

ISSUE 001

THEO

PNEU

STOS





“For with God nothing shall be impossible.”  
Luke 1:37

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# Letter from the Editor

“Blind, I thought him me, but now I see,” is Mike Wilson’s first refrain of many that come to characterize the first issue of Theopneustos Magazine. What is the magazine’s character? Perhaps it is the invocation of spirit for a land, longing to be free from war in Marianne Daigh’s “Distillation of the Holy Spirit” or the permanent sense of leaving in John Grey’s “Deported.” Penny Wei takes a swing at the existential in the mundane and domestic with “I Failed My Math Test, Hence,” while the endless, wild, and existential questions from an eight-year-old boy in Paul Hotovsky’s “Conversation With My Son” go from curiosity to contemplation, similar to the epiphanies realized in Meeda King’s “Bells.” Jason O’Toole’s signature tongue-in-cheek style is on display, as we see a shift in questioning in Ethan Unklesbay’s ekphrastic “El prendimiento de Cristo.”

The winds change once again when Holly Vermatre brings to life a lesser known Biblical character and Robert Donohue molds our minds from clay. Rae McMinn’s “Evangelical,” shows the heartbreaking side of religiosity while Matthew J. Andrews brings the ancient tradition of the solemnity of the Psalm into the modern world.

The Monday to Friday Poet finds wonder in angels and Timothy P. McLafferty provides us with an answer so simple and wonderful, an empty tomb on a spring morning. Chad Sullivan wrestles with a cancer diagnosis, while Damieka Thomas gets to the heart of everything--let us choose love, she says.

From doubt to faith, from feelings of abandonment to those of great closeness to God, these writers wrestle with what it means to have, and to keep, faith in 2026. They do so beautifully. gently and compassionately.

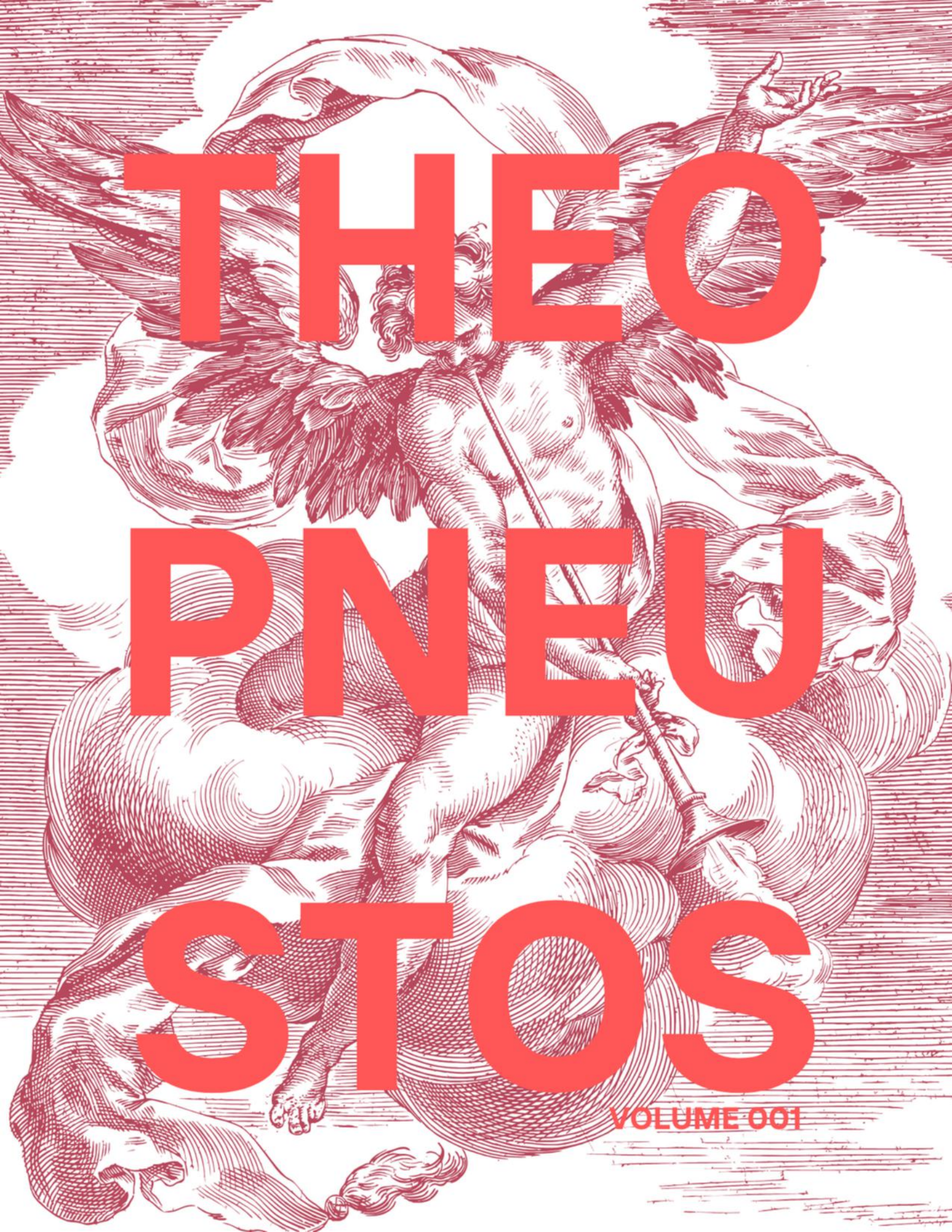
I came to Theopneustos because when I felt faith, I felt something I never had in years. When I read the Gospel, I felt self-compassion. I spent my formative and early adult years always feeling like the odd one out. This changed when I first read The Gospel According to Luke. I felt more human, more alive, and more connected to the earth and my body.

