, jan. 2021

GOOD RIDDANCE

A message from the editors...

use this as a sign to keep going in the direction you want.

you know what we mean.
davia & monica

you know what I mean?

co-editors-in-chief
Monica Mouet and Davia Schendel

cover art by Miranda Hollingswood

Good Riddance	**Anonymous**
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GOOD ——————————— RIDDANCE

Good riddance to ziplock bags
Good riddance to tone matching
Good riddance to hedge fund managers
Good riddance to mailboxes
Good riddance to nativity scenes and jolly red trespassers
Good riddance to trash night
Good riddance to G-wagons
Good riddance to poultry
Good riddance to insider trading
Good riddance to all your recipes
Good riddance to zoom meetings and glitchy play readings
Good riddance to exceptionalism
Good riddance to sourdough bread
Good riddance to NBC live musical performances
Good riddance to collab houses
Good riddance to Peloton
Good riddance to board games
Good riddance to francophiles
Good riddance to spa night
Good riddance to online classes
Good riddance to wrapping paper
Good riddance to kefir
Good riddance to deadlines
Good riddance to Green Day
Good riddance to coasters
Good riddance to Shark Week
Good riddance to the Royal Family
Good riddance to brutality
Good riddance to the Grammy's
Good riddance to Elon Musk
Good riddance to THE ELF ON A SHELF
Good riddance to high-heeled shoes
And good riddance to apple pie.

by anonymous

%^S#@*%!!!

Jill Galbraith

NO
NOT AGAIN
BULLSHIT
BULLSHIT
BULLSHIT
RIP IT FROM MY CHEST
THROW IT OUT WITH MY EYEBALL TENDONS
SEVER THE SYNAPSES IN MY BRAIN
SPLINTER MY SKULL
SMASH IT
STOMP IT
SPLAT IT
MAKE MY GUTS INDISCERNIBLE FROM THE REST
OF THIS MESS
OF THE ALL
I HAD LEFT
There
I think that's the—
Hold on
AAAGHSSKFFFHDHHHHHHAAAAAAA—

There
That's
The last
Of you
I feel so much better now
Every wink
Every cringe
Every sprint
Every sigh
There you are
You're gone
And so am I
I'm in the ether
I'm not a person
All right, I lied
I don't feel okay
I don't feel solid
I'm mostly particles and gas these days
The things that weighed me down
Turns out
Kept me on the ground
Funny how gravity works
Funny how the clouds seem so much softer from miles away
Funny how so much of pleasure
Is the absence of pain
Or regret
And funny how clouds
From close up
Are wet
The last time I ever saw you
I hoped that it wouldn't be the last
Every part of me is breaking
Even when I sleep
I am degrading
This is what existence is
A drawn-out art of disappearing

All we are is what we do
Until we don't
And then we aren't
But I wouldn't know
I haven't had the chance to not
What I've got
Is this pile
Of intestines
Bleeding into the floor
But I don't complain
Anyway, I always thought that the shag was a little too plain
I look at the bits of you that used to remain
At the barbed, scratchy scraps inside me that I couldn't quite name
I look at them
And I laugh at the fact
That my biggest problem now
Is a stain

JANUARY 2020

ay | day | tuesday | wednesday | thursday | friday

			1 New Year's Day	2	3
	7		8	9	10
Epiphany					
12	13	14	15	16	17
			Martin Luther King, Jr.'s Birthday		
19	20 Martin Luther King, Jr. Day	21	22	23	24
26	27	28	29	30	31

TO EVERY THING I THOUGHT I'D DO

es:

DECEMBER 2019

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

TO

ONLY

READING

ONE

BOOK

AT

A

TIME

THE SEA IS CALLING

TO LOSING
TOUCH
APPROVED BY
POSTMASTER GENERAL
U.S. MAIL

TO EXPECTATIONS FOR GROWTH

TO THE
VERSIONS OF
MYSELF I
DIDN'T NEED
TO BECOME

STITCH BY STITCH, ROW BY ROW

QUINN FRANCIS

There are only a handful of activities that can fully transport me. I am, in general, never fully settled. I'm reminded of this often, in moments when my loved ones would prefer my full attention or my stillness and I do not oblige them. I don't know where my restlessness comes from, I'm still saving up for a regular therapist, so I'm sure they'll tell me eventually. I find it very hard to be still, to let go. Until very recently, I did not believe in meditation, and I'm still not fully convinced. Even as a child, I would make to-do lists and strict schedules for myself, breaking my day into incremental blocks, fine tuning my productivity (though it should be said I was mainly splitting my time between dress up and finger painting and drawing on the furniture). I feel a compulsive, heart racing pull to be occupied at all times. This quirk, let's call it that, since the alternative is calling it a problem, means I often seem distracted to others. Constantly reassessing, renegotiating and rearranging my arbitrary little hurdles. Somehow, I manage to maintain my most essential relationships, and keep myself well. And, I still find the time to knit.

