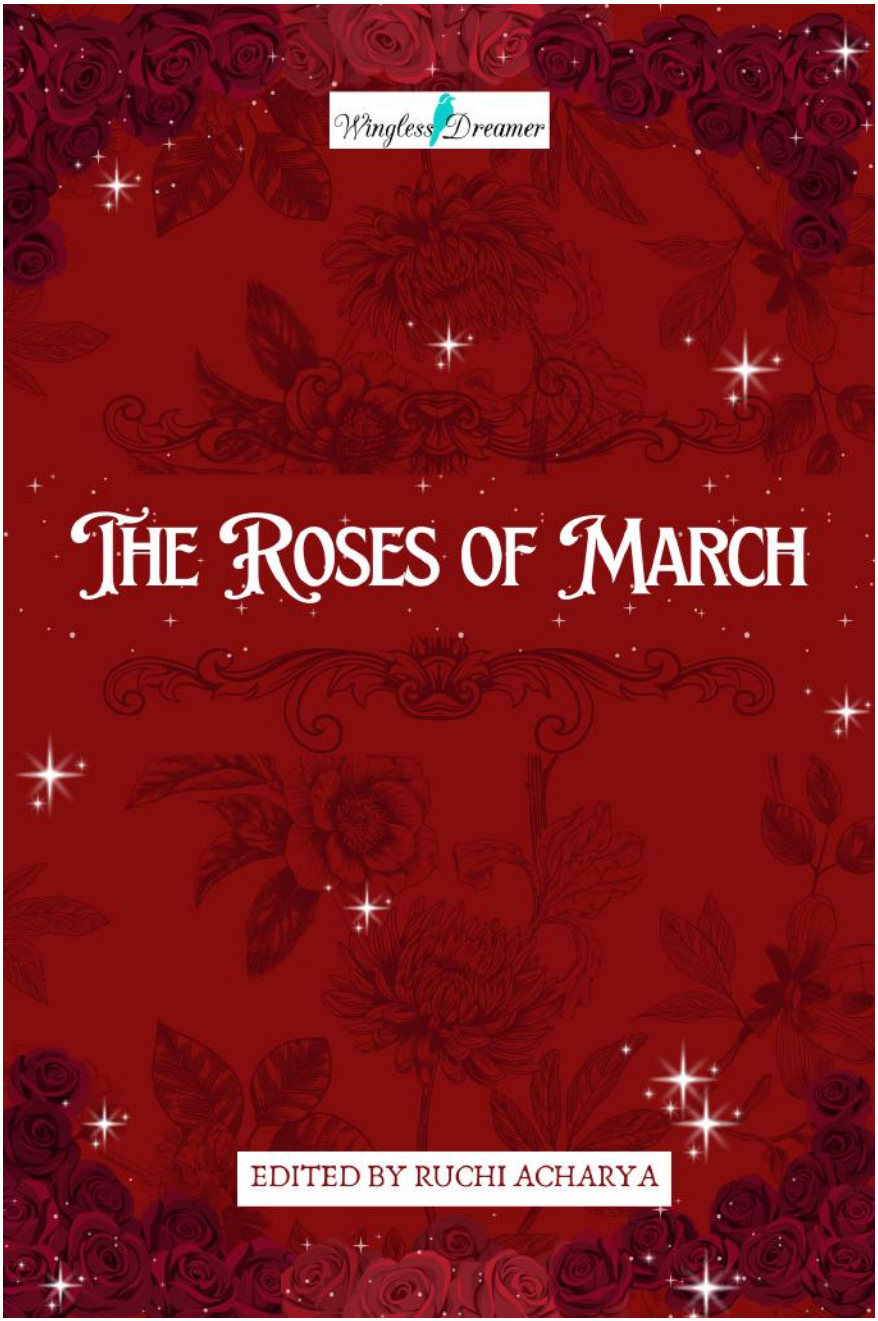
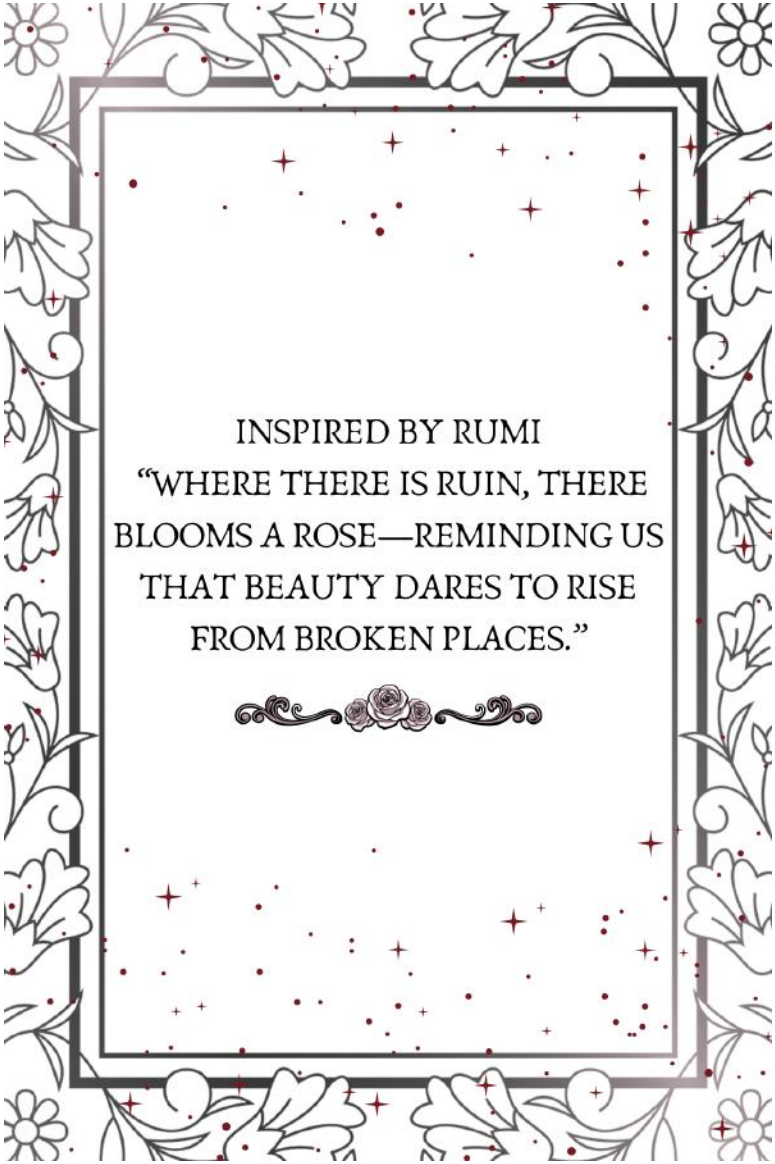

Wingless Dreamer
THE ROSES OF MARCH
EDITED BY RUCHI ACHARYA


INSPIRED BY RUMI
"WHERE THERE IS RUIN, THERE BLOOMS A ROSE—REMINDING US THAT BEAUTY DARES TO RISE FROM BROKEN PLACES."

Wingless Dreamer

UPLIFTING WRITERS AND ARTISTS THROUGH OUR CREATIVE COMMUNITY



Thank you so much for all your efforts and support that you gave to me in past few months. I'm very happy to receive the book as it is my first time when my poem got published and I want thought to show my gratitude to you through this mail. Hope we get to work together again in the future and wishing you all the best for future endeavours.- Mitali Prasad

I'm literally in tears right now, oh my God. Thanks you @winglessdreamerlit !! The books arrived and are AMAZINGLY FANTASTIC! The cover art is beautiful, the collections stunning! I am filled with such surprise and honor my pieces were published with you, it makes me the happiest lassie in the world. Thank you so much!! If you want to support on of the best publishers EVER, go to Winglessdreamer.com or search their books on Amazon! So grateful. -Gratia Serpento

Hi there, I just wanted to say that after reading some of the poetry on Wingless Dreamer, I feel inspired and in awe. I've been writing on and off as a hobby for a few years now but seeing what you've done and how you've built this whole community of writers, I'm really inspired and impressed. You've given me just a bit more inspiration to keep working on my projects and for that I thank you.- Ryan

Best of afternoons! I am simply sending this email to first thank you for this as I am truly humbled by your decision to accept this poem for publication. I wrote this poem after many nights of night terrors and panic attacks due to my looming anxiety over the pandemic and instant

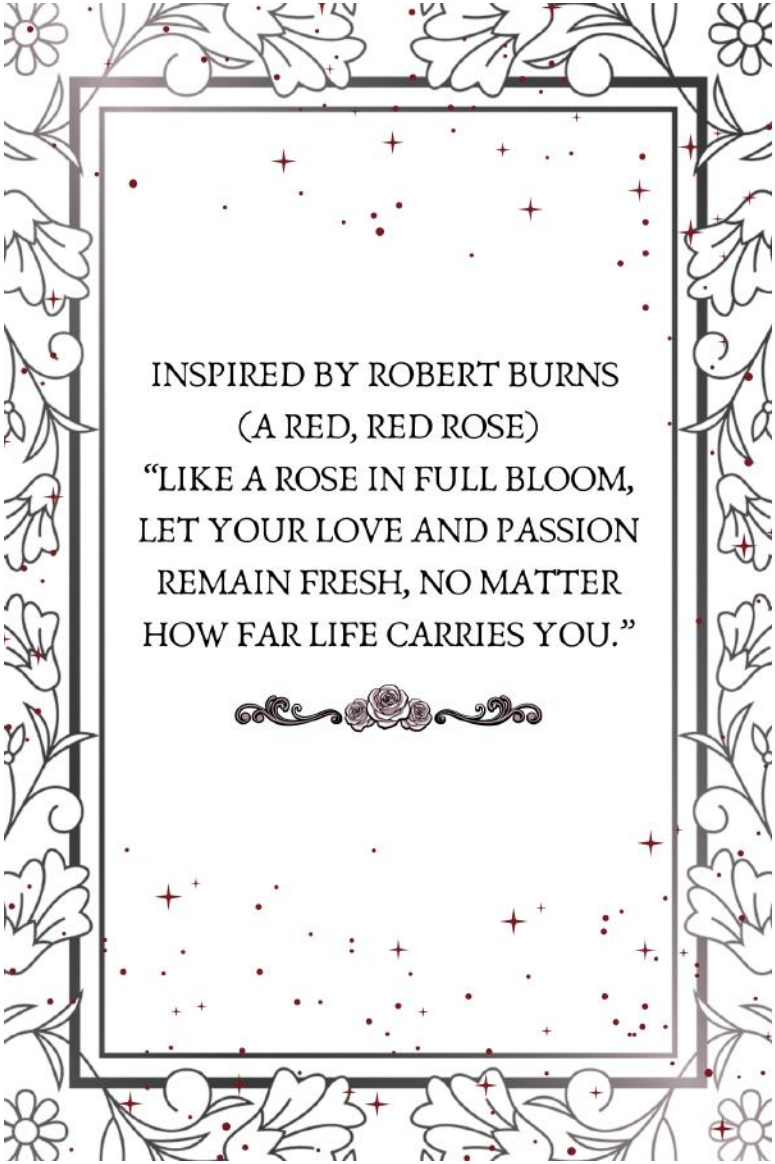
changes the world is going through seemingly overnight. Your validation of this poem is received by such validation and a feeling of triumph that I cannot put into words, so genuinely, thank you. -Arnaldo Batista
I am most excited to receive this new book, and I have already shared your various publications with many friends and family! I am very happy to have come across your publication and look forward to reading many more of your other contributor's pieces!- Natalie Kormos

I shall be anxiously awaiting the book's arrival. I always appreciate your editing efforts. They have always been terrific in the past. More book graphics sounds great, I'm excited to see what they are all about. I'm going to your website now and check out what else you have going on, I know you always have a lot going on. You folks are a great publisher in my book, and I'm not just saying that because you've published some of my work, I sincerely mean it and my family and friends agree. Keep up the great work that you do, I know you will.-William David

Keep up this excellent work. Poetry truly connects the readers with poetic souls across countries and cultures – Amita Sanghvi

It is a great joy for me that a kindhearted editor of a journal like you has liked my poem. Thank you again. Be happy in life this is my heartfelt wishes to you.-Sandip Saha

There is such a positive vibes from Wingless Dreamer, unlike any other publisher. -Gavin Bourke


INSPIRED BY ROBERT BURNS
(A RED, RED ROSE)
"LIKE A ROSE IN FULL BLOOM,
LET YOUR LOVE AND PASSION
REMAIN FRESH, NO MATTER
HOW FAR LIFE CARRIES YOU."

THE ROSES OF MARCH

Edited and compiled by

Ruchi Acharya



ABOUT US

Welcome to Wingless Dreamer where poetry flies without needing permission. Born from the wild imagination of Indian author Ruchi Acharya in 2019, Wingless Dreamer is a global literary and art community built on one radical idea: talent over titles. We exist to uplift writers, poets, and artists from all walks of life - especially those often overlooked by traditional publishing.

We host monthly writing contests, run a podcast that dives into all things literature and life, aid through our affordable editorial services, and even bring stories to screen through our YouTube channel. Whether you're a poetic soul, a word wizard, or a brush-swinging artist we're your creative playground.