I received so many gorgeous pieces throughout the submission period. I am filled with gratitude for every person who submitted a piece to this magazine, effectively taking a chance on its first issue. I hope the future will be bright here at Theopneustos Magazine. I hope this becomes a gathering place for writers who not only honor Christ, but God in all His forms. I hope this can be a safe place for skepticism and critique as well as devotion and prayer. Thank you all for your minds and hearts as you dive into our inaugural issue.

Sincerely,

Melanie Cole  
Editor-in-Chief





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## Amazing Grace

By Mike Wilson

I see an open casket of the man I used to be.  
He sleeps, archived, his DNA deleted from memory,  
fingerprints erased, entombed with his identity.

I know him better in death than ever in life.  
I forgive his trespasses fondly.

Blind, I thought him me, but now I see.

*Mike Wilson's work has appeared in many magazines, in Mike's poetry collections, **Arranging Deck Chairs on the Titanic** and **Before the Fall**, and in his debut novel, **Food Court**. His awards include the **Chaffin/Kash Prize of the Kentucky State Poetry Society**. He lives in Lexington, Kentucky*





# Distillation of the Holy Spirit

By Marianne Daigh

A form: rain

Bang bang, bang bang. Raindrops hit the window while my head lies upon the window when my head is laid upon the windowsill, the magnification —

Bang bang, bang bang. Gunshots come out of the television and say your beloved country is dying, your beloved country is suiciding itself. Look look, look look.

I won't look.

It is neither mine nor loved. Beloved only is the magnificence of rain on glass, the hidden dawn it covers.

A form: tongues

*Get the fuck out of our city.*

We are here like moaning foxes in the starlit urban night. We are prepared for war. We drive down rolling dusky highways and sit in firework garages and we're ready for war. In our lord's country we are called to lay our bodies on the line. In our lordless cities we are called to drink the cup of our forebears' grief, fermented in basements and bathtubs, across continents which once were joined, over bitter seas and seas of time.



Four hundred languages, every day, in homes on streets on buses and trains, in shops in restaurants in schools and basements and bathrooms and across continental divides, on intercontinental flights in swimming pools in bitter arguments and beds, cold or warm, in playgrounds and churches and copshops and gunshops.

*You better get ready you better wake up a combat veteran abhors all wars abhor the war the civil war abhor all wars but recognise reality when it's staring you in your fucking face.*

A language is a rich dress of incalculable expense and detail, an elixir of eternal tasting notes. How it feels on your tongue when you drink it, how it feels on your skin when you put it on, the silk of it, a magnificence —

*Get the fuck out of our city.*

A form: birdsong.

The music of rain, just ended.

A tiny whirlpool sings its private mat of earth awake.

I hear its call and above its call a hurting bird.

Hurting or desiring, it's hard to know  
which  
until the very last  
moment.

And when  
the hurting, wanting bird stops calling and the whirlpool stops  
its whirl  
drops drop along the silence, after-drops, drop  
after drop, each  
drop  
a magnificence.

Each drop a note of music upon the instrument of land.

This language speaks itself and will survive  
without us.

This language is  
a verdant gleaming body crowned with living keys, greens and  
erupting autumn golds they shine, a stately instrument made  
of sun-eaters which everywhere erupt and thirst to sing a  
higher note.

*Marianne Daigh lives in Howth, north of Dublin, where she works as a family carer and writes. She has degrees in theology and literature, and also practices photography. Recently, her work has appeared in Channel Magazine, Strange Pilgrims, and The Manchester Review. Find her at [mdaigh.com](http://mdaigh.com) or on substack @mdaigh.*





*John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in Midnight Mind, Novus and Abbey. Latest books, "Bittersweet", "Subject Matters" and "Between Two Fires" are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in the MacGuffin, Touchstone and Willow Review.*

## Deported

By John Grey

It's time to vacate  
the holding cell.

The gates are locking  
and the spirit is cracked.  
The mirrors reflect  
shattered and hollow eyes  
like broken glass.

Inside, the halls  
smell of stale fear.

The floors are scuffed  
by a thousand pacing feet  
and the dust of waiting.

The cafeteria,  
from bench to tray  
to heavy metal door,  
is a shrine to coldness.  
Orders echo aimlessly  
off the ceiling.

Down sterile hallways,  
are bunks  
which haven't harbored hope  
in months.

Not a scrap of home in sight,  
just one thin mat,  
on a frame of bolted steel.

And there's a faded square on the wall  
where a family photo once leaned.

Someone lived here  
but little of their life remains.  
And now the state has decided  
they must leave.

