

ISSUE 37

A vintage television set is the central focus, resting on a light-colored fabric with intricate lace detailing. The TV's screen is illuminated with a warm, orange-red glow, suggesting a sunset or a fire. The television has a dark wood-grain or black finish with a prominent speaker grille at the bottom. The overall aesthetic is nostalgic and evocative of the late 20th century.

SC  
RI  
PT  
US

NOSTALGIA



Issue design: *Alecta Ugnė Preikšaitė*

Lina van Lieshout



# DEAR READERS,

Nostalgia. A term derived from the Greek word *nóstos*: to return home, safely. The sensation rises like water, it surges, ascends into a wave, fills the body until it overflows. It fluctuates between light and heavy, carries a blend of conflicting feelings; tastes like sadness, then love. We long for the past we still carry with us, for the childhood bedroom we left behind, the meals our grandparents used to cook, that one song we listened to every day in sixth grade. From time to time, a street corner pulls us back, the smell of jasmine or cinnamon drifts through our mind. In the space of one halted breath, a mirage appears before our eyes, conjuring faces we used to know, voices that still call our name, with a slightly foreign pronunciation, shaping the vowels in ways that still feel so close, so familiar.

Over the last months, many of you have shared the shapes of your nostalgia with us, in the form of poems and stories, photographs, drawings and music. Some of you speak of rain, others of fire. Some mention childhood homes, others tell of letters sent to friends now living on different continents. Photographs show nature and children, concrete walls and silhouettes already evaporating into ghosts. All these pieces of art have grown into a collective nostalgic vision. We all have different memories, come from different towns and countries, but we all share the feeling of standing in-between places, people, versions of ourselves. We all carry the moments we have lived, we all try to create new memories that might one day spark that bittersweet feeling of nostalgia.

This magazine belongs to you, every student of AUC, and the issue would never have been possible without every contributor, every artist whose voice echoes from these pages. We are incredibly grateful for the works you have shared with us, for your openness and vulnerability.

Likewise, this magazine could not have been created without our wonderful board. Thank you: Alecta, for all the hours you have spent turning your creative vision into a tangible issue, leaving us amazed time after time. Helena and Zoe, for your scrutiny and your incredible passion for all the pieces you edited and raved about. Sara, for the amazing energy and love you have poured into every single of our projects and their promotion. Lina, for always being on top of numbers and sums, even in a creative, and sometimes messy, arts committee.

Finally, thank you to you, our readers. We hope you find inspiration in these pages like we have; new favourite poems, stories that speak to your own experiences, photographs that evoke the sensation of nostalgia. Over the last months, we have gotten to know many of you during our poetry readings and creative sessions and we look forward to meeting you again, through our events or the art you share with us for the next issue.

With Love,  
Jana and Lena  
Co-Chairs of Scriptus 2022-23

# TICKET TO A JOURNEY

## BACK IN TIME

### INCLUDED STOPS:

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LER.



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Poetry of a Conversation transcribed years ago,  
to reunite for the first and last time; scraps  
of a bruised memory;

You know how with some people you feel like they are a body, like you  
associate them with their body? Well with you, it's like you're utterly and  
wholey You. I don't notice your body, I just see You.

I want you to be happy, please promise me you will be happy.  
I will if you believe in me. I need you to believe in me and I will believe in you  
What if I trust you to?

You can trust me but believe in me first, and then make sure you're happy  
second.

I don't think you ever realised how much I loved you  
No I don't think I did. I was stupid  
I loved you so much  
I know

Are you slipping?  
No, I'm just remembering the curves of your body  
What?  
Wait did you say slipping or sleeping?  
Slipping  
Oh I thought you said sleeping. I love your body

It hurt so much  
I'm so sorry  
So much. I felt sick. I never hurt that much before

Why do you kiss so well,  
This is evil  
I can't get enough of you

I feel like this is a dream  
Me too  
I'm so happy this isn't a dream

We're making amends.  
What's amends?  
It's like when two people ask for and receive forgiveness. But it's not really  
forgiveness. It's when they acknowledge what happened in the past and put it  
behind them. It's a specific feeling I guess. I feel like it fits.

.....  
So we made amends then, right?

by E

SILVERSTARSTORM

# It's Always Been Like This

I grew up in the center of a forest fire.  
Our house has been surrounded  
Since long before my time.

It's always been like this.  
They fed our trash to the fire - convenient -  
And drank their water when the smoke blew wrong.

It's all around and singeing the edges  
Crawling up the walls and blinding us all

It's always been like this  
They've been blind too long  
To the ash I've grown up with  
And still they quench their smoke charred throats

But the water can't save their throats  
When the flames crawl up their skins  
Our home's scaffolding cracks and crushes

- I will watch - Smoke fills the sky - Consumed by flames - Fed by ignorance so will  
they - Surrounded -

It's always been like this  
Since I was born  
Our house has been burning  
And soon so will I

# HOMESICK

CITY NIGHTS TASTE LIKE BUTTER  
THAT COVERS MY DRY PASTA BEFORE I GO OUT  
THAT SIZZLES ON THE PAN WHERE I HEAT UP COLD SAUSAGES SERVED WITH  
KETCHUP  
THAT WILL MAKE THE HANGOVER MORE BEARABLE.  
I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO EAT DINNER AT HOME.  
CITY NIGHTS SMELL LIKE LIQUOR  
THAT IS MORE TRANSPARENT THAN THE WATER THAT YOU CHASE IT WITH  
MORE TRANSPARENT THAN THE PERFECTLY CLEAN WINDOWS ON THE TOP  
FLOOR  
WHEN I AM DRUNK, I GET MORE TRANSPARENT.  
CITY NIGHTS LOOK LIKE SMOKE  
GRAY SMOKE THEY EXHALE AND INHALE  
THEY BREATHE LIKE IT'S THEIR MORNING MEDITATION  
WHITE SMOKE THAT FILLS THEIR EXPENSIVE APARTMENTS  
LINGERS ON THEIR DESIGNER SOFAS  
COVERS MODERN ARTWORKS ON THE WALLS  
SMOKE THAT ENVELOPS THEIR LUNGS FROM THE INSIDE  
BUT THEY WANT TO BE ENVELOPED FROM THE OUTSIDE, TOO.  
CITY NIGHTS SOUND LIKE THE STREETS  
NOISY PARTIES AND VOICES POURING DOWN THE WALLS AND SPILLING ON THE  
SIDEWALKS  
LIQUOR SPILLS ON THE SIDEWALK  
YOUNG BOYS SHOUTING AND PUSHING  
ON THE STREETS ON WHICH I PASS LOVERS, LONERS AND EGOISTS  
AT NIGHT WE ALL WALK THE SAME STREETS.  
CITY NIGHTS FEEL LIKE YOU KNOW THEM  
DURING THE DAY YOUR CITY IS UNGRASPABLE  
AT NIGHT IT IS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS.

