



westwind

ucla's journal of the arts

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The logo for Westwind is written in a cursive, handwritten-style font. The word "westwind" is in lowercase. Above the letter 'i' in "wind", there is a small, stylized illustration of a dandelion seed head with several seeds blowing away to the right.

Los Angeles is a crazy collision of intersections, and Westwind, UCLA's student-run journal of the arts, strives to capture this spirit.

We seek to provide a platform for the weird and wonderful voices found all over the greater Los Angeles area in whatever form they arise.

For over fifty years, Westwind has been printing poetry, prose, art, music, and everything in between. Help us attempt to define the undefinable that is Los Angeles. Anything goes.

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editor's notes

Coming back from studying abroad for a semester is disorienting. You feel everything simultaneously—comfort, loss, disenchantment. It's too easy to fall back into the routine, and forget you even left at all.

But, for me, *Westwind* helped ease my transition back into UCLA by reminding me of what I loved so much about the community I left behind. I carried with me a romanticized ideal that *Westwind* would be in shambles without me, and I came back to a journal better than ever before. A journal more creative and innovative—all thanks to an editing staff of returning and fresh faces doing much more than holding down the fort.

Tina Lawson threw herself into managing as a force to be reckoned with, reaching out for submissions to untouched outlets and challenging the boundaries of design. With the support of senior editors Dylan Karlsson and Daniel Noh, *Westwind* Fall 2015 kickstarted our momentum for the following year. I cannot express enough gratitude for these people, as well as the rest of the winter staff and a new senior editor, JP Cavender.

Winter 2015 attempted to carry on fall's drive, an inspired journal with a heart. Our pieces vary in theme and style but link together the mix of emotions I felt returning home. Most of all, the pieces share with you the hopeful spirit of a homecoming—with a good deal of fun and anticipation for what will come ahead.

Natalie Green

Managing Editor 2016

poetry

The poems collected in this journal consolidate the minute and the profound. Images are conjured, and movements are maneuvered through the poet's delicately crafted language. There is skill and precision at work, just as there is imagination and thought.

Here, poetry is written as though flexed like Kobe Bryant when he shoots a three-pointer or a runner's calves striding along concrete, the work of muscle memory, or it can be woven like a cardigan made of extra fine merino, where the craftsmanship is present but too intricate to notice.

As the poet Wallace Stevens says, "poetry is the subject of the poem." The creative process of writing ultimately reflects itself, detailing its own craft. These poems commit themselves to the poetry found in the quotidian, the mystical, and the material. What guides these poems is what guides the reader, to pick the morsels of meaning from what is present in front of us. Daily, meager, yet vital.

Dylan Karlsson

Senior Poetry Editor, 2016

prose

We are a journal composed of slush. While other publications may grow tired of unsolicited works, we relish in them. Each week, our prose staff reads submissions that have come to us from students, alumni, professors, locals, and writers from far, far away. After all, our submission requirement is only that a writer be affiliated with the greater Los Angeles community. As a result of this open policy, each week is distinct. Sometimes the week's stories will share a common theme or style, while other weeks each story is wildly different, and sometimes, just sometimes, we get a piece so free-form and curious that we decide that we have to pass the piece off to the poetry staff. The stories you will find in this journal are the ones we found exceptional. The ones that sparked a passionate conversation, or a universal "wow." The stories may not link together in any congruent way, but that is the nature of our journal, and, I believe, our journal's beauty.

JP Cavender

Senior Prose Editor, 2016

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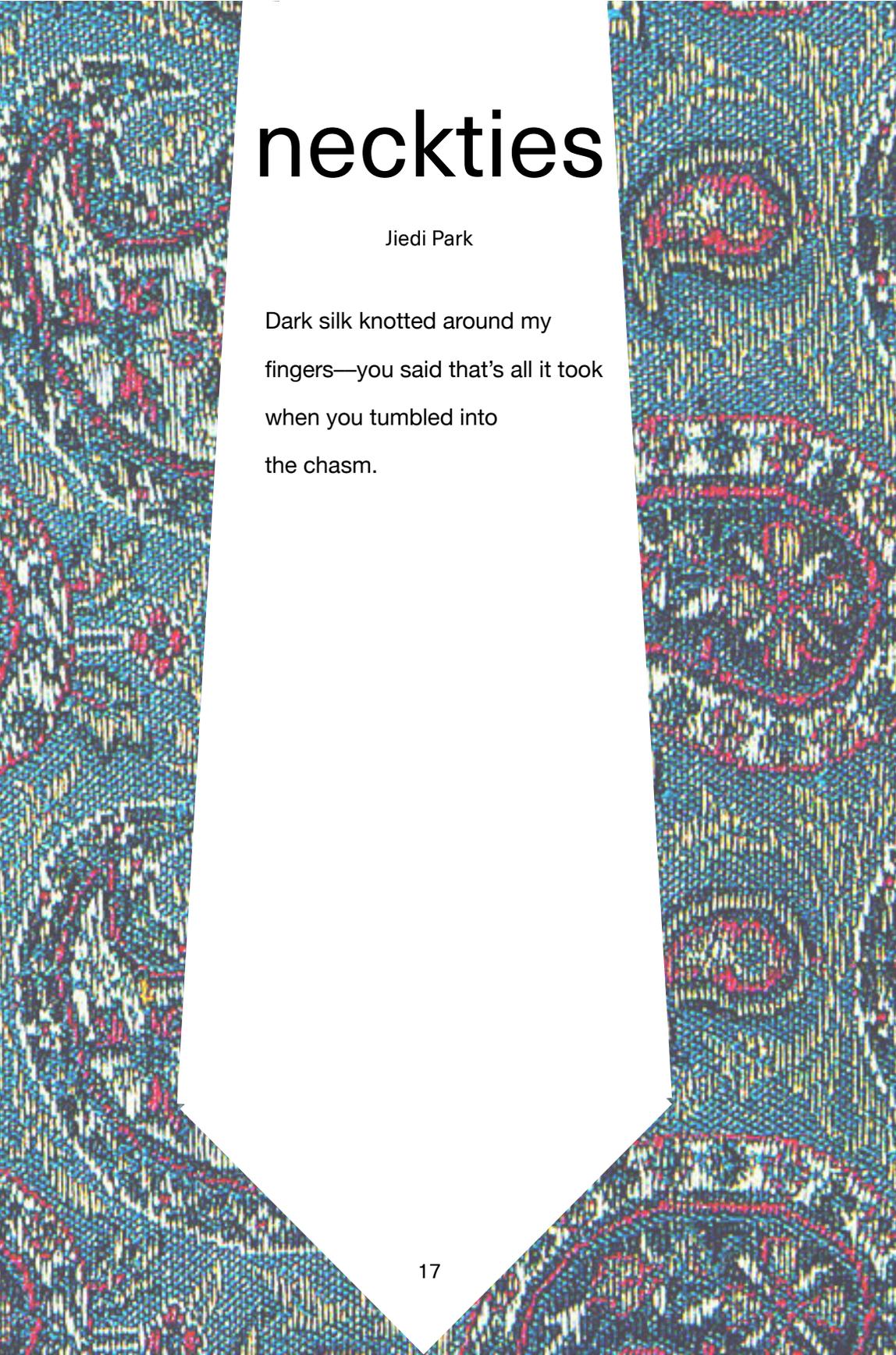
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extra fine merino

Luke Moran

She
shrugs at the phrase
extra “fine”
more refined, less fine, less risk
of duplication. the smell of coffee
infects her breath. Fibers
hold on tight as if
grasping at meaning.
she has one for every
day of the week and
her piles at home look like
this. machine-folded before
import. japan denim. yes. factory
to us. this is the great
domestic industry.
this is new housing for
the rich or poor (the poor).
they make machines
to make machines, you know. they make
machines to make machines domestic.
go be your own (domestic).
you can grab your paycheck tomorrow,
but you know i’d rather
lint roll a sweater
until it disappears.



neckties

Jiedi Park

Dark silk knotted around my
fingers—you said that's all it took
when you tumbled into
the chasm.

the way to orange

Don Kingfisher Campbell

I dived in the stomach
of a gun metal bug

Belched out to walk
until I could see

A very pretty Ugly Mug
so I sat below

The twirling fans to
drink in the poetry

Of other beings still
breathing around lava lamps

And the giant Oreo
in the night window

Ready to fall into
a steaming cup of neon



(click through for video)

box of birds

[maya hawke](#)

I was a documentary film editor for twenty years but a year ago I quit, I had an idea for a young adult novel based on my experiences growing up in Southeast Asia, but disguised as fiction. One story in particular, I'd been trying to tell since I was sixteen. This would be my final attempt, then give up forever, I decided. So for a whole year I tried to write. And I couldn't.