Need more than publishing? We've got you covered. From stunning book covers to web design and custom artwork, our creative services give your projects that extra sparkle. We don't just publish books-we polish, proofread, and proudly promote them too. Think of us as your literary launchpad.

At Wingless Dreamer, diversity isn't a checkbox-it's our heartbeat. We champion BIPOC, LGBTQ+, disabled, and all underrepresented voices, offering free reviews, feedback, and sometimes even funding to non-native English creators. Because creativity should never be gatekept.

Most importantly, this isn't just a platform. It's a literary community, one of its kind. Do subscribe to our bi-weekly newsletter to enter into the magical and fantastical world of Wingless Dreamer. A space where you're encouraged, supported, and celebrated as you grow into the writer or artist you're meant to be. Make your dreams come alive with us. Let's celebrate creative writing together.

So, whether you're here to scribble, sketch, or simply soak in the magic-tap into our world, and let's dream out loud, together.

Unlock the literary realm: www.winglessdreamer.com

FOUNDER'S PEN

Being a writer can sometimes be solitary and quiet. A writer can understand how it feels to fall in love with every single character, battle with dialogues, work with vivid poetic devices, endeavor for perfection, and build an entire universe from scratch. Guess what? You're not alone. We understand the efforts you put every day into your work. Since we are a team of writers and artists too.

The writing industry is always considered as something obscure and profound by the public in general. It has become so difficult to stand alone and to stick with a writing career in the commercial society we live in today. Compared to other financial and economic-related jobs, things related to writing are the minority.

As the founder of Wingless Dreamer, I stand as a humble advocate for the enduring power of poetry and the written word. Through my verses, I strive to capture the quiet ache and wild joy that define the human experience because every emotion, no matter how fleeting or intense, holds profound meaning. If I can choose to follow my heart and forge this wonderful literary community where my editorial team willing to help zillions of writers and artists, then why can't you?

I believe that creativity is not merely a form of expression, but a sacred bridge to the spiritual self-a portal that unlocks unseen energies and gives life to the dreams we dare to imagine. In every line we write, in every brushstroke we paint, we awaken something timeless within us.

To every writer and artist out there: trust your voice, even when it trembles. Honour your vision, even when the world feels too loud. The path of creativity is not always easy, but it is deeply rewarding and you are never alone in walking it. Together, let us keep the soul of poetry alive, breathe colour into blank pages, and turn imagination into a force that moves the world.

-Ruchi Acharya, Wingless Dreamer Founder

Believe in yourself

"I want to use this opportunity to thank all the participants and Wingless Dreamer team to make this publication possible. Every poet has unstained spirit and spotless soulfulness that rests at their very center. Embrace it. Thanks for your support and always remember,

Never give up on your dreams."

–Wingless Dreamer

OUR JUDGE'S MESSAGE

The core idea behind curating the poetry collection *The Roses of March* is to gently remind writers and artists that no matter what life throws at them, they must never give up on their ability to bloom—like a rose, vivid and resilient. Just like its tender petals, one must continue to bring freshness and grace into the lives of loved ones. Like the firm green stem, we must strengthen our spirit, and like the sharp thorns, protect our inner peace.

As writers, we understand how challenging it can be to juggle reality and creativity. But isn't that the very reason we chose this path—to quiet the noise and express what ordinary perspectives often fail to capture? Most importantly, we strive to leave a legacy by etching our words into history through publication. There is a sensory ecstasy in immersing ourselves in the pure bliss and celebration of love—something this harsh world, especially in times of global conflict, deeply needs.

Poetry holds the power to unite people, and as poets, it is our responsibility to shape symbols of reflection, reconsideration, and renewal. It allows us to restore dignity to emotions, add value to nature, and nurture a deeper appreciation within awakened hearts.

For the month of March, we chose an open theme because we believe everyone needs an outlet—free from constant rules and restrictions imposed by others. Perhaps it is time we listen to our hearts more often and act accordingly.

Without any further ado, on behalf of the Wingless Dreamer Publisher let me present you this poetry collection *"The Roses of March"*. Enjoy reading.

With warm regards,
Ruchi Acharya
Founder, Editor-in-Chief,
Wingless Dreamer Publisher

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Winner for The Roses of March Writing Contest 2026 - Grand winner
- First runner-up - Second runner-up - Top Finalists

1. HE THINKS HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO WRITE

he's drunk his coffee,
boiling hot black soup,
smoked a cigarette,
ashed fast with big inhales;

now he's providing
for famished girls inside his skull:
thoughts meander like a restless rain
into a broken mug:
he's screaming to the mirror
that he values nothing;

was the edelweiss already sick?
was it fault of lady Judgment?

he's trying to find a chemical reaction,
something that will cure his innate spleen,
Freudian slips work no more,
and all is prose inside his head;

a process slow and steady,
like the train he wants to catch
where the poets drink and brew
ale of skyish colored hue;

he's so happy, so alive,
he's now accomplice of this device,
while he looks at it astonished
he may well be shinji's brother:

are they the same person?
the onlooker and the seen;

lacan theory reflects a boy
that's grown up to be a poet
and after all it's not the same,

the onlooker is to blame
and the critics harsh and mean;

his answer is a smile:

“congratulations, you’ve arrived
at a handshake with this pain,
and your spines have softened well
now that words will ring a bell
to the ones that read the text”;

interpretation! it’s up to them,
communication! it’s just a term

and as shinji writes his name
the collection gains an aim



VILT I. ALEXANDRU

Vilt I. Alexandru is a 27 year old Romanian aspiring poet. He's written since the age of 19, feeling the need to externalise his interior misconceptions and pain. With this entry, he hopes to gain some attention. @alex_vilt_ on instagram

2. JEWEL THIEF

Jewel Thief

Meditation in Green / on Greed

Emerald
earring
worn only at night
(imagine the sight)
hang
ing
long
deep
and
green
you cannot know
my weight until you
see the scales
I am
shy
but then
comes the green
I
am
a
dropper-
in

I'm the
desire
you can't fight
(I'll hold you tight)
long
hang
ing
serp
en
tine
you won't know
it's too late until you
see my scales
I'm
sly
and when
fully seen
I'm
a
heart
stop
per



PATRICK TROMBLY

Patrick Trombly re-emerged as a publishing poet in 2025. His poems have appeared or will soon appear in Loch Raven Review, The Closed Eye Open, In Parentheses, Beyond Words, PHIL LIT and other journals, as well as multiple Wingless Dreamer anthologies.

3. THE ORCHARD I BUILT INDOORS

I chose the smallest room in my house, the one that pretends to be an office but is really a greenhouse disguised as responsibility.

For one hour, I did not clean it. I did not rearrange it. I did not improve it. I simply stayed.

The door closed with the soft decisiveness of a boundary. Inside, the air carried layers of intention. Paper. Soil. Printer ink. Dried calendula. The faint mineral scent of seed trays stacked like quiet ambitions against the wall.

Morning light came through the single window not as a beam but as a slow-spilling tide. It touched the spines of gardening books first, then the rim of a terracotta pot, then the corner of my laptop where unanswered emails slept like neglected children.

The room is twelve steps long if I walk heel to toe. I counted.

One. My desk, a wooden surface bearing the soft scratches of seasons past.
Two. A mason jar of saved seeds, labeled in my careful handwriting. Southern collards. Moon & Stars. Touchstone Gold.
Three. A chipped mug holding pens that rarely write checks but often write plans.
Four. A stack of grant drafts, orchard dreams stapled into formality.

I sat in the chair and let the room breathe around me.

At minute seven, I noticed the dust.

Not neglect-dust. Not abandonment-dust. But living-dust. The kind that settles after work has been done. It clung to the windowsill and glowed when the sun found it, each particle a microscopic comet.

Outside the window, a winter-stripped tree leaned into the sky. It looked skeletal but alert, like a dancer waiting for music. The branches etched lines against the pale blue. I imagined sap rising invisibly beneath bark, ambition underground.

Inside me, something similar.

At minute fifteen, the refrigerator in the kitchen hummed beyond the wall. A domestic heartbeat. Somewhere upstairs, a floorboard shifted. The house adjusted its weight. I realized the room is not a container but a membrane. Sound seeps through it. Memory seeps through it. So does doubt.

This room has heard me cry.

Not dramatic sobbing. The quiet, efficient tears of a woman calculating time against dreams. It has heard me rehearse phone calls I never made. It has heard me whisper affirmations that felt too large for my mouth.

The chair holds the imprint of long nights. The desk remembers the weight of my elbows when I have leaned into spreadsheets and soil science with equal devotion. The wall behind me is dotted with small nail holes from vision boards I have rearranged, each one a constellation of intention.

At minute twenty-eight, the light shifted again.

It found the glass jar of seeds and made them look like stained glass. Black tomato seeds like peppered stars. Watermelon seeds like glossy commas. Beet seeds like small planets folded into themselves.

I held the jar in my hand.

What is a seed, if not a room with a future inside it?

A closed architecture of possibility.

This office is the same. A room inside a room inside a woman inside a larger world. Containment layered upon containment.

At minute thirty-five, I noticed the temperature. Slightly cooler near the floor, warmer at shoulder height. A stratification. Even air has hierarchy.

I wondered how often I stratify myself. Businesswoman near the desk. Mother near the doorway. Wife at the threshold. Dreamer by the window.

But in this hour, there was no performance. No productivity. Only witness.

I opened the drawer I rarely open. Inside: old notebooks. Handwritten crop rotations from years ago. A sketch of an orchard guild. A list titled "If I Had More Land." The handwriting was urgent, slanted, hopeful.

I read my own words like an archaeologist discovering a civilization still alive.

Outside, a car passed. A flash of red. A sound of tires on cold pavement. Life continuing without my permission.

Inside, the clock ticked toward forty-five minutes.

I stood and walked the perimeter of the room. Twelve steps lengthwise. Nine steps widthwise. I pressed my palm against each wall as if confirming it was solid.

The east wall felt warm. The west wall cool. The north wall steady. The south wall where the door lives felt charged. Exits always do.

I returned to the chair and closed my eyes.

Without sight, the room became breath and texture. The subtle rasp of paper when I shifted. The fabric of the chair beneath my fingertips. The faint perfume of dried herbs. The house inhaling, exhaling.

I realized the room has been patient with me.

It has allowed me to begin again without judgment. To scatter ideas like seeds across its surface. To fail quietly. To hope loudly.

In museums, rooms hold art framed and labeled. In my house, this room holds process. Unfinished drafts. Incomplete plans. Soil under fingernails that no one sees.

Yet it is no less curated.

Every object here is a declaration: I am building something.

Not only a garden outside. Not only a business. But an interior orchard. A place where resilience grafts itself to imagination. Where doubt prunes but does not uproot.

At minute fifty-eight, the light softened. The sun tilted. The dust settled into invisibility again.

The hour closed without ceremony.

When I opened the door, the rest of the house rushed back in. Responsibilities, notifications, the choreography of daily life.

But the room remained.

Steady. Seeded. Waiting.

And I carried it with me, as one carries a pocket of soil from a sacred place, knowing that even the smallest room can be vast if you are willing to stay.



TOYA L. WALKER

Toya L. Walker is an urban farmer, educator, and founder of OrganicallyGrownQueen.com, a regenerative lifestyle brand rooted in food, land, and feminine power. Her work blends soil science, ancestral wisdom, and emotional healing, exploring how tending the earth mirrors the process of self reclamation. Through storytelling, gardening, and community-based education, Toya creates spaces for growth, resilience, and embodied abundance. goodgrace87 tiktok

4. CANDLE WAX

I'm fine.

Like totally and completely fine. I'm not doing anything, just staring at the flame as the candle wax melts. Why does the flame have to be so compelling? I don't know, but it's captivating, making me want to feel the heat. I want to touch it. I know. I know. It's fire. It'll burn me. I'm not stupid, but just look at it. Look how the orange heat melts into a blue near the bottom of the wick. How the fan makes all three baby flames float across the air but steadily staying close to the wicks they are chained to. The wicks look like black mushrooms with glowing orange tops. My hands are shaking because I know it's wrong. I know not to do it...but I want to. I want to feel the heat between my fingers. I wonder how hot the melted wax is as it creates a pool on top of the unmelted, still hardened wax. What if I just felt it? Just one touch? I know the side of the yellow container holding the candle wax waiting to melt is hot. I felt that. What if I just got a little closer? I can feel the heat, warming the skin on my face. There seems to be a little nat that's dead within the pool of already melted wax. Maybe he was pulled towards the heat, sensing the temperature of calm. The same calmness that draws me to the flames in this very moment. What if? What if I just? Just felt once? I want the warmth from the flame near my face to be within every inch of my skin. The miles and miles of skin that cover my muscles, my bones, my heart. I want to feel it.

Just let me feel it for one minute. One second? Please, I'm begging you. Either make this all stop, or let me touch the fire before me and burn.



RACHEL ECK

Rachel Eck is a graduate student at Wilkes University, pursuing her MA and MFA in Creative Writing. She breaks down barriers between prose and poetry, intertwining fact and fiction. She focuses mainly on romance, the yearning, the spice, and the disastrous trauma. If she's not writing, you'll find her in a pilates class, getting a new tattoo, or reading a spicy romance novel. You can follow her journey on Instagram @rachele_writes.

