

Brass(ket)!

Yaowaree Leavell

The moon in the sky and the sky on the sea
the man on the mountain the mountain in me!
take (your dark (eyes)/
rake) my stark (bones)/
throw) me a zephyr unfettered as thee

my ship is a wind with more eyes than it needs
darting through cloudbanks like fish among weeds
fill (my full (lips)/
trill) my soft (voice)/
light) the way west for my windblown steed

my bones are a basket of sun-forged glass
trilling a song all thunder and brass
feel my long (ing)/
touch) my warm (skin)/
brown) the cliffs and green the grass

Author's Note on Brass(ket)!

I wrote this piece as a sort of poetry experiment in synesthesia, which is a rare neurologic condition in which different sensory modalities fuse. Some people taste asparagus when they hear the number seven, others see color swatches when listening to music. Even for those of us without abnormal brain pathways, language can also be experienced in different modalities. This poem was meant to be all vision and sound: the overlapping experiences of seeing syllables sequestered and broken up on a page, while hearing the brassy, glass shattering loudness of the word sounds, while also (hopefully) seeing the bright, living image series described in the lines.

All of the parenthetical words are body parts embedded in scenic description - a loose reference to various myth cycles in which earth is created from the dismantled form of some large deity, i.e. the Norse Ymir and the Chinese Pangu. What follow after the line breaks are verbs which can be attached to both the body part that precedes them as a descriptor or taken as an imperative beginning the line that follows.

—Yaowaree Leavell



The Challenge

Saritha Tirumalasetty

Tell me a story
One without bounds
Where creatures leap
Across lush fairy grounds

Paint me a dream
With colors untamed
Where wonders are conjured
From worlds unnamed

Sketch me a venture
With discord and chime
Where plot runs wild
Without concept of time

Envelop me in fantasy
While I sit agape
Hold me on edge
Help me escape

Angel Azul

Verónica Andrade Jaramillo, MD