There's plenty of forcing to be seen.  
And a whole lot of leaving.





## I Fail My Math Test, Hence

By Penny Wei

Guanyin shows up on the radiator again, dripping  
mercury and raspberry slushie. She's in a knockoff

hello kitty tee, sipping grandma's 番茄蛋汤 through  
the nostril of a dolphin-molded straw. Not my nostril.

I am bleeding out of one nostril like a failed oracle.  
There is a test on derivatives of angles. Nothing acute.

In the margins, I draw lotus roots with arterial veins,  
each petal a posthumous apology. 3 a.m a few nights

ago, I woke up dreaming I slipped into a Nanjing freezer.  
Inside me, ancestors curled up between fish balls.

The 老板 hollowed out dead cheese, slurped down  
strings unheated. Feels like a metaphor for assimilation.

There is a hole on my left sock, and hence a blood rinsed  
toenail. Shame leaks from it like vapor from a street

dumpling cart. Guanyin doesn't say much. Silence—  
or wet, Massachusetts hair. I tried mailing me home



once in a box of expired haw flakes. Post office  
declined. Origin and destination too similar.

I watch a wasp drown in the origins, the teacher's  
lukewarm soda. No one mourns the dying choreography.

Sometimes, I think I am a backup dancer in someone  
else's reincarceration. Breathe deeply, exhale your GPA.

Inhale a scented candle called "Late Capitalism." Guanyin  
blinks— cherry blossom falls from her eye like a middle

school insult— and places a sticker on my forehead:  
FRAGILE / MAY CONTAIN HISTORIC GRIEF.

I stand to sharpen my pencil. On the floor, I map red.  
Later, I will eat lunch, pretending the dumplings are sacred.

She will appear, again, through the plumbing, speaking  
dialects to be translated in humble humidities, and prepare

three versions of my grief: 1.Minimalist 2.Maximalist  
3.In the style of Björk, but wet. I will enter zero and

return myself to the store of mildly defective daughters.  
Ma'm, please don't judge me the next time you

hover above the circuit breaker and read my poem  
comparing heartbreak to government surveillance

while braiding spiderwebs into the shape of lungs.  
I do not know if I'm chosen or cursed.

A pigeon lives or dies under skylight. Either way,  
I'll fold myself into paper cranes no one asked for

And fly nowhere.  
But very precisely.

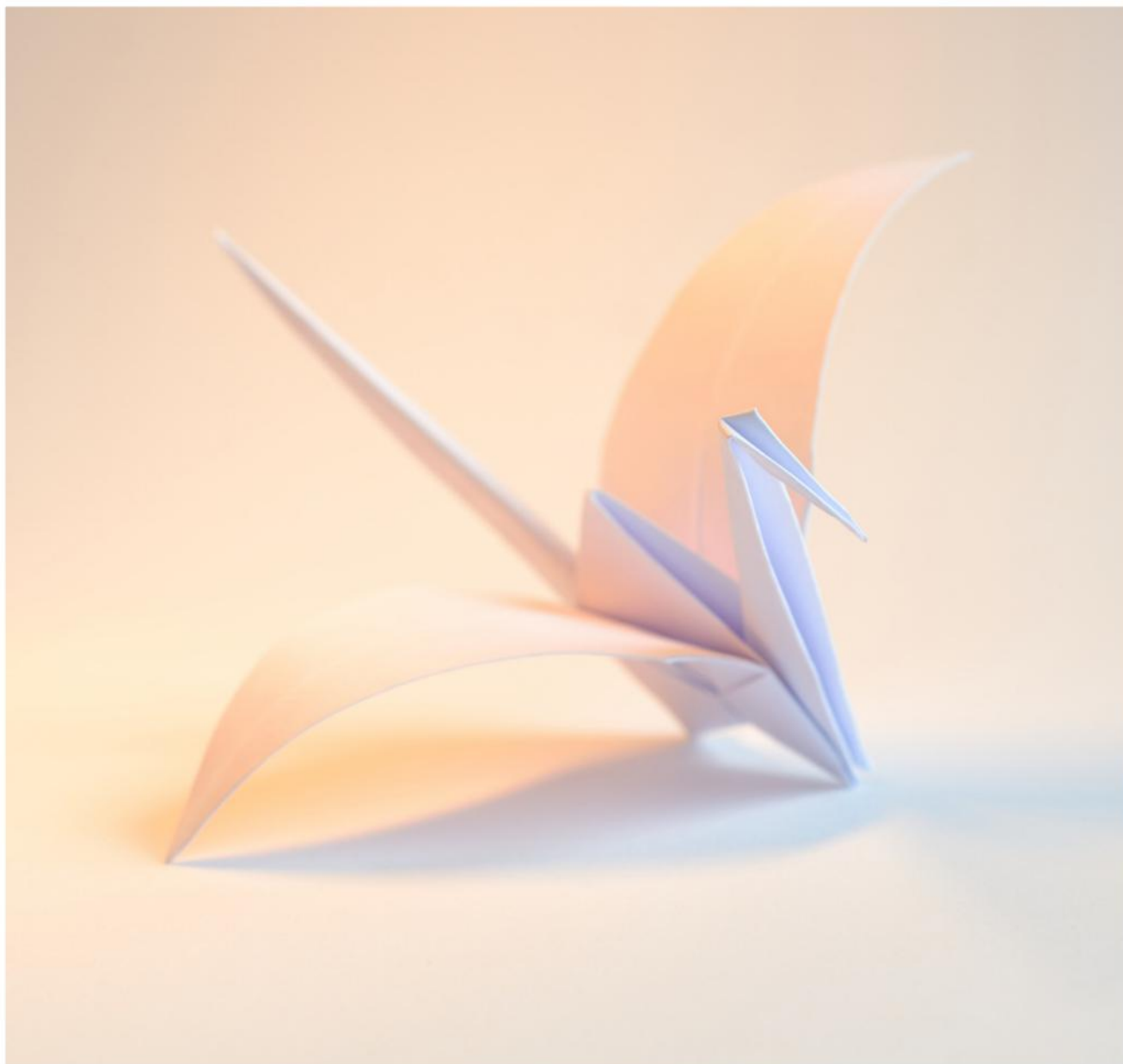
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番茄蛋汤: Tomato and egg soup