# HARVEST SONGS

LENA GÖTZ

I  
the blackberries are gone  
I wish I could tell you  
of shrubs replaced by concrete walls and echoes  
that laugh but no longer call  
our names  
how the crane swerves beneath every storm  
and I duck into contorted streets  
where familiar bricks trench the lamps into grey  
and your memory slowly  
turns stale

II  
still  
sticky cones taste  
like the sweetness of raspberry summers that used to drip  
from your lips and splatter  
all over the ground  
messy fruit painted brown by time  
too overripe to even consider  
for eating  
soggy plumps dreaming beneath the wooden fence  
the one we climbed to cross the wind  
escape the doom of leaving  
behind the shadows already stretching their spine  
our pinky fingers  
intertwined  
in the orange glow of mothers  
calling us home  
now  
our hands measure maps  
crossing space, marking time  
to point out a place that will unmask  
the wild  
we whispered  
into breaking skies

III  
this morning I dragged  
another plant to the garbage bin  
wondering how I turned from garden to graveyard  
when all we ever buried was the mice  
that had fallen  
into the wrong set of teeth  
meet me back then  
next to the tulips  
in the land behind the bridge where no one ever  
drowned  
in our waters promise  
that this time  
we will sprout taller promise  
on basil and thyme  
to return every scar and unlearn  
how to starve  
your body  
promise  
I will not let go  
when you jump  
and I fall



Twenty nine P

Mon,



#### V

our tree still carries the star  
like me  
and like him I will always  
catch your mark  
whatever skin you carve it into  
hold the snarl between your lips and  
let it drop  
onto the wasted field  
we used to shape into castles and dreams before  
the harvester came and ripped them  
a part of me will always pick  
you  
through the landline at a quarter past nine  
dressed in a voice that never knew  
how to whisper  
when we meet in the season  
where wheat sways  
without wind  
I will crown you  
queen to my king and  
we will spin  
once more into the branching of limbs  
a climbing of hearts until  
I can feel again  
the sweet sting on my tongue  
of honey  
dripping upon bark

#### IV

the horses glide past me now  
their golden mane swirling to blue  
as paint broadens its shoulders in the attic  
where I used to hide poems from  
you taught me to run  
beside your galloped hooves how to  
stretch into crowns, turn corn into maize  
real enough to cut the face I assembled  
that summer  
how to breathe through the stinging bite of  
nettles' kiss  
just to find a bird  
suspended in flight  
how sometimes a lie is the kindest of offers  
in your mirror I clench  
my eyes and whisper  
until we meet  
we meet  
again

# LETTER TO MY HAPPY SELF

DEAR ME,

I KNOW YOU ARE DOING WELL. CHERISH THIS SWEET FEELING, SOON IT'LL GO AWAY. SOONER THAN YOU EXPECT. I AM WITNESS TO IT. IT HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY; I WISH I COULD WARN YOU. I KNOW WE HAD FINALLY STOPPED THINKING ABOUT TERRIBLE THINGS AND TRUSTED MORE.

I CHANGED. I LOOK SAD, MORE SERIOUS. I LOST THIS SPARKLE YOU HAD IN YOUR EYES, THIS RADIATING SMILE THAT COULD LIGHT UP AN ENTIRE ROOM. I LOST YOUR NAIVETY AND I THINK ALSO HOPE. I REMEMBER HOW YOU THOUGHT NOTHING BAD COULD HAPPEN, HOW EXCITED FOR THE FUTURE YOU WERE. THERE IS NOTHING MORE BRUTAL THAN YOUR WINGS BEING CUT WHILST FLYING. FROM THEN ON, I JUST FELL AND FELL AND FELL. I AM STILL FALLING. AND WHEN I HIT THE GROUND, I THINK OF YOU. OF YOUR SMILE AND JOY, AND THEN OF OUR FALL. I'M SCARED I WILL NEVER WANT TO FLY AGAIN. YOU WEREN'T AFRAID OF RISKS. YOU WANTED TO WAKE UP EVERY MORNING AND CLIMB MOUNTAINS. I SOMETIMES WISH I NEVER WOKE UP AGAIN. WHEN I FALL ASLEEP, I HAVE WARM DREAMS. UNREALISTIC, TRUE, BUT IT STOPS HURTING THEN. I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK A PART OF ME DIED. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU WOULD SAY IF YOU SAW ME: THAT I AM BEING DRAMATIC - WHICH MIGHT BE TRUE - AND THAT I SHOULD JUST MOVE ON. I GUESS YOU COULDN'T FATHOM THE IDEA OF IT HAPPENING. JOKE'S ON YOU.

DEAR ME, I MISS YOU.

I NEED YOU,

AND I WILL PROBABLY NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.

BUT MAYBE I WILL FIND A VERSION OF YOU IN THE FUTURE. ONE THAT DOESN'T HURT AND RESENT ANYMORE. ONE WHO HAS SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO. ONE WHO IS HAPPY AGAIN.

SINCERELY,

HER.

# Alles,

Chicca



# ich hasste





# YO SOY EL POEMA YO



TOMÁS FERNÁNDEZ REDONDO

Yo soy el poema, yo  
Y quien me vea que lo aprenda  
Quién quiera que me tenga  
sonríe dulce serena eterna

I am the poem, I  
And whoever sees me, learn  
Whoever wants to have me  
smiles sweet everly serene

En mi piel se escriben rimas  
con las tintas de sus tiernas  
piernas  
Se me lee con el ritmo ciego,  
de mi fuego quiero,  
pero creo cielo,  
porque te como entero,  
pero

In my skin rhymes are carved  
with the ink of your tender  
legs  
I am read with the blind rhythm,  
of my fire I desire,  
yet darling I believe,  
because I devour you complete,  
yet

Pero te quiero entero pleno lleno,  
aunque solo tengas ritmos rimas  
rhythms y tus temas son perdidas,  
eres mi anheloso almíbar insereno,  
amargo pero

yet I love you whole complete full,  
though you only have rhymes  
and your themes are lost,  
you are my longingly syrup inserene,  
bitter yet

No escapo la melodía de tus besos;  
los misterios de tu versado  
Cuerpo ineternamente tierno

I can't escape your canoodle's melody;  
the mysteries of your versed  
Body ineternally tender

Se me escapan las quebradas  
líneas, leo  
en la erótica contemplación de  
tus emblanquecidas páginas,  
finas grietas rojas por el humo  
de tu envenenado aliento

Escape me cracking  
lines, I read  
in the erotic contemplation of  
your whitened folios,  
thin red fissures for the smoke  
of your poisonous breath

## LA LLUVIA DE AMSTERDAM NO PESA

La lluvia de Amsterdam,  
cae como dulce aire  
Ligera llovizna gris,  
cae como sin fuerza

Amsterdam's rain,  
falls like sweet air  
Light drizzle grey,  
falls without strength

Flotámbula agua  
Mis gotas no pesan,  
caen siendo el reflejo del  
humo subir  
Mis gotas caen con ligereza

