

The background of the entire image is a photograph taken from inside a train. On the left, a portion of a train window is visible, showing a view of a city street with a tall utility pole and a bridge in the distance. On the right, another window shows a view of a city with several tall, modern apartment buildings. The train's interior, including the window frames and a sign with Korean text and a cartoon character, is visible. A semi-transparent white rectangular box is centered over the image, containing the title and authors' names.

Ethereal

a poetry book

Works from
Nasir Prum
Tera Montebon
Saniya Williams

A Burst of Life

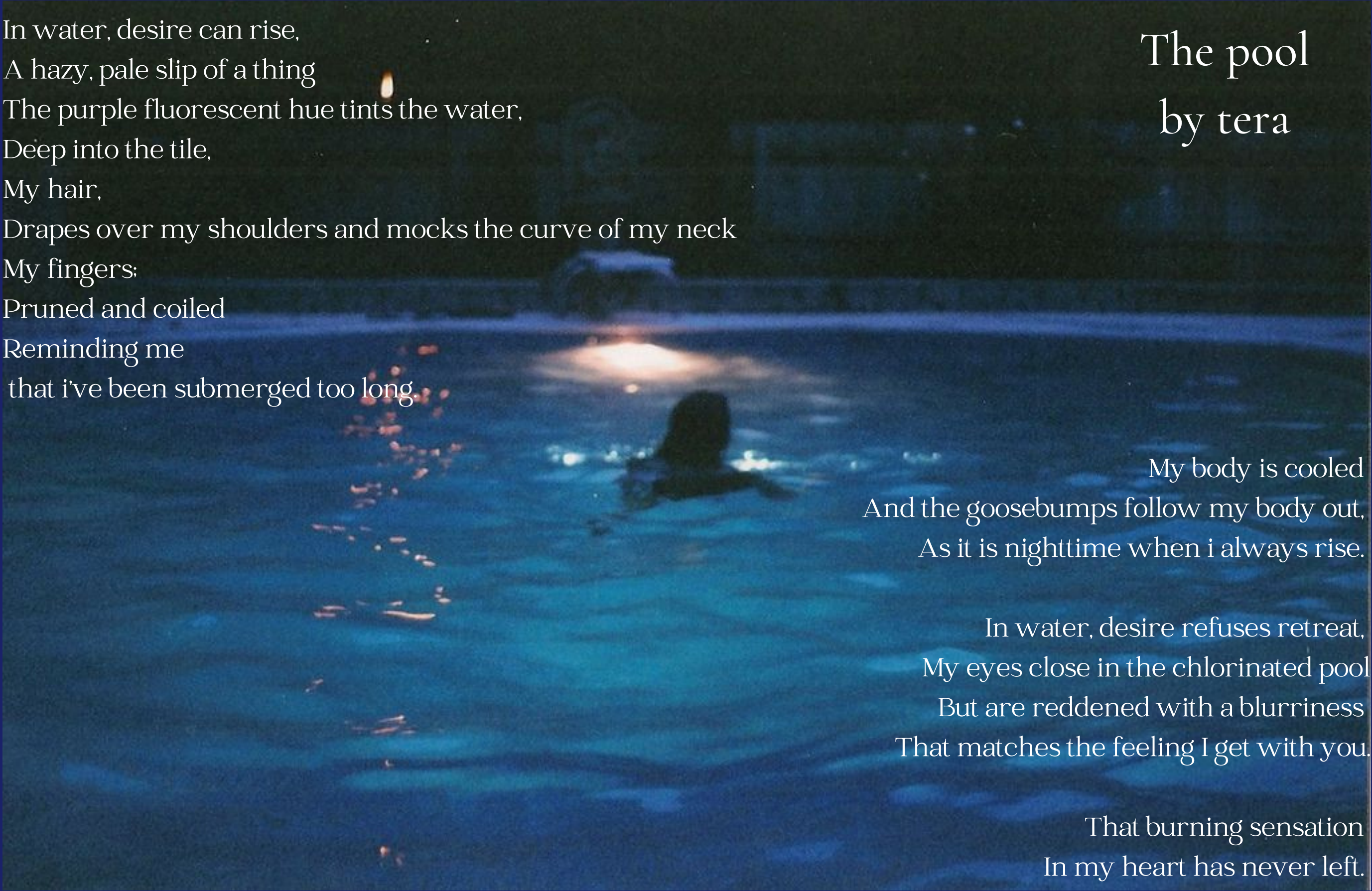
By Nasir

As the wind withered west of the ocean
The Emptiness entered at great speed
The silence was loud and the waves were huge
The darkness took control

The tiniest of bodies combined into one
First slowly, then rapidly
The speed of light stood no chance
The aftermath created light, warmth, and destruction

Its body brought eternal health, but not invulnerability
The great lungs and strong heart held on to the small palm
With the first breath of air, the soundwave cease to exist
With the first breath of air, a sprout of life appeared.



