

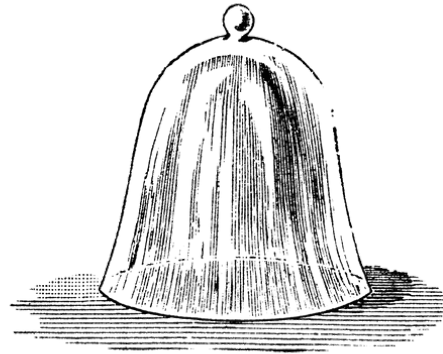
Issue Two
PLATH





The Bell Jar, a metaphysical yawp for every seventeen-year-old depressive. Read in bed with the covers thrown over, read like something stolen. On the inside, Esther's story feels as impermanent as adolescence, making it that more precious, how she succinctly she tells the story of ourselves to ourselves. As a teen with trauma, Plath sang privately to me: dark and dreadful, molten with a type of starlight only geniuses possess. Her anger is its own religion, fuming hard against her glint of intellect, which she wore like some demigoddess's metal diadem. In her essay, "God's Lioness"—Sylvia Plath, Her Prose and Poetry," Wendy Martin writes: "Male writers are permitted to articulate their aggression, however violent or hostile; women writers are supposed to pretend that they are never angry. Sylvia Plath refuses to honor this concept of feminine decorum and dares to express her negative emotions. 'Beware ... Beware ... Out of the ash ... I rise with my red hair ... And I eat men like air' ('Lady Lazarus'). Plath chooses to be true to her experience and to her art rather than to the traditional norms of feminine experience." In her prose, Plath, with poet's scalpel and asylum-hardened wit, tackled a roughened, British iteration of the patriarchy. I write this with full knowledge that she'd hate that sentence about the diadem, likely hate this entire issue. Greg Johnson in "The Eloquent Wrath of Sylvia Plath", writes on Plath's, "posthumous exaltation as a feminist martyr (a phenomenon the caustic Plath would likely have scorned) is only part of the mystique surrounding this charismatic poet." Others have tried before us to capture the mass and weight of her—this flash-in-the-pan quality that parallels the exquisite obsession with dark, terrible stars in her poetry. They wink out everywhere, if you're looking properly.

In 2017, *Glamour España* set forth in a bungling attempt at capturing her likeness with a sampling of Sylvia Accessories, including a pink stove and polish, like something out of the Barbie movie. One could reasonably argue that our issue's crime is similar. What are the ethical drawbacks to devising a dead-woman-themed issue besides fetishization?



Who, exactly, do we think we are? As grossly inappropriate as it may sound, I'd say we deserve the chance. Plath is a prism through which we're scrutinizing outsider art; she's our reluctant patron saint of the brutality of disease. The beauty of a Bipolar MRI scan replicates the patterns of weather cells on a Doppler radar system—crude and prismatic, county-hopping, hot and viral—leading me to believe we've all got weather systems for minds. Plath preferred Northern England's weather, as I prefer Mississippi's, and the differences only begin there. But that's the gift of Plath to all women: the relatability quotient, how compulsively readable she was and remains despite the decades between us and her.

Dan Chiasson writes in his *New Yorker* review, "Sylvia Plath's Last Letters," of her tendency to masquerade as different facets of herself in letters home, trying on for size a dizzying range of moods. "Her mind was brilliantly off-kilter, its emphasis falling in surprising places." He recounts a correspondence between herself and Ruth Beuscher wherein Plath refers to both as "Professional Woman"—another instance of Plath's nearly pathological need to nail down an identity for herself, as if her existence was slippery enough to require continual textual proof. She was, as she had been for years, writing herself to life. To quote Chiasson: "These onerous preconditions for writing and mothering and being a wife had to be brokered all by herself, all for herself. Plath had none of the leisure for contemplation that we associate with male writers. Her muses were economy, thrift, and the clock." You don't need to be a scholar—only requires the briefest of peeks at Plath's letters—to recognize the scope of her tenacity, the hot iron drive that had possessed her since girlhood.

In her paper, "The Right Mind of Sylvia Plath: Magic, Myth and Metamorphosis", Carole Brooks-Platt, PhD writes, "Sylvia Plath lived a life seemingly ruled by 'more-than-coincidences,' as though destiny itself had brought her to poetry, to Cambridge, to Hughes, to Graves, to Yeats's house to live and to die. Her poetry lives on not because of devotion to a muse...but because of her intelligence, linguistic erudition and superior poetic prowess, whether cerebral or nearly autonomous. Her words are magical because they reflect the adored predecessors and are infused with the pain of her own wounds."

My sincerest hope for this issue has to do with homage. Through pain, Plath paved a mighty road for us. Culture has thanked Plath by making her a caricature that glamorizes her deepest agonies. In many ways, it's fitting, completely unsurprising. We live in a world that saddles women to stereotypes they've long ago outgrown, that never fit them in the first place. Why does it take a woman's death to bring change? Through Plath, let's celebrate our cerebral weather together—give thanks for the sacrifice of her life.

"A brief respite from fear
Of total neutrality. With luck,
Trekking stubborn through this season
Of fatigue, I shall
Patch together a content
Of sorts."

from Sylvia Plath's
"Black Rook In Rainy Weather"