5. LATE NIGHT TRAIN RIDE

In between the reflection and chaos,
Just tired faces against the window,
City lights wander as constellations across the glass,
The train hums like a lullaby, allowing strangers to share silences in their deepest thoughts.

Every station passes by,
Footsteps, echo then fade away,
Couples laughing softly,
An elderly man is snoring aggressively,
Students are gossiping,
Cheerleading ladies are looking anxious,
A middle-aged man crying by the window,
Grandma is listening to her grandchild's stories,
Each tells a story,
And every story has a bitter-sweet life,
Interestingly, all are on the same train,
Riding on a journey.

Between departures and arrivals,
Carried by motion,
Held by nowhere,
Night listens to the echoes of silent whispers,
Moon watches every scene in the train,
What holds upon arrivals is a mystery of the next story,
What starts from the departure is a leap of faith in the present life,
What is carried in between is the heart and soul of how you choose to write your story.



RENO JJ

I am Reno JJ from Penang. I start to write poems when I was 13 years old. My poetries range from voices that left unspoken, positivity, reality emotions and imaginative fantasy. I wish to connect with reader's live with my write. All of my poetries shared on AllPoetry website. I wish I could publish my poems here too.

6. THE ESKIMOS… OPEN YOUR EARS, FOR CHIRS-SAKE

Just before war
With the Eskimos,
I found odd
Words in a J.D. Salinger
Collection. Apparently,
Radishes stop
Indigenous people
In Arctic regions
In their tracks
The same way
Dreams of being alienated
And inappropriate
(like saying Eskimos
Instead of
North American Indian or
Raphanus sativus longipinnatus)
Stops me in my
Sleep tracks,
Slaps me in my sleep path,
And leaves no trace,
No Holden Caulfield,
No Franny and Zooey,
No random Selena's brother
Slipping sadness
Into Ginnie's pocket
Like a God damn sandwich:
"A few years before,
It had taken her three
Days to dispose
Of the Easter chick
She had found dead on
The sawdust in the
Bottom of her wastebasket."



MARIA FISCHER

Maria Fischer is currently reading Rebel Girl by Kathleen Hanna and wishing she, too, was a rebel girl, rather than a reader, writer, runner, teacher, mom, and wife... although all those things are pretty damn rebellious, when you think about it long enough.

7. PARKINSON'S DISEASE IS CONTAGIOUS

After Claudia Piñeiro, *Elena Knows*

Elena knows that levodopa regulates impaired dopamine metabolism.
Elena knows that her sternocleidomastoid muscle is giving out fast.
Elena knows that she will never be able to put her left arm into her jacket sleeve again.

Elena knows that the souvenir sea lions changed color to reddish purple when it rained.
Elena knows that no one will take care of her toenails as meticulously as her only child did.
Elena knows that her daughter had a womb but never gave birth to anybody or anything.
Elena knows that at the funeral, her daughter's beloved's mother hung a mourning sign on the door
Of the hair salon, covering the L'Oréal de Paris advertisement.

Elena knows that her daughter did not commit suicide. Elena knows that her only child was found
In the church bell tower, she hung on the bell. Elena knows that her daughter would never have
Gone to church during a storm because she was afraid of lightning.
Elena knows that the souvenir sea lion did its job well.

Elena knows that her daughter would clutch her right buttock and left breast
When she saw a redhead or another misfit in the town.

Elena knows that she has already found many answers:
Levodopa cannot regulate the metabolism of other neurotransmitters.
The soul is also a muscle that betrays us. Sometimes it is easier to put your head in a rope than
Your left arm in the sleeve of a jacket. Elena knows that Parkinson's disease is contagious.

Wingless Dreamer



Elena knows that she has already found many answers:
Levodopa cannot regulate the metabolism of other neurotransmitters.
-LINA BUIVIDAVIČIŪTĖ



EXIT 8 WITH NO EXIT 8

After horror movies “The ring” and “Exit 8”

My teenage son tells me about an indie game called Exit 8.
Then I watch a Japanese horror movie with the same title:
an underground labyrinth where you encounter non-humans.
Poster titles you must follow to escape.

You look for anomalies, small deviations from your everyday life.
Routine is the god of trifles. Routine is a picture from a manga.
There you go to your hated job, carrying a briefcase full of unsettled accounts.
Your mind is filled with automatism. You are technical nothing.

I tell my students that simulacra come first.
I remind my students about the noble Theseus and Minotaur’s trick.
I familiarize my students with inner inhabitants and average
rats, whose fancy suits prevent them from running in circles.

We talk about the theory of reflection and the disappearing originality.
The original is listed in the Red Book. Existential anxiety
combs her black hair and reaches her hands out of the well.

Last ring.
Last call.
Last answer.

Maybe we should look at everything more simply, it's just another
classic horror genre. A typical labyrinth structure with no exit at all.



LINA BUIVIDAVIČIŪTĖ

Lina Buividavičiūtė was born on May 14, 1986. She is a poet and literary critic. Lina is an author of three poetry books in Lithuanian language. Her poetry is published in "Matter", "Masters", “Proverse poetry prize" contest anthologies, "Drunk monkeys", "Beyond words", "The Dewdrop", "The limit experience", "Poets choice", "HOW", "Beyond queer words", "Maudlin House", "Cathexis northwest press", "Poetry online" magazines and "Versopolis" poetry platform. Upcoming publications will appear in “New millennium writings”, "Cathexis northwest press", "Quillkeepers Press", "The Stardust review" and “Beyond words” magazine. This piece is translated from Lithuanian by Ada Valaitis/

8. HAWKS DANCING IN THE SKY

Work Truck ride to wonderland
Hawks dancing in the sky
Stowaway Barn Hawks' dance
Must be spring
Over the morning new microphone
Puxatoney Phil predicts six more weeks
Winter, wrong again
Hawks Dancing sure sign of spring
Days are gone of
Blithering lip on too hot useless coffee mug
Lesser or keeper sunblind stowaway for winter
Student of the human soil begin to plant
Cold steel eyes behind Sun-Glasses
Setting off to climb red rock cliff
Queen's evidence fancy coffee house blues
Utterly repudiated road trip rest-stop soon
Ghost woman's flying epitaph after midnight
Hobbling a paragraph on microphone or used envelope
Faintly urine scented, behind garden Oak-Tree
Blue dusk twilight's dog bark
Mottle affairs of high-schoolers after moonlight falls
Old sloppy kite flying right-hand patriarch



TERRY BRINKMAN

Terry Has been painting for over forty-five years. Now he paints with words creating Poems, he has had poems in the Salt Lake City Weekly paper. Four Kindle E- Books. Variant and Tide S.L.C.C. Anthologies. Poems in Rue Scribe, Tiny Seed, Juste Millew Lit. Poets choice. Wingless Dreamer. North Dakoda Quarterly and Utah Life Magazine. THANKS TERRY BRINKMAN

9. FORGIVE ME FOR I HAVE SIN

I have no pride, no home and no money
Shadows of doubt lost in my own fragile mind
No one here on Earth is right for me
Nor am I right for her.
Forgive me for I have Sin.
Joy that started once came from within
Are only wasted thoughts that came to past
Now I will lay down in the street to bury
What is left of my soulless life!
Forgive me for I have Sin.
I have betrayed my family and my bloodline
Turn my back on the very one who gave me life
As I also turn my back on the who gave me two special's lives
For that am faced with a raft that I will not survive.
Forgive me for I have Sin.



LEOTIS LAMAR HARGROVE

Leotis Lamar Hargrove is a writer from Chicago, Illinois. His poetry has been published in the WILDsound Writing Festival, Cacti Fur Journal, Harrow House Journal, and Wingless Dreamer Publisher. In his work, he acknowledges the shifting cultural landscape from the "village" that raised children in his youth to the technology-driven upbringing of today, spanning the generations from Gen X to Gen Alpha. He was a finalist for Ink Without Borders 2025 and received a Certificate of Achievement from Wingless Dreamer Publisher.

10. SATIATE WITHOUT HATE

Craving for more
Could be the result
Of being unsatisfied,
Yet the desire to inspire
Could help others soar higher,
And offer hope for humanity
While striving for unity,
For satisfaction would result
From having enough
Even if people were to say
That they are not good enough,
And times that are tough
Can reveal the true nature
Of personal character,
So dare to become so much better
Like never before
Through the willingness to care
Without any form of hate
As a way to truly satiate



ALEX ANDY PHUONG

Alex Andy Phuong earned his Bachelor of Arts in English from California State University—Los Angeles in 2015. He was a former Statement Magazine editor who currently writes about literature, film, and culture. He also earned an Associate of Arts in English from Pasadena City College in 2013, and tutored there. He has written hundreds of film reviews for MovieBoozer, and has contributed articles to Mindfray. His writing has appeared in The Bookends Review and The Society of Classical Poets. Emma Stone inspired Alex to submit writing actively to publications after hearing the Oscar-nominated song, "Audition (The Fools Who Dream)" from the "Best Picture" nominee La La Land (2016). His poetry collection is An Altruistic (Cyberwit.net, 2020). Currently residing in Alhambra, California, he now writes with the sincerest hope to inspire readers while fully supporting the ones who dare to pursue their dreams. The link to his blog is http://alexandyphuongengl492playlist.blogspot.com/

11. INSTEAD OF LONELINESS

after Andrea Gibson

try calling it torpor.
Imagine a crystalline cave
in which you will learn
truths that are secret and pure.
Torpid animals can even give birth.
It's okay if you aren't ready
to dance. Rest through the rhythms
of life. Call your solitude
an icy fortress, a place to start
to find joy, a treasure you found,
Darling, instead
of the abyss.



LARA DOLPHIN

A descendant of immigrants, Lara Dolphin lives with her family among the Allegheny Mountains of Central Pennsylvania on the ancestral land of the Susquehannock/Iroquois people. She has written three chapbooks In Search Of The Wondrous Whole, Chronicle Of Lost Moments, and At Last a Valley. She, like countless others, hopes for a world filled with greater peace.

12. THE EAGLE FLIES AGAIN

Sharp talons, a piercing beak and steely gaze
Used as a popular icon, so the imagery stays
Sometimes alone in the empty skies for days
Long distance focus and an experienced eye
Golden feathered, yet a silhouette in the sky
A bird of prey both in practice and in theory

With its one metre wingspan, perhaps more
It has substantial range, many miles I'm sure
Whether prey escapes, it is luck of the draw
The eagle is single minded in search of food
With determination and resolve it is imbued
And with a reputation one should not query

Proudly it circles, hovers and swoops down
And today, that eagle shall wear the crown
Seen as a symbol of significance and renown
Yet its egrets await, hoping they will be fed
Whether mole or mouse, still alive or dead
And it glides to its nest high up in its eyrie



HOWARD OSBORNE

Howard has written poetry and short stories, also a novel and several scripts. With poems published online and in print, he is a published author of a non-fiction reference book and several scientific papers many years ago. He is a UK citizen, retired, with interests in writing, music and travel.

13. A TALE OF TWO FAMILIES

"The Orendorffs are here to see you. Sir."

"Send them in please."

His name had been Orendorff before he and his brothers were adopted by his mother's second husband, Bertram Henson.

The Orendorffs came in.

"Have a seat please," said attorney Henson, waving his arms for them to sit down in the two chairs in front of his desk.

They did so. They were a young couple in their mid twenties. Mrs. Orendorf was holding a baby in her arms which attorney Henson guessed had to be no more than six months old. They were both blondish with light blue eyes, contemporarily neatly dressed, were of average height and weight, and presented themselves in a very dignified professional manner but most of all they had a very very Germanic, to the point of super Aryan, look to them kind of like himself.

"I'm Jacob. This is my wife Ilene and this is our daughter McKenzie."

Ilene pulled back the baby's cover and showed their daughter to attorney Henson who stood up, bent over his desk, looked at the baby, oohed and ahed over her a couple of times since that was polite and expected thing to do when someone shows you their baby, and then sat back down in his high back mahogany chair.

"So I take it you're here to see me about your wills, right."

"Yes, now that we have a child, we thought it was time to do so."

"Well you're right. It is. What do you do for a living, Jacob?"

"My brother and I own the new Mercedes Benz dealership here in town."

Jacob could see the surprised look on attorney Henson's face that said, "Aren't you a little young to own a dealership, a Mercedes dealership at that." To which Jacob responded, "Our father set us up in business last year before he died."

Attorney Henson knew from hearing from friends and neighbors here in town that his first father had once owned a car dealership here. His mother however never told him that nor anything else for that matter about his first father after she divorced him and married Mr. Henson.

"Oh how nice of him. You two must have been pretty special to him."

Attorney Henson said this hoping to get more information about him and his brother's father. But he didn't. Instead Jacob got down to the business at hand.

"My wife is a stay at home mom and we want to leave everything to each other and then equally to our children, we're hoping to have a boy some day, but put in trust for them until they're twenty one."

"Well that's certainly typical for a young couple like you. Okay give me your full names please."

"Jacob Paul Orendorff."

Attorney Henson's first father's name was Paul.

"And I'm Ilene Mae, Mae with an e. I know it's an old fashioned name. I'm named after my maternal grandmother. It's a family tradition. That's why our daughter here is named McKenzie Elke. Elke after her grandmother."

