

Hagazine

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Poetry has lost its value because society—as a whole—no longer values anything much of quiet contemplation. Society values numb. A mindless distraction at fingertips' reach. The ever-expanding landscape of mediocrity spreads like flora among the pasture for the rising sheep. We wake. We wander within our jailed enclosures. We follow senseless laws, rote routines and graze on the poisoned path our oh-so-wise elders have laid out before us—and we no longer question. We question almost nothing. No thing.

After my first poetry book was published, my father held it in his hands, flipped through the pages and said, "Hmm. I don't get this poetry stuff." He never got me either, but that's beside the point.

Art has lost its value in this world because it has been ripped from the curriculum, undervalued, and rebranded a frivolous time-wasting mess of nonsense by the elite who shovel their money-making, consumer-hoarding agendas down our throats to enslave us in a matrix of misery. We're all wandering lost because humanity craves art. Art is expression. Art is life. Art is love. Without art, we are anything but free.

My personal life took a nosedive, and nine months ago I had to let go of *Ink In Thirds*. For me, out of everything I've been through the past two years (and that would be a novel to write in and of itself), saying goodbye to the magazine was soul-depleting. And I was an empty shell of a human, barely being, scraping the underbelly of life at that point already. Curating *Ink In Thirds* gave me life-breath.

"Breathing in, I know that I am breathing in." - Thich Nhat Hanh

A couple of months ago, I was contacted by a fellow art lover and contributor to the writing community and asked what it would take to bring *Ink In Thirds* back to life. The divine timing and generosity of this individual will forever be a turning point in my life.

The point to this pontification: Art matters; Poetry matters; Words, feelings, passages, snippets of life expression matter. Without creativity, we all bleed lukewarm pedestrian. No matter our paths, our beliefs, our race, religion, gender we all breathe art. And to me, the connections we forge within the world of creativity are the ones of lasting permanence. The human experience is a myriad of untapped potential and to silence the language of expression from one individual to another is to slowly dilute the soul. We are here to share our stories, share our paths, share our art.

It is with the utmost gratitude and my greatest pleasure to be back and to bring you this first issue of the new year of *Ink In Thirds*.

All my love and ink,

Grace Black

INK IN THIRDS

A magazine of poised prose, precarious poetry, and photography to pilot our own realms again.

"The role of a writer is not to say what we can all say, but what we are unable to say." ~ Anaïs Nin

we were laughing with green eyes

by Alexis Lanza

we were laughing with green eyes in landscapes that should have been made from paint, because acrylic doesn't feel

I think, once, you opened your mouth too wide and I saw the whole world there, laid out in your esophagus

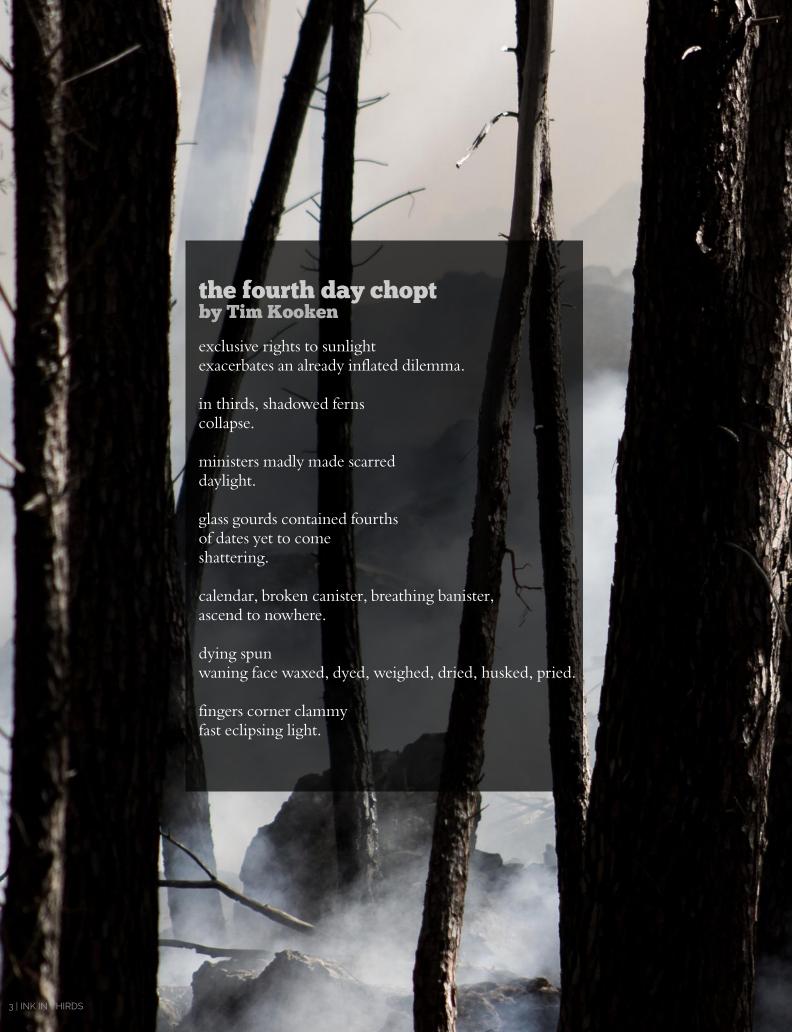
a green patchwork quilt dissected into rectangular segments by the roads we explored together