When I knit, I can let go completely. It's one of the only things I can do to still my mind and shut myself up. I lose time, I lose doubt, I lose worry- at least until I drop a stitch. I suppose for me, knitting is a kind of meditation, while still allowing me to be productive. I sincerely hope that's not cheating. I have so few abilities that reliably produce something useful or beautiful, and knitting is both. I feel calm and in control, a rare combination, and I feel competent- even rarer! My mom taught me when I was eight, and since then I've hardly stopped. All through my teens, the most awkward years of my existence, I could knit and not think about my ever present embarrassment at being alive (ah, puberty!). And it was something I could share with my mom, when she wasn't stressed about her job, when I wasn't consumed with adolescence. It made me feel close to her, and it made me feel different in a good way- I was good at something that most people my age didn't know anything about, I could be an expert. I could finally relax.

I remember the time my mom and I took a knitting class together, learning how to make socks on the magic loop with about six other middle aged women. And I had never felt more at home. We were all cussing and fussing over our pointy hobby together, a clan of mostly menopausal curmudgeons, and me in my braces and training bra. This last spring, when we were first confined indoors and the Los Angeles summer hadn't yet sabotaged my woolen aspirations, my mom and I each knit a cardigan. Yes, we are very cute. She was in San Francisco, and kindly sent me a box of yarn she wasn't using so we could do it together, separately. Hers was a cotton blend with green stripes, mine a mottled blue wool. Almost daily, we would check in to see who was ahead of who, ask each other questions, commiserate that both our gauges were off, coo over the lovely details we stitched into our garments. And when we were done, I gave mine to her, and she gave hers to me. It was a challenge and a therapy, a salve and balm for a throbbing wound of a world.

If you've never knit, first of all, I would love to teach you. But one of my favorite, and most soothing aspects of the act is the sound. Whatever yarn you use, whatever your needles are made from, whether it's metal, plastic or bamboo, there's a reliable click, scrape, click as one needle is inserted into the loop of another, wrapped with yarn, and pulled off. The motion and the sound, together with the feel of the material, and the satisfaction of a piece materializing in front of me, transports me to a higher plane. The chair or couch I'm sitting on dissolves, the room fades into a shallow focus, and I'm absorbed. In a way, I feel most myself, I stop fighting the constant urge to push forward, I let go. And when I'm done with the scarf or sock or hat or glove or sweater or blanket or tea cozy, I let go of that too. I rarely keep something I've knit, partly because I think knitting engenders a deeper generosity in the knitter, and partly because I don't really think of a piece as mine. The joy for me, the peace for me, is making it, not having it. Knitting connects me to generations of women in my family who made themselves in the making, and made the people around them a little warmer. Every stitch I knit, every loose end I weave, I compose an object and infuse a little of myself in it. Then, I let that part of me go. I give it to a friend, or a stranger, and I let them decide how to move forward with it.

Mihály Csíkszentmihályi, a Hungarian-American psychologist, is credited with coining the term “flow” to refer to the mental state we reach when we fully succumb to an activity, absorbed until we almost reach a trance-like state. He named it, but it feels ancient. Something we’ve been accessing in ourselves since we became conscious. We occupy ourselves in countless ways, endlessly losing ourselves in new diversions. And the end result is almost moot.

The value of reaching a state of “flow” is not in what you’re left with when you return to your body, but what you’ve gained while you were away.

It’s a vacation from ourselves and from the world. I flow when I knit, or I knit to flow, and I make something useful. It grounds me in patience and love, it allows me to be a kinder, gentler version of myself. And most of all, it reminds me that letting go of something doesn’t mean I’m poorer, it means I’m that much lighter, that much freer.

.....

I have been told that I can be

~Mercurial ~
Like a silver pool in the palm of my hand rippling
ricocheting from feeling to feeling
Poisoning my cells one by one

I imagine this must be what it would have been like to be Marie Curie
Poisoned by a force she was beginning to understand

Did you know vermillion is made from mercury?