But, the whole time I was tearing my hair out, I was actually generating material for a project I didn't know I was doing. Producing dailies, rushes, like I was making a film— I collected thousands of pictures from the Internet, tagged and stored them in Evernote, and forced myself to write the prescribed three pages a day of something, anything, stream of consciousness, 50,000 words of it, in total, and I took a photograph of myself every single day, sitting at my laptop.

Once I created “Box of Birds,” when I turned to Facebook as another way to tell the story, I found I had more than enough material to do it. All I had to do was invent a language that seamlessly intertwined fact and fiction, using images, words and music. “Box of Birds” is a sort of a public decoupage project, it's like graffiti on a moving subway train. I used my editing skills to bend the chronological conveyor belt of social media into a time based art-form, again, like film. I played with memory, secrecy, friendship. I connected with people. I told my story.

“Box of Birds” exists on my Facebook timeline. There are fifteen short video episodes to find, interspersed with photographs and documents and status updates and conversation pertaining to the story, I welcome you to explore.

love

Greg Yerumyan

is the only drunk girl
at the party
stumbling into your arms
and asking you
for your number
while you stand there
stupidly contemplating
what to do
till she forces you
to give her
the damn number
and you end up feeling
a weird mix
of satisfaction
and shame

garden

For C.

Omar ZahZah

all i could never tell you
sprouted a garden:
every apple your eye
every mushroom your tooth
every river your voice
every star a bone
still i could never tell you
now i drift in song
beneath the arch of your spine

trigger warning

nahal amouzadeh

“Are you dead?”

My best friend is bitter. She has become my masked enemy. When I wake up and decide today is a good day to plug my phone in, it immediately vibrates with messages that don't give warning. Her texts are bombs and they chip at the foundation I'm still building from the last round. I read them with shaky hands. 'Are you dead?' she writes over social media, and I note that seven other acquaintances have 'liked' the post. I stare at it long enough for the foundation to dismantle and disappear under my feet. And then I unplug my phone and retreat because I'm reminded that this is a war and I have just lost another battle.

“Where have you been? 'Sick,' again?”

My classmate has a coy smirk on his lips that tells me even when I reply honestly, he won't believe my answer. He wants to believe that I am a rebel without a cause. I don't tell him that my rebellion lacks integrity. I don't tell him that my rebellion looks a lot like lying fetal position in the middle of an unmade bed, staring at the nearby wall. My rebellion has no backbone. It's a lot like watching every minute tick by in the late hours before dawn and waking up in the late afternoon with nothing to show for it. It feels a lot like the sharp pain in the center of your stomach, when you've eaten too much or too little. My rebellion isn't what he thinks it is, but it is causeless. So I smile in response, but it doesn't reach my eyes. I wonder how he doesn't see right through me.

“You're missing out.”

My teacher's tone is gentle, but obvious. She's

heard what my classmates say when my seat is empty. She also thinks I am a rebel without a cause, and she is here to put me in my place. She's gentle, but wrong. She tries to dangle the lust of good memories and good friends in front of me, but I can't tell her that the numbness has rendered me from feeling desire. When I hear that my friends are getting together, I smile at the invite and it doesn't reach my eyes. When my phone buzzes beside me, I feel my heart race like I'm standing in a haunted house and something's brushed up beside me. When I try to remember what it was like before, I am simply reminded that whatever it was, it no longer is. Instead, I tell her I will try harder. Then I run over her words until I'm drained and forget to charge my phone.

“You have to think about your future.”

My counselor is the easiest to read. Her face is accusatory. Her frown implies that she has given up. Her sentiments have been tossed out the window and she no longer has papers or pamphlets to help me 'think ahead.' I don't mind it; the papers ended up in a pile with other work, anyway. She blames me for this and even though I feel guilty and helpless, I blame me, too. There's a pile of papers that are Very Important and Need Attention Immediately and they consume my every other thought. Each assignment is a five-pound weight added to my shoulders. I feel malnourished and watch as the stronger kids lift these weights like feathers. As time passes, they grow heavier on my weak body. The dread increases. The ability to plan and execute is lost. I lie in my bed and think about my future that entails all the work I've been holding onto. That weight moves

from my shoulders to my heart. ‘How can I get out of this?’ I think, and am miserable with the same answer that arises, again and again.

“If you do the little things, you’ll feel better.”

My therapist sits across from me with nude pumps on, perfectly manicured nails, and only slightly frizzy hair. She tells me how she lost weight with soup recipes. She tells me that even twenty minutes of light exercise can work. I struggle to tell her that the line she is drawing as the starting point for my race is miles away from me. I push aside greasy hair with polish-chipped nails and feel ashamed to admit that my starting point is always my bed. I blush when I say that I haven’t stepped foot in my shower in four days. I look away from her carefully fitted pantsuit and feel like I’ve just run a marathon.

“Are you home?”

This boy is undoubtedly naive, but the best-intentioned. He comes to my door with a smile on his face. He wants to ask me out on a date. Exhausted from an inward battle, I am asleep inside, a story above him. The consecutive knocks don’t do a thing. The doorbell doesn’t startle me awake. In my dream, Cupid is tied to a ball and chain, locked away near the end of a tunnel, and as I step closer and closer, the tunnel only expands. I sit down in damp darkness and give up the chase. I watch as the prisoner becomes a dot in the distance. I tell myself I wasn’t made to be his hero, anyway. When I find myself in class a week later, this boy avoids my dead gaze.

“I want to understand.”

My sister watches me with nervous eyes. I am uncharted waters and she is the boat swaying within me. I am off the map, but she is still desperately searching the colored paper. I am something familiar on the surface, but yet completely unknown to her. I try to explain that I, too, don't understand. I am the ocean, and I cannot be calculated. I have no reason for being or doing. I try to explain that maybe this is the source of all the confusion, maybe this is why I keep crashing into the boat and causing chaos for her and our family. She frowns and looks away. It's only after she leaves my room that I realize I haven't said anything at all.

"You're just lazy."

My father has a frustrated scowl on his face, and I've never been on its receiving end. I don't realize it, but as my eyes stare blankly ahead, I am retreating into darkness. My father's scowl matches the one of the figure in my mind. They say the same things. Their tone is powerful. I used to fight their notions, their wild accusations, their filthy lies, but now I'm too tired and they seem right. 'You're just lazy,' the figure says, and I nod. I don't know who I am anymore, but they say it so matter-of-factly, I don't question that this is what I've become. 'I'm lazy,' I think, and when I snap out of it, my father is no longer in front of me and I'm left with my new personality.

"Everyone gets depressed sometimes."

My mother has bags under her eyes. She hasn't slept in three days. Her hair is falling out. She is obviously sick, and I am obviously not. I watch as she continues with her day. I watch from my bed as she

gets dressed, goes outside, interacts with everyone I'm avoiding. I watch for as long as I can, then I cry until I'm lulled into the only void that gives me some kind of break: sleep. When I awaken, my mother is downstairs nursing her swollen legs and I wonder how she does it. I tell myself I'm weak and the figure in my head confirms it. I add it to my ever-growing personality and then slip back into unconsciousness.

"I win."