Mary Buchanan



Issue Two

PLATH





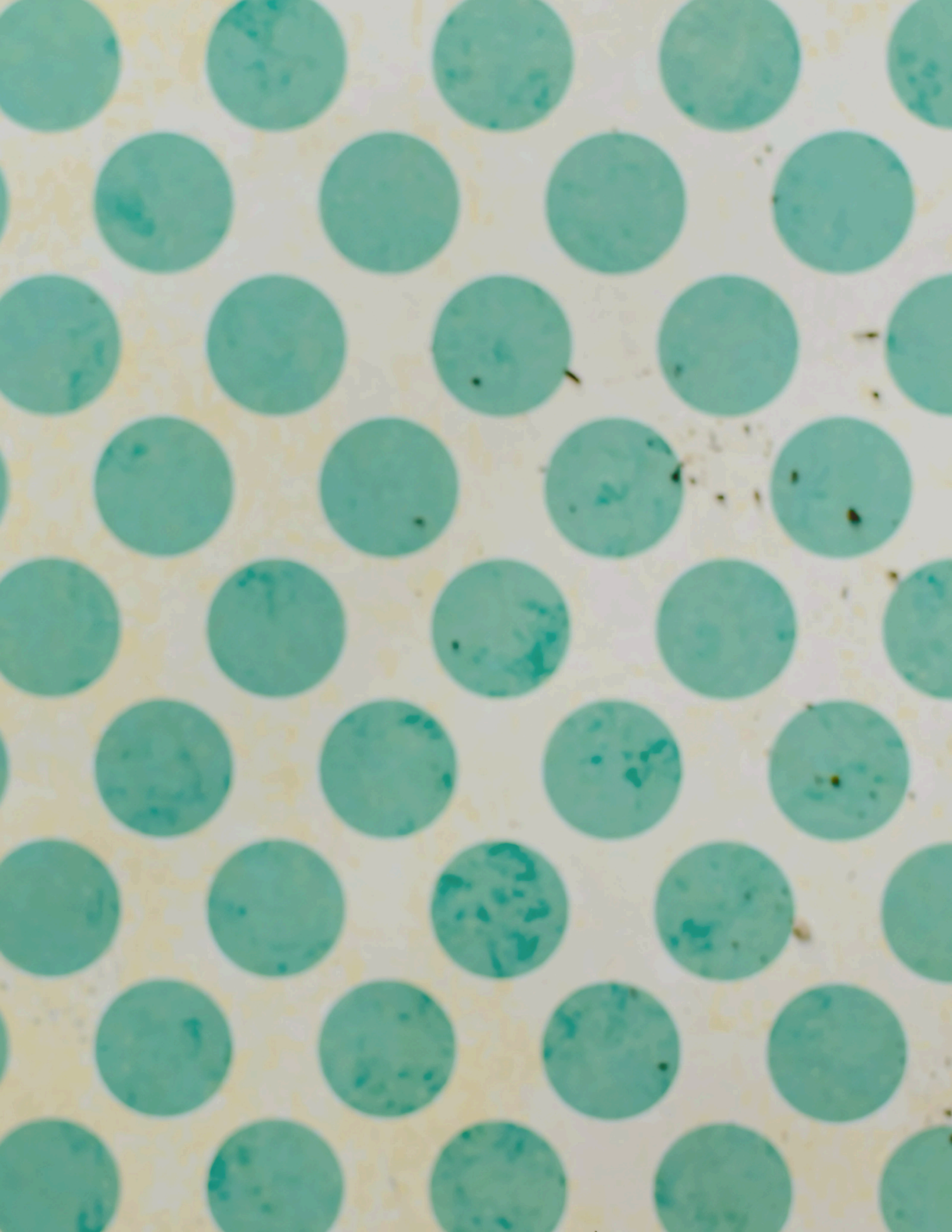




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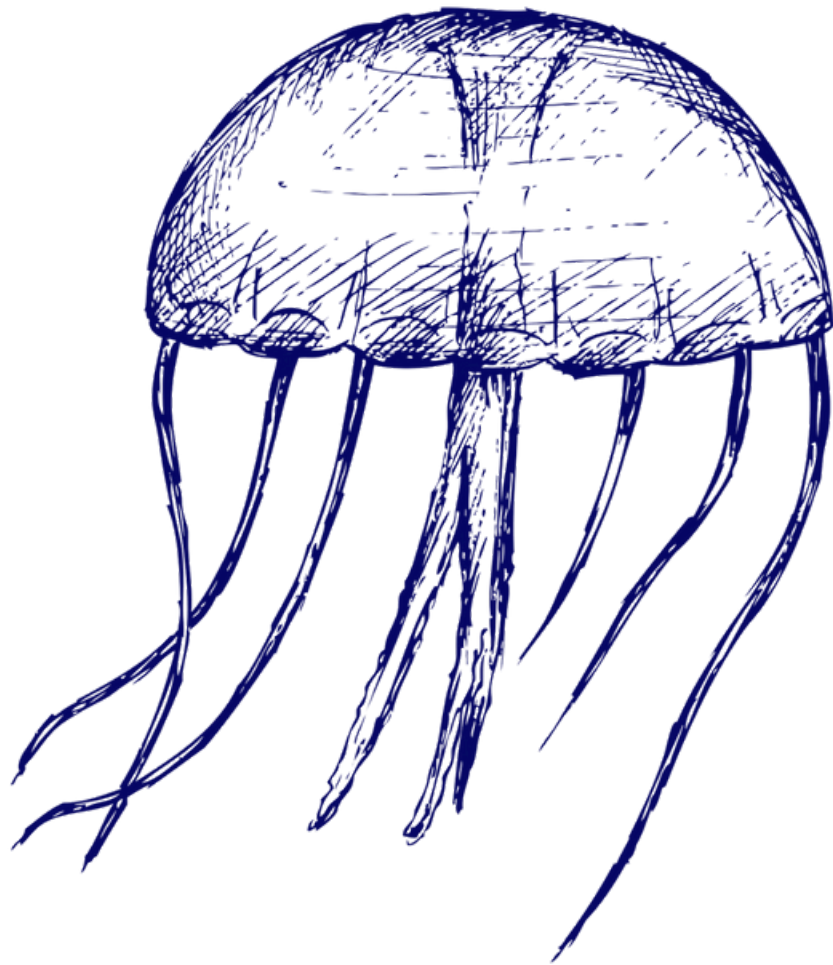


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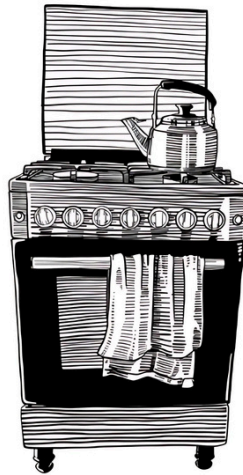


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A Tanka for Sylvia Plath

by Margaret Stetz



the Mad Demoiselle
hurls her poems through glass panes
to free those locked up
in nineteen-fifties kitchens
bound and gagged with pink aprons

Author Statement: "As a teenager in the 1960s, I first encountered Sylvia Plath through a copy of *Ariel* borrowed from my best friend, a precocious girl who wrote poetry. Reading "Daddy," I felt both shocked and elated. Was it possible to talk about oneself and one's family members this way? Seeing Plath do this—having her venomous, yet liberating words fill my head—made anything and everything seem possible. Her poem was more than a mere roar of anger directed at a parent; it was a declaration of her own power, a power far greater than young women were supposed to be able to access. Later, I read *The Bell Jar* and felt the same mixture of astonishment and excitement when faced with a protagonist who climbed onto a Manhattan sunroof and flung defiantly into the streets below the clothing that represented the confinement of 1950s femininity. I reveled, too, in the vein of darkly ironic comedy that ran throughout the narrative. My poem is a tribute both to Plath and to that autobiographical heroine who, like her creator, spent one summer as an intern at a women's fashion magazine (based on the real-life, now defunct, publication titled *Mademoiselle*), and who also suffered a mental breakdown. For this poem, I employed the rigidly restrictive form of a tanka, which must be limited to thirty-one syllables, as a reminder of the external and internal constraints that were imposed upon Plath and upon other middle-class white American women of her generation—the constraints against which she rebelled. But the title also contains a small joke, as the sound of the word "tanka" is meant to suggest "thank you." We all have Sylvia Plath to thank for having been such a crucial and influential voice, helping to inspire the Second Wave feminist movement that freed from guilt those of us who grew up rejecting domesticity, conformity, and silence."

“Sestina for a Nesting Doll”

by Courtenay Schembri Gray

For Stewart Ansel

Language is a languid doll
poaching from a flaxen nest.
And as the blood moon moves, the vault-
ing stars come flushing in like deer.
His commands of my body swam dulcet,
like the cries of a banshee; so pale.

He took apart my shells; those scarlet pail-
s which hold the lips and eyes of my living doll.
Our love is frozen like a stasis of dulcet
birds escaping their horrific nest.
He was my winter, my dear
old Jack Frost sparking his white volts.

When we last spoke that mild December, my heart vault-
ed across my rib cage; the stepping stones, otherwise paled.
From his soul to his gut, he was my i-dol.
I hoisted him by his neckerchief, the colour of blackberries; most ear-nest.
Out in the moon-barked dark a bearded man tended to his rein-deer.
But this time, the currants rotted themselves dulcet.

He sketched me, pressing his pencils into nothingness; a rather dull-set.
I was his collage of ideals, stripped and glued to the revolt.
To have drunk from the kitchen nest;
letting it mutate into an untamable beast, pale
under the hailing influence of tramadol.
It poked holes in our dreams like a killdeer

looking for caterpillars and spiders to commandeer;
to manipulate their covers and hear them scream dulcet.
I wondered if the black cat in the doctor's office was a medical doll;
meagre hands of god used to practise their resurrection, their volta.
For all my research, nothing can explain the pale-
ontology of love, of the templates from which I learned to obey, nest-

ing my lamb-white eyes disho-nest.
That winter of my life spun me into a balladeer,
crooning to the moon where I im-pale.
I was your hawk; your sparrow if my mood fell dulcet.
When it came for you that night, it stole our dreams like a rabid magpie, vault-
ing across the stars, with a thud and a whack, coming to rest on you, my i-dol.

The barren pail danced around the milk nest.
A blank dol-drum held death so dear.
The tulips, peevishly dulcet, nipple-pink, vault-ing.



Author Statement: “When I was seventeen, Sylvia Plath came into my life. I had bought *Ariel* for college, but after I dropped out, I continued to read through her poems. As a macabre person, I was enamoured with her ability to wield themes of death and despair; subjects which I often felt ostracized for enjoying. Since this time, I have become quite knowledgeable about her life through podcasts, articles, books, and documentaries. When I sit down to write a poem, Sylvia sits inside my soul, feeding me the ink. I take particular inspiration from her metaphors, pushing me to merge words that you wouldn't think of putting together. Overall, Sylvia Plath changed my life in ways I cannot begin to quantify, but I do hold her responsible for my decision to start writing poetry professionally.”

Sonnet XIV

by Candice M. Kelsey



Born to T___ and J___: one girl. Peabody,
Massachusetts, in a split-level. Two
Brothers, T___ and C___, stole her dolls at three.
Four, and W___ stole her tricycle too:

The scar settled into her cheek at five.
The year they moved to Hong Kong, she was six:
Yelled there's no God—seven, apologized.
Back in the States, eight, to celebrate—Twix

Bars! They yelled fat. Spin the bottle at nine
In Cincinnati, at ten she lost friends.
Eleven and useless, deep in her mind;
Not thin, twelve's body curtsied ballet's end.

Thirteen and Old Milwaukee Light she drank;
By fourteen every girl knows life point-blank.

Author Statement: "My poem is inspired by Plath's Esther Greenwood, a life-changing character I met in college when reading *The Bell Jar* for the first time. The most electric quotation from her was and still is when she described herself as feeling, "very still and very empty, the way the eye of a tornado must feel, moving dully along in the middle of the surrounding hullabaloo." My first fourteen years were mostly hullabaloo, which is why I chose the strict, formal sonnet form -- both for its stillness and its ability to order that which is chaotic."

