



Letters to the Sculptor

Monsieur,

I am afraid the statue I commissioned of you has unfortunately developed some faults. On the first day in which you delivered it to me it seemed to be in pristine condition. Though now upon looking at it this morning, horrid cracks have appeared in the neck and face and I am rather bemused as to why this is happening. Do you agree that this is peculiar or would you like to offer some kind of explanation as to why it is beginning to crack so terribly much?

It is unfortunate too, the statue had borne such an amazing likeness to my daughter, I thought it was such a fantastic coincidence that my wife found your advertisement in the paper for such a low, low price. I am extremely disappointed (and rather distraught as well) that the price now makes sense, for the statue is now crumbling from some kind of strange moisture that's trapped within.

Signed,
Monsieur Hutton

Monsieur,

Absolutely disgusting! Monsieur! What have you done with this statue? I was just about to go to work, but now my wife has noticed a putrid smell coming from it. At first I thought it must have been a coincidence but then I smelt it too. I am wondering now, what kind of plaster must you use that it smells like rotting meat! Perhaps you should switch your primary statue medium to marble, for I am appalled by the state of the statue only a mere two days after I have received it.

Signed,
Monsieur Hutton

Monsieur,

Needless to say, after only three days of having it, the statue has completely deteriorated. There is cracks beyond measure and the putrid smell has gotten worse, we have been forced to throw it out! I am revolted by you and your nerve to send my wife and me such an awful and cheap piece, especially when I specifically requested an elegant memoriam piece for my daughter in our mourning of her recent death.

Signed,
Monsieur Hutton

A World of Industry

Ignorance, a plague,
Sweeps through the nation,
Each person dependent
On the addictive drug, denial.

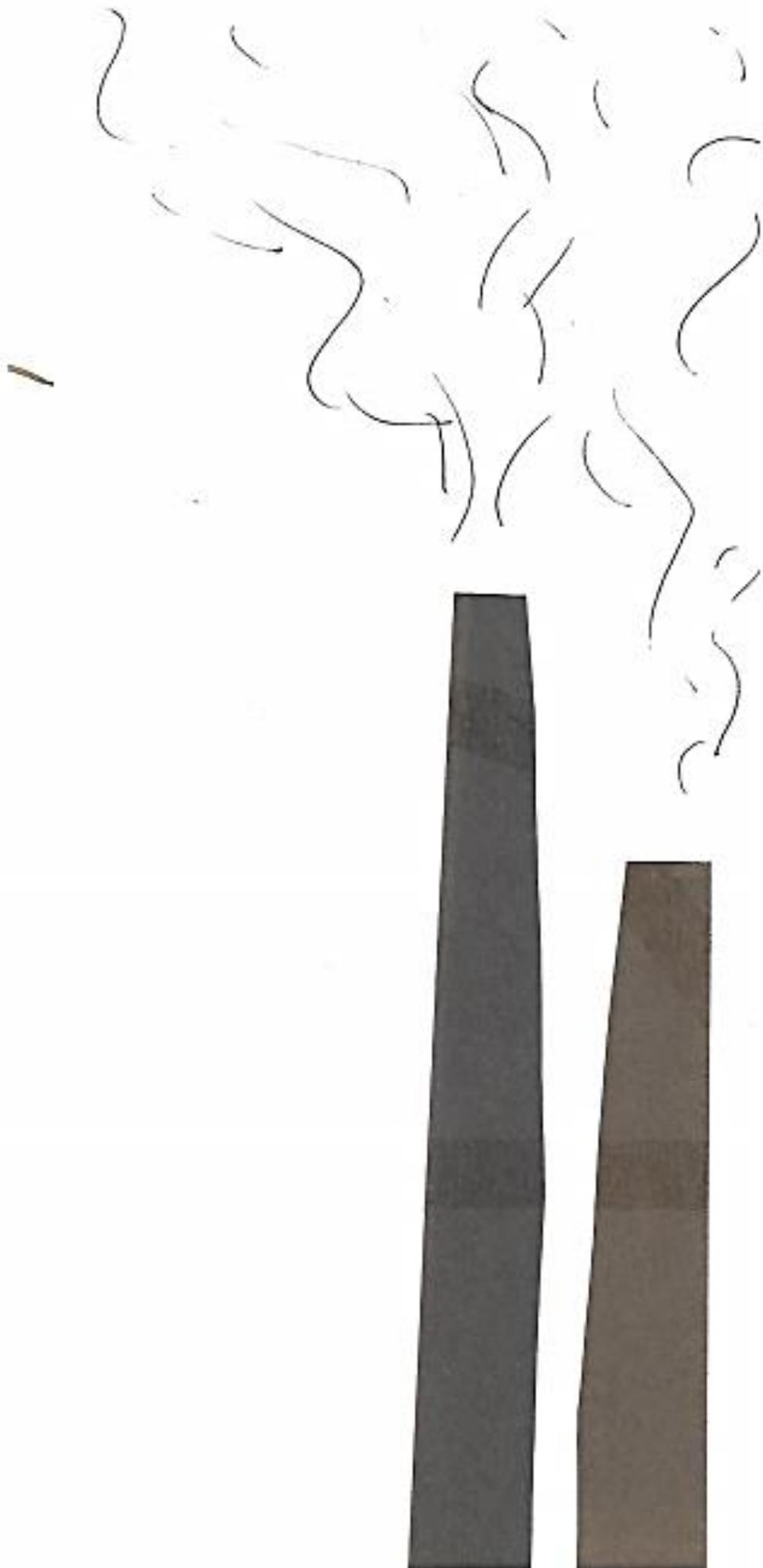
Black trees loom,
Leafless, spewing smoke,
Polluting clean air
With the stink of greed.