My only frequent companion is that dark figure. We play board games in a poorly lit room and he always cheats. He always takes the first turn. He always wins. He laughs about his victories and sweeps up the pieces, setting up for the next game. I never react to him. He tells me I'm a sore loser. I add it to my ever-growing personality and wait for him to take his turn. I still think I can win. I'm scared for the day I don't.

neu-house lite

Dylan Karlsson

Between the keyboard letters W, A and S is a street made of dust, fingernail flakes and spider flecks, no different from an asphalt accumulated over years. Where a blank scroll folds into columns white as rhinoceros horn found cheap online, a known place where you can buy a skull, human or not, there's a roof shaped like a microchip and gutters to let the electricity drain out like a line of disappointing truth. Under stairs hides dozens of mutable realities, but one mustn't look down upon them. Their air moves up, as hotness does, through a filter. It lets a tenant know which hallucination is real. Millions of filters line the hallways perpendicularly, so a simple stroll through one is impossible. The next-gen will move in when the old is done rendering space - the data collected and stored in a black memory box beeping at the bottom of a deep sea - and the iron lung chugs out another sigh. Location reminds of recognition, reminds of algorithm, writes a history older than the house, the ground it is built on, the ancestral migration across terrain to terra incognita. We, a family, look with non-Euclidean eyelids at the square footage, only to find the house we bought is for all and it's been lived in for years.



sacrament

emi eck

Installation and Video, 03:47

Ping pong balls, ziploc sandwich bags, clear latex balloons, fishing line, and an industrial fan



if you call me a sin, then i'll be it

Cori Bratby-Rudd

Dear God,

Sterile traditions

Of colorless anorexic homes. Teetering, lightheaded
from rules that simmer flesh and paint from bone.
In your heaven i've seen the sanest insanity morphed
into sin.

So, if godliness is the John damning the working girl
I condemn your religion.

I found a new idol in the shadows of night, the true lord is
not a lord. She knows:
That if rapists can repent, then hell is the place where
true holiness thrives.

If you call me a sin, then I'll be it. But know that everything I
love mimics love.
Pleasure is my bible, and abstinence my abomination.

I don't need a place in your desolate home. I live in Bohemia.

I drink absinthe with a goblin shaped spoon,
Smoke hashish from a long narrow pipe and ask strangers
the question,
"Who are you?"

I've met the next Wilde, Whitman and Williams. We whisper
secrets and maybe one day we can all be tried for
indecentcy.

With melting green faeries and fractured memories of Van Gogh.
I exhale with my middle finger dancing through the air.

Never mind the first page, I always start at the climax.
I live in opium dens of ecstasy.
So if I cannot find you, God, do not worry, I will create
my own morality. Amen.



lifeless

connor warnick

unforgivable biblical defamation yet again

Nina Soleil Crosby

Gag he who resists, futile heroism.
I taste death on tongue and you can't turn back now.
The maggots eating your brain tell me you live no more.
Spit here.

How Devine.

Peter, you too are destined and so fix yourself up and climb
aboard, yes we know the routine: hands here, feet there,
unworthy tears trail your dirty face; picture captured,
Hollywood starlet.

I, too, will face the ground. In solidarity. In remembrance.
Pontius Pilate said by dawn, but the sun has long risen,
make this quick please!

Flickering, feathering tongue whisper rescued resurrection
but the blood seeps from your face. Poor man.

You have gone mad speaking of keys.

I must return to my home, I drink from your stigmata
and take my leave.

Forgive me. Or don't. I'll be in the dirt.

florida sun

sophie eden

Vehicles roar by. To and from. Here to there. Going, going. The sun blazes on metal. Rusty and abused. Glossy and fresh. People moving. People fleeing. People sleeping.

People race by. Escaping to a brief vacation. Days of burning on crowded beaches with harsh sand. Days of lounging in chlorine pools with too many bodies. Running to a future of promised beach chairs and margaritas. Breaking from the confines of nine to fives and scripted civility. Running into the open arms of expectations.

The sun is heavy in Florida. The air is thick. There are clouds, at times, but the sun breaks through them. Summer thunderstorms. Warm rain. Palms with sparse shade and scraggly pines.

Rental cars chug in. Reluctant to leave the tantalizing beaches and roller coasters. Bodies are exhausted by the unflinching sun. Vehicles purring. Running to business trips. Eager to leave the problems of home unsolved.

Palms sway from the rush of cars.

A plain, white plane perches on the side of the road, nose buried into the grass. The bottom is open. A dummy in a white suit and helmet hangs from the open undercarriage. An attraction. The black harness around its chest is thick and sure. The end is hidden inside the plane, caught on an invisible barrier.

Cars roar by. Transport trucks. Rented hatchbacks. Smooth sedans. Livestock trailers. People race by.

There's an airport nearby. See the planes coming in? People from around the world. Canada. England. To and from the Tampa airport. Beaches and girls. Pools and drinks.

The helmet is plain, black. A mirror of its surroundings. The suit is plain, white. The dummy is heavy. The rope round its neck taut and firm. It does not sway in the hot, summer wind.

A grandfather with dusty white skin chugs past. The sun will be good for my health. Doctor said I should get some sun. Spend too much time indoors.

The wildlife is rich. Squirrels pee on neighborhood dogs. Cottontail rabbits stand stock still in the brush, not blinking. Doves hoot in the morning, a soothing lullaby. Alligators rest in the water, only two eyes visible and even those protrusions blend into the lake when blinked.

They got pretty horses and cotton candy and those spinning teacups. Mommy doesn't like the roller coasters, but we'll get Daddy to go. And they got water slides and huge pools! We'll pet stingrays and dolphins and Daddy said they got baby alligators you can hold! I want ice cream.

Road kill in the middle of the road. A possum. Dead. Limp against the asphalt. Cars race by.

Brown anoles under every rock scuttle away, tails left wriggling. Black snakes shimmy through long grass. Ospreys and hawks gulp rats. Large, shiny green frogs, waiting. Baby oak toads unnoticeable until a pebble clatters and they jump away. Wasps in hoards. Beetles. No-see-ums. Cockroaches, es-

pecially.

The sun is hot. There is no escape. The smell is putrid and raw. Cars drive past. A/C is turned up. Noses wrinkle in disgust. Get rid of that smell. Roaring past. Must have been a skunk.

The air is warm and heavy. Thick. Thick with stagnation. Sweat. Decay.

One day in the Florida sun is rough. Shriveling skin. Dry. Cracking lips. Even with shade. Even with covered skin. Hot. Thick. Suffocating.

God! What is that? It can't be a skunk.

Hot liquid breaks through thin, parched skin. Fluids are released, relaxed.

Vultures circle. Circle. Tireless. The plane deters them, but not for long. Black wings flutter as talons sink into a firm grip. The rope holds.

Blood. Round. Round. Circling. Turning. Blood on the tires. Blood on the road.

Beaks tearing, prying. Sharp clacks on the blank, black helmet. Ripping at the plastic suit. Exposing flesh kept warm by the baking sun.

Vehicles roar by. Children laugh. Adults curse. Even the laughs are menacing, kid bullies tormenting.

Two days in the Florida sun. The night brings no relief. Just the absence of sun and the air is still thick. The ground is still hot. It perspires in steams.

Children notice the strong, black birds. What a wonderful show! Daddy, can I have one? Teenagers

see, giggle in groups of hyenas, and forget. Adults blaze past on cell phones. Elderly squint against the unrelenting sun. Why...Adam! What is that? Just an airplane attraction, mother. Not bothering to look. Middle-aged white woman is frazzled, frowning pre-tentiously, but settles into her leather seat.

Noses are assaulted by the smell. Sounding the alarm. Brown eyes peering through metal bars. Streaming air teases forelocks. Large teardrop nostrils quiver.

Shut up, Princess! What's wrong with you! Damn dog! Just shut up and—! What the hell is that?

Vultures peck through to bone. Strips of soiled plastic cling to the frame, demanding a last act of decency, but there is no rotten flesh to hide. It swings in the hot Florida breeze. The rope is bleached.

Three days in the Florida sun and the police stand, heads tilted up. Dried ligaments hold faded bones together. The black helmet hangs forward, propped by a bony chest, no flesh or muscles to support it. The rags are slowly lowered for examination.

Perhaps we can I.D. the man.

No, leave the helmet on. We don't want to expose it to a high dosage of air and change the chemistry. Later, in the lab, where we can control the atmosphere and wear masks.

