

A Letter from the Editors-

Hello!

Thank you so much for taking the time to read this issue. This is the first issue of a project that means a lot to us. Rare Byrd Review is devoted to supporting writers and artists that are in junior and senior high school. All of our contributors reserve full rights to their work. Our job has been to provide feedback to help shape their work while also providing a place to showcase their talents.

This first issue is the culmination of a lot of things. We are a two-person team and juggle a lot of responsibilities. I know we are both reading, editing, posting, discussing, and reflecting over this project constantly. If you as a reader, contributor, or passerby think of ways we can improve, we are open to advice.

We hope this issue proves that this journal deserves a place in the world as these young voices deserve your attention. This issue confronts memory, heartbreak, sexual harassment, anxiety, and all the ailments of the human spirit. These pieces come from young writers who are experiencing this turning world in a variety of ways. We hope you can listen, read, and connect with their words and make time for their voices.

Looking forward, we hope to find more voices and encourage any and all young writers and artists you know to send us their work. We hope that we can continue to provide a place for more and more marvelous work and look forward to the future.

Happy reading and see you for Issue #2!

Best,
RBR Editors John and Sonya.

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Why is Love a Dying Word?

Grace Slagle

Why is Love a Dying Word?
 Why are children immediately burdened
 With the weighty expectation that,
 As soon as they can form a sentence,
 They must know what they want to do with the rest of
 Their lives?
 Their lives,
 Just insignificant specks pasted loosely,
 Fluttering like butterfly wings
 On the backdrop of the universe.
 Is it, perhaps, to please adults,
 To affirm a belief in humanity
 They never held dear?
 Why?

Why are children taught to lie?
 Why do we choose to turn our backs
 On the fragile existence of tomorrow?
 Why do they have to believe they will never
 Be enough?
 Why are children taught to lie?
 Why?

Why is humanity irrevocably broken?
 Why do we ignore what we
 “Cannot fix?”
 Why are good people forgotten;
 Not ever thrown into life’s unfair mix?
 Why?

Why won't hate snuff like a flame?

Why won't it fly into the night?

Why do some give up the game?

Why will dreamers never

Know

Flight?

Why am I here, writing this poem,
Straining voices that will never be heard?

Why is humanity irrevocably broken?

Why is love

A dying word?

*"WHY AM I
HERE,
WRITING
THIS POEM,
STRAINING
VOICES THAT
WILL NEVER BE
HEARD?"*

Why is Love a Dying Word? -
Grace Slagle

the sleepwalkers

Bessie Huang

power is what drives the mind no ambition hardship hard ships across
the sea sailing into oblivion you see that sail- or fell hard on his head on
his ship he's crying but no one listens to his voice is the siren that draws
the sirens to ambulances to him around everywhere floating in the air like
red mist dissipation it all disappears there's nothing tangible anymore why
can't i feel my fingertips are stone my eyes are becoming p a r a l y z e dark
by medusa burns a gaze through the stars and freezes the sun into stone
and it cracks open bursts into flames out come seventy billion snakes ten
times the earth's population because we will be replaced by geometry for-
got this rampant circle was not here i was not here i am not here we are
gone and (end) dead

On the Occasion That You Are Eyed- Up by a Hobo in New York City

Marleah Knights

There you go,
A pretty, plastic doll, not porcelain, a Polly Pocket in between the precipices of large Lego buildings.

Blazing heat radiates off shiny, black asphalt, lifting the sour scents of melted plastic where
people once sat, homeless.

Your mom's voice in your head, "Be careful which side of the street you walk on."

She was talking about the hobos, and you see some now, squatting in pools of faded color,
themselves, pale blacks, and pale whites, and pale browns.

Pale brown like your ice cream. It's melting now.

Lukewarm drops drip down your fingers and your tongue chases after them, a hungry vulture.

Your hands are stuck to the cone like the heat fused the cone to you

More heat stings the back of your neck, the sizzle silent to everyone but
you.

But it's not the sun, so you turn. Converse scrapes the concrete.
That man's eyes, pale brown like your ice cream, sticky like your ice cream.
They stick on your thighs, on your breasts like the heat fused his eyes to
you.

The sweltering temperature of your cheeks is no side effect of the sun.
Your hands travel down to your shorts, denim scratches dark legs as you
pull them lower down
and wonder why you were manufactured with so... many... curves...

Embarrassment rises, bitter like bile on your tongue and eyes water.