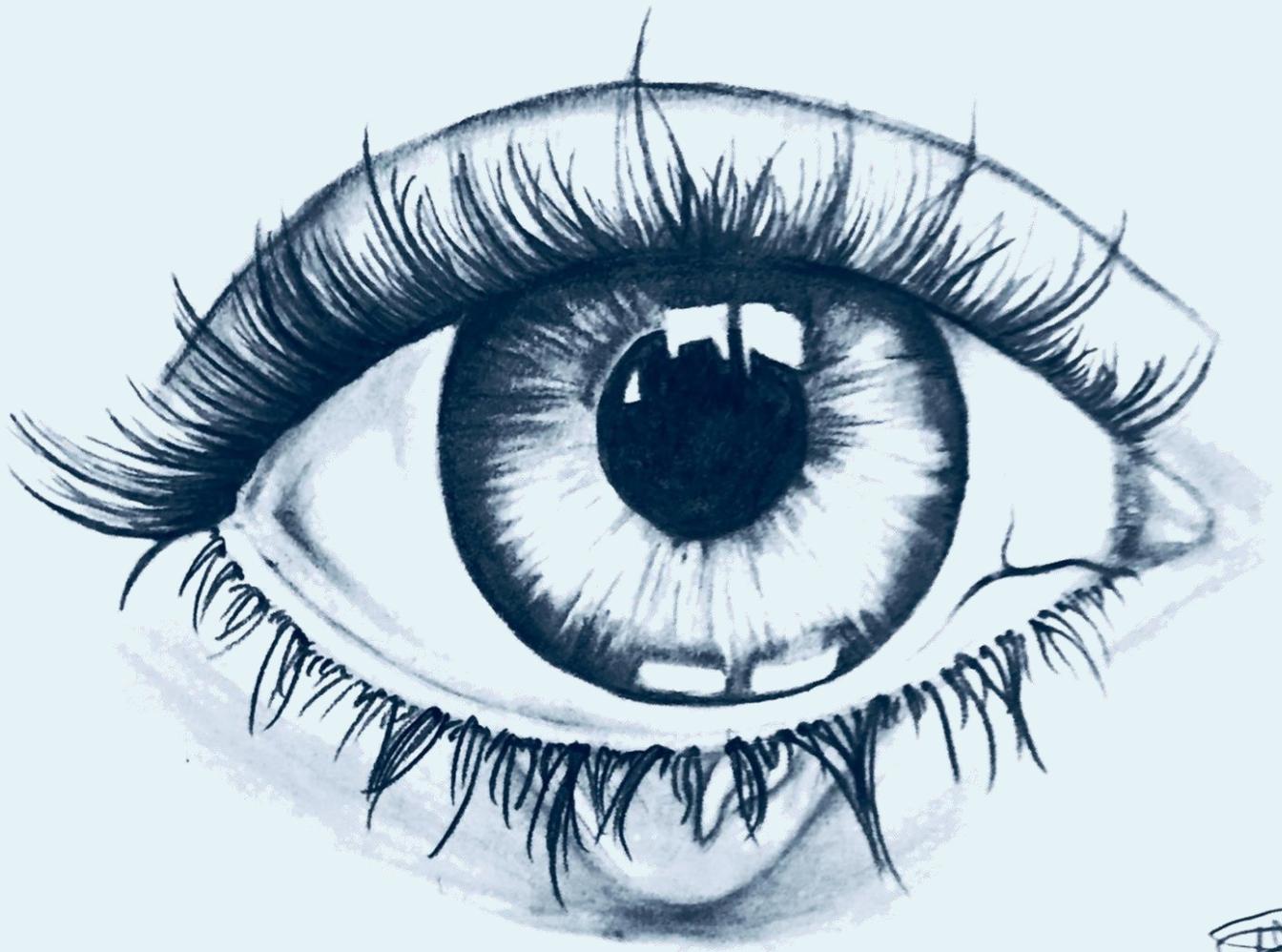
Water disappears,
Replaced by toxic sludge,
Coating the throats of birds
And silencing their joy.