Flesh is dulled underneath hard rubber. Black blood. Bone ground beneath tires. The road is slightly darkened.

Let's get this thing out of here and reassure the

public. Story is we think it's a suicide.

Cars roar by. People slow to gawk and stare at the multitude of flashing lights and color.

Suicide? You don't think it's murder? A public stunt like this? Look. The real dummy's just been set inside the plane. It's still got its harness and suit. It looks identical. Same helmet.

Classic suicide method. Nothing to be concerned about. No, we don't think it's a murder. There's no sign of trauma.

Murder or suicide. Forced or desperate. Makes great news. Evening television. Sit down on the sofa with a microwaved meal. Mouth open stupidly, a dawdling baby.

The vultures perch on the plane and clean their stiff feathers, content.

A heap of fur in the middle of the road. Tires turning. Round. Round. Wrap it round your shoulders.

The black helmet grins a reflection of the world.



candy mountain

rob tom browning



the lime motel

rob tom browning



blue palm

rob tom browning

kiefer

michael browne

Kiefer Sutherland farts in exuberant bursts. Kiefer likes to hang upside down in his closet and say that he's a vampire. He has the film to prove it, he says. Once a *Lost Boy* always a *Lost Boy*. For breakfast Kiefer Sutherland eats Cool Ranch Doritos straight from the bag in perpetual lethargy on a couch from the set of *24* or *Stand by Me*. Kiefer likes Kool-Aid. The yellow kind. The purple kind. The red kind called "Rock-a-dile Red." Yesterday Kiefer bought the "Pink Swimmingo" flavor on accident. Kiefer hates "Pink Swimmingo." Kiefer's eyes got big and wild and he punched a hole in the wall and it was the last time he ever bought "Pink Swimmingo." He likes his Kool-Aid with macaroni and cheese. The kind that glows in the microwave. When it doesn't glow enough he slaps the side of the microwave and shows his teeth. The teeth from *Lost Boys*. The prosthetic ones. Last month Kiefer spent a whole week under his bed. Kiefer lives like a Tamagotchi with a negligent owner. Pixelated poops are lined up in neat rows all over Kiefer's apartment. Kiefer is waiting for the spaceship. His ride out of here. At 11PM on a Sunday night Kiefer Sutherland is washing Doritos dust off his hands while screaming in the shower not in language but in animal utterances. In short barks. In the modes of men.



palestine

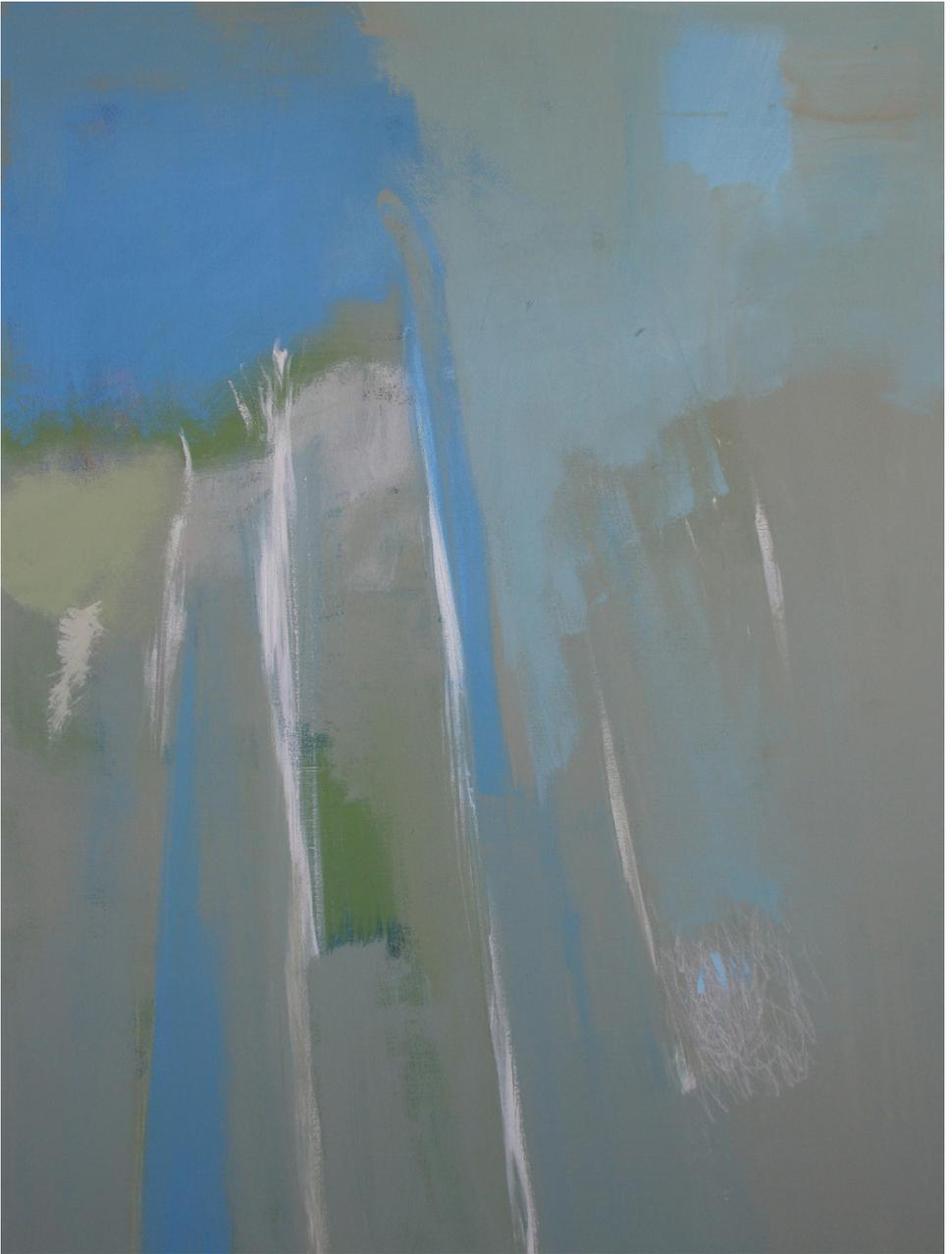
Omar ZahZah

When the walls that eyed our first kiss
Are razed, the windows that sang the outside
No more, but no one
Has even asked: and where do they go, our ghosts,
when even the haunt meets diaspora?

gaza

Omar ZahZah

Time forgets, then forgets
its forgetting. Blood climbs, and thinks
it recedes. Encroachment becomes
an allegory for the thing itself, the thing itself
Mutant, hideous, breaks skin against glass for fear of seeing.