You are no longer hungry. The thought of licking your ice cream cone now makes your insides

coil and squeeze.

Maybe, he was already watching,

Watching the ice cream drip drops down your fingers,

The same fingers that tug your thin shirt up and you wonder why you were manufactured with

so... many... curves...

And you ignore the gnawing shame while you wait for the white man to walk you across the

street, away from Legoland.

Messy fingers tremble, struggle to fit earbuds into your ears.

In your ears, a man screams about your body, calls you a whore, a bitch, curses to a beat.

Those shaky, sticky fingers remove the earbuds fast, and they reach up to wipe away a stray drop of plastic.

Sweat or tear?

A Mother Recounts the Good and Bad Memories of Herself and Her Sister in Trinidad

Marleah Knights

Neither of us would remember the way you led me around the house, hand
as soft as your heart,

Squeezing, pulling mine so I wouldn't bump into anything. I was three.
Neither of us would remember the grace in your slender caramel legs, a
bird, a swan on a glassy

lake, grace I tried to emulate. I was six.

You wouldn't remember how I begged to borrow the confidence with
which you spoke of

America, how you would live there someday. I was eight.

Maybe you would remember the lip-splitting grin on my face, my eyes so
bright that Mother said

they were lighthouses, when Daddy announced that you could contin
ue your high

school education. My ankles ached from how high I jumped. Ten.

You wouldn't remember the anxious twist in my stomach, maybe my intes-
tines, during my

first... you know.

Did you remember the subtle warmth your smooth hands rubbed into my
stomach, relaxing

the constant punches to my guts as I laid on our creaking bed, damp
sweat gluing my

coarse, black hair to my forehead, my cheeks, my neck? I was twelve.

Maybe you would remember the pungent, metallic smell of iron and those
light-pink stains you

left when you sliced thin cuts into your arms.

You wouldn't remember how I asked Emma why you cried yourself to
sleep, sheets quivering as you stifled wretched sobs with a tanned fist, as if
we wouldn't hear.

The three of us slept in the same bed, so of course we heard. I was fourteen.

You wouldn't remember the frigid, slippery feeling of vipers in my stomach as I sat in a fluorescent-lit room, an electric blue glow emanating from a tiny TV in the corner.

We didn't have a TV, so I watched it a lot. Shivering, gooseflesh and hair raising in the air-conditioned room. We didn't have air-conditions either, so I sat right in front of it.

I was sixteen.

You wouldn't remember the flood of heat, of color, of luxurious, velvet relief when a black doctor said you'd be alright. Mother said the rosy color rushed back into my cheeks, but I only ever saw copper, nothing like your beautiful, bronze tone. I was sixteen.

You wouldn't remember the throbbing of eardrums after Daddy's tantrums. He didn't much like you being treated by a black doctor, that doctors should only be brown, like us. Sixteen.

You wouldn't remember the confusion, the length of the maze I ran in my mind, breath escaping my lungs too quickly to breathe as I saw you lie pale, motionless apart from a sporadic twitch, as you clutched a white bottle with an emblem the same light-pink you left in the sink. Sixteen.

You wouldn't remember the cogs in my brain, rusty and faded, oiled and understanding as Emma finally explained to me why you'd done it. I was sixteen and a half.

You wouldn't remember the world slipping away, out from under me the way you had pulled the rugs all those years ago, walls closing in, squeezing out my breath when cancer stopped your heart years later. No longer your intention. I was twenty. You were twenty-eight.

Reasons

Giordana Verrengia

We like to clamor
down the stoop on Wednesdays
because majority has been reached.

Sixty percent of our structured
week behind us, and we
realize a few things.

One, we can last until Friday,
and two, it feels like we've
been here before. Not in a herd,

roaming the streets of Oakland,
craning our necks to glimpse
the peregrine falcons who haven't returned

to their Cathedral penthouse
in days, perhaps fleeing paparazzi.
But feeling, for the first time,

I'm tall enough to look down on things.
Standing atop the Panther Hollow Bridge,
my skin pulls itself

towards the pavement below,
where aloof joggers and jubilant dogs
strut side by side, bearing the weight

of an unexpected February sun
with one layer too many.
They have no idea our minds

are on theirs, that we, too, wish
to find reasons to run wild
without catching so many eyes,

to thwart vertigo from easing
between my splintered ribs
before I look down again.

Suicide Jokes

Elizabeth Wing

Why did the elephant sit on the marshmallow?
To keep from falling in the cocoa!