老板: Shop owner

Penny Wei is a burgeoning Buddhist, seldom writer, practicing feminist,  
appreciator of spring and all its small fantasies. She enjoys exploring the  
concept of love, in all its dimensions.





## Conversation with My Son

By Paul Hostovsky

Houdiniesque and eight,  
he snakes out of his seatbelt  
on our way to Peabody Elementary,  
and rests his little mug just behind my ear.  
Here he puts a metaphysical question,  
a prestidigitation of the mind:

“Where is Cleveland Ohio?”

And before I can answer, another:

“Would you rather be buried or  
crucified?”

I ask if he means ‘cremated’.

He asks me what’s the difference.

I tell him and he says, “I just don’t think  
you should take up too much space  
when you’re dead, Dad.”

For Pete’s sake, I mutter.

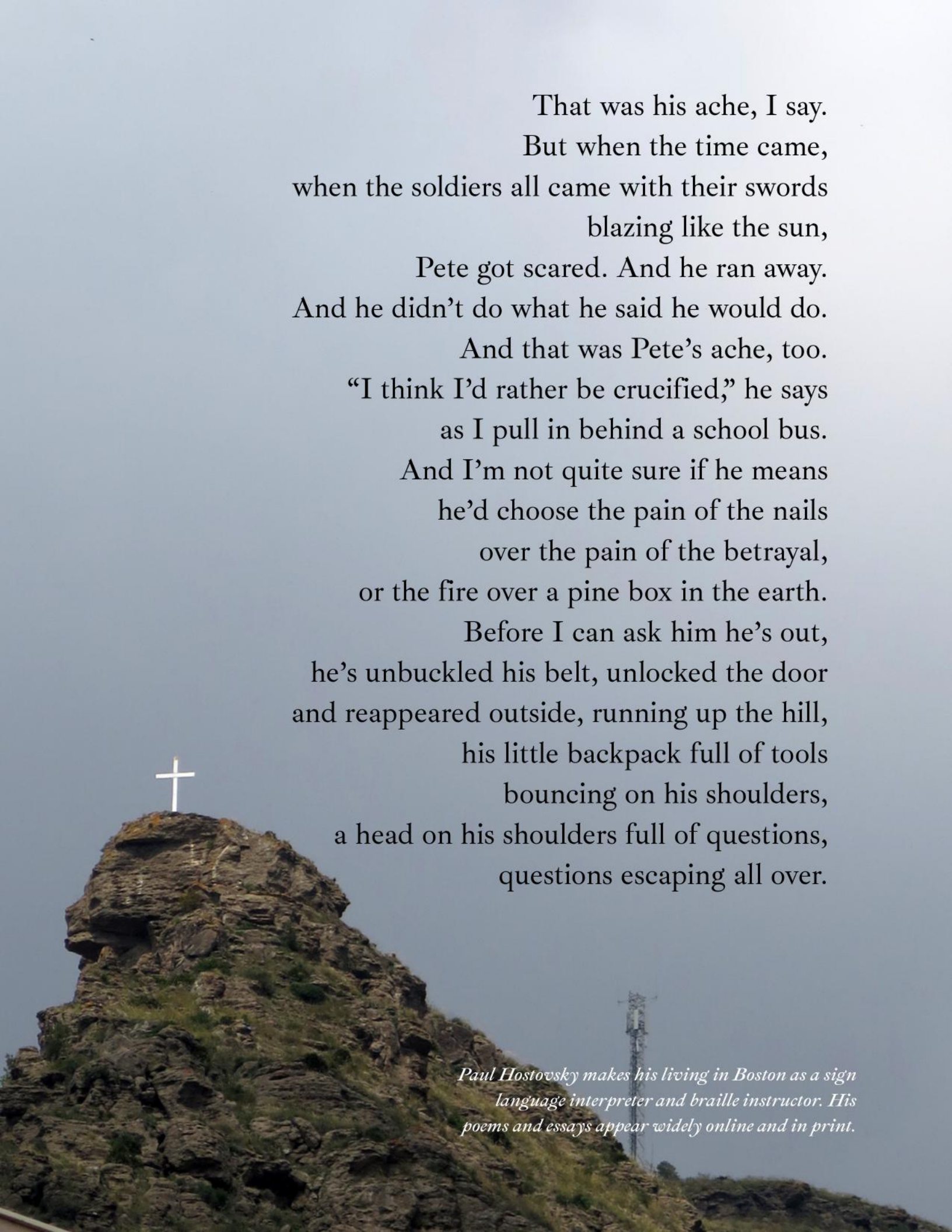
And he’s right there with another: “Who’s Pete?”