A photograph of a person swimming in a pool at night. A bright spotlight illuminates the water in the center, creating a circular glow. To the left, a line of small, warm-colored lights floats on the water's surface. The background is dark, with some faint architectural details visible. The overall mood is serene and intimate.

In water, desire can rise,
A hazy, pale slip of a thing
The purple fluorescent hue tints the water,
Deep into the tile,
My hair,
Drapes over my shoulders and mocks the curve of my neck
My fingers:
Pruned and coiled
Reminding me
that i've been submerged too long.

The pool by tera

My body is cooled
And the goosebumps follow my body out,
As it is nighttime when i always rise.

In water, desire refuses retreat,
My eyes close in the chlorinated pool
But are reddened with a blurriness
That matches the feeling I get with you.

That burning sensation
In my heart has never left.

Unholy Deliverance



By: Saniya

I've read about your God and
set his holy biography aflame all
while he watched from the broken
window of an abandoned church.

The air reeked of false prophets
and charged psalms and all those
other divine things lost to hell fire.
I welcomed the smoke inhalation,

for what a heavenly fragrance it was.

It should be bottled and sprayed on
all saints after prayer, as a reminder
that sins are forgiven, not forgotten

I still outside the church, Satan stops
too, and we peer at the ashes and
say amen. That hellish book, it spoke
of deliverance. This, this must be it.

The rapture arrived before my
redemption but for a moment
God must've juggled with the
decision to forgive or forsake.

Because I levitated heavenward
and embraced the clouds. They
took my tears and promised to soak
the world in the liberation I met when

thought my sins were absolved and
I was mistaken for a saint. But then
I was plummeting from the sky, past
Earth and straight into Hell along

with all the others used in a satanic
display of power, a promise that
salvation wouldn't come.

Welcome

By Nasir

Oh how your mistakes
were paid for through the cost of him.

Your sacrifice, the silent wars
all made through the cost of him.
The unexplored feeling of his jaded light
for what cost to him?