Deafening silence
Save for turning gears
And the crying of mothers
Grieving lost children.

This is a world
Controlled by industry,
With nature long dead
And humanity following.

– Catrina Bennett





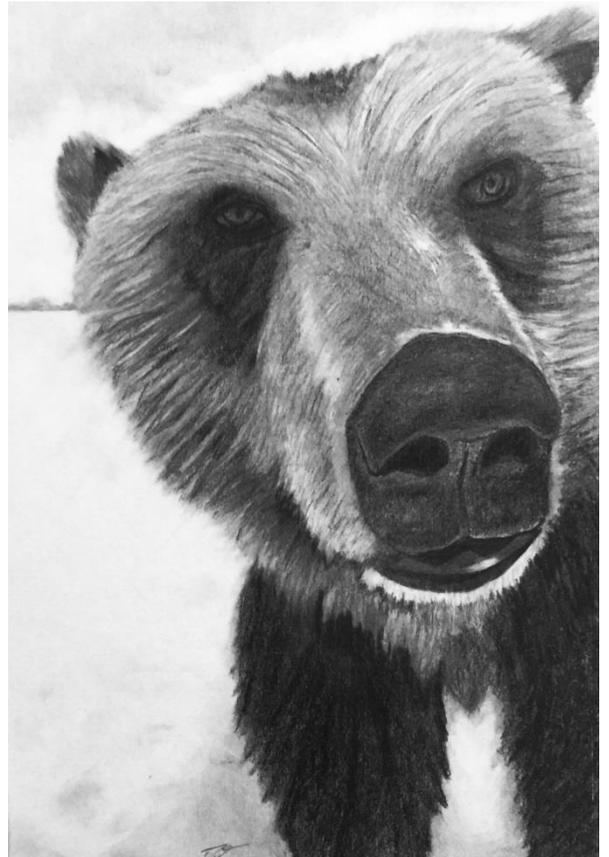
I am nothing but a contradictory statement. I spoke of pain, but never truly experienced such luck. So I began to speak of happiness, though I experienced no sorrow. But I think I am fortunately unfortunate enough today to speak of both. My tongue burns with tales of calamitous laughter, and bitter sweet smiles. Destructive thoughts and broken trusts come from within, and leave a desirable after taste on my lips. I have all that I want. The tragic joy. The alluring agony. Though why do these feelings always have to come in the form of a person? The thing I yearn for most in life, is to be able to feel, not others, but myself.

Mackenzie A. Cyr

Monster

Oh but don't you see? When people come into my life, I am not a home in which they want to stay and grow... No see I am the door to the self health clinic. I am the wind beneath someone's wings, but only until they learn how to fly. I am not the collector's edition, but the cheap replaceable that you will throw out in a year or two. I am the thing you wanted more than anything in the world, but got bored of in a week. Abuse me and use me, yet I will still smile at you like you are a sunflower, in a field where nothing grows. Though... What will you call me when you leave for a summer, and return to find me not in pieces, but finally whole? When I found the missing piece, that was my inner peace? I hope you call me a monster.

