

01

the sun & moon

feverity



*“three things cannot be hidden: the
sun, the moon and the truth”*

Confucius

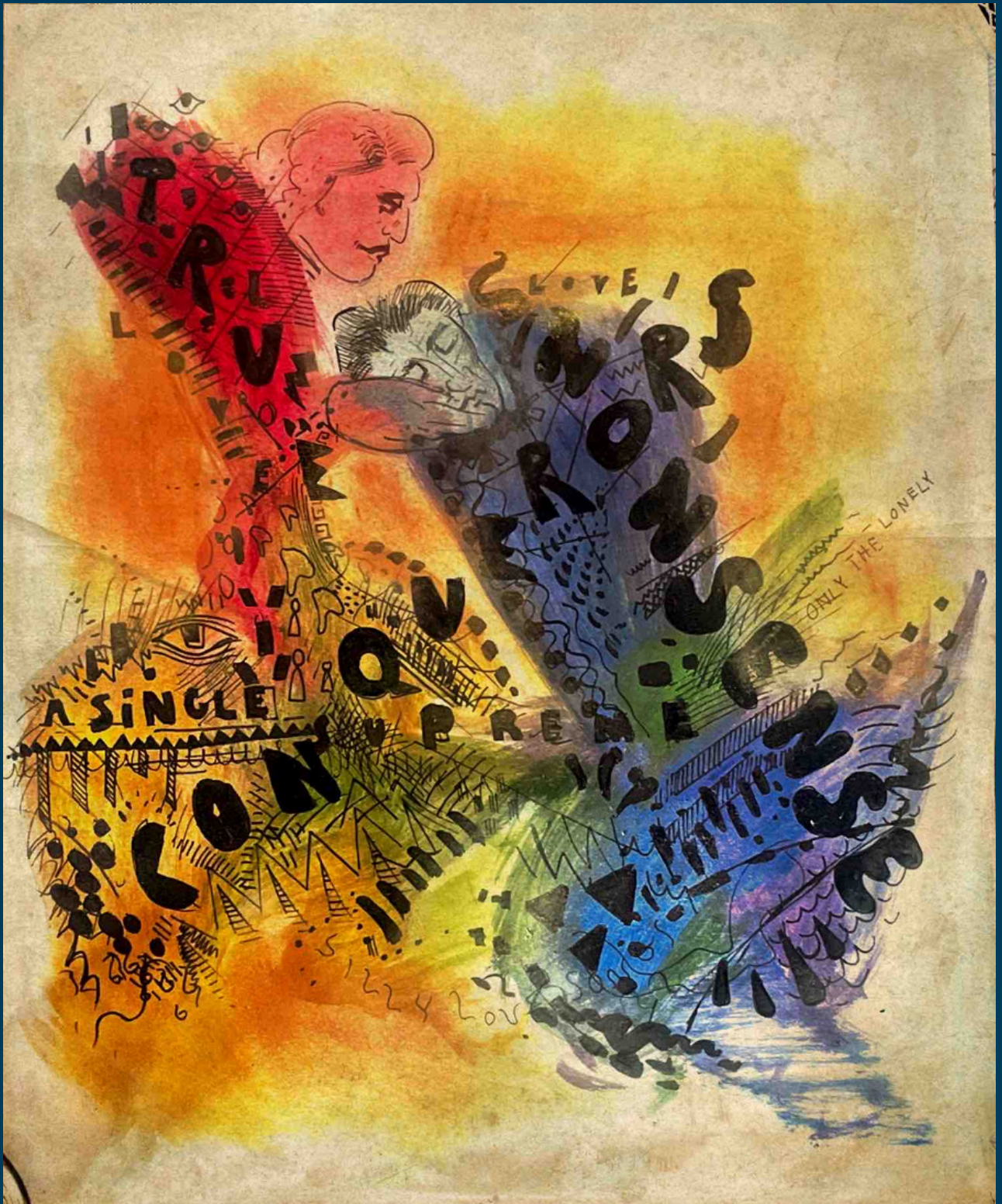


dear reader,
the world that we live in
is a very fickle constructed reality built
upon our beliefs but there are some
things that regardless of our beliefs are
just true. this edition explores that
construct. flip the pages and learn of
others views towards the truth.
thank you for joining us on our very
first edition.

feverity.