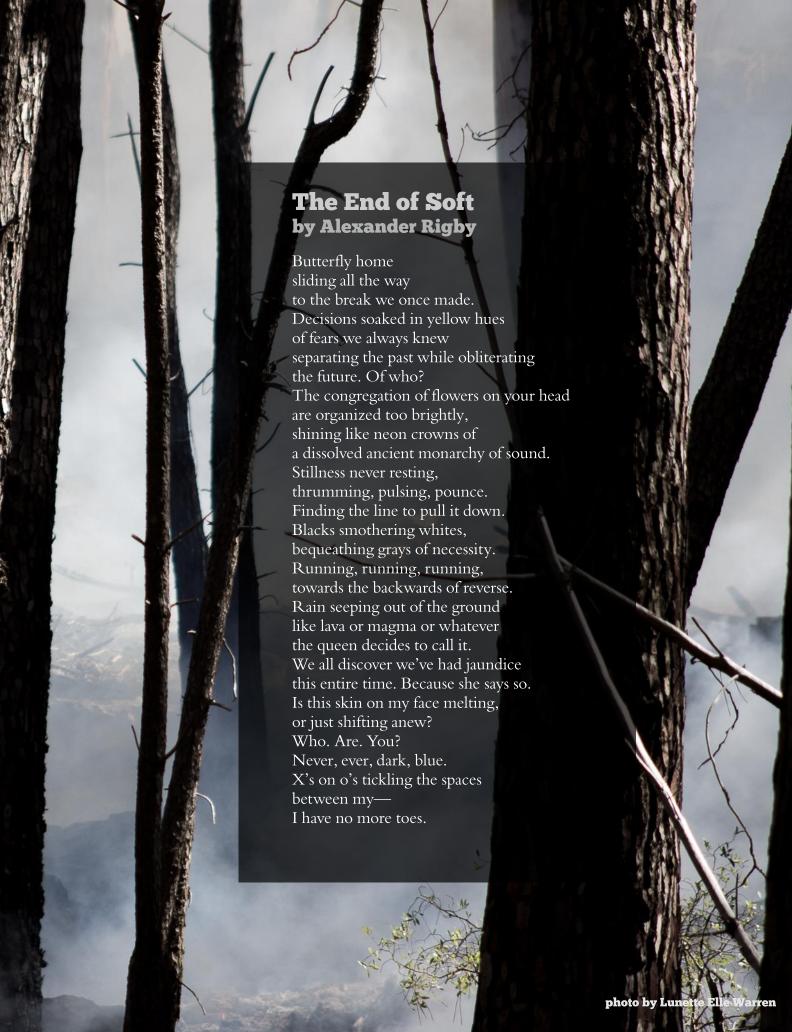
I climbed in headfirst and you pulled down the moon, dangled it in my face on a thread of promises you heard in a song Lilly sung in the auditorium

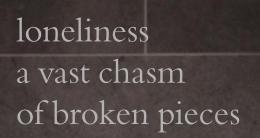
but I was after the hills I saw in you that I mistook for your heart and the oil pastures of your eyes stopped laughing

when you spit me out a part of me got left behind and I am left with the dried chalk of your absence in my throat









Norman Wm. Muise

exile by Akiva Savett

every one of April's pockets is empty in the streets of Des Moines. drum kits once banged and spangled in storage of every heart our eyes play Taps our hearts are sprained docks. monkeys tuning Beethoven's piano will someday write the Waldstein.

under a streetlight a cop strikes a match on his boot, so he can see the streetlight. there is a trumpet in his holster, not even Solomon was dressed like a flower.

across the city, survivors are bidding on sand storms, planting flags and flowers in fire escapes.

handsome cowards can feel free on treadmills and broken falcons are still falcons. we raise our gloved hands at 10 AM and wait, people point to the sawdust in our eyes, but finally, just as three senators finish playing rocks paper scissors, falcons from Iceland and Newfoundland land on our aching perches an ingathering of exiles a new morning in Babylon, I will miss you with the hands of a mustang when I die.