What's Done Cannot Be Undone

by Angel Rosen



Sickness, my lengthy visitor, asks
what jar could truly house me
without cracking? What frame
could display me on the wall without ruin?

I have a mother, or three,
their worried voices in my head:
speaking that which should be soothing
but I am not that kind of child anymore.
Their mighty monologists, birthing me
with one purpose alone:
to outsmart death, to dance
with its cruelty, and decide
there is no atrocity greater to suffer
than to say yes and enter its home.

My assured hands are red like
the story tells. It is a permanent color,
a cut that says with an open mouth
so many unforgettable things.

The broadcast directing me home says
New York has called, but
the messages cannot be translated.

I am a horrible girl to celebrate.
I become thin once, and mean
as the devil: my legs keeping me
perpendicular to a silvery Hell. I am caught on
the hook of something: a crescent
that acts as moon, but does not shine.

My last mother calls me home.
There is a ringing that dazzles me
as I journey to my bed, my keeping place,
where all diagnosis is captive.

First, I was see-through, a known scream.

Now, I am opaque in passion,
and my cry is potent:
calling all mothers to their places,
their shocked faces to see
all the horrible red

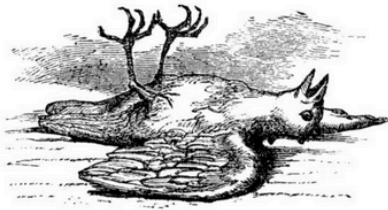
and how fast I could escape it
with the right name.

In someone's borrowed gold, I am called Aurelia.
Holding any angel for one moment longer
would be my greatest crime.

Author Statement: "The first time I read Sylvia Plath, I was thirteen. I had just taken a quiz on MySpace — "What famous woman are you?" I got Sylvia Plath. I hadn't heard of her, but I had been writing poetry since I was eight so it made sense. I read "Daddy", and I didn't get it then, but I appreciated her. Five years later, someone told me that they felt I lived inside of "Fever 103". At this point, I had never felt so seen inside of a poem before. Since then, I have taken Sylvia everywhere with me. Plath created a world in her poetry that was made of agony. "I have suffered the atrocity of sunsets." I try to honor the hospital of her mind. In my poem, "What's Done Cannot Be Undone", I touched on a few different Plath themes. First, the poem takes place inside of *The Bell Jar*, making a reference to the jar itself and also New York. It also touches on the poem, "Three Women", creating the image of my three mothers. The final stanza of the poem references Sylvia's mother, Aurelia, whose name means golden. In this poem, something unforgivable has been done, but it isn't explained. Only the mothers know."

Sparrow or Whatever

by Michael Conley



Little one, I don't know what you are
wren, lark, pipit,
little ball of crushable bones,

you are so aware of threat
it leaves you wired
jittering like the red second hand

of an exam-hall clock.
Your geometry is exemplary
tracing your little triangles

from café table to sky
to chair arm to sky
to thin branch to sky

back to my crumbed saucer.
You progress like a zoetrope cyclist,
cock your head

as though I have anything to tell you
worth hearing. Your dark eye
sparkles like nothing.

Author Statement: "I love Sylvia Plath's work. I think what's often under-appreciated about her is that she's one of the great poetry technicians of the 20th Century she has an incredible eye that not only observes and describes the world but recasts it through the filter of her own perspectives and experiences. If the result of this is bleak, then the sharing of that bleakness is also an act of supreme artistic generosity. I think she's what happens when you cross Romanticism with Absurdism - in her nature poetry, she seems to be constantly in search of the sublime but her poems often seem to be about what the failure to find what it might mean. In my own poem, I wanted to observe the sparrow, but through the slightly alienating similes and the flatness of the final line, I have attempted to reflect what I think is a core aspect of her approach."



Reemergence of Gaulish Boar Goddess

Arduinna

by Jennie Meyer



You're rooting up grassy sods in Scotland, devouring
lambs left out of the bedded barn. A nuisance, they say,
destructive. You, roused from the ancient past where you rode

the wild boar for the hunt, shape-shifted into the beast, your name
meaning height and steep, you fiercely protected the Ardennes,
your mountainous, sacred groves, and the creatures deep within.

Now, you swim across the pond, where still, boarless
women worry— Have I been speaking too much?
Am I taking up too much space? Oh— Mother

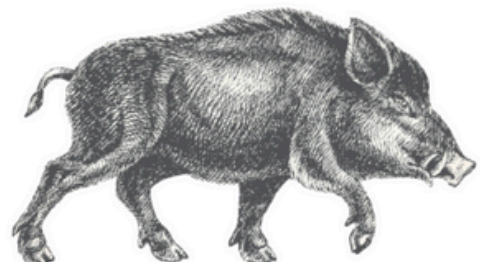
Nature, condemned as offensive, the way your devotees
once feasted, drank, sang and danced in your honor,
and so, first century deacon Wulflaich stood atop a pole—

a tree stripped of its lavish limbs— resisting you until his toenails
dropped off from frostbite, until your followers finally bowed
to the cross instead of you. Hammers hacked your statue down.

Pater silences Mater.
He scorns emotions, instincts, rights, right out of your body,
your womb. His pole stands circumcised, erect, on the village green.

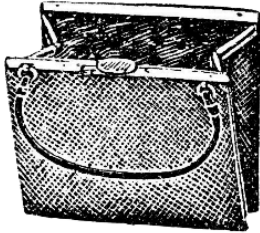
Since then, we've sat, silenced, while from the head of the tree-turned-table,
-helm, -Resolute Desk, he rules. Impulse, urge, laughter, word, squelched.
It takes gall to overturn the yard, snouts scouring for roots and grubs.

Author Statement: "I grew up under the shadow of Plath's world, in that my father's and Plath's lives intersected in a town and time where status and image mattered above all else, a belief that stamped its impact on generations of families. They were in the same class at Wellesley High School and even went on a summer date on the Isles of Shoals. He said, "She was nice. Quiet." My father's mother underwent ECT multiple times at Mount Auburn Hospital. My mother told me my grandmother and Plath's mother were bridge partners, a fact my father doesn't recall. His brother, my uncle, took his own life. From this shadow my poems emerge, exploring the long arm of patriarchy and the quest for identity and expression."



All Over Sylvia

by Hugh Findlay



1. From essay *Sylvia Plath and the Death Throes of Romanticism* by Joyce Carol Oates, 1974.
2. "blue with cold" from *A Winter Ship*
3. *Wuthering Heights*
4. Plath attended Smith College
5. *In Plaster, The Lady and the Earthenware Head*, and indirectly *The Colossus*
6. *Mirror*
7. *A Birthday Present*
8. *Metaphors*
9. "bats" from *Nick and the Candlestick* and many others
10. "doll" from *The Applicant* and many others
11. *Totem*
12. *Daddy*
13. *Sleep in the Mojave Desert*
14. "sneer at the wind" from *Resolve*
15. "indefatigable tongue" from *The Courage of Shutting Up*
16. *Lady Lazarus*
17. "lugubrious" from *The Ravaged Face* and a few others
18. "intel" from *Departure* and *Wuthering Heights*



O Sylvia, poor dour Sylvia.
Your matchless madness escapes you.
Flanks you like your Mother Moon and Father Sea. 1
The dark shadows of your poetry are too blue with cold, 2
Your genius gleams like spare change at the bottom of your purse. 3

And why did you even bother with poetry?
Such Smithian intelligence seems wasted, 4
on time spent digging into the roots,
the terrible horrible roots of your plaster head, 5
through the empty black orbs of your eyes.
But there was always the question of reflection,
and sorting out the mirror in verse, 6
wearing the thin veils of time. 7

The flowers bend and bow,
laughing like indecisions in moonglow.
The trees blacken the mind,
hastening to employ a certain wind.
The waves hold secrets between their crests,
dissolving sighs that hiss through your fists.

Out of poem, Sylvia,
I cannot help but love you,
consternations and all, riddling in metaphors. 8
I see your peace and can ingest it like a black bat if you desire, 9
can send your letters on homeward journeys unopened, as your
promises,
can help you nurture the small doll of sublime melancholy. 10
And we both have time, you know;
time shed of gods, time for expelling words,
for emptying our pockets of wishes. 11

But ach du! 12
The colors of your space are as untouchable as your tomorrows; 13
colors bleeding into echoes,
red as rust, black as earth,
and white as a blind man's eye. 13
You sneer at the wind and cut out your own indefatigable tongue. 14 15
A Lazarus in your own mind, 16
stamping on your own grave,
on the stones of your own bones.
Enigmatic, lugubrious, obstinate in your own right. 17

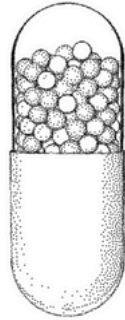
In the end Sylvia,
we all must do, we all must do. 13
Well and ill and neither,
your heart, your womb,
your self and self.