To be scalded to death
(Great pacadermian skin slipping off like a boiled tomato)
Would be too awful to exist in the realm of logic
Reason is the tape measure that we hold our words up to
But the bitterfruit are high
On the tree
It doesn't reach that far
Prose works when the mind is
An object that will sit patiently in a shoebox of grammar,
of correctness
But some terrors are too sprawling
Tentacling vines that snag feral,
Swallowing cities - the maw of Audrey Two
You want the keyboard to act as a blender
And pulverize the whale slamming against your ribcage
Ten pages since your friend offed himself
With a bottle of pills
In the plaster icecube of a dorm room.
The elephant is trumpeting S.O.S
But no lifeboat comes.
You think I'm a jerk for my absurdity
What do you do if you have no weapon
'Cept the spear that's been thrown at you?
Silly anteater, my beautiful boy
- You hurl that bloody thing back

Blue

Hannah Whellan

The summer was always the worst. The sun took over the sky, replacing the moon before we could welcome the night into our home. When we looked up to find the light blue of the milky way, filled with soft white clouds, we were greeted by the unrelenting yellow fires of the sun. Stretched out across the sky. Greedy for our attention and scolding us with red hot burns when we didn't concede.

The summer never seemed to end back then. The days would grow along with our legs until finally the reprise of fall's winds swept through our hair and tickled the backs of our necks, leaving behind a sticky sensation that clung to our tanned skin. This cool wind taunted us throughout the summer. As we played in the front yard, chasing our golden mutt up and down the burnt hill until his legs collapsed beneath him. The winds would exhale an exasperated sigh as our legs gave in and left us next to him, running our chubby fingers through layers of singed fur. I would watch his long pink tongue hang out from behind his long yellow teeth that stood guard against all who dared to pass. How helpless he looked during the summer, gasping for air as we sat comfortably sweating over his long muscular body.

Our mother would watch from the porch as we danced beneath the sun and through the breeze. She would watch as our hair was lifted up above our shoulders for a brief second, displaying the freckles polluting our bodies. Those imperfect spots that covered our noses and ran down our arms the way we ran down the hill. Searching for another horizon to play on. She watched us play for hours, until our freckles began blending together, forcing our skin into a glowing tan. Her wide summer hat sat on top of her short yellow hair, protecting the dye from the cruel rays threatening to fade the color away and expose the gray hiding beneath. She hated the summer. How inconvenient her days became. What nuisances we turned into. The only refuge she found was within the gates of the neighborhood pool, where someone else watched over her children as she sat beneath the orange umbrellas and yellow sun.

How lucky we felt to be at the pool. So many abandoned kids to play with. Endless games of relays and tag and handstand competitions. We would watch as fresh meat entered into our domain through the tall black metal gates, looking up and down, deciding their worth and letting them know their value through our glares.

Everyone would laugh at the younger girls who only wore bottoms, exposing their bare chests to the eyes of all residents in the pool and the judgments of the sun. We would laugh because secretly we were jealous of the innocent freedom we had lost when our mothers forced our ribs into the top half of our swimsuits. And our older siblings would laugh at us. For they envied our child-like magic that escaped them when blood stained their underwear and their bodies filled the top half of their swimsuits. The mothers would laugh at our older siblings for blushing underneath their sunburns as they walked past the college life guards. They laughed because our mothers knew, my mother knew, that the lifeguard wasn't looking at our older siblings. They were looking at her long tan legs that had grown out with the summers. They were looking at her dry yellow hair that sat underneath her wide summer hat, protecting her from the glaring sun.

You could hear all the laughing from outside the gates of the pool. You could feel it sticking to your sweaty skin as you carried your towel across the pavement and over to the orange umbrella that sat patiently waiting. You could hear the laughter after you left the pool and stood silently in the shower, trying to scrub off the chlorine and drown out the tangles. As the water flooded over your bare skin you could hear the laughing, the laughing. I would choke on the knot in my throat surrounded by the water gushing in from the shower head. I would choke on their laughter and strain to listen to my heart beat beneath the shower's spray, but the laughter was always louder.

My favorite place to hear the laughter was sitting on the cool tiles lining the bottom of the pool. Six feet under, I would sit with my legs crossed over each other, listening to the sounds above. I sat listening to the thunderous echoes that bounced off the tiles and into my skin as I absorbed the vibrations filling the water.

