



KIRSTOFIA

*Writing and art about the film collaboration of
Kirsten Dunst & Sofia Coppola*

A Daily Drunk Anthology edited by
Kristin Garth & Marisa Silva-Dunbar



Kirstofia

a Daily Drunk anthology of art and writing about the
film collaboration of Sofia Coppola and Kirsten Dunst



I feel a special
connection to my
work with Kirsten."

*Sofia Coppola on collaborating with the actress
Kirsten Dunst, "Sofia Coppola on the 20th
Anniversary of The Virgin Suicides: 'It Means a
Lot to Me That It Has a Life Now.' Vogue, April 21,
2020*

Cover Art

Kirstofia by Famke de LaMer

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Untitled by @deadrabbits42

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Editorial Note

Gloaming

by Marisa Silva-Dunbar

Gather, women! Create a fortress
among the willow trees and Spanish moss.
We are not helpless in this isolation—
tend the field, forage food in the tree line.
We are thriving in the quiet—
are nourished from the land and cream.
Supper is a feast of saporous mushrooms,
tomatoes.
We will not wither in the dark.

This is our secret stronghold. We still dance
in our finery, play music and twirl in candlelight
before our evening prayers. Do not be fooled
by our politeness or ivory corsets and crinolines;
our Mistress may appear all manners and charm,
but she keeps her revolver close at hand.
Do not fear the cannons and gunfire

over yonder; you are safe in this deep shade.
This is eternal twilight—Morrow is always
on the horizon. Let birdsong, crickets, and

cicadas lull
and comfort you. Find restoration in our
sumptuous beds
from this overpowering heat. When you wake,
I will kiss you with the promise of death,
and tell you if this is Eden or Purgatory.

No Affair of the Necklace But An Affair Of The Socks

by Kristin Garth

*for Marie Antoinette as portrayed by Kirsten
Dunst in the Sofia Coppola film*

Guillotined for your greed, the naughty words
forgers wrote a Cardinal (you had no clue)
inspiring acquiring a necklace you heard
was composed for the king's whore — after which you
did not want it anymore. It is true
pink ribbons that tie 2,800
carets of diamonds were switched to blue —
like the bows tied around embroidered
white thigh high socks in 2006
(Sofia Coppola knew your preference
in accessories was something handpicked
for or by lovers deigned admittance
to the Petit Trianon where you are yourself).
You had affairs of the socks —nothing else.

Untitled by @deadrabbits42



Virgin Eulogies of *The Virgin Suicides*

art by Eliza Vella,

The Poems

Power

by Shannon Frost Greenstein

*What was that she cried? No use stayin' on this
holocaust ride. She gave me her cherry - she's my
virgin suicide.* – Jeffrey Eugenides, *The Virgin
Suicides*, 1993

Lux Lisbon
fucked
with abandon
because she just wanted
to feel.
After

after it happened
I did the same
for the exact opposite reason.

Virginity
is a social construct
but to lose it
is Power.
To decide
to let go
of the construct
is to seize this power
and
otherwise
someone else
has broken you with it.

Pressure
and pain
can lead to devastation
can lead to
unfathomable loss,
like the tragedy
of the Lisbon sisters;
or these same forces
can lead
to a diamond.

I wonder which
is the case
for Sofia Coppola,
she of the Coppola legacy;
I wonder which
is the case
for me.

Waiting for the Music

by Adrian Ernesto Cepeda

Holding the telephone up
to the vinyl, the only way
we communicate, dialing
I imagine Lux, you hear me
spinning "Hello It's Me." hoping
we connect as his words say
Something/Anything? You respond
by calling me back, love how, Lux,
you answer me by spinning "Alone
Again (Naturally)" as I ring you
back want my next vinyl to magically
circle away your loneliness as I send
you "Run to Me" hoping Lux and
your sisters are excitedly stung by
the Bee Gees. Our breaths hold
in anticipation waiting from our
across the street longing dedication
to continue when you buzz me
with rotary phone contact, with
my ear to the receiver, Lux when
you play me Carole King's "So Far
Away" I want to you to be the queen
singing with hairbrush, picturing
you, my ears can hear you wanting
to leap inside songs of escape
so much closer, still farther away

with shyness, all night no voices
exchanged only a verse of chorus
that speak for us. All we have is
our record player interaction, how
can I resist our songs glistening—
leaning closer the phone, we feel—
the only electric chemistry between
us, must we drop the needle,
Lux you and your sisters may
hanging on to every chord
next door, with your naturally
red lips, picture you mouthing
each one of the lyrical words
hoping for the phone to ring,
waiting for the next song, we
sit lost in LP daydreams, glaring
out the window, see only the lamp
flickering inside your room,
above your record player—
as the needle hits the most
perfect note, Lux, do we only
exist between the imaginary kisses
as our interlude music grooves.