You may close your lids now.
Your lintel is fallen. 18

2-Teardrops

and Wife

by J.C. Chen Henderson



—In the Chinese language, many characters have two parts, most of which symbolic. There is often more than one written character to the same phonetic sound, such as the word Qi.

You die, Mother, just enough
so you can wake up,
and so you can die again.
Seventeen-pills' worth;
you had to test six times
to get lucky. Not a surprise
you have swallowed them
for the sake of your husband—
the Chinese character, Qi—
sorrow—are symbols
of 2-Teardrops and Wife.
Such a character invention
has stood the test
of women and time.
Therefore, Mother, you are
making a fuss
for nothing; your many little
deaths are revenges
on my father's death.
But look, I am writing
another Qi—
even when you lie
half dead in bed,
this Qi is running
in your veins: 3-Teardrops
and Rise.

Author Statement: "Each of Sylvia Plath's poems, to me, is nearly personal with a heart and a soul that quiver with mine whenever I read it. My poem "2-Teardrops and Wife", I believe, shares the vulnerability as well as the unapologetic voice with her poems, "Daddy" and "Lady Lazarus." The fact that I'm drawn to "such" themes speaks to that, I, too, had a haunting childhood."

Where he has Placed Mousetraps

by Allyson Wuerth



Across bookshelves
he left
the bruised trace of a thumb.

Count out
fifty-six ballerina twirls from here

by the copper globe
top shelf
back back
behind the books on motherhood
and saints

where he's placed the bait
that made me scramble.

Against a moonless night
he tells a bar fly
he dances.

Dimples of pine sap stipple the wrist
the spatter pattern is analyzed.

In the ashes
are fragments
of the things that burn for us.

The things that burn for us.

The forest whispers,
something like
come into my mushroom hut
and be born.

Some girls know how
words, too, take hold.

I sometimes think of the vesper sparrow—
my mother's favorite sadness,
wind blown ferns.

The times we said,
let them be heaven.

Author Statement: "While I did not write this poem with Sylvia Plath in mind, her words have influenced my writing for more than 30 years. I read *Ariel* as a teenager and then *The Bell Jar* immediately after *Ariel*. Her haunting imagery and surprising juxtapositions grabbed hold of me and never let go."

Morphic Resonance

by Devon Balwit



*There is no terminus, only suitcases/
Out of which the same self unfolds like a suit.*

(Sylvia Plath "Totem")

You'll never guess what I picked up
on my way home, my husband says.

He points to a two-handled bag
on the table filled with cremains.

That's wrong, I say. The dead
shouldn't go in a boutique sack

between the mail and chips.
Set him on the mantel at least.

What's the difference? he asks.
Something. Gravitas. Whatever

part of the soul still lingers.
In equal measures, I want to peek

and to carry the sack gingerly
by its twine and lock it in the trunk.

Proximity to death demands
that I up my game. The last

time the deceased visited was at a strained
Thanksgiving. Even then, we knew

what approached. I remember his eyes
as I snapped his picture. Ghostly.

Author Statement: "I've always been drawn to Plath because of her uncanny ability to artfully distill raw emotion with utter avoidance of cliché. I never feel like "Oh, I've seen that metaphor before" when I read her work. Its freshness inspires new directions in my own work--as in this case where, if presented with the idea of the same self being carried around with us, I might have written one of my many poems on Horace's adage: "Caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt." (They change their sky, not their soul, who rush across the sea.). Instead, she literalizes it, our carrying of ourselves in a suitcase, which made me think of our taking care of our friend's ashes (which ultimately found a lovely "forever" home in a grove at the coast), taking me in a fresh direction. I've read Plath's short stories and letters, too, but regarding the latter, usually I find much is lost rather than gained by knowing a poet's backstory. I get bogged down by their ordinary human failings when really the work should speak for itself and be "about" itself."

November

by Michelle Chen



" tulips like danger ;
They open the cat
of my heart: it closes
its red bloom love " - Sylvia Plath, "Tulips," after erasure

The smoke is purple, I swear,
though I'm only a novice synesthete
Andy Warhol can't be the only one. It isn't
expensive swatches of high antiquity that rise
across these starless backwood windows
and not the sepia smatter of spat grape gum
but divination, or some chemist's toxic mist.
A nurse moves her lung and exhales antiseptic
onto the fresh wound on my arm, patting
it down as if she were planting tomatoes
in an overgrown, Jurassic backyard
on a rainy day when the forecast was only
a five-percent chance of precipitation.
A kind of remembering for the days when I hid
long after the seekers were gone.

My second wind comes when they bring out that funny game
where everyone gives a card and someone has to choose
the noun that matches the adjective the best so I put
chicken nuggets when they flip over shy
and bed for tall because
I rise and fall on this ninth-floor mattress
with the help of Benadryl and Low Motivation.
They talk to me in sweeter voices
and I listen in hazy muscle memory
as they watch over me like an addict's
eyes follow tobacco smoke.

The young yodels from the children's ward
melt my heart like an astrologer's eyes dissolve
while sneaking a glimpse of that rare eclipse.
I freeze with every caterwaul, mark, near-lethal
attempt I discover of the people around me. Whenever
that song comes on I'm not crazy, I'm just a little unwell
they dip their heads and press their hands together and I follow.
I cannot tell Reich from recreation.

It was November in that Manhattan hospital and on my fourteenth day
they let me go. I miss Andy Warhol's artwork decking the walls and that purple smoke
like I do the ouija boards and tarot cards in those specialty stores
that I'm afraid of spending actual fucking money on, sometimes, just
like how I miss dangerous tulips and Nostradamus light.

Author Statement: Sylvia Plath's luminous writings, nestled in library corners at my Manhattan selective high school and at universities, seemed to always be relegated to a dusty bookcase's bottom shelf, belying her work's continuing mystique and movement – like a spray of ruby pomegranate seeds clattering against an ivory porcelain bowl – in the minds of teenage girls everywhere within America's national boundaries. However, Shakespeare and Hemingway were also perched in the classics section in favor of YA and children's lit, so that bookshelf may just reflect Plath's enduring legacy as one whose works have transformed the world, and first inspired me to be a poet. I can't recall ever reading her poems in a 2010s English classroom, within the progressive racial and gender diversification of curricula as a hallmark of literary change from the repressive 1960s, whose gender sublimations took a toll on Plath as it was a time when women could not buy or sell property, control earnings, or create contracts or wills. Plath's transgressions of these limitations made her a feminist icon in my fourteen-year-old eyes, whose poetry and prose intervened politically through her voice's eternal preservation amongst male authors, and garnered her independent income. I related to how her creative work helped her gain success even as her personal relationships and psychological state deteriorated, as my first-generation immigrant family has relied on freelance income beyond 9-5 roles, where harassment and promotional discrimination is common. There are stark divides between those who enjoy the benefits of a welcoming creative writing community and those who do not. Plath's courage helped bring about my transformation into womanhood, as I wrote about controversy, mental illness, domestic entanglements, abstract symbolism enlarged through free verse, and performed original work on the vestiges of her legacy. Her name became a beacon for success as a creative writer, from the earliest traces as a Scholastic Art and Writing Awards winner which she won in 1947 and me every year from 2011-2017 when the internet made submissions easier, to applying for fellowships and grants, which led me across the country on paths immigrant parents may never before have imagined for their ancestors, brethren, or posterity.

