

SUNTHIA MAGAZINE

ISSUE 1: MIRRORS



FEATURING

Holly Eva Allen

Andre F. Peltier

Toko Hata

Enna Horn

Simon Leonard

Xylophone Mykland

Clem Flower

Cynthia Smith

Ocean L. Blake

Holly Eva Allen

A DRINKING BIRD

Walking like a crab, knees spread out, legs
all topsy-turvy mess-o-skin and sea-o-feathers,
the magpie settles for a drink of gutter water, the dregs
of one car wash, two lawns soaked, and one splash of hose-on-
chalk-that-bled.

There aren't many watering holes here to offer
some precious drink to the sooty thing. No stone
birdbaths, no garden ponds, no god of weather
to demand the clouds give up their private treasures, enclosed in
cottony coffers.

Last week the rain had made a smooth mirror out
of the rough asphalt, tar and gravel and pebble transformed.
But this week the ground is not so lucky, not so devout
as to believe in transubstantiation, nor view the blinding sky as
something akin to a spout.

Andre F. Peltier

FORTY DAYS & FORTY NIGHTS

The water rose
at the bottom of our
street.

Like a mirror,
it reflected back our rubbish,
our filth, our ever-loving grime.

Flash flood and we
were knee deep.

Basements were full
to the joists,
neighbors lost everything:
heirlooms, photos albums,
automobiles.

And the water kept rising.
Two AM, full moon hidden
behind heavy thunder clouds
and we staggered
out to help.

We used rakes and hoes
to clear the storm drains,
but the water kept rising.

Six in the morning;
the water was still rising.

There were koi
from the pond across the way
flapping and suffocating in
the grass.

And still the water rose.

We waded around the homes
with snorkels, water wings,
inner tubes.

We taught ourselves to fish,
carried fishing rods
to eat for a lifetime,
and we ate for a lifetime.

Days later,
the water had receded,
but the mirror
of the rain remained.

We knew what was
to come.

mountains of refuse
lining the streets,
stacked on curbs.

Entire lifetimes,
drenched to the core
to be forgotten in some
landfill.

Toko Hata

AFTER THE RAIN

on the concrete
the reflections appear
in patches

but

i like to believe
they all connect to
the same place

looking for a
better world
under
the ripples

that eerily vivid cityscape
the lost echos of the tempest

someone else is there too
always

utopia pulls me in
closer
and
closer

until

i slide the tip of my umbrella
on the mirror

and

someone reaches out
just as
the world

d s
e o n t u
 r c
 c t s

into
particles

on my hands

Enna Horn

BLACK OBSIDIAN

Black obsidian,
namesake of smoke,
preservation of ancestors,
reside within my chest,
take me away from here.
The world of dreams awaits
beyond the dark thicket of
unexplored jungles,
where the jaguar skulks the line
that none of us can walk & leaves
His prints in the burnt brown of the clay
of our skin. Grant us insight, grant us peace,
Grant us the serene knowledge of sharing your face.
That is the prayer, that is the ceremony.
That is the ceremony, that is the prayer.
Grant us the serene knowledge of sharing your face,
grant us peace, grant us insight: leaves his prints
in the burnt brown of the clay that none of us
can walk. Where the jaguar skulks the line
Of unexplored jungles; beyond the dark thicket,
The world of dreams awaits.
Take me away from here,
reside within my chest —
preservation of ancestors,
namesake of smoke:
black obsidian.

Simon Leonard

ABEL AND CAIN

I suppose one of us had to come out twisted.
It's as though all we share is spleen,
although we occupied the same womb.
And now this specimen stares at me across the table,
his grin congealed from stale conversations,
disgust worn into his mouth.
"Diet Me," he seems to say,
not finding the excess of flesh he hoped for,
tracing suspicions of grey,
his eyes eager for my creases.
That's my brother —
in sport, entertainment, politics, whatever,
purveyor of second-hand lies, broadcaster of fake news,
echo chamber of rancid opinions.
I suspect he thinks the same of me.
It's a good thing I only see him twice a year.
It's a good thing I only see him twice a year.
I suspect he thinks the same of me.
Echo chamber of rancid opinions,
purveyor of second-hand lies, broadcaster of fake news,
in sport, entertainment, politics, whatever,
that's my brother.
His eyes eager for my creases,
tracing suspicions of grey,
not finding the excess of flesh he hoped for,
"Diet Me," he seems to say,
disgust worn into his mouth,
his grin congealed from stale conversations.
And now this specimen stares at me across the table;
although we occupied the same womb,
it's as though all we share is spleen.
I suppose one of us had to come out twisted.

Xylophone Mykland

SOME NIGHTS I SLEEP WELL

(cw: blood)

Other nights I try to piece together which of the words I heard today to save me. I spit into the sink and see everything I am hiding.

are lies, and which I can paint with blood spat from my unkept mouth. All I am left with are the memories and healthy teeth.

I've started flossing again. I do it when I can't sleep. I am trying to

understand myself enough that I can fully become a metaphor.

I think I would be a glass eye, with an unfulfilled aspiration

of imitation. I think I would be momentum, moving until I am

forced to stop. A lightbulb, too bright and too fragile. I am falling asleep,

freshly baptized and craving hungry kisses. Every day, I wake up and

wait for something. I stare at my teeth in the mirror

as I brush them, expecting something new about them

Clem Flowers

BLACK SHEETS OVER EVERY MIRROR IN MOURNING
(cw: alcohol, depression, gender dysphoria, body dysmorphia)

And now the quiet.

The quiet is nice.

It helps me ignore all the mirrors I took a hammer to last night like I was Rick Springfield letting all his frustration bust thru, but with a cheap hammer I stole from my job, rather than a rad as fuck white Stratocaster.