misspent youth

by Courtenay S. Gray

they misunderstand
the depression of our youth
aged thorns cannot grasp

supplied novocaine
they infect us from early
age and stifle us

search for the blonde girls
they want to hide under your
cloak and run away

mottled eyes stick out
two topaz nuggets exposed
like mums new soap

the boys stick their hands
down our throats as though they will
find their happiness

A Stone Cold Cento

by Audrey L. Reyes

Are you done hogging the bathroom?
I need something—

obviously,
you've never been a 13-year-old girl.

There was plenty of love in our house.
Since when is that a crime?

It's four o'clock on Sunday afternoon.
Our daughters are standing on their own

front lawn. We drank tea with them
in a water pavilion.

The color of their eyes was fading, along
with the locations of moles and dimples.

We fly a kite
with a message alongside the house

everyone would remember
for its bad smell,

began the impossible process
of trying to forget.

We'll just have to have fun without you;
we got a car, a full tank.

Don't let it die a virgin
gazing off at papaya sunsets—

she wanted out of that decorating scheme.
We'll take you anywhere you wanna go.

Author's Note: All the lines used in this poem were from *The Virgin Suicides* script

Cecilia's Song

by Erin Colleen Healey

gauze tinting my world
all flowy curtains and
pale pastel nighties
he thinks it is cute when
I pull out my Saint Cecilia medal
out of my collar in class
and play with it,
smooth the engraving with
my little fingers
until the pendant is well-worn
with the grove of my thumbs

Cecilia, struck three times on the neck
survived, begged the pope
to turn her home into a church
that noble lady of Rome,
all the Christians were
martyrs back then
she sung to God on her wedding day,
O that Patroness of
musicians and poets
begged her husband to respect her
vow of chastity
and he did

later, when his hand finds a way
around my neck in moments
I wish I could be kind rewind back
and prevent,
his fat fingers yank on
the silver chain

I remember I opened it,
in a velvet box the day
I was confirmed,
now a woman, now ready
for all the adult sacraments
the soft and daring age of 14

for years he's gone but
I bet he still thinks of me
as that little girl,
wringing necklaces around
the delicate and tender skin
of my throat

Guilty Remnants

by Mileva Anastasiadou

You won't forget the day, that day you had small talk like usual, mom asked about your day, the weather, she asked if you slept well, followed you into the kitchen, a boring day ahead, but you didn't mind, and mom made you breakfast, the usual boring ritual, it was a sunny day, a beautiful summer day, mom said she'd take a walk, you took a sip of coffee, you said you'd come home early probably, and mom smiled, she smiled, before she took the kitchen knife and cut her left wrist in front of you.

You won't forget the day, that day when you went out, ran down the stairs, to ask for help, but you heard screams and noise, alarms going off, people lying on the street, people around them, people falling from buildings, cars bumping onto each other, like bumper cars, but not fun, not happy, you saw blood, you saw fear, you saw death and hopelessness and pain.

You won't forget the day, she'd take a walk, she'd said, and you wonder why, why she said she had plans, and then she went and vanished, deliberately, intentionally disappeared, without

the walk first, and you cannot plan anything, not anymore, how can you trust yourself, your feelings, the optimism you will fulfill your dreams, you don't want dreams, don't need them, it's safer this way.

You won't forget the day, or the years that followed, that you spent pondering, wondering what happened, how all those people jumped into despair at the same time, without a warning, without a sign, as if the globe turned into a huge endless suburb, a desperate suburb, as if the Virgin Suicides multiplied, took over the world, but left you out, like they made a pack excluding you, like they knew a secret and didn't tell you, or like a truth hit them all, an existential lightning, you somehow escaped, like you were pain-proof.