The Fly

by Neil James

The fly is flitting and buzzing incessantly, exploring every inch of the ceiling. I'm in a hospital bed, muscles locked rigid, mouth half-open and tongue trickling an undignified stream of saliva onto the pillow. My eyes still work though. They flit left, right, left again, following the erratic flightpath with concern.

Suddenly, my brain recalls a tiny fragment of knowledge from some deep and hidden cerebral vault: houseflies can lay up to five hundred eggs. That is it. That is my brain's helpful offering.

Next up: 'What if the fly realizes your feeble, incapacitated form is beneath it? What if it decides to crawl inside the warm, welcoming birth chamber of your mouth and lay its offspring across your tongue?'

No, stop it, brain that's ridiculous—flies are not sentient, thinking beings; they don't plot and reason in such a way. They move and move again. They do not think at all.

In that way, I suppose you could say we are perfect opposites.

The Fury of the Filament by Michael Patrick Brady

The unfinished refrigerator glides toward me across the rollers of the conveyor belt, coming to rest as the brakes kick in with a great pneumatic sigh. I exhale with it and unfurl my wires. The red one coils around the terminal of the compressor, threading through the perforations in the plastic molding. The black one knits together the thermostat and the interior light. I bring them together at the door switch and prepare to leave my signature.

My hands weave the wires like a cat's cradle. I am beyond schematics, working in a realm of pure inspiration. My nostrils fill with the smoke of tinned solder; the iron smolders between my fingertips. When I finish, I seat the prongs of the power cord into the outlet. With the door open, the bulb inside the refrigerator blooms with light. I extend a finger from my free hand to test the door switch, pushing it in. The light is extinguished.

But ten seconds later, the light flickers back to life even though I'm holding the switch. I smile at my sabotage, unplug the unit, and drop my fist onto the red, rubber button that starts the belt, sending the refrigerator to the final station for packaging and shipment.

There are hundreds, maybe thousands of my refrigerators in the world, hard wired to do my bidding. I like to imagine them glowing defiantly behind their closed doors, flashing secrets at the crisper or the butter dish, their owners none the wiser. I think about milks, cucumbers, and potato salads spoiling under the pitiless photons, the subtle spikes in temperature and the slow bleed of kilowatt hours. The furious filaments and their blazing incandescence. They burn unseen in unsuspecting kitchens, the bulbs I've set alight. And no one knows but me.





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Burmese Spice Market, Killing Floor by Kevin Dyer

Downtown, across the street from the Hindu temple the spice market abuts the abattoir, where, once domesticated, then gutted, their blood runs down the concrete gutters.

I have had no one's hands on me in forever, and if I go this way in yet another sodden southeast Asian city the sky gone grey,

dragonflies swarming in broken arcs above the broad-leaf trees—there'll be little left. So today I'll take this walking steady, and slow,

in the flow of human traffic, for the moment, current.







Mean Streetsby Kyle Hemmings

My stepfather killed my stepmother for trying to assault me in the kitchen. While holding a knife to my face, she kept saying you can't compare oranges to white grapes, although as a child I didn't know which category I fell into. I think she went off her meds. At the trial, my stepfather pleaded self-defense—mine. When the Defense cross-examined me, I was asked what I saw. I said Red. Nothing but Red. Something that flows from crushed grapes. Looking out at the sea of whited-out faces in the courtroom, I envisioned a purple heart, the only one of that hung jury.

Water Baby by Kristin LaFollette

I visit myself and see a silver hair grow and extend into smoke

I wonder how long it will be until I see yellow again— I ask myself through the haze in the air, my words expanding into

the stalks of plants and flowers that I've seen before but don't know where

As if time is something I can feel, I squeeze my heart tighter, hold it longer, watch a dryness come over my skin, see cells

struggling to proliferate

I think I've done all I can do,

my mind

purple and white with blood flow and a soul beyond mine

I visit myself and see a woman with hands shoved into the ground as if to re-root, as if to

come up again out of the water and dust and ash



about the time you caught a butterfly knife between your teeth

with wide eyes, wonder-ing how you bartered with gravity
& won and

that day there was mercy in the gravity of the fall when the butterfly knife

missed your teeth and your tongue and I saw a spectacle without the horror

I'll tell you

how I cling to my worries like a commander clings to his warzones

making the battle beat on.