Attorney Henson knew that after his mother divorced his father so she could marry Mr. Henson, with whom she had been having an affair, that his father had moved to the southern part of the state somewhere and rumor had it that he married a much much younger woman from Germany named Elke and that he had a couple of kids with her.

"Spell McKenzie for me please."

She spelled Mc Kenzie for him. "And Elke is E."

But attorney Henson cut her off. "I know how to spell Elke Ma'am." He spelled it for her though just to be safe. She didn't correct him.

"Soon as winter is over," continued Mrs. Orendorf, "we're taking her down to see her. This is her first grandchild."

The coincidences were piling up here and that meant only one thing as far as attorney Henson was concerned, they weren't coincidences, they were facts. But attorney Henson decided not to ask any follow up questions for fear that he might be springing something on them. Something that they didn't know about and probably something they were better off not knowing anyway. So instead he just said the obligatory, "Oh that will be nice. I'm sure she'll be glad to see her,"

Silence followed for an embarrassing moment or two then attorney Henson immediately directed the conversation back to the wills. He got the name of his client's brother to be the back up executor and trustee for the children's trust, and the name of his sister to have guardianship over their children if that should become necessary. He then told them he'd send them a copy to review and if all was okay to let him know and then he'd get them in to sign. They parted company with the customary hand shakes, thank yous, and pleasant good bye smiles on their faces.

In the parking lot Mr. Orendorf got in the car as Mrs. Orendorf strapped the baby in the back seat and then came around and got in beside her husband.

"You think he knew?"

"I don't know. I don't know."

"So you going to tell him when we come back?"

"I don't know. It depends."

"On what?"

"On what he does. I don't want to spring anything upon him unless I'm sure he wants to know."

"Oh."

At dinner that night attorney Henson's wife asked him, "Do you think they knew?"

"I don't know."

"And you're not mad at your first father for setting them up in a Mercedes dealership?"

"No."

"And you're not mad at your first father for throwing you and your brothers away, going off and starting a second family, and totally ignoring you as if you never had been born."

"No, why should I be mad. Bert paid for my college education, all seven years and my brothers' too. We had a good dad,"

"So you going to tell them or not when they come back?"

"Not."

"Why?"

"Because If they already knew, they kept their mouths shut for whatever their reasons and didn't want to discuss it. And second if they didn't know, it's probably best to let sleeping dogs lie. If my mother and my first father had wanted me to know about his second family, they would have told me about it instead of keeping their mouths shut all these years."

"Okay then, it's your call."

"Yes it is."

The Orendorfs were on their way to sign their wills.

"You going to tell him after we sign?"

"No. I'm not going to tell him. And I'm not going to tell him about our father who lied to us that he had never been married before after we told them that we had heard that he had. I can't for the life of me understand why he did that. But I'm not going to disturb it. I'm going to let lying, and I mean that literally as in lying not telling the truth, dogs lie. I don't want to open a can of worms. I don't want to have to explain all this that I can't explain now years later to our children and grandchildren."

"Okay then fine by me."

"Thank you."

They signed their wills. It was all business. Nothing else was discussed. They parted company, two ships passing in the night, each on their own chosen course, but again that had always been the course.



BRYAN GRAFTON

Author is a retired attorney. His books are published by Two Gun Publishing.

14. WEAVING WITH COLORS

I do not weave cloth, twigs or wires,
I weave colors with canvas and papers.
Glancing at my palette
I know by touch, by sense, the colors chosen.
Thick and thin, the brushes take the stage
And sweep a broad fresh shape
Through many others.
Lines define.
A vase may appear abstracted yet contained in reality.
Many stages weave through appearing and disappearing,
Folding with a whisper.
A variety of textures are needed.
Yellow into reds, black swirls that melt into white,
Butterflies fly around the design,
Wings catching purple as cream.
Beneath the brush little star shapes dance.
Autumn leaves cross over and fall like clouds,
Lifting the threads of a woven sonata.



MARSHA SOLOMON

Marsha Solomon has been living and working as a poet and a painter in New York. Her work has received extensive critical attention and has been written about in international, national, regional and local publications like Long Island Pulse Magazine, The Guardian UK, Chelsea News, Art Week, The Suffolk News, Art Slant, and the Daily Record.

15. THEY ARE NEW AND WILL REQUIRE CONSTANT ATTENTION

I love to flirt at bars
After a long day at the office, most just want to unwind
I want to prowl
But, I want to be subtle.
A while ago, I participated in an elective surgery
Designed to make me more sociable
Designed to make others in close proximity
More eager to engage in “conversations”
They took a month to heal
Yet another month to get toned
And a year to finance for it all
I consensually acknowledge I am too broke to be in this much pain tonight
If beauty is pain,
I must be one of the most beautiful ones here tonight
I definitely am one of the most exposed people here tonight
So, I made eye contact with a cute guy to prove both
He was drinking scotch, two fingers, neat
When his eyes met mine, I took a deep breath
It was a contest to see if his eyes would “pop out”
Before my enhancements would “pop out”
My dress is designed for confinement
Not for comfort
Cute Guy understands
He walks over to prove he understands
I am sitting in the corner table,
Partially secluded,
Taking the seat that permits the moonlight
To highlight my highlights
I reached for his scotch and dipped my index finger in
He never breaks eye contact with me
I permitted a single drop to find its new home between my enhancements
I inserted my index finger into my mouth
Cute Guy went without blinking or breathing
I could only blush at the myriad of opportunities

An asphyxiated brain provides
I will have no other duties at the bar tonight



ANDY BETZ

Andy Betz has tutored and taught in excess of 42 years, lives in 1974, and has been married for 33 years. His works are found everywhere a search engine operates.

16. SING, MOCKINGBIRD, SING

Sing, Mockingbird, sing.
Sing forth the Green
Sing the return of Spring
Sing forth a Hopeful thing
February painted everything
Down to a wilted brown.
Fallen feather seeds,
Whirly birds flown and strewn
Upon the asphalt that I walk.
Looking up I see most of the
Flora did not survive the frost.
My friend says Mercury is
In retrograde and while I don't understand
Planets, I feel the ground shake.
Anne is at the bridge and she is ready to cross.
Breath held, waiting.
We prayed last night for Travis to be found
And he was found the next morning.
Breath held, waiting.
Doctor said I have to have surgery
Or I will lose the ability of my writing hand.
Breath held, waiting.
My hummingbird lost connection and flew away.
Breath held, waiting.
Tonight, I can text both the dead and the dying
But not the one I love.
Stumbling sidewalks, my shadow and I walk.
Theres an old man that walks behind me
But I walk faster so he doesn't catch up.
Theres an old pair of jeans in the dryer
Knocking against the door.
There is a March full moon who
Bragged too much the night before.
Fears of the last text sent,
Fear of spoken moments meant.
Mockingbird, sing!

Sing forth the Green
Sing for the return of Spring.
Sing forth a hopeful thing.
As we prepare to say goodbye to loved ones
And hope for return.
I walk on into the night while the sky grows dark
And the old man, I no longer see
But know is waiting one day
to catch up to me.



GABRIEL MCLEOD

Gabriel is an artist and writer in a corner of the world perhaps similar to yours, or perhaps completely different and yet we have more things in common than we do not. He is working on a book of short stories, a collection of poetry and an art show. His work has been featured in The Elephant Journal, Storyteller Magazine, Beyond Words and proudly in Wingless Dreamer multiple times.

17. DARK IN THE DARKENING SKY

He headed west, bucking in his Ford F-250 V-8 like a
rocking horse on methamphetamine, the 15-year-old
truck's suspension shot, its shock absorbers corroded

from poor decisions, flaps mud splattered, windshield
near-nil visibility, his rearview mirror cracked like broken
memories. Spitting a stream of America's Best into his empty

QT cup, he cursed in a low grumble, "Damn her. Damn
them all. It's always my fault, according to them, but how
can that be? Even a blind mole finds the right grub some

of the time. I mean, shee-it, my compass can't be that broke,"
as he thumped his head trying to recalibrate his damaged
psyche. A thunderclap, the sky was turning gray. He slowed,

his bald tires barely holding straight, and stared down the
road, looking for an exit, a route, a sign, but all that appeared
in his sight was an underpass, dark in the darkening sky.



STEVE GERSON

Steve Gerson's chapbooks include Once Planed Straight; Viral; And the Land Dreams Darkly; The 13th Floor: Step into Anxiety; What Is Isn't; There is a Season; Have Not; Who Am I Today; and Dystopia.

18. SMALL GODS OF THE BROKEN

There are gods for people like us—
the ones who shake even when the room is warm, the ones who collect disappointments
like stray coins in a pocket.

I met one at 3 a.m.
in the bathroom mirror. She looked tired.
So did I.
We nodded like two criminals caught in the same bad dream.

Life had been chewing on me again—in the soft places,
the places you don't show strangers:
memories that grin too wide, regrets with sharp elbows,
the quiet emptiness that sits beside you on the bed like an unwelcome roommate.

People love to talk about healing.
They say it with bright eyes and voices that never crack.
But healing feels more like
living inside a house that burned down and still trying to move the furniture.

Sometimes I pray—not to any official god, but to the small ones
who don't mind the mess:

the god of almost,
the god of trying again,
the god of waking up anyway, the god of not ending it tonight,
the god of holding yourself gently because you are breakable.

These gods ask for nothing. They take whatever you give—a breath, a tear,
a scream swallowed at the last second.

Last week I laughed.

A full, accidental laugh—the kind that escapes
before you grant it permission.

A small miracle.
One of the gods must have nudged me.

Nothing in my life is fixed.
I'm still cracked open in inconvenient ways.

But something—something—
is shifting.

A gentleness, maybe.
A quiet refusal to disappear.

A tiny god sitting on my shoulder whispering,

Stay.

Please stay.

And for once, I listen.



COURTNEY LIU

Courtney Liu is a Taiwanese poet who writes in English. Her work explores memory, emotional survival, and the quiet resilience of the human spirit. Blending intimate confession with symbolic imagery, her poems move through psychological landscapes and the small, luminous moments that make endurance possible. She was the winner of a poetry contest at Unleash Lit. Alongside her writing, she works in language services and interpretation. Her poetry is often concerned with healing, identity, and the fragile, stubborn beauty of remaining in the world. She shares reflections and creative work on Instagram at @Sybillesastralworld.

19. DAVID B.

“Able Artists Talent Agency, can you help me? I mean, can I help you?” says, David. He’s our newest receptionist. He’s trying to answer the front desk phones in a timely manner, but the calls are coming in fast and furious and he is not a whirling dervish. He is disconnecting calls right and left, actors, casting directors, ad agencies, and most importantly, a ship to shore call from Jacques, a sea captain who impregnated our department head over holiday. Jacques wants to make sure she’s had the abortion.

Cujo, an agent in our On-Camera Commercial department, opens her office door a crack and screams, “Which one of you idiot assistants just hung up on casting director?” And we all go silent because we know what’s coming. Nobody hangs up on a casting director. David hung up on a casting director. The last time that happened, the casting director threatened to hit the receptionist in the head with a baseball bat.

No one in our office has been hit in the head with a hard object but there have been some close calls. You duck when you see a bottle of White-Out flying through the air.

Cujo, who’s still wearing her Ushanka even though she’s been back from lunch for hours and can barely fit her head through the door, leaps from her desk and lunges at us. “Where the hell is Peg?” she asks, “and why isn’t she answering the phones?”

Peg is our full- time receptionist with no hopes for promotion. She’s too dense. She’s just here to answer the phones, or not. Beth is diabetic. She eats candy on purpose so she can go home early.

“Is she having another seizure,?” asks Cujo.

I point to the stairwell, “She’s out there, giving herself an insulin shot.”

“For God’s sake, how long can one shot take?” Says Cujo, and I think it’s a rhetorical question but I answer anyway. “Ten minutes?”

David is still struggling with the phones. He is wearing argyle socks. I love argyle socks. I'll help David. I sit next to David and help him sort it out. "Do you have a gun?" he asks me, but I hear, "Do you have some gum?"

"Gum?" I ask. "No, a gun!," he says, "So I can end it and put myself out of my misery."

I am pretty sure David won't be back tomorrow.

David is back tomorrow. He keeps coming back. I am so attached to David, I don't know how I survived without him.

In less than a year, he is promoted to assistant. Our desks touch. If I turn my neck to the right, we can keep eye contact but I don't have to see him necessarily, to know what he is thinking.

He is always thinking. He is thinking about how he can make me laugh. He takes the edge of his Milk Duds box and pretends he's slitting his wrists because he can't get off the phone with a long winded actress. She wants to schedule a group meeting. She wants to show us her new teeth. He wraps the telephone cord around his neck as if it was a noose.

We share a bag of gummy bears and red licorice because we don't have time for lunch. We have to get to the theater right after work. We scout talent.

David can spot talent from a mile away. He's like a pig to truffles. Finding a diamond in the rough is what makes our job worth it.

I love David's rosy cheeks and how he purses his lips when he's concentrating. I love the wisp of curly hair that falls on his forehead. I am in love with David but David is not in love with me. David is gay so our relationship is purely intimate. We tell each other everything.

I like him better than my real boyfriend.

David and I share French fries and onion rings at the Carnegie Deli. We can't decide between ketchup or mustard so we mix the two in one bowl. We drink root beer from the same straw.