And what’s Pete’s ache?”

Together we watch the road to school  
unfold like a familiar story  
while I tell him the story of Pete,  
the guy who said he loved Jesus so much  
he would die for him.



That was his ache, I say.  
But when the time came,  
when the soldiers all came with their swords  
blazing like the sun,  
Pete got scared. And he ran away.  
And he didn't do what he said he would do.  
And that was Pete's ache, too.  
"I think I'd rather be crucified," he says  
as I pull in behind a school bus.  
And I'm not quite sure if he means  
he'd choose the pain of the nails  
over the pain of the betrayal,  
or the fire over a pine box in the earth.  
Before I can ask him he's out,  
he's unbuckled his belt, unlocked the door  
and reappeared outside, running up the hill,  
his little backpack full of tools  
bouncing on his shoulders,  
a head on his shoulders full of questions,  
questions escaping all over.



*Paul Hostovsky makes his living in Boston as a sign  
language interpreter and braille instructor. His  
poems and essays appear widely online and in print.*

## Bells

By Meeda King

Father polished the brass until it shone his face back clearer than you could ever see it. The congregation would smile for his devotion, for the chores he would only call maintenance.

He'd not dare look one in the eyes each Sunday as he scattered blessings like the trees. You knew you would never grow a forest, but the wind demanded the gesture.

When you were seven, you asked him where God lived.

Head turned to the stained glass crucifix, he told you, "in the light."

When later your youths asked the same question, you smiled and pointed to the sky.

But you knew faith was not a lighthouse but a foghorn, loud enough to keep shivering ships apart but too loud to notice the empty shore.

You wondered if he polished that doubt as well.

The questions inherited before the collar,  
And when he died, the church bells rang the same way.





## Speedy Delivery (The Third Pentacle of Mercury)

By Jason O'Toole

*Reject the false stillness  
of forced piety  
You bloom for an hour*

For some, that's too much

*Reject the false self,  
endless blockades against spirits  
and their gifts – Pray only for God's Will*

which better include  
a cost-of-living increase because  
I'm losing a fortune down here

A fruit basket would be fine  
just please, not another faux leather notebook  
embossed with the company logo

*Jason O'Toole is Poet Laureate Emeritus of North Andover, MA and was co-founder of the Anne Bradstreet Poetry Contest. He serves on the advisory board of the New England Poetry Club. He was the recipient of the 2025 Amy Lowell Prize and the 2026 judge for this contest.*





El prendimiento de Cristo (The Arrest of Christ), 1798

# El prendimiento de Cristo (The Arrest of Christ)

after Luca Giordano, 17th century

By Ethan Unklesbay

Everyone but Christ is full of  
Life, glowing and violent.

Peter, the zealot, attacking a  
Roman who I think has had  
Enough of this by now.  
Nose-first, Judas is  
Dying to tell them that  
IESUS EST, and gather his  
Money, his cloak already soaked  
In red.

Even the soldiers are bustling,  
Not to mention their golden complexions.  
They take him, full of death, an  
Offering.

Death, of course, is relative now,  
Even for the rest of us.

Christ drank it up and conquered it,  
Rebuffed its constant crawl,  
Insisting that he  
Suffer, gray and worn,  
To save us all, that Holy  
One.

*Ethan Unklesbay is a Latter-day Saint poet and full-time father based in Utah. He loves his wife and kids, his community, and his e-bike. He is the author of Signs and Wonders, Portrait of an Ecclesiastic, Behold the Man, and Float Like Grief. He has been published in Wayfare Magazine and Irreantum.*



# Lust

By Holly Vanmatre

Desire, is my wine.  
I am drunk of many lovers.  
To none I'm only thine  
for I thirst for another.

They robe me with linens,  
with touches, they rouse.

Lather me with oil  
as I shear my marriage vows.

I yearn for each grape  
growing wild on the vine.  
To taste the sweet and tart,  
to love the rot and ripe.

This carnal demand crouches within,  
fervent as fire, I wear it like skin.

I burn promiscuous like the light of a pyre.

This carnal demand crouches within,  
fervent as fire, I wear it like skin.

and it quivers with pleasure  
when I feed my desire.

I am never full  
for my sips turn to swigs.  
Lust Drips from my mouth  
like sweet flesh of the fig.

-Gomer.