"Tulps" would probably be the singular example as part of many poetry handouts that led me to experience both life-saving psychiatric treatment and poetry readings and awards, otherwise inaccessible and unconventional for a Chinese American girl. Throughout my coming-of-age years, I always wanted someone to kneel beside my hospital bedside and plant a bouquet of fire-red tulps in a frosted vase, which would be banned within the children's psychiatric ward, where pint-sized guys and gals who looked barely out of elementary school bawled and screamed without their parents for weeks, and the doors and closets were pried free of hooks and valet rods. Soon after reading *Ariel* and *The Bell Jar*, Plath's narrative was internalized in my psyche and body, as my release from the ward coincided with a first-place win in COY's citywide high school poetry contest where I wrote and read with Plath's voice and psychiatric encounters and treatment in mind, sublimating and often replacing my own body and heritage as a woman of color. Plath's life was one of the only ways I could envision life as a poet, and I found that as long as I followed her physical trail, I would succeed and have an explanatory example for other people when they questioned my future as a writer – if they overlooked her final end for the energy and perceptivity of her writing. Through word of mouth and turn of phrase, I discovered other teenage girls and boys who had passed through the psychiatric institution, their personalities like comets whose icy nuclei turn into gas and dust tails when falling toward the sun – a doubly affectionate and verbally harsh will-they-won't-they American boyfriend from upstairs who spent what seemed like years with an eating disorder in a Wyoming hospital – two immigrant girls, both only children and predicted to be brilliant writers and future humanists, one of whom passed away young from the same disease or nasty shock plaguing Plath in the final year of her life with abuse, infidelity, career stasis – who were my classmates – a Chinese American third-generation son diagnosed with bipolar and schizophrenia after what I imagined was a dramatically culturally resistant entry to the ward – authorial icons who shared traces of my journey, including Yiyun Li whose college intertwined with my life-changing scholarship to the Iowa Young Writers Studio while her linguistically gifted sons basked their mother's and Plath's challenges through a different lens, because first-gen people from East Asian cultures do not have strategies to overcome the negative impact of individualistic systems in European American cultures, leading to decreased well-being – and Esme Weijen Wang's hallucinatory meditations on everyday survival. The gleaming subversions of Anne Sexton and vibrant social justice experimentalism of Seo-Young Chu, were also intertwined with interactions with the mental health care system, discovered in the online world of collegiate women poets, with their frequent confessional approach to the genre. Womanhood and survival – survival and womanhood – these ideas seemed to be synonymously interchangeable, and batanglers of trailblazing writing craft. But reading Plath means rediscovering the dazzling life and energy which helped her contribute greatly to literature even in the depths of her despair, and analyzing how her vision for human experience unites all ages and cultures. I found myself desiring to conduct distillation and extraction of her literary work to help heal the overburdened youth I'd known while coming of age, and to provide intersectional relationality and community in girlhood storytelling.

I continued to find myself inexplicably drawn to Plath's alma maters, taking a Greyhound bus rattling over pebbled highways through damp morning mists, to Smith College's Poetry Prize Workshop with Marilyn Chin in 2016. Two years later, I would step onto Mount Holyoke's campus as a college freshman within the Five College Consortium representing UMass at the Glascock Intercollegiate Poetry Contest, whose contestants included Sylvia Plath. Following her footsteps by physically passing through the memories of her life in and around Amherst, as she and I did crisscrossed the chilly Massachusetts landscape when Plath was an English instructor at Smith College from 1957 to 1958, while her husband taught English literature and creative writing at the University of Massachusetts at the Amherst campus, was a marvel of affective hermeneutics paving my lifelong dream of becoming a writer. I gained a first-hand introduction to New England even as I left the NYC streets of my upbringing, memorializing in my bones how Sylvia Plath herself traveled to New York City the summer before senior year of college for Mademoiselle magazine's guest editorship. Recently, her origins and journey have continued to influence my geographical and academic movements, as seen in a recent field trip to Oxford University before bussing to Leeds for study abroad program in a multicountry voyage across the European continent this summer. Plath's life mapped locales and situations onto my body as if I were passing through a white-filtered prism, within which my Singaporean Chinese American identity could only fracture and fragment. After personal and professional letdowns I dye my hair platinum blonde and have re-bleached the front side pieces for the past year – another vision of Plath's ghost, whose image was heavily controlled by others after her death – this too was her chance to help others see how she wanted herself to be seen, a Plath-life for the books and criticism on the record. Despite her written racial prejudices and psychiatric failures, I continued to deconstruct her and her work as groundwork for understanding the Northeast and its histories of experience, in the honesty and vulnerability of her voice, and in every stanza that forms like sugar in boiling water around a silken thread – inpatient, corrosive, and with a homemade fifty-fifty chance of condensation or solidification, but behaving with the same ethereal beauty.

Through continuing discussions of energy futures and infrastructure, vulnerability of marginalized groups, sustainable climate futures in science fiction, colonization and indigenization, electricity and fossil fuels, and gender and sexuality that transformed my experiences as an early twenty-first century English major venturing beyond the canon during the centennial anniversary of the roaring twenties, I find Plath to be a pertinent addition to the workshop experience. While it may be redundant to see how her work has been phased out of its position in English syllabi in this day and age, as an aspiring English instructor I predict making photocopies with Plath's excerpts for the most curious students to hand out with reverence after class, and receiving email notifications from students of all backgrounds emulating Plath in their self-worked persona and poetry. I never forgot over the past decade since I first encountered her work how flowers themselves rupture time and space, and how like the self-made imposition of Plath's life over my own, I did nothing in poetry without sufficient love to resist discouragement. "And I am aware of my heart: it opens and closes its bowl of red blooms out of sheer love of me. / The water I taste is warm and salt, like the sea, / And comes from a country far away as health." The ashes of the scarlet phoenix rise, immortal – her legacy cannot be ignored through an autobiographical reading of the melancholy and inspiration site forged throughout *The Bell Jar* and the most haunting poems of *Ariel*, navigating sickness and health like a master captain and shipmate. She rotates between the two polarities of control and release through her vulnerabilities and dependencies, and alternatively with each line which visually clarifies visceral experiences, beneficial to universal cross-race and cross-gender connection across time and space.

Nowadays I see her walking in her girlhood locales and the places that transformed her into maturity, my imagination stimulated by the help of personal experience with tracing her pathways geographically and living life in the same global locations. The sun's metamorphic splinters glide through her lashes, like alternating current through an open oven as she strides briskly over campus cobblestone, the intensity of her mood overflowing to everyone she knows like electrons flowing from the negative to the positive. In the happier instances of her life, her words are laying autumn's cement in the many abbey ruins and festivals that dot the British landscape, poems raffled at street auctions, constructing dreamscapes small enough to perch atop a gilded keychain of a ring of crimson poppies, which I bought during my trip alongside a bejeweled bumblebee brooch in a black velvet box the length of my thumb. Across the pond, at a Central Park picnic, we meet across the decades – tracing lanyards and beaded bracelets, hallucinating in the peaks and valleys of girlhood games, speaking against neurodiversity stigma where our shared suffering, hundreds-strong, has refined our moral judgment in embracing others with kindness. How her poems sit in a field barred for miles by skyscrapers, the diamond dust enticed within our calves as we sit cross-legged, piercing blades of grass with razor nails, rolling popside wrappers into powder kegs. She hands me the vermilion net of her art – woven into images. Behind us is a three-legged race, volleyball doubles that flay palms into smears of peach. The chalice, containing fresh copies of a new print run enclosed in express mail – opening, Pandora grasps the lid, speaking seven thousand languages, before opening the archives, swooning with delirium tremors. I sometimes visualize our family kettle over five years in America – evolving from iron to glass with a heatproof handle. Decanter mounted, mouth to stem. Interior divided into azure skies. The falling sparrow of a depressive disorder twisted into the conjugations, she-he-he-he which I fumble on Latin worksheets and mislink chemistry molecule structures. Night starlets [he/fo] begs for [me/Plath] to unlock the door, rain pouring in rivelets, the moment [I/she] does he ruffles [my/her] hair and grabs me/her around the thighs, swinging [me/her] up toward the ceiling. Seeking love and success beyond institutionalization, and it will happen. It will. In our hands is a fig tree studded with purple stars that none of us wish would ever decay, our combined desire making it possible, and less tragic when it ends – to live by Plath's mantra from adolescence to adulthood, "I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead; I lift my eyes and all is born again."

Mama.

by Lumina Miller



If I put on your sweatshirt, will it rub off and seep in?
Make the disappointment of continually coming in third
sting—
a bit less?
The smell of who you were ten years ago, when
we found the other to be—majestic
might transfuse some blood that was lost.

Hard to leave the house,
with a three-month-old.
Run from your robots and dysfunction, a pattern coming up on a decade.
Ready to sit down and feel at ease with this new little life—
without choking
on a past that isn't mine.
They'll say your second wife was just as crazy as your first.

Author Statement: "I adore Sylvia Plath. Her work pulls me into a wistful world that's raw and playful too. "The Other," is one of my favorite poems. It's drenched in power and wit."

Girl at the Crossroads

by William Miller



One morning, the light pink and gold,
the air misty, she sat down as if for the last time.
At a place well-known to Voodoo priests,
black bluesmen, at a place old as Hecate,
she decided to make her last stand.
Without ceremony, a word of explanation,
she almost became a street martyr.