Mackenzie A. Cyr



Excerpt from *The Rise Of Titanium* published by Zachary James on Amazon

“Wiping the burn from my eyes, I leave my chambers and head down the many corridors. I reach the entry hall, ignore the bustling courtiers attending luncheon on the balcony and proceed to head down the marble stairs. The large floor to ceiling doors, which are typically locked, gape open. I turn left and I see Evaflora’s throne room. The walls are made of thick vines and trees, the ceiling is glass, and tall trees with green leaves scrape the skylight’s panes. Silky white petals appear from nowhere and fall elegantly from above to the floor, where they vanish. Large banners hang beside her throne, which is reflecting the sun into my eyes. It is made of some type of blue glass. Approaching the dais I stare at the blue throne, which towers above my head. The chair is completely blue and translucent; it’s beautiful, hypnotizing, and luring.

A thread pulls in my stomach and I take a seat upon the throne and watch as maids walk past the door, ignoring me entirely. I feel like a true queen. If only I could rule a kingdom of my own and lead my people to a greater good. I want to protect them from Elkwood and release them from the banishment of magic. They can’t have a queen who has magic in her blood sit on a throne that banishes such power.

I run my fingers along the jagged surface of the throne and realize it is made of some type of smooth curving sticks. Each stick ends in a sharp point. They remind me of large thorns. It resembles my father’s crown. His new one, not his old silver and blue one. He had a cobalt crown of thorns on his head when he attacked me, his new creation since being under the curse.

“Diamond antlers,” says a voice making me leap from the seat and tumble to the floor before the dais. Evaflora saunters to me at a steady pace. Her violet dress is made of chiffon and her crown matches the throne. Her black hair is unbound, and the translucent blue crown makes her eyes stand out more than before. She says confidently, “My throne is made of diamond antlers. Each antler was taken from the extinct crystal stag.”

Not only does she glamour a kingdom, leave her child, and drink human blood, but she also drove a species to extinction to satisfy her greed. Every time I learn something new about this demon, I realize how much more of a witch she is. She walks past me and runs her hand along the throne.

“I loved their iridescent fur. I am wearing it tonight, their pelts,” she says grimacing. I fight the urge to spit in her face. Faerie scum...”

Keep reading the novel and let yourself be swept into a fantasy world of magic, monsters, and romance. This is a fast-paced read that’ll keep all readers on their toes.



Drive

The windows are down slightly,
but the music is all the way up.

I slouch in my seat.

I look up at him.

He stares at the road, concentrating,
but still singing to the music.

The wind hits my face as I look up.

A bird circles over us

As I hear him speed up.

I talk.