Floatambulaic water  
My tears have no weight,  
fall being mirror to the rising  
fumes  
My tears fall with lightness

Hay tanta lluviurra que  
incluso  
cuando no lluviurra, su idea  
pesa tanto como su  
presencia misma  
Continua ligereza que me  
agota

So much curdled drizzle that  
even  
when it's not curdly drizzling,  
its dream  
weighs as its very presence  
Ceaseless lightness that depletes  
me

Me aplasta, me asfixia  
el peso rotundo de las gotas  
Me calma en su apatía,  
grisáceo sueño

Crushes, asphyxiates me  
the drops' resounding denseness  
soothes me by apathy  
greyish dream

Las respiro y me  
envenenan,  
gotas de asma  
Pierdo el suspiro entre los  
charquitos que se forman,  
vuelan

I breathe and they poison me,  
drops of asthma  
I loose my sigh within  
the little puddles that become,  
fly

Nunca para, porque  
incluso cuando la amarga  
lluvia cesa,  
su presencia pesa  
al saber que las nubes  
todavía vuelan

Never stops, because  
even when the bitter rain ceases,  
its presence weighs, unbearable  
buzz  
knowing that clouds still hover  
over the sky

Image: Chloé Marielle

Begonia Fernandez

Charlie Clarke  
1012 Kristina McGill Road  
EH2 3EG  
Ofton  
Layton  
December 13th. 1987

My dear Charlie,

I hope this letter finds you well. I read all about your research in Edinburgh in the newspaper. I had no idea one could study spiderweb formation in such depth! Sounds really fascinating, although not really my cup of tea to be honest. You know what I think of webs.

Life here is pretty much the same as when you left, although there is a new brand of soup at the supermarket that I have been trying for the past couple of weeks. We've been having it for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day, although Roger doesn't seem to take notice of it. In any case, I'm getting kind of sick of it now, so I think I'll go back to our usual staple of buttered toast. Maybe I'll sprinkle some paprika in his to see if he notices; I'll keep you updated.

Speaking of being sick, my dear, I wanted to warn you to be careful out there. I know you often sleepwalk around the city at night, but really, you ought to wear some clothes when you do it. A scarf, at least. I wouldn't stick my nose in your business otherwise, but there is a new illness going around that is making everyone go crazy. "Nostalgia", they call it. It's awful. I'm serious. I caught it last October and I suffered from it for six weeks straight.

I think I got it from my friend Helena. She came over for coffee one time, and in the middle of the conversation she just zoned out and stared at the kitchen table (the wooden one we bought at Macy's) for three and a half hours. Naturally, I left to do some laundry after an hour, but when she was done she told me that the crack in the table had transported her back to her childhood and she was reminiscing about her younger self. Odd, isn't it? Our neighbor John also got triggered by the sound of his microwave. He said it was the same one that his walkie talkie made when he was eight and used to play spies with his sisters.

As for me, I started having my first symptoms whenever I smelt rotten flowers or clean laundry. After that, it was whenever I caught a glimpse of a cowboy movie on tv (Roger got a new tv set by the way! It's great; now we can sit in silence but have an excuse for it), or when I heard a bit of a Simon and Garfunkel song. As soon as the chorus played, my mind would strikingly leave my body and I would have a flashback of the past.

Charlie, I hope this letter finds you well. I read all about your research in Edinburgh in the newspaper. I had no idea one could study spiderweb formation in such depth! Sounds really fascinating, although not really my cup of tea to be honest. You know what I think of webs. Life here is pretty much the same as when you left, although there is a new brand of soup at the supermarket that I have been trying for the past couple of weeks. We've been having it for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day, although Roger doesn't seem to take notice of it. In any case, I'm getting kind of sick of it now, so I think I'll go back to our usual staple of buttered toast. Maybe I'll sprinkle some paprika in his to see if he notices; I'll keep you updated.

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I started remembering my adolescence and my old house. I used to hide inside our dusty wardrobe for hours and thought it was hilarious that no one could find me. From inside I would hear my mom trying to sing "The Only Living Boy in New York" but it always ended up sounding like a bad version of The Dubliners. I survived off the mint candy that was in my grandma's coat pocket.

One night I got engulfed in the memory of my first boyfriend Clark. He was two inches shorter than me and had yellow pebble glasses that were always dirty. I used to hope we would get married, that way I would get to drive our car since his vision was so terrible. He was also the one that gave me my first cigarette and told me I should be a writer. I was so utterly in love with him that I kept his bouquet of flowers for four years (not a good idea in retrospect), although we only dated for three months.

That same night, my temperature got so high that I was mentally transported into my old room. I used to keep all my writings in a beautiful wooden trunk underneath my bed. I used to want to be a writer, can you believe that? My adolescence was full of dreams and aspirations, apparently. My house was also full of noise. In any case, my adolescence is so old that it's demolished now, but the house still stands (only difference is that they moved a couple inches to the left to make room for the new public basketball court).



Vera Bejczy

Luckily the medicine kicked in after twenty minutes and the nostalgia faded away. I'm all good now, but the Doctor told me one of the most common side effects is the realization that you haven't accomplished anything in life and have given up on all your dreams. He recommended that I drink a glass of lemon juice every four hours to prevent the symptoms. It seems to work; I can't remember anything of how I used to be anymore! Thank God. Well, thank Doctor Vermijden I suppose.

Anyway dear, I guess what I'm trying to say is that I'm sending you a scarf with this letter so you can wear it to bed. I wouldn't want you to catch any of that Nostalgia in your sleepwalk and start wondering if you're truly satisfied with your life!

Best wishes,

*with love Aunt M*

t symptoms whenever I smelt rotten flowers or clean laundry. After that, it was whenever I caught a glimpse of a cowboy movie on tv (Roger got a new cowboy hat by the way! It's great; now we can sit in silence but have an excuse for it), or when I heard a bit of a Simon and Garfunkel song. As soon as the chorus p



# inside the box

Meg Czachowska

I have a box, full of nostalgia  
Scraps with memories  
Tickets to adventures  
Captured moments of love and friendship  
And letters and drawings and hopes and dreams  
Little puzzles of my identity.

I carry it with me to all the places I call home.

I don't open it often  
I mostly glare at it with longing  
But when I open it  
My body remembers.  
All the little parts that made me who I am  
All those people, who are now so far away  
I didn't know everything would change so much  
And I wonder if it was even real  
Or maybe I was dreaming  
But then I see my little box  
And I know those precious moments are still with me

inhale...

exhale...