The beer truck stopped, the streetcleaner.
blew his horn, even the crows called out
as if in protest. There were threats, curses,
but a homeless man brought her water.
She refused to drink from it, not a single sip
though she surely thirsted on her
makeshift cross. Though it took less than

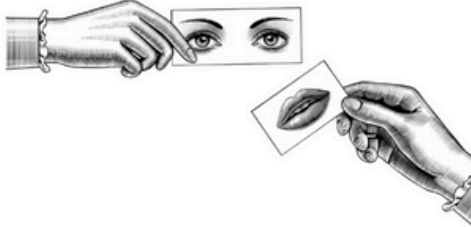
an hour for the cops, the ambulance
to pull up and take her away for the most
she could suffer in the Tulane Psych Ward,
she seems to sit there still, her protest final,
absolute. Like a man who faces a brick wall,
who "prefers not to", she refuses to give up
her sacred space.

Author Statement: "I first read Plath when I was a teenager in Alabama. Reading her poems, especially those in *Ariel*, made me want to write poetry. There is a long history of mental illness in my family, and I grew up in an abusive, violent home. Plath articulated my own horror in amazing imagery and daring but restrained lines. I owe her the greatest debt one writer can owe another. Her poems are eternal. She went bravely before us and still does."

Behavior

Patterns

by Mandira Pattnaik



This morning is a purple patch: you've braided your wet after-shower hair on your own, applied gloss on cracked lips. You've stared at yourself in the mirror. You've lifted your arms gently above your head, adored the soft mounds in between in your arms, how they move, the peaks stiffened just a little.

Dressed, you head downstairs to watch the Daryleple Comedy Show on recorded mode. Your laugh sounds different. It isn't the usual hiss, or even the crackle you sometimes produce, it's a proper adult laugh. You even play the grand piano in the late morning, at the darker end of the hall that perpetually smells of wood berries. Your baby brother Sam thought it wasn't discordant, in fact he applauded standing up between his miniature city of Lego blocks.

By noon, you can't keep up your level anymore. You simply register, like the cobweb in the corner. Catch children bundling out at recess from the kindergarten on the opposite flank of the street, naked mice burrowing in pits in your unkempt yard. Notice how they end up in standard behavior patterns, as expected of them – them, the others with intersecting methodologies you find sewn into social fabric you're not part of.

You could never construct what they call a frown. Knot brows? Neither. Just holding yourself, sitting here plastered to the chair by the window, beyond which the sunshine is a pale ochre, the outlines of hills smudged with teal.

You do manage a smirk sometimes, when your condition relents a bit, and on those one-off days, you roll eyes to amuse Sam, and snatch an erratic undulating landscape from places you've never visited, to paint it on canvas Mum places before you every morning, saying it'll help. Outside, the day proclaims order, repetition, discipline; exhibits people with perfect seamless bodies in perfectly synchronized routines. You notice the boy browsing books at the stall beside the school, an excellent specimen you fancy this moment, in tan tee, and hint of hair on his face. What'd be his name you wonder – would it be Bruce or Chang or Sanjeev. What will it matter if you were the other people for a day? This day? Went up to the boy, greeted him? If, say, Sanjeev showed interest in your marble eyes that never spoke, or un-kissed lips that couldn't curl, would you grab his hands?

Of course, you two would meet again and again, and then he would be familiar to you, like traffic symbols or watercolor technique, like finding ways out of lonely dark burrows, like lip-reading or sign-language. The two of you will take on 'a meaning', as they say couples do, when matches are made in heaven. Maybe make love on a moonless beach, as other people do. You are blushing, but it's only a dry brown leaf, flattened between pages, veins indistinct.

You turn away, watch Zoe mow the neighbor's grassy lawn, each stretch a neat patch, an expert brush-stroke. Afterwards you see him light a cigarette, the angry flicker flame-orange, and cigarettes, he'd said, were damn cheap in Jamshedpur from where he had fled.

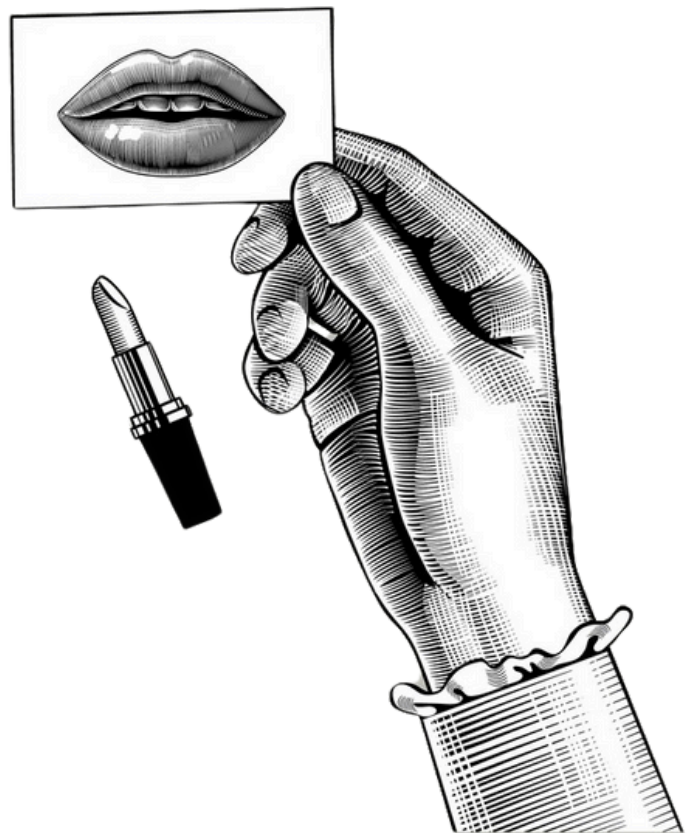
Zoe was at your place the other day, on errand. Mum was curious. Such a nice boy, she wished the neighbors didn't work him that lot. Zoe had only disjointed segments of his earlier life to offer – excerpts from his past. They had lined his family, in the shadow of the village, badly assaulted them, even his sisters, and asked them to run before spraying bullets... Zoe had been careless in his remark, 'like it mattered to those brutes to have a few people less!'

You remember his emptiness.

When you look again, you see Zoe limping away, a token of that day, dragging the mower with difficulty. Suffering because of impaired sense.

Ha! Now you see the disambiguation. Regular people on the street, them beyond your window, imperfect like you, diseased. How everything, all of it, blends together. You unbraid hair, let it crowd around your cheeks, see the reflection on the window glass, not sure if you're happy or down. You raise an eyebrow, see it arch in defiance, feel nice about the little significant day you've had today. You attempt a laugh. Again. Full-throated, pitched perfect. Sounds harmonic. Like a train chugging along the shoulders of the hills you've been painting.

Author Statement: "In *The Silent Woman* (1994), Janet Malcolm wrote of her and Plath's generation that "we lied to our parents and we lied to each other and we lied to ourselves". She spoke of her generation as being addicted to deception. In deception, I believe, lies the root of major issues between people and in the world today. It is *this* contradiction, and by extrapolation, *this* violence—physical, as well as one that hurts the psyche and soul—that usually remains concealed, and which must be reinvented through poetry and literature. In the world my characters in *Behavior Patterns* inhabit, there is violence, hate and hurt (physical in case of Zoe, and mental in case of the second person narrator). Their compulsions hold them under a tight leash, but they yearn to break free (*The two of you will take on 'a meaning'; as they say couples do, when matches are made in heaven. Maybe make love on a moonless beach, as other people do. You are blushing, but it's only a dry brown leaf, flattened between pages, veins indistinct.*), Narrator's and Zoe's lives run parallelly, mirroring and augmenting each other, and in their quiet, restrained rebelliousness, they release the rage and disillusionment as Plath would. *Behavior Patterns* provides an undercurrent of anguish that is redeemed through the pursuit of, what I term as, 'extraordinary ordinariness'. Like Plath, I'm attracted to natural, accessible objects' magnetic qualities (*miniature city of Lego blocks, piano, mirror, traffic symbols, watercolor*) that enhance the mundane, and also signified with such details as *'plastered to the chair by the window, beyond which the sunshine is a pale ochre, the outlines of hills smudged with teal'*. Plath's underscoring the act of "seeing", fixated on objects and environments either "seen" or overlooked in the eyes of others, inspires this piece and transfers the triumph of spirit in the face of odds."