*"I ALWAYS
WONDERED
WHY THE
WATER
TURNED
BLUE."*

Blue- Hannah Whellan

Six feet under with nowhere to go. I dared not cross the line marking the beginning of the deep end. I was afraid of being lost within the pitch black pit that dropped to seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven feet while I only grew one, two, three inches if I stood on the tips of my toes and stretched my body toward the sun. My sister claimed that inside the pitch black pit lived a monster.

When I asked her, “How do you know a monster lives down there?”

She quickly cut back whispering, “Because I’ve been down there”

“No you haven’t. You’re just as scared as I am. Scaredy Cat!”

“No I’m not. I’ve been down there. I’ve seen it. It has a green tail that wraps around its body, waiting for kids to swim by so it can grab you by the ankle and pull you down till you drown. Then it eats you so no one ever finds your body.”

“The lifeguard would see you drown though. He would save you”

“Do you ever think or are you just too dumb to even listen to the words that come out of your mouth? That’s why the monster lives in the pit, so the lifeguard can’t see you drown. He can only see the bubbles on the surface of the pool, popping as the monster squeezes out your final breath. Pop-pop-pop. And then you’re gone forever.”

So I stayed at the six foot marker at the bottom of the pool, sitting with my legs crossed, trying not to think about being gone forever and listening to the laughter, alive inside the water. The laughter filled my ears and infiltrated my thoughts. The laughing, the laughing. Sometimes I wished it would stop. I wished the pool would filter out the laughs, leaving only the silence of the waves pushing against the concrete walls. I wanted to listen to the waves trying to escape the tortures of the summer and the children and the sun.

I could only hold my breath for about 20 seconds before I was forced to show my head above the water. Each time, I floated to the surface with my arms outstretched and my back to the sun. I wanted to see if my mother ever noticed my limp body suspended between the air and forever. I wanted to see if the lifeguard even cared if I drowned and was lying face down on the waves. But they were always too busy noticing each other. Caring about each other. Always stealing glances at the other's tan skin. Always sneaking smiles that never showed teeth but made their eyes glisten behind tinted sunglasses. I guess there were some things my mother didn't hate about the summer. I didn't care though. She just wanted to be noticed, be appreciated. That's why she sat under the orange umbrellas. It forced you to pay attention to the woman beneath it. She stole attention away from the sun and we all thanked her for it.

I only needed four seconds to catch my breath and fill my lungs with the hot humid air above the water until I could re-enter my safe haven, my sacred space, six feet under where the tile was cool to sit on and the laughter was loud and clear. I always noticed the pressure on my shoulders from the water sitting above me. The way my ears would pop-pop-pop as bubbles escaped from my nose. I always noticed the blue that surrounded me. I always wondered why the water turned blue.

When I drank from the plastic water bottles stacked in the back of our refrigerator, the water was clear. When I washed my hands after playing in the mud with our golden mutt, the water was clear. When I stood in the shower, trying to scrub off the chlorine and drown out the tangles, the water was clear. But the pool was blue.

The blue enveloped the bare legs that danced around me as I sat on the cool tile floor. The blue mixed together with the sky making me think I was deeper than six feet. I could see the blue reflecting in the eyes of my mother, my sister, the lifeguard, and I'm sure you could see its reflection in the eyes of the monster, living in the pitch black pit. The blue penetrated the blinding sun's rays and the laughter that swept through the air like a cool fall breeze. The blue wrapped itself around my exposed skin and got under the top half of my swimsuit, holding my ribs tight.

I felt safe in the blue. I was alone and protected. I dreaded leaving the comfort of my six foot deep home every day and being smothered in my mother's arms with a towel between us. She dried the blue off my skin and replaced it with a gaudy pink towel under her orange umbrella. I hated her for this. For drawing attention to my chubby fingers and chubby legs, no longer protected by the water but instead on display beneath the sun. For tearing away my security and pulling me from my shelter. For replacing the peaceful pressure of the smooth water with the rough towel that absorbed all the laughter the blue pool had to offer.

Each summer day I said goodbye to the pool, to the games, to the laughter, to the man-made waves, to the tiles, to the blue. Each day I whispered to the short cresting waves, just before they washed away, to save my spot, six feet under, because I'd be back tomorrow.

The summer never seemed to end. Each day grew into the next as our legs continued to stretch while the sun stayed awake through the night. I hated the summer for its yellow skies and brown grass and orange umbrellas, but I always loved its blue.