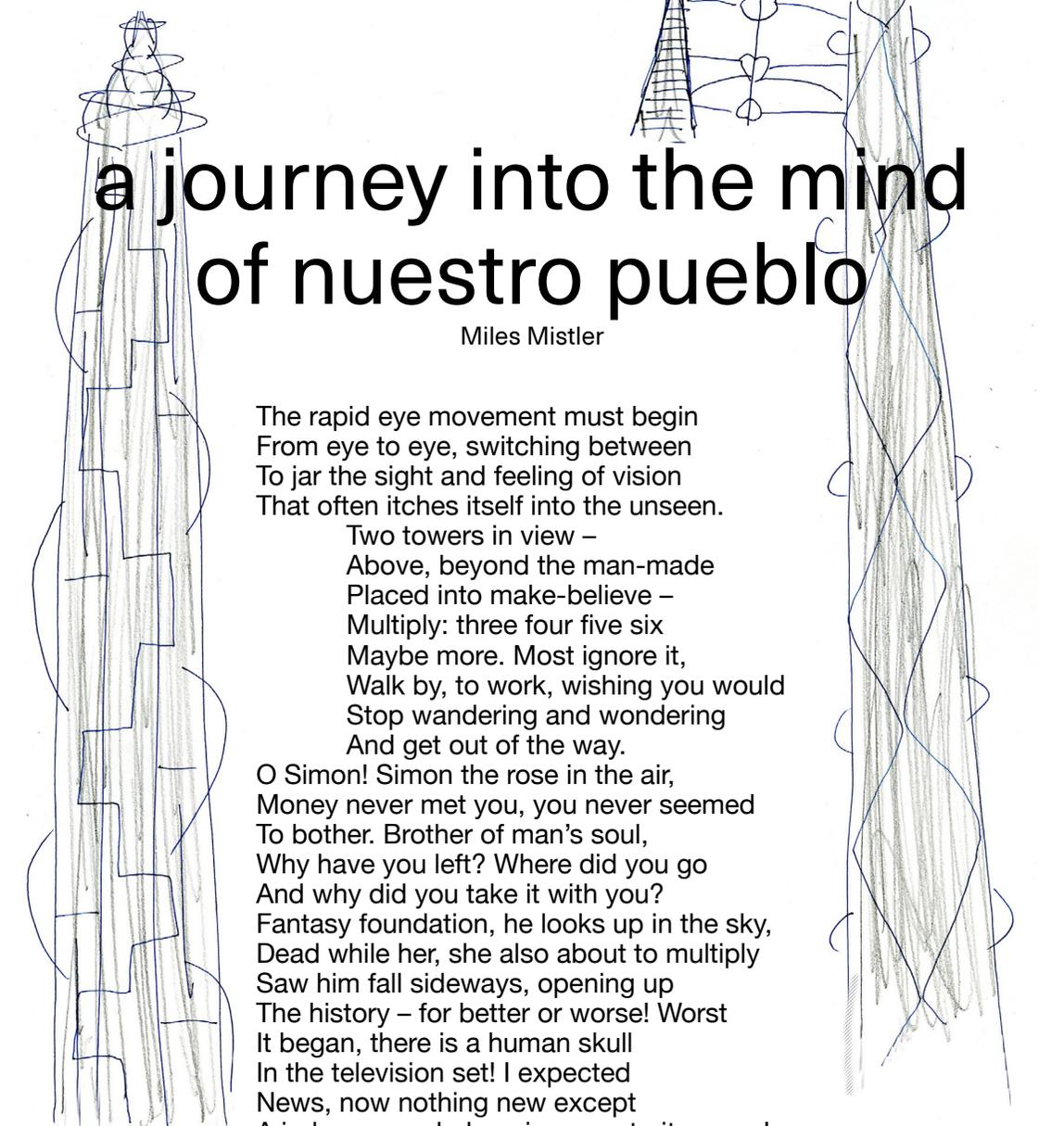
blinding sun

barbara drucker



untitled

barbara drucker



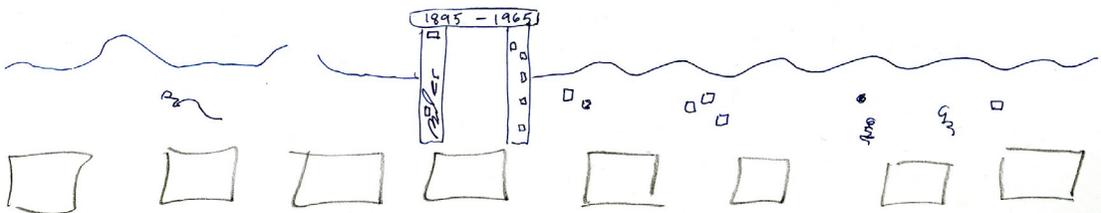
a journey into the mind of nuestro pueblo

Miles Mistler

The rapid eye movement must begin
From eye to eye, switching between
To jar the sight and feeling of vision
That often itches itself into the unseen.

Two towers in view –
Above, beyond the man-made
Placed into make-believe –
Multiply: three four five six
Maybe more. Most ignore it,
Walk by, to work, wishing you would
Stop wandering and wondering
And get out of the way.

O Simon! Simon the rose in the air,
Money never met you, you never seemed
To bother. Brother of man's soul,
Why have you left? Where did you go
And why did you take it with you?
Fantasy foundation, he looks up in the sky,
Dead while her, she also about to multiply
Saw him fall sideways, opening up
The history – for better or worse! Worst
It began, there is a human skull
In the television set! I expected
News, now nothing new except
A jade grey – oh, how immune to it we are!



the nova of taft

eric dovigi
winner of the alternate history contest

On August 2, 1910, William Howard Taft would have delivered what might have been the most inconsequential speech ever given by a president of the United States—if he had not, in the course of giving it, expunged.

It began like many other Taft soliloquys: tedious, irrelevant, poorly enunciated, just below the realm of earshot, and unapproachable to all listeners. The crowd was not particularly large, it being a severely hot day and his Taftness having decided to pontificate outside *al fresco*. Two or three dozen faces drooped along rows of fold-out chairs in sun-bleached grass—jowls drifted languidly in the hot, slow breeze; ladies' fans waved slowly across melting faces; children tugged at tight little suits; journalists stared blankly at pages that stared blankly back—and behind the podium, up on a raised platform perhaps five or six feet above the onlookers, he prattled.

President Taft's unexceptional speaking skills were usually mitigated by a sympathetic briefness, but today he appeared to be riding some unexpected wave of jollity and was already a page in, showing no signs of slowing. Sweat dribbled down his face, beading in his beard and the crow's feet beside his eyes, but he seemed not to notice, being in the throws of some obscure point about the State Department's outdated office-ware. He gyrated more than was usual for a man of his size. Onlookers supposed he might begin to slowly revolve (indeed, the short, skinny aid beside him seemed to creep ever closer, against his own will).

One little boy sitting closest to the podium and

off to the right, where the full bulk of the President could be viewed, began to notice something slightly odd. At first it was only a subtle stirring in the corner of his eye, and he did not bother turning away from the handful of marbles he was examining in his lap. Then the stirring became more pronounced, and the little boy slowly turned his gaze from his lap to the podium. He held his breath; he saw nothing. Just a Great Fat Man sweating in the sun like some weary rhinoceros far from any tree. Just the same as before. And yet: were not the buttons along his wide jacket-front a bit more strained than they had been earlier? Of course they were always strained when buttoned, but now they seemed to positively weep, and the fabric stretched the buttonholes so widely that sweat began to soak through the gaps and stain his front.

The young boy narrowed his eyes.

He looked around. Each face remained in its drooping posture, staring at laps or thumbs or some arbitrary spot somewhere ahead. Sunlight shone dull in each pair of eyes. The boy turned back, gasped quietly, slowly rose from his seat and crept toward the edge of the platform: *the President's shoes were exploding.*

"Holy moly," whispered the little boy. He had moved very close and was now within reaching distance of President Taft's exploding shoes, but he dared not touch them: fleshy pink skin was rippling between the shoelace holes, stretching and loosening the laces. The knots in the laces above the leather were tightening, tightening, tightening from the expansion until with two little snaps the laces

broke, scattering weakly in the hot wind. The boy looked upward just as the bulk of the President seemed to move by itself between him and the sun, and shade was cast over the boy's eyes. He slowly moved backward.

The Aid that had earlier been creeping toward the President, was now inching away—his face strained with the effort as though trying to escape from orbit.

And President Taft prattled on, not showing any awareness of his expansion but rather matching it with an ever-increasing enthusiasm. His voice was growing ever louder, and he held his speech papers in front of his face with arms that were quickly disappearing in the folds and crevices of his chest-flesh.

The ends of his mustache folded flat across his cheeks as the cheeks themselves expanded outward, and his eyes kept on widening until they were like big white saucers with a single blueberry in the middle. The corners of his lips, though it was hard to tell, seemed to be curling upward in a grin.

The little boy was following the edge of President Taft's shadow as it crept along the dead grass, his mouth wide and his hands on his cheeks. The President's attendants were scrambling along the stage this way and that, aimlessly, a legion of tortured little ants looking for something to do. One of them rushed off the stage and approached the little boy, who had fallen back to where his father sat, still inert.

“Dr. Anderson! Dr. Anderson! Do something for the President!”

The little boy's father stirred out of his heat-trance,

and looked up.

“Eh?”

“Dr. Anderson, can’t you see the President is *exploding*?”

“I have been watching it happen for the past two years, sir. I can see it quite clearly.”