You won't forget that sad day, it will remain stuck in your brain, and you will always wonder what saved you, why you are among those who didn't give in, who survived, among the Guilty Remnants, and you'll try hard to remember a glimpse of hopelessness, whether you felt it too, but it all happened so fast, your mind grabbed only images, not feelings, not thoughts or insights.

As years pass, as the world moves on, people forget, but you stay sleepless at nights, thinking whether or when your turn will come, and you no longer wonder what made them dive into despair, you think only about what made you stay, and how you didn't dive too.

La Petite Reine Of
Marie Antoinette

The Poetry

BATTLE BOY

by Monique Quintana

Queen Bird, I saw you run off with that boy bird
behind the cottage, pecking strawberries between
your beaks. He's a soldier bird. He will leave you.
My Queen, I know it's a confection to succumb to
pleasures, to watch wingtips salute back lace
pulled over your skull shape cold as buttons.
Queen Bird, I know what masquerade is, and you
won't find such honesty with him. See how the
clouds wait and watch plume with clout? Play
games if you will come under canopies. Pretend
you are your other bird heroes. Maw like dolls
beside the glass all day, but you don't believe he
won't turn his feet back to lines back to horse
hooves and snow.

Marie Antoinette

(after Sofia Coppola's 2006 film "Marie Antoinette")

by December Lace

It is not a sin to grin as I do-
pampered, perfumed feet measured for a shoe.
Glossed poker chips strewn under our clean
hands,
fresh champagne poured over pyramid stands
made of crystal, tossed when contents are gone.
Fine fabric to touch, lush colors to fawn
over as patterns are surmised, one for
you, one for you, and you too, five for me-
Oh! And here's the cake! A generous spread.
And they call me selfish, they with no bread.

The Flash Fiction

**What Marie
Antoinette Might
Have Said Had She
Time Travelled
Between 18th and
21st Century France**

by Ragna (Ronia) Smits

- It is as if I am living in a Monsieur Mercier novel. I have become the unnamed man who fell asleep and found himself in a Paris of the future. Pray, tell me, what century am I in right now, President Macron?
- *MERDE!* I need to charge my iPhone. I so must make a video singing Lana Del Rey's "Born to Die."

- Sorry, Mother. Empress dear.
- Watched Sofia Coppola's, *Marie Antoinette*. ADORED Kirsten Dunst, who played me. HATED the ending—I'm going to my death? What's *that* all about? Poo! Now I shall call myself KIRSTEN DUNST. It is a strange name, but I love play-acting.
- Changed Twitter handle to @QueenKirstenDunst! Posted photo wearing my latest dress--Number 124. I'M SO FRICKIN CUTE! Hundreds of likes. One love declaration from Henri Sanson @YourExecutioner1793: "You have a lovely neck!" Lot of hearts. Besotted fool!
- Please call me KIRSTEN DUNST, Mother!
- That naughty hairdresser Monsieur Autié! What a prankster! A rat popped out of my three-foot hairstyle today. I was tempted to have the rat stuffed, and made into a hair ornament. However, he's a cute little rat, VERY friendly! I've named him Freddy, dressed him in dolls' clothes and ordered him a fancy kennel from Amazon Prime. Perhaps, in time, he'll give me "doggie" kisses. My dogs appear to like him; seemingly viewing him as one of them--only much, much smaller.
- Stop playing with Freddy, children, or I'll take away your toy guillotine!
- *House Beautiful* is coming to Versailles tomorrow, to interview me for their fall issue. I'll show them my private chambers at *Le Petit Trianon*. Then give them a tour of my Hamlet. To relate to the masses, should I be a shepherdess frolicking with lambs, or dress all "queenly"--and keep the lambs out of it? *What? Lambing season is over! Dammit! Dammit to hell!* Well, no matter, I shall look perfectly adorable. Bit concerned about the pimple on the tip of my nose, though. A beauty patch might look silly.