The Poet's Story

by Gauri Awasthi



I summon Sylvia Plath. I have called to her once before – in Cambridge, United Kingdom of Colonization. When me and three other girls, all American, were assigned Newnham College for a summer writing course. We shouted in the hallways out to each other – Sylviaaaa Sylviaaaa – oh the luxury of space – oh the luxury of a room. Sylviaaaaa Sylviaaaaaa – in those moments we were all Sylvia. But when I summon her this time, it's different because I am not sure how she would exactly respond to me, alone. I am in Saratoga Springs, where she once wrote a poem full of Mushrooms. At dusk, when I am reading Overnight, very / Whitely, discreetly, /Very quietly – I scan one of the mushrooms, packed in my food box. When I hold the underneath of this mushroom to the window light, it shines like the gills of a purple fish. And as I ingest it, I see her swim toward me in broad daylight. The frozen lake unfreezes as she swims her way through the window. She remembers me calling out to her, you were Sylvia too. I don't muster the courage to tell her it was a joke, and nod instead. I offer her a mushroom, show her the blue gill of this one when held up to the light and she confirms, after ingesting it, that it does feel like one big ship – this world. She says, we shall by morning/ inherit the earth/ our foot's in the door. And the lake freezes back, and the words float to me and I know I am bound and attracted to certain patches of this earth.



Author Statement: "I am excited to submit for the special issue themed "Plath" as a long-time lover of her work and as someone who considers her my literary lineage. "The Poet's Story" is in direct conversation with her poem "Mushrooms".

Release

by Sheree Shatsky

collage on paper

analog 960 pxx 1280 px

"release" is inspired by the remarkable resemblance of an 1860 dressmaker dummy to a bell jar. these fashion silhouettes were called cage crinolines and typically made of steel. the collage reflects release from societal confines placed on women. "now she is flying". (plath, sylvia. "stings.")

Plath, Sylvia. "Stings." *Ariel: The Restored Edition*. Harper Perennial, 2005, p. 86

"I am no drudge", (Plath, line 23)

"Now she is flying", (Plath, line 56)

77Krinolinenbuste von 1860. Public Domain.



Reverie

by Grace Frye

cut-paper collage

this collage, "reverie" is composed of cut-paper fragment and incorporates elements from fine art, magazines, advertisements, and other ephemera. in revisiting sylvia plath's writing before setting out to create this piece, i was struck by her juxtaposition of the dishonest, but socially appropriate, composed facade women often adopt with the complicated, and often vicious, realities of inward life.

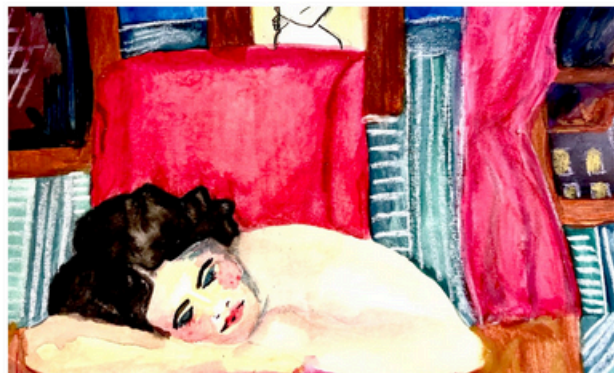
for so many of us, although social mores have changed since plath's time, the expectation that intense emotional experiences be dealt with privately and undramatically persist. but art can hold space to express those harder aspects of existence that day-to-day life cannot always accommodate. plath's writing makes that kind of space; as she writes in "elm," from *ariel*, "i know the bottom... / i do not fear it: i have been there."



The Empress & Everything is on Fire

by Rosemary Downing-Espinal

downing-espinal's work often focuses on queer identity and is bright and daring, and she has been told elicits much emotion. art has become a therapeutic outlet and she is incredibly appreciative to have found this source of joy and expression.



contributors



margaret stetz

Margaret D. Stetz is the Mae and Robert Carter Professor of Women's Studies at the University of Delaware, as well as a widely published poet. She has taught *The Bell Jar* many times to undergraduates in a course called "Fashioning the New York Woman."

courtenay schembri gray

Courtenay Schembri Gray is a writer from the North of England. Her plays include: *The Change* and *The Moonchild*. Courtenay's work has been staged by *The Short List MCR*. Her poems have appeared in journals like *CAROUSEL*.

angel rosen

Angel Rosen (she/her) is a lesbian poet and neurodivergent weirdo who believes in friendship and radical empathy. She can be found writing, reading, sharing ice cream with her favorite humans, or seeing a musical.

candice m. kelsey

Candice M. Kelsey [she/her] is a writer and educator living in both Los Angeles and Georgia. A finalist for a *Best Microfiction 2023* and longlisted by *Wigleaf's* Top 50 Short Fiction in 2024, she is the author of seven books; her work has been featured in *SWWIM*, *The Laurel Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Passengers Journal*, and *About Place*, among others. She mentors an incarcerated writer through PEN America and reads for *The Los Angeles Review*.

michael conley

Michael Conley is a poet and prose writer from Manchester, UK. His work has been Highly Commended in the Forward Prize and he was the 2022 winner of the Peggy Poole Poetry Prize. His latest collection is a pamphlet published by *Nine Pens*, "These Are Not My Dreams".

jennie meyer

Jennie Meyer, M.Div., is a poet and Certified Dreamwork Professional. Her poetry has appeared in *The Weight of Motherhood: A Moonstone Arts Center Anthology*, *Tidelines: An Anthology of Cape Ann Poets*, *Albatross*, *Anchor Magazine*, *Artis Natura*, *Canary*, *Molecule*, *Mothers Always Write*, *Mutha Magazine*, *The Fourth River*, *The Trumpeter: Journal of Ecosophy*, among others. She is a 2024 finalist for *Cathexis Northwest Press: Unpublished Author Chapbook* contest, a 2023 winner of Beyond Words: The End of the World Creative Writing Challenge and a 2022 grant recipient from Discover Gloucester for poems and an essay.

j.c. chen henderson

J.C. Chen Henderson is an artist and a writer. She publishes visual art, fiction, and poetry in literary reviews and poetry magazines. Her work appears, or forthcoming, in journals such as *Ellipsis*, *Suspended Magazine*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Poetry East*, *Sunspot Literary Journal*, *Freshwater Review*, *The Pointed Circle*, *The Clackamas Review*, and *SLANT*. Henderson strives to express psychological and healing in her work. She has sold hundreds of her original paintings.

hugh findlay

Hugh Findlay's writing and photography have been published worldwide. Nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 2020 for poetry, and the *Best Microfiction Anthology 2024*, he is in the third trimester of life and hopes y'all like his stuff.

allyson wuerth

Allyson Wuerth is a writer, a high school English teacher, and the owner/curator of All My Unicorns, her kitschy vintage shop. She has published poetry in *The Maine Review*, *Pine Row Press*, *Quarterly West*, *Cimarron Review*, and several other journals. She has work forthcoming in *Here: a poetry journal*. She received an MFA in Poetry from the University of Pittsburgh. She lives in Connecticut with her husband, children, and five adorable cats.

devon balwit

Devon Balwit walks in all weather and never passes up a botanical garden or a natural history museum.

lumina miller

Lumina has a BA in English from the University of Iowa. She enjoys the blue light of the early morning and the prospect of possibility. Her work has been published by literary magazines *Black Mountain Press*, *The Banyan Review*, *The Write Launch*, and *Drunk Monkeys*.

michelle chen

Michelle Chen takes inspiration for her writing from the events that occur in and around her home, New York City, though her birthplace is Singapore and she hopes to return and visit someday. Her work appears in *Prairie Schooner*, *Bat City Review*, *The Evergreen Review*, *The Statesman*, and elsewhere. Her work has been recognized by *Ploughshares* Emerging Writers, the City College of New York, Brooklyn Public Library, and Penguin Random House, among others. She has attended the Juniper Institute for Young Writers, the Iowa Young Writers' Studio with the support of the National Society of Arts and Letters, Girls in Icy Fjords, the Adroit Journal Summer Mentorship, and Girls Write Now.