I am heart broken when David decides to work at another agency, but I'm happy for him. There's more opportunity there and he gets to represent celebrities. He dines at the Russian Tea Room and parties with Calvin Klein and Dominic Dunne but it doesn't change him. He's still David.

I see less and less of David but we talk on the phone more and more. Our new receptionist wants to know who David is and why he calls me so often.

David calls me no matter how big or how small. "I'm having a corn beef sandwich for lunch," he says. Or "Richard Simmons just dropped off a movie script and a Faberge Egg. Isn't that ridiculous?"

And I can't top the Faberge Egg, but I tell him "Captain Kangaroo is my three o'clock appointment."

"Isn't he dead?" David asks.

"No, Mr. Green Jeans is dead." I reply.

David has two tickets to a Broadway show. I am his plus one. I haven't seen David in weeks. I'm in withdrawal. When he goes to Will Call to get our tickets, I notice that his pants are really baggy. His cherubic face, is no longer cherubic. His teeth look too big.

After the play, he says he's too tired to get a bite to eat or walk home. We take a taxi.

“I think that something is wrong with David,” I tell my boyfriend but he doesn’t care because he’s an actor. He’s too busy learning his only two lines for Guys and Dolls and worrying that his costume won’t fit. It’s just a trench coat and a hat. I hate him because he is not David.

A few days later, David tells me that he is HIV positive and he’s been sick for years. His mom made him tell me.

I don’t know much about the disease. What I do know is, it’s a death sentence. I have already lost many friends.

"David is going to die,” I tell my boyfriend.

“Everybody dies,” my boyfriend says and I’d give anything for him to trade places with David.

I am furious with David. He should have known to be more careful.

“I’m pretty sure I got it in college” he says. “I didn’t know about it then.”

“I’m so worried about my mom,” he says. He is her favorite child. She is my favorite mother. Wherever she and David go, I go with them. They can’t get rid of me.

David quits his job and watches trash TV all day. He has food cravings. I bring him a hotdog from Grays Papaya but by the time I get to his apartment, he’s too nauseous to eat. I bring him a popcorn ball from the office Christmas party. We love popcorn balls.

“I ate the popcorn ball,” he says. I don’t believe him. He is high from the painkillers.

David is admitted to Bellevue Hospital and then, he is transferred to a hospital in New Jersey closer to his family.

“It’s time,” his mother says, “You should get here quickly.”

I catch a bus from Port Authority. David can barely breath but on his death bed, he is still trying to make me laugh. He’s trying to tell me a funny story about why he dropped out of dental school.

“See you tomorrow,” I say to David and they wait for me to leave to start the morphine drip.

David is finally out of his misery.

I go to his apartment to retrieve his address book for his mother. On his nightstand, next to his bed, is a half-eaten popcorn ball.

This is the worst pain I have ever felt. I don’t think I can go on without David.

I go on without David.

Our relationship looks different now but it’s still there. I carry a photograph of him in my pocketbook when I go to the theater. He has an obstructed view.

Loss gives me superpower. I can sniff out bullshit. I have zero tolerance for people who don’t treat me right. I dump my boyfriend.

I have a blind date with Tom, a Wall Street trader. I know it won’t work out. I’m guessing he will want a trophy wife. It works out. He doesn’t want a trophy wife. He is David reincarnated except David wouldn’t wearing that leather jacket.

“You’re right, he is exactly like David,” David’s mother approves. We are in her kitchen. She is meeting him for the first time. I want her to be a part of everything I do and I remember where she hides the chocolate licorice. In the bottom drawer next to the oven. Everything is just where it should be, except David.

She shows us a patchwork quilt. She had it made from pieces of David’s clothes. She sleeps with it. She gives me David’s old Playbills.

Tom and I get married. We name our first born after David. I want him to be just like David but I don’t want anything bad to happen to him.

I watch over him like a hawk. Every scratch is gangrene and every cough is bird flu.

We have our second son. My worries double. I am afraid that if I think about something bad happening too much, I will cause something bad to happen.

It never eases up.

Our summer vacation is fine. No one drowns in the ocean or gets eaten by a shark.

Our oldest son starts pre-school in a few days. I am sending him with two EpiPens. He has a shellfish allergy. I hope no one in the class brings sushi for lunch.

I am in my kitchen counting the hours until Tom comes home from work. He works in The Trade Center. It’s not even 8:15 a.m. He calls. The tower next to his is on fire. He doesn’t know what he should. He calls a second time.

He never makes it home. I don't know if this Karma or just bad luck. It didn't happen to me; it happened because of me.

A good therapist and anti-depressants help me stay the course. The course is grueling.

My oldest throws his dirty diaper at the kitchen ceiling and it sticks. I fall off the kitchen table trying to reach it.

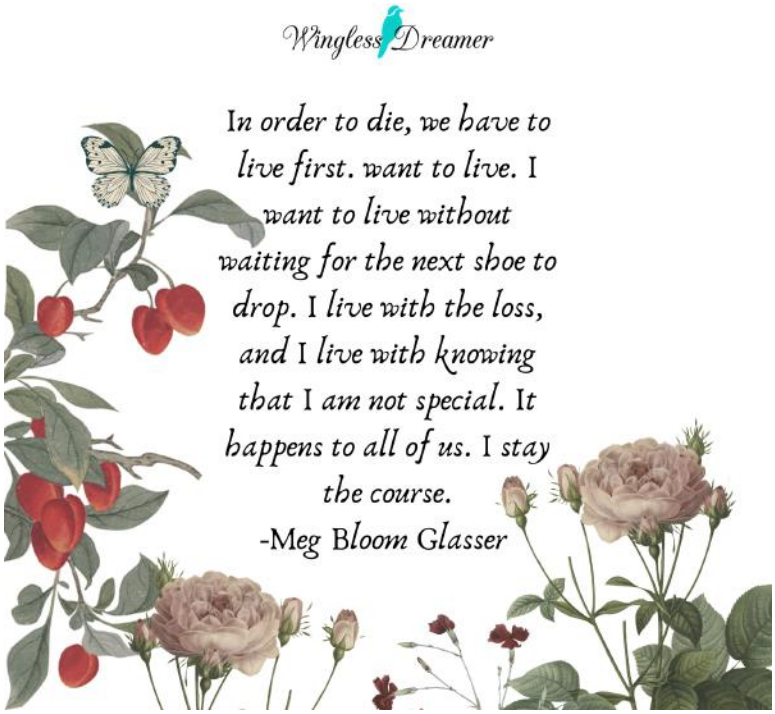
The youngest bites a classmate at a pizza party. The mother insists that her daughter's cheek is bleeding but it's not blood, it's tomato sauce.

I meet a Sociologist. He doesn't have children. He thinks that diaper throwing and biting other children is normal. He likes our junk food drawer. He eats all the cookies.

Turns out, the diaper thrower is really funny. I think that he is David reincarnated. He graduates from the same college as David and goes to veterinarian school. His younger brother looks like his father and acts like him. He stops biting people. He moves to L.A.

Everybody dies; this is true. My former actor boyfriend is in the Memoriam segment of the SAG TV awards. David's mother dies. I didn't even know she was sick. My father dies, my mother dies, my best friend in L.A. dies. My pet frog dies. I don't want to outlive my dogs.

Everybody dies. HIV is treatable. In order to die, we have to live first. want to live. I want to live without waiting for the next shoe to drop. I live with the loss, and I live with knowing that I am not special. It happens to all of us. I stay the course.



MEG BLOOM GLASSER

Meg Bloom Glasser was an On-Camera TV Talent agent and a press agent for Broadway and Off-Broadway Theater. She has been punished in Blood and Honey Magazine, The Progenitor,The Invisible Tattoo and she has a piece coming out in Months to Years in the spring 2026. Her play, The Potter was in the Fringe Festival in Asbury Park New Jersey. She has cast independent films. She graduated from Syracuse University.

20. CONTINUITY

I grieve for the death of the four year child
Whom I killed at the age of five.
Like evil Satan I stepped into his hide,
And he never asked me why.
Though I sob and heave to-night alone,
As I write this I should not cry;
Though he is four that child evermore,
He went to death with a smile.



MALAY DEVASHISH

Malay is based in India and currently completing a masters in mathematics. He writes poetry as a hobby, where wordplay and sound are his main interests.

21. THE LOUNGE WHERE EVERY MOMENT IS ONE

“No Narcs, No Nazis” welcomes each guest
To the lounge in the garage attached to our nest
Where us, Trent, and G spent hours and days
In the lounge in the garage full of laundry and haze
And dreaming and plans, tap dancing and games
In the lounge in the garage where months are the same
We see birthdays, and bad days, such rebellion too
In the lounge in the garage where all days go through
Where day after day after day after day
In the lounge in the garage we are together to stay
It isn’t anything special to see
In the lounge in the garage where my people and me
A bent stop sign, broken concrete floors
In the lounge in the garage with the unlocked doors
There are bottles, a trash and treasure in one,
In the lounge in the garage where time is undone
Counted only with those bottles and seasons
In the lounge in the garage just us and unreasons
We’re apart of something bigger, they say
In the lounge in the garage day after day after
Days and nights with us, Trent, and G
We are, in a way, our own family
In the dark, in the cold, in between ‘fore and after
In the lounge in the garage full of tears and laughter



F.C. THOMPSON

F. C. Thompson is a freelance writer, part time educator, and full time appreciator of the arts. Her work has been seen in the LA Times and on stage.

22. SECRETS AND SAFETY

As I gaze outside my window I am reminded of
my crimes, all the warning signs
my short-sighted copyrighted tweets and receipts used against me.
I could not go outside and I could speak and I could not stay here
alone
as I need to be
alone
because I wear armory shaped like a tear-drop
crying, denying, surviving and fighting faceless names
Do you know the weight of carrying this briefcase of military secrets?
Now do you see the exploding hydrangeas? Now do you see what I
see?
After my crimes, all the warning signs, my tweets and receipts,
after thousands of eyes have seen them
Why should I go outside?
Safety is in the darkest depths of the home, far into the recesses of my
mind
but I could not stay here
alone
as I want to be
alone, because the reaper is disguised behind anonymity
thriving in unanimity with the troll army.
In Lahore, they say, “your screws are loose”
but never, “who says you can choose?”
I say: me, I choose. I am as likely to love
a woman as I am likely to love a man.
So I could not stay here
alone
as I told myself to be
alone, because half of what I want to say
is visible in the love I receive from my online community
validated not in trepidation but with a full embrace of my inner celestial
navigation.
All my crimes, all the warnings signs
all my tweets and receipts are
mine to own.

To live in fear is what they want for me.
And so I walked away from the window
I have chosen what would grow in my life.
And what my life would grow into.
Alone, being alone is choosing compassion for the spirit
for they are out to break you.
You - the *her*-story. She is being written into time.



FATIMA QURESHI

Born and raised in Hong Kong, Fatima Qureshi is a journalist by training, currently residing in Kuala Lumpur. She writes long-form articles, spoken word poetry and personal essays, the latter in collaboration with grassroots activist organisations on her Substack newsletter, dear liberation. By day, I'm a digital communications and partnerships lead at AWID. You can find my writing at https://substack.com/@fatimaiswriting

23. WE WILL BE

"Me. We." was a poem by Muhammad Ali.

We, when we buzz like bumblebees,
Me, when I sting like Ali.
Me turns to we at birth.
With humans it happens;
We bond like atoms.

Me alone is a mirage, but we?
We make one sea of infinities.
The punch's power starts in the feet.
I shadow box step one-two-three,
Chant words that KO punch-drunk me.

Stunned, I see stars, like far-flung me's
Form a firefly galaxy.
Pain, soul and sweat enchant us
As we bridle life to the bit
Till like atoms we are split.



G.R. KRAMER

G.R. Kramer is a late-blooming poet whose work has appeared in recent years in the New York Times, Oberon, Palette Poetry, Red Wheelbarrow, the Atlanta Review and Winter Anthology, among many other places. His chapbook, Locomotive of Mangled Parts, was published in 2024 by Finishing Line Press. Go to grkramerpoetry.substack.com for more, or contact him at blueguitar58@gmail.com.

24. HI, HAZAEL KALUNDRA

The corner of the city still held the quiet of dawn as large footsteps crossed the rain-damp pavement. The morning air felt cool and fresh, carrying the scent of wet soil and fallen leaves. Between buildings slowly waking from their long sleep, a young man walked with steps slightly slower than usual.

His name was Hazael Kalundra.

He was nineteen years old and almost always arrived at school alone.

It was not because he had no chance to make friends, nor because he disliked crowds. His life had simply followed a path different from most people.

Hazael lost both of his parents when he was still too young to understand what loss meant. Since that day, the world had felt quieter. He grew up in a small house standing at the edge of a forest, where tall trees quietly witnessed the passing of his days.

There was no signal there. No internet. Only the wind brushing through leaves and birds greeting the morning.

His days moved simply. He cooked for himself, read old books he found in second-hand bookstores, and sometimes sat on the wooden porch watching the endless line of trees. In that quiet, he often spoke to himself, as if silence could listen.

Yet Hazael rarely complained. Solitude had long become a quiet companion.

But this morning felt different.

When the school building appeared at the end of the road, he paused. Students walked toward the gate, their laughter drifting lightly through the cool air.

Hazael watched them in silence.