- Dearest Madame Vigée Le Brun. You are my court painter, and I love you dearly, but I want African-American artist Kehinde Wiley, to do my portrait. *Oh, just once, darling!* You saw how he painted Monsieur Obama, against a backdrop of leaves and flowers. Incredible, *n'est-ce pas?*
- *WHAT!* Monsieur Wiley is a known provocateur with a somewhat scandalous reputation—*MON DIEU!* Don't let him anywhere near the palace!
- People are calling me "Madame Déficit." It's not my fault I love pretty things. To those who insist upon such an insult, I say, "I am as God made me and He made me queen!"
- I never said, "Let them eat cake." It was, "Let them eat shoe leather." Which is like beef jerky, only chewier, and, for the betterment of their health, sugar-free. Nevertheless, they are *not* eating *my* shoes! So stop chewing on my foot, monsieur!
- Those silly, silly pamphlets; those exaggerated rumors. I'm neither promiscuous nor a lesbian—and what's wrong with being either? After book club, my girlfriends and I simply enjoy getting naked and having our bottoms spanked by my naughty bestie, Comtesse de Polignac.
- I know nothing about the diamond necklace affair. Apparently, some prostitute pretended to be me and faked her orgasm. Which is what I often do.
- Just listened to Kygo & Selena Gomez, "It Ain't Me" on iTunes. Then bawled my eyes out. Then played it again, and again, and again. Because I'm so thankful, "It Ain't Me" who's living like a peasant.
- *MERDE*, I should NOT have tweeted that! ARGH! Too late to delete. Threats abound. Social unrest. I fear, under the pressure of constant

tweeting, I am losing my mind. Oh, well, *c'est la vie*, as long as I don't lose my head.

- You want a piece of me, Madame Guillotine?!

Let Them Eat Trees

by A.E. Copenhaver

Listenlistenlisten, she hissed through lips wet with champagne. She leaned into my ear and whispered, *tympani*. She sat back again, one arm spread wide like a wing, her coupe filled with golden bubbles floating between fingers so thin and diaphanous they could have been invisible.

She pressed a button on her iPod to start the song—Age of Consent by New Order—her fingers clumsy. It was September 2006.

Listenlisten, she said to me again. She bobbed her head in time with the music and cupped her hand over my ear, which had one of her earbuds stuffed into it.

This is the part where all the white horses are galloping between the trees, with all the light, she said. You'll see—wait, you haven't seen the trailer yet? This song isn't in the movie, but you'll see. You won't even believe it. Sofia absolutely *nailed* it.

It was the first day of my sophomore year of college, her first day of junior year. Earlier we found our way to the rose gardens after leaving a house party. She had just returned from studying abroad in France and said she had something important to tell me.

My heels thudded into the hot sidewalks through the soles of my sandals.

She was wearing scuffed up purple Converse and a white t-shirt with the words, *Actually, Marie Antoinette never said that* written in pink Edwardian script, a tiny slice of cartoon cake underneath.

I haven't really been studying abroad in France, she said. Oh? I've been *consulting*. On a film. Like, a major motion picture.

We met during a Romantic poetry class at the end of last year—one elective to help round out my historical and restorative ecology degree. She was studying French literature and European history, so really, we shouldn't have become friends at all. But she sparkled and winked in a way that intrigued me, in a way that my earthy, fieldworking scientist friends could never. She also partied like Keith Moon and cried and threw tantrums like some kind of royal child, but that, too, seemed to draw me to her instead of push me away. As if she walked into class that day and hung up her soul like a sopping wet jacket on my heart. All I could do was wait for it to dry, so I could hand

it back to her, and so she could put it on and tip-tap in her bubblegum pink kitten heels back to wherever she came from.

She continued, explaining how she has “special access” to information about Marie Antoinette. How she submitted an essay—wherein she argued that she was Marie Antoinette in a past life—to a contest—which she won.

Yeah, she said. I won the chance to have a one-hour conversation with Sofia Fucking Coppola. In Hollywood.

Like, the director? That’s so creative to pretend like you were Marie Antoinette in a past life, I said. We passed under the canopy of a northern catalpa, and I thought about the map I once made of famous “bean trees” based on subtle details about their ecology found in traditional American folk tales.

Except I wasn’t pretending, she said. I looked at her. I can’t prove it’s true, but I can prove I met Sofia and Kirsten and that I encouraged them to embrace the

poppy sexy candy sumptuous youthful angsty lens-flared romance of that movie. It’s coming out soon. Because that’s how it was for me, when I was the Queen of France.