They all turned back to the podium, where the President had grown to twice his normal size at least, showing no signs of slowing. His arms and legs had all but disappeared inside a central ball of flesh, and his face was a small impression in the middle of a smaller ball of flesh, like a crater on a moon. Taft was still smiling, flailing his little hands and continuing to pontificate. He was improvising now, for his speech notes had escaped from his fat hands and blown away. It appeared that his organs must be expanding as well, for his lungpower had greatly increased and his voice was booming across the field. The two or three dozen onlookers were beginning to stir awake and notice the spectacle.

“Can’t you do anything?” cried the Aid loudly, over a growing rumble that was coming from the podium.

“Poke him with a needle, perhaps?” said the little boy’s father, soberly. “No, no. It would have to be a sword, I suppose.”

“I don’t understand.”

“This reminds me of Rabelais’ *Gargantua*. Have you read that, sir? It concerns a fat giant operating in France during the Renaissance. Quite hilarious.

There's a funny illustration of the Giant eating pilgrims in a salad. Taft looks quite a lot like the illustration, or will in a few seconds. Yes, now is about right; if he stops it will be an identical resemblance. Let's keep pilgrims away from him, eh? Oh, now he's gone and ruined my comparison by getting even bigger. Stay close, son."

The little boy whimpered.

President Taft was no longer anything that resembled human. He was one great globe surmounted by a tiny satellite wherein a caricature of a face was continuing to speak, faster, too deep now to be deciphered by human ears; his lungs must have been the size of pipe-organ bellows. Suddenly, the rumbling stopped. Everything grew still. A slow ripping sound began to rustle through the air. The President's two tiny hands and hips flickered in a mockery of a bow.

"God in heaven," whispered the Aid. The tiny distant figures of the other aids were running across the field. The crowd was still silent, watching intently the great orb that had been their President.

"Roosevelt ought to have gone for a third term," muttered the boy's father.

The tearing sound stuttered, stopped, returned, and then...

**SSCCRRPPPPHHHHSSSHSSSHSRRI-
RIIIIPPPPPP!!!!!!!**

Pop!

Red stringy flesh rained down upon them. The lit-

tle boy crawled underneath his seat and was shielded from the heaviest of the debris. What looked like an enormous foot plummeted out of the sky and struck the President's aid across the face; he fell flat on his back and lay motionless on the grass. The rest of the crowd ran for their lives, avoiding falling Taft-bits like dropping bombs, skipping here and there to avoid craters. The boy's father crouched underneath the chair next to the boy, his knees and elbows sticking awkwardly out.

"You'll remember this day for the rest of your life, sonny!"

The little boy whimpered.

"Yes, son, you'll be telling your children and grandchildren about the day you saw President Taft explode before your very eyes. It seems natural that he should have done so. But it's a shame: it seemed like the speech was starting to get good."

night run

Sophie Eden

There's always work to do. Your mind's churning.
Already putting on another skin. Your body's
decided. Thirty minutes. You'll be mad if you
don't. Slap, slap, slap. Bones sliding in their joints.
Finding their place. Slap, slap, slap. One, two,
three. Across the rails. It's the wind on your skin.
Boom, boom, dum. It's the beat of a stranger
thumping your heart. It's blood not your own
coursing through your body. You're there. Legs
teething the bit. Waiting, waiting. The bell rings.
Slap slap slap slap slap slap. High, high knees.
Slip, slip, slip. A patch of sand. Keep running.
From the world. To the night. This is what you live
for. In, out. Cool air. Keep running. Into the ocean.
You have to stop. It's not home, but it's where
you belong. This white rock is bright. Moonlight
on water. You've seen it in movies, but it's not the
same. You want to capture it. You can't. A picture
won't. These words don't. Slap, slap, slap. Your
legs tight, controlled. Easy, easy. Slap, clank,
slap. It's foreign languages in your ear. It's smoke
you have to breathe. Rap beating through metal.
It's fuel. It's warm bread. It's night in the city and
you're not home. Slap, slap, slap. Slap, slap, slap.

24

Angelo Antonio Jr.

Black, sealed letter – a gift,
to and for, the ball hog
who gave us everything
and sealed it time and time again.

To us, for him
who through poetry
carried out the self-deed
and gave him back everything and more.

He who refused the
one and done,
won five by three and two –
triple-double greatness grasped across seasons.

Countless plays
written on whiteboards
dry erase and permanent roles
the mastermind, the new Shakespeare

who recited his poetry on a court of lines,
magical, maneuvering, muscle memory.

A man most conscious
of time and body knows life
when the ball hits the rim,
and the missed shot rings the new day.

like pulling teeth

Luke Moran

It's poetic to pull fact out the mouth of fiction.

It's hygienic to wipe up afterwards.

It's nice to let them choose their own toothbrush
(The boys like green, the pink for girls.)

It's a comfort to go home
when there's no work to be done.

It's a privilege.

It's smart to give your boss notice before you
leave town.

It's not easy to get up when there's nothing
going on.

It's essential that you share (with patients), as it is
polite of you to listen.

It's poetic to pull teeth. It is okay. It's a living.

plunge in the white blankets of the cigarette

Riley Garrison

Plunge in the white blankets of the cigarette.

The deeper I move the warmer I get, no light, no air.
Just the vanishing of a silhouette.

As I'm inside, inside it is in me.

Filling, feeling, up to my ceiling, stealing what's left to be.

No breath to be breathed no thought to be thought.

Instead a soul to be sold and my loss to be lost.



aimless

connor warnick

the coffin of you and me

Omar ZahZah

We are dragging it with us by two pieces

Of string tied at our left ankles.

It wears your cardigan.

It sings our favorite song.

It keeps spitting up my books in-between asking,

“How much longer? Are we done yet?”

second

Olivia Everton

I watched you, with
Silly Putty smushed
between my fingers.
Sticky, straw hair clung to
the sides of my face, ashamed.
You gave me all your gravity
so that you could walk on air
while I was sucked into the floor.
I waited for so long,
my self-worth hovering
over a tall table,
until it dissipated slowly,
forming tiny drops of
water like condensation
on a cold gin and tonic.

feast

lauren gorski

We were shopping for cat food, but we didn't own a cat. Willis held two small tin cans as we stood side by side in the wet food section of Pups N' Such Feed Mart. "Salmon or albacore?"

I told him it didn't matter, but he insisted on being particular about this one detail. "Isn't salmon healthier?"

The teenage clerk assisting us adjusted his glasses. "You usually only want to give a cat a teaspoon of the albacore, whereas the salmon you don't need to moderate as much." He was small, could have been eighteen but would have easily passed as twelve. Willis smiled his seal-the-deal salesman smile he'd acquired after thirty years of selling roof shingles. He was good at turning it on when he needed to or even when he didn't need to.

"See, I thought I heard something about that. It has to do with the water base they seal it in, right?" Willis got excitable about useless information. Even if he didn't know what he was talking about, he hoped someone would correct him and tell him the way it really was. It's why we got along so well. I'm a bit of know-it-all.

"Could have something to do with gluten," the clerk said.

"You mean mercury?" I couldn't help myself. He made it too easy.

"We'll take the salmon." Willis handed the guy three tin cans of Purina's Fancy Feast brand. It cost a dollar fifty more, but Willis could be sentimental and he probably figured it was disrespectful to cheapen out on a last meal. "Do you also carry trash bags?"

“We have shit bags,” the clerk said.

“No, we need something bigger.” Willis seemed disappointed. He shrugged his shoulders and chewed on his thumbnail. I knew he was trying to recalculate how we would finish the disposal without a trash bag.

“We can stop by another store,” I told him.

“I hate doing that,” he said. The clerk was able to ring us up quickly since no one else had gotten in line while we were looking at food. Willis thanked him and handed him an extra dollar for the trouble. He had gotten into the habit of tipping everyone who he thought gave excellent customer service. Even though he tipped excessively, he’d also make a point not to tip at restaurants if the waiter wasn’t on top of his refills or at hotels if the valet didn’t smile when returning his car. I had tried to explain to him that a lot of those guys actually get paid less than minimum wage without the tip, but he thought that was all nonsense.