Warm tears water my garden of memories

Wrapped in a blanket of love and gratitude  
Nostalgia slowly puts me to sleep

Emilie Delforge-Watine

Such a distant memory

Such a distant memory

Such a distant memory

A memory

You can almost see

It almost

Feel it be the person you

Were almost picture the way all

of it felt

All of

The way all

of it felt

ФОНД ЗА  
ИНОВАЦИИ И  
ТЕХНОЛОШКИ  
РАЗВОЈ

FUND FOR  
INNOVATIONS  
AND TECHNOLOG  
DEVELOPMENT



# to my lover

by Klaudia  
Sobczyk

My brain knows I don't love you. The brain learned at school that it's just hormones, and attachment, and Maslow's pyramid of needs. So the brain knows everything. It is so wise. I wonder where in these folds of wrinkled tissue this knowledge hides. How to catch its content, where to read its words. The brain thinks of a time when it did not know itself. It is hard to live in this metanarrative. So I look at myself reflected in your pupils. I become your body. That's all I want from you; I want you to define me, I want to see myself through you. I lost myself in my own head.

The brain knows it is so extraordinary, but it cannot break free and stand above itself. The brain knows I don't love you, and if I do, it's not that deep at all. So the brain knows it's hormones, and attachment, and Maslow's pyramid of needs, but when I look into your eyes, the only thing it thinks - oh God.

Even though it knows there is no God. It would like to be God itself. To get out of the clutches of self-consciousness. It hurts to be aware.



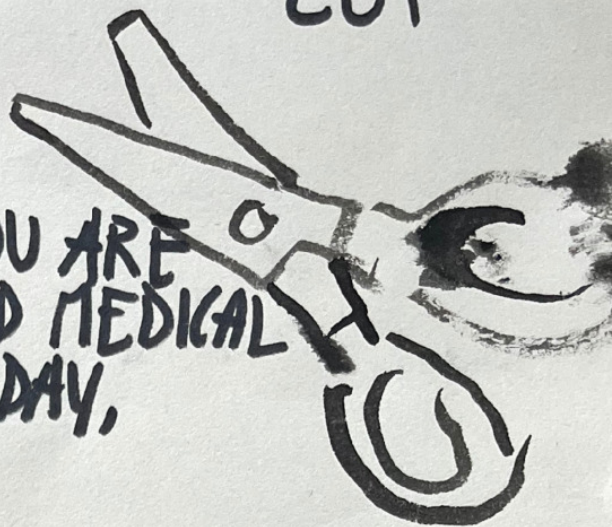
YOU FEEL ME? ITS WARM BUT ITS NOT, THE SUN IS, THE SHADE IS NOT. THE PARENTS CHATTING, MY LEGS FREEZING. THE COLD STONE STAIRS MAKE MY PANTS FEEL WET, BUT THEY R NOT. YOU FEEL IT? SOME HAVE THE IVE-BEEN-USING- THIS-NEW-PRODUCT TALK, OTHERS TAKE THE LETS-GET-COFFEE WALK. YOU SEE IT? OTHER PARENTS OBSESS, WHAT WHOLESOME STRESS. EVERY MISSED PASS IS A SAD TOO BAD”, DUDE ITS LIKE THE THIRD MATCH THIS WEEK THEY HAD. THE BAR’S COUNTRY MUSIC JUST DON’T GO WITH THE PANINI AIR. PANINI OR IS IT JUST ITALIAN SCENT FLAIR? YOU SMELL IT? THE AUDIENCE IS FULL, BUT ITS NOT. ALL HAVE THEIR SPACE BUT ITS THE FORCED SMALLTALK YOU GET IN CAUGHT. NEXT TIME COME AND BE QUICK, SUNGLASSES AND AIRPODS DO THE TRICK. WRITING THIS WITH MY SIX PERCENT, I GOT NOTHING MORE, BUT HONESTLY WHAT AM I SAVING THEM ELSE FOR? THIS LIFE GOT THE RHYTHM IT OUGHT, BUT IS THIS ALL OR IS IT NOT? INNOCENT CLOUDS CONTRAST THE DYNAMICS ON GROUNDS, MOVING WEST AT EARTHLY PACE, I FEEL ITS THAT HARMONY I CHASE. YOU FEEL ME?

ITS AS IF ALL WAS PUT ON HOLD ITS 23:47 AND SO FREAKN COLD IT WAS A DW ILL DO THE DISHES NIGHT AN ALEXA SHUFFLE DONDA SESH ALRIGHT BUT IM LAYING HERE NOW, 4 PAST MIDNIGHT FEELING EXACTLY WHAT I FELT MINUTES AGO EVERY THOUGHT INTENSE BUT SLOW MUSIC TOO LOUD BUT IT FITS THE FLOW PLAYING THOSE FEW SONGS ON REPEAT LETTING TIME REVOLVE AROUND THEIR BEAT EITHER WAY, GIFT OR WEAKNESS IT FEEL LIKE I8YO COMPLETENESS

BY VIC



IT WON'T HURT,  
JUST A LITTLE  
CUT



I'M AFRAID YOU ARE  
GOING TO NEED MEDICAL  
SURGERY TODAY,  
SIR



OH DEAR ME!  
YOU ARE BLEEDING  
QUITE A LOT


"MOM, HELP!!!"

"OH MY GOD,  
LINA!! WHAT DID  
YOU DO?!"

"DON'T WORRY  
WE CAN FIX  
HIM!"




"AND IT LOOKS PRETTY  
CUTE TOO!"



I'M  
GOING TO  
GRANDMA'S AND  
GRANDPA'S THIS WEEKEND  
SO OF COURSE I'M BRINGING  
YOU!




TIME  
LIES  
WHEN  
YOU  
HAVE  
FUN



TIME TO  
LEAVE...  
BUT WHERE  
WERE  
YOU?



EVERYONE  
LOOKING



WENT  
FOR YOU

BUT NOONE COULD FIND YOU...

FLOWER  
GIRL

PICKING ALL THE  
DAISIES

SO MANY PRETTY ONES  
ALL OVER THE  
FIELD

SUCH  
A  
HAPPY  
SPRING  
DAY

I BET YOU DIDN  
NOTICE YOU  
LEFT HIM  
THERE



Jana Naskova





Sara

# OUR FRIENDSHIP IN LETTERS

— before moving

Brussels, February 2021: In a letter that you gave to me a few months before moving, you wrote that our friend group doesn't have much time left and we should make the most of it. You also said that we should keep writing letters, even though we see each other almost every day because it seems to be the only place we can be completely honest with each other.

Brussels, the 22nd of April 2021: You wrote in a letter, that you are not scared of leaving anymore.

Brussels, 6th of March: I wrote in a letter that I never gave to you and still have in my drawer, that I am still scared of leaving. I am scared because I know every tram and where it goes. I am scared because it has all become interwoven, this city, the street corners that hold our stories, our friendships, my thoughts, and finally home.

France, Pointe d'Arradon, 10th July 2021, our senior trip: You gave everyone in the friend group a typed-up letter in a red envelope. The letter made me cry, it still makes me cry. You talked like we wouldn't see each other in a very long time and told me to keep sending you songs. And it's true, I haven't seen you since that week but we still send each other songs. Everyone in the group promised each other that no matter what happened, we will meet again every year in the same place. All seven of us, every year, the same spot, it was a promise, is a promise, still.