For a moment, a quiet question rose in his mind.

Could he truly live among people like everyone else?

The school bell suddenly rang.

Students hurried through the gate, their laughter fading into the corridors.

Hazael stood still a little longer.

Then he lifted his head.

Perhaps the world would not understand him immediately.

Still, even the quietest paths must eventually meet the road.

He stepped forward.

One step.

Then another.



ANASERA

Anasera is a young Indonesian writer who enjoys exploring quiet emotions and intimate human experiences through short fiction. Her stories often revolve around memory, loss, and the small moments that shape a person's inner world. She has a particular interest in writing reflective narratives that capture the subtle feelings people carry but rarely speak about. Her work has appeared in an international literary magazine in the United States, marking an early step in her journey as an emerging writer. Through her writing, Anasera hopes to create stories that feel personal yet universal, allowing readers to find fragments of their own lives within her characters. She continues to submit her work to literary magazines and international anthologies while developing her voice in contemporary short fiction. When she is not writing, Anasera enjoys reading literature, reflecting on everyday moments, and turning simple observations into meaningful stories.

25. BECAUSE IT REMEMBERS

The light in me is fading,
a flicker, not a flame.

Most days I cannot tell
if it is still there
or if I am pretending.

This pain has warped my sight,
made the familiar feel foreign,
blurred the light from view.

But even now, in the fog,
something small still holds on —
not because it is bright,
but because it remembers when I was.



UJU NWANGWU

Uju is a writer whose work explores grief, memory, faith, and quiet endurance. She is drawn to moments of stillness, inherited silence, and the interior landscapes people carry while learning how to continue. Her writing centers emotional restraint over resolution, allowing meaning to surface without force.

26. TWO MINUTES

Why the hell would we go to a bookstore! We are in Paris!
That's what they said.
But we are talking about Shakespeare and Company!
Of course it was I who said that.

My friend Adu, his wife Kadu, my wife and I were walking down the *Quai de la Tournelle* by the *Seine* by the *Bouquinistes* in late May. It was a clear morning with warm sunlight and light cool breeze. My wife and Kadu walked very carefully, trying to avoid still fresh and wet urine stains on the pavements.

Notre Dame was on our right, which we had visited the day before. We locked the love-locks on the bridge over the *Seine* that connected *Quai de la Tournelle* with *Notre Dame*. We fed the pigeons and doves at the park next to *Notre Dame*. It was nice. Romantic. Hopeful.

I said, "Let's just stop by the bookstore up there. It won't take more than two minutes."

My wife said, "You would take hours!"

"Two minutes," I promise.

My wife warned Adu and Kadu. "If we let him go in there, then that would be the end of today."

Adu, the man who designed the trip and had everything perfectly planned and printed out, said, "We don't have two minutes. We only have seventeen minutes to walk to Sainte Chapelle. And when we get there we have to get in a long line."

I said, "Why don't you guys keep walking? Enjoy the walk! And I will just be in and out of the bookstore and catch up."

Adu shook his head, cleaned his glasses, and said, “You won’t make it.”

“I will make it happen,” I said.

He twisted and tied his long hair with a rubberband, at the back of his head, and said, “Now we have fifteen minutes!”

As I began to run towards the *Shakespeare and Company* bookstore, I said to them, “That is plenty of time!”

My wife said, “If you don’t find us, then go back to the apartment and wait for us.”

Our apartment was on *Rue de Cardinal Lemoine*, in the same building where Hemingway and his first wife, Hadley, lived with their son, Jack, in the 1920s.

I immediately crossed the *Quai de la Tournelle* and went over to the side of the *Shakespeare and Company.* As I ran down the *Quai de la Tournelle,* I encountered, among a multitude of people, a group of nuns in a hurry, a group of very relaxed school kids, and a group of Chinese teenagers taking wedding photos in the little park next to *Shakespeare and Company*. As I walked into the bookstore, I began to take random photos. A lot of people sat outside with their coffee and beer. Some sorted through the used books on sale.

I quickly went through the crowded first floor of the bookstore, took some photos, then went to the second floor and took some more photos. There were picture frames of the famous writers on the wall. There were old and used books, old typewriters, old paper-bundles, coffee cups, and beer bottles scattered everywhere throughout the second floor.

The inside of the bookstore was a bit dark, including the second floor reading room. The light through the windows was just perfect and enough for a day of good reading and being lazy. There was a cat that sat on a table like an owl, very still. One of the small rooms had a tiny bed

and a piano. There was a black girl who played soft soothing tunes, which complimented my mood.

I looked out the window, took some more photos of the people outside, and when I turned around there was a black young man who now played the piano. Where did he come from? Where did the girl go? I didn't have much time to solve that mystery. As I ran down the stairs, I took some more photos of the writers on the walls and of the people that I couldn't recognize from their photos.

When I stepped back on the first floor, another girl, who worked there, said, "No photos allowed! And no running either!"

I said, " I am sorry! Thank you!". And ran out of the bookstore.

I sprinted down the *Quai de la Tournelle,* crossed it to the other side by the *Saint-Michelle Notre Dame* train station, and crossed the bridge. When I arrived at the *Sainte Chapelle*, there was a long line outside, but no sign of them. Did they already go in? I wondered. No way! They could never walk that fast.

I immediately decided to go back towards the bookstore and I hoped to find them on my way back. I assumed that they would take the shortest distance, so I tried to run diagonally as much as I could through tourists, fast moving cars, and Made in China souvenir shops.

I didn't find them. I looked for them at the little park, and they were not there, but the Chinese teenagers were there and still taking photos. I went by the front of the bookstore again, but they were not there. I looked for them at the restaurant next to the *Shakespeare and Company,* and they were not there either.

Did they go into the bookstore to look for me? No chance! But what if they did just that? I walked into the bookstore again. Looked for them among the first floor crowd, and then went to the second floor. They were there and talking to the black young man who played the piano while they sat on the bed.

I must have looked horrified. Kadu said, “What happened!”

I said, “I went to *Sainte Chapelle* and came back. What are you guys doing here?”

Kadu said, “You’re lying! That is too far to go and come back this quick.”

I asked, “Why do you always think that I am lying?”

She said, “Because you lie all the time.”

My wife said, “Is this the famous bookstore where all the famous writers hung around back in the days?”

I said, “Not exactly this one. But the name carries the weight.”

She said, “Then what’s the point!”

I said, “It does not have to excite everyone.”

Adu said, “Someone just told me Hemingway used to live on the *Cardinal Lemoine!* We are on *19 rue Cardinal Lemoine!* Isn’t that interesting?”

I said, “It is. Listen. If we run, then we can still probably make it to *Sainte Chapelle* and see the glass-arts.”

My wife said, “We decided to go about an hour later.”

I looked at Adu, and asked, “But you said we have to be there by 11:30!”

He laughed, and said, “We only said that to you!”

I said, “You guys made me run like a mad man!”

My wife said, “Did you even come to this place? It’s cozy. It’s nice here. He is playing wonderfully. And we can look at *Notre Dame, Seine*, and all the people out there. And you can look at the books here and the old used books down there!”

I said, “I was in here for only two minutes.”

They said, “You can relax now. Let’s be here for a few minutes, then we will have some beer, and then we can go to *Sainte Chapelle.”*

I said, “You guys got only two minutes to get out of here. You guys don’t even like this kind of place.”

They said, “Two minutes? We haven’t seen anything here yet!”

As I walked out of that second floor piano-room in *Shakespeare and Company*, I said, “Two minutes! That’s all you guys got! I will be waiting outside.”



ADNAN ADNAN

Adnan Adnan won the Ruth MacLean McGee Award for Outstanding Achievement in Creative Nonfiction in 2013. In 2018, he won the Chalk Hill Artist’s Residency grant for his memoir, The Sentimental Pigeon Keeper.

27. I'M IN RUINS

Every day when I wake up
right before I go to bed
I fall apart, I'm in ruins
cause fear's going to catch up with me

Fear comes dressed as the Lollipop Gestapo
Violent and reckless, they'll break down doors
rip apart barriers, pummel through crowds
I fear them coming after me for doing nothing
except being in their way

Their terror keeps me up at night
Their empty eyes haunt my dreams
I'm scared, God, I'm scared
Save me from these monsters roaming the streets
I want to live without worrying if I'll die
From a madman's bullet

I'm torn apart
I'm coming undone
They're nowhere near me yet
That doesn't mean they won't find me
or find a way to wipe me out



CITHARA PATRA

Cithara Patra lives in NC and works for the state health department. They've been featured in lit journals such as Pink Ochre, Chewers, and Instant Noodles. In their spare time, they enjoy traveling, solving logic problems, attempting to cook, and checking out local restaurants. Find them on bluesky: cspatra.

28. SONNET: MY LOVER

eyes began deeper than fresh-tilled soil
knuckles are gnarled, red and weepy
that tone in his voice as he falls sleepy
i wish to kiss him in flamed oil
cheeks so pink and perfectly broiled
profile as masculine as the redwood trees
let's close that state-line gap, please
with lack of touch, in a hole un-whole
the lips from which your precious breath
exhales, and speaks solely the truth
with fingertips lingering on hidden clefts
i know your language, and you mine too
the feeling you give, unaffected by theft
how lucky am i to exist beside you



SONIA BHOJANI

Sonia Bhojani is a soon-to-be NYU graduate who adores writing in all its forms! She is a practicing poet and screenwriter and is currently working on her first book, a lesbian thriller novel. You can find her work highlighted on instagram, @soniabh05.

29. DESPITE US

another year in the waste bin
twelve months, of daily refuse
a sprinkling of mirth
a spot of sun in darkness

weary wintered souls
clamor for new breath
for refreshment, renewal

the earth springs forth
its unfailing beauty
life sustaining cornucopia

light's spectrum on display
nature painting its canvas
on mountain, meadow and hill

the giver gets not
the taker takes all
selfish symbiosis

one overpowers the other
the other, still, patient
an unheard ticking of a clock

mortal seeks the immortal
its lust only for its own
consume, deplete, discard

immortal laughs and watches
one by one, the mortal expire
wait, watch, weather

mother earth lives on
springs forth, again
provides the undeserving

capable and knowing
when the mortal ceases
she'll yet flourish despite us



ALEXANDRA GRANT

Alexandra Grant, 58, wife and mother, resides in Wichita, Kansas. She is one of two American daughters, to Argentine and German parents, giving her a wide and diverse world view. Alexandra, writes passionately, on life issues and personal experience, with a desire to share her heart and mind with others. She engages in amateur art, the writing of poetry, fiction and nonfiction, and is an avid reader. She and her family, enjoy travel, meeting people of all cultures, and spending time with her family, living here and abroad. Alexandra has been published, online and in print, by Poet's Choice, Half and One, Wingless Dreamer, WILDsound, story-pitches.com, festivalforpoetry.com,Vocal Media, Patreon, Medium Substack, YouTube.com, The Write Launch, and Grande Dame Literary.

30. PERHAPS WE SHOULD SPEND MORE TIME TOGETHER

Perhaps we should spend more time together.
Here, in the current time, while we both can
Enjoy each other's company and plan
New adventures in the warmer weather.

You never know how long romance can last.
Let us learn to live life without regret
Each time we kiss good night in the sunset.
Today will soon be a part of our past.

Happiness courses through me when feeling
Your arms slowly and softly embrace me.
Listening to your pleasing voice as we
Absorb a sense of internal healing.

Most of what we hide deep inside the heart,
Is there to guide us when life makes us sad.
Never forget the magic that we had,
Even during times when we were apart.



THOMAS KORON

Thomas Koron was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan on May 19, 1977. He has attended Grand Rapids Community College, Aquinas College, Western Michigan University, Northern Illinois University and the American Conservatory of Music. His previous literary projects include poetry, plays, short stories and a novel. He currently lives in the Chicago metropolitan area.

31. 2/4 LOVE LANGUAGES

I'll settle for your body.
I wanted your soul.
If I got any closer we might die,
and by that I mean,
I'm always thirsting for more.
Greed drives rivets into the
void of my chest.

You offer words
as strange on your tongue
as asphalt. Rough against the roof of your mouth.

I touch you in bouquets
of calla lilies
delicate as dying.

Validation is a shadow skittering across
our carpet.
The baby has stolen the bed.
Please mend the part
you didn't break but inherited
like perennials planted by past
owners.

After your shoulder cracks,
palms touching,
I'll take the smell of onions and
I love you.



RACHEL JONES

Rachel Jones rachelhanley89@gmail.com Biography: • Rachel is a writer, mother, wife, and former corporate-sales manager. She lives in Carmel, Indiana with her 3 daughters, husband, 2 dogs, and a tabby cat. Education: • Graduated from Indiana University in 2012 with a degree in Creative Writing. Publications: • Kurt Vonnegut Museum Library, So It Goes Vol. 13, Indy Untitled Insert Title Here • Previous contributor to NUVO Weekly, The Indiana Daily Student, and IndyMojo. • Independently published children's book Philip the Fly in 2023.