Antique Thermometers
Sketchy tuna

How long will it take until that quicksilver shock runs through all of us?

There was a spill in Oak Ridge TN. 2 million pounds are still unaccounted for. Is it in the food I eat, the water I drink?

What does the dark pit in my stomach hide?

Good riddance corporate poisonings

I admit that I can be emotional
but not volatile.

Perhaps temperamental.

I thought stability was my strong suit.

I often think of a world post-pandemic.
Where friends brunch and disco dance
Interviews and handshakes
bus terminals and conversation
real pants and heeled shoes
and public tears

Social training has fallen astray
My carefully crafted personality

Time to rebuild anew.

-Anna Mader

urself! compose yourself! compose yourse

compose yourself!
the musical that made her a breakout star.
the plot is simple: some kids break into a museum full of statues of classical composers and the statues come to life, sharing their stories so that the kids could write stellar essays for their classical homework.
begging mom to buy her a wretched wig, she believed she had achieved...
realism!

♫ yes my name really is amadeus,
clap along to each song and repay us,
your reactions will never dismay us!
nevermind just rewind and (something)-us. ♫

compose yourself!
the play i star in today.
it's devised so i still don't know for sure when it's finished.
i can't do wigs anymore.
i can't do realism either.
that painting was placed on corkboard so i could feel like i had come to life and made decisions that were 100% correct and had achieved...
arrival!

♫when your teachers run out of the stickers,
you feel sad you can't hide from the triggers,
no more statues to look up as figures!
nevermind you're the One so don't sweat it.♫

career opportunities!

davia schendel

career opportunities
scheherazade
100% of the jobs lost
women account
what a record
don't put it up on your wall
or on the (dis)mantle

career opportunities
scheherazade
16,000 gained for men
workforce, troop force
war is life?
who is at war with whom

career opportunities
scheherazade
put your lipstick on
and make sure they're looking
while making love
to expectations

career opportunities
scheherazade
1001 nights of worrying
if the check is going to come through
if people are going to listen to you

career opportunities
scheherazade
man's world lullaby
as you rock your baby to sleep
he doesn't feel your pain
but wants to understand some way

career opportunities
scheherazade
how many times
do you code switch
to put food on your table
or to keep the lights on

career opportunities
scheherazade
//
career opportunities
scheherazade

career opportunities
scheherazade
mother's day to make penance
boys keep swinging
crisis personality
personality is built out of crisis

career opportunities
Scheherazade
the one that never knocks
so weave your tales
to keep their minds
distracted
and your belly full.