Willis waited in the car while I ran into Home Depot. I bought the thirteen gallon white kitchen bags because the only other ones were thirty or sixty gallons, and that seemed a bit excessive for one raccoon. They only had the self-checkout open, which was fine.

It would be getting dark soon. According to Willis, we had about a two-hour window to get everything set up before the raccoon would make its routine debut. He lived alone in a large two-story, with wooden French doors he claimed to have installed himself and a painted poster that might as well have

been a billboard advertising roof shingles: Asphalt Laminate Driftwood etc. I stayed in the guest room on the first floor.

He had let me move in after I hit a tree. I had to pay for the insurance deductible on my neighbor's house after the tree fell onto their Ford Fusion. My wife kicked me out saying it was because I was drunk, but I had only had a few and I'm sure I was well below the limit.

Willis kept his garbage cans in the backyard by the shed. It took longer to roll them out than if he had just left them on the driveway, but he didn't like how homeless people wandered the streets at night picking through his neighbor's recycling. We opened two of the salmon cans and poured the wet food onto paper plates. The third we decided to save in case it didn't work out and we had to try again the next night.

The salmon smelled foul. Worse than spoiled spaghetti sauce or sour milk. There's something about fish that reminds me of death. Could be that I never had a goldfish last longer than two weeks when I was a kid. They always turned belly up before I had time to change the water in their tank.

We pushed his garbage cans against the side of the house. In one garbage can, Willis took his gardening hose and filled it with water. On top of the other, we kept the lid closed and placed a long plank of wood with half of it hanging over the water-filled can. The salmon tray served as bait; we put it on the end of the plank so if any critter or small thing were to go for a bite they'd fall into the watery trap. Willis figured cat food would be most ideal because the

strong smell would undoubtedly draw an audience.

“You can’t fill it all the way,” I told Willis.

“What if it swims?” Willis asked.

“If you fill it too high, it could get out. Keep it low. It’ll be like shooting raccoon in a barrel.”

“Well, I’d like to avoid shooting it. You can do that.” He turned off the hose, leaving the garbage can about two-thirds full. Unless it was knocked over, there was no swimming out of that. When I moved in, he had asked if I could help him with the raccoon problem. Usually he was the type to let bygones be bygones, but the thing had killed his dog and he was feeling more vengeful lately. I didn’t mind helping. I owned a hunting store up in the mountains that was only open seasonally, so I had the time and knew a thing about trapping.

We probably had another hour; we cracked open beers and heated a frozen pizza in the oven. Willis told me a little about the client he was working with in San Bernardino, a divorcee who was using her spousal support to get a new color for her roof. I wondered if I could qualify for spousal support if things didn’t work out with my wife.

Before long, evening settled in. The two of us sat in the dark in the living room where we could get a good view of the homemade trap through one of the large bay windows. It felt like when I was five years old, and I would wait with my brother for Santa Claus to come down the chimney. We’d prod each other at every creak of the roof, and sometimes we’d stay up waiting for him even if it wasn’t Christmas. (We were suspicious that Santa Claus

couldn't possibly hit all of the houses in one night and would drop off presents earlier in the year for the parents to hide.) We never saw the guy, though; we'd always fall asleep.

Willis and I heard footsteps on the roof. For a second, maybe because I was thinking about Christmas Eve, I wondered if it could be the fat old man. But, no, I am fifty-two and it's the middle of October, and on the roof is a raccoon the size of a beagle—hopping from the treetops—to the gutter rail—along the laminate shingles. And Willis is here and the beer isn't cold anymore and my wife might leave me before I leave her.

“We got company,” Willis said. He leaned forward and put his hands on the glass to get a better look. We held our breath as we saw the creature jump to the ground from the ledge above us. He was large, especially around his middle, and his paws were small like an infant. A hideous infant.

The raccoon got on its hind legs and wobbled his head, his nose in the air. We were sure he could smell it. He hesitated for a moment, untrusting, but ultimately too confident to say no. With an easy leap, he was on the closed can at the edge of the plank eyeing the bait with conviction.

Willis's dog had been one of those long wiener dogs. Willis named him Dunkin after the donut company. Dunkin had went outside to do his business but then had gotten distracted by the larger mammal. Perhaps he had been squatting and the raccoon swung down from the Magnolia tree above him, but some confrontation occurred that no one had predicted. Willis told me he had heard Dunkin

bark for maybe a second and hadn't thought anything of it, but then he heard something like a terrible shriek and saw the raccoon pinning the dog to the lawn and gnawing into Dunkin's throat. The dog's shoulder bone stuck out of its skin. Dark red blood stained his beautiful, rich, brown coat. Dunkin kept breathing while he could and whimpered softly. The creature continued to rip into Dunkin's frame, even after the dog stopped moving. That was it for Dunkin. The dog never made another sound.

I've only ever had fish. I wasn't very good with animals except for hunting them.

The raccoon had his hands covered in wet, chopped salmon bits and soft vegetables when the plank tipped over and sent him splashing. The lid fell over quickly and the plank hit the cement. Willis clapped.

Water tipped out of the top lid. We could hear its body hitting the inside walls as if it were clawing to climb up or struggling to keep its body afloat.

I hoped it would be over soon.

vitro virtuo

i.m. DB

Dylan Karlsson

From liminal seat at limbo's feathery edges
spins an Astronaut, sipping cups of earthen air:
breath. This atmospheric ebb holds the tilting egg,
folded wings of warmth enclose an outer shell.

At heights where volcanism is a meager kick,
the porthole in this needle-ship gathers still frames
for cryogenics. The frozen Earth needs a voice
on the outside: *Can you hear me? We look the same.*

On the tip of the pen, his log, the word itself,
the Astronaut reflects the world in limbal ring
of eye. Sleep, continents distant in fetal pose,
let still construction of milky lobes

wrap you in: The Pleasure Dome, air conditioned
incubator for this Boy in his suburban
home. Wires line the walls and lead
a current of electricity straight through
my fingertips. I am plugged in
to the womb of information
where astronauts write catalogs
like dreams for newborns. Me, the Boy,
natured in my Khanate,
knowing of nothing ancient,
I forget my dreams in the
frenetic haze of memory—
as traceable as millions of
carbon footprints from above.
Waking up in a petri dish,
I hear a similar voice to my own
echoing through this man-made Dome
Can you hear me? Can you hear me?
We sound the same.



untitled

casey bradford

musical chairs

Jiedi Park

How long have we been
waving these appendages, fire-
soft, heavy, gold inside; these
muted messages, nitrogen
sweet burning our mouths and
stifling chicken wire tongues; these
al niente vestiges, full of fresh
light and chrysanthemum
locks—how long
have we been silent here, defiant
here, if this tenuto wreckage is
writhing in the dust?

hoarder, interrupted

jay martin

Debbie suggests starting with one drawer. She says it's better to focus on a small area than attempt too much and give up. She once told us to meet in pairs. We need and deserve accountability, she said. I was paired with Cathy, a newcomer who lived three towns away. Cathy needed accountability in getting rid of paper. Most of the women at Declutterer's Group drive in from distant towns. I think I'm the only local.

I arrived to her big house fifteen minutes late. I had to stop to use the bathroom at McDonald's. Cathy mentioned in Group she used her bathrooms for additional closet space by hanging clothes on the shower rod, and I didn't want to intrude. Her house was just as big as the ones on the Annual Winter House Tours. I love touring big homes. I'm really good at knowing what to compliment. But I knew better than to ask for a tour. I'm not tacky.

She ushered me into a room completely filled with stacks and stacks of newspapers. A small pathway between the ceiling-high stacks led to a stack-filled couch. We both stood in this pathway in silence. I reminded Cathy that Debbie suggests removing an object if we want to bring a new object into our homes. I slowly placed a newspaper from 1986 into the trash, but Cathy quickly moved it back, and shot me a look. I wouldn't be getting a tour.

Cathy remembered her daughter's soccer game. I told her my niece might be on her team. My sister lived in the same town, I said. She then asked questions about my sister. Too many questions, I thought. I later realized she probably thought I was going to spread her paper problem, which I would

never do. That's a violation of Group's confidentiality rules.