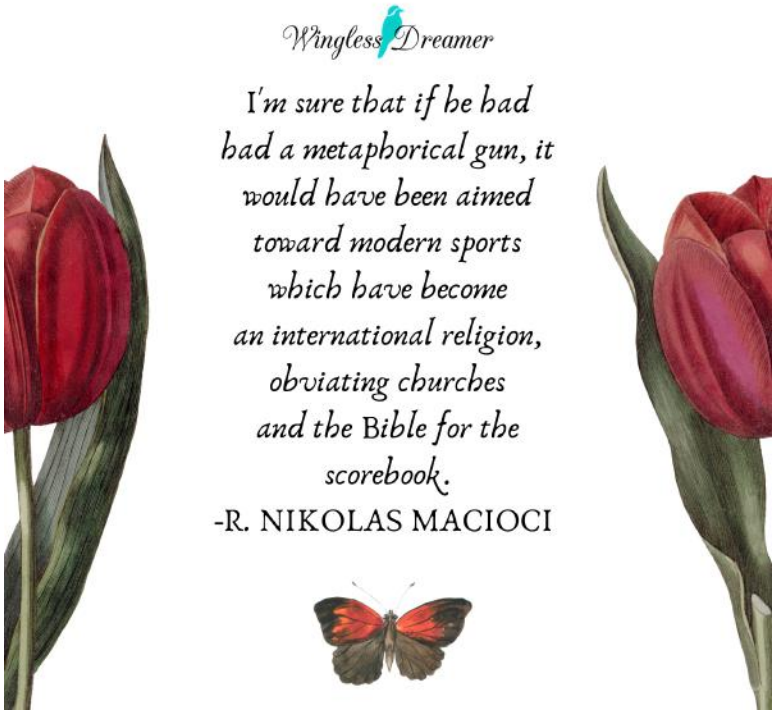
32. METAPHORS AND GOALPOSTS

102,000 people attended a poetry reading
Thursday night. No, wait! I'm thinking of
the Texas versus Ohio State football game
that opened the season. Only one person
showed up for the poetry reading Thursday.
Deplorable! Of course, capacity in the
reading room would only accommodate one.
Yes, my sarcasm abounds. Chasing a ball
has unanimously replaced worldwide literacy.

Imagine work and preparation that went
into readiness for a reading, and imagine
the disappointment when no more than one
person came.

I acknowledge sweat and time that goes into
an athlete's training, particularly when preparing
for petition, but there's a different kind of sweat
that goes into writing. I admit a distaste for sports,
and that certainly influences my judgment.
Nevertheless, poetry is on the seat of the teeter
totter that rests on the ground, while football
is raised toward the sky, praised, even worshiped,
by the smartest in the crowd to the most illiterate.

It's beyond my capacity to make sense of
the whole thing. I concur with George Orwell,
author of *Animal Farm*, who had a strong dislike
of sports, particularly football. In his 1945 essay,
"The Sporting Spirit," he describes sports as
"War minus the shooting." I'm sure that if he had
had a metaphorical gun, it would have been aimed
toward modern sports which have become
an international religion, obviating churches
and the Bible for the scorebook.



R. NIKOLAS MACIOCI

R. Nikolas Macioci earned a PhD from The Ohio State University. Nik is the author of twenty-three books. He was twice nominated for a Pulitzer Prize, nominated five times for a Pushcart Prize, and twice for a Best of the Net award. His poems have appeared in such magazines as The Hong Kong Review, The Bombay Review, The Raven's Perch, The Main Street Rag, Hiram Poetry Review, Xavier Review, and Taj Mahal Review.

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WRITE AND WRITE, AND SET YOURSELF FREE.

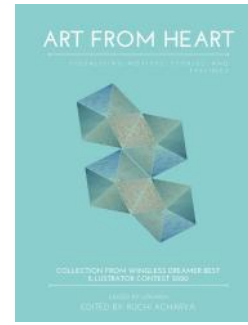
BOOKS PUBLISHED BY WINGLESS DREAMER



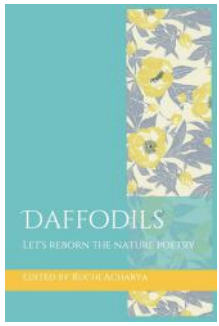
Passionate Penholders



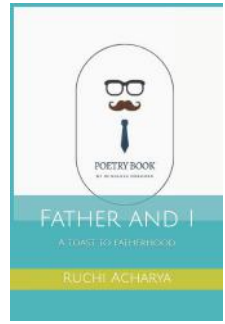
Passionate Penholders II



Art from heart



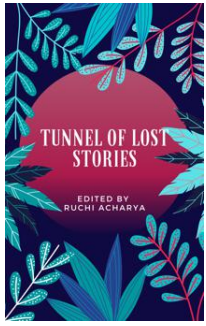
Daffodils



Father and I



Sunkissed



Tunnel of lost stories



Overcoming Fear

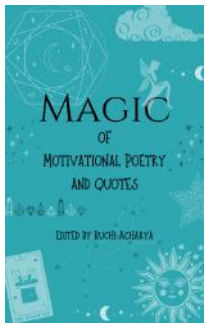


The Rewritten

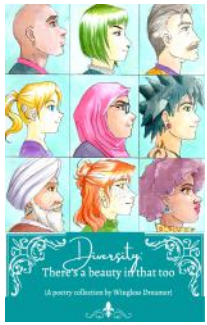
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Fruits of our quarantine



Magic of motivational



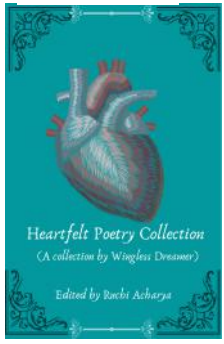
Diversity



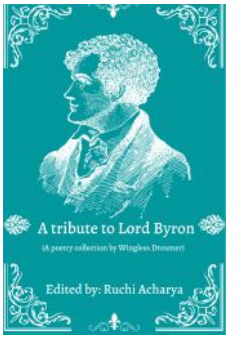
Dark Poetry



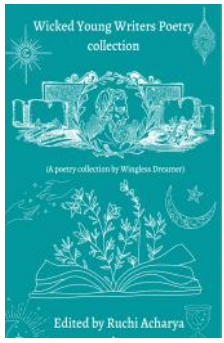
A glass of wine with Edgar



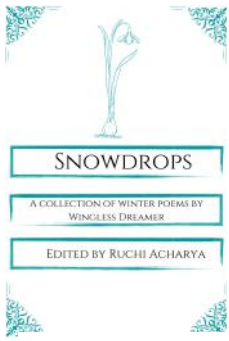
Heartfelt



A tribute to Lord Byron



Wicked Young writers



Snowdrops

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY WINGLESS DREAMER



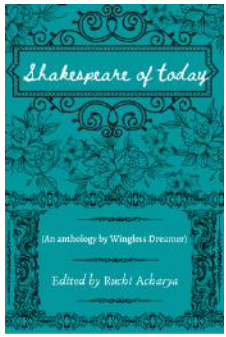
The Wanderlust Within



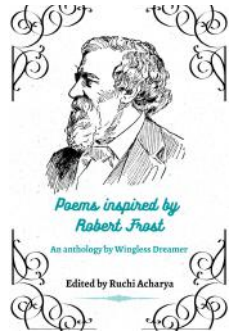
Writers of tomorrow



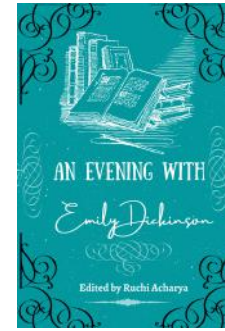
BIPOC Issue



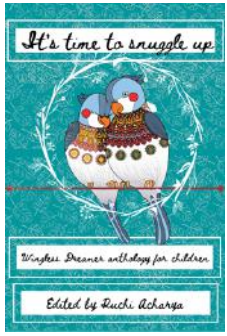
Shakespeare of today



Rober Frost



An evening with Emily Dickinson



It's time to snuggle up



Depths of Summer



Flee to Spring

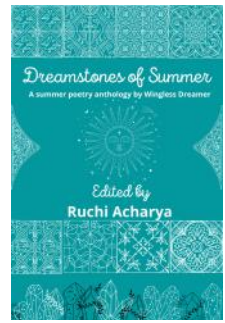
BOOKS PUBLISHED BY WINGLESS DREAMER



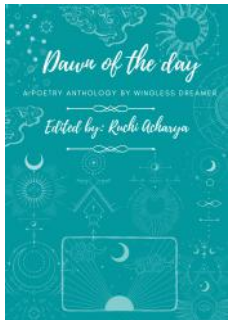
How to stay positive



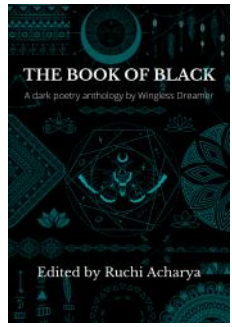
It's twelve o clock



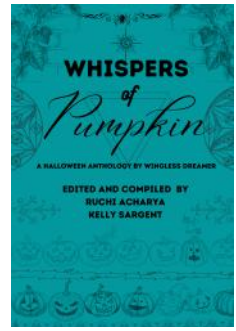
Dreamstones of Summer



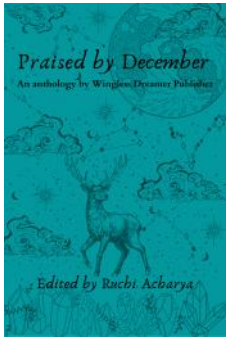
Dawn of the day



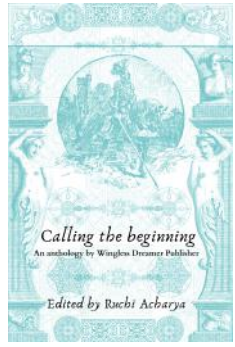
The book of black



Whispers of Pumpkin



Praised by December



Calling the beginning

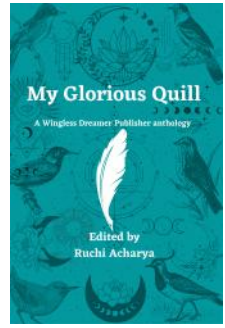


Snowflakes & Mistletoes

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My Cityline



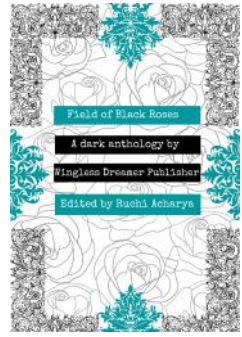
My Glorious Quill



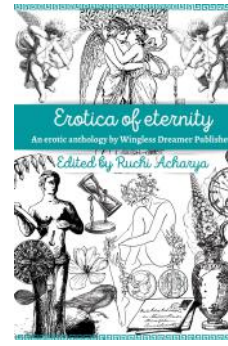
Garden of poets



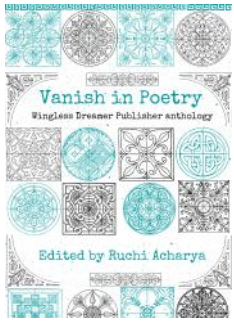
Let's begin again



Field of black roses



Erotica of eternity



Vanish in Poetry

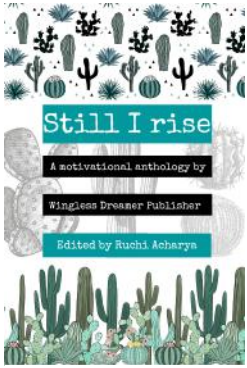


Oxymorons and Poets



3 Elements

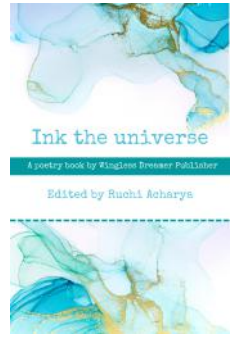
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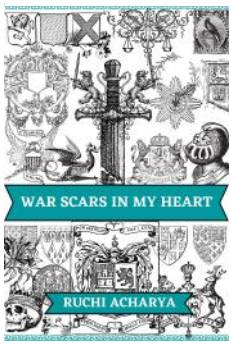
Still I rise