*Holly Vanmatre has loved writing since she was a child. Raised in Christianity, she finds religion to be a topic to return to throughout her life.*





## Self-Made Men

By Robert Donahue

It's said that God made Adam out of clay,  
But would Neanderthals claim it was stone,  
Believing in a mythos of their own?  
And those who came before, what would they say?  
Would they endorse the viewpoint of their day  
By saying that it must have been a bone,  
And not some stuff existing past the known,  
Upon which God had worked his mighty way?  
And so, The Maker's craft is always laid  
Within the realm of what's already made.  
When those who follow us begin to write  
The explanation how they came to be,  
Will they, with mystic confidence, say He  
Had breathed the spirit into gigabyte?

*Robert Donahue's poetry has appeared in Amethyst Review, Aprosexia Lit, Dualis among others. He lives on Long Island, NY and is a content reader for Still Here Magazine.*



## Evangelical

By Rae McMinn

The boys in blue suits at the park  
ask women to go to church with them  
but they never ask me.

It doesn't stop me practicing under my breath  
as I walk past the pickleball court  
what I'll say if they do,

how I'll tell them  
I stood in Temple Square  
pushing Bible tracts at Mormon mothers,

I prayed in an arena  
with a thousand evangelicals  
that the Universalists would hear us and be saved,

I cried in the driveway  
in my youth pastor's car  
for the Catholics we loved who would burn forever,

because I was taught that the road to heaven  
passes through the eye of a needle,  
and before I learned anything

about unconditional love,  
I learned that loving the wrong god  
was an unconditional stain

.

Wait, please. Give me just one more minute  
to tell you what I learned after high school:  
that anyone yearning for God

will find God!

That loving God is less hunting Easter eggs,  
more lying open-hearted under the inky night sky  
taking in the light from a billion blinking stars.

*Rae McMinn is a 4th generation Oregonian, labor and delivery nurse, mother and emerging poet living in Portland. She has published and forthcoming works in Sybil journal, Abstract magazine, Wayfarer magazine, Opol, and Good books magazine. If you can find her, you will likely do so wandering the trails, mountains, or rivers of her beautiful Pacific Northwest home.*





## Psalm

By Matthew J. Andrews

Lord, O Lord,  
do you see all the salt  
caked on my forehead?

I want only to be empty:  
to unlearn prayer,  
to disremember worship.

All those heads on spikes—  
I want to look in their eyes,  
give each one a kiss.

I want to lose my head,  
the salt in your fingers  
sprinkled on the wound.

*Matthew J. Andrews is a private investigator and writer currently living in Central Iowa. He is the author of *The Hours*, *A Razor's Edge*, *I Close My Eyes*, and *I Almost Remember*. He can be contacted at [www.matthewjandrews.com](http://www.matthewjandrews.com).*