Last day in Brussels, 15th July 2021: besides moving boxes, we all cuddled up between mattresses on the floor. That night we tried to swallow the hours of the morning with our songs and stories. None of us wanted to sleep because the morning meant saying goodbye, and that we would never live in the same city again.

The next morning was one of the few times I saw you cry. You hugged everyone and said see you soon, which stung a bit because we all knew it wouldn't be soon.

-----after moving

A letter addressed to Amsterdam, on the 19th of March 2022: you wrote "I love you and the group more than any of you will ever know", but I knew because I felt the same way.

A letter to Utah, 30th of March 2022: I don't remember what I said but I attached this,  
If I am being fully honest with myself

I am scared to walk the streets of Brussels without you

I'm scared the old pavement stones will tremble me

into memories of us eating carrot cake, at ten past midnight with the old city buildings looking down on us

I'm scared to feel the evening sun reflected through the big arches at Cinquantenaire

*and not be able to hear our songs or dance to jailhouse rock  
and not be able to catch your eyes or fall into your arms.*

*Brussels I'm scared to come home to you because I'm scared you are nothing without them  
Brussels I can't come home to you because home left on four planes and three trains.*

*It's beautifully awful and awfully beautiful the way our friendships had to continue.  
But somehow, even at a distance,  
we are maintained in everything.  
I recognize all of you in the things I do  
the language I use  
sometimes I even chose the stairs over the elevator  
because elevators scared you and you would have wanted me to.  
missing all of you feels like an ache that I swallow with a smile.*

*A letter to Utah, on the 20th of April 2022: I told you about the girl's reunion we had in  
Madrid and I think I even admitted that we missed you and the other two boys in the group  
a tiny bit. I attached this:*

*An old lady passes us and smiles  
she tells us in Spanish that she used to sit like that with her friends  
on warm concrete stones  
we absorb laughs like the sun  
leaning heads back  
heads caught in shoulders  
arms around necks  
somehow I feel like we are the center of everything  
walking in this strange beautiful city  
at a metro station past midnight  
a friend of a friend tells us that we seem related  
and we tell him it's because we grew up together  
grew into each other's thoughts  
through midnight high school talks  
we hold each other easily  
we make each other beautiful.*

*France, Pointe d'Arradon, August 2022: One year later, as promised in the same spot. We are  
a group of seven but there are only five of us there. I sent you a message to the US and told  
you that there's a silent absence floating around when the group isn't complete and it feels a  
bit unsettling. The two of you couldn't make it for reasons that were bigger than all of us.  
You ask me to tell you about everything and I tried to explain that it's one year later and  
nothing has changed, in some ways, and in some ways not. It's the same familiarity of  
comfort, teasing, and laughter but we're a bit older and we hug each other a bit longer  
because we're scared of leaving again.*

*A call from Utah to Amsterdam, September 2022: We caught up on the phone. The  
connection was bad but you told me that the girl you were falling in love with is now your  
girlfriend. And I told you that I am feeling very lost in life, but a good kind of lost. And I  
asked you if that made sense, and you said, kind of. We both told each other about our new  
friend groups and we agreed to send each other a letter because we hadn't done that in a  
while. We ended the call by saying, see you during Christmas break, so this time, I'll actually  
see you soon.*





# NOSTALGIA LIES


*Your timeless self*

I cannot wait to actually be you that I see,  
not a mere reflection in the sea, venomous fruit of  
my mind,  
or a gust of wind that whispers our summers spent together,  
laughing, ignorant of our future separation by  
things far too big for our imagination.

I cannot wait to finally look into those eyes  
that I've been seeing in everything around me,  
but I'm afraid Nostalgia has dressed you far too well,  
because what if you've changed after all this time?  
or what if I never really knew you?  
I just thought I did,  
and how I loved the thought of you.

-Your timeless self



A photograph of a person building a sandcastle on a beach at sunset. The person is seen from behind, crouching on the sand. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and grey, with clouds. The ocean is visible in the background.

Remember when we were  
kids, and making sandcastles  
was all that mattered?


# SCHOOLYARD

*Inge Dormans*

Soothing dawn, magical moonshine and enchanting youth  
Just as real as the witch's soup in the marble tile.  
I stretch my back and hunch over, navel pierces the earth, so that the marbles can roll inside me.  
It is a struggle against the false fantasies and weathering of time.  
In which is fought against forms of identity.  
I am hopped like the hopscotch tiles.  
From sore spot 1 to 10  
And the fallen autumn leaves are carried by my head like a crown.  
Queen of all that will perish.  
The mirrors simultaneously form wrinkles in the marble.  
My beauty through the mud used to be more beautiful.  
Now all rubbish is removed from the schoolyard.  
But no new playground equipment will repair the cracked foundation.  
The glow of nostalgia will fade with the arrival of anything new.  
Until I am no longer recognizable.

# I WISH YOU WERE HERE.

By L

A group of people, including children and adults, are playing soccer on a grassy field. The scene is set outdoors with lush green trees in the background. The people are wearing various soccer jerseys and shorts. A soccer goal is visible on the right side of the field. The overall atmosphere is bright and active.

The coffee smell pulls me out of bed,  
not the person lingering in your stead.  
I can't fathom my road ahead  
because a life without you is what I dread.

The brisk autumn air brings color to my cheeks,  
not our arguments and your heated critiques.  
I think about all the years and weeks,  
surging past us in vast advancing leaps.

The sun sets early now, and the colors fade  
not a single person understands what you gave.  
I remember you were unafraid,  
yet your body disobeyed.



Sara Tobias

## Aliveness

Alone in my aliveness  
The smoke uncurls itself into my body  
Uncoiling the thoughts  
The worm I saved from the pavement last week  
Wriggles and writhes  
Pushing the boundaries of her existence

\*\*\*

When I wake up in the morning  
I can't help but kiss my knees  
Grateful for my fingers and my eyelids  
My body flutters and twirls  
Free to run through endless forests  
Between the trees and my ego  
To think about the dark bits  
When I find myself  
Frozen in my limbs  
Dejected with Impermanence  
Knowing it will all end someday  
I will never love the world enough  
I wrap my arms around myself  
And then I wrap them around you  
The way we exist in this moment  
We have entered a miracle  
We lose ourselves to find ourselves  
Like the earth who is reborn  
New and old, old and new  
Intertwine in a timeless waltz  
I learn the same things every day  
Sometimes I wonder how I am still here  
And I think about the miracle  
And I try to learn again.



DG

## Relative

What was it like for you?  
Did you listen to the river that rolls  
across the valley,  
the cool, clean water like a blessing on  
your skin?  
Or did you lie in the grass, with the  
dazzling blue sky forever above your head?  
Did you kiss the jagged rocks and hug the  
gnarled trees,  
Eagerly diving into this world, and do you  
know who gave it to you?

Grateful for the only world I know  
My heart sings for my senses  
it sings for this land  
And it sings for you  
You gave me the freedom to nourish my soul  
To breathe the air of fulfilment  
And to do absolutely  
nothing.