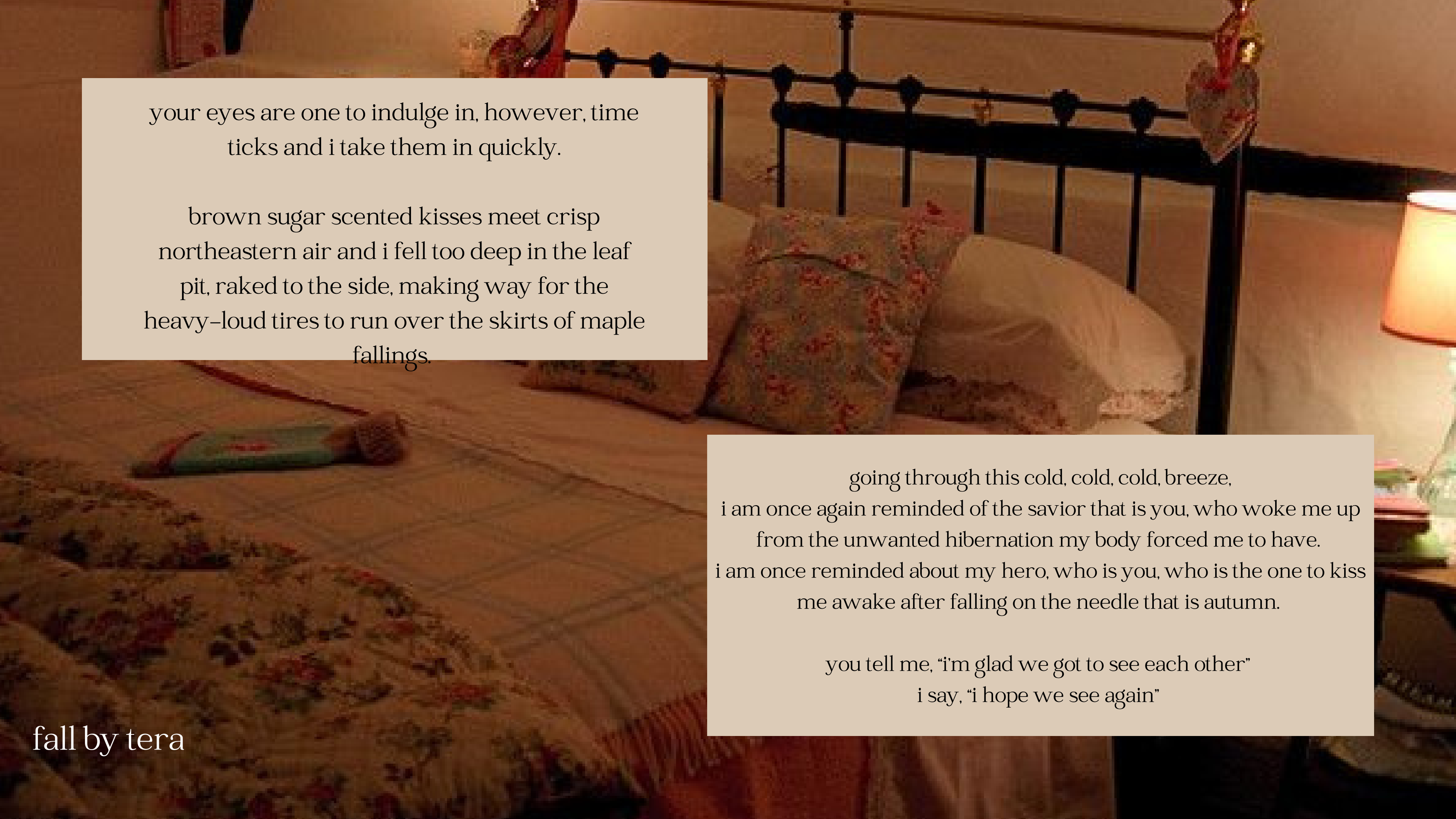
Desperate to find the unholy angelic gate,
the harsh rain informs me of your arrival.

You're gentle touch and warm palm
convinced me that everything is perfect.

With no greetings, you entered.
With no door, your presences felt

Wonders of chaos guided me towards the end
With delusions outcasted from the rest,
It is crystal clear of the path I now walk.
Through the white coated scene,
I was convinced this was heaven.



A warm, dimly lit bedroom at night. A bed with a dark metal headboard is the central focus, featuring a patterned pillow and a white blanket. To the right, a bedside lamp with a warm-toned shade is on. The background wall is a soft, neutral color. The overall mood is intimate and cozy, with autumnal decorations visible on the bed and headboard.

your eyes are one to indulge in, however, time
ticks and i take them in quickly.

brown sugar scented kisses meet crisp
northeastern air and i fell too deep in the leaf
pit, raked to the side, making way for the
heavy-loud tires to run over the skirts of maple
fallings.

going through this cold, cold, cold, breeze,
i am once again reminded of the savior that is you, who woke me up
from the unwanted hibernation my body forced me to have.
i am once reminded about my hero, who is you, who is the one to kiss
me awake after falling on the needle that is autumn.

you tell me, "i'm glad we got to see each other"
i say, "i hope we see again"

fall by tera

Crisscrossed applesauce, trapped
between your knees, I'm a prisoner
of war. Beauty is pain, you say as you
beak me. I surrender, make me pretty.

Head up, higher. Too loose, tighter. I do as
you say, an enemy soldier under persecution.
Parting, platting, practicing. How much more
mommy? Halfway there, sit still, baby,

Taut braids on tender scalp must constitute
as cruel and unusual punishment. A jar of
Blue Magic, slick and chilled from the fridge,
is your only pardon, my only reprieve.

Up and down each row of corn, no
kernel left dry, Am I pretty yet?