I blamed it on liquor
I blamed it on the Metallica on the shit boombox (Kill 'em All, none of the new shit.)

I didn't want to admit it was because I couldn't stand the sight of my face.

Paunchy,
Tired doe eyes,
Moon faced dipshit.

Too much.
Too bedraggled.

Too masculine.

I hate the beard in the summer, but at least it helps me hide.

Even the puddles down the road out by the burned-out paradise
of the liquor store reminds me of the features I loathe.

One moment without mirrors

And some quiet.

The quiet is nice.

Cynthia Smith



Bathroom Sink: a black and white acrylic painting of my bathroom sink, with special focus given to each objects' reflection in the mirror.

Ocean L. Blake

BOTTLETIME THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

(cw: abusive relationship, implied sexual content, blood)

12 A.M.

Today, the clock is displaced in a state of entropy — minutes dissolving into wired dust, Serif numbers morphing into blotches like clotted blood on cream paper, curled into a crisp. Today, the sun has sunk itself and folded into origami shapes which shine under glassy skies and glow-in-the-light toys. It's soft heat, sweat slick underneath the bed sheets, a candy mouth breathless with the taste of saccharine chests and tattered binders and discarded bras on a honey-stained floor. No white rabbits because now I've seen you and my fingers touch yours to drink up

tear the label glittering with DRINK ME

I hear the rush of an ocean behind your ribcage, reflecting back what it truly desires: eclectic movements, a nebula-enveloped sky and microwaved roses. Paint them red for you like seafoam drowning in red, and then decorate your lips with it.

12 P.M.

Letting you go:

a rush of

breathless falling

down rabbit

holes

Today, a whiskey-tinted breath morphed my body into a massacre. Today, it's suffocating under bed sheets because the static noises of the radio have warped my mind into an infinite void of old wounds and bloody moons. Sticky ketchup dried on plastic pink candy tables. I slayed the bleeding window, killed the white rabbit because now our arms touching is old mythology and now you ate placid berries and I am the leaked juice festering in your gut.

Letter From The EIC

Thank you for reading Issue 1 of Sunthia Magazine.

I started Sunthia Magazine because I missed college and being a part of a creative community -- having weekly writing prompts and constantly being exposed to new artists. Building this collection has given me a chance to recreate those experiences for myself, and hopefully for all of you reading this.

Curating Issue 1 was the most rewarding project I have ever done. Every day I came home from work feeling so excited to read your submissions. All of you who sent in work, regardless of whether or not it was accepted, are incredibly talented.

If you see a piece you really love, feel free to read the following list to learn more about the contributors.

<3 Cynthia Smith

CONTRIBUTORS

Holly Eva Allen is a writer currently living in California. Her work has been previously published in magazines and sites such as Funicular, Peculiar, Sand Hills, and Farside Review. She is the co-EIC for Foothill Journal and EIC for Horned Things. She is currently working on a degree at Claremont Graduate University. You can find her on Twitter @hollyevaallen.

Andre F. Peltier (he/him) is a Pushcart Nominee and a Lecturer III at Eastern Michigan University where he teaches literature and writing. He lives in Ypsilanti, MI, with his wife and children. His poetry has recently appeared in various publications like CP Quarterly, Lothlorien Poetry Journal, Provenance Journal, Lavender and Lime Review, About Place, Novus Review, Fiery Scribe, and Fahmidan Journal, and most recently in Magpie Literary Journal, The Brazos Review, and Idle Ink. In his free time, he obsesses over soccer and comic books.

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Toko Hata Toko Hata is a writer based in Tokyo. She loves listening to music, especially EDM and dramatic musical numbers. Some of her short stories have been published online and in print. Find her at @hata_tokohata on twitter.

Enna Horn is an author, pianist, and polyglot currently living somewhere in midwestern America. If they don't have their hand to the pen, they can be found with their hand to the plough — sometimes, literally. They enjoy antique shopping, drinking copious amounts of dark roast coffee, and reading Gothic literature. They can be found haunting their Twitter sometimes, @inkhallowed .

Simon Leonard (he/him): An English teacher most of the time, Simon Leonard writes short and micro-fiction in both English and Spanish, as well as poetry. When the desire for recognition overcomes the anxiety of not being good enough, he offers work for publication. Examples can be found in *Orbis*, *Envoi*, *Ink*, *Sweat and Tears*, *What Rough Beast*, and, most recently, *Overheard* among others. Several of his pieces of short fiction have been shortlisted in competitions, although he has never won anything.

Xylophone Mykland is a nonbinary lesbian poet and self-proclaimed special occasion, currently based in Portland, OR. They have works published or forthcoming in *Minnow Literary Magazine*, *Selcouth Station*, *Pidgeonholes*, and more. When they're not working on poetry, you can find them Googling "androgynous outfits," walking dogs, applying for public assistance, and thinking about poetry. Find them at [@xylophonepoetry](#) on Instagram & Twitter.

Clem Flowers (They/ Them) is a poet & low rent aesthete; poetry editor of *Blue River Review* & Pushcart nominee. Nb, bi, and queer as hell, living in a cozy apartment with their wonderful wife & sweet calico kitty. Found on Twitter [@clem_flowers](#)

Cynthia Smith (she/her) is the EIC of *Sunthia Magazine*, which can be found on Twitter [@sunthiamag](#). She also loves painting and writing in her free time.

Ocean L. Blake (he/they) is a young writer, a Graeco-Roman mythology connoisseur and over-consumer of cake. His work is a testament to people too far away in the universe for him to cling to. Open Pandora's Box here: moonciphers.carrd.co