One time it snowed, and nobody else showed up. Debbie suggested we grab hot chocolate. I told her I had put an end to yard sales, but I came clean about returning to weekly transfer station hunting. Debbie had no idea that rich towns have special rooms at the dump where rich people leave expensive items they feel too guilty throwing out. I told her I left the transfer station last week with three bags of almost-new clothes. Debbie just listened. She doesn't judge. She also doesn't make us talk in Group if we don't want to. One time a man even showed up, and sat through the whole hour without introducing himself.

Another time I showed up to the wrong meeting. It was some sort of Weight Watchers Group. The woman next to me shared that her cake cravings had come back in full force. She tried throwing cake in the trash. But she ends up digging through the trash later to eat it. So she then tried pouring coffee beans over the trash-cake to prevent the trash eating. But she admitted she'd still later dig it out. I worried I might somehow pick up their bad habits. When it was my turn to talk, I told them I'd pass. The group leader said if I don't open up, I won't overcome my bad habits. I missed Debbie.

Last month, I drove by Cathy's big house on the way to the transfer station. I told myself I'd only pick up toys for my nieces and nephews. It was an almost empty parking lot, so I drove right up to the front of the station. I love hunting in peace. That's when I saw her. Exiting the transfer station, holding

three overstuffed bags. I drove away, glancing back once to confirm my sighting. Debbie was staring back at me.

I stopped going to Group, but I didn't stop thinking about Debbie. I sometimes dare myself to drive by Cathy's house. If I drive slowly, I can see the stacks.

Contributors' Notes

Nahal Amouzadeh is a third-year English major and Gender Studies minor. She's a staff writer for FEM Magazine. When she's not writing half-finished short stories and poems, she's journaling or watching stand-up specials on Netflix. She's in a constant flux of cuddling her cat when she's home or missing her cat when she's in LA. Find her on Twitter (@nahall).

Angelo Antonio Jr. grew up in the high desert of Edwards Air Force Base located an hour north from Los Angeles. During his four years at UCLA, he lived in and commuted from the South Bay, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, and now Inglewood. Much of his writing comes from the perspective of the traveller, moving in and out of the metropolis and how that affects personal experience. The nomadic lifestyle has made dislocation a common theme in his writing as well. More of his work can be found at antoniothesecond.com.

Casey Bradford is a UCLA Design I Media Arts senior. The published photograph was part of the portfolio she turned in to apply to UCLA back in 2012. Although she entered the arts in photography, she now works in many mediums, including sound, textiles, 3D modeling, and environmental interfaces.

Michael Browne is a writer and music publicist living in West LA. His work was recently published in Fractal and he enjoys baseball and tacos. Follow him on Twitter @BrowneLaurence.

Rob Tom Browning is a third year art student at UCLA studying Design Media I Arts with a focus on 3D animation. His work is about stripping the world around him of the common perception and injecting his own vision. Rob Tom often finds his inspiration in the ordinary things that surround us in everyday life. Rob Tom also has an extensive collection of American Girl dolls and often dresses them up in the Civil war outfits he has created to reenact historic battles scenes he then photographs. You can see his work in his forthcoming book, Valley of the Civil War Dolls. Lastly, Rob Tom enjoys long walks on the beach, sometimes as far as the water's edge and back.

Don Kingfisher Campbell is down for anything to do with poetry. Anything. Reading. Writing. Critiquing. Editing. Publishing. Performing. Selling. Conferencing. Awarding. Check out his blog if you don't believe it... <http://dkc1031.blogspot.com>

Nina Soleil Crosby studies English and the History of Science and Medicine at UCLA. Raised in Palmdale, California, Nina found her identity as a poet at a young age, but only began her reawakening in literature after her first year of undergraduate studies. With what she describes as a "lo-fi, melancholic Beat bacchanal" of stream-of-consciousness poetry and short stories, Crosby engages art for art's sake within a literary expulsion of life and death. Entrenched with metaphor, personal anecdotes, and raw emotion, Crosby's work often reflects deep ideologies surrounding religion, sexuality, and mental health. Her work, strongly influenced by Plath, Ginsberg, and Poe, explores the psyche of anonymity in the face of existentialism.

Eric Dovigi lives and writes in Northern Arizona, and is pursuing an MFA degree in creative writing from Northern Arizona University.

Barbara Drucker received her Masters of Fine Arts from UCLA where she is currently the Associate Dean of Community Engagement and Arts Education and Director of the Visual and Performing Arts Education Program (VAPAE) in the School of Arts and Architecture. Additionally, Drucker is an active professor in the Department of Art where she continues to teach graduates and undergraduates in the painting/drawing area. Drucker's creative practice includes painting, sculptural installations, documentary video, photography and artists' books. The work has been exhibited nationally and internationally and is included in several public collections.

Emi Eck produces art-objects motivated by endurance, quotidian activity, and nonlinear systems.

Sophie Eden lived in Florida and Tennessee before making a home in California. She enjoys engaging in literary and philosophical discussions. When she isn't reading and writing, she is outside hiking and stargazing. You can read more of her work at www.musingsofeden.com.

Olivia Everton is a senior Communication Studies major at UCLA from Portland, Oregon. She loves to play, write, and listen to music and has studied voice and piano. In her free time, she enjoys a good book, good coffee and the coast.

Riley Garrison is a student of Spanish and Portuguese who enjoys engaging in different cultures to further her understanding of life. These experiences have led her to write poetry.

Lauren Gorski is a Managing Editor and Stage and Screen Editor for the Exposition Review, a multi-genre literary journal. She has a Master's in Professional Writing from USC and is a part of Play-ground-LA's writer pool. Her work has appeared in Underground Voices, apt, and elsewhere. She works as a writer, editor, and taco connoisseur in Los Angeles.

Maya Hawke has edited eight feature-length documentary films, including Werner Herzog's Cave of Forgotten Dreams, together with her husband, Joe Bini. Prior to that she was assistant editor on seven of Herzog's films of the last twenty years, including Grizzly Man. Films she has edited have played at the Toronto, Telluride and Sundance Film Festivals. She has cut Apple iPhone commercials with Errol Morris. In addition, Maya has had two short stories published in Landfall, New Zealand's Journal of Arts and Letters, and she is the creator of interactive fiction/non-fiction autobiographical social media storytelling video novels, "Currency of Despair" and "Box of Birds."

Dylan Karlsson is a second-year English major at UCLA. He mostly writes poetry, creative non-fiction, and unfinished short stories. His digital art can be found hidden on his google drive.

Jay Martin is a screenwriter. This is his first story published in Westwind.

Miles Mistler is an amateur playwright, screenwriter, and poet originally from Dixon, CA. In June, he will earn his English B.A. from UCLA, where he also enjoyed studying film, C++, and Danish. After graduating, he plans to attend a two-year Bible program in Anaheim.

Luke Moran is known mostly as a comedian, and Luke Moran is okay with this. A founder and Editor-in-Chief of The Westwood Enabler, actor, stand-up and improviser, sometimes, when the weather is just right, he writes poems. He loves the people but hopes he never has to work in retail to survive. See him perform Fridays at The Improv Space with Whale Sounds, Tuesdays with UCLA's own Rapid Fire Improv, and read his silly articles at westwoodenabler.com.

Jiedi Park is an excitable Korean-American girl who likes to write in the top bunk when her roommates are asleep. Her go-to caffeine options are either jasmine green tea or black coffee. The name Jiedi is a portmanteau of her Korean and English names, Jiesung and Diana.

Connor Warnick is a second year at UCLA from Brooklyn, New York. He loves rap music, horror movies, and basketball. Check out more of his work at cryingconnor.com.

Greg Yerumyan is an undergraduate student at the University of California, Davis. He is pursuing a degree in English and Political Science and hopes to apply it to a career in education. When he is not writing poems, essays, and letters, Greg volunteers as a literacy tutor at Dixon Montessori Charter School.

Omar ZahZah is a Los Angeles-based writer and poet whose work has appeared in such publications as Poetic Diversity and Narrative, as well as a PhD student in Comparative Literature at UCLA. See more of his work at www.omarzahzah.com and www.death-comic.com.

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