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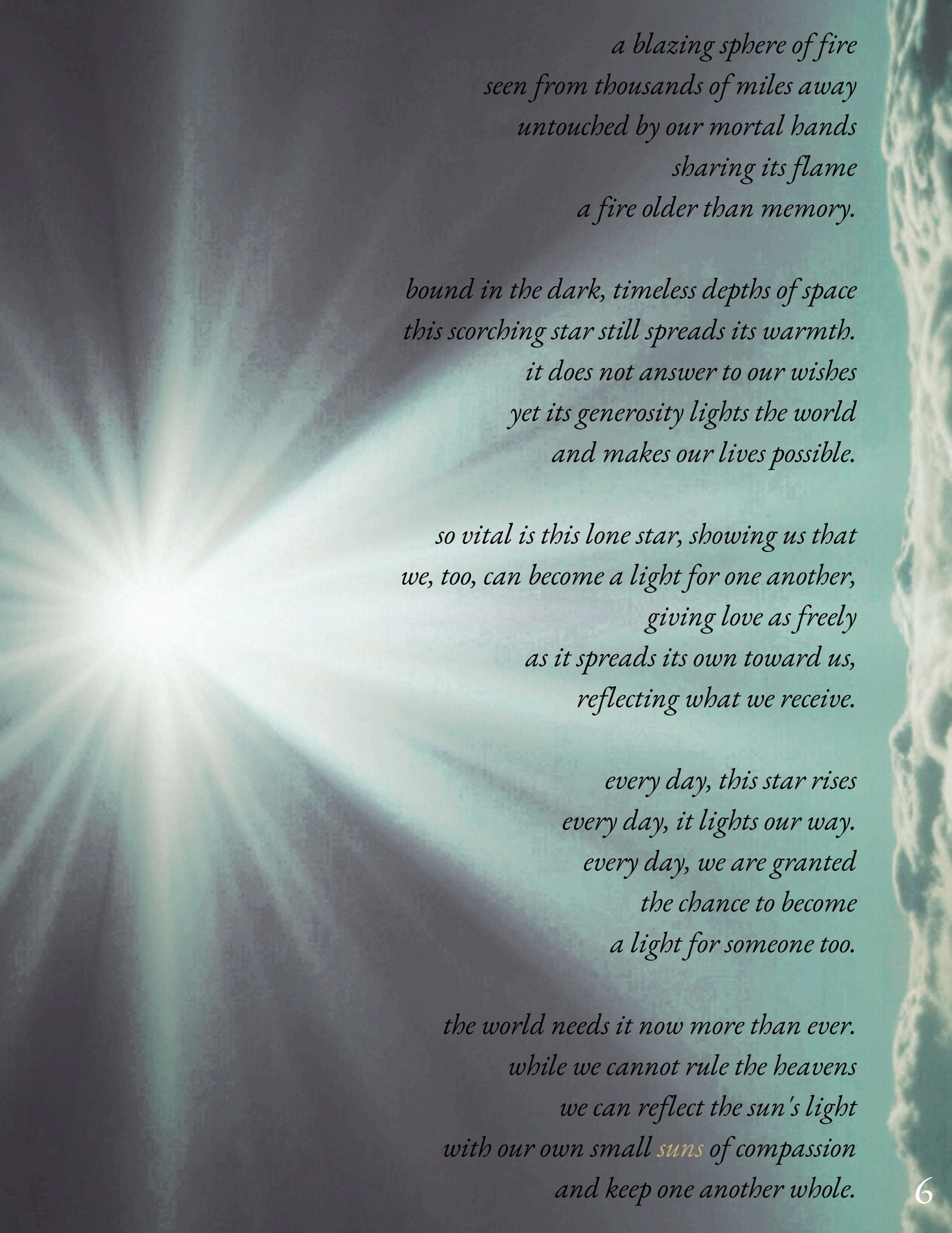


a single supreme
Mark Laurie



it lies behind the horizon

Saanvi Hazra



*a blazing sphere of fire
seen from thousands of miles away
untouched by our mortal hands
sharing its flame
a fire older than memory.*