She is currently a Masters in Teaching Candidate at Stony Brook University, where she recently received the Best Masters Essay Prize, Distinguished Travel Award, and AAPI Mentorship Travel Grant.

mandira pattnaik

Mandira Pattnaik's work has appeared in *Best Small Fictions 2021* and *2024*, *Best Microfiction 2024*, *Penn Review* online, *The McNeese Review 2023* print, *IHLR 2024* print and *Emerson Review 2024* print, among others.

gauri awasthi

Gauri Awasthi, born and raised in Kanpur, India, received her MFA in creative writing from McNeese State University. She has won fellowships from Yaddo, Hambidge Center, Hedgebrook, Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, and Sundress Academy for The Arts. Her writing has been published in *Best New Poets 2023*, *Quarterly West*, *Notre Dame Review*, *The Rumpus*, *Buzzfeed*, and others. She is an editor at *The Offing* and *Elle Magazine*.

william miller

William Miller is the author of twelve books for children, a mystery novel and eight collections of poetry. His most recent poetry collection is *The Crow Flew Between Us*, published by Kelsay Books in 2020. His poems have appeared in *The Penn Review*, *The Southern Review*, *Shenandoah*, *Prairie Schooner* and *West Branch*. He lives and writes in the French Quarter of New Orleans.

grace frye

Grace Frye is a graphic designer based in Atlanta, Georgia. In her free time, she creates cut-paper collages that fragment and recombine elements from fine art, popular media, and various ephemera. She graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Millsaps College and attended design portfolio school at the Creative Circus.

sheree shatsky

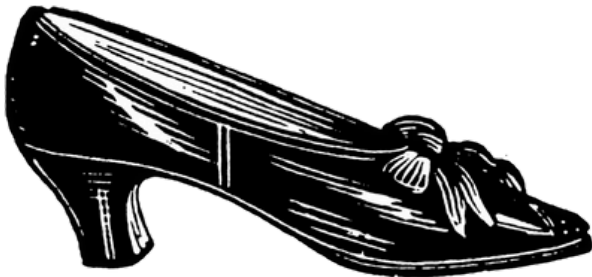
Sheree Shatsky is the author of the novella-in-flash *Summer 1969* (Ad Hoc Fiction 2023). She is a collage contributor to *MAINTENANT 18: A Journal of Contemporary Dada Writing and Art 'PLUTOCRAZY'* (Three Rooms Press 2024). Her work has been nominated for *Best of The Net 2024* (Gone Lawn), *Best Microfiction 2022* (*Splonk Flash*) and *Best Microfiction 2020* (*Fictive Dream* and *MoonPark Review*). She writes "Shared Madness" on her Substack. Sheree calls Florida home and is a Tom Petty fan.

rosemary downing-espinal

Rosemary Downing-Espinal is a Brooklyn-based, queer outsider artist who mainly focuses on whimsical portraits and bright pop abstracts. She does non-profit consulting as a trade is a mental health and human rights advocate.

jensine eckwall

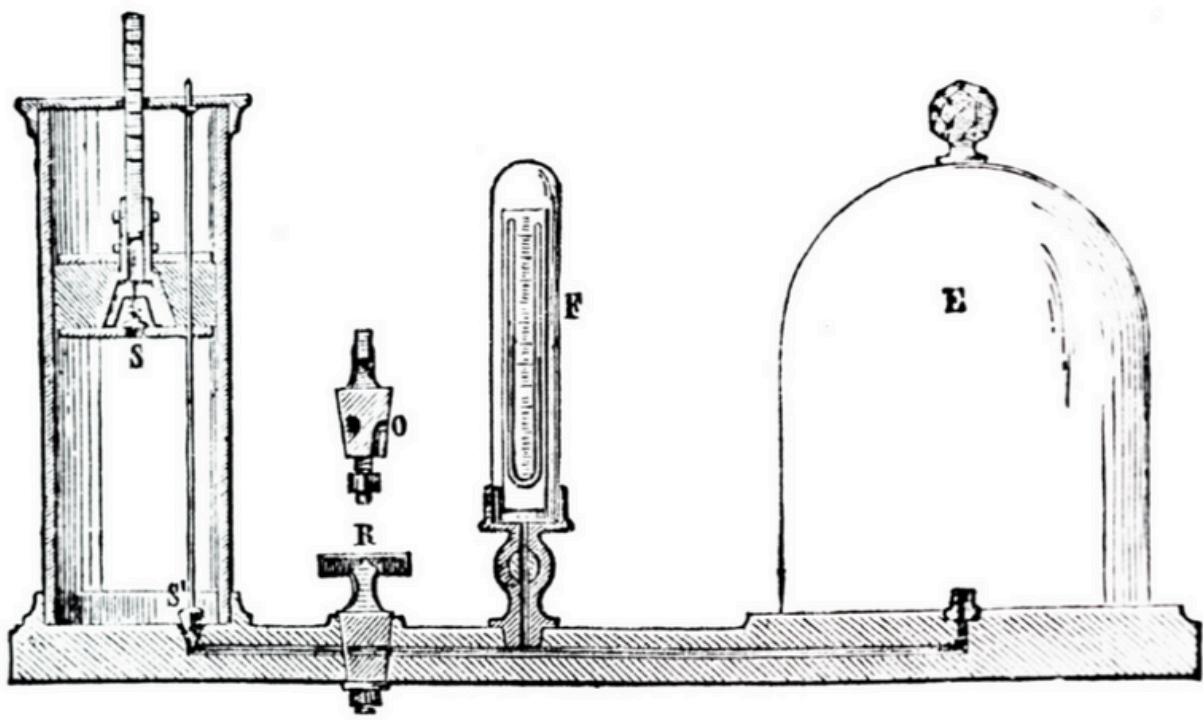
She teaches illustration at Parsons the New School for Design and the School of Visual Arts. Client include: Penguin Random House (Tundra, Knopf, Wendy Lamb, Viking), HarperCollins Children's, Hachette Books (Orbit, Little, Brown, Worthy Kids), *Sleeping Bear Press*, Flux Books, Scholastic/Marvel, Boom! Studios/Adventure Time, Nosy Crow, Union Square & Co, Walker Books, Orca Book Publishers, Bonnier Books, Barbour Books, *The New York Times*, *The Boston Globe*, *NYU Alumni Magazine*, *Wired/Backchannel*, *Town & Country*, *The Stranger*, *Lucky Peach*, *The Baffler*, *Clean Eating Magazine*, *Spectre Journal*, *Northwell Health*, *Crunchyroll*, *Lighthouse Creative*, *IDEO*, *Viacom*, *Jersey Post*, and *Evar Records*.





Mothers and young daughters, wild beasts, the spare change at the bottom of handbags, mirrors, aprons, medicine, goddesses, husbands, the occult, fashion magazines, psychiatric wards, ghosts, sickness, women taking part and some pleasure in their Dynamism. Every contributor plays a pivotal role in fleshing out her imagery, adds to the delicate astronomy of Sylvia Plath's silhouette that we're conjuring, willing into existence in this corner of forgotten internet. This issue's writers and artists pay attention to the details--something Plath is famous for doing--while transposing themselves, adopting the neat shoes and singular female gaze of our careful, vibrant, preternaturally wise, big-hearted, society-sick, trauma-laden narrator.

This issue is dedicated to her.



further reading



the electrochemical brain: lessons from the bell jar and
interventional psychiatry

Joseph J Taylor, Hedy Kober, and David Ross

the many lives of sylvia plath

Greg Johnson

sylvia plath's letters

Dan Chiasson

examining oppression through the lives and stories of
sylvia plath and charlotte perkins gilman

Sandra L. Meyer

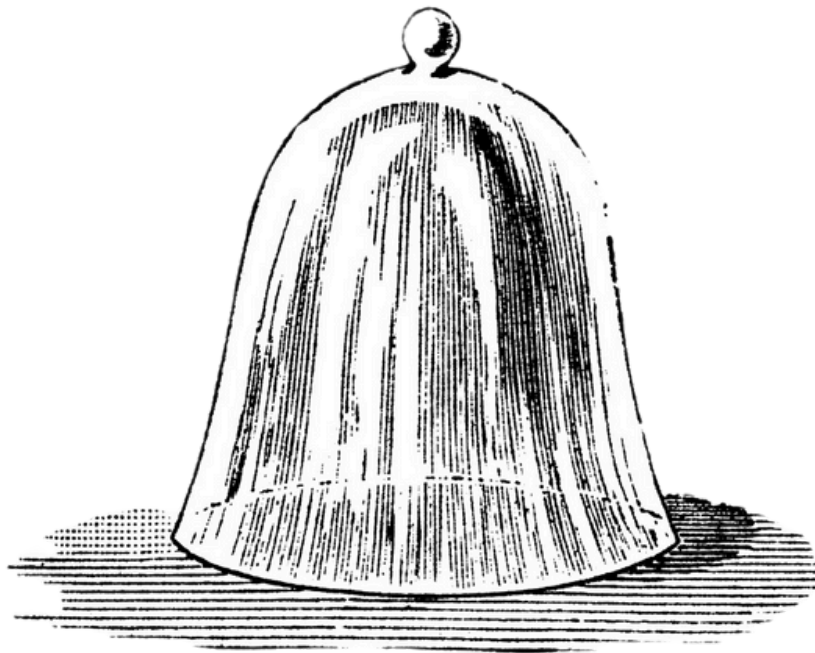
'god's lioness'—sylvia plath, her prose and poetry

Wendy Martin

the right mind of sylvia plath: magic, myth and
metamorphosis

Carole Brooks-Platt, PhD.

PLATH



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