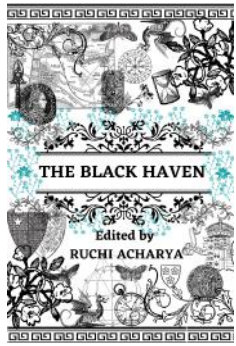
Mother



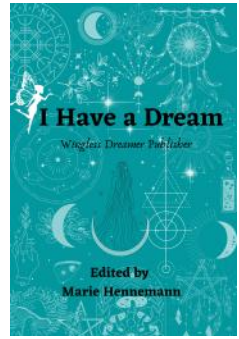
Ink the Universe



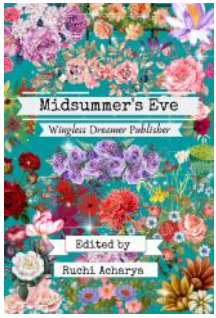
War Scars in my Heart



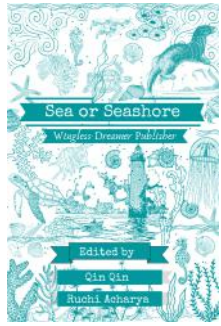
The Black Haven



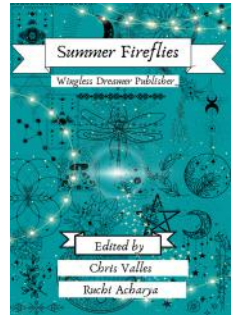
I Have a Dream



Midsummer's Eve

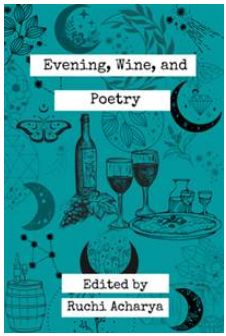


Sea or Seashore



Summer Fireflies

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Evening, Wine, & Poetry



My Unheard September



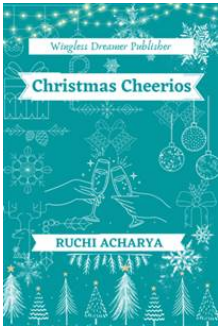
Unveil the Memories



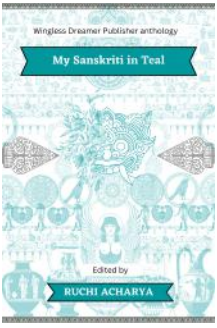
Paranormal Whispers



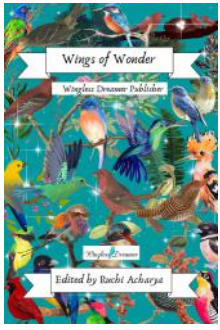
Dulce Poetica



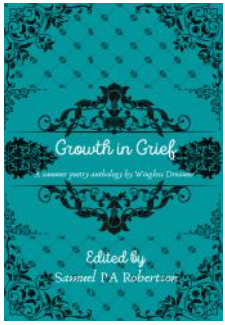
Christmas Cheerios



My Sanskriti in Teal



Wings of Wonder



Growth in Grief

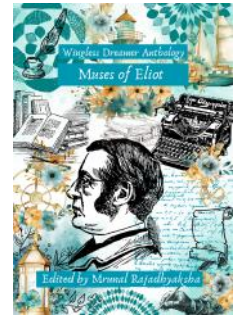
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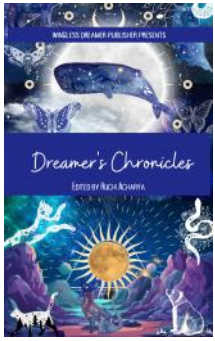
The Petal Pages



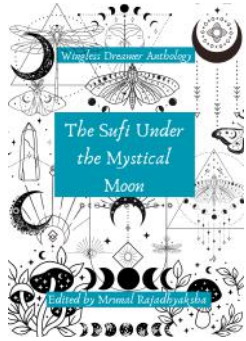
Unheard Phantoms



Muses of Eliot



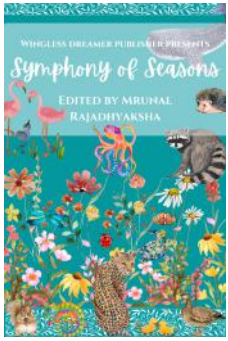
Dreamer's Chronicles



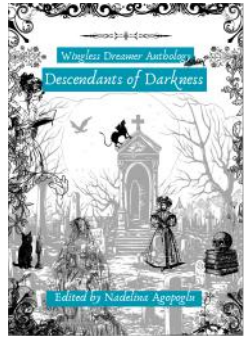
The Sufi Under the Mystical Moon



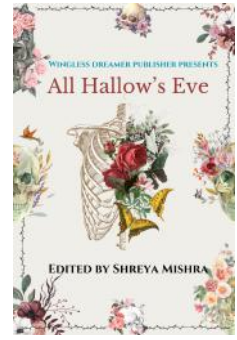
Verses from the Rainbow



Symphony of Seasons

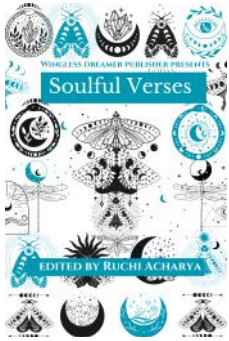


Descendants of Darkness

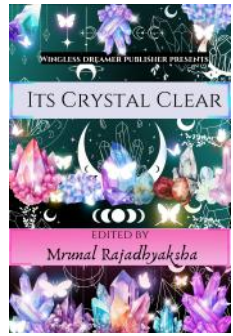


All Hallow's Eve

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Soulful Verses



It's Crystal Clear



Enchanting Winter



Love Chronicles



Hearts in Orbit



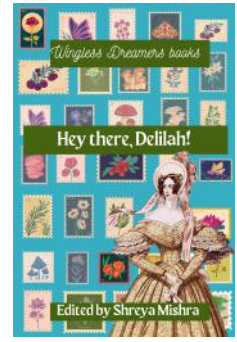
Breathing Poetry



Into the Gloom

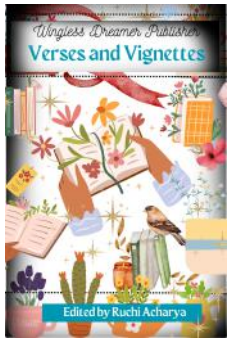


Whimsical Wonders

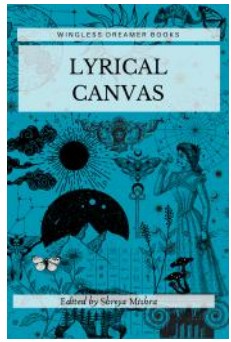


Hey there, Delilah!

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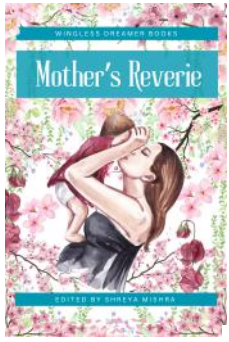
Verses and Vignettes



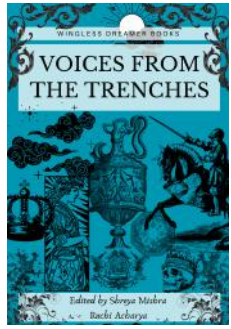
Lyrical Canvas



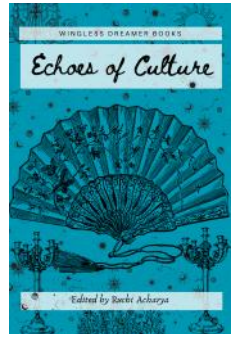
Time ticks, time heals



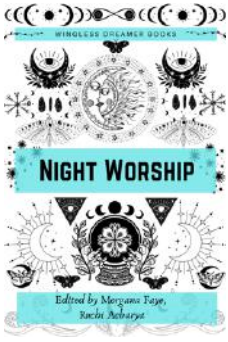
Mother's Reverie



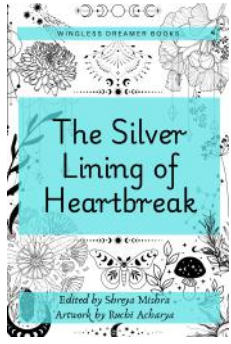
Voices from the trenches



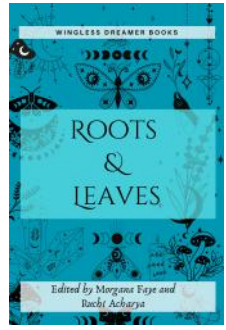
Echoes of Culture



Night Worship

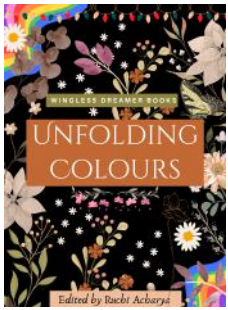


The Silver Lining of Heartbreak

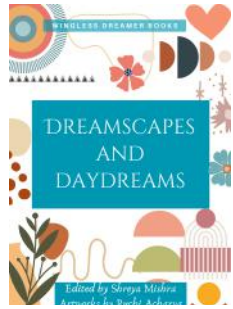


Roots & Leaves

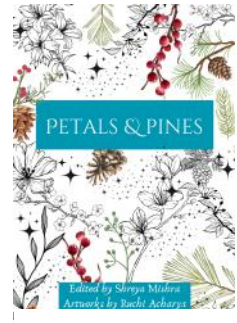
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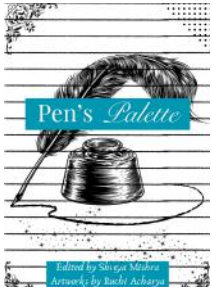
Unfolding Colours



Dreamscapes &Daydreams



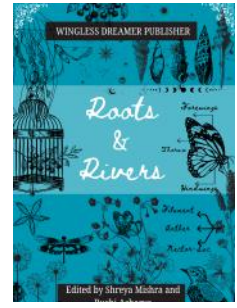
Petals & Pines



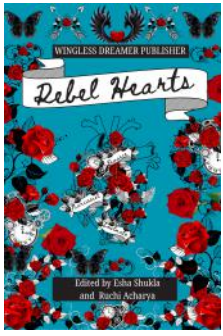
Pen's Palette



Midnight Masquerade



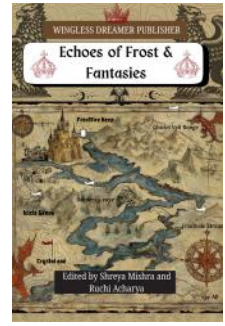
Roots & Rivers



Rebel Hearts

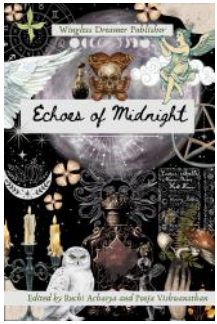


Christmas Letters

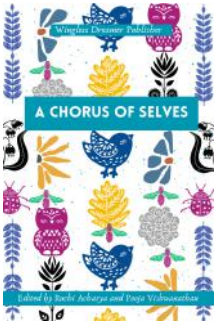


Echoes of Frost and Fantasies

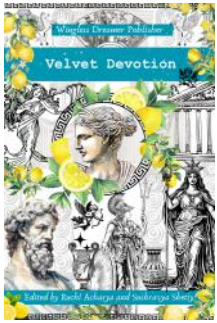
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Echoes of Midnight



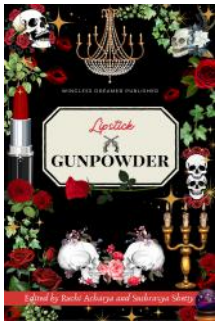
A Chorus of Selves



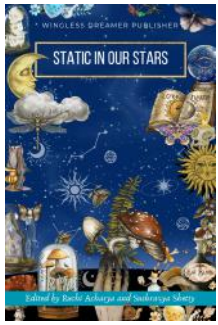
Velvet Devotion



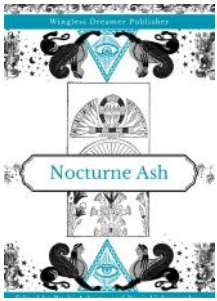
Mothers, Muses & Midsummer



Lipstick & Gunpowder



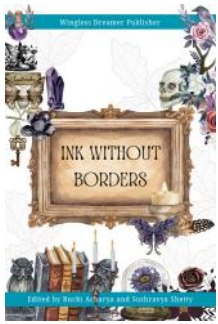
The Static in Our Stars



Nocturne Ash

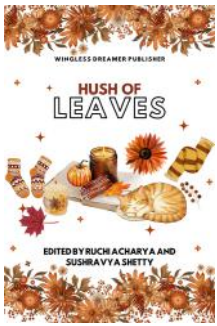


A Chronicles of LGBTQ+ Allies



Ink Without Borders

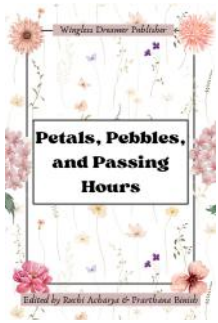
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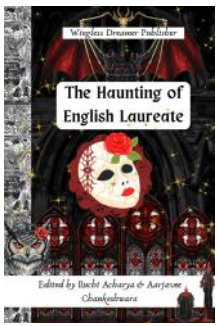
Hush of Leaves



Ghostlight of Hope



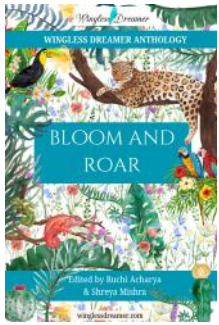
Petals, Pebbles, and Passing Hours



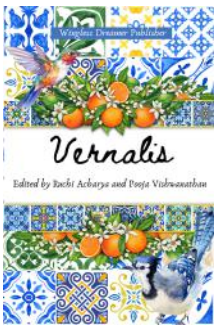
The Haunting of English Laureate



Letters beneath the Mistletoe



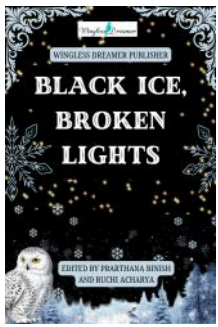
Bloom & Roar



Vernalis



Freestyle Ink Fest



Black Ice, Broken Lights

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After the Fireworks



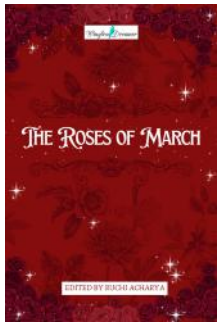
My Dear Valentine



The Quick Restart



I Don't Feel Anything



The Roses of March