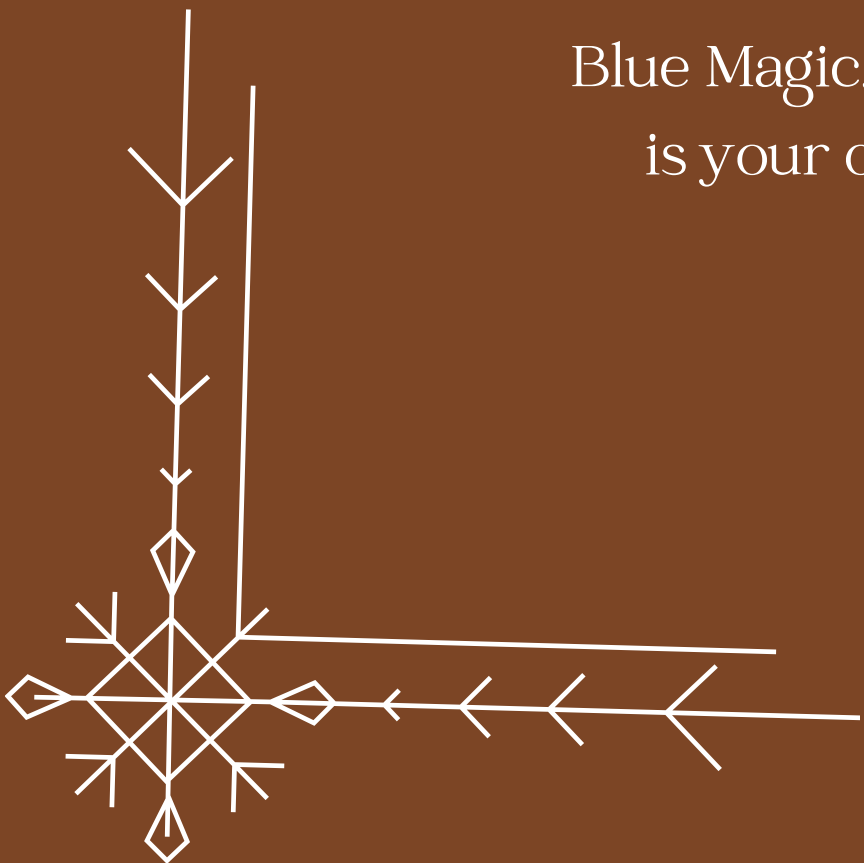
Phantom fingers ransack my scalp sometime
after the battle tugging and tearing at slain
knots, ruthless overkill. I don't feel pretty,



Hurt Me



By: Saniya



Mr Moon

By Nasir

You rough bumps remind me
of the hidden wars you were forced to face
Thorough analysis questions
your creation
Where did you come from?
How did you form?

The power you hold
on mother earth's oceans
are an indication of the effect
you leave on her people.

Though your sister sun hides your beauty,
Father night reveals all.



When you are full,
your sister is forgotten.
When you are a single crescent,
your mother's search for you ends.

Change from the outside,
yet steady from within.
You are the same
throughout all of your phases.

You are the true definition of beauty.

answer me this by tera

it's hidden
it's in plain sight
the feeling of melancholy snuck up
on me as i held the hands of clarity
and the precise unknown was now
present to me
it intoxicates my brain and the fog
that seeps into my eyes start to burn
And when i try to wipe away,

it stings even more

like the cuts on my lips that go
unnoticable when i am tranced
by the music that is too loud

too much for us to handle
but we still listen to it
because it is better than the words
that we exchange to each other

those damn words like
when i try to indulge in the
classics,
the moderns, the in betweens. i am
a
sucker for romanticism

as i remember the blessing,
the kiss of life that brought me
back to where we started
our journey of questioning

whether or not this is true love,
or a face of embarrassment
is it embarrassing to love one another
without this feeling of
melancholy
or
burning
or
tackiness,
from the cheap lipstick marks and coffee
or
nausea,
from the tom ford cologne and
candied peaches

i wish you knew the answer
so i could understand
why its so hard
for us to stay
together

I'm a scholar, intent on studying
the nuances in your irises, the
analogies in your lips, and the
motifs in your moles.

Teach me the layers of that
look you wear so often, girl
in the mirror, let me learn you
so that I may know myself again.

I'm a slow study, I won't skip
nor skim any of the passages
in your coils, each strand a word
of affirmation, from me to you.

I'll read you again and again, You're
my favorite book. From your first
capital, to your last period, I'll lose
myself in the discovery of you.

YOU AND I



BY: SANIYA