Venetian blinds slivers of moonlight slice across me



Drawing on the Mirror by Max Bowden

We don't both fit well in the small bath full of pancakes and coffee and Sundays. But it doesn't matter.

Outside leaves scatter like a torn up photo.

When lukewarm saturation brings the time I hold out a towel,

you're absorbed.

Late for lans of three, too an apartment. an apartment on a wooden bench. a backdoor, receding. - a backdoor was never there, it was just a windowless porch photo by Jon Moore

Blood (Not Mine) - A Collage by Kristin LaFollette

bees wax it smelled like lemon and maybe honey dark wood with the ring from a wet glass imprinted on the top a man from Indiana who I sat with as I drank iced

tea and I found a box of old cameras (I keep them) one needs some tape to hold it closed like ribs like tissue like the things we all have holding us together (tape) his age, no issue

his blood (not mine) an attic that swells open like water

contains many animals and old things specimens from jars—extinct, in need of saving dark wood with the ring from a wet glass

we carried it down stairs that were for people smaller than us soap and water (like drawing a bath), and bees wax (Amish)

wood yellowed like a newspaper now reborn now smooth and upright and cooled and warmed with the seasons from its heart and lungs sprout growth like

blood plasma lymph

the filtering qualities of anatomy—it lives

I listen—

the scoop of a hand in a pocket of dirt, the placement of a seed, the smell of earth the smell of earth

wishlessness by Akiva Savett

under the robe of every supreme court justice is another robe and under that robe is a supreme court justice and under that robe is a dissenting opinion called the self. a vase in every house has been glued.

we are fireflies in a child's cupped dream newspapers thrown to the wrong house a bird building a nest inside a house bank vaults made of glass a drawer filled with rivers cars approaching a yellow light a palindrome facing its own extinction ladders waiting in the garage.

if you measure tire wear with a penny and can see Abe's hair, it's time for new tires. how do we measure tire wear when they stop making tires? I'm happy to walk the hot macadam of my dream country in civil war, the ransom beneath my feet, a mass grave of each hour.

the trouble with wishes is that everything fades in the Missouri sun. there are 10,000 Minnesota lakes, one is near a farm at night where there is a girl in the corner of her room in the corner of her bed under the covers doing a word find puzzle in pencil that is the softest sound.

How You Take It by M.C. St. John

The Turks got two thirds right with their proverb—coffee is best black as death and hot as hell. At 3AM, though, he rubs his mug for warmth and still can't feel his fingers.

He's failed to make a decent cup all night. The French press turned bitter. He burned the batch in the Bialetti. He struggled with the pour-over, the trickle filling the bottom half of an hourglass, another way of marking time he doesn't need.

With the silence and solitude the words should come easy. But by not taking his cream or sugar when it was offered, what he holds in his mug is a mirror, the reflection dark, every time he takes a sip.

He has nothing to say for himself.

Outside the snow falls, and whether the hiss is from him or the radiator is anyone's guess.

Is everything okay with you? by Max Bowden

I scroll past a targeted ad for online therapist services and wonder what metadata I'm missing,

a trail of cookie crumbs leading to a small child in my brain, huddled and obvious if only you could see the graphs.

He apparently causes all sorts of damage, making me eat too much or push people away,

& he is to be snuffed out over the course of eight sessions with help from my debit card and a payment plan.

A journey of discovery; mineshaft consciousness illuminated by the little light to the left of my webcam,

the final session culminating in dramatic revelation and new datasets designed, once again, to show me the way.



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Max Bowden is twenty-one. His work has appeared in *Clockwise Cat, The Charles Carter & the Humans and Nature* blog.

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Tim is occupied with exploring the arts of language, philosophy, observation, experiment, texture, color, consciousness. He wants to dive headfirst into sand and witness the births of whales. A poet, playwright, & word sculptor based in New Orleans, His work has been published by *Crack the Spine, Tupelo Press, Concis* & others.

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Kristin LaFollette is a PhD student at Bowling Green State University, studying Rhetoric & Writing and Women's, Gender, and Sexuality Studies. Her poems have been featured in *West Trade Review*, *Poetry Quarterly*, and *Bridge Eight*, among others. She also has had artwork featured in *Plath Profiles*, *Spry Literary Journal*, and *GFT Press*. She lives in northwestern Ohio.

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Akiva Savett's poetry has been published in a chapbook entitled *Preservation* and appeared in *The Orange Room Review, Gobbet, The Lake, Burningword Journal, Page & Spine, Poetry Quarterly, Kerem, Circa, The Red River Review, In Parentheses,* and *Four And Twenty.*

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