When I am old and given all I have  
To my children and my children's children  
Will the forest still remember me?  
Does the forest still remember you?

The red flannel jacket, lost on cougar  
mountain

It wasn't mine to begin with,  
We had a trade - he asked  
And I -unequipped to say anything else,  
burdened by my own tender heart  
said okay.

Over time I forgave him  
And that red flannel,  
The sentiment -  
The souvenir of my own inadequacy  
it began to feel like mine

It became a fashion statement - lumberjack  
aesthetic  
and red for good luck,  
I volunteered the soft fabric to cover wet  
grass  
We travelled to sandy beaches and rainy  
cities:  
A dirty and happy existence.

The thought of it  
Lost

On

A

Mountain

Alone in the pine needles, that cardinal red  
among the browns and greens of the forest  
floor  
I was just about ready to let it go..

Eating Raspberries on the Self-  
Picking Farm

You are so  
sweet on my lips  
like the nectar  
from a thousand butterflies

The deep crimson red,  
The wild sugar  
In the prickly jungle of patchwork vines  
I've known you for a long time.

In this sticky world,  
You are  
midnight dessert.  
The color of  
red wine;  
My fluttering heart to hold,  
gently,  
between delicate fingers.  
I'm swimming up to my neck  
In syrup.

Fermenting in the heat of the summer,  
I was lost  
in my own smile.  
Almost.

I kiss your raspberry mouth  
And hide my seed stained teeth.



# NOSTALGIA

## ALICE

## SKULKINA

“We are homesick most for the places we have never known.”  
– Carson McCullers

Mr. N kept a little antique shop in our seaside town, where everyone loved and pitied him for his loneliness. Rich for objects of distant past, the shop justified the old look of the streets, prompting an occasional dreamer to imagine our town in the light of a different year. Everyone was used to Mr. N’s devotion to the shop, and accepted the sacrifice that the old man made longer ago that anyone could remember – giving up any passions of his own to quietly serve the town, keeping his shop as empty of controversy and evil as was his uneventful life. In return, people respected his store as if it was a sanctuary – not once has Mr. N closed it at night, and nothing ever disappeared.

Once, having wandered into the shop in a sour mood, I confessed to Mr. N that art was the only thing that still interested me, and he asked me, with a mischievous smile of an old man trying to amuse his grandchildren: “Do you want to know the secret of the art I sell?”

“I remember every painting. Remember it like it was made yesterday...”, - he led me to a portrait of a young woman; a small, modest image from the late nineteenth century. The girl had pale, gothic beauty combined with a glistening to her lips taken from Vermeer. “This was painted right across the street”, – he pointed at an unremarkable building framed by the dusty shop window, “By the time it was finished, the artist, a young man, was deeply in love with his model. Sadly, he never got to see her again”.

Mr. N went on talking about another painting, and another row of ceramic Dutch houses, and another ancient kitchen cabinet – as if he himself used to be their owner. Forgetting his century, he talked about masts of toy ships like he himself had carved them, about an ancient stained tablecloth - like he had been the clumsy guest who toppled over a glass of wine, he ran his fingers over porcelain dolls like he was the child who had gotten them for Christmas in the year 1920. Every story he told plunged me in a new epoch, each one with its own colors and details the loss of which my mysterious storyteller seemed to mourn. Maybe, the years – long bond with the ghostly items of his shop replaced the old man’s real memories with nostalgia for the more romantic past he could not have had. Finally, he led me to his table, our faint reflections following us in the thin glass cabinets. He opened the drawer, and extracted a glassed over, yellowish paper. Etched in black, dating 1607, signed, but needing no signature – it was an Avercamp, a sketch of a winter landscape.

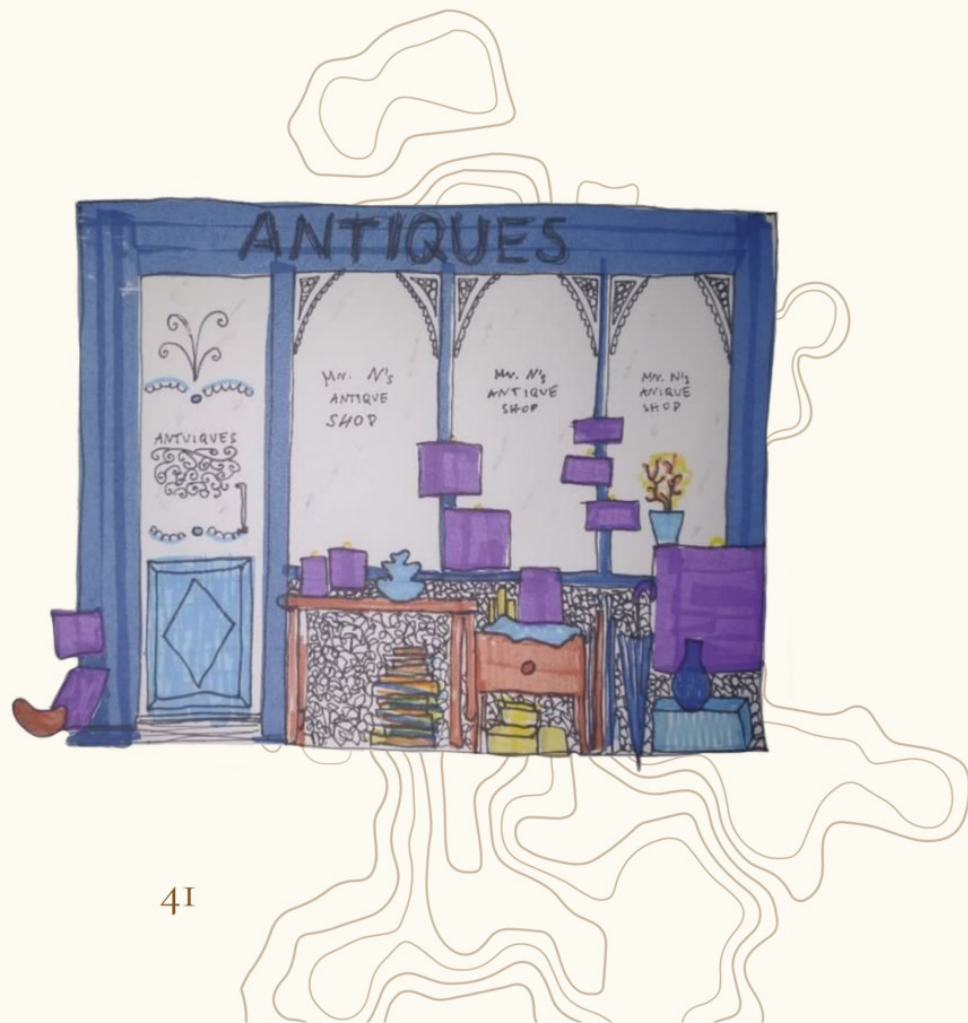
"Is it real? How did you manage to get it?!", – I asked, both compelled to believe in the miracle before me and ashamed of my gullibility.