*bound in the dark, timeless depths of space
this scorching star still spreads its warmth.
it does not answer to our wishes
yet its generosity lights the world
and makes our lives possible.*

*so vital is this lone star, showing us that
we, too, can become a light for one another,
giving love as freely
as it spreads its own toward us,
reflecting what we receive.*

*every day, this star rises
every day, it lights our way.
every day, we are granted
the chance to become
a light for someone too.*

*the world needs it now more than ever.
while we cannot rule the heavens
we can reflect the sun's light
with our own small *suns* of compassion
and keep one another whole.*



if the stars align

Celeste Jade

if you, my sun,
my glorious shining star,
would grant me my greatest wish,
as i admire your light from afar.

i have nothing to give you.
i am merely the lone moon
of an even lonelier planet,
spinning its way between us far too soon.

but every few orbits,
your warmth gently touches my face,
i am beautiful in your reflection, and dull in my own shadow,
until i am pulled away to another dark place.

i am so small and insignificant in your glowing presence,
for you are effortlessly grand, despite being many lightyears away.

i'd do anything to be closer to you,
defy the laws of gravity to make you stay.

do you even know i'm here?
waiting for you, longing for you,
just like all the other moons in this cursed space,
what more can i possibly do?

so my hopeless hopeful wish to you is this:
if the stars align,
may they form a heavenly bridge we can cross,
and i will be yours, and you will be mine.



i want someone to let go

into

Craig Lowe

I want someone to let to go into.
A friend, a partner, someone to take the weight away from that seven day a week noise.
I had a free day today. I went to town, bought a game, some sweets, even got some paint for a project.
Yet every step of the way my mind is raging.
Old thoughts. I've tried to work them through...they haven't gotten better.
I'm used to it now. Madness with a name tag.
A vertigo In every position.
But I can't hold all this weight all the time.
I try to let it go, but even when I'm doing the least, my mind bothers me like a toddler.
Incessant.
Poking.
Sharp cuts.

A good day is usually just a bunch of letters.
I need a person to hang out with, someone who can distract me in the right way. Shut the valve off.
I need their smile, their energy.
I need someone who doesn't love me to hold my face and help me melt a bit.
I want someone to be there and stay there.
I don't know if I want love - tried that and I'm trying to recover.
But I want another.
I want to enjoy again.
I want to know that even when it goes wrong, I'm not the only one facing it.
I don't want a therapist partner mix.
I don't expect that.
I just need to know that it won't always be me and my shadow and my four walls.





look

UP

towards

a BRIGHT and beautiful

WORLD

possibility



the divine maternal
Annalie Ritchie

I see the moon like my mother
A quiet constant in my life
My darkest moments are bare for her to see
She reflects the sun
And she promises a brighter day
A glimpse of tomorrow

She doesn't bring warmth
Instead she teaches to embrace the cold
She becomes a beacon in my life
Never changing

Eventually, she must leave me
I hold on to her all the same

I whisper secrets to the moon
And she listens
Silently
A gentle breeze
In the dead of night
Acknowledgement

She brushes hair out of my face
She shows me peace
And she shows me edge
The danger of the dark
Broken only by her guiding light