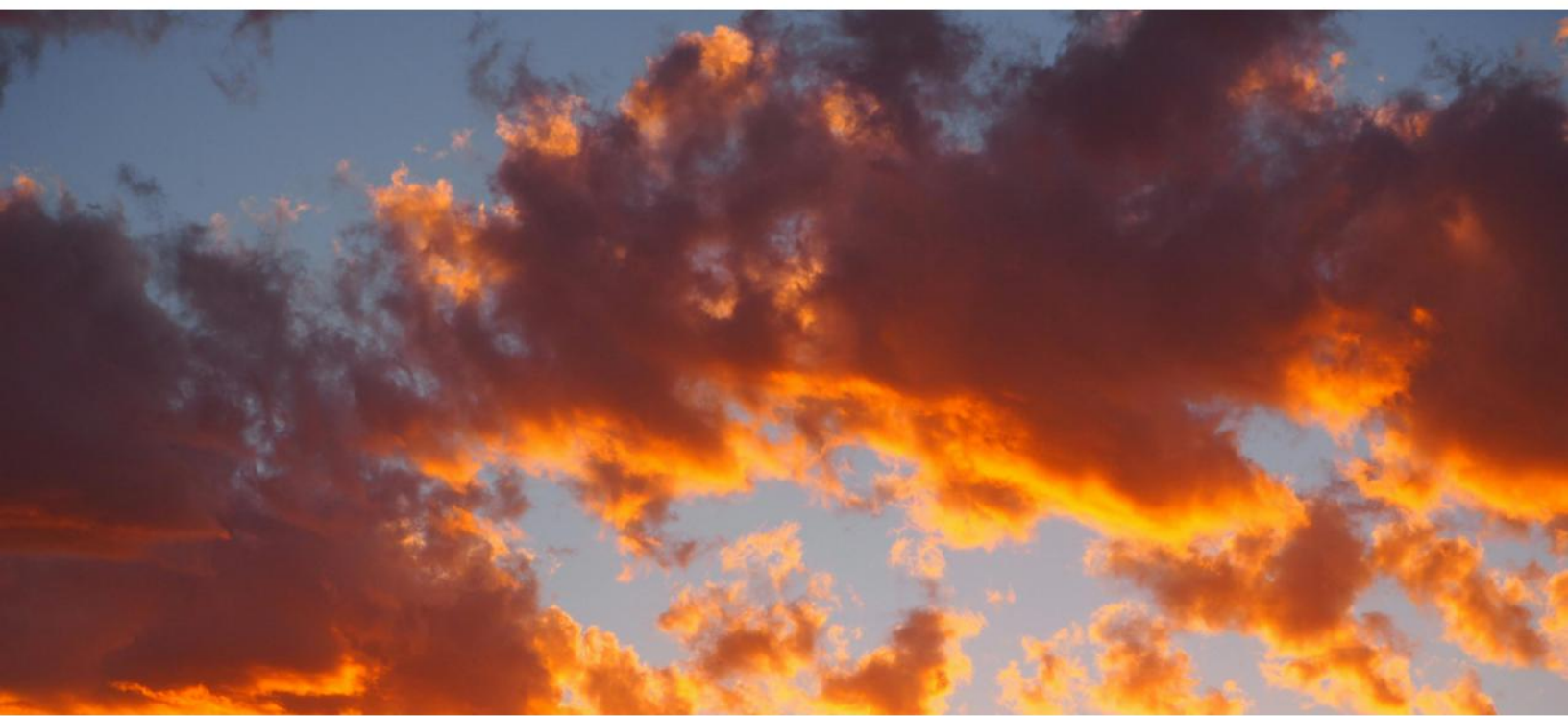
## Halos

### The Monday to Friday Poet

I feed on rain  
And intoxicate with dark clouds  
On timeless Thursdays.  
Captive of my faith,  
I never yearn for liberation.  
Prayer envelops me like a halo,  
Obscuring glimpses of different paths.  
I strive to sprout wings  
Of grace and faith,  
Yet my human mechanics impede me—  
I am but a robot compared to saints.

*The Monday to Friday Poet is a writer who delves into humanity's intricate relationship with nature, our understanding of God and spirituality, and our need for love. She explores our compulsive urge to control time, despite our inability to do so. As noted in her Substack bio: we are echoes of time.*











## The Mild Day

By Timothy P. McLafferty

Stone rolled open and no corpse to be found,  
no one, just daffodil and tulip spears,  
the blue in green of scilla in meadow.

*Timothy P. McLafferty is a poet, painter, and professional musician living in Queens, New York.*

*A veteran drummer with over three decades on Broadway, he originated the drum chairs for Urinetown and Grey Gardens and has performed with jazz luminaries such as Karl Berger and David Liebman. His poetry is deeply influenced by the mentorship of the late Simon Perchik and has appeared in numerous journals, including The English Chicago Review, Painted Bride Quarterly, Crannóg, and The Somerset Review. When not at a kit or a desk, he is a lifelong weightlifter.*



## Wild God

By Chad Sullivan

*For there is either a remedy or there is none/  
And if there is none/  
never mind, never mind.*

—Nick Cave, ‘Song of the Lake’

Have you met the boy afraid of rust? Or the girl who plucked out all her eyelashes and eyebrows? *No*. They became birds. *What kind of birds?* Birds. I don’t know. Have you seen a plague doctor’s mask? *Only in drawings. You’ve met these people, these birds?* Yes. *And that’s what they looked like, black eyes and a long beak?* Kind of. *Were you sick?* Not with plague, no. *But were you sick?* No one’s told me yet. *I don’t understand.*

*Why be afraid of rust?* Why be afraid of a lymph node? *That’s very specific.* So is Trichotillomania. *How old were they, the birds?* I don’t know. We remained as anonymous as possible. *How old were you when you met them?* Forty-three. *Too young.* For what? *Lymphoma.* Is that what I have? *Isn’t that how you came to meet the birds?* Kind of. *I don’t understand.* Imagine your wife living in a different home in a different

town, surrounded by new things and people. Imagine your children are with her, living this other life, happy and well cared for. Imagine being a footnote in their lives. *My first husband, Chad. Yes. My Dad, who died when I was young.*

Exactly. *Is that how the boy came to fear rust?* Yes. *And the girl?* I don't know that she feared dying. *But you do?* More than plague. *Plague killed millions.* Plague isn't terminal. *And you are?* No one's told me yet. *I don't understand.* I don't either. *Back to the boy and girl, how did they become birds?* They saw a deer. *A deer?* Yes, a doe. On the edge of the parking lot, eating grass through a layer of snow.

*Was the deer once human?* Maybe. Does it matter? *I'm only trying to make sense of this.* Why? *Because you seem so intent on trying.* *Are you okay?* I don't know. No one's told me yet.

*Chad Sullivan's work has appeared in X-R-A-Y, trampset, and Broken Antler Magazine, among others. A Pushcart Prize and a Best of the Net nominee, he lives in Elburn, Illinois.*





# My Resistance

By Damieka Thomas

*Damieka Thomas is a mixed-race writer and poet from Northern California. She holds an M.F.A. from the University of California, Davis. Her work has been published in **Brown Hound Press**, **Boulevard Magazine**, **HerStry**, **The New Limestone Review**, **The Noyo Review**, **Glassworks Magazine**, **Poets.org**, and more. You can find more of her work and get in contact with her by visiting her website <https://www.damiekathomas.com>.*

Last night I dreamt of  
bombings.

This piece was originally  
going to be about trust.

About finding purpose and  
joy in art making,  
about belief in a higher  
power and the ability for my  
higher self to show up in my  
work. About  
finding faith and trust in a  
world that seems to be  
crumbling.