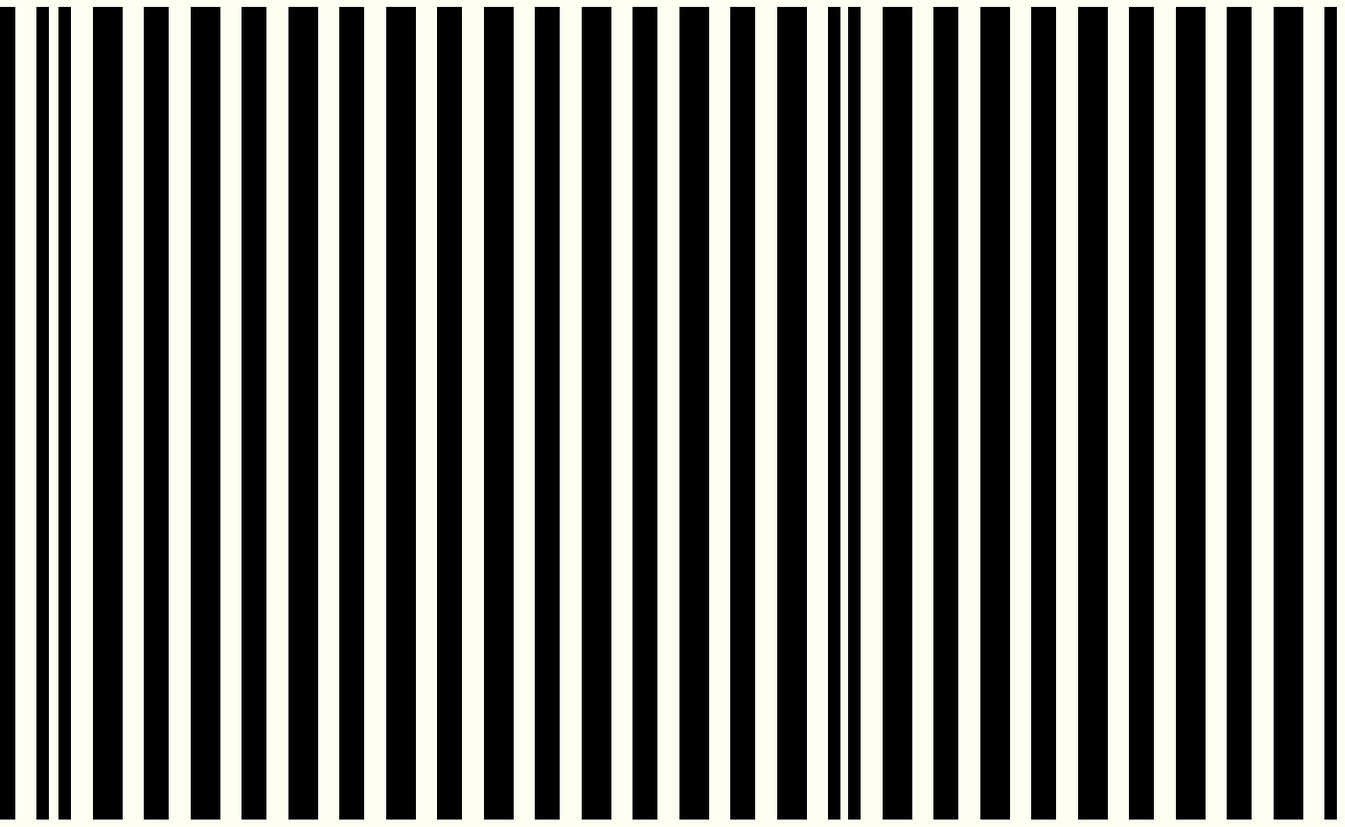
cuneiform
by Florentina Mocanu

letting go/moving forward

micro poems

by Amber Li

between two street lamps
I stand with two shadows
making them dance as one



A line
in my barcode
wants out.

I tell it sure thing buddy,
who cares
if I won't scan the same
after we both get what we want.

make me wait!
make me heave!
this is how it goes:
Father makes Walthers
and iSip lemoncoffee on the porch
kicking pebbles up the door
teething far into my elbow
waiting for the flowers to kabloom.

Ending sentences with periods in this day in age is SOoo committal, also someone tell me why the definitions of committal and noncommittal aren't perfectly reversible,?,!;*!

You can only jettison me
if you vow to keep everything else
on board, no matter
how boring the matter.

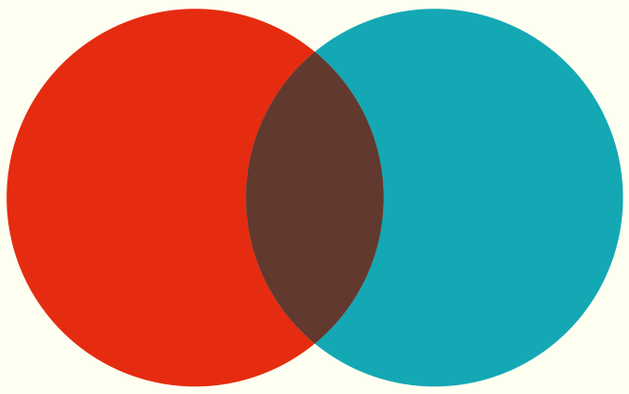
Yes, that might be the best way
to get rid of the color
you left beneath.

Skin me.

we were bidding farewells that night
so I entered a hello for auction

with little flare
it was sold for cheap

bought away with a single farewell
and the room moved on to the next



Minutes drip off
of this slippery slope.
I stopped coming.

I refuse
to Braille our sutures.
I refuse
to run my tongue over the metal seam
and wheeze out
your name.

A big, happy congradufuckinglations
to myself:
Last week, I bought 10+ stolen laptops
to play his parting on loop,
syncopated to the rhythm of my puke,
ready to snot cry my way through
stamp-stomping the laptops flat
into the spineless, twitching, open, supine books
that they were meant to be,
ready to watch them spark
like crazy from their cracks,
ready to read his texts
in the light of lexical fireworks.
But,
lo
and
behold,
eBay sent me 10 lapDOGS instead,
so today,
I find myself crisscrossed on the floor
tuned to the quiet
symphony of nano growls,
not so alone anymore,
and unwillingly prescribed to heal.

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