In the shady heat of the gardens, I listened like she told me to. Sounds like fireworks to me, I

said. Exactly! It's a celebration! Quite drunk on champagne by then, I laughed. Come on, this is insane, I said. It's a very common phenomenon, she shot back. You know that poster of New Order's album I have on my

bedroom wall? The one with the faded flowers, I said. How could they have known that was a painting I had in my bedroom as a little girl? A little Marie Antoinette girl? That's how I know that remnants of past lives are everywhere. New Order was channeling my memory. So

when Sofia asked me what I thought about music for the film—Show me the photos, I said. She rummaged through her bag and pulled out her camera. She clicked through

the photos and said, here's me with Sofia. Here's me showing Kirsten how to trot down the marble hallways. And here's—Jason Schwartzman, such a sweet guy, took this photo—where I suggested they use *Whatever Happened by The Strokes*. Because when that happened to me, that moment in my life, I was saying in my head, *I want to be forgotten, and I don't want to be remembered*. That's not quite the lyric, but you get it. It just had to be in the movie.

She sipped her champagne, her lipgloss a pink palimpsest against the glass.

I can't explain it other than murder is trauma,

she said. Even if someone “deserved” to be killed. Trauma persists. It doesn’t go away. We don’t go away. Hidden stories are always trying to be re-told.

She smiled at me. Isn’t that what your trees say, or whatever it is you’re studying?

Last year I told her about how trees remember droughts and floods and fires. How I wondered what the trees of today would say about us. I looked into the deep shade of the garden, back where the ornamental orchard gave way to a stand of sequoias planted by a man born in 1811. I knew this because I had to study this garden for one of my classes— *What do trees have to say and how do we know what they’re saying? An introduction to dendrochronology*. The professor had started the class by reading a line from an ancient poet: Who knew in the faded blue hue of the afternoon that you would be you and that I would be you, too?

Bijouterie of *The Bling Ring*

The Poems

DIY Luck

by Clem Flowers

Express overnight delivery to fame- if they didn't
want us to take it, they wouldn't have literally left
the key to paradise beneath the front door.

It Was Fate

by Pam Avoledo

I press my ear to the cold white brick of the cell. Lindsay Lohan hiccups and gasps for air between sobs. I tell her it's going to be alright. We're in this together. 3 more months, Lindsay, then it'll be over. I tell her about my favorite scene in Parent Trap. Remember when you meet the Queen? The sobs quiet down as I place my hand on the wall.

**Finishing School of
*The Beguiled***

Come Stay and Rest a While (Or Forever)

by Megan Ryals

“I hope you like apple pie”
She says, smiling with her teeth.

We’re quite done up here
Lace, turtle
A nest of doves
What a pity to lose everything
Our trust, our sleep.

My sweet country man
How did it feel when you left
All you knew of home
To put your hands in American soil
And American skirts
To swim inside of us
Our French lace
And American thighs?

We’re quite done up here
Bullet hole, cracking bone
Mourning doves
What a pity to take everything
Our food, our virginity.

How did it feel when you watched
Her thin white fingers

Gathering up her nestlings
Those Little ivory hands
Foraging for something tasty
A meal, a treat
To give those weary bones a rest
And tired lungs a break?
“I hope you’ll stay a while”
She says, smiling with no teeth.

and you were doused
in honey, wary of
bears

by samantha rose johnson

ah, yes
you
thought you were our gift
thought you'd make us better
for you
thought you would long be better
for us

a thrill it was
to poison you
for the both of us
since you asked

a Southern Belle
she'd suit you best
you're not man enough
for the woman of the house
she'll suit you
in her best

you won't fit

it's a woman's world
& you're just stumbling in it

until the sun that peeks through poplars blinds
in one eye
and my sister
she'll take the other

to you, we are fools who cannot speak
who do not share a language
the swelling of your tongue
will be your downfall

i'll drip every maple'd crystal
from my mouth to yours
coat you in saccharine seduction
eyes will bore and stir
the familiar feeling that drives you

dear mother
she'll remove your limbs

don't cower from your reflection
we're only saving you
from yourself

<mercy>

by Sara Matson

after dir. Sophia Coppola's The Beguiled

mercy only goes so far
but what if it went further
+ smothered me in
familiar jumpstitch
damp bound to raw middles
like a natural blonde
(distant gunfire)