About the healing power of  
good art. How many times it  
has saved me, from watching  
New Girl in a humid room at  
the back of a house that I  
hated in Kentucky, to reading  
The Bell Jar during my first  
week of high school, so  
far removed from everything  
that I once knew. About how  
writing is the closest to God,  
to purpose, to my higher self  
—to whatever human name  
we have given this divine  
feeling—that I have ever felt.  
This blog post was going to  
be about trust.

But last night I dreamt of bombings.

Like anyone who is paying attention right now, I am frightened at the current state of the world.

How can I speak about trust or faith or God or Jesus right now? Last night, I had a terrible dream about a bombing in my California coastal hometown. Upon waking, I realized, not for the first time, that this dream is the daily truth for Palestine, Iran, Lebanon, Ukraine, and so many more places. I realized, not for the first time, the pure luck of my privilege.

The luck to be born in a country, in a family, that is not actively facing displacement and death at the hands of nuclear weaponry. The pure luck to be born into a country that is responsible for the destabilization of other countries. The pure luck to not be a refugee seeking asylum in the very country that disrupted my homeland. The heavy realization that my luck comes at the hands of others' demise.

Recently, my little sister sent me a post on Instagram.







This is a platform that I have slowly started to step away from, as it is owned, like so many others, by a comically evil billionaire. It was about thermobaric weapons sent from the US to Israel, which leave behind no human remains. Almost 3,000 Palestinian people have been “evaporated” since October 2023, leaving behind only blood and tissue fragments. These were real people, with dreams, with hopes, with lives. They loved people, and they were loved. They made art and love. They made meals for their families. They brewed tea and coffee for their loved ones in the morning.

They played games and sports. They gossiped about each other. They were children, or they were adults that still held their child selves inside of them. When I read the post, I must confess that I thought not only of those Palestinians, but of myself, my friends, and my family. The fragility of having them all alive and well at the same time. Perhaps empathy and selfishness are not as far apart as I would like for them to be.

Continuing my scroll this morning, I read a post about how only 20% of teenagers now read for pleasure. My life blood is the written word.





As an educator, someone who has worked in library services for the past six years, and a writer. What can I trust in, if not the power of the written word to unite, to guide, to encourage empathy? Where do I put my faith, if not in words?

Upon waking from my dream, I laid in bed for a long time. I told my boyfriend about my dream before he had to go to work, and he rubbed my back in slow circles. When he left, I scrolled these posts on my phone, and I thought about what it would feel like to lose all that I have now.



My one bedroom apartment, the books that line the shelves in it, my job, my friends, my family. When I finally got up, I made tea. I turned on my resistance playlist, songs by Marvin Gaye and Tupac and Billie Holiday and Gil Scott-Heron blaring from the speakers, and I reorganized my bookshelves.

In the face of so much suffering that I do not have control over, it was all I knew to do. Some people put their faith in God. Although I am finding my way back to faith after a lot of church hurt and religious trauma, I have always put mine in the written word.

Perhaps these are not so far apart. After all, what are the Bible, the Torah, the Quran, if not demonstrations of the power of the written word? Books have always been a source of stability for me, calm in the chaos, the most grounding objects that I know. Books, like prayer, are true exercises in human empathy and humility. The humbling of the self before the written word, before the blank page, before the divinity that lies in the lines between words on a page.

This piece was going to be about trust. About faith. About what I truly believe in. Now, I see that it is about empathy.



Empathy is about extending that muscle toward other human beings, in far away places, in countries that your own is responsible for destabilizing. It is about the grief and love and fragility of all that is around us. It is about all that we take for granted. For me, empathy—like trust, like faith—is still found between the pages of books. It is found in the power of hearing one another. In the long-lost skill of listening, not just waiting for your turn to speak.

Books are not a one way conversation. They are an ongoing dialogue.

For me, this skill of listening, of empathy, is most well honed between the covers.

Last night I dreamt of bombings.

Today, I dream of a brighter future ahead. I hope this is not blind optimism. I hope that it is not folly to believe that humans are capable of so much good, even among the bad. Is this not the center of faith? Our capability to reap not only harm but also kindness. As 1 Corinthians 16:14 says, “Do everything in love.” Today, I choose love.

Today, I will find ways  
to make peace with  
what I cannot control,  
and I will find  
organizations with  
which to donate my  
time and money. Today,  
I will go for a walk in  
the sun, and I will come  
home and turn the  
pages of a novel. Today,  
I will listen to artists  
that I feel have or had  
something to say.

Artists that transcend  
the confines of time and  
loss to make something  
that lasts. I will not give  
into despondency. I will  
use the anger  
thrumming under my  
veins for something  
good.

I will think of the  
beauty of humanity. I  
will remember the two  
separate groups of  
people I saw protesting  
facism over the 50 on  
Friday. I will not throw  
up my hands and cry  
out to a God that only  
helps me. My God cares  
for all people, not just  
the ones with the luck  
to be born in the  
country that does the  
colonization. Above  
all, I will continue to  
read, and I will continue  
to make art, always.

These will be the fruits  
of my spirit. These will  
be my resistance.



IN MEMORY OF JAMES ROGER ZEORLIN