Mariachi on the Summer Radio: Fresno, California

Elizabeth Wing

Mariachi strains over
heaps of chopped onions
He stands on a milkcrate
Wiping his eyes with his wrists
Because his handsome fingers
Are pickled with the juice

Youth combed their hair
By the river
But the river was running late
And couldn't stop
It sped regardless of the signs
Of the times

A mouse in a glue trap
Pausing in the process
Of chewing off
It's own leg
To hear the accordion, grainy
From static

Just Jerk

Tina Xia

He stands before us all today,
Dancing to his favorite song
That he can hear himself because his ears
Are disparate
And his mind is an exploding galaxy that
Is untouched by all but pried and pinched and picked.

The sounds heard fracture the innermost climes,
My heart: broken eyes gazing flesh and pain
Sensations of light bulbs bursting and popping over
And over and over again until
Reality turns a new page
In the Opus that is an enigma,
That tells children to create a puzzle
With 999 pieces
And an empty, desolate space.

Water seeps from skin, falling detritus, an inferno of noise;
Do we wreck? Hinder progress?
Told to bow down to royalty but it is
Dead foliage, wooden lungs, hatred that makes us red.
Corners and edges create the world,
Interwoven and injected like the Venlafaxine I abhor -- red,
Pulsating, and violent.
The porcelain plates erect till they shatter like fragmented glass;
His eyes are like mine but he is
A thousand years old.

Quiet berceuse and methodic massages to put him to sleep
 Divide set nothing into motion blurs past
 His arms jerk too wildly; all I see is indistinct
 Rhythms, hear his gears
 Turning, listen to his
 Haunted, prepossessing melody.

The Lancet Psychiatry is trepidatious:
 “40 times more likely to die from injury”
 Depression not uncommon, they like
 Being lonely? They like
 Seeing curtains?
 “ALARM!NG,” the headlines scream
 Sixty-six percent of 365 adults diagnosed
 With Asperger’s have contemplated suicide
 Are they counting down the days to
 365?

I am crying as I write this
 Because fifty thousand shards
 Of quintessential brightness
 Are hanging in the midst of air, INVISIBLE
 And shunned but
 What if
 They were
 No different?

Too many fly under the radar
 Too many go by unnoticed
 Too many do not get what is deserved
 And it is wrong
 But who is there to speak?

I imagine a green and blue world named Earth
 With seven point four billion people talking and dreaming all at once,
 Trying to make a name for themselves.

And then here we are -- advocates for a world only dreamed;
Smothered by the people
Who talk far too much
And sing of Old Taylor and Bodak's Yellow
Are you listening to the noise or to the silence?

So many plates are shattering
One by one -- an alluring sound
Heard only by Sheol; a fresh audacity
Like a melancholy Beethoven symphony
With proud soldiers marching to their infelicitous deaths.
God is crumbling up the moon into stars
But his kingdom is drowning in the iridescent waters of sorrow
And the stars have lost their brightness.

Listen to the silence
As it shrieks for your name,
To the cries that are lost in the winds that trample the hills
To the Opus, to the nine-hundred-ninety-nine puzzle pieces, to the Lancet
Psychiatry
To the yells, to the curtains, to the silence.

*"SILLY
ANTEATER,
MY BEAUTIFUL
BOY,
YOU HURL
THAT BLOODY
THING BACK"*

Suicide Jokes- Elizabeth Wing

I Come Lumbering Over These Logs and Startle a Deer

Elizabeth Wing

You stilted through the bog
The moss-green damp, deep with October musk

Aspens bleeding
From yellow to red

Your little petal-spotted slenderling
Padding alongside you

Lush-lashes
Infinite oil-slick eyes

I must have spooked you with my clanking
Carabiners, enamel cup and water bottle

Ears erect
We acknowledge each other before you bound away

Ode to a Sticky Note

Alex Mirrer

Square leaflet,
birthed of
woody flesh of
trees,
transformed
eyelet of sunlight
directed to urge and
urged to remind,
your loathsome
tasks and tidbits
rest
restless souls
when unknown
is rediscovered
in a note.

Sticky note,
your bland pastels
and arsenal of
neon leaflets,
careless thoughts
scrawled
though cobwebs
of the mind,
your unique
sticktoitiveness
never failing
lest we
press you
up against
the dust,
rip you,

rip you,
throw you
out into the bin
beside the door,
a rainbow of thought,
unwanted,
but thought
through which
buildings could
be built and universes
formed.