tree branches larger than my
embroidered world ribbons
bent in summer fog
girlish breath tucked behind the ear +
frozen at matted thigh restraint
taut against flat midwestern accent
the taste of tight plaits behind brogue
sweat like weariness worn
as heavy column colonial structure
antebellum inheritance
(distant gunfire)

healing compassion
floor to pitched ceiling
jealous side eye sister whispers
in the night yards of cotton threadbare
against stolen pearls +
clutched bedknobs
miles of creamy linen between our hearts
balancing smiles on threatening postures +

sweaty longing in the garden
gazes held at trees or wildflowers or
southern hospitality
(distant gunfire)

pinched cheeks + mournful giggles
starched taffeta gleams in sunset warmth
teenage violin clasped hands spun beneath
carriages warnings
crawl over bare collarbones dreamy pastels
impregnated by violence
beads dancing across a lusty floor
gunfire in the distance

About The Contributors

Shannon Frost Greenstein

(she/her) resides in Philadelphia with her children, soulmate, and persnickety cats. She is the author of “These Are a Few of My Least Favorite Things” (Poetry, *Really Serious Literature*, 2022), “Correspondence to Nowhere” (Nonfiction, *Bone & Ink Press*, 2022), and “Pray for Us Sinners” (Fiction, *Alien Buddha Press*, 2020). Shannon is a former Ph.D. candidate in Continental Philosophy and a multi-time Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee. Her work has appeared in McSweeney’s Internet Tendency, Pithead Chapel, Bending Genres, and elsewhere. Follow her at shannonfrostgreenstein.com or on Twitter at @ShannonFrostGre.

Adrian Ernesto Cepeda is the author of *Flashes & Verses* *Becoming Attractions* from Unsolicited Press, *Between the Spine* from Picture Show Press and *La Belle Ajar & We Are the Ones Possessed* from CLASH Books and *Speaking con su Sombra* with Alegría Publishing. His poetry has been featured in *Harvard Palabras*, *Glass Poetry: Poets Resist*, *Cultural Weekly*, *Yes, Poetry*, *Frontier Poetry*, *The Fem*, *poeticdiversity*, *Rigorous*, *Luna Luna Magazine*, *The Wild Word*, *The Revolution Relaunch* and *Palette Poetry*. Adrian lives with

his wife and their adorably spoiled cat Woody Gold in Los Angeles.

Mileva Anastasiadou is a neurologist, from Athens, Greece. A Pushcart, Best of the Net, Best Microfiction and Best Small Fictions nominated writer, her work can be found in many journals, such as Litro, Maudlin House, Tiny Molecules, Defenestration and others.

Monique Quintana is a Xicana from Fresno, CA, and the author of *Cenote City* (Clash Books, 2019) and the chapbook *My Favorite Sancho and Other Fairy Tales* (Sword and Kettle Press, 2021). Her work has appeared in *Pank*, *Wildness*, *Winter Tangerine*, and other publications. You can find her book reviews and artist interviews at *Luna Luna Magazine*, where she is a contributing editor. Her writing has been supported by Yaddo, the Sundress Academy of the Arts, the Community of Writers, and the Open Mouth Poetry Retreat. You can find her on Instagram at @quintanadarkling and moniquequintana.com.

Clem Flowers (They/ Them) is a poet, eldritch horror, & soft spoken southern transplant living in a mountain's shadow in Utah. In an eternal quest to be the host in constant disbelief in an infomercial. Nb, bi, and queer as the day is long, they live in a cozy apartment with their wonderful wife & sweet calico kitty. Found on Twitter @clem_flowers.

Pam Avoledo graduated Oakland University with a Bachelor's degree in journalism. She currently runs the blog, *I Want My Pop Culture*. Her work has been published in the White Wall Review, 45 Magazine, Sledgehammer Lit and Greatest City Collective.

Courtenay S. Gray is a writer from the North of England. You'll find her work in an array of journals such as A Thin Slice of Anxiety, Misery Tourism, Expat Press, Red Fez, and many more. She will often post on her blog: www.courtenayscorner.com
Twitter: @courtenaywrites
Instagram: @courtenaywrites

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Famke de LaMer has been studying art from a young age. She enjoys drawing and painting, but digital collage is her favorite medium.