"He gave it to me, because we were good friends," - Mr N. smiled sadly, "Back in the day, people were simpler, more generous about their work. He gave it to me, as a little gift."

The sketch looked so real, I couldn't stop guessing what the actual story behind it was, and whether the old man himself remembered it. I thought back to Mr. N – the way he held the drawing, as if he missed it, back when it was freshly made by the silent artist, a man perhaps as lonely as himself; when the paper wasn't worn, and there was no need to cage it behind glass; when the precious object that now belongs to history was just a sketch of a winter scene, "a little gift". God knows how, I knew the sketch was real. And, reluctantly, as the sun had set and I was far away from the shop – the thought I had pushed down now returned to my mind: the sketch must have cost a fortune.

Soon, I found myself back, crawling through shadows of the past in the darkness of the night. I need it – I repeated to myself: I need the money. I opened the drawer, and held the sketch to the moonlight that gently peaked through the window, illuminating dust and spider web. I looked past the reflection of the moon, and saw a detail that had escaped me before – a small inscription, right next to the signature: "to N., my dear friend". I didn't take it, in the end. Could not steal such a precious gift.

MALGORZATA



DG



Veronika Bejczy

# THE ART OF DISCOURSE

“No, not really.”, I answered. Micheal and Sofia looked confused. “You don’t remember the 2014 World Cup?”. “No”, I said again. “Don’t you remember when we went skating, in that harsh winter a few years back.”, Pablo asked. That triggered something, a flash of memory in the corners of my mind. I immediately squashed the thought and shook my head. “No”. For the first time in minutes, my friends said nothing. They seemed to be exchanging concerned glances with each other. For the past 20 minutes, they had asked me whether I remembered things. It had been a while since we had seen each other and our conversation consisted mostly of mentions of things we did in our childhood. They had asked me if I remembered the prank Pablo pulled on Mr. Johnson, our chemistry teacher and when I said no, they kept asking me if I remembered the fond memories they shared, which was always not the case.

Sofia put a hand on my shoulder. “Tom, do you have dementia?”.

“What?”, I said. She appeared to be serious.

“Dementia is when you have trouble remem...”

“I know what dementia is. Why the fuck do you think I have demenia?”.

“Because you appear to have no idea who we are and what we did together. You don’t remember the ice skating, you don’t remember Call Me Maybe. You don’t even seem to remember the birth of Sofia’s niece, even though it was you who delivered the baby!”, Micheal exclaimed.

Alright, that makes sense. I did seem to be somewhat unresponsive during the conversation. But I had my reasons.

“I purged my memory.”

My friends didn’t seem to understand it.

“You purged your memory?”

“I did.”

“How? Why?”

“My fear of nostalgia.”

They still did not seem to understand it. I elaborated.

“I find nostalgia one of life’s most useless feelings. Longing for a time well past is pointless. The time is not going to come back, and neither is the feeling you had during that time. And your brain also often paints a way more rose-tinted picture of that time than what actually happened. Because those pop songs from the early 2010’s are really quite mediocre. We should focus on the present, or rather, the future. Dwelling on the past is a dangerous mindset. It should be noted that Conservatism, Fascism and Nazism all employ nostalgia for a ‘golden’ past era that never really happened to draw people into their ideologies. I realised this when I left school, and since then, I have consciously made the effort to not remember a single piece of popular culture and to purge any fond childhood memories and cultural significant events from my brain, so that I would never get struck by the nostalgic sickness.”

My friends stared at me, their faces blank.

Eventually, Micheal spoke. “Have you considered that this might not make you the most pleasant person to talk to?”, he said.

I contemplated his words. “You might be right”, I said.



Alexander Shishkin

# Flash Fiction

Sara Tobias

Selected 6-word story for inspiration: They were six siblings, all girls.

They were six siblings, all girls. They lived in the finest land that could be found in this beautiful world. In the long summer days, they climbed the gnarled sycamore trees that lived among the golden fields, the enormous branches providing much needed shade against the glaring afternoon rays. They wrestled wild blackberries bushes, collecting battle scars on the prickly-sharp thorns for those tiny pockets of warm, wild sugar and returned home, purple lipped and happy. They sang to the sunset canyons, their tender voices echoing through the valleys, and the cadence of their laughter flowed with the wind like a peculiarly warm breeze. At night, they ran barefoot in the soft earth, their heels flecked with specks of dirt and wet leaves, their toes glistening with evening dew and their eyes glistening with joy. Every day was a new adventure for them, the outside world a never ending playground.

The world works in mysterious ways. Some say is it love that lies at the root of it all, the driving force that keeps the world spinning. Others say it is greed.

At first, it was just the oldest girl. Then the second oldest. Then the third. Then all of them, sent off to learn Some Very Important Things and not to come back until they were done. They learned what was wrong with the world, about the dark places. They learned how quickly violence can enter a room, and they learned how to disappear.

Eventually they returned home, no longer little girls, no longer uneducated, and they found themselves complacent to spend their long summer days inside the simple confines of their home, complacent with the fuzzy, numbing feeling in their bodies, complacent with their cracked lips on the liquor bottle. It wasn't that they stopped loving the outside world, but rather, the world became one they no longer recognized. The once sturdy sycamore trees groaned and creaked, unable to support the weight of even a sparrow. The blackberries no longer grew as ripe and plentiful, the fruit shriveled and sour on their tongues. The canyons were too windy for singing and the earth too rough for bare feet. To love in its entirety, that all-encompassing love, is a difficult task to ask in this world for six young girls. Especially when the odds were not in their favor.

Alexander Shishkin



# *Warm Dinner*

BY ANICCA JURASCHKA SULLIVAN

She waited. Dinner got cold. Again...  
Her eyes became heavy, tired, tired of dinner getting cold.  
Why was fire so mesmerizing?  
Warmth, she thought, watching the flickering candle blur into dancing dots.  
Hope, she thought, glancing out the window.  
But dinner stayed cold.  
And she felt herself coldening, wishing she, too, could howl like the frosty fall wind.

And every day, she would walk, pulling her wool coat tighter as the crisp cold turned her breath into pale smoke. Season of change, echoed through her mind, in awe of the last leaves swirling around her. Why were they so light? Where was the lightness, where were the days in which she, too, used to swirl! Used to dance. Used to eat... together.  
Warm dinner.

She knew. She knew that after fall, the cold follows. But she wasn't sure she could endure more coldness. Cold walks, cold dinner, cold cold cold.  
But there was her candle, on the table, after all. Warmth. Hope.  
Season of change...  
She was afraid of change, always was. The feeling of it creeping up on you, as if you're watching the last leaf gently fall, without noticing it's the last. And then they're gone, and then it's cold.  
And then the vibrant colors are gone, no more warmth.  
No more swirling.  
No more lightness.

She used to love autumn, used to love when the crisp breeze made you flee inside, laughing, inhaling the steam of hot chocolate, feeling your cheeks glow in the flickering fire. But now, she would shiver. She would miss the laughter, miss the warmth.