oakie darling



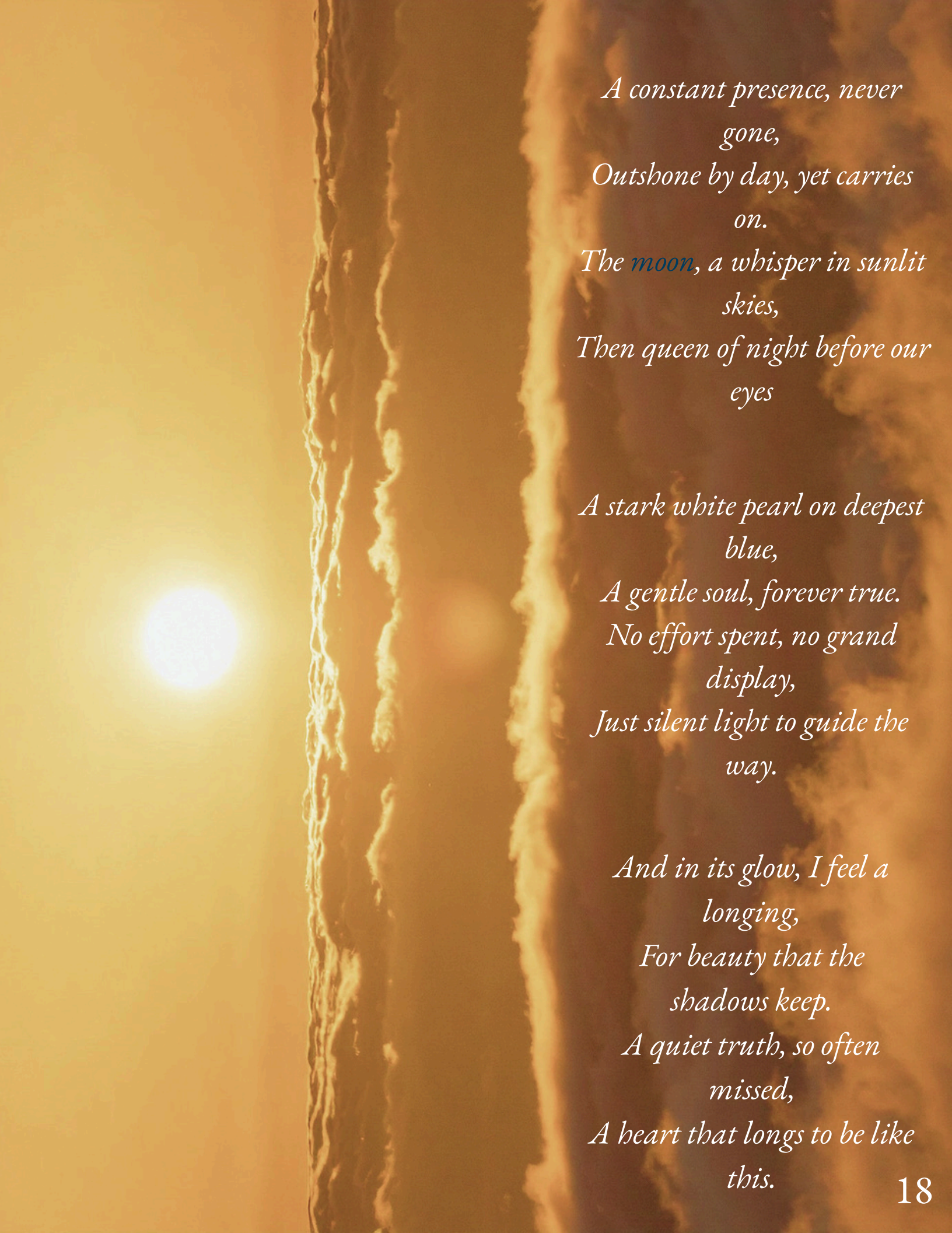
silver amnesia

Taylor Brockmiller

*My feet sank into glittering sand.
Ocean mist blurred my senses,
I tasted it on my tongue, salt and bone.
I've come to this beach for years, but now, I can't recall a
single summer.
The sun has fled.*

*Only the moon remains, she clings to me like a fever.
Her whispers ride the wind. "You drank too deeply," she
says. "You poured yourself into me." She took my memories
as payment, spilled them across the tide.
Now I lie frozen beneath her gaze, the night sky empty
and wide and the stars, silently watching.*





*A constant presence, never
gone,
Outshone by day, yet carries
on.*

*The moon, a whisper in sunlit
skies,
Then queen of night before our
eyes*

*A stark white pearl on deepest
blue,
A gentle soul, forever true.
No effort spent, no grand
display,
Just silent light to guide the
way.*

*And in its glow, I feel a
longing,
For beauty that the
shadows keep.
A quiet truth, so often
missed,
A heart that longs to be like
this.*



oakie darling



at dawn, musing
M.V Niang

*Sun facing the moon
But still no you,
No eyes to drown into.*

Dawn—I now have proof that opposites do attract. Where are you?

*No eyes to drown into,
No you.*

*You, so soft
Yet so strong.*

*Me,
So cold,
Yet so vulnerable.*

*a vertigo in
every
position*