@deadrabbits42 wants to escape society.

Megan Ryals is a photographer and poet from New Orleans, Louisiana. Her writing and photography are often inspired by the southern architecture, swamps, and wildlife surrounding

her hometown. She is a lifelong fan of actress Kirsten Dunst, and greatly enjoys the works of both Dunst and Sofia Coppola. The Beguiled, with it's amazing cast and southern gothic charm, is one of Megan's favorite films.

Erin Colleen Healey is a poet from Massachusetts who lives in New York. She loves bubblegum pop. You can find her on Twitter @baibubblesstan.

samantha rose johnson (*she/her*) is a Bay Area-born writer and editor. Her writing has appeared in *OyeDrum*, *ILY Mag*, *blood orange*, *Tiny Flames Press*, and more. She is a graduate of University of California, Riverside with a B.A. in English, and is currently a student at the UCLA Extension Writer's Program. She lives in California.

A.E. Copenhaver is a writer, editor, science communicator, and climate interpreter. She's worked in the environmental and nonprofit sectors for nearly a decade. She has ghostwritten book chapters about cities plagued by factory farming, air pollution, and automobile traffic, and she has written about migrating white sharks, threatened sea otters, and depleted Pacific bluefin tuna. She holds degrees in English and environmental studies from Santa Clara University, and in 2009, she earned her master of art degree in culture and modernity from the University of East Anglia in England. Born in

Bellevue, Washington, A.E. Copenhaver has lived in Carmel, California, for most of her life. Her debut novel, *My Days of Dark Green Euphoria*—winner of the 2019 Siskiyou Prize for New Environmental Literature—is forthcoming from Ashland Creek Press in early 2022.

Audrey L. Reyes is a Filipino poet, writer, and former early childhood educator whose favorite workplace activity is raising hell. Her work has been featured in several online literary magazines and has also appeared in anthologies and print issues from *Marias at Sampaguitas*, *Hecate Magazine*, *superfroot*, *Delicate Friend*, and *Porridge Magazine* (forthcoming). She was around Cecilia's age when *The Virgin Suicides* was released.

Sara Matson's poetry can be found in *Bone Bouquet*, *Daily Drunk*, *The Journal Petra*, and elsewhere. Sara's chapbook, *electric grandma* is available from Another New Calligraphy. Sara lives in Chicago with her rad husband + three cats. She Tweets as @skeletorwrites. More of Sara's poetry can be found at neutralspaces.co/saramatson

Ronia Smits is an Anglo-American humor writer, artist and cat guardian who grew up in England, the Middle East and Africa. Her work has appeared in *The Yellow Ham*, *Defenestration*, *Robot Butt*, *Points in Case*, *Little Old Lady Comedy*, *The Daily Drunk Mag*, and more. She lives in the San Francisco Bay Area with her

husband (and other wildlife). You can find her on Twitter @Zootgal68

December Lace is a Best of the Net nominee, cosplay pinup model, and former professional wrestler from Chicago. She has appeared in *The Chicago Tribune*, *Pro Wrestling Illustrated*, *Pink Plastic House*, *Twist in Time*, and *Coffin Bell* among others. She loves Batman, burlesque, cats, and horror movies. Handle her @TheMissDecember.

About The Editors

Kristin Garth is a Pushcart, Rhysling nominated sonneteer and a Best of the Net 2020 finalist. Her sonnets have stalked journals like Glass, Yes, Five:2:One, Luna Luna and more. She is the author of 21 books of poetry including Crow Carriage (Sweet Tooth Story Books) and The Stakes (Really Serious Literature) and the editor of seven anthologies. She is the founder of Pink Plastic House a tiny journal and co-founder of Performance Anxiety, an online poetry reading series. Follow her on Twitter: (@lolaandjolie) and her website kristingarth.com

Marisa Silva-Dunbar's work has been published in Chantarelle's Notebook, Analogies and Allegories Literary Magazine, Dear Reader, and Rough Diamond. Her second chapbook, "When Goddesses Wake," is forthcoming from Maverick Duck Press. You can find her on Twitter and Instagram @thesweetmaris. Read more of her work on her website www.marisasilvadunbar.com.