Why do seasons change? And why does it hurt so much... knowing.

That evening, heavy raindrops pattered against the glass windows. Gusts of wind whirled through the trees, last leaves spiraling down. She sat at the kitchen table, wrapped in her wool coat.  
She waited. Dinner got cold. Again...  
Watching the flickering candle melt into darkness, slowly, she felt it.  
Felt the change.  
She glanced out the window, rain softly drumming in her ears.  
But she wasn't waiting anymore.

And even though it was dark, and even though it was cold,  
she felt lighter than she had in years.

ler.

# MODERN LULLABY FOR THE ANCIENT ONES

the sun is shining, setting now;  
the light is not the same through the mist and occasional fog  
as it was in the sun. the light is not the same;  
through a fog, or mist, or raincloud,  
and through the thick silk webbing across the eternal plane spun and  
spread by the presence of a dead deity of stone though invisible to  
the eye (not to touch),  
the light is scattered, reflected, lengthened, and crushed;  
casting boughs of red, crimson, ruby, blood  
lengthways upon the bedroom floor;  
casting purple peeks; and violet, and plum, and wine  
to that fault it had never reached before;  
casting a sense of gold, canary, fawn and lemon  
on fallen leaves, still yet acquainting with the floor;  
casting memory into her mind's eye.

the daughter once a god  
urizen on the horizon; there never were any spiders.  
the webs are always spun;  
you can see them sometimes - if they parallel to the alignment in  
the core of the sun -  
when they spotlight the meadow's edge, or a cliff-face;  
you can hear them slightly if you listen (or feel them)  
those webbings faintly breaking in your stride.  
they connect to one another, and another, and another, and were  
constant  
with fractal space between them; they are so few and far between;  
you break them in your stride.  
remember to breathe, and question; where are all the spiders?  
there never were any, though that is not an answer;  
you will breathe and a web will break; will it ever break again?  
the light fractures when they break; the light is not the same;  
the light is memory; may you not remember?



Lina  
van Lieshout

the daughter, once a god

(never regret anything, you who listens forth so aptly.  
indeed; never regret a thing.  
light will never be the same;  
i would say it never has been.  
but it is forever undeniable –  
to a certain extent in bound of time –  
it is forever undeniable  
that you can always see)

the dragon carcass on the beach (who i call eustace) has wings that span the  
coast

and a body only twice the size of my own.

how far eustace could fly; how far they could take me, with such wings:  
just below the greatest clouds where the vapour harmonised.

now – sunset – is the best time to visit: they're under the cliffs and meadows;  
the sun will only catch them now.


if I had not asked to fly so far; if we had not flown so far.

i am not too well myself: the tip of my seventh foot has dullen almost to a sole;  
my exoskeleton is opaquer than i recall  
and my eyes have regressed further into my skull.

i recall looking at the sun, darkened through my arm, as a child, just at the edge  
of the serrations.

i always wondered how she does it

the daughter, once a god.



# NOSTALGIC TUNES OF SCRIPTUS

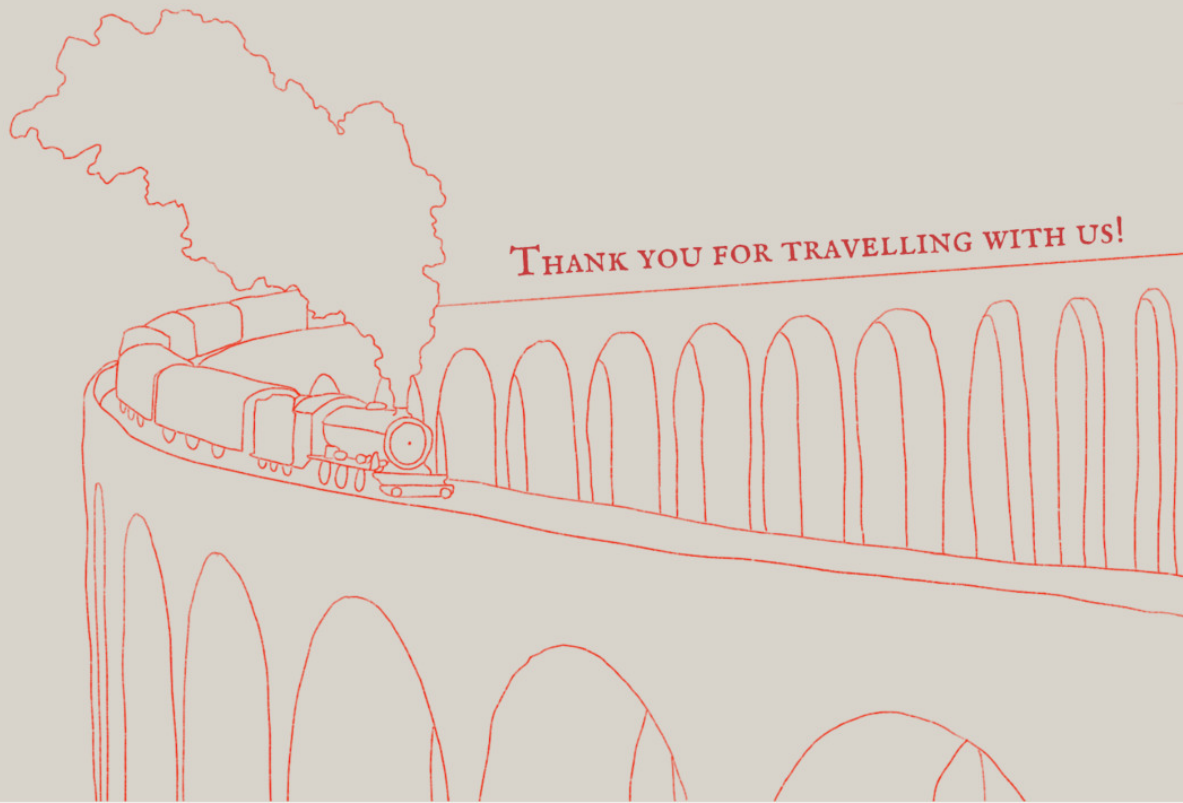
Change by Big Thief  
The Look by Metronomy  
marjorie by Taylor Swift  
Foot on the mountain by a-ah  
Chłopcy by Myslovitz  
Ribs by Lorde  
In meinem Leben by Nena  
What's Good by Fenne Lily  
This is the Life by Amy MacDonald  
Dreams by Fleetwood Mac  
Pożegnanie z morzem by Ralph Kamiński  
'tis the damn season by Taylor Swift  
The Only Living Boy in New York by Simon & Garfunkel  
Writer in the Dark by Lorde  
Piazza New York Catcher by Belle and Sebastian  
Dżins by Dawid Podsiadło  
Wir trafen uns i einem Garten by 2raumwohnung  
Brothers in Arms by Dire Straits  
Super Sad Generation by Arlo Parks  
Moon Song by Phoebe Bridgers

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