Your losses
innumerable,
your pleasures
more than most,
privy to secrets,
loves,
laughs,
the most vile
of haunts.

How is one
not to envy
your knowledge,
silent strength,
verbose screams?
For whomever is
wise to the knotted
threads of the mind,
to the complex simplicity
of the weave
of human design

holds the true key
to let freedom
ring.

Each four by four
I witness thrown away,
another moment,
lost to time.

Do this for me—
sing for me
of the baker who
swore never again to
char the bread,
of the writer who
scrawled seeds
of literature,
of the army general
who knew better
than to let
a fatal detail escape.

Oh, tablet of
infinitesimal nuggets,
slips of
words too important
to forget,
too monotonous
to remember,
your glues
splice
the strands
unraveling
around us
all.

*"AND THE
LIGHT STRETCHES
EVER THINNER,
A FLASHLIGHT
BEAM IN DARKNESS,
A RIDICULOUS
BULB SPROUTING
A LUDICROUS
PLANT"*

Honey on Toast - Elena Lee

Honey on Toast

Elena Lee

I squeeze
 one golden drop,
 watch it struggling, pulsing
 alive with the will to
 finish
 its formation, achieve
 perfection, yet
 stretching,
 yearning,
 begging not to
 fall
 to the mundane crags below.
 For control is the key --
 control over those
 pursed imperfect valves
 pushing
 the viscous sticky words --
 the crystallized will --
 out.
 And the light stretches ever thinner,
 a flashlight beam in darkness,
 a ridiculous bulb sprouting
 a ludicrous plant --
 grains of the mind trapped, pinned starlike within.
 Then
 it breaks
 spreads its inglorious translucent film
 in a screen over the pockmarked landscape
 of uniformity
 baked dull.

Do Not Disturb

Elena Lee

When I curled my feathery legs
into the faded leather armchair
its surface cracked like my
chapped skin
I hoped you'd see me
burrowed,
see the nestled egg cradled on
a fragile raft of twigs and
decide not to knock on my door --
The ceiling's rather crumbly
and dust piles fast.

Like prying open a mussel shell and finding
some fragile tubule clinging to iridescence for survival --
You'd close the door, wouldn't you?
Just let me smother myself in cotton blankets
to muffle tired words.
No one's home today.

And yet you scooped me --
cleanly, I'll admit --
from my basket,
watched me slide droplike
down the sides of the glass
flicked the edge and watched me
spin
away
into wider air.

Vehicle Vacancy

Rachel Van Vort

Half asleep in the back seat, dreaming of when it'll be just you and me.
I want us to fall in love, but we're stuck somewhere in between.
Daddy long legs shadow in midsummer sun,
going back to suburban sidewalk chalk, to afternoons with only the sun to
outrun,
retracing the steps never taken.
I like the music of your stomach growling
and I'm really sorry--
the only way I know how to flirt is complimenting your socks.

crosshatch

Rachel Van Vort

you can see me

bones, bones, bones,

skull

hands.

i am lines,

fibers in my brain that control everything else;

you know,

lines.

just lines.

i am negative space,

where my nose is

cartilage,

cartilage.

i am negative space,

where my ears are

you know,

cartilage.

i am negative space where my heart is;

you know,

Writer Bios

Bessie Huang

11th Grade

Marleah Knights

11th Grade

Elena Lee

11th Grade

Alex Mirrer

Alex Mirrer is a sophomore in high school. She is from Providence, Rhode Island, nicknamed the Creative Capital, and lives there with her sister and parents. Her passions are writing, diplomacy, science and sports of nearly every kind. She inspired to submit her work for publication by her 9th grade English teacher and are forever grateful for her support. She hopes to one day become an established fiction and poetry author. She want her words to touch people and give them a different perspective on the world around them.

Grace Slagle

No Bio Provided

Giordana Verrengia

11th Grade

Hannah Whellan

Hannah Whellan is in twelfth grade and lives in Austin, Texas.

Elizabeth Wing

Elizabeth is in the twelfth grade. Her work has appeared in venues such as *Hanging Loose Magazine*, *Jet Fuel Review*, and *The Defiant Scribe*. She likes cats.

Tina Xia

Tina Xia is a high school student at Walt Whitman High School. She enjoys painting and writing in her free time and is an editor of the *Eidolon* literary arts magazine.

Thank you!

Without the support of our contributors,
readers, fans, and anyone else who is reading this,
we would not exist.

Thank you to all the writers and we hope to see
you submit in the future.

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