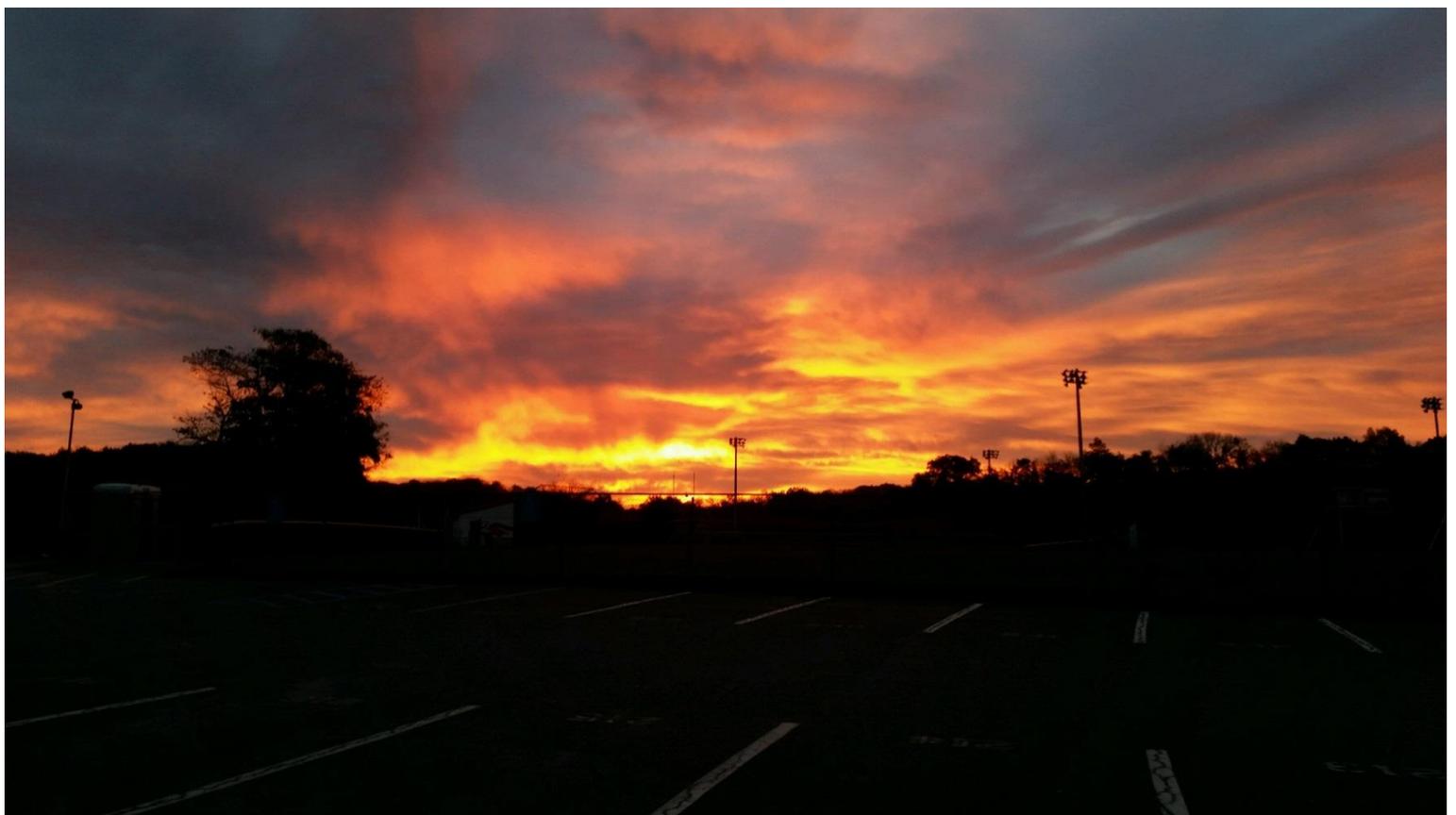
Maybe a little too much.

But that's okay

Because he listens.

He always listens

-Anonymous



The Long Night

5- The chorus fills the Long Night
with chirps and croaks
and rain.

The darkness shrouds the eyesight
but curbs and chokes
disdain,

and clouds damper the moonlight
and leave the world
in black,
As eyelids claim my birthright
to shroud eyes pearled
with plaque.

And so this is the Long Night,
the epilogue
to pain.

But when will come the daylight,
with crickets, frogs,
and rain?

This is the end;

The sun warms the horizon.
With colors bold,
Red, violet, and gold,
It falls, a mighty titan.

It turns around the bend.
The edge of the earth,
its mighty hearth --
I know this is the end;

The Glorious Bean of Life

Oh glorious bean of life,
praise thy deliverance.
Thou hast delivered me from strife;
Thou hast bestowed mine eloquence
and whetted my knife.

The knife -- that is -- of mind,
now sharp as a wind's blade,
and lacking fog of any kind,
cuts mine enemies in bloody fray,
and leaves conquered lands behind.

Oh glorious bean of life,
thou shalt deliver me from digression,
So, in battle, I may wield my knife,
and free the people from oppression!

The king sits high upon his throne,
"Thou hast delivered my people!
And now the Shadows, overthrown,
will hang from the church's steeple!"

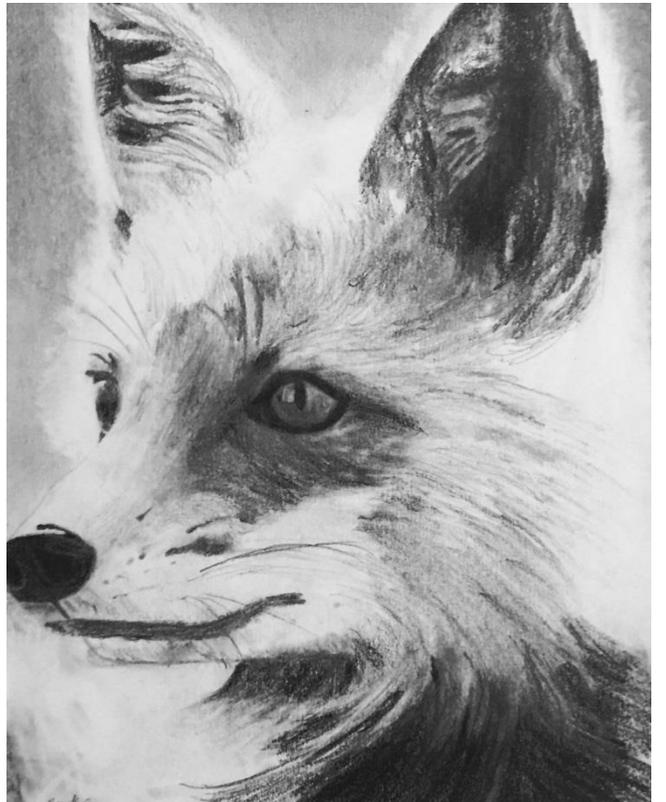
He vows to bequeath his seat to me,
and spread knowledge of my valor.
So every head and mighty tree
will fall within my power.

So fall they will
and roll they may
down grassy hills
and chasms stray.

Glorious bean of obsession,
praise thy deliverance.
Thou hast delivered me from digression.
I hold thee high with reverence,
For you've taught a valuable lesson.

- Clara Miller





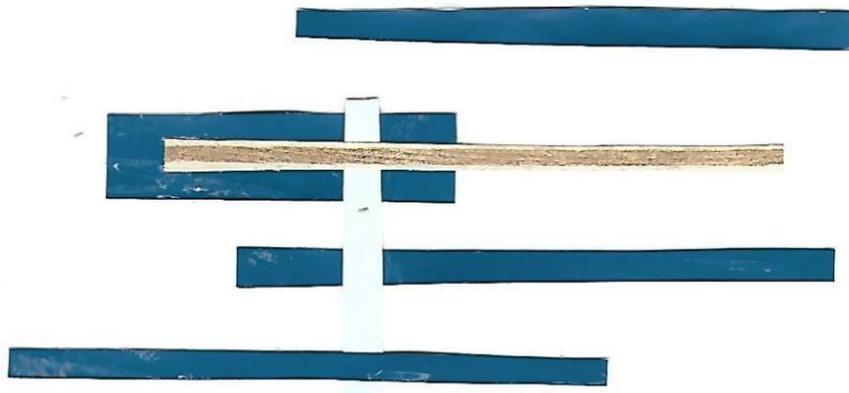
Stars

I want to lay in a field
and look at stars.

I want to stare straight up
and talk about everyone that's wronged us.

I want to feel you close to me
as we talk about everything
that made it right.

I want to dive into the past
as we explore our future.



-Anonymous





Each day you would come into view. Same place and time. The occurrence shifted into a routine. Punch the alarm, roll out of bed, travel via large yellow death-trap, and mentally prepare for judgment day. As I shuffle down the hall, I keep my head low and my eyes scanning the floor. I desperately avoid drawing attention to myself. My worn-out Converse are awfully interesting until I awkwardly approach you. I reach the twelfth crack in the tile and glance up just in time to see you. As always, your lips are turned down in a frown. You never smile. Even with your friends, that same grumpy yet adorable look graces your face. You stare straight at the wall until I pass. Our eyes connect, and I feel a blush darken my cheeks. For once I don't mind the attention. Your gaze follows me down the hallway until I disappear, and I wonder. Mr. Frown, won't you ever crack a smile? What I wouldn't give to see a grin.

-- Rachel Zwerver

Stars
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and look at